

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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Written for the Banner of Light.
INSPIRATION.

Shall I sing you a song with a silver strain
That you may sing to the world again?
A song that never by word or pen
Has been given to earth to the sons of men.
I would sing of times that yet shall be,
When the earth folds up, there is no more sea.

When the angels who in the morning sung,
Again shall repeat in silver tongue
The songs they sung with the morning stars,
When hope came down, through golden bars.

I would sing of the land beyond the grave,
Where the jasper sea its soft shores lave,
Where music falls and throbs in air,
Where men are grand, and women fair,
Where flowers, once their fragrance given,
Bloom on and on in courts of Heaven;
Where never a sigh or tear is stirred,
Where ever is heard the sweetest word.
Oh! this is the land for which you dream
Comes down to us on a golden beam.

"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard";
Naught does earth know of the magic chord
That, struck by the harp near the crystal sea,
Floats on and on in joyous glee,
And lifts the soul away from the years
That came to them with moans and tears
When the earth was sad and skies were low,
And hopes had lost their golden glow;
But never again would sad tears turn—
No, never again would the shades return.

Oh! mortals, who dwell in earth-bound spheres,
Why do you catch not the song of years—
The "song of the Lamb," the song of the free,
That you shall sing in the yet to be?
Drop down from your hands the baubles of earth,
Open your hearts to the higher birth;
Look to your brother, help his cause;
Seek for jewels, pass by all flaws;
And then this song I sing to you
Some day you will know it grand and true.

Moline, Ill. ANNIE W. GOULD.

(From the San Francisco Call, Sunday, Oct. 17, 1897.)

Present Standing of the Study of Psychology in Europe.

In view of the great interest at present being taken in psychology in this country, it is important to know just how the science stands in Europe, what men are studying it, and what is being accomplished. Prof. Van der Naillen, of the School of Engineering of this city, went abroad about a year ago for the purpose of ascertaining these facts, and now gives them to the public.

When such men as Flammarion, Schiaparelli, Lombroso, Count Aksakof and Colonel Rochas make statements in regard to ordinary scientific matters, they are given the greatest weight. So when these same men make statements in regard to the progress of psychology, the statements cannot be lightly passed over. In fact, they must meet the consideration of the greatest minds in the world.

Should the great discoverer of the canals of Mars tell you personally that he had seen objects moving through the air without the assistance of what is commonly known as "force," you would be very likely to believe him. So it would be if you were told the same thing by any of the other great men just mentioned.

It is therefore somewhat astonishing to know that these men do make such statements, and also put their names to papers containing the accounts of certain psychic séances. They have also permitted their photographs to be taken during these séances, so that all the world may know they are thoroughly convinced of psychic force. With them there is no such word as "spirit." Although sounds are produced out of the atmosphere and objects raise themselves from the floor without apparent assistance, these men hold that such phenomena are only manifestations of natural law.

Professor Van der Naillen, while abroad, visited these men personally, attended certain séances, and brought back with him photographs and statements to certify that all he had said was absolutely authentic. A few days ago the Professor delivered a lecture before the Psychological Society of this city, setting forth at length the result of his investigations. This is the first time the exact standing of psychological research in Europe has been expounded to the people of the Pacific Coast, so that it is one becomes of the greatest importance and interest. Following are some extracts from his lecture, which Professor Van der Naillen has kindly made for *The Call*:

It was through the courtesy of M. de La Lande, the Consul of France for the Pacific Coast, that I was able to make my investigations of psychology while abroad. This gentleman was in Paris at the same time I was, and it was he who introduced me to Count Albert de Rochas, Colonel of Engineers, and an acknowledged authority in psychic matters. The Colonel is author of over fifty books on military engineering, and a dozen remarkable works on psychic science, on magnetism and hypnotism. His latest works, "The Exteriorization of Sensibility," and "The Exteriorization of Motricity," are acknowledged among psychic students in France to be the greatest books on the subjects ever published. They have not yet been translated into English.

The "Exteriorization of Motricity" contains the signed statements made by the wonderful Indian sensitive, Eusapia Paladino. The phenomena produced in her presence in Italy have been investigated under the most complete and trying tests, applied by such eminent men as Professor Lombroso, the greatest alienist of Italy; Schiaparelli, the famous astronomer-discoverer of the canals on the planet Mars; Prince Alexander Aksakof, State Counselor to his Majesty, the Emperor of Russia; G. Gerosa, Professor of Physical Science in Portici; Professor Chiari, and others equally well qualified. These gentlemen, after many séances, have ascertained as absolutely genuine, the following phenomena: In the light, apparition of hands, warm and with resistant flesh, as in life; heavy curtains being drawn aside by unseen power; moving of tables and chairs by an unknown force; impressions of the fingers of an unseen hand in a dish of modeling clay; a series of materialized faces which have left their impress on the clay spread on different dishes or plates, these being at a distance of three feet from the sensitive, or from anybody else.

After these phenomena had been vouched

for by these eminent men cited above, Eusapia was invited to Varsovia, the capital of Poland. During forty séances, under the strictest test conditions, phenomena similar to those produced in Italy took place; also playing of the piano without visible contact. From Varsovia, Eusapia went to England, to Cambridge. There the test conditions were of such order and of such nature as to convince Eusapia that she was considered a fraud, and that the entire endeavors of the majority of the participants were directed to the sole end, not of studying the psychic phenomena which might take place through her mediumship, but of detecting her, in *flagrante delicto*, of fraudulent practices; and, according to the report, Eusapia was detected in a long series of frauds.

M. Ochorowicz, however, analyzing these séances, proves plainly that the report was unfair, and that several phenomena, produced and absolutely genuine, were not mentioned. While I was with the Count de Rochas in Paris, he told me about these contradictory experiences with Eusapia, and informed me that he had engaged her services, and would soon meet her at his castle of L'Agnelas, in the south of France. He extended to me a gracious invitation to assist at these sittings. My limited time compelled me reluctantly to decline, saying smilingly that I would find myself in good company, the other members being Dr. Dariex, director of the *Annals of Psychological Sciences*, an authority on such matters; Count Arnaud de Gramont, belonging to the highest aristocracy of France and a scientist of merit; M. Maxwell, prosecuting attorney-general; Count de Rochas d'Aiglun, colonel of engineers, honorary member of the committee appointed by the minister of public instruction for all historical and scientific research; Civil Administrator of the Ecole Polytechnique of France; Sabatier, professor of zoology and comparative anatomy; Baron C. de Watteville, bachelor of physical sciences, and Countess de Rochas d'Aiglun.

"Each one of us," said the Count, "was anxious to know whether the production of these phenomena was a physiological reality, devoid of all fraud, or whether we should be obliged to reject them all as spurious. The Commission of Investigation placed itself outside of any consideration coming under the head of spiritism or occultism, desiring to study the psycho-physiological manifestations."

Before the sittings Countess de Rochas was present at the undressing and very light dressing of Eusapia, making it absolutely certain that no object of whatever nature could be concealed upon her person. The test conditions were of the following order: One member of the Commission stretched himself on the floor under the table, his hands resting upon the knees and feet of Eusapia. The head of Eusapia was held by another member. Doors and windows were minutely inspected and locked. These were certainly test conditions of a superior order. Under these conditions and in sufficient light a toy piano was seen moving from a chair in the room to the top of the table, and several toys played, the white keys being seen depressed and again raised without the force doing so being perceptible.

The piano was also seen being carried by an invisible force over the heads of the Commission. Arms and hands were materialized. At another séance a heavy chair was slowly lifted and rested itself on the arms of the Count de Gramont, one arm having passed through the spokes in some unaccountable manner. A fact which the committee admits, after many sittings, that Eusapia has the power of acting upon material substances at a distance and without contact, is beautifully illustrated in the following phenomena, which took place in full daylight, and the observation of which was direct and fully convincing. A letter-weigher can weigh as much as fifty grammes. Eusapia, having extended her hands toward the platter of the instrument, but not nearer than five or six centimeters, all the members immediately observed to their stupefaction that the psychic force employed registered at several different times fifty grammes, the lever being depressed to the very bottom of the instrument. All observers had their faces within a few inches of the letter-weigher.

I had the honor and pleasure of meeting M. Aksakof in Paris, and was invited to dine with him by Dr. Hahn, the librarian-in-chief of the Faculty of Medicine of the University of France. This Dr. Hahn is a gentleman of great learning, and a devoted searcher after psychical truths, basing his researches on positive science. Prince Aksakof is seventy-two years old, is Counselor of State to his Majesty, the Emperor of Russia. He is the best posted man on the two continents on what is going on in the field of psychical research. I inquired of him the present status of the psychical sciences in Europe, what had positively been ascertained as true, and what was yet in doubt.

Facts acquired and indisputable proofs of which have been produced:

First—Invisible materialization, such as being touched in the dark by supposed hands, which have later on been ascertained to be hands by the magnesium photography.

Second—Visible and tangible materialization, but incomplete or partial.

Third—Complete visible and tangible materialization of the entire body, like that of William Crookes, Katie King having been photographed over forty times, experiment conducted with Mme. Esperance, and many others.

Psychic science has also positively ascertained, according to M. Aksakof, that in all cases of materialization a corresponding dematerialization of the body of the medium takes place. Prince Aksakof classifies these phenomena in the following order:

First—Materialization in the dark, corresponding to a dematerialization minima of the medium.

Second—Materialization visible but partial, incomplete as to form, corresponds to a dematerialization incomplete or partial of the medium.

Third—Materialization complete and visible, corresponds to a dematerialization maxima and complete of the medium.

Prince Aksakof said enthusiastically: "The mystery of materialization receives, if not a solution, at least a natural explanation. It is no longer a miracle, a passing creation of organic forms out of nothing. It is a transformation, a transmutation of one real organism into one or two real forms."

"This is certainly marvelous, but is not a miracle. In a simple case of projection of the double, when the sensitive is in a trance, we have a phenomenon of equilibrium, a repartition of organic matter belonging to one body distributed into two bodies with the conservation of form of the first or organizing directing body; we see the medium, and also the form. When the newly-organized or materialized form keeps a general resemblance to the original form of the medium, while differing from it in several particulars, like Katie King, in one instance, whose nails, ears and the color

of her hair were different from those of Florence Cook, while the facial features still indicated a great resemblance to her medium, we have the proof that the organizing force or higher ego does not limit its operation to the earthly body which it assumes, but inaugurates a beginning of transformation."

"And in the case of the creation of a materialized form which is entirely different from that of the medium, then the superior ego has wrought out a complete transformation or transfiguration."

And now, who or what caused these transformations or transfigurations? "This question," said the venerable Aksakof, "cannot be easily answered. It is a puzzling question, and one of capital importance. It is difficult to imagine, however, that those different phases of projection of the double, or of transformation or transfiguration, be all the work of the higher ego of the medium alone. Moreover," added the noble master, "if the newly-created organized form possesses all the characteristics of a separate living entity, we have the proof that a superior individual ego, separate from that of the medium, has taken possession of the medium's organic matter to transform it into and create a form according to its own desire."

And still amid all these proofs, Count de Rochas writes me thus: "I hope you will pardon me for not answering your letter sooner. The fault lies in the state of unrest and over-excitement at which I cannot defend myself in the presence of the difficulties which beset me on every side when I endeavor to penetrate more deeply into the search of truth in the psychical realm."

ECHOES FROM

NUMBER FIFTY-EIGHT.

BY J. J. MORSE,

European Agent and Correspondent of the Banner of Light.

Now that the winter season is upon us, the usual signs of increased activity present themselves again. Our meetings are better attended, our papers contain reports of increased work throughout the movement, and the lassitude of the summer months is rapidly passing away. Also, there are signs and tokens portending a greater enthusiasm than has hitherto been noticeable regarding the events projected for next year, to celebrate the Jubilee Anniversary of our glorious cause. Indeed, one may now safely predict that we shall have a great awakening and an amount of enthusiasm over our work, the like of which has not yet been witnessed. There will be some three great celebrations throughout the land—one by the National Federation, another by the Children's Progressive Lyceum Union (as nationally representative bodies), and a third by the London Spiritualists' Alliance. Of this latter more presently.

The celebration of the National Federation will practically be in two sections—one at Easter, and the other in July. The first will be at Manchester, and will be in association with the usual Anniversary celebration held in that city, as promoted by the united societies of the city and district. But the distinctive feature will be what is called the "National Federation of Spiritualists' Grand Bazaar," which is being promoted to raise funds to enable the Federation to prosecute a national campaign of propaganda work. The bazaar will be opened on Good Friday, on which day the usual large gathering will be held to celebrate our natal day, and the meetings will be continued on the following Sunday, the bazaar being open on the Saturday and Monday, and probably on the Tuesday following. Great efforts are being made all over the country to ensure success, while Scotland and Wales are engaged in special work to that end. The second section of the National's celebration will take place at the Annual Convention of that body, which will be at Keighley, in Yorkshire. On that matter I shall be able to give you readers more precise information later on; suffice it now to say that the largest and finest hall in that pretty town has already been secured for the occasion.

What form the exercises promoted by the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union will take has not yet been decided by the Executive of that body. But it is imperative that the children in our Cause show what they can do. One thing has been decided, though, and that is that the Union shall issue a Jubilee medal to the Lyceum members. The design has already been decided upon, i. e., upon the obverse, a portrait of Andrew Jackson Davis, the earthly founder of the Lyceum movement; and on the reverse, a picture of the house at Hydesville; with suitable inscriptions in each case, of course.

The third series of meetings, referred to above as being promoted by the London Spiritualists' Alliance, will equal, if not excel, in importance those previously mentioned; for the proposal is to hold an International Congress in London. The arrangements are already in a considerable state of forwardness, and invitations have been accepted from a large number of eminent people on the European and American continents, while those who have been unable to promise attendance in person have arranged to send papers to be read. Delegates will attend from Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Naples, the Hague, from Denmark and Sweden, etc., on our side of the Atlantic, and a very numerous contingent has already promised to come from your side, notably Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Dr. J. M. Peebles, the editor of the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, Mrs. Richmond and others.

The Congress will open on Sunday, June 19, with a monster meeting in the great St. James Hall, at which addresses will be delivered by prominent visitors. There will be the usual various musical accompaniments. The chair will probably be occupied by Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, the President of the Alliance. Then will follow the usual sessions of the Congress, to be held on the afternoons and evenings of three days in what is known as the banquet hall of the above named meeting place, while the Congress will close with a grand reception in the large hall on Thursday night, at which, at a moderate computation, it is expected we shall see quite fifteen hundred people present.

As soon as further matters are arranged you shall have more details of the affair; but I need only add one very satisfactory statement, i. e., that the funds to meet the necessary heavy expense of the Congress are being rapidly contributed, a fact that is very gratifying to our committee, on which I have the honor to hold a place.

Among our workers we have now settled in

our midst is that Trojan, Walter Howell, who, with his wife, is now residing in Nottingham. I recently visited his cozy and comfortable home, and was delighted to find that Walter, as it is so natural for all who know him to call him, has found so truly an "help-meet" to cheer and sustain him on his way through life. Mr. Howell is kept actively employed, and is doing not only much work, but great good as well.

The question of a legal status for Spiritualism is still a topic of diverse interest to many in our ranks. The late National Conference remitted the matter to the National Executive for consideration, and that body has appointed a sub-committee to go into the whole subject, the members being Messrs. Todd, Wallis, and the present writer. It is a thorny and difficult subject, and we can but hope that something may yet be evolved that will meet the requirements of our Cause.

My readers will be sorry to learn that the health of that sterling champion of our Cause, and wonderful missionary, Mrs. Britten, is such as to give grave concern to her friends. Her long and arduous services have now begun to tell upon even her marvelous physical constitution, and at present she is not able to continue her platform work. It is to be most earnestly hoped that the state of her health will permit her to participate in some, at least, of the Jubilee exercises next year, but I am afraid it is somewhat doubtful. What a wonderful woman and worker she has been! We have no other woman worker here who remotely approaches her in ability or intellectual power, and her services will be more than missed for a long time to come. But Mrs. Britten is one apart, splendidly equipped in body and mind, one of the women of a time, and it is no disrespect to any others to say she alone is her own equal. With few exceptions it must be accepted as a fact that Great Britain has not evolved women speakers of equal value to those produced in the United States, but next year you will, in the person of Mrs. M. H. Wallis, have with you one whom I consider the ablest we have.

Our two weekly papers are well to the fore. In *Light* there have just appeared several notable things, and one of them a lecture delivered in Birmingham by the Rev. John Page Hopps, is well worthy of being presented to the readers of the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, for it is an excellent presentation of our principles. Mr. Hopps is a Unitarian minister, but one whose Spiritualism, like Banquo's ghost, "will not come down." *The Two Worlds* has recently come out in a new (typographical) dress, and looks handsome, as well as neat, therein. It is as excellent as usual, and is doing heroic service for the Cause. As to my own journal, the *Lyceum Banner*, that is now in a healthy and flourishing state. Various improvements are in contemplation, and my aim is to make the only paper in the world devoted to the children and young people of Spiritualists, in every way worthy of the cause it is devoted to.

I am credibly informed that the well known quarterly, *Borderland*, is to be discontinued after the appearance of the impending issue. It appears that, contrary to general supposition, the magazine has not been a pecuniary success, while various office and other troubles have from time to time occurred in connection with its publication, so Mr. Stead has determined to end the worries connected with the affair by discontinuing its issue. Mr. Stead ignored our people, assumed an air of educational patronage toward them, coquetted with theosophy, and while using all our experiences and conclusions to make his work attractive, he, by the action above mentioned, shut out a very large class of people who could and would have made his effort a success. Journalists are beginning to learn that Spiritualists are now sufficient in numbers to very materially affect the financial position of newspapers and magazines. It is a pity so astute a general as friend Stead did not catch on to the above fact in time. Had he done so *Borderland* would not have crossed the borderland into the limbo of things that have been.

During the year we have had a large number of guests at Florence House from the States, the States of New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Iowa, Colorado and California being among those represented. It is being increasingly recognized that a Spiritualists' Hotel is just the thing that visitors from afar stand in need of in coming to London, and that Mrs. Morse was well advised when she undertook its establishment. In fact, her only difficulty is that her house frequently proves itself too small to accommodate all who desire to reside with us. The English colonies also send visitors, and Australian and New Zealand friends frequently sojourn with us, as well as visitors from France, Italy, and other places beyond the English channel.

Now, my good friends all, if I do not stop, I fear the editor will be tempted to inter this letter in the waste-paper basket, and send its writer a two-cent remonstrance as to the fact that other contributors want some of the paper as well! So let me close, with just this "one word more," that I, most cordially, fully and heartily endorse all *THE BANNER* has said of late regarding the maintaining the highest standard of integrity in our workers, the greatest possible excellence on our platforms, and the highest level all round in the rank and file of the movement. And, further, let me squeeze in an apology here to Brother Woodbury, Secretary of the American Spiritualists' National Association, for my utter inability to provide him with the communication concerning the position of the Cause in Great Britain for your late National Convention that he asked me for. The simple fact was, an unprecedented pressure of affairs entirely prevented me, while the state of affairs shows no marked change since my lengthy communication was presented last year.

