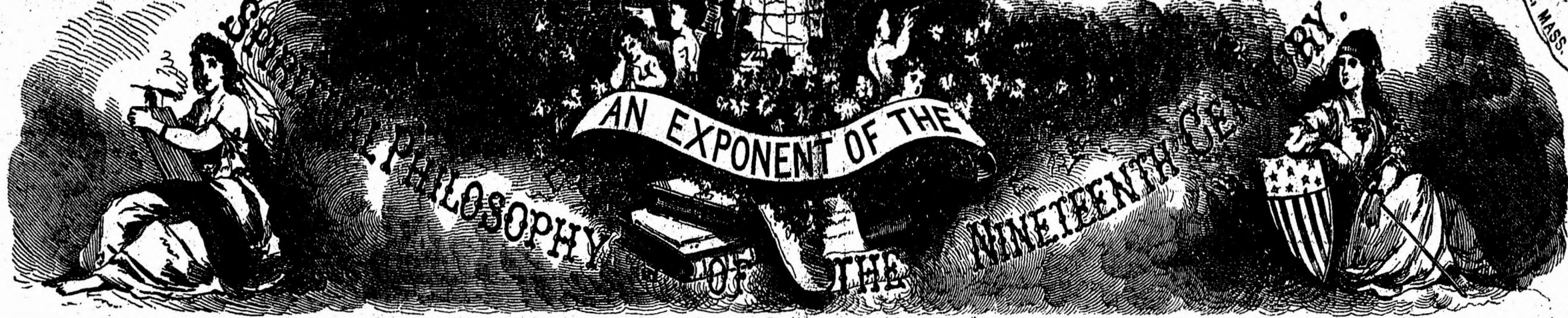


BANNER OF LIGHT

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NO. 3.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A TRUE PASSPORT.

BY SILAS BOARDMAN.

Why should you travel in the groove
That history exemplifies,
And dare no thought and risk no move
Of brighter pathway to the skies?
Why should you be, in mundane cares,
Responsible for all you do?
And leave your inmost soul's affairs
For other hands to lead you through?
Why should you close your eyes and ears
When duty speaks and truth appears?
You think your pastor will attend
To all the details of the road,
And see you to your journey's end,
Up in the ransomed sinner's abode,
As long as you provide the seats,
Or tickets for yourself and him
To take you to the golden streets
And country of the cherubim.
You think you cannot go astray
Because your pastor knows the way.
Before it is too late, beware!
Your pastor has enough to do
To buy himself a passage there,
Without the least regard to you.
He sees the way, he knows the drift,
But honest truth he must not utter,
While error shows a greater thrift
In bringing in his bread and butter.
His hands are full, he has no clue
For guiding souls to heaven's blue.
Then, if you have a fossil's brain,
Trace back two thousand years of strife
For some one to assume the train
Of sins that emphasize your life,
And you are safe. No honest man
Can bring the vanished ages back,
Nor cancel from your wondrous plan
The antiquated bigot's track.
And you can wallow in your bent
Of fables to your heart's content.
And yet I must not fail to say
That truth is better than tradition;
Nor can it e'er in guesses stay,
Nor antiquated leantion.
And you can have it if you wish,
Not from a dingy pagan scroll,
But served up as a modern dish,
Both for the body and the soul.
And search no more for passport true,
For this will take you safely through.

Measures which will help to make the Spiritualistic Movement Capable of Satisfying the Highest Needs of Humanity.

Address delivered at Onset, Mass., Aug. 23, 1897.

BY REV. T. E. ALLEN.

[Continued from last week.]

In her work "Nineteenth Century Miracles," Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten says that some of her most honored spirit-guides urged as a reason why she should collect materials for a history of Spiritualism in America, that, using her own words, "The first twenty years of Spiritualism in America would complete a special cycle in the movement. During that period," it was said, "the work of the Spiritualists would be to conduct a stern and unyielding warfare against the world without, to revolutionize old ideas, uproot stereotyped errors, and do battle with priestcraft and schoolcraft, ignorance and bigotry; and at the close of that epoch, it was asserted that during the ensuing fifteen years many marked changes of a discouraging character would overshadow the Cause, but that these would proceed chiefly from within rather than from without the ranks. The worst foes of Spiritualism would be those of its own household, and the cruellest stabs directed against it would be dealt by the hands of Spiritualists themselves."