I now close, with good wishes to all, and earnest hopes for the further progress of our noble Cause in the wondrous land of its birth.
Florence House, Osnaburgh street,
Easton Road, London, Eng.,
Oct. 25, 1897.

Read, Study, Think, Aspire.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Cosmopolitan University, to be located at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, is now a legal corporation under the statutes of that State. It is a child of the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting held at that centre during the season of 1897. Its creation was due to a spontaneous aspiration on the part of men and women there assembled for something more satisfying than simple existence, to a hungering for the best possible unfoldment of the individual's physical, mental and psychical powers. It is but a single expression of the growing demand among the thoughtful of our own ranks that we must keep step with the world's rising tide of

intelligence. If the blind lead the blind, will they not both fall into error? A mind broad in outlook and guarded by reason, will eagerly seize upon that which the soul can best assimilate.

The management of this movement is in the hands of the following Board of Control: Rev. J. C. F. Grumblin, B. D., Chicago, Ill., President; Clarence Parke Johnson, Springfield, Ill., Vice-President; Geo. B. Wane, Chicago, Ill., Secretary; Mrs. J. M. Harvey, Maquoketa, Ia., Treasurer; Arthur Houghton, Ph. D., Chicago, Ill., James Freeman, Bloomington, Ill., H. C. Harvey, Maquoketa, Ia., Emma Nickerson Wane, Chicago, Ill., Miss Minerva Aiken, Clinton, Ia., Mrs. Belle John, Mendota, Ill., J. Q. Jefferies, Clinton, Ia.

Readers of *THE BANNER* are invited to enroll themselves as members of its Home Study Course of Reading, which department opened Nov. 1. Text-books have been carefully chosen. The Directors of Instruction who will supervise the work of the local class leaders are: Lectures on Ethical and Spiritual Subjects, Rev. J. C. F. Grumblin; Natural Philosophy, Arthur Houghton; Ph. D.; Evolution, C. P. Johnson; Psychology, Emma Nickerson Wane; Physiology, Prof. C. E. Schlabaugh; Dawitt, Ia.; Literature, Prof. O. P. Bostwick, Clinton, Ia.

Individuals can pursue the work singly. Local classes will be organized at all points where three applications are received, and one member of same is to be chosen Class Director.

The matriculation fee of one dollar is used to help defray the cost of printing and correspondence, no Director or member of the Board of Control receiving any remuneration. Certificates for work done, and diplomas after passing examinations, will be awarded the meritorious.

Lectures by well-known educators are to be delivered during the summer camp each year. This preliminary work is preparatory to the erection of suitable buildings on College Hill of the Camp site, and the maintenance of a well-equipped University, in which truth shall be untrammelled and the only policy shall be that of justice.

More complete information will be furnished on application. GEO. B. WANE, Sec'y.
3402 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

(From the Boston Transcript, Monday, Nov. 1, 1897.)

War on Spiritualism.

PRESIDENT BECKER SAYS THE END OF THE DOCTRINE IS NEAR.

ANDERSON, IND., Nov. 1.—President H. J. Becker of the National Anti-Spiritualistic Association has returned here from a trip through the East. He says the work of the Association is growing hourly. Hundreds of letters are received daily, asking for instructions to organize. He says:

"Spiritualism is to be met and fought in every section with a far greater army of workers than they can summon. I believe their last report showed about two hundred and seventy-five thousand active workers in the nation. By the time we get our organizations perfected this year we will have two hundred thousand. I have been on the road night and day, and though I have seen many associations of a national character organized, I have never seen any in which the feeling was akin to what it is in this movement. Our letters come from every section of the nation, generally from ministers of denominational, orthodox and Catholic churches, and are the voiced sentiments of not only the pastors, but are resolutions of the congregations. Almost every known church is represented. We are filing these away, but they come in too fast. Secretary Hagaman will go on the road with myself. Covert, Caylor and the organizers will also get to work soon. We are at present lost under this avalanche of mail matter. We will get our paper started the first of the year. It will probably be mailed from Chicago, and it is not improbable that we will make Chicago or St. Louis our permanent headquarters. I confidently expect to see one million active members of this association within a year. We have plenty of funds. Every cent that is coming in is being receipted for and placed in bank. We will issue regular reports, accounting for every penny. We have not the one great essential for stamping out Spiritualism—national concerted action. We will have every medium listed within six months. We will be able to tell whether they have a shady past; whether they have ever been exposed; whether, in fact, their antecedents are good. There are many mediums who are living apparently good lives, whose past lives are as black as the ace of spades. We will post our fifteen hundred dollars forfeit to all mediums to reproduce satisfactorily and expose any phenomena.

We will have to strike at the roots of this great curse to wipe it out. We will have to show the believers that they are deluded, that Spiritualism is a lie and a fraud. We can do this now. We can show up their mediums—their preachers; we can reproduce their phenomena. We have already thirty or forty old mediums who hold certificates of membership from all of the State Associations, as well as the National Association, to do this work. We have papers and letters which will combat everything they may do or advance. We have received letters from England, Germany and France, and the letters are full of pedigrees of mediums. These points are being looked up and recorded. Nothing is being done haphazard. Ten States are already prepared for organization. Michigan will be the first. I think we will have fifty thousand workers in that State by Dec. 1.

"Anti-Spiritualists claim that Spiritualism grew from Grimes's mesmerism and Andrew Jackson Davis at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1843. Davis wrote the original Spiritualist Bible. It was called the 'Divine Revelations of Andrew Jackson Davis,' and was talked off to copyists while he was under the mesmeric sleep. The position as Chairman of the Executive Board was given to Grimes as an honor. It was Grimes who, acting as a special reporter for Horace Greeley in 1849, exposed the famous Fox Sisters at the old Barnum Hotel in New York. He is ninety-two years old.

"W. R. Covert is the man who is now in national debate with Moses Hull of Boston. He is known all over the country as the 'medium-killer,' for his record of exposing mediums, and driving them out of localities.

"Sec'y Hagaman, of Adrian, Mich., was for years one of the best-known mediums in the country, and holds certificates from the National and eighteen State Associations showing that he is a 'good medium.' He was converted some years ago. His and Covert's séances are more mysterious than those produced by a majority of mediums."

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 XXIII.

JOE FINDS A HOME.

Three years had passed since the decease of Elizabeth Parker; three years in which toil and care had made heavy inroads upon the constitution of poor Joe. Of late he had been fast failing in health, and a heavy cold, caught while he was at work out in a dreary rain, had added to his troubles, and "laid him up a spell," as he expressed it, in the house. A poor man like Joe cannot afford to be ill. He cannot afford to lose even one day of work, for that means expense and want for him and his. Joe fretted because he was compelled to "lay by"; the rent must be paid, and food purchased for little Nannie, but his friends bade him not worry, there were funds provided by certain organized charities for just such cases as his, while the Salvation Army Corps also had limited means for reaching needy ones in their district with practical help. But Joe was a proud man, proud in an honest, manly way; it hurt him to have to accept charity even from his friends, and so the poor man fretted and chafed, while the cold upon his lungs deepened, until pain racked his frame. Dr. Rob—the physician of the poor, who was welcomed in the most assiduous tenement as well as in the better class of families in the lowly district—pronounced it pneumonia, and insisted that Joe must have the best of care to insure his recovery. On this decision Grace established herself at the bedside of the sufferer as chief nurse, while she appointed bright little eight-year-old Nannie as her handmaiden and assistant, and gave quiet little Rufus as errand boy and man of all help.

Though so small and youthful, these children were very efficient in usefulness. The children of the poor are early taught to care for themselves, and to labor in many ways, and this girl and boy were no exception to the rule. Rufus could build a fire, wash dishes, run errands and do a hundred and one useful things that Franklin had taught him; and as for Nannie, she had been the sole maid-of-all-work for Papa Parker for a long time, keeping his room in order, mending his socks, and even assisting to wash his clothes, but this task she had to allow him to perform for himself.

Now, it was an interesting sight to see the little maiden, perched upon the foot of the bed, diligently engaged in darning her father's half worn out socks, and anxiously peering at him now and then to see if there was anything she could do for him; while Rufus in the entry, seated on the lower stair, with spelling-book in hand, waited within call, while he conned the lesson set for him by his preceptor and foster father.

We will not linger over the events of the two weeks in which Joe lingered, passing from one stage of his illness to another, nor attempt to depict the intense physical suffering of the man. He was well taken care of. Kindly hearts and hands ministered unto him. His mind was at peace even while the poor body labored for breath, and was racked with pain. He knew that his end was near, yet the thought did not disturb him. He was ready and willing to meet his fate like a brave soldier and a true man. He only feared in his humility that he should not be fitted to meet "Lizbeth," and the mother whose memory he cherished with loving thought.

He could talk but little, but sometimes in those last days he could whisper his hopes and fears to Franklin, who stood by his side like a brother, and to Grace, who nursed him with assiduous devotion, and he found consolation in the words they gave. But best of all he liked to listen to Nannie, for she seemed to lead him into the very heart of the spiritual realm, and reveal glimpses of its glory to his waiting soul.

"Papa," she said one day, as she sat by his side, keeping the flies from his face; they were alone, Grace having gone to her own domicile a few minutes for her change of clothing, and Rufus being up stairs at lunch with the missionary, "papa, I see a bright light all round you. It's different from sunlight, 'cause it's pink and lovely, and oh papa, I see a beautiful lady in it; she's got brown hair and blue eyes, and a little brown spot on her chin. She's smiling at you, papa, and reaching out her hands—"

"Bless God, lass," whispered the dying man, "that's my sainted mother. She's been dead forty years, but it's her, God be praised!"

"And oh! papa," went on Nannie, a far-away look in her eyes, "there's my lady mother, and she's come right up to you, and is dropping little lilies all over you. Oh! they're so sweet! I can see little bright stars all over your head, and the angels are singing for you, papa, they're singing for you!"

A smile of ineffable peace came over the face of Joe, a radiant light seemed to fill his eyes with a strange lustre, and Grace, coping into the room, caught, as she afterward said, a glimpse of the fair vision revealed to Nannie's eyes, and heard the rustle of invisible things. He put out his hand to the child, and whispered:

"Hold tight to me, little lass, hold tight; I'm slipping away from you. I'm slipping away, but you tell me mother's here and Lizbeth; if they be here it's all right. It's all right; I'm satisfied. I'm going to them. All's well; but hold tight to me, child. You're a good little lass, and the angels will care for you. Kiss me, child, I'm slipping away; but I see the light, and it's all right!"

The little one kissed him twice on cheek and lip, and then sat holding fast to his poor, wrinkled hand until Grace quietly loosened her clasp of the fast stiffening fingers, and lifted the child to the floor.

After the death of Joe a new problem confronted our friends—just what was best to be done with little Nannie. Means could be provided to keep her with them, but the question was, would it be wise, and would it be best for the child?

Hagah and Grace, who had continued to live together, although they had moved out of the old rookery in Blossom Lane into a more cleanly house in Congress street, where they occupied one room in common, always kept scrupulously neat and clean, were in the employ of the Salvationists, and received each a modest stipend upon which they managed by strict economy and frugality to live. That is, they received the allowance from the Corps for their services in holding meetings in various quarters, in which they did good work for the bodies and souls of the poor whom they induced to attend them; also for giving largely of their time to visiting the poor in their homes, looking after their wants, teaching the women to sew, cook, and do other useful things, not the least of which was to go among the better classes soliciting aid for the Army in its work among the slums; but while the Corps paid the women their weekly wage, they were expected to collect it many times over from the wealthy, to whom they went in the name of their common humanity.

Among other things, the matter was discussed of taking Nannie to the home of these women, and of training her into the works and methods of the Army.

and the great good they were doing among the poor and ignorant, although he knew that these particular Salvationists were free from bigotry, and were liberal and tolerant in their religious views, yet, somehow, he could not quite content his mind with having Nannie placed among them, to be trained to walk the streets in parade, with tambourine and torch, singing songs, and exhorting sinners to turn from the errors of their ways. Somehow, the little maid had found a very tender place in his heart, and he longed to see her provided with advantages that would place her above poverty, and beyond the squalor of the slums. For years, now, this good man had taught Rufus and Nannie at his own knee. He was a thorough scholar and bookman, and the training he gave these children bade fair to place them in the front ranks of scholarship. He had also maintained a day school in Mission Hall for the other poor children of the district, and two evenings each week he gave instruction and counsel to the older pupils—who came to him, but to the two who came nearest to his life, Nannie Parker and Rufus Strong, he had devoted a larger share of his attention.

When Joe became satisfied that his days had nearly run their course, he placed Nannie in Franklin's hands, bidding him to be a father and guide to the child, and he now longed for the means to place her in the care of some good motherly woman in the country, where she could be freed from all association with the slums.

At first Franklin had not received any support or aid in his mission work from church institutions or from organized charities; and he had spent his own means in caring for the poor and suffering, earning his own bread from the products of his pen. But within the year the more liberal Christian sentiment, as represented by a non-sectarian "Church of the Golden Rule," and made up of a number of wealthy, benevolent people, had become interested in the slums, and had established a branch of its office in Scrap Iron district, placing Franklin in charge, with instructions regarding the distribution of its benefactions, making him the representative of its authority, at a moderate salary which sufficed to supply his modest wants and to allow him to do certain good things for the aged and ill who needed his help.

Of late he had received but little compensation for his printed articles. His contributions were mainly upon reformatory subjects now, and published in various magazines and journals for distribution among thinking people, but which could not pay their author for his time and labor, so that, while he expended his strength and put the very life-force of his being into the matter he issued from the press, burning his midnight oil over the task, while little Rufus, the child of his adoption, lay peacefully sleeping upon his bed, yet the author and reformer realized nothing from the work except the satisfaction that comes from the consciousness of effort well made and duty well performed.

Now, while the man deliberated what was best to do with Nannie, Grace and Hagah also considered the subject from their standpoint, concluding it would be well for them to take the child to their own room until such time as Grace should wed and enter into home-keeping for herself and Dr. Rob, whom she had elected to become her mate.

Dr. Rob, the handsome, stalwart physician, whose whole time was spent among the sick in the poor districts, was also engaged at a moderate salary by the Salvationists—of whom, it will be remembered, he was one—to pursue his calling in alley and lane. The sickness and physical distress among the dwellers in the slums were always large, and greater than the city physician could properly attend to, and there was work enough to keep Dr. Rob busy from early morn till late at night.

This man, with his frank open countenance, honest, brown eyes, and genial manner, was always a welcome visitor among the poor; children loved and clustered about him, women listened to his step and smiled when he came among them, men were glad to see him. The well were pleased to receive a word from him, the sick were willing and anxious to be doctored by him. He, like Frank, the missionary, was everybody's friend.

Dr. Rob and Grace had met daily in the homes of poverty and woe, by the bedside of suffering, at the haunts of degradation and shame. Each had pursued the work of ministration and succor, and, at sight of the devotion of each to the needs of humanity, had learned to care for and bless one another with tender love and devotion.

Their courtship had been out of the ordinary line, and it had progressed under many difficulties; and yet in this case true love had run smooth, inasmuch as never a ripple of inharmonious had occurred to mar the felicity of their quiet wooing.

Now it was settled that they should be married in a month and go to housekeeping on a humble scale. They had already secured three rooms on Congress street, opposite the house where Franklin and his little wards lived. These rooms were to be vacated by their present tenants, after which they would receive a thorough cleansing, with the application of new paper, paint and whitewash, and brought into a condition to satisfy the neat and tasty soul of our little friend Grace.

In discussing their plans about Nannie, the Army ladies thought that the little child could find a good home with Dr. Rob and his wife after their marriage; and not seeing anything better to be done for her at present, Franklin thankfully acquiesced in this arrangement for the welfare of the little girl.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PENITENT WOMAN.

Congress street was set all agog with excitement and curiosity one day by the arrival of a closed carriage in its precincts, driven by a smart coachman, who looked about him on the narrow quarters and humble surroundings with an air of supercilious disdain. Drawing up before the tenement in which the missionary made his home the driver alighted, and in response to some direction given him by the occupant of the vehicle, he ascended the steps and entered the house.

In a few moments he emerged and assisted the heavily veiled lady within to alight. Bidding him wait for her return, she entered the house and proceeded to mount the dark and narrow stairway to the room of the missionary.

In answer to her low rap the door was opened by Franklin himself, who bowed low to his unknown visitor and invited her to enter and to be seated.

He was alone, little Rufus being over at the home of Grace, across the street, where Nannie now made her home, and where the two children passed many an hour in happy contentment.

As the lady entered, her tall form seemed to assume almost queenly proportions in the little, shabby, low-ceiled attic, as she threw back her veil and revealed to the astonished and startled gaze of her host the well remembered violet eyes and classical features of Clara Graham—Clara, the regal, beautiful woman of former days, and yet how changed! With traces of her former marvelous beauty clinging to every feature, and with the same indescribable grace of other days, yet now softened from its old haughty mien, yet with an ex-

pression of weariness and sorrow in her countenance, a deep-set look of pain in the tear-dimmed eyes, that told only too well the terrible experience through which she must have passed to produce such a change in a few short years.

Started out of his usual equanimity by the appearance of this lovely spectre of a long-lost love, the missionary exclaimed:

"Clara! Clara! Can it be possible that I behold you once again, and here?"

Then, recovering himself and remembering to whom he addressed his words—not to the loved and sweet companion of the past, but to a stranger, the wife of a nobleman of France—he continued with a bow:

"A thousand pardons, Madame la Countess; I forgot myself for the moment. May I inquire what brings you to my humble quarters, you, a lady of a foreign land?"

Extending her hand with a little gesture of reproach and deprecation the lady exclaimed in musical tones:

"Do not crave pardon of me, Franklin, I beseech you; it is I who should ask pardon of you for the great wrong I did you in the past. Do not call me 'My Lady,' or by any titled name. I hate all sound of titles and royalty. I am, or should be to you, Franklin, simply Clara. Call me by the old name, Franklin, I beg of you!"

"Madame must see that it is impossible for me to presume to do so. We are strangers. You are right; we are not to bow to titled nobility nor to address our fellow creatures as 'My Lady' or 'My Lord' in this democratic country, where caste should be only classified by grades of intelligence, and not by landed estates. But will not Madame be seated while she explains her errand to my home?"

"Your home, Franklin! Your home! Here in this squalid place! I cannot realize it. You—with your refined tastes, your education, your mental and natural endowments—to live here and call it your home. Surely you are only jesting. I heard that Franklin Bearse had given up all former associations, renounced his position and retired to the poor district, to live among the ignorant and poverty-stricken class as their teacher and friend; but I had no idea of this; surely this is not your home."

"I have lived here for years, Madame; it is the only home I know, and I am quite content with its humble accommodations and its seclusion."

She sank upon the chair he had offered to her, her long robes trailing upon the bare floor, and gazed upon him with a troubled air.

He, too, was changed. Lines of care had marked his broad and manly brow. Threads of silver had come thickly among his crisp, dark curls. He had aged, and the whole general aspect of face and figure denoted the experience through which he had passed; but he was handsome still, with a manly beauty caught from the nobility of his life and the spiritual nature of his work; and as the woman gazed upon him, she realized that the change which time and discipline had wrought in him had been only for the better, for it had come out of a life devoted to good deeds, noble aspirations and pure thoughts.