"Still another fifteen years would be required," said the guides, "before the first principles of a true science could be evolved. During that period the phenomena of spirit-communion would be silently yet surely wrested from the hands of the spoiler, and its religious teachings be rescued from the vagaries of speculative theorists in order to ground it on the rock of immutable and well-proven truth. At the close of this third epoch Modern Spiritualism would celebrate its year of JUBILEE, and triumphantly enter upon its possession of the promised land, wherein the unity of science and religion should be fully demonstrated."

Have not some, at least, of the predictions of Mrs. Britten's guides been fully verified? Is it not true that "the worst foes of Spiritualism" have been and continue to be to this day "those of its own household," and that the cruellest stabs directed against it "have been dealt by the hands of Spiritualists themselves"? Where is the theologian or the preacher, however narrow his creed or bitter his hatred, the scientist or the alienist, who has succeeded in committing an assault upon Spiritualism, that has injured it anywhere near as much as the séances given by fraudulent mediums? Where are the outside foes who have succeeded as well in throwing suspicion upon it as the Spiritualists, gelatinous in their moral and intellectual natures, who have cloaked or condoned fraud? For one, I do not know where to find them.

Is it not time to wrest the phenomena of spirit-communion from the hands of the "spoiler"? Is it not time to rescue the truths of Spiritualism from the vast and ever-growing pyramid of phenomena under which so many, in their unspirituality and narrow-mindedness, seek, one is tempted to say, to bury them out of sight? And having rescued them, studied their meaning and formulated them, should we not say to the religious world, "Add these to the truths reason and spiritual perception can sift from Christianity, and you will have the grandest religion earth has thus far known"? The efforts of some of the best men and women identified with Spiritualism to perfect the organization of the National Spiritualists' Association and to make it an efficient instrument in reforming and elevating Spiritualism, and humanity with it, answer these questions in the affirmative.

The truth is, I believe, that a warfare between light and darkness is going on within the ranks of Spiritualism, as it

is, indeed, in the world at large. Some there are, consciously or unconsciously to themselves, who are the instruments of the higher spirits; others are the instruments of the lower spirits. The higher spirits labor to uplift humanity, to make men more moral and intelligent, to organize beneficent institutions of all kinds. The lower spirits are idle, mischievous, deceitful and fickle, according to the lack of development of each, and if they try to organize anything it is in order that they may attain greater success in the execution of some plan that a person of moral enlightenment would not approve.

The question, "Are you a medium?" is not enough. We must add, "What kind of a medium are you? Have you the moral, intellectual and psychical endowment and culture that make your influence upon the world an elevating one, or is your character such, in spite of your honesty of purpose, that you are the mouthpiece and servant of the lower spirits?"

Now, if the spirit speaking through Mrs. Duffey has correctly reported the facts of the case—and it seems to me that the experience of many Spiritualists confirms her words—then the most vital thing for the future welfare and utility of organized Spiritualism is the training of and reverent care for mediums of a high type, whose disciplined and cultured characters will ensure, under the potent laws governing communion, an inspiration from a high source, capable of supplying the highest needs of a humanity questioning, doubting and struggling in the comparative obscurity of earthly conditions. Good intentions are not enough. There must be positive moral strength; and, just as Paderewski could never do himself justice upon an old tin-pan piano, with some of its notes broken and out of tune, so must there be a cultured mind, fitting the human instrument, to respond to the demands of a master. With high aspiration, an appreciation of the responsibility which mediumship carries with it, a conviction that a consecrated mediumship can serve humanity in a noble way, and an earnest desire to make the world better, mediums will be careful, too, not to enter upon public work until their psychical powers are sufficiently unfolded to make their work reliable and valuable.