He stood regarding her with a respectful air, waiting for the disclosure of her mission to him. He had not known of her return to this country. He had supposed her still living abroad with the titled husband that rumor long since, through the press, had reported was a spendthrift and a roué; but he knew nothing of the facts or of her doings. He had put her out of his life long ago. She was simply nothing to him—far less than the poor girl in the streets, to whom he could offer counsel and protection, and perhaps save from a life of shame.

"Franklin! Franklin! Can you, will you, forgive me for my treatment of you in the past? I have repented of my folly and sin in sackcloth and ashes. I see it all. Forgive, forgive!"

There was an anxious, pathetic tone to her sweet voice, a tender, pleading look in the eyes that gazed upon him with tears in their violet depths.

He was touched; not because she was aught to him in affection, not because she had ever been nearer to him than now, but because she was a woman, and had evidently suffered; because she had erred, and was sorry for her fault and ready to atone; and at her pleading words his face grew bright with the radiance of an interior light, and his bronze-brown eyes softened with sympathetic emotion as he replied:

"Dear lady, I do forgive you. Don't think of our past and its bitter fruit. I forgive you long ago. I cherish no animosity. All is calm and serene between you and me, I trust."

"Oh, that it may be so! Franklin, I have come to tell you my story and to ask your aid. You are good and true, and will counsel me aright. I have no friend to whom I would repeat the story of my life abroad. Not even to my father would I impart my confidence; he is old and feeble now; his hair is whitening for the grave. He has lived to retrieve, in a measure, his financial losses, and to stand firm again in the business world, although his fortune is far less than it was ten years ago; but he has enough and to spare. As for me, I have ample means in my own right, for my fortune was not engulfed in the financial collapse of a few years ago; my father took care of that, and that I should only have its income while abroad. True, a large slice of it went as a dowry to 'My Lord' when we wed, but he never had the opportunity of handling the rest. Yet, wealthy as I am, I am unhappy and forlorn. I know not what to do. I come to counsel with you and to tell you of my life; but first, Franklin, dear Franklin, for the sake of our old life, for the sake of our past love, let me—let me see your child!"

"Our child, Clara? Our child! surely you are demoted. What do you mean? We have no child."

"No child! Is she then dead, dead?"

"I know nothing of any child, Clara! Good God! Woman, do you mean to tell me there was a child? Yours and mine?"

"Yes! yes! a dear little girl, Franklin, a pretty little thing. I left her when she was a month old, and have never seen her since. I thought perhaps she was with you. When I came back here a week ago, I went to make inquiry at the old home where nurse lived. The neighbors told me she had died years ago; they said before her death a young man with dark eyes and hair visited her frequently, and that he took the little two-year-old girl away with him. I thought it was you. But you say you know nothing of any child. Ah! Franklin, you have more to forgive me for than you knew when you said you would forgive."

"A child! a child! and I never knew, Clara, how could you?"

There was grave reproach in his tones, and a sad, serious look in his eyes. She felt it all, the rebuke, the sorrow, the suffering of the man she had despised and wronged, and she covered before him in abject woe.

He gazed upon her, as she sat in all her beauty and despair, and an infinite compassion, such as an angel might feel for the fallen one whose woe he had come to assuage, filled his breast. In that moment all thought of the wrong that had been done him faded from his mind; he had remembered that she was a human being suffering the pangs of utter misery, and placing his hand upon her shoulder, he spoke to her in accents of pity and sympathy such words as she could never forget.

Then, under the influence of his benign and genial presence, she opened her heart to him, telling him of coming and going, and how she had rebelled at its coming, and forsaken it after its birth, leaving it to the care of Nurse Gibson, who in turn had been forsaken and neglected by the woman who, in her mad passion for social position and worldly notoriety and adulation, had trampled all the finer instincts of wifehood and motherhood under her feet.

She spared herself nothing, but told it all in graphic language, while the man whom she had wronged, dignified, noble, yet sympathetic and kind, stood beside her in his shabby clothing, surrounded by poverty, like a monarch in his majesty and honor of soul growth.

Then she went on to tell him of her life abroad; of its dissipation in the gay circles of wealth and fashion; of the nobleman she had married, of his life of folly and sin, how he had neglected, spurned her, bringing the favorites of his attention and pleasure into her very home, courtesans whom she loathed, and who laughed in her face at her protests against

their presence in her rooms; how he, her lord and master, abused her, what terrible insults she received from him, until, stung to action by outraged womanhood and pride, she escaped from him, taking passage for America, and seeking refuge in her father's home. She had not told that aged parent all her woes, she could not, she had only imparted a portion of her history to him. Now she needed counsel and aid. She had sakened of society, become satiated with fashion and folly, and the pleasures of the world. She felt that she could not reënter that society which had once claimed her as its belle and votary, but that she must seclude herself as far as possible, and yet do something with her wealth to redeem the wasted life she had lived.

He did not interrupt her, but listened to all she had to say, varying emotions surging through his brain at the recital. When she paused he questioned her, eliciting further information concerning her child, and concerning her life in Paris, learning that she was still the legal wife of De Voullier, the man from whom she had fled. Then they conversed together, her plan being to gain a divorce from the Frenchman, and in time return to the old life of her earlier days, devoid, however, of its folly and extravagance.

Somehow, through the misery of her recent lot, a thought of Franklin, of his noble, tender devotion that she had spurned, of his worth and honor, had come to her, and something of her own early love had reawakened in her soul, causing her to long for his presence and assistance. She had fled to America with the hope of becoming free from her hateful bonds, of reclaiming her child from Nancy, and of coming into the life of Franklin Bearse and of openly wedding him once again. Her heart had been full of plans; and after her arrival, when she learned of his work, she thought that she could join him in benevolent schemes. It would not be necessary, she told herself, for them to live among the poor, but they could attend to their needs and be of service to them. When she learned that Nancy was dead, and that "a youngish sort of man, with brown eyes and hair," as she was told, had taken the baby away, she concluded it was Franklin, who had learned of his relationship to the child. So she had come to him, a penitent, contrite woman, but with her mind full of schemes for the future, schemes which, as she talked, melted away from her as the conviction forced itself upon her that for this earnest, serious and devoted humanitarian there was no marriage, and that to him she could never be nearer than she might be to-day.

"Will you not let me help you in your work, then?" she asked in despairing tones, as he gently but firmly made it known to her that their ways lay wide apart; "surely you have need of money in your labors for the poor. You could make use of my contributions in their behalf, and I would feel so happy to know I am doing something for a good cause."

"Yes, there is need of all assistance in the work of the slums. I could not refuse any benefaction that promises to relieve human distress. As for myself, I need nothing. I am well content, and—"

A burst of childish laughter and the sound of glad voices outside the door hushed his tones, and in a moment two merry, happy children rushed in upon them; children in tidy but patched and faded clothing, with coarse shoes upon their feet, but with an air of wholesome cleanliness, and with bright and eager faces good to look upon.

At sight of the stranger in their foster-father's room they stopped short, hushing their shouts, and looking at him as if to know if they should leave.

They made a pretty picture as they stood in doubt. Rufus, with his pale, delicate face, as clear-cut as a cameo carving, his dark, expressive eyes, and clustering, dusky ringlets clinging closely to his shapely head, and Nannie, with her round and rosy face, graceful figure, beautiful violet blue eyes, and golden curls falling in rich profusion around her pretty throat.

"Who are these little folks, Franklin? Surely they do not belong to the slums."

He explained, and then in a quickened, earnest tone continued, "You asked me to allow you to be of financial service in my work. For myself I want nothing; but for these little ones I crave much, that they may have a home in the country, suitable associations, be reared far from the slums, and receive the training that will make them honored and useful citizens."

[To be concluded.]

Summary of a Lecture Delivered by Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings,

At Berkeley Hall, Boston, Sunday Morning, October 31, 1897, S. E. 50.

(Specially reported for the Banner of Light by M. C. B.)

Mrs. Richings prefaced her remarks, which were addressed to the children, with a poem entitled "Little Things," illustrating throughout her discourse the value of little things and their relation to great things. She compared the life of a human being to a ship's voyage on the ocean.

"A few years ago," she said, "some of you pushed out your bark of life from the shore of the unknown. I cannot look back of the time when you first lay in your mother's arms. The time may come when you and I shall review the voyage we shall have made before we touch these shores, but that time, to most of us at least, is not here. But you who are still young have a great voyage ahead of you. Some of you have scarcely weighed anchor and drawn away from the safe coasts and nooks along the shore. You have not yet begun to realize the tempestuous voyage that may be before you. The sun may be shining over your head now, and everything may give promise of a beautiful voyage, yet in another hour the clouds may have gathered over your head, and your ship may be tossing about on the waters that are growing more and more restless, and the time may come when your ship will be in danger of sinking beneath the waves."

There are two ways of looking at the dangers of the deep of life and the deep of the great sea we have here on earth. Some contemplate the peril going down with a vessel to the coral reefs below with terrible fear and trembling, a fear so great, indeed, that many will not venture out upon the ocean lest they go down in its depths. When contemplated in this way, it seems to me an indication that the larger conception of life has not yet dawned. When we look at death from any cause, as if it were some appalling catastrophe, from which we flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, from which we try to the rocks, even to fall and cover us, I feel that we have not grasped the meaning of that which is merely a change through which we must pass; that the waters cannot drown us, nor seas overwhelm us, because life goes on. The waters may drown this body, which we have learned to love—too much, sometimes, and not enough some other times. I want you to carry this thought with you—contemplate your lives as an ocean, and the body, in which your spirit dwells, as the ship in which you are sailing out to-day on life's great sea.

Temptations will come into your lives, my young friends, only in a degree that corresponds to your spiritual condition, to the length of life, to the distance from shore which your bark has sailed. The old saying, "We are never tried more than we can bear," I believe to be an eternal truth. We are oftentimes tested to our uttermost; our greatest strength is called upon sometimes to resist; but we can resist, if, like the mariner at sea, we keep in the right course, guided by the eternal stars of truth and virtue. If we will set our eyes upon them, and heed their guidance, we shall be led straight and surely into a haven commensurate with the beauty and greatness of a human soul. But sometimes the clouds intervene between the mariner and the stars, then he turns to his compass, which man's ingenuity has furnished him, to guide his ship. So in the voyage of human life we have a guide when the stars are hid from our view. We have a little inward monitor that tells us when we are going straight—conscience, heart, soul, intuition—

these inner convictions that belong to every human soul alike. This it is that fails us not in the darkest hour, if we trust it. But some say, "I never know; I am afraid this inward voice you talk about does not tell me truly." Friends, that is the very thing I want to touch upon in the lives of the little ones.

If we begin with the children, and stir up within them that inward voice, the conscience, cultivate the intuitional power, the spiritual perception, if we seek by all means in our power to draw it out and strengthen it, while they are yet young, the day will not come when they will say they cannot tell what is right. Teach them from the first to understand that they possess a mariner's compass that will never fail them. [Applause.] This is a delicate task, but the greatest and most important one that can be conceived—to turn the minds of the young in the right direction, cultivate their perceptions until they shall become so acute that they will never fall in their mission as inward monitor until the conscience shall become so keen, so sensitive, that to turn from the still small voice shall give them such pain that they will suffer their hell here as they move along from one point to another, until at last it shall overwhelm them because of the agony it shall give them.

Every turning aside from the right shall bring its consequence in suffering sometime, somewhere. Sometimes children will say to themselves: "I did so and so yesterday"—broke a dish, perhaps—but mother didn't know. Ah! my little friend, the time will come when the memory of that act will sweep over you and fill you with shame for your deception, and your want of confidence in mother's love. Your mother loves you, and if you go to her in the utmost frankness and confidence, saying that you are sorry for what you did, you will be forgiven. There are two sides to every question, and a lesson for the older ones should be pointed out here. Do we so love that the children cannot help trusting us?

I think it is a mistake to inculcate in the minds of the young a fear of temptation. That is sure to come at some time or other. Instead, we should fear (if fear at all) that we have not, from the beginning of the voyage, cultivated resistant force enough within us to rise above and to conquer the temptation by preparing for whatever may come. I would like to point out a few things that will help you in preparing yourselves. I have already said that your body is like a ship at sea. It is not the life; it carries the life; but it is very essential that this vessel be well built, well equipped and well cared for.

One of the habits that eats away the strength of the body is the use of that miserable stuff, tobacco. Do you realize that you who use this weed are poisoning future generations? If you are not a father now, you probably will be. When you stop to think of it, do you wonder at the thin, puny, miserable little children that are brought up, as a rule, out of just such conditions? The wonder is that there are cases when it is not so. It must be that there are some other forces at work in the conception and bringing forth of the child that counteract this evil. It is not because no corruption was there. Nature is the best mother I know. She is always seeking to overcome the evils we bring about. You may not see the effects of that evil now, but the future generation may have good cause to rise up and call you accursed. Are you justified, then, in smoking, because you think it is manly or sociable, because you enjoy it, or because you do not like to say no? Do you like to feel that you are smoking now, because you lacked the courage to say no? Whom were you afraid of? Are you not the God of your own being? Are you not king of your own realm? Are you not captain of your own ship? If not, then abdicate; get out. [Applause.] I appeal to you, young men, for the sake of a generation yet unborn. You are now preparing the conditions that will determine the quality of the physical, the mental and the moral being that you will bring into the world. Are you preparing a clean house, well swept and garnished, or are you so truly indifferent in the matter that you think only of the effect upon yourself to day?

And what are the young women, or the little girls that will soon be young women, doing? I think one of the great deficiencies of to-day—yet one that is beginning to be realized—is the lack of physical training. Once it was fashionable to be puny, delicate, flabby-muscled, sort of lackadaisical; but that time, thank God! is past, and in the growing light of this new era, we are beginning to realize that bodily, as well as mentally and spiritually, women should stand, and were intended by Nature to stand, side by side with man. The statement so often made that women are physically inferior to man, and so were intended to occupy an inferior position, is losing its power. For centuries we have not been following Nature's intention regarding women, but man's dictation. Why man should decide the proper province and place of womanhood is a question I have never heard satisfactorily answered. Nature, I judge, meant the sexes to be equal, bodily, mentally and spiritually. But because of custom woman has deteriorated physically, while man has been developed. My dear sisters, you have Nature on your side in your effort to reach and maintain the degree of equality we speak of. Now let us work to make of ourselves something besides physical wrecks. Do you know the doctors would die off the face of the earth for lack of sustenance if it were not for women? Let us be physical embodiments of life and power and vigor. Young women, you are to be our future mothers, and whatever physical conditions you cultivate will have their effect upon the children yet unborn.

And our thoughts are forming in the unseen depths of human life just as our acts do—even more. Many parents to-day have their own licentious thoughts to thank for the weak, puny children that lie in their arms.

Lack of time prevents my dwelling upon the moral and spiritual sides of this question, but I want simply to emphasize the point that I believe the equipment of every boy and girl should be wholesome, cleanly bodies, clean inside and out; a clean mind, which means that it will only entertain clean thoughts. Unworthy thoughts will come to a clean mind, but they can be repelled. No thought has power to injure that you do not conceive within yourself and bring out into external act.

Spiritually we should be equipped with high purposes. A few days ago I met for the first time two young men, one eighteen, the other nineteen years of age, one in the grammar school, the other a graduate. I asked them what they purposed doing in life, and neither had come to a decision or even thought seriously on the subject. I do not believe that it is right for a young man or woman to reach that age without having conceived some purpose in life—something to strive for, even though in the end he may not reach the particular point he had in mind. An object in life will cultivate that power to rise, to reach, to grasp, to attain. Do not wait, my young friends, until some great revelation comes to you as to what you shall be. Do not depend upon some medium, astrologer or psychologist to determine your career in life. The question should not be what are you going to be, from some other person's point of view, but, what have you determined you will be? Set your aim high—it cannot be too high. Aim for the highest, and if you fall every day get up each time and move on; keep your eyes fixed on the stars. They will never come down to you, you must rise to the height of your star."

It is not by change of circumstances, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, that we can be reconciled to life and duty.—Robertson.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions, printed in English, sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, the following paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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?

THE WAIT'S THANKSGIVING.

Way up in the loft, with cadence soft,
The silver chimneys were ringing,
And through the stars of the Autumn air
Thanksgiving hymns were singing:
Golden chimneys that brought the hymns
The sacred songs of good old times
Back to the worldling's awakened ear,
And drew some quaint old church more near
That maybe had crumbled many a year.

And coachman faced and stolid-faced
Drove up to the church's portal;
And men once more passed through the door
To thank the King immortal.
And hear the music that decked the day,
And look at the stars' new display,
For such is ever the human way.

Now out in the street, with half-clad feet,
And garments shabbily clinging,
A child there stood in a dreamy mood,
And barked to the church-bells' ringing,
With thin hand pressed against her breast,
As if the harmony gave her rest—
As if each note, as it softly stole
Out of its swining brazen bowl,
Was a morsel of food to her hungry soul.

But when like a band from unseen land
That with the world rejoices,
The organ hurled to the outside world
A hundred silver voices,
Into the eyes of the child there came
A torch as lit by a sudden flame;
And through her memory seemed to flow
Something she still must come to know,
And yet had forgotten long ago.

And none the less for her ragged dress
She sped to the door—unfearing;
And through she went, her soul intent
On the strains of music hearing;
Her great sad eyes bedewed with dew,
She passed along with the others through
And seated herself in a velvet row!

The sexton gazed with an eye amazed
Upon this odd intrusion;
And his hand reached out and patted men
Were canopied with confusion.
Out of the door he quickly led
The little maid, and brusquely said,
"There are churches enough for you instead."

But still the sound of the organ drowned
The noise of her heart's complaining;
Now with echoes choice of the human voice,
And a queen-soprano reigning!
She crept to the hall—nor lingered there;
But climbed to the gallery's utmost stair
And with her clinging eyes on fire
With new ambition and desire,
She gazed at the organ and the choir.

The chief of the song, with baton long,
Was humming her bright measure;
But looking around, the child found,
And scowling his dark displeasure:
His eyes and his lip and his baton dropped;
And well that the music had not stopped!
He never had known a guest like that;
There came from his mouth a blissing "Skat!"
She hurried away like a frightened rat.

And out in the street once more her feet
On the flinty curb were falling,
And still from within the delicious din
Of music's voice was calling.
And still for a place to hear in search,
She walked the length of the palace church,
And finding an open vestry door,
Crept into the stately house once more,
And started this region to explore.

A passage in haste the child yet traced,
And then to her consternation
On the platform high stood in the eye
Of the wondering congregation:
The ragged girl in the stylish place
Made smiles go leaping from face to face.
The pastor turned and saw her near:
A man that the people loved to hear
At fifteen thousand dollars a year;

But with each day he told his way
With requisite fear and trembling,
And with no tone addressed the throne
Of boldness or dissembling.
Striving God's heart and a child's to please,
On the sofa he seated the girl at ease,
Saying, "Lest we become as the least of these,"

The whole hour long, to sermon and song,
With eyes that fitfully glistened,
And cheeks that burned with joy new-learned,
The tiny maiden listened.
And now that a few more years are fled,
The wait is a sister of songs kind;
Aglow with that suddenly kindled flame
She treads the heights of a modest fame:
You would know her well did I tell her name.

WILL CARLETON, in Every Where for November.

Duke's Folly; or, Was it a Lost Life?

BY SYLVANUS LYON.

Can there be anything lost once created? Your look, word and thought are local power for good or ill, and each life or atom cannot cease to exist. Immortality to live forever is the eternal fact; to progress, grow onward toward eternity.—Leo.

"Oh, papa, papa! Duke is dead!"

This greeting met me like a sorrow blast, returning to the den from the city one evening. And then the home circle all joined in the sad chorus-requiem—some of real sorrow, others of wonder and reproving; for you know how death—a sudden taking off—will show forth human life and feelings, and only leaves the beautiful with gloom.

Mamma, dear, wise and good, said: "I always told you he must be kept home, for you know Duke was a tramp, visiting around."

Marie and Mad were quietly thinking if it was true, and really death to our favorite.

Aunt Call felt kindly sympathy, remembering Duke's gentleness and playfulness and frolic. She exclaimed: "I always loved him, and oh! oh! if I had only kept him home this last time!"

Cousin Sene, our counsellor, quietly reasoned of the possible good, with gleams of beauty for this dark picture.

Dora, the maid, was really to blame in not better caring for him, and said: "It was Cox's Wyoming Mary's fondlings and care that thus wooed our Duke away from home."

But what of all this? The solemn, sorrowful fact was now over. Our beautiful household pet was dead, and oh! horrible dicta! shot by the village constable, and

"The fell sergeant, Death,
Is strict in his arrests."

Now no regrets or mourning could restore this life, and only memory's plays and loves were ours to cherish.

"And pray," you ask, "who and what was Duke?"

Why, only a fine, beautiful mastiff, milk-white, graceful and loving; ours for a little time and thus suddenly called away. We ask in tenderness, seeking, was this life to perish, cease forever? Was Duke's playfulness and oh! so many gentle, loving qualities, all thus to be lost, with no future?

A moment, please, for a sketch of his life and death, his follies and weaknesses, which led to his untimely exit.

His doggy parlance, Duke was as beautiful as a picture; his ways so winning, his attitudes, poses and thousand capers were so graceful—worthy of modeling; and withal he was loving and intelligent. His nature was gentle, child-like, playful, and he was always in for a romp and good time with any one. His pleadings were so touching you could not chain him, and his bark melodious; not like canine noises—no yelp or growl, snap, snarl or bite, ever came from our Duke.

But, as mamma truly said, "Duke was a tramp dog; he did so love to visit round." He had many homes, and no end to children lovers. What if he did snarl a little, hunt backyards and garbage barrels for a stray bit, he was most always a welcome guest.

But, alas! Duke's last visiting and loving friend Mary at Cox's proved his ruin, and sad death. Passing often through the village, he was known, and thus when the rumor came,

"a mad dog seen, and said to have bitten a child and cow," the supreme order was given, and poor Duke, with thirteen vile mongrels and curs, was shot by the village constable.

We mourn Duke's death; will remember his plays, frolics, and will even forget and forgive his vagaries, for some dogs, like spoiled children, do love to visit and roam around.

Would you believe it? Aunt Call and Mary even shed tears at Duke's sad taking off.

And now a query:
Wherefore all this love, these beautiful, gentle qualities—so expressive, winning and tender—and are these all dead, gone forever, with no future life? Oh! yes, the children, our home, will miss him for a little—and then?

But this dog's life, given, enjoyed so perfectly, and thus suddenly cut off, seeming to end this beautiful existence.

Pray, tell me, is this forever? Come now, moralist, physiologist, wise-acres, answer me this soul questioning. Where is now our Duke?

Dear little Lilly Cox said, so sweetly: "Dance, I don't think Duke is all dead; his play and bark will live somewhere, I guess."

You smile at the child's idea! Come then, wise, worldly one, let me question you again. Have you ever studied the wonders of a common house-fly, the mechanism of the mosquito's bill, or gazed on the marvelous beauty of the butterfly or little bird. Have you listened to the sweetest notes of melody of spring's merry songsters, or heard the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will or cricket? Did you ever pity the patient toiling, and love the gentle horse (often cruelly rewarded)? Do you know of the strength of the eagle, of the passions and loves of animals, or imagine the exquisite anguish tiny insects suffer when you wound and kill?

All these enjoy existence, supremely, for a little, soon gone forever, you tell me. Oh! what retributive justice and mercy is this—what fulfillments or rewards for these lives?

Would not a wise teaching show us that no person, animal or created thing ever dies—ceases to exist; but what is called death is only change—one form or condition for another, and all life—each atom must continue to exist—somewhere, somehow.

Love and good and beauty never die, and we must confess the truth; the gentle, faithful, loving qualities of some animals seem worthy a spirit existence.

We will continue to cherish poor Duke's memory, and ask you to answer, "Was this life lost?"

The First Thanksgiving Dinner.

Indian Chiefs were Hospitably Entertained by Pilgrim Fathers.

The first Thanksgiving was appointed by Gov. Bradford, at Plymouth, Mass., in 1621, the year following the landing of the Pilgrims, in order that the Colonists in a more special way could rejoice together at having all things in good and plenty, writes Clifford Howard in the November Ladies' Home Journal. In preparing for the feast "gunners were sent into the woods for wild turkeys, which abounded there in great numbers; kitchens were made ready for preparing the feast—especially the large one in Dame Brewster's house, which was under the immediate direction and charge of Priscilla Molines, who after that became the wife of John Alden—while a messenger was dispatched to invite Massasoit, the chief of the friendly tribe, to attend the celebration.

"Early on the morning of the appointed Thursday—about the first of November—Massasoit, and ninety of his warriors, arrived on the outskirts of the village, and with wild yells announced their readiness to enjoy the hospitality of their white brethren. The little settlement, which now consisted of seven dwellings and four public buildings, was soon astir with men, women and children, who gave the Indians a hearty welcome as they filed into the large square in front of the Governor's house. Soon the roll of a drum announced the hour of prayer, for no day was begun without this religious service. Then followed a holiday of feasting and recreation, which continued not only that day but during the two succeeding days. The usual routine of duties was suspended; the children romped about in merry play; the young men indulged in athletic sports and games in friendly rivalry with the Indians; the little American army of twenty men, under the leadership of Miles Standish, went through its drill and manual of arms, to the great delight and astonishment of the natives, while the women busied themselves in the careful preparation of the excellent meals, which were eaten in the open air."

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum

Convened as usual in Berkeley Hall Sunday afternoon, Nov. 7. "What is Spirit?" was the question considered, and a large number of original answers were given. Mr. Fred H. Watson rendered a piano solo, then followed the Grand March, with fifty-three scholars in line. Recitations were given by Rupert Davis, Harold C. Eastman, Harry Gilmore Greene, and Esther M. Bots. Mr. Packard read a poem, "Aim High"; Dr. Dean Clarke spoke on the question.

The Entertainment Committee announce that they have arranged to give a supper and entertainment the last Monday evening of November in Odd Fellows Hall, at the junction of Washington and Warren streets, Roxbury. Supper will be served from 6 to 7 P. M., after which an interesting musical and literary program will be presented. The tickets are only ten cents for each; and as all the children will be admitted free, we hope our friends will help sustain this worthy effort to provide suitable entertainment for our "little folks."

Question for November 21, "What value has the lecture and what the phenomena on the dissemination of spiritual truths?"

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the hall.
A. CLARENCE ARMSTRONG, Clerk.
17 Leroy street, Station K.

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1

Met as usual in Red Men's Hall Sunday morning, Nov. 7. Superintendent Brown was present to instruct the little ones.

The older groups repaired to the ante-room to discuss the subject of the day. Their Leader, Dr. Hale, was unable to be present, owing to the illness of his wife. After the responsive reading the Grand March was executed, with over seventy scholars in line.

The following little ones took part in the entertainment of the day: Recitations, Grace Foss, Leon Sloper, Claude Weston; song, Joe Forsyth. Mrs. Keu you addressed the children, expressing the deep interest she felt for the Lyceum. Ionia Stillings recited "Somebody's Mother"; piano solo, Lillian Goldstein; song, Ethel Weaver; recitations, Mabel Emmons and Almira Osgood; piano solo, Lottie Weston; recitation, Joie Gerrish.

Superintendent Brown read "You never can tell," after which she announced that on the 30th of this month, there would be a concert and social given in this hall for the benefit of the Lyceum. The Lyceum closed with the Banner March.

ABIE F. THOMPSON, Sec'y.

Salem Lyceum.

At 12 o'clock, Sunday, Nov. 7, the Children's Lyceum met and recited the lessons given the previous Sunday, followed by speaking and recitations by some of the scholars. There seems to be quite an interest manifested, and new scholars are added every Sunday.

Waltham Lyceum.

Sunday, Nov. 7, the Waltham Children's Progressive Lyceum held an interesting session of an hour and a half. There were thirty-one scholars present

(representing six groups), five teachers and three officers. Our Guardian was kept away by sickness. The lesson for the older classes was, "What do we live for?" and our subject was, "What is the Chief Object in Life?" Many of the responses were very fine. Entertainment consisted of readings from Mrs. Phipps and Miss Barker; piano solos, Alice Kimball and Emma Chubb; recitations, Roy and Percy Connor, Alberta Howe, Mabel Jackson, Jessie Doe, Eva Knight and Stella Wymau.

Yours for truth,
850 Y W. C. P. LYCEUM,
582 Main street, Waltham.

The "Y. P. S. I."

The Young People's Spiritual Institute continues to make progress. Quite a number of places are sending the requisite number of members, and promise an early organization.

Letters of inquiry are continuing to come, and I am kept busy replying. Let them come on.

I am mailing a copy of the Articles of Association wherever I obtain the address of a Spiritualist. Upon their receipt you have only to obtain twelve or more members, and proceed to hold the Institute meetings each Tuesday evening.

The necessary ten Institutes requisite to form the National Institute by each electing a member of the National Board of Officers will soon be accomplished. If you desire your locality to have a membership on said Board, act at once, and report your selection. It is intended to have the National Board organized in time to secure from the National Spiritualists' Association at the January meeting of their Trustees, a charter from the National Institute.

We seek cooperation. That is our great desire, that we may more thoroughly disseminate truth upon these lines.

Fraternally,
G. W. KATES.
234 Monroe Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

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

"Creative Power of Thought."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I picked up THE BANNER of Aug. 14, and read the article, "Creative Power of Thought," by Charles Dawbarn. It fixed my attention as few articles do, for it is the very cream of logical reasoning—clear, incisive and compelling. Charles Dawbarn of to-day is certainly broader in scope of exact scientific thought than the exact scientific thinkers of yesterday, yet he is not fully evolved out of the fogs of the dawn of true knowledge.

I was attracted to this essay because his postulates are my postulates—my crude efforts at ratiocination follow the trend of his more polished rhythmic reasoning, but in this article, "Creative Power of Thought," his final deductions are not my deductions, but our difference of conclusion does not detract one scintilla from the enchanting peep he has given us into the infinite vista of thought forms and thought-powers, whose harmonious and musical aggregations fruit into systems and suns, planets, belts, nebula and nebulae, and all forms in nature's temple—yes, even nature's temple itself—all vibrating and waltzing in the majestic universum to the thought-melody of the eternal.

I followed Mr. Dawbarn with pleased attention in the successive evolutions of his thought structure—followed his bud of promise from its inception to the full-expanded loveliness of its comprehensive bloom—but the climax I had fashioned in my own mind that should be the crown and finish of his fine syllogistic structure.

At last he leaves the human Ego in a very equivocal position, without much common sense; deprives him or her of the power to know the difference between a thought-ego of one set of vibrations from an exanimate ego of another set of vibrations. Thought-pictures fit through the brain; they may be our own brain egos, or impinging thought-entities of our own pitch of tuning; but we make no mistake as to the character of the ego; their conservatism of action tells the story of their class. Raise the pitch of brain-action into clairvoyance, into the realm of the spiritual: is it reasonable to suppose one would lose the power of discrimination operative on the earth-plane? Would it not be more reasonable to suppose an increased clarity of perception? But we make no mistake as to the character of ego because of their differing vibrations. Intention is as impressive as thought. Intention is the shading which individualizes thought. We mankind are God's ideas; we are the forces and the fruit of his thought—his pictured creations drawn upon the canvas of eternity. We are the minted coin of God's infinite realm, bearing the stamp of his immutability value, ever changing in complexity of forms and permutations, yet changeless in value and substance; one and indestructible with him, the Creator of creators.

Every atom of the universe is a vital, potent thought, endowed with the energy for infinite reproductions, evolutions and creations, divisions and subdivisions, capable of such a thought progeny of children, with their thoughts and thoughtlets, ad infinitum, as to stagger the arithmetic of Father Time.

Can you conceive of God being confused as to the character of his multiple handiwork? We are fashioned in his image, with his attributes, and are given a microscopic world to manipulate and rule; and we are given the same power, in different degree, of discrimination.

Did Dr. Charcot's sensitive mistake Dr. Charcot himself? She evidently thought it a picture she saw on the paper, she handled it as a picture, and hung it as a picture should hang—a picture, not a person, for she treated it as a picture. Dr. Charcot's intention had stamped it a picture.

Can you imagine one blundering so badly as to mix one's ego with thought-egos? for could we find it easy to think a clairvoyant sensitive, whose perceptive vision is vibrant on the plane of spirit, mistaking spirit-thoughts for the radiant, exanimate egos of the spheres? Is it possible all these long years Mrs. Longley has been entertaining kinesthetic thought-egos and spirit or risen human egos, without knowing which from the other, seen interchangeably, thought-egos and people whose entities have passed beyond the human ken into the realm of spirit?

Has Mrs. Longley—blessed be her intention—been all these years in childish play, babbling Munchausen nonsense into suffering, longing, mortal ears? What an irony on her life. Mr. Dawbarn puts her on the inquisitorial rack and turns the screws, then tries to console her for the pain he causes by saying, "Spirits do return," etc. During her (Mrs. Longley's) long public services, she must have been a mouthpiece for both real egos and their thought-creations.

What a comfort to know that Father Pierpont—peace to himself and his thought-creations may never have voiced a benedictory word through the organism of Mrs. Longley, but the voice heard, with its message of hope, life and immortality, was the sportive offering of some stray human thought ego; that is to say, everything may be a fraud, and our common sense twisted all out of joint; that the fountain of thoughts, if there is a fountain of thoughts, may be a delusion and a snare; and I, if I be I, will haul in my erratic, deluded sense into my thought-pictured delusive mask and write nemo.

JULIA A. BUNKER.
Lakewood, N. J., Sept. 6, 1897.

To the Spiritualists of the State of Indiana.

KIND FRIENDS: I wish to hear from every locality in the State where a society of Spiritualists can be organized and chartered with the National Association. It requires at least seven members to get a charter, and every place where that number, or more, can be found, there ought to be a Society formed; and when the State is thoroughly organized circuits should be formed, and mediums and speakers set to work on them, one following the other on the rounds, thereby saving much of the enormous expense of traveling long distances, as is now the case.

I would also like to see quarterly meetings



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If, after thirty days' trial, the purchaser finds all the Soaps, etc., of excellent quality and the premium entirely satisfactory and as represented, remit \$10.00; if not, notify us goods are subject to our order. We make no charge for what you have used.

If you remit in advance, you will receive in addition a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment day after order is received. Money refunded promptly if the Box or Premium does not prove all expected. Safe delivery guaranteed.

Many youths and maidens easily earn a Combination Box among a few neighbors who readily pay the listed retail prices. This provides the \$10.00 needed to pay our bill, and gives the young folk the premium as "a middleman's profit." The wide success of this plan confirms all our claims.

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NOTE.—We have no hesitation in cordially recommending the soaps of the Larkin Soap Manufacturing Co., as we have used them and know whereof we speak. Although their combination offer is unusually generous, it is genuine—Banner of Light.

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carried on in every county or district, for I believe thereby greater enthusiasm would be created, and more effectual work be done.

Will parties interested please write me, giving full particulars as to the number of Spiritualists in their respective localities, also their names and addresses, and the number that will unite in forming a Society. Also what they can do to help us to come and organize and charter them with the National Spiritualists' Association. Let us hear at once from every locality in the State where a Society can be formed. Address me for the month of November at Rochester, Ind. Home address, 416 Newland Avenue, Jamestown, N. Y.

E. W. SPRAGUE,
Missionary and Special Financial Agent for the N. S. A.

A Spirit-Artist at Work.

In 1873 the world was shocked by the news of a terrible tragedy—the tragedy of the Lava Beds, in which Gen. Canby and Rev. Dr. Thomas were killed by Captain Jack, Chief of the Modocs, and his warriors, and Col. A. B. Meacham was riddled with bullets, and left for dead on the rocks. Those three distinguished men had been sent by President Grant as Commissioners to treat for peace with the Modocs. Meacham was chairman of the Commission, but Canby was in command of the army, and his refusal to return their ponies, taken from the Modocs in violation of the truce then existing until they surrendered, incensed the Indians, caused them to lose faith in the Commission, and, according to their ethics, justified them in killing the Commissioners.

Meacham lived to tell the Indians' side of the story as well as the white man's. He told it in a book of eight hundred pages, and in pulpits, public halls and at camp meetings (orthodox and spiritual), to large audiences, in lectures of wondrous eloquence and thrilling pathos.

In 1881 he was again appointed by the President an Indian Commissioner, and sent to make a treaty with the Utes of Colorado. The perils and privations were more than his already shattered constitution could bear, and, in the winter of 1881-2, he returned to Washington to die. He came to my home, where for six years he had found a refuge and resting-place when he needed one. My wife and I had been his physicians, his co-workers and his sympathizing friends; hence the ties that bound us three together were bonds of fraternal love.

On the 16th of February, 1882, this noble hero of humanity was born into the higher life. We have often had messages of love from him since then, and on the afternoon of Sunday, Oct. 24, we got an excellent portrait of him painted by a spirit-artist at a séance held by that widely-known and justly-popular materializing medium, Mrs. C. B. Bliss, of 120 West Concord street, Boston. The circle was a large and one of the most harmonious I ever attended, and I have attended many of Mrs. Bliss's seances. Over forty former residents of this earth, who have passed to the spirit-land, appeared on that occasion to friends present.

My own dear mother, and other dear ones, came to me in forms so much like the bodies they wore in earth-life that I recognized them at once—the one with her dark brown hair and dark eyes, and the other with hair of pale gold and eyes of deepest blue. I should have known them if they had not spoken, but they did speak to me, and assured me not only of their identity, but of their undying love, and their deep interest in my personal welfare, and of the work I am engaged in. But there was one manifestation which was out of the common order: During the séance, and by direction of the chief cabinet spirit, a piece of pure white porcelain, six by eight inches, was placed in my hands, with the request that I hold it till called for. Some fifteen minutes later I was called to the cabinet, and directed to hold the plate by one end with both hands near the curtain of the cabinet. I did as directed, and immediately the curtain parted, and a gentleman of fine form and handsome features stood before me. A voice bade of him, which I recognized as the voice of one of the leading cabinet spirits, said: "Dr. Bland, I have the pleasure to introduce Mr. Hunter, an artist, who will now proceed to paint a portrait of one of your friends." The spirit artist extended his hand, and as I clasped it, he said: "I am glad

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NOTE.—We have no hesitation in cordially recommending the soaps of the Larkin Soap Manufacturing Co., as we have used them and know whereof we speak. Although their combination offer is unusually generous, it is genuine—Banner of Light.