In insisting upon a high ideal for mediumship—and, in the end, it would be fatal to the whole movement to neglect to do so—I do not wish to be unjust or uncharitable to the well intentioned, honest and conscientious mediums who have served the Cause as well as they could under most unfavorable conditions. Many have been called to tread a thorny path. While few have approached the ideal, it must not be forgotten that they have been heavily handicapped in their work. They have been ignorant, to a great extent, of the laws and conditions governing mediumship. No mortal had the truth to give them. Poor, and in the humble walks of life, many of them—for truth, they say, is always born in a manger—they have passed their lives in a prejudiced and largely ignorant and hostile environment. I offer to all such the consolation that Spiritualism can give without hesitation or qualification, that they will receive their reward in the spirit-world, where every earnest effort put forth in the interest of truth and right will be found to have developed the soul, fitting it for a nobler companionship and environment, and conferring a happier consciousness. If we consider the matter philosophically we are forced to confess that all we can reasonably expect is a gradual improvement in the quality of our mediums. We cannot attain the ideal at a bound.

The saddest part of the story remains to be told, however. Worse than what has thus far been pictured at some length has been the deliberate fraud perpetrated by those who really have mediumistic gifts, and by some, I doubt not, who, neither mediums nor Spiritualists, profess to be both, and thus trade upon the belief of Spiritualists, the reputation of Spiritualism, such as it is in any locality, the torn affections of sorrowing men and women, and the credulity of mankind in general. Such degraded beings rank with the highway robbers, the pickpockets and the confidence men.

How does the question of fraud present itself to a moral, intelligent Spiritualist? He necessarily says: "I want truth and right to prevail; I have no personal interests that I am willing to advance by mystifying the public and condoning the fraud practiced upon them. There are some people, it is true, who flatter themselves that they are honest and truth-loving, and who, believing fervently or claiming that they know that spirits can and do communicate with mortals, feel themselves called upon, by a sentiment of loyalty to Spiritualism, to hush up any outcry against fraud. I am persuaded that such persons delude themselves, and that the explanation of their conduct will be found to lie in a twist in their own moral natures, unsuspected, perhaps, but none the less real. The divine call upon us is to be loyal to truth and right, not to bolster up any party, sect or ism with falsehood or by wrongdoing."

"If it be a fact in the constitution of the universe that there is something in the mortal that survives death, and also that that something can communicate with men, we are not in the least responsible for the existence and operation of the laws which reveal those facts to us. It is not for us to apologize to any one for their existence, or for the consequences of their operation. Why think for an instant, then, of condoning fraud? We can wisely say, I have come to believe that the highest welfare of myself and humanity is best served by approaching the Power operative in the universe in a childlike spirit, desiring to understand its modes of operation in order that I may adapt myself to them, and so unfold my powers and attain a larger measure of perfection and happiness through obedience."

"I do not hold Faraday, Lord Kelvin, Edison, Tesla or any other discoverer or inventor responsible for a death that occurs when a man receives a shock from a live electric wire. I do not feel that it is incumbent upon me to renounce a belief in the law of gravitation because some condemned murderer is known to believe in the operation of that law. From these cases I reason that I am not responsible because the existence of a law of spirit communion gives rise to fraud when spirits, or mortals, or both, of low moral development, are concerned in its real or alleged operation, and that I am not called upon to deny the law for fear of being called a Spiritualist at a time when Spiritualists as a class are alleged to be, or actually are, less moral, on the average, than Methodists, Baptists or Unitarians. The fact is that the law of spirit communion, like the mail and the telegraph, is non-moral in its nature. Any one of them may be employed for high or for low purposes. No; whether the moral chaos in Spiritualism be greater or less, I am not absolved from my allegiance to truth."

"Finally, it appears that amongst the more moral and intelligent people—given certain evidence—those receive and confess the truth of Spiritualism who are single-

minded, who place the approval of their own consciences above the plaudits of the multitude, who dare to think for themselves instead of delegating their thinking to others."

In some such terms as these we may conceive a Spiritualist to reply to the many critics who, when they are asked why they do not investigate Spiritualism, take refuge behind allegations of fraud and immorality. If these sink Spiritualism below the surface, then, by the same test—if we dare to believe history—Christianity is submerged a thousand fathoms deep. Spiritualism was not the mother of the Inquisition!

Experience and reflection have satisfied me that there is no use in investigating psychical phenomena with the aid of mediums of a low moral calibre. It certainly is distressing, to say the least, for one to feel that he must be on his guard every moment, and that the instant he relaxes his vigilance he may be imposed upon. In addition to this aspect of the case, I am convinced that it is not reasonable to expect the kind of cooperation that will yield valuable results from spirits of low moral development. Even if they are not actuated by a desire to deceive, they lack that earnestness in the interest of truth that must necessarily characterize useful co-workers in the spirit-world. Under the great law that like attracts like, such spirits are just the ones most likely to be attracted by and to manifest through the kind of mediums we are considering.

What is the ideal of the spiritualistic movement? Is it a syndicate of mediums, many of them known to have been guilty of fraud over and over again, who have founded a sort of ecclesiasticism—if that term is appropriate—in their own selfish interest? Or, is it an association of educated, inspired, moral and aspiring men and women, believing that the existing forms of Christianity are defective and banded together to found the Kingdom of God on earth? Obviously, if it is the latter, then the true function of the speakers and mediums is to discover and to teach the laws of that kingdom, the truths which can really save mankind, and it follows, then, that those who are dominated by the mercenary, selfish spirit should be set aside as unworthy of being teachers, thus making room for men and women of character and attainments who will bring a proper consecration to their work.

The truth is, that corresponding to the heavens and the hells of the other world, there is an angelic Spiritualism and a diabolical Spiritualism. How could it be otherwise, when the spirit-world is constantly being peopled from earth? The time has come when vigorous measures must be taken to separate the two. The higher Spiritualism must be protected from the profanation of devils in the body and out of it. It is impossible to suppress the lower Spiritualism at once. All of the conditions of life on earth must be vastly improved, a labor of centuries, before that can be accomplished; but it is possible to do a great deal through organization. By it, Spiritualists can protect each other, and point out to investigators a good path to follow to find the light they seek. We must expect the devils on both sides to yell, and gnash their teeth with rage, and put forth all kinds of plausible and specious pleas to show why Spiritualism should not be organized; for any organization worthy of the name will mean, after a time, that it will not be as easy for them to get victims as it has been in the past.

In the interest of the higher Spiritualism, then, it must be evident to every intelligent Spiritualist who has given the matter any serious attention, that one of the most important things—perhaps the most important—that the National Association can do is to regulate the practice of mediumship. To this end it would be well for the Association to appoint a committee of experienced, just and good men and women, whose duty it shall be to study the present qualifications and past history of mediums, and to make a careful record of the same, in order that information concerning them may be furnished to inquirers. It would be well if the spiritualistic newspapers would publish a standing list of mediums endorsed by the Association, and also, probably, a black-list of mediums who have been guilty of fraud, and should therefore be studiously avoided. These journals should refuse to insert advertisements for black-listed mediums, and also to publish any accounts of séances given by them. Their names and all allusions to them should be struck out of all correspondence and accounts of meetings. By such means the papers would refuse to increase the notoriety of such mediums, and help consign them to that obscurity that will best serve the interests of the higher Spiritualism.

Unless the better class of Spiritualists are willing to take some such measures, and to put their execution into the hands of men and women who are just, firm and brave, I fear that no truly useful outcome will result from the organization of the National Association. For the utility, honor and growth of Spiritualism depend largely upon the characters and acts of its living mediums as instruments for phenomena and as inspired speakers on the platform.

The call has gone forth to the Spiritualists of the land to take their stand under the banner of organization. They are asked to enlist in a holy war of purification. They should see clearly that they have everything to gain and nothing to lose by the triumph of truth and right. They should not permit kindness of disposition or sympathy to blind their eyes to the motives and qualities of the mediums with whom they come in contact, nor to deter them from sending information to headquarters that shall enable others to wisely apportion their patronage of mediums.

There are even other than these considerations that confirm what I have said as to the duty of all true Spiritualists. We believe in eternal progress; we believe that the Divine Spirit, co-working with the angel-world, will eventually allure the basest fiend of hell into heaven. It seems to me, then, that we are doing the greatest kindness to fraudulent mediums, and to those whose character is too weak to make them fit instruments for the higher spirits, when we force their unfitness upon their own attention by withdrawing our financial support, and by black-listing the first class, and possibly those of the second. For if by being checked and defeated they are led to look within and consider what manner of men and women they are, and, better still, if Spiritualists, playing an angelic part, will talk with them in a serious, kindly way, and try to bring them to realize the criminal or demoralizing nature of their acts, some may be reformed and persuaded to earn an honest living, or to postpone the practice of their mediumship until their moral characters have improved and the quality of their mediumistic work with them. In any event, as we shoot down wolves and lock up thieves in prisons, it is our right and duty to protect ourselves against the incursions of the minions of hell.