The Watchman, Boston, says: "We have examined the soaps and premiums offered by the Larkin Co. They are all they say. A man or woman is hard to please who is not satisfied with such a return for the money."

to meet you." I responded to his greeting, and then he began to touch the plate with the ends of his fingers. He continued to manipulate the plate in this manner for perhaps two minutes. I could see a change coming over the white surface of the plate, and gradually a head and bust came into view, and when the artist finished his work I held in my hand an excellent likeness of my arisen friend, Col. A. B. Meacham.

How it was done I know not, but this I know, the plate did not leave my hands, nor pass out of my sight, for a single moment. But although I witnessed the whole operation, this portrait is a wonderful mystery, but a highly prized token of love, and proof positive of the truth of Spiritualism.

I deem it proper to add that this picture, painted by spirit-artist Hunter, is a better likeness of the Colonel than the steel-plate portrait engraved from an excellent photograph of him for a book of biographical sketches of distinguished men, published in 1880, and which also appears as a frontispiece in my "Life of Alfred B. Meacham," published in 1882. The scar between his eyes, made by a rifle ball, which struck him there and glanced off, is reproduced in the spirit-portrait even more perfectly than in the engraving.

T. A. BLAND.
238 Worcester Square, Boston, Oct. 26, 1897.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

To show the interest taken by the New England Spiritualist in the National Spiritualists' Association, I ask for a little of your valuable space to give a list of prominent Spiritualists comprising the New England delegation to the Washington, D. C. Convention:

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Boston; Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Barrett, Boston; Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding, Boston; Miss Lucille Barrett, Canaan, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Loring, Braintree, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Simon Butterfield, Boston; Dr. F. S. Bigelow, Skowhegan, Me.; Isaac F. Bigelow, do.; Mrs. Abbie T. Story, Pigeon Cove; Mrs. L. G. Wheeler, do.; Mr. Fred H. Watson, Boston; Mr. J. S. Mansergh, do.; Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Worcester; F. H. Wiggins, Salem; Mrs. L. P. A. Whitlock, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Wm. Bowers, New York; Dr. Mary J. Wright, New Haven, Ct.; Dr. N. C. Lyon, Fall River; A. G. Gardner, Providence, R. I.; Simeon Snow, Boston; Mrs. L. J. Bennett, Irvington, N. J.; Mrs. G. S. Merrill, Hartford, Ct.; Mrs. Sarah Crockett-Billings, Boston; Mrs. Georgia A. Field, Dexter, Me.; Mrs. J. H. Johnson, So. Lancaster; Dr. W. A. Woolsey, Hartford, Ct.; Mrs. Florence Snow, Boston; Mrs. May S. Pepper, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. R. E. Lane, Winchester; Mrs. Elvira Loring, Fitchburg; D. L. Shaw, Chicopee, Mass.; Mrs. F. W. Grant, Bridgeport, Ct.; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Roscoe, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. B. W. Doldor, Malden; Mrs. F. C. Whithead, Fall River; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Storrs, Hartford, Ct.; J. R. Snow, Malden, Mass.

J. C. F. Grumbine's New Book on Clairvoyance.

Mrs. Anna Powell, writing of the Teachings on Inspiration and the book on Clairvoyance, expressed the wish that she had begun earlier in the class or collegiate work of the College of "Psychical Sciences." She says: "I wish that I had commenced earlier. I find it a much quicker way than by following impressions. For instance, a man living almost next door has been drawing pictures from impressions for years; if he had studied six months under an artist he would do better work." The book (as per advertisement on another page) can be gotten for comparatively nothing when the real value of the work is considered, and all who are in earnest about their development could well afford to profit by Mrs. Powell's wholesome and timely advice. Mr. Grumbine is now at the First Spiritual Temple. Address him Station B, Boston, Mass.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

W. & T. L. ALLEN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WEST, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Test

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 9 Bowditch Street (from Tremont Street), Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books, Wholesale and Retail.

Terms Cash.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by full or at least half cash; the balance, if any, must be paid O. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

Remittances can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Sums under \$5.00 can be sent in that manner for 5 cents.

It is quoted from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we do not endorse 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 inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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Isaac B. Rich, President.
Fred G. Tuttle, Treasurer.
Harrison D. Barrett, Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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.

Thanksgiving.

As Thursday, Nov. 25, is a legal holiday, the BANNER OF LIGHT office will be closed throughout the day. Our contributors are requested to remember this fact, and forward their articles one day earlier than usual.

The Anti-Spiritualistic Association.

We reproduce on our first page, from the Boston Transcript, the statement of Rev. H. J. Becker, the President of the National Anti-Spiritualistic Association, that he and his associates purpose making war upon Spiritualism from this time forth. We referred to this man and the work of his Association in two editorials in our last issue, in the course of which we refuted several glaring falsehoods, and warned the Spiritualists of the country to be on their guard. There is more in this "Anti" movement than appears on the surface. It aims to destroy mediumship and to crush Spiritualism out of existence. Many Spiritualists will smile in lofty disdain at the very idea, and complacently remark that the "dear spirits" gave us our Spiritualism, and the "dear spirits" can be trusted to take care of it.

This statement is the veriest nonsense. Our spirit friends cannot and will not do for us that which we are too lazy to do for ourselves. The doctrine of *laissez faire* may be right and just, but we doubt if a murderer was ever restrained by letting him alone to work his own will. We do not believe the enemies of our Spiritualism will ever be induced to cease their warfare upon it, and upon us as a people, by letting their false statements go unchallenged, or by permitting them to injure us without one word of protest on our part. "To overcome evil with good" is a sublime maxim, but when good is being destroyed by error we believe it neither right nor wise to permit it to be done. It is time to assume both the defensive and the offensive in the present crisis, and the BANNER OF LIGHT now sounds the alarm, with the request that every loyal Spiritualist shall at once report for duty.

The Anti-Spiritualistic Association has money and influence behind it. Its friends are hard at work organizing local and State Associations for the suppression of Spiritualism. They are listing the names of all Spiritualist mediums, classing the good and the bad together, and intend to make a bold stroke at a given signal against them all. When that attack is made the genuine mediums will be the chief sufferers and their first victims. Error always hates Truth, hence the "Antis" will naturally oppose those who give the hard facts, the truths of Spiritualism. They will be aided in this work by every trickster in the land, and by every pseudo-medium now masquerading as a Spiritualist. In the past, the testimony of perjurers, frauds and charlatans has sent genuine mediums to prison, and it will do it again at the first opportunity because the genuine worker competes too successfully with those classes in business.

The real object of the "Antis" is to secure legislation against our mediums. They will surely accomplish their object if the Spiritualists maintain their present criminal indifference to matters of public interest. It will be most pleasant to have statutory enactments, making it a criminal offense for any man or woman to practice the sacred gifts of mediumship. The days of witchcraft are not so far in

the past as to be forgotten by the majority of the intelligent people of to-day. It will be very agreeable to have inquisitorial methods revived and religious censors appointed in every town and hamlet in the land. Perhaps the selfishness and greed of those who are in Spiritualism for revenue only will then find their true place, and those who run Spiritualist meetings for personal profit will be retired to the rear of the very rear rank of the spiritualistic army. If this work is done, then the "Antis" will not have lived in vain.

The "Antis" do not hesitate to resort to falsehood to carry on their work. They feel that the destruction of Spiritualism is a Christian duty, and that the end justifies the means. Loyola still has his apostles at work on the earth. They claim that they can prove that all Spiritualists are deluded, and that Spiritualism is a lie and a fraud. They are going to expose(?) our mediums and speakers by reproducing the phenomena of Spiritualism. They offer a forfeit of fifteen hundred dollars for any medium to meet them and produce phenomena that they cannot duplicate. They have secured the services of thirty or forty pseudo mediums, frauds of the worst kind, who were driven out of the spiritual ranks by the outraged and indignant Spiritualists themselves, to aid them in their Christian efforts to kill Spiritualism. What a high and holy calling is theirs! Even their Lord, Jesus of Nazareth, never had one-half the virtue and love for truth that these modern disciples of his claim to possess.

But they have money and influence, and money and influence will always affect legislation. Legislatures are all too often purchasable commodities, and the "Antis" intend to use money freely. THE BANNER does not fear that Spiritualism itself can be crushed by any body of foemen; but the presentation of Spiritualism as a religion, or a philosophy, or its phenomenal facts, can be suppressed by law, and will be unless the Spiritualists arouse themselves from their indifference and go to work. Through organization alone can the Spiritualists save themselves from adverse legislation and persecution. THE BANNER declares its intention to meet the "Antis" at every point, and to oppose them with the weapons of eternal truth. We call upon all Spiritualists to rally to an earnest defense of the Cause every where. Let us join our local, State and National Associations; let us cease our petty bickerings and wanton attacks upon one another; let us harmonize our differences and work together for the protection of the sacred rights of every Spiritualist and the maintenance of our own self-respect.

War is Coming.

The address of Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews before the Twentieth Century Club, Oct. 27, is characterized by the secular press as "deep, able and comprehensive." He gave a review of the situation in Europe as he found it after one year's close study and observation. The picture he painted for his auditors was not especially inviting, yet his colors were all drawn from the logic of solid facts. He considered the localizing of the Greco-Turkish war as an accident, almost a miracle, and feels assured that a general European war must needs come before the passage of many years.

We are informed that international hatreds are on the increase, and that Europe is really but one country with diverse and hostile heads, anxiously awaiting an opportunity to engage in a struggle for the mastery. In fact, preparations for war are being made by all of the Powers of Europe. The great standing armies are being increased, and the burden of taxation to support the same becomes greater every year upon the people. A change must come soon, and Dr. Andrews sees no escape from a general war before these perplexing international differences and grievances of the people can be settled.

The speaker stated that no well-informed person in Europe believes that peace can endure for any length of time. The Armenian question, Crete, Asiatic territory, etc., may bring on a clash of interests at any time. If Britain is defeated on the seas, her supremacy as a nation falls. But Dr. Andrews feels that her power is next to invincible. She controls territory contiguous to the United States in all directions, and has no little influence in shaping the monetary affairs of our nation. In fact, through the investment of English capital, she is a part of this nation, or it is one of her dependencies, as the reader may choose to put it.

What effect would a general European war have upon this country? It would, without doubt, furnish a market for American farm products, and stimulate certain kinds of manufactures beyond anything ever known in the history of the United States. The close relationship in financial matters now existing between England and our own nation, may involve the American people themselves in the war. Such will be the case unless there is a change in the condition of the working people in America. English and American bankers dictate to our Government its financial policy even now, and the vantage already gained will not be surrendered without a struggle.

A war in Europe would furnish a temporary relief to our people in the way of sales of goods, but the gamblers in the nation's money would soon seek avenues by which they could add to their gains, and further enslave the people. It would have taken but little to arouse the American people to arms on several occasions during the past ten years. The same causes obtain to-day that prevailed then, and there is, and has been, a constant tendency to encroach upon the liberties of the people. This tendency found expression in the French Revolution a century ago, and should there be a general contest in Europe, it might result in a similar reign of terror here.

But war and slaughter are not necessary either in Europe or America. The people have rights that their rulers are, or should be, bound to respect. This they will do when shown that the people stand together against injustice, and are thoroughly united in their demand for a higher civilization through cooperation. If the voters in America will subordinate party prejudice to principle, honest men and women will fill all official positions, and give us a just and righteous form of Government. Such addresses as Dr. Andrews' show the American people their duty in the present state of affairs, and point the way to a solution of our national grievances, by means of which the horrors of war can be obviated, even if our European neighbors do become involved in a general contest.

The many friends will be glad to learn that Mrs. Hale, wife of Wm. A. Hale, M. D., is now gaining slowly.

A Minister's Woes.

Mr. George A. Reader, a student in the Boston Theological School, recently incurred the displeasure of the Faculty by performing a marriage ceremony for a Romantic couple in a lions' den at the Zoological Building in this city. Mr. Reader was poor, and the offer of one hundred dollars to perform a service for which he was legally qualified, tempted him. Such a sum would do him a great deal of good in prosecuting his studies. Besides this, he saw no harm in officiating at the marriage as a clergyman. His conscience was clear, and he acted according to his own best judgment. His necessities, his conscience and his convictions were nothing to the Faculty. A wedding in a lions' den was too much for their religious dignity, too sensational for their sanctimonious intellects. Reader had mortally offended the laws of their institution, and must pay the penalty. He was expelled from the school, whereupon he petitioned for reinstatement. His petition has been denied, and he must step down and out. He needed disciplining, and has received it in large measure. His money has been won at the cost of his place in the school.

We have no sympathy with sensational weddings, nor any interest whatever in the affair at the Zoo. Mr. Reader was legally qualified to perform a marriage service in Massachusetts, and the attempt to restrain him was an unwarranted interference with his personal rights. We denounce the action of the Faculty as bigoted in the extreme, and entirely unwarranted by the case in question. Mr. Reader has been unjustly treated, and is entitled to redress for this wanton attack upon his honor. Had he been disqualified for the position he was asked to fill, the Faculty would have been justified in expelling him. As it is, he violated no law, outraged no moral precept, and gave no aid to questionable practices by his act. He is a victim of religious prejudice and intolerance.

We do not agree with Mr. Reader in his religious views, nor are we defending him because we approve of lions' dens' weddings. We do believe, however, that so long as any priest or clergyman is legally empowered to perform marriage ceremonies, Mr. Reader should be permitted to exercise his prerogative. We hold that this position should never be filled by any minister, but always by a civil officer. This is the only logical position for all lovers of liberty to take, and would have saved Mr. Reader from the ignominious condition in which he now finds himself. Perhaps his action at the Zoo will lead to the enactment of a law taking from the clergy all rights in this direction, thus securing an absolute divorce of Church and State. If it does, his punishment for following his own conscience will have served the people of Massachusetts a good turn.

The Hoarding of Knowledge.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland occasionally comes before the public with ideas of a decidedly novel nature. His recent address to the students of Princeton College is of more than ordinary interest, in view of the fact that it touches a subject upon which our pulpit and platform orators have hitherto been silent. Mr. Cleveland refers to the hoarding of wealth for the mere love of acquisition, as a serious error, but he finds its counterpart in the hoarding of knowledge on the part of students and thinkers for their own selfish pleasures.

If millionaires do wrong in not using their great fortunes to ameliorate human suffering, and to advance education among the masses, so do the intellectual misers who spend their time in the acquisition of knowledge, yet never seek to share it with their fellowmen. We hold this position of Mr. Cleveland's to be eminently just. No man should hoard either wealth of gold or knowledge for his own selfish gratification. Both should be used for the benefit of mankind. "Ignorance is the only sin, and knowledge man's only Saviour," some one has said. Therefore it behooves all scholars to share their knowledge with those who are less favored than they are.

But how can scholars and teachers be expected to undo that which the hoarders of wealth have combined to do? If the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few has made paupers, or made it impossible for the masses to acquire an education, will it be possible for any band of scholars to so disseminate their knowledge that pauperism and ignorance can be obliterated? How are these scholars, these intellectual misers, to live while they are imparting their knowledge to the world? Only a few of our great teachers are like Seth Low, of Columbia College, millionaires in their own right, capable of endowing institutions of learning, and willing and able to teach because of their love of imparting instruction to others. If the "intellectual miser," as Mr. Cleveland calls him, be reprehensible for neglecting his fellowmen, why should not the millionaire miser be compelled to divide his wealth with the mind storing miser?

We fear that Mr. Cleveland's desire to shield the class of American millionaires to which he himself belongs from criticism, has led him to fancifully create a class of intellectual millionaires, without money, as an offset. Then he turns upon the men of straw he has created, and abuses them for not educating the masses, whereas he and his class have made it utterly impossible for them to do so.

Do the People Rule?

This question arises whenever it appears to the reformer's mind that seeming wrong has triumphed for a time among men and nations. In view of the turning over of the control of Greater New York to the worst elements known in American political life, the thought is suggested that the people do not rule. We have no wish to discuss political questions in these columns, yet we find a religious side to all questions relating to good government. The purer the government—municipal, state and national—the greater will be the progress of the citizens.

But no government can create morals for its people, nor will rulers be better than the people who select them. If we wish purer governments, we must have better citizens; if we would have better citizens, they must be given a higher education; if they would have a higher education, they must be taught the all-compelling must of the law of consequences. The law of compensation brings us to the question of religion. So long as men can be taught that one man paid the debt for their every sin; that no matter how evil their deeds, forgiveness is possible through repentance, just so long we may expect a harvest of social and political crimes.

To-day it is considered almost a virtue to

rob a city, State or National Government, and be able to escape detection. The question of right is lost to sight in view of the question of present political expediency. Party fealty in the New York election was of greater expediency than the question of good government for three millions of people. Thus it is seen that the will of unscrupulous political bosses instead of the will of the people controlled that election. The looting of the public treasury, the combination of the police power with entrenched vice, may be conducive to morality and progress, but we fail to see it in that light.

The public conscience needs quickening to an understanding of the fact that a public wrong is a crime against millions, hence is the worst of all sins. This quickening can only come to man through a knowledge of the law of consequences. An enlightened political leadership can bring this reform into being, but such cannot be obtained until superstition, bigotry and intolerance in religious beliefs have been supplanted by knowledge, kindness and good-will. When men perceive that an injury to an individual or to a State is an injury to all men, we may expect right and justice to prevail in politics. The result in New York will give the people of that great city another lesson in the hard school of experience by which they will profit in the future. The sufferers of to-day will perhaps be martyred in a good cause, but some there are who feel that the lesson has been too dearly bought.

The Christian Register.

The able organ of the Unitarians, *The Christian Register*, has met with a stroke of good fortune in the form of an endowment of fifty thousand dollars, raised by subscriptions from friends of the cause. Rev. S. J. Barrows, now a member of Congress, was the efficient editor of *The Register* for many years, which position he resigned some time since. Rev. George Batchelor, the present Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, has resigned that office to accept the editorship of *The Register*. Mr. Batchelor will be succeeded by Rev. S. A. Eliot, son of President Eliot of Harvard.

With such a goodly endowment, *The Register* ought to do a greater work for the Unitarian cause than ever before. The selection of Mr. Batchelor as its editor does not indicate that its policy will be a very progressive one henceforth. He belongs to the conservative wing of the Unitarian body, and is inclined to frown upon everything that does not bear the official stamp of authority. He is a man of ability in some directions, but has his face set toward the past and its glories, rather than toward the future with its sublime possibilities. *The Register* has been, and is, a journal of ability and influence. It has done much to promote the growth of liberal thought in America, and its present good fortune should be the means of making it still greater power for good in the land. This we trust will be the result, despite the fact of its having fallen into the hands of one whose prejudices have often biased his judgment upon questions of religion, and made him unwilling to accept the truth as it really is.

"The Old and the New Psychology."

This excellent work from the facile pen of that gifted writer, W. J. Colville, is now before the public. It is full of instruction for all thoughtful minds, and is being eagerly read by all who know that the book is now upon the market. It is a work well calculated to arouse an interest in Spiritualism, and designed to lead all classes to a perception of the truth. Every Spiritualist should have a copy of the book, and give it several careful readings. A thorough review of it will be given in our columns in the near future. It is for sale at this office.

George P. Colby.

Thursday evening, Oct. 7, the Spiritualist Society in Nanaimo, British Columbia, held a Social in honor of Mr. Geo. P. Colby, inspirational lecturer and test medium, who has been for some weeks working for that Association. After the rendition of a very interesting program, the Chairman, Mr. Geo. Campbell, presented to Mr. Colby a letter signed by the officers of the Association, recognizing the good work he had done, and expressing their appreciation of his efforts in their behalf. Mr. Colby thanked them in a very eloquent address.

The Theosophists are anxious to cast the odium of Foulke's acts upon Spiritualism and Spiritualists. Unfortunately for them, the records of their Society clearly prove that Foulke was expelled from their ranks only a few years ago. The records of all Spiritualist societies show that Foulke was never a member of any one of them. During the past three years he has never failed to attack and denounce Spiritualism in public and in private. He claimed to be a Theosophist, and the leader of true Theosophy in America. The officer who arrested Foulke is a Spiritualist, and the majority of those who are staying the officer's hands at Onset are Spiritualists. Our Theosophical friends will please remember that more than two-thirds of Onset's permanent population are not Spiritualists, but Christians.

The good work begun by Officer B. J. Loring a few weeks since is being vigorously pushed, and good results are sure to follow. Mr. Loring is acting under the orders of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which Mr. Frank B. Fay is the efficient Secretary. Mr. Fay is engaged in a good work, and, in sifting the Foulke case, and all others like it, is rendering society a noble service. Mr. Fay, Officer Loring, and their associates, should have the loyal support of every lover of social purity and a sanctified home.

R. R. Holmes, Boston, says, "Please count me in as one of the two hundred to contribute five dollars each as a just and deserving tribute to our worthy and highly-esteemed sister, Mrs. A. H. Colby-Luther. I enclose check for the amount. Five hundred dollars should be raised in Boston."

This is the third five dollar subscription received to date. Where are the one hundred and ninety-seven others?

Joseph E. Kelley, the murderer of Cashier Stickney, of Somersworth, N. H., has been sentenced to thirty years in the penitentiary. His devil theory, rusty nail episode, etc., may have saved him from the gallows, but did not secure immunity from punishment for his crime. He will now have an opportunity to work out his repentance through long years of mental anguish. Capital punishment is not so severe as is the penalty he now must suffer

National Spiritualists' Association Official Reports.

Mrs. T. Aurelia Moore of Meriden, Ct., writes us that when she made her report as delegate to the National Convention at Washington, and told them she had agreed to dispose of ten copies of the proceedings of that Convention, her Society evinced the greatest enthusiasm, and agreed to make an effort to swell the number to as near forty as possible. Fourteen names were given her at once. We hope all delegates have been as active as Mrs. Moore. We still have at this office reports of former Conventions. They represent the history of the most important movement ever made in behalf of Spiritualism. These reports are only twenty-five cents a copy. If you already have one, get others and send out as missionary literature.

Thanks.

The Banner of Light Publishing Co. takes this opportunity to express its sincere thanks to the officers and members of the Helping Hand Society of Boston, and to the several speakers at the meeting of that Society held Nov. 10, for the kind words expressed in behalf of THE BANNER itself, and of those connected with it, either as officers or as employees. The Company feels encouraged by these unsolicited and outspoken words of approval, and will do its utmost to make THE BANNER more attractive than ever before through its vigorous defense of right and justice.

Faith and Hope Messenger.

We are in receipt of a copy of a tasty magazine bearing the above title, edited by W. J. Colville, and published under the management of Mr. F. R. Pamphrey. It contains valuable reading matter, is up to date in everything, and worthy of patronage. It has our best wishes.

Mrs. Jennie Crosse.

A friend writes: "Mrs. Jennie Crosse, formerly of Boston, Mass., is now located in Brooklyn, N. Y., where she is engaged in spiritual work, to which she devotes all her time. She has a pleasing address, a strong individuality, and great magnetic power. May she be successful in her new field."

The Spiritualist societies in Boston are doing a good work this season. The First Spiritualist Temple, corner Exeter and Newbury streets, is enjoying the abominations of Mr. J. C. F. Grumbine of Chicago, for the month of November, while the Society at Berkeley Hall employed Mrs. Carrie F. Loring and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes for Nov. 7 and 14 respectively, and will have Dr. Geo. A. Fuller for Nov. 21 and 28. The Gospel of Spirit Return Society has a permanent speaker in the person of Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, one of the most devoted workers in the city of Boston. The Washington street meetings furnish many of the local mediums and speakers an opportunity to address large audiences upon the question of Spiritualism every Sunday. With this diversity of talent to select from, no Spiritualist in the city or vicinity need hunger for spiritual food at any time.

Some cry out that the world is growing worse and worse every day, and that men and women have lost all conception of right and justice. Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann yet exert an influence upon the minds of men, otherwise pessimism would be unknown. If the world seems dark and dismal to us we should set to work to light the fires of love and sympathy to make it cheerful. If we are unfortunate, we should rejoice that others are honestly prospering. In brief, we should earnestly seek our own good in the good of our fellow-men, and try to make the world better from our having lived in it. Our failure to see the beauty and glory of the world is often due to an inverted self-conceit caused by the fact of our being appreciated at our real worth. Optimism is life, pessimism is death.

The Deep Water Ways Commission, appointed by President McKinley to select a route for a deep canal from the Great Lakes to the sea, has made its choice and reported its estimates of the cost. The canal will start from Tonawanda, N. Y., to Lake Ontario, thence via one or two of the lakes in Central New York to the Mohawk river, thence via the Hudson river to the ocean. The estimated cost of this navigable water way is nearly \$83,000,000.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law." If this be true, it would be well for the Spiritualists of the world to inculcate a little more love into their daily lives, that the people may be blessed with more wholesome laws and a clearer perception of justice. Where Love is law, crime and error forever disappear, and the reign of everlasting Peace becomes a fact. Speed the day, oh Spiritualists, that Love shall rule the world.

"The highest aim of man is progression, while the goal of his destiny is the happiness of perfection. True Spiritualism is the guide given to the race to lead mankind in safety through the labyrinths of credulity, speculation, skepticism and doubt, to the city of Knowledge, where perfect happiness is found through the unfolding of the soul."

We are informed that Mr. Morton W. Lawrence, 146 Chandler street, Boston, has been commissioned a Special Financial Agent of the National Spiritualists' Association for a portion of New England, to solicit donations and contributions in its behalf. Mr. Lawrence is well qualified for this responsible office, and will fill it with credit to himself and the Cause.

Let us make a distinction between the sin itself and the one sinning. The latter can be reclaimed, and the former driven out of existence through clean, white lives on the part of the people. Spiritualists should set the example for the world in leading noble lives, and in seeking to find the one atom of good in even the worst sinner on the earth.

Many of our Boston readers will be pleased to learn that Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, President of the Massachusetts State Spiritualists' Association, and one of the Trustees of the National Spiritualists' Association, will occupy the platform at Berkeley Hall, this city, on the 21st and 28th inst.

Geese and snakes are the only creatures that hiss. The former are said to be without brains, and the latter without hearts. Have we not heard of men and women (so-called) who practice hissing? To which class do they belong—to the geese or the snakes?

SPIRIT

Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

SPIRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE FRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Oct. 8, 1897.

Spirit Invocation.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" more blessed is it to see, in the agonies of mortal, in the emblem of the flower and in the expression of pure spirit, demonstrations of life through natural law. We desire wisdom and seek knowledge not by faith, but through the evidence of demonstration. May our eyes see, our ears hear and our souls understand what the spirit-world has to say to us. We are thankful this morning for the privilege of calling upon thee, Great Power of the Universe, to assist us and to give us the blessing of the spirit. We praise thee as we recognize thy voice in the winds and in the rolling waters of the sea. We know thy voice directs and assists us in all the environments of life through thy ministering angels. Thy arm has protected us when tempest-tossed on the ocean of life, but we know that the Infinite Father is at the helm, and that we are safe. It is glorious to have the knowledge of the continuation of life—to understand, indeed, that there is no death, only transition to a better life. Help us to unite in that great brotherhood of love and the unity of the soul, to open the channels between the two worlds that we may hear the voices sending forth their joyous communications to the dear ones in earth-life. Assist and direct each one to send forth his best thoughts and to work for the highest good of all.

We ask thy blessing for all mankind this morning; give light, wisdom and power to all that are in darkness, in weakness and in desolation. Touch the heart-strings, that they may feel the sympathy from the soul, and help us all to be just and true. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Mary Maloney.

Good-morning. I find it strange to return to earth-life after having, as I was counted, passed through death. I was not familiar with what you term Spiritualism, neither is there any one that I know of belonging to my folks who takes much interest in it. Our affections in spirit-life are similar to those when in the body—that is, they lead us into places we sometimes would not go, for when we love our friends, and have their interest at heart, there is nothing we cannot sacrifice. That is why I have ventured in here this morning, to try to reach my friends in earth-life and let them know that when I passed through the change called death I found I was more conscious of life than when I was in earth-life.

I wish to reach my mother, and sisters and brothers. I know I have many friends who perhaps have not forgotten me, but it will look strange to them for me to come here.

Our church is supposed to be our home, and when out of church we are not supposed to entertain thoughts of other beliefs, but when we read the spirit-land we stand independent of creed or dogmatic influences. We find we are like unto one of old: we behold ourselves in the looking-glass, and ask ourselves, where are we? and, as our mortal friends oftentimes ask, where have we gone?

Now I wish this communication to be printed, for I have followed the influence of this paper, and I find a few copies go to my home in Prince-Edward's Island. I am in hopes that my mother and friends will see it, or be informed of it, for if I can awaken among them the idea that I can visit them and am enabled to talk with them if they will open up a channel wherein I can control, I would like to give them some encouragement and some assistance. Mother is not very well; I find her oftentimes dwelling in the darkness of the past, and sometimes wondering if she will meet the loved ones in heaven. Father is in heaven with me, and so is my brother John, and we all join this morning in sending this letter to mother and all the family and friends.

We do not find so many locations as we have been told that there were in heaven; but instead of locations we find conditions, and we have to make our own many times.

Just say that Mary Maloney was here, and would like her friends to know of this communication, and if they will open up an avenue I can prove more. Tell them to recognize the germs of truth that are intended to give them comfort, joy, hope and knowledge, that death does not separate us.

There is one more I would like to come in sympathy with, and that is John McFarland. He is not a relative, but I think if they see the communication they will know who I mean, for sometimes our friends are even more to us than our relations. Tell him I have not left him, that I am constantly around him.

William Parmenter.

Well, I, too, would like to send out a few words of encouragement this morning, and I know there have been many changes as the years roll by. It is an old saying, but a true one, out of sight out of mind, and yet a time comes that brings back old memories, and while I have been out of the body a great many years, yet I feel I am thought of many times by those that do know what it is to appreciate spirit-return.

I was not a Spiritualist myself, but my mother is, and she has been quite a medium, and I see now that she is not able physically to help herself as much, and I feel in doing this I am trying to send her a gleam of light and consolation, to tide over the few days and weeks, for the time is limited until she too joins me in spirit-life. I want those in the body to know that I now know that Spiritualism is true, and that mother was right, and that sometimes

those in earth-life around her did not understand it.

I wish this morning to make a stronger connecting link between mortal and spirit, and I find as I oftentimes go around into different atmospheres and different influences that I cannot reach the dear ones, and I thought, where is there a stronger centre than the BANNER OF LIGHT? THE BANNER has been my mother's constant companion for many years, for in all her trials and tribulations, and the many sad changes that have come to her, it has comforted her. I want to say to her, Mother, you are not alone, that father and all of us are with you this morning, and all your dear brothers, and sisters, and friends (as she is almost the last of her family). I do not wish to bring back too many past memories, and we want her to know that we are waiting for her, and when she comes to spirit-life she will understand all. So just say that William Parmenter is here, and my message I wish to go to Lowell, Mass. I shall be remembered in New Hampshire also. Father is with me in spirit, and so is Annie and Fannie, and we are all trying to make things as comfortable as possible.

Jessie McFarland.

I would like to send a letter—that is what some people call it. When you want to send news to your friends you speak of sending a letter, then they know what you mean; but unless one knows something about Spiritualism and the return of the spirit, when one speaks of a communication they don't seem to know just what to make of it, for they expect something different from what they get. Now I want to send a letter to mother and father, to say that I am doing nicely since I got into the land of sunshine, and I feel much better than I did when I was in the land of darkness, for when father and mother and friends talk of death they always speak of it as being dark; they always tell of the darkness, and there is always sorrow when they speak of it.

I would like to tell them just what I found when I went to spirit-life. I was not sick very long, and passed away with pneumonia. Although I was only a young person, I loved to think and read; that is, read what books I was capable of understanding. I had not been to school a great while, for I was only fifteen years old when I passed away. I found that instead of stepping into darkness, the happiest hour of my life was when I realized I was out of the body, because I seemed to be in such a beautiful, light place, with so many flowers and so many beautiful things around me, that I hardly knew what to do or how to express myself.

I want to say that Grandma Scott and Aunt McFarland both met me, and, oh! many people seemed to know me whom I did not know. I was perfectly at home. I have wanted so many times to tell mother all about it, that I have tried to visit her even in her dreams; and I think that I have sometimes impressed her that it is a possibility for the spirit to linger around the mortal, but she has not yet come to realize the spirit can talk to her; so I want to send this letter over, for I think she will get it, as there are those around her who see your paper, and who have been wanting her to go to a medium for a long time, to see what she could get. She did go to one, or to one of those people who advertise to do so many wonderful things, and when she went she did not get anything, and she does not think that there is anything in it.

I have a little brother also in spirit-life—his name is Robert—and a little tiny sister, who went away when she was a little bit of a thing; and we are all together, having a lovely time.

Just say that Jessie McFarland was here this morning, and if father and mother will just keep passive enough and not imagine everything, I think in time I can help them.

I passed away in Glasgow, Scotland, but my mother and father now live in Fall River, Mass., and your paper goes to them in that town.

I. P. Greenleaf.

Good-morning. I am pleased to identify myself here this morning through this medium, although I do not return as the general run of people that manifest through your circle, that are strangers to the phenomena and philosophy, and trying to reach personal friends. I wish to come in this morning to unite my voice, and also to give the authorities and friends of the BANNER OF LIGHT my cooperation and assistance, and may it bring us closer together.

I have been much interested of late in the progress that Spiritualism is making in the world at large, and I want to congratulate the editor and THE BANNER staff on the position they have taken in their standard of elevating humanity. It seems now that the time is arriving for every true Spiritualist in the land to be aware that the spirit of truth is near them, and that the spirits of the disembodied ones are cooperating with more determination than ever. It brings me back in memory to years and years ago, when we, as individuals, had the moral courage to demonstrate immortality of the soul and the true demonstration of spirit-manifestation, and what it cost us, God and the angels and ourselves only knew; but the spirit of truth was established, and with all the adversities, with all the many, many things that have been raised against it, it yet stands, and it is firmer to-day than it ever was before.

I cannot say all I desire to, for time will not allow, neither can I hold this instrument as strongly as I should like, to demonstrate all I would like. I find that it is time that each one was up and doing. It makes no difference whether we are fighting theology or ignorance, or whether we are fighting Spiritualists in ignorance, for we must understand the phenomena to comprehend the laws that govern spirit-manifestation. Each one must first study the philosophy and truth, and educate themselves to know when they receive the truth. I wish to cooperate with every true Spiritualist or instrument that will uphold the banner of progress, and will sustain their mediumship, and keep it spotless and above reproach, for I wish to say to every one, it makes no difference whether it is in Boston or in California, or wherever the true instrument is, the spirit will demonstrate itself.

There are many of the old workers here with me this morning, Mr. Colby, Dr. Storer, Dr. Gardner, and many more too numerous to mention, that want to send their sympathy, good-will and encouragement to all that are protecting the standard of true Spiritualism.

I will not take up the time this morning, but as time goes on and opportunities come, you will hear from me again. Give my best wishes and respect to all, both in my own family and the many friends I made through my public

work, and just say your humble servant, I. P. Greenleaf, was here this morning.

Sarah E. Bearse.

Well, the two extremes seem to be with us this morning, for I felt of very small account when I listened to the eloquence of the one who preceded me; but I suppose every one must fill his own place, and if we were contented with our own place and surroundings we would be better off.

I want to come in contact with those I was so closely connected with in earth-life, my companion for one. I was a great sufferer for a great many years before I left the body. I suffered a great deal from cancer in the bowels, although I think it affected me a great many years before I knew what was the matter, and I know that there are so many things that I wish could have been different and undone, that cannot be now; but I wish to say to my husband that I am satisfied, and I want now to thank him for all the kindness and the attention he gave me, for I understand it now even more than I did while in the body. I wish my daughter also to know that mother is now satisfied, that she beholds herself as she is. Both my husband and daughter are interested in Spiritualism. I was not. And I will say here that it was a terrible cross to me, while in my feebleness in the body, to think of them believing in spirit-return. I could not understand it, for it always looked to me that mediums and their spirit guides had such a strange influence over my family that I felt that my own did not love me; and I used to feel very badly about it, because I could see no good in it; I only saw the evil in it. It was my own spirit that was wicked, and I could not see as I do now. I wanted to come back and tell them so many times, and I was so afraid that they would not listen to me, so I wanted to make a public statement, for I know they take your paper. I want to say to them all: I am with you heart and hand, and I am so glad now for the step my husband has taken, for there have been changes come to the family since I passed away. I am glad to see you happy, and I want them to hold no hard feelings, for out of darkness comes light. I wish this to go to my husband in Philadelphia, Pa. My name is Sarah E. Bearse, and my husband's name is Frank, and my daughter's is Lily; and say I am truly convinced the spirit can return.

Abigail Howe.

My name is Abigail Howe, and my home was in Plymouth, N. H. I want this message to go there, for I know they will be glad to hear from me, although I have been out of the body a long time. But I find that it does not make any difference whether you have been gone days or years, if you can only do them good. I find that as the people in earth-life grow old they need our assistance more than when they are young, and I wish my own family, which is left of them, to know that I have assisted them, and I feel that while they believe in Spiritualism in one sense, they are not satisfied in another, for I see they oftentimes take up your paper, and look it over, to see if they can see anything familiar, and when they cannot find anything that comes home, why, they do not know what to make of it. I think that is the way with a great many people that read THE BANNER: if it don't come to them personally they don't seem to think that it interests them; they don't realize that some heart is going to be made glad, because they have an opportunity. If they had any conception of how many spirits are waiting over here for an opportunity to send a few words to the earth-ones they would not think it strange why everybody's friends cannot come at one time; but I did not return this morning to give a sermon, nor did I return, to tell them what to do, nor what they ought not to do. I want to help Joseph, for he is not very well, and some things connected with earth-life have come up that have disturbed his mental condition. I would like him to know that as we look on it from the spirit side we want to say, in due season all will come out well. You think that it is wrong for the spirit to let the mortal suffer if they can prevent it, but sometimes the disembodied spirit cannot always prevent circumstances in earth-life, so just say all is well, and will end well, and for them not to think because things don't go on right in earth-life, and others don't do right they are to blame. I would like to say to Emma, say nothing, but keep your mind easy, and we can impress you what to do. I don't see any reason for worrying so much. I speak of these things, for they belong to the earth-life, and I do not wish to make it personal. They will understand what I mean.