The local societies, too, have their part to do in the work. They should assure themselves that the men and women they place upon their platforms as exponents of



REV. T. ERNEST ALLEN.

Spiritualism, and as teachers of the truths of religion, ethics, psychology and sociology—the most vital truths that can occupy the mind of man—that these men and women are worthy to stand before them as mouthpieces of the higher spirits and as teachers; and if they fail to do so, they must expect—and I know that such things have happened in the past—that the best members, for, as a rule, they will be the best members, morally and spiritually, will give up entirely attending the meetings at "the hall," feeling that they are not being properly fed, and some will identify themselves with the churches, thus acknowledging that they receive greater benefit there. Such are the natural consequences of a careless management of local societies, and of a going along, year after year, with a low standard of fitness, or no standard at all.

Local societies should take pains, also, to send their very best members as delegates to the meetings of the National Association. If they wish to have the tone of Spiritualism elevated, they must place the legislative and executive work of that body in the hands of men and women who love truth and right, and who will make a determined fight for them against unwise and wrong measures, should any such be proposed.

The mediums who oppose organization, purification, and laying the emphasis upon the principles that make for higher and nobler living, because they think it tends to diminish the relative importance of mediumship, are guilty of the same crime that has often been laid at the door of false priests—the crime of forging the fetters of ecclesiasticism upon the people; for the spirit of both is the same: "We stand between you and heaven, therefore you must pay us tribute." What does the enlightened lay Spiritualist say to this, the man who is neither a medium nor a paid lecturer? He says: "I want 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' Truth alone can benefit me. So far as a medium or speaker is a sincere and devoted servant of truth, so far he is valuable to me and to the world, and so far he is worthy of financial support. But, as for those who steal the livery of truth in which to serve mammon, they are the enemies of truth and of human welfare, and I will not consent to aid in their financial support, or shut my eyes to their wrong doings."

I am sure that what I have said and shall say about mediumship will receive the assent of every high-minded, unselfish medium who—rightly, and as he is compelled to do—seeks to maintain himself, but who at the same time recognizes that he must always subordinate his conduct to truth, right and the welfare of humanity. The outcry against my contentions will proceed from those mediums who place self ever foremost and uppermost. The time has come when the upright medium, speaker and lay Spiritualist should refuse to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for mediums of the lower order.

The effort that President Barrett, Dr. George Fuller and others are making to purify the spiritualistic movement is of the nature of a crisis; primarily moral, and secondarily intellectual. The more moral and intelligent amongst Spiritualists are being drawn out from the general mass to avow themselves firmly and insistently as in favor of a high standard, a standard that deserves the respect of mankind, and which can and must win that respect in the end. While I do not deny that a few persons, both moral and intelligent, may remain, who fear that in some way organization threatens a new bondage, the rise of a new ecclesiastical power, nevertheless, I think it can be safely said that the majority of the active opponents of organization and purification, and even of the lukewarm, have a mercenary interest in perpetuating the chaos which has so long characterized the spiritualistic movement, or else they are otherwise morally corrupt or so ignorant of the conditions that govern the well-being of the movement, and its efficiency as an instrument in uplifting mankind, that they unwittingly take the wrong side. For organization, in this world, the universal means by which forces are concentrated and effectively applied to all ends. We must have it, even if fifty years hence it shall become a new ecclesiastical straight-jacket which it shall be a high virtue of that time to denounce and destroy.

[To be concluded.]

The only remedy for corrupt government is individual purity of thought. Each thought of righteousness, of equity, of charity, of love, is a mental ballot cast into the great ballot-box of the public mind. Each ballot of this nature counts on the side of purer and nobler government. All can cast these ballots. None are disfranchised, neither sex, age nor color are excluded. None can prostitute such ballots. Mind is the only ballot-box in the universe that cannot be perverted. Put in your ballots of love, of kindness, of purity, of righteousness. Vote early and often. They all count. Thoughts become things. Cast your thoughts of goodness into the mental world, and they will count in the election of purity, virtue and honesty.—Frank E. Mason.