Messages to be Published.

Oct. 15.—Caroline Haynes; Walter Watson; Jeremiah Logan; E. P. Nelson; Charles Burns; George Pettigill; Oct. 22.—Eben W. Powers; John Otis; Charles T. Whitney; Mary E. Wilson; Francis Volk; Mary Alice Stewart. Oct. 29.—Ellen L. Annis; William Wallace Halsey; James G. Abbott; Ernest Stewart; Joseph C. Lindsay; Charles Russell. Nov. 5.—Mary A. Hunt; William Scribner; Hannah S. Perkins; James McFarland; William Smith; Carrie Miller. Nov. 12.—George Bagley; Frank E. Crane; Daniel D. Kimball; Theodore Baldwin; Emma D. Ruggles; Mary Brewster.

November Magazines.

ST. NICHOLAS.—The November number begins a new volume and the twenty-fifth year. Two new serials are begun. Frank R. Stockton contributes the first of a series of narrative sketches on "The Buccaneers of Our Coasts." Mr. W. O. Stoddard, who wrote the favorite serial, "The Swordmaker's Son," a couple of years ago, begins a romance of the days of chivalry, "With the Black Prince." The number opens with a poem by James Whitcomb Riley, "Mister Hop Toad," in his most characteristic manner. A story by George Kennan, the Siberian explorer, describes "My Narrowest Escape." "A Funny Little School," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, is an account of a little colored girl who teaches a class of "uncles" and "aunties" many times her own age. George Ethelbert Walsh has an article on "Running the Fast Express," in which he describes the care that is taken on our great railroads to prevent accidents on the fast trains. In "The Story of a Pine Board" Mr. W. S. Harwood traces every step in the "life" of a piece of lumber, from the falling of the seed into the forest mould to the appearance of the finished plank from the saw-mill. Miss Katharine Pyle contributes a play, "The Magic Sword." There is an illustrated ballad, "Ye Lilly Maide and Ye Taylor Boy," by John Bennett, author of "Master Skylark," and the usual number of sketches, poems and pictures. The Century Co., Union Square, N. Y.

RECEIVED.—Will Carleton's Magazine Every Where, 308 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; The Humanitarian, edited by Victoria Woodhull Martin, on sale at Brentano's, 31 Union Sq., New York (this issue has a fine article on "Is Mars Inhabited?" by Camille Flammarion); Our Dumb Animals, 19 Milk street, Boston, Mass.; Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, Vick Publishing Co., Rochester, N. Y.; Independent Pulpit (October), J. D. Shaw, editor and proprietor, Waco, Texas; The Magazine of

Art, the Cassell Publishing Co., 81 East 17th street (Union Sq.), New York; The Printer and Bookmaker (October), New York; The Free Man, published monthly by C. W. Close, 124 Birch street, Bangor, Me.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By Mrs. Jemima Porter, Hyde Park, Mass.] What assistance, if any, is to be obtained from concentration on a glass ball with a view of attaining clairvoyance?

Ans.—The assistance which may be derived through the agency of a glass ball is no greater and no less than that obtainable through the aid of any other object which may serve to so rivet your attention as to prevent your thoughts and your gaze from wandering.

Glass balls of different bright colors are often employed as aids to the development of clairvoyance, for the same reason that crystals have long been in use for the same purpose, viz., that it is usually much easier for people to continue looking steadily at a bright than at a dark object.

Bright glass balls are extremely fascinating to many people, and though all colors are in themselves equally good, it is always wise to select at a particular time the special color which is then and there most agreeable to you. Some people have a favorite color which remains permanently their choice; others again, who are more versatile in taste, desire different colors at various times, according to the state of their temporary feelings. Pure white glistening globes are best for universal service; such are always pleasing, and never cause the troublesome effects occasionally produced by some one bright color when introduced inopportunely.

A ball should be hung from the centre of a chandelier, suspended from the ceiling, or in some manner so placed as to be within inevitable range of the eyesight of the person contemplating it.

When you compose yourself to unfold the faculty of concentration, and further on the added faculty of clairvoyance, it is necessary that your thought should be entirely free to roam where it will when the shining object which meets your gaze first arrests and then enchains your attention.

If you are at all nervously disturbed by darkness, sit in a gentle, quiet light, but if darkness agrees with you, you are apt to develop more quickly in the dark than in the light.

Though much may be reasonably said against the practice of holding promiscuous dark circles, no reasonable objection can possibly be offered to quiet sittings alone in the dark, or if you feel tired or unquiet alone, with one congenial trusted friend, who is desirous of developing psychically in your company. Two are better than one, provided two are thoroughly agreed, otherwise one had better sit alone.

If you can acquire the habit of mental concentration without the aid of balls or crystals, or if having used such aids to clairvoyance in the past, you have now grown to where you can well dispense with them, such accessories are not properly auxiliaries; but if you are among the multitude that still stand in need of some objective point in physics, you cannot do better than make a practice of gazing steadily at the ball until you either see something in it, or feel a disposition to close your eyes.

If anything appears to you make a mental note of what it is, but never permit yourself to be disturbed by what you see.

If you are developing clairvoyance rapidly, you will do well to have a friend with you to make memoranda of what you describe, and as it is extremely probable that you will find yourself developing into a reliable seer or reliable telepathist, or both combined, if you are quietly persistent, it will be well to have for reference and possible verification all the scenes you have observed.

When you feel disposed to close your eyes never try to keep them open, and should you feel sleepy allow yourself to go peacefully to

sleep, as with many excellent clairvoyants the sleeping state is that into which the most perfect visions come.

You must make yourself comfortable, you must be free from anxiety when you sit for clairvoyant visions, or you will only see confusedly, and if sleep comes to you remember it is ever true that "the angel of the Lord appears to Joseph in a dream." Clairvoyance is entirely natural, and unfolds through quiet, persistent exercise.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

The schoolhouse waits beside the road,
But closed are all its crumbling shutters,
And in its yard, by breezes sowed,
The thistle and the ragweed flutters.
And high above the blackboard gray,
Within convenient misty nooks,
Are hidden from the light of day
A bunch of ancient birchen switches.
The spider spins his fragile web
Across the grimy window-panes,
While day by day the slow weeks ebb,
And week by week the dull year passes.
Where now are those who gathered once
To taste the fruit of knowledge brought them?
Where now the scholar and the dunce,
And where the red-lipped maid who taught them?
Why, as they lived, be sure they died,
Whatever else Time's passing gave them,
Forgotten by all else beside,
Unless, indeed, my song shall save them.
The mice along the rafters squeak,
Or gnaw the leaves of some old primer,
And loose-hung clapboards rasp and creak,
While fades the twilight dim and dimmer.
And so it stands from year to year,
Deserted—reminiscent mostly—
And, what with all that lingers near,
Sadder than death and quite as ghostly. Selected.

For Over Fifty Years

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

"Clairvoyance and Clairaudience," Etc.

On Sunday, Oct. 31, W. J. Colville delivered the last of a course of five Sunday afternoon lectures in the Temple, Exeter and Newbury streets, to a large and deeply interested audience on the topic of "Clairvoyance and Clairaudience." Not only did the speaker trace the life-story of the Maid of Orleans, whose thrilling career as a soldier of France has recently been magnificently portrayed by Fanny Davenport and her fine company at the Boston Theatre, but a two-fold interpretation was given of the mysterious voices and sights which appeared to that remarkable girl in her early youth and continued with her at intervals until the tragic close of her mortal career when in a chariot of flame she passed to heavenly blessedness and received the martyr's crown.

The blessed Jeannette d'Arc was one of those singular children of two worlds who are rare exceptions to the common lot of humanity by reason of their extraordinary sensitiveness to celestial impressions. Pure and innocent, she was both brave and gentle, tender and strong. In and of herself only, she was but a timid maiden, but when inspired by unseen helpers, who to her were the most palpable of realities, her courage forsook her not, even in the presence of dignitaries of the higher rank alike in Church and State. That she was not deluded, was abundantly proved by the complete success of her arduous undertaking; her mission was fulfilled to its uttermost before she was permitted to fall into the hands of cruel captors, who, though they did their most, could only hasten her beatification.

Among the beatified now dwells the glorious spirit of the faithful, heroic maiden, fit comrade of those celestial cohorts who inspired her throughout her earthly career. At her approach, when she headed her triumphant troops, tenderness vanished, and purity with courage entered the bosoms of her troops. Never did she shed blood, and when at length she laid aside her armor, for her special mission was accomplished, she seemingly erred in allowing herself to embark in an encounter to which her spiritual prompters certainly did not urge her.

The dramatization of so noble a theme as the marvelous career of the sainted maid of Orleans, is one of the greatest triumphs of the modern playwright, and whether the public at large be aware of it or not, to familiarize the theatre-frequenting masses with the touching, inspiring details of such a history cannot do other than promote reverence for the noblest and most abiding phases of true and helpful Spiritualism.

According to Mr. Grumbine's new book on "Clairvoyance," the lecturer warmly commended it as a manual for study, describing it as elevated in tone, lucid in statement, and very useful to all who are seeking to unfold their own deepest and highest attributes.

The music, as usual, was beautiful, so were the flowers, and the exercises ended in the accustomed manner with a pleasing impromptu poem.

On Monday, Nov. 1, at 7:45 P. M., W. J. Colville's last lecture for this season was given in the Temple. The subject (by request) was "Purgatory," in the course of which our most intimate relations with departed friends were philosophically and practically discussed.

At the Faith and Hope Association Hall, 242 Huntington Avenue, W. J. Colville has given twenty-eight lectures during the past four and one-half weeks, all of which have been very well attended.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 31, W. J. Colville lectured to a crowded house in Brookton under auspices of local Spiritualist Society.

Friends in New York and Brooklyn are respectfully reminded that W. J. Colville is again in their midst. His regular meetings in New York are held in New Century Hall, 509 5th Avenue, Sundays, Mondays and Thursdays, 3 P. M., also Thursdays, 8:15 P. M.

In Brooklyn, at the College, 497 Franklin Avenue, close to Fulton street, Tuesdays and Fridays, 2:30 and 8 P. M.

AYER'S ARGUMENT.

If there is any reason why you should use any sarsaparilla, there is every reason why you should use Ayer's. When you take sarsaparilla you take it to cure disease; you want to be cured as quickly as possible and as cheaply as possible. That is why you should use Ayer's: it cures quickly and cheaply—and it cures to stay. Many people write us: "I would sooner have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind." A druggist writes that "one bottle of Ayer's will give more benefit than six of any other kind." If one bottle of Ayer's will do the work of three it must have the strength of three at the cost of one. There's the point in a nutshell. It pays every way to use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Banner of Light.

WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Boston Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Speaker for Nov. 21, Dr. George A. Fuller. Singing, the Ladies' Schubert Quartet. E. L. Allen, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary. **Boston Spiritual Lyceum** meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 7 P. M. All are welcome. Send the children. E. L. Allen, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary. **The Helping Hand Society** meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening—business meeting at 4 o'clock, supper at 4:30 o'clock—in Gould Hall, 3 Boylston Place. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, President; A. Augusta Eldridge, Secretary. **"Spiritual Fraternity"**—At First Spiritual Temple, Foster and Newbury streets, Sundays at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The continuity of life will be demonstrated through different phases of mediumship. Next Sunday at 2:30, lecture through the mediumship of J. C. F. Grumbine, speaker for November. Wednesday evenings, at 7:30, social, conference and phenomena. Other meetings announced from the platform. A. H. Sherman, Sec'y.

Children's Progressive Lyceum—Spiritual Sunday School—meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 114 Tremont street, at 10 A. M. All are welcome. Mrs. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street—The Ladies' Lyceum Union meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President; Mrs. M. A. Brown, Secretary.

Appleton Hall, 95 Appleton Street—Palm Memorial Building, side entrance. The Gospel of Spirit Return Society. Minnie M. Soule, Pastor, will hold services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

First Spiritual Temple—Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening—supper at 6 P. M.—at 41 Tremont street. Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allen, President. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y. 74 Sydney street, Dorchester.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society meets at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, every Thursday afternoon and evening; supper at 6 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President; Miss C. M. Manning, Secretary.

Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street—Meetings at 11, 12 and 7 P. M. Dr. W. H. Ameringer, Conductor.

Elmwood Hall, 241 Tremont Street (near Eliot street)—Meetings Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Wednesday at 7 P. M. for speaking, tests and readings. Edwin H. Tuttle, Leader.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street—10 A. M., 2 P. M., 7 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 2 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Elizabet Hall, 890 Washington Street—Sunday, 11 A. M., 2 P. M., 7 P. M.; Tuesday, 8 P. M.; Wednesday, 8 P. M.; Thursday, 8 P. M.; Friday, 8 P. M. Mrs. Gilliland, Conductor.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street—Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M., 2 P. M., 7 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President.

Holla Hall—Meets Sunday mornings, afternoon and evening. Ellen Cobb, Chairman.

Marble Hall, 514 Tremont Street—Meetings for speaking and tests Sunday at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. by Mr. and Mrs. Osgood F. Sills.

Good Temple Hall—Johnston Avenue, Charlestown. Meets Sunday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and Friday afternoons. Mrs. E. J. Peak, Chairman.

J. K. D. Conant's Test Circles every Friday P. M. at 7 P. M. in her room, BANNER of Light Building, 85 Bowdoin street.

The Home Rooms, 21 Society Street, Charlestown—Meets Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings, 7 P. M. Dr. Walter H. Rollins, Conductor. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Brighton—The Spiritual Progress Society holds meetings every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 22 Foster street. D. H. Hall, President.

Grand Army Hall, 673 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport—Sundays, 11 A. M., 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. L. J. Akerman, Conductor.

Temple of Human Brotherhood—The Progressive Thought Society holds meetings every Sunday, morning, afternoon and evening.

The Cambridge Spiritual Industrial Society holds meetings the second and fourth Wednesday in each month at Cambridge Lower Hall, 531 Massachusetts Avenue. Mrs. J. B. Soper, President; Mrs. L. E. Keith, Secretary.

First Spiritual Temple, Newbury and Exeter streets—A correspondent writes: Last Sunday, Nov. 14, the morning service at 10:30 was conducted by the guides of William Welch Reed, the poet medium; the 2:30 P. M. lecture was given through the mediumship of J. C. F. Grumbine, and the evening session at 7:30, for spirit-messages, was through the mediumship of Mrs. E. D. Concanon.

Next Sunday, Nov. 21, Mr. Reed will be present at the morning service, Mr. Grumbine at the 2:30 P. M. service, and physical manifestations at the evening service.

Another correspondent writes: At the Spiritual Temple, Exeter and Newbury streets, J. C. F. Grumbine continued his ministrations, and spoke before the usually large afternoon audience upon the subject "Mediumship and Spiritual Gifts." The speaker maintained that the soul in organism might be likened to the sea shell and its monotone. When Chapin, the noted preacher, lived, he spoke of the human heart as a sea-shell, which, if you would take it and listen to it, as you would listen to a sea-shell, you would hear in it the hollow murmur of the infinite ocean to which it belongs, from which it draws its profoundest inspirations, and for which it yearns. Organism receives what is latent, potential and immanent in spirit. The difference between mediumship and the spiritual gifts is not in office or in law, but in sphere of expression. One is organic and objective, and the other is psychic and subjective. One functions on the material plane, and deals with phenomena, and the other unfolds the interior forces and sphere of the soul's being and divinity. Mediumship infers or presupposes an extraneous intelligence as operator, the spiritual gifts are psychic possessions which each one can use; one is a dependent and the other an independent phase of spirit. All alleged phases of mediumship may be classified under two important divisions: heads: material and mental, or phenomenal and noumenal. The spiritual gifts can be classified under two divisions, the intuitive and clairvoyant. The one deals with materiality and materialization in the sphere of the objective or material man. Both the material and mental phases deal with materialization, and are operated by incarnate spirit guidance. When independent or auto-inductive the phase is not to be designated "mediumship," but must be otherwise classified, or classified as intuitive or clairvoyant. Mediumship, as well as the spiritual gifts, are nature's possessions, and hence are subject to her law of causality.

There can be no mediumship if psychically the spirit is not in itself the subject of its objective forms of life. Just as organism obeys the psychic mechanism, and that conforms to the soul as an ego, or entity, so mediumship becomes both potential and operative because of the interior nature of soul. This mediumship is but as a mirror, that reflects what is shadowed upon it from within; it is as a sea-shell, and its echo or monotone. Both of these phases are sources of knowledge of the world in which we now live and the world which is to come. The one phase deals with the sense-world, and demonstrates, by analogy the continuity of life, or post mortem states of spirit, and is a vehicle or avenue of communication by which the spirit formally comes in palpable touch (sense touch) with incarnate life. On the other hand, the spiritual gifts enable all to hold communion with spirit, incarnate and exalted, and with the spirit of the visible as well as invisible world, and all its manifold life. Mediumship deals with phenomena and is organic in its sphere of causality. Not so with the spiritual gifts. They deal with spirit essentially. One gives rise to spiritism as a science of phenomena; the other to spiritism as a philosophy of phenomenal causality. The other deals with spiritism as a system of ethics and divinity or religion. Both have affected the thought and civilization of the world and have led the hosts of humanity. The speaker then reasoned that spiritism is greater and more absolute than spiritism, and deals primarily with Reality.

Through the exercise of these gifts the man or woman can realize his or her externality, which is very different from having demonstrated either mortality or immortality through phenomena and mediumship. The sense-world and its credentials must not be given as selective authority over the soul-world and its eternal, unchanging verities. Now, then, continued the speaker, inasmuch as in a universalism column or mundum the soul is all in all, the same in macrocosm as in microcosm, we should order our lives by the method which is spiritual, divine and final, and thus, while utilizing all that is given from or through both avenues of life, shape the outward by the inward being, and not vice versa. The spiritual gifts which can be independently operated are psychometry, clairvoyance, inspiration, psychopathy; in short, the all-seeing eye of clairvoyance and the

Reports of Meetings, being of local interest only, should be made as brief as possible, that justice may be done the general reader.

intuition oracle of the soul, source of conscience and of divine inspiration. The other gifts, such as the correspondents of the senses, clairvoyant seeing, clairaudient hearing, clairsentient feeling, are prototypes in the celestial organism of their spiritual types or their organic autotypes.

In conclusion, the speaker said that no propaganda of censors could or should usurp the individual's sphere of destiny in the exercise of his rights as a medium. No one man or set of men can eradicate fraud from the world. The spiritual nature must be touched, the carnal man regenerated, before the best results in mediumship can be expected. Black lists are inconsequential as long as black lives are in vogue.

Fraud is an ethical problem, and mediums who mix their phenomena must not be summarily but ethically dealt with. Each one must judge for himself; must try the spirit, and sift the genuines from the spurious; must question and investigate and be vigilant; lest he be deceived. One person who closes his investigations for all time, and condemns all media and phenomena, and scoffs at Spiritualism and Spiritualists because of one deception or one fraudulent seance, is either a drifting idiot or a fool.