Each first-class Atlantic steamer requires the services of one hundred and twenty firemen to feed the furnaces.

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 V.

GOD'S JUSTICE. (?)

"You're not going out this night, Ned; what's the use of tramping up and down the streets in the dark and cold? Wretched as it is here in this loft, it's better than the streets. We can huddle together and keep the children warm with our poor bodies, and if the worst comes, Ned, we can all die together, and the good God will take us home."

There was refinement and a patient tone in the woman's words, although in every detail of her surroundings the most abject poverty and woe were displayed.

It was in the loft of an old barn, which stood in an open field, far down in the poorest quarter of the city, that this woman with her husband and three small children had been driven for shelter in the late November winds. Houseless and homeless, they had been driven from place to place by the hand of dire necessity and by man's inhumanity to man.

Not that the world intended to be cold and hard to unfortunate human beings, but it bears so many tales of woe and is so often imposed upon by ingrates and tramps, it cannot afford to allow itself to listen to every story of misfortune, and it has quite resolved to close its heart and its ears to the wail of the ragged and hungry man who knocks at its doors and pleads for work, that he may earn bread for his helpless babes; for how does it know but he is shamming, and that he is only watching his opportunity to steal from its coffers? And so poor Ned is denied and turned away from this office and that warehouse, and given no chance to earn an honest dime, because, forsooth, his clothes are threadbare and shabby, his step has grown slow and hesitating and his mien dejected, beneath the trials that have hedged him in.

Once he was a happy man, buoyant, with ringing step and cheery voice. Not a brilliant mind, but a fellow of good common sense and fair intelligence, a skillful mechanic, who earned a comfortable living for his little family of wife and two children, finding contentment in his pleasant home. This was only three years ago, but it seemed an eternity to the cheerless couple as they now sat in their misery in the barren loft of the old barn.

It was a simple story enough: Ned Haskins had met with an accident at his work that necessitated the amputation of an arm. This was followed by a spell of low, nervous fever that held the poor man in its grasp for many months. In the meanwhile, the little sum that he had saved from his earnings melted away, and Jennie, the faithful wife, with her two little ones at her knee, did her best to add to the family store by plying her needle at such moments as she could spare from her husband's bedside or from the twin babies that needed her care.

In time the husband and father recovered sufficiently to seek for employment, but except for a stray job now and then, nothing could be found. Sensitive, proud and refined, Jennie felt stung to the quick by her change of circumstances from comfort to penury, and she begged her husband to try his fortune in another town, where old-time friends and acquaintances could not see their want, nor notice the straits to which they might be brought in gaining daily bread.

To accomplish the removal it was necessary to part with the household goods, and so, with many tears and much compunction, Jennie witnessed the sale of her pretty furniture and other possessions under the hammer of the pitiless auctioneer.

We shall not dwell upon the experiences through which this couple passed. There are many such cases of misfortune, and the world heeds them not. From the little town in which they had always lived, Ned and Jennie went to the city of C—, where they hoped to find something that might lead toward retrieving their broken fortunes and making a home for their little ones. At first they would live very close, they said, in one room, where they would care for the babies as best they could; but later, when they had earned and saved a little, they would rent a tenement and furnish it in comfort for the home-nest, where love and contentment should find a place.

But the efforts of poor Ned to gain satisfactory employment were fruitless. The loss of his arm had incapacitated him for work at the bench, while the long sickness he had experienced had left his vital forces at a low ebb. And so the poor fellow was obliged to pick up an odd job here and there, and to make the little that he earned in this way go as far as possible in providing bread and shelter for those he loved.

As for Jennie, she could find no work at all to do, except now and then to wash windows or scrub a floor for some busy housewife who needed a little extra help at house-cleaning time.

The twins were but two years old when the family moved to C—, and another little one was expected to enter the tiny nest, and the poor mother sometimes felt that her trials were more than she could bear. Yet her spirit seldom flagged, as with true wifely devotion she cheered her weary, disheartened husband, denying herself the bite or sup that she needed as much as they, that husband and babies might have the cup of milk that served them as their only food at many a meal.