All should study the underlying forces and elements which platform the world's life, and be what the angel orders, that the two worlds may not need mediumship or media, but that each one, as soul, may, by spirituality and the utilization of the spirit's prerogatives and spiritual gifts, realize divinity in its own sphere of eternal power, beauty, life, love and peace.

At 2:30 P. M. next Sunday the theme is: "The Voice in the Wilderness" and "After Her Death," by Lillian Whiting.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, BERKELEY HALL—J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y, writes: Nov. 14 a large audience greeted Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. After the singing by the quartet Mrs. Byrnes was introduced by Pres. Allen, and opened the meeting with a soulful invocation. After another selection by the quartet Mrs. Byrnes delivered one of the best spiritual addresses that has been given upon this platform for a long time, if ever. At times she held her audience spellbound, and then came an outburst of applause. In justice to Mrs. Byrnes a *verbatim* report should be given, but this will be impossible.

When the speaker stepped forward to deliver her address she was obliged to wait until the applause ceased. As prefatory words she said: Mr. President, and Friends of Progress, it affords me great pleasure this morning to stand upon this platform. Many of you have known me when my hair was a golden brown, now it is turning white; then took for her subject "The Problem of Life." It is not possible for me to stand here and relate to you what life is, as life has different motives. We are not all spiritual-minded, because we are selfish. As American people we have grown noble and grand in the past fifty years. Does the artist of to-day, as of fifty years ago, put on the canvas angels with wings? No, neither does the sculptor put wings on his statues.

We cannot stay here forever, so, as lovers of justice, let us try to exercise every opportunity that will elevate ourselves and our fellow-beings. We ought to show a different record along the line of progress. A spring will come again, a new spring, not the old. This illustrates a line in evolution of nature.

In watching the progress of the past fifty years in the line of religion, what have we got? Liberalism. Spiritualism has come to us out of the superstition of the past. Mrs. Byrnes alluded to the work of Epes Sargent, and closed with this thought: Let all live so as to make the world better. Live for the betterment of the human race.

After another selection by the quartet, Mrs. Byrnes closed the meeting with a benediction.

Among other visitors present this morning were, J. C. F. Grumbine, Miss Lizzie Harlow, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring.

In the evening Mrs. Byrnes took for her subject, "What has Spiritualism Done for the World, and What is It Going to Do?" and gave a masterly lecture. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet and Mr. Watson furnished the music. Mrs. Magoon sang a soprano solo that was well received; the Quartet closed the meeting by singing "Sweet By-and-By," and sang it as it was never sung before in this hall.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, President Massachusetts State Association, will be the speaker for the next two Sundays. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet and Mr. Watson will furnish the music. Do not fail to hear Dr. Fuller.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at this hall every Sunday.

THE HELPING HAND SOCIETY—J. B. Hatch, Jr., writes: Wednesday evening, Nov. 10, Gould Hall was filled to its utmost seating capacity. The special object of the meeting was to endorse the BANNER OF LIGHT in the stand it has taken for right.

Dr. Dean Clarke was the first speaker. After referring to the work of the BANNER OF LIGHT he read an original poem. E. L. Allen, President of the Boston Spiritual Temple, spoke in praise of the BANNER OF LIGHT, Isaac B. Rich and the editor, after which he congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Barrett. In the absence of Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, who was in Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Forrest Harding made some remarks that were full of practical thoughts. Master Rupert Davis, a Lyceum pupil, gave a recitation; Mr. C. Wesley Sullivan, a musical selection. Mrs. N. J. Willis was the next speaker, and if the Anti-Spiritualists could have heard her they would feel as if there is no use for their Society, so far as true Spiritualism is concerned. She is, and always has been, a true supporter of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and on this occasion she spoke in her impressive way of the work it is doing.

Edward W. Hatch, after speaking in praise of the BANNER OF LIGHT and its management, read an original poem written for the occasion; Miss Ada Sharp, a pupil of Miss Lucette Webster, read "Money Musk" with such good effect that she was obliged to give another selection; J. B. Hatch, Sr., spoke of the work of the BANNER OF LIGHT while under the editorship of Luther Colby, and asked all Spiritualists to support the grand old BANNER under its present editor, Mr. H. D. Barrett. He closed his remarks by wishing the BANNER OF LIGHT great success in its grand work.

Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, voiced words of cheer and good-speed to the BANNER OF LIGHT and its present editor. Miss Etta Willis read an original poem suited to the occasion. Mrs. E. Barnes, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Professor Fred P. Evans followed in the same line of thought, presenting new points for consideration. Mrs. M. C. Barrett was the next speaker, and thanked all who had taken part for their kind words of encouragement to her husband and herself, and said she was proud to call herself a Spiritualist. Harrison D. Barrett also thanked the Spiritualists for the support they were giving him; said he would remain in the fight to the end, and that, with Isaac B. Rich, F. G. Tuttle and all others in the BANNER office back of him, he was sure of success. He said he intended to stand for the truth, as he perceived it, no matter what the sacrifice might be. At the close of his remarks the audience showed its appreciation by a storm of applause. The writer was the last speaker, and said that if the Spiritualists of this city wanted to give their support to the BANNER OF LIGHT, the way to begin was by subscribing for the paper; and at the close of the meeting several subscriptions were taken. Previous to the meeting a very fine supper was served by the Association.

The meeting was presided over by the President, Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, who, at its opening, spoke of the stand the BANNER OF LIGHT has taken, and said that the reception was held by the Helping Hand Society to endorse the work of that paper. For a half-hour before the meeting opened, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Barrett were given a reception. Mrs. Carrie L.

Hatch, Mr. E. L. Allen, Miss Lucette Webster and Mrs. Ada Pratt were on the reception committee, and introduced the guests. On the whole, it was the grandest meeting ever held by this society.

Wednesday, Nov. 17, reception to Mrs. Carrie F. Loring and Sarah A. Byrnes.

THE LADIES' LYCEUM UNION—Mrs. Abbie F. Thompson, Sec'y—met in Dwight Hall Wednesday afternoon and evening, Nov. 10. Business meeting called to order at 5 o'clock, President Mrs. M. A. Brown in the chair. Supper was announced at 6:30.

It was Children's Night, and long before 8 o'clock every seat was taken, and when the entertainment commenced the hall was full to the doors, showing how popular our Children's Night is getting to be. The following artists took part: Piano solo, Helen Higgins; song, Mabel Marchant; reading, Clara Weston; song and dance, Kittie Parker; song, Rosie Johnston; reading, Willie Sheldon; song, Lilla Brennan; song, Albert Cox; reading, A. Chapman; duet, Sadie Faulkner, Lena Ferri; reading, Admira Osgood. This closed the entertainment, after which they had a mystery table, also ice-cream. Everybody enjoyed the evening.

Next Wednesday is Whist Night. Supper, 6:30.

THE LADIES' SPIRITUALISTIC INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY—C. M. Manning, Sec'y, writes—met at Dwight Hall Thursday, Nov. 11, afternoon and evening. Business meeting called at 5:30 by the President, Mrs. M. A. Brown.

Evening meeting opened at 8 o'clock with a song by Mrs. Gluton, followed with remarks by Dr. N. P. Smith, Dr. Lowe, Dr. Huot and Mrs. Shirley; recitation, Miss Odum; duet, Miss Nichols and Mr. Woodworth; closed with remarks from Mrs. Brown.

Next Thursday, Nov. 18, the Veterans will meet with us, and supper will be served at 6 o'clock sharp, for that evening only, as there is going to be a great deal of fine talent, which will take time.

Thursday, Nov. 23, Thanksgiving night, will be the usual dance.

G. A. R. HALL, 573 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGEPORT—Mrs. L. J. Ackerman, Leader, writes: Sunday, Nov. 7, our morning circle was quite interesting.

Afternoon and evening sessions largely attended. Mr. Soarlet, speaker for afternoon, also gave tests. Mr. D. S. Clark, Mr. Nichols, Mr. John Clark, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. O. R. Hatch, Mrs. Banks. In the evening Mrs. Buck Hall speaker and tests; Mrs. B. Robertson gave a poem on "Charity," also tests and readings; Dr. Huot made some remarks, and very appropriate tests; Mrs. Hall from Brighton sang solos; singing by congregation; Serita read articles.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

COMMERCIAL HALL, Mrs. Wilkinson, President.—A correspondent writes: Sunday morning, Nov. 14, conference, test and developing circle began its session with singing. Mr. De Bos led in prayer; Mrs. Ratzel and Dr. Hall conducted the developing circle; remarks, Dr. Badger, Mr. DeBos, Thayer, Mrs. M. A. Moody, Mr. Davis; Mrs. Knowles and Mrs. Coody, thoughts and tests.

Afternoon—Mr. Rollins made the opening remarks and gave tests. Among those who took part in giving readings and tests were Mrs. Knowles, Miss Jennie Rhind and Mrs. Nutter; Mrs. Wilson sang a solo.

The evening session opened with the usual religious services.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale on Thursday and Sunday.

ELYSIAN HALL ASSOCIATES—a correspondent writes—held three very successful meetings at 820 Washington street, Sunday, at 11 A. M. Opening songs, Mr. Naas and Mrs. Carleton; invocation, Mrs. Gilliland; tests, Messrs. Hillings, Morse, Smith, Quimby, Mesdames Abbott, Powderly, Lovell and several others.

Afternoon—Song service; also tests by Messrs. Wright, Turner, Smith and Mrs. Gilliland, all recognized.

Evening—Song service and spirit-description. Mrs. Gilliland, remarks, H. H. Warner, "Spirit, and Effect on People"; tests, Mr. Quimby, Dr. Huot, Katie Butler; very instructive session. A welcome to all. Good mediums and singing. Mrs. Gilliland, Conductor; Mrs. Carleton, Pianist.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

GOOD TEMPLARS' HALL, 1 JOHNSON AVE., CHARLESTOWN DIST.—Sunday, Nov. 14.—F. W. Peak writes: Our meeting opened early, with song service, Prof. Peak organist and leading. Prof. Rimback cornetist; invocation, Mrs. E. J. Peak, Conductor; song, Prof. Peak; Mrs. Peak in a conscious state gave a number of tests; Mr. Walter Rollins also gave tests; Mrs. Peak took the platform again, finishing the work under control of Topsy.

We give honest and truthful mediums welcome.

THE FIRST SPIRITUALIST LADIES' AID SOCIETY—Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, writes: The regular meeting was held at 241 Tremont street Friday evening, Nov. 12, with the President, Mrs. Albe, in the chair.

Owing to the absence of the Secretary the report of the evening meeting is omitted.

Next Friday we have a Srip Sale, and Friday, Nov. 26, we hold a whist party. We hope to have a large attendance.

MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Adelphi Hall—The Spiritual and Ethical Society holds meetings every Sunday morning and evening. Mrs. H. T. Brigham, speaker.

New Century Hall, 509 5th Avenue—Services every Sunday at 3 P. M., with lecture by W. J. Colville. Visitors cordially invited.

First Society of Spiritualists, J. Clegg Wright, speaker, meets at the Tuxedo Club, Madison Avenue, corner 9th street, Sundays. Services 11 A. M., 3 and 8 P. M.

The Yonkers Spiritual Society holds its meetings every Friday at 8 P. M.; Sundays 5 P. M., and Children's Lyceum at 2 P. M.

FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, The Tuxedo, 39th street and Madison Avenue, Nov. 14.—M. J. Fitz-Maurice, Sec'y, writes: "The Bridge of Morsels o'er the Stream of Time" was the subject upon which Prof. Wright's morning inspiration was based. The theme was an extended one, and handled in a masterly manner.

At the afternoon meeting Prof. Wright gave several extremely interesting readings, with clairvoyant pictures, and Mr. Victor Wyldes of England entertained the large audience with psychometric delineations of quite a different style from those usually presented.

The evening session was conducted by Prof. Wright, as usual.

On Monday evenings, until further notice, a meeting will be held at the Tuxedo, commencing at 8 o'clock, especially to bring the mediums together for an interchange of thought. Prof. Wright will preside, and all are cordially invited.

NEW YORK—"C." writes: The Spiritual and Ethical Society of New York closed a very satisfactory and encouraging fiscal year Nov. 1, and has entered upon another with renewed hope and bright prospects of enlarging its sphere of usefulness.

Upon our Treasurer's report being read, showing a small deficiency, the necessary amount was at once raised by our generous members and friends.

Mrs. Brigham's teachings seem always to be especially fitted to the spiritual needs of the

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hearers, and may she live long to continue the good work.

Mrs. J. H. Tuttle, for many years a prominent church soloist and concert singer, is our soloist, and is repaid only in love and gratitude.

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Woman's Progressive Union holds meetings every Sunday afternoon at 3, and evening at 8 o'clock; Lyceum at 2 o'clock; social meetings every Thursday at 8 o'clock; supper at 4, at the hall, Walsh's Academy, 423 Nassau Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and Queens street. Mrs. E. F. Kurth, President.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 118 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Seats free. All welcome. Herbert L. Whitney, Chairman; Mrs. Frances M. Holmes, Sec'y.

Fraternity Hall, 383 Bedford Avenue, near Myrtle Avenue—Meets Sunday at 8 P. M. Sunday School at 2 P. M. Mrs. L. A. Olmstead, Medium. Speakers and lecturers regularly provided.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets at 1034 Madison street on Wednesdays at 8 P. M. A. H. Dalley, President. Mrs. F. M. Holmes presides.

The Fraternity of Divine Communion, dedicated to "Spiritual Truths" on the "Christ Principle," holds its meetings at Arlington Hall, corner of Gates and Nostrand Avenues, every Sunday at 7 P. M. Mrs. L. J. Walter, President. Ira M. Couris, Medium.

Spiritual Society of Associated Missionaries holds meetings every Sunday, 3 P. M., at Arlington Hall, Gates Avenue, corner Nostrand Avenue. Thought, philosophy and fact from our leading volunteer workers. Mr. Wines Bargent, Conductor.

Jackson Hall, 615 Fulton Street—Mrs. L. A. Olmstead holds a Spiritual Class every Wednesday at 8 P. M. 630 Myrtle Avenue—Mrs. B. R. Plun conducts a meeting every Sunday at 3 and 8 P. M.

BROOKLYN—Lou L. Smith writes: A goodly sized audience was present at the Woman's Progressive Union both Sunday afternoon and evening, to listen to Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding. Her lecture in the afternoon was on "Life," and in the evening on "Power and Forces," delivered in a fine manner, and listened to with marked attention by every one present.

Mrs. Harding, although suffering from a severe cold, gave many beautiful delineations in a clear and concise manner and tone of voice, being recognized almost in every instance.

Mrs. Harding has made many friends in Brooklyn, and has become a general favorite. On Thursday evening, although it was very stormy, we had a very good attendance, especially for the young folks and children. Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works being the main feature of attraction; fine selections of song were also rendered by the Misses Fredricks, Mr. Clarence Turton, and instrumental solos by Miss Lilly Chapman.

Next week we are to have a conundrum supper, and conundrum pies. As this is something entirely new, we expect to have a crowded house.

BROOKLYN—W. J. Cushing writes: At the Associate Missionaries' meeting at Arlington Hall, Mr. Sargent read a poem entitled "What Shall Our Mission Be?" which formed the subject for the afternoon's thought and expression. Mrs. Wilson endeavored to have us realize the beauty and worth of our mission as Spiritualists, while the Chairman spoke of his late visit to Syracuse, and the arranging for missionary work in the State by the Board of Trustees. Miss Minnie Terry spoke of her mediumistic work as of that kind, and of her feeling willing and glad to devote her time for the welfare of others.

Mrs. Ashley spoke at considerable length of her work as a medium and missionary, and of the many she had helped to a higher plane, and the thankfulness she felt in being able to do so.

Mrs. Plum, though arriving late from duties elsewhere, followed at length in the same line, and it was with pleasure we see her becoming a regular worker here.

A collection was taken toward assisting a released boy to his home after serving his sentence.

The meetings increase in interest, and as the out door attractions of summer and autumn have passed we hope for an increased attendance as well.

THE FRATERNITY OF DIVINE COMMUNION—Arthur Leach, Cor. Sec'y, writes—held its regular Sunday evening services at Arlington Hall, Gates and Nostrand Avenues. An excellent musical program was rendered by Mrs. Cortada, Mrs. Miller, Mr. Lovejoy, Mrs. Edwin Heeg, with song, Mr. Angus Wright organist. Lecture entitled "Unfoldment" was given by Mr. Floyd Wilson to a most appreciative audience, the usual test seance following.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE—Joseph Cooper, Sec'y, writes: The Providence Spiritualists' Association, Columbia Hall, had for speaker and test medium last Sunday Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock; both services were well attended. Mrs. Whitlock will be with us again on Sunday, Nov. 21.

Mrs. Whitlock holds a conference and circle at the home of her father, on Atlantic Avenue, every Monday evening. All are invited.

Sister Humes has again opened her circles on Tuesdays and Thursdays, 46 Zone street.

PAWTUCKET—Edwin Bamford, Cor. Sec'y, writes: The Pawtucket Spiritual Association, St. George's Hall, Cole's Block, Main street, had Mrs. May S. Pepper of Providence, Sunday, Nov. 14. Mrs. Pepper always draws a large audience in Pawtucket, but last Sunday evening was the largest we ever had.

On Sunday next, Nov. 21, we shall have for our speaker Abbie N. Burnham of Malden, Mass.

NEW YORK.

YONKERS—Titus Merritt, Sec'y, writes: Our last meeting was well attended. Mr. James Fletcher, an active commercial gentleman, presented the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism in a pleasing manner. Pres. Andrews also read instructive and entertaining matter from the BANNER OF LIGHT. Our Children's Lyceum and Band of Mercy are doing well.

Mrs. Helen T. Brigham expected to be with us the 19th.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK—Sunday, Nov. 14—a correspondent writes—The First Church of Spiritual Progression held its meeting at 723 Columbia street. Mr. Delaware of Brooklyn gave a fine lecture to a large and appreciative audience.

Next Sunday, Nov. 21, we shall be favored by Mrs. Dean Chapman, of New York City.

MAINE.

PORTLAND—M. A. Brackett, Sec'y, writes: We had, Nov. 14, Mrs. Mary A. Ridlon of Deerfield, Me., Mrs. Sarah E. DeLew of our city. May God's blessing rest on these two noble women, is our earnest wish.

In Memoriam.

Another veteran in our ranks has gone, and another brother, tried and true, with renewed health and youth, has on the spirit-side of life taken up the work for humanity.

DR. EDWARD NEWBERY was born in 1811, and was a life-long Spiritualist. He was a clairvoyant from his earliest recollections, and was wonderfully gifted in many ways. Dr. Newbery was a warm friend of Henry George, and the shock of his death was a sad blow. At this time the Doctor caught a heavy cold, pneumonia set in, and he passed out on the evening of Nov. 4, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Shurt, in this city. On Saturday evening, Nov. 13, our Advance Spiritual Conference held a memorial service. Dr. Newbery being a member ever since our meeting was organized. Dr. John C. Wyman, a friend of over twenty years, and the Rev. Eliza Swackhamer, a friend of forty-one years, were the principal speakers.

Tributes of praise were also given by Jos. LaFumee, J. W. Smmons, Geo. Delere, Samuel Greene, Mrs. B. R. Plum, Mrs. Evans, and