But rent must be paid, even if it is only for one miserable, unfurnished room, and with much straining Ned managed to pay the monthly rent and to provide bread and milk for the hungry mouths until the expected baby came and for a few months more. Then came a season in which he absolutely found no work to do. Starvation stared them in the face. The landlord was obdurate, and, finding no prospect of getting the three months' rent due him, set the few pieces of furniture, which they had purchased at a second-hand shop on first reaching the city, out in the street.

Then Ned searched high and low until the old deserted barn, far down in the squalid,

marshy district, was discovered. No one seemed to know to whom it belonged, and no one cared. The only wonder was that some tramp had not burned it down long ago; but here it stood, and, cheerless and rickety as it was, it seemed to offer to poor, despairing Ned the only refuge and comfort in all the great opulent world for his wife and little ones.

It was early in November when the family was moved to this retreat—the furniture moved bit by bit, in a wheelbarrow, by a good-natured Irishman who lived in the same house from which the Haskins family had been evicted. He was "out of a job" himself, and had a fellow-feeling for the unfortunate man who knew not where to turn his steps for deliverance from woe.

"Begorra," said Pat, "I wud give yez a place in me own rooms, but ye see weze overrun wid the children, an' there's not a spare bit o' room for the sole of yer fut, not to spake of a place for yez woife an' kids. I'm spire for ye, me man, but kape up a good heart. I'll not desert yez, and as sure as me name's Pat Murphy, I'll help yez out av ye throuble as soon as I git a job o' work. Glory be to God! But it's hard times weze be in, an' no mistake; if weze kape out of the poorhouse, we'll all be doing well the coming winter!" And so they were moved to the old barn. The bedstead could not be gotten to the loft, and that, with a few other pieces, was sold back to the "second-hand man." The rest of their belongings—consisting of two old chairs, a few dishes and tins, a straw mattress, a box of clothing containing the wardrobe of the whole family, and a tiny oil stove—were taken into the loft out of the dampness of the lower floor—and this was home.

All the while that we have been making explanation how Ned and Jennie came to be in their unhappy situation, the poor couple have been seated in the midst of their distress, looking into each other's eyes with the forlorn hope of finding something of faith and courage there.

In two days it will be Thanksgiving, and the country will rejoice in the return of a national holiday that speaks of plenty and good cheer, of happy homes and well-fed bodies, of merriment and joy, of giving thanks for the bounty and plenitude of harvest-fields and groaning bins, laden with corn and grain.

He had been out all day in vain search for work, and had only come in a little while before. The children had cried themselves to sleep, for there had been no bread, no milk to give them, nothing that could appease hunger nor banish cold. The mother, even in the midst of her own hunger and distress, had sought to encourage her husband with hopeful words as he entered and sank down upon the miserable pallet where his children slept; but now that he had roused up and made a movement as if to go out again, she restrained him with pleading word and touch, for something in his pallid face and glittering eye filled her soul with nameless dread.

"Let me go, Jennie," he said, rising to his feet. "I shall go mad if I stay here and face the misery that I cannot help. The sight of you, my poor girl, and the babies, famishing for food, distracts me. I know I shall do some desperate act if I don't go out and walk off my mood. I'm wild, wild, that I must see you suffer so. Talk of the good God. Can there be such a being? I am glad you believe in God, Jennie, and that you can pray to him; as for me—I doubt if there is any God. I believed in him once. As you know, I was a good churchman. I felt that God rewards Christians and punishes sinners. Now, I doubt it all. What causes man to sin? Can he be holy and good and believing in divine justice when his dear ones are starving, and he is turned like a criminal from the doors where he asks for work that he may earn his bread? No! I do not believe there is a God. If God lives and rules, let me look him in the face, and demand justice of him for my wife and babes. Let me ask him by what right the whole world is turned against me and mine, until we are left to die worse than dogs in the straw."

Her arms were around his neck now, her pallid lips pressed close to his, checking the vehement words that seemed so blasphemous to her, and for a moment they sat silent in one sweet embrace.

Then he put her from him and arose to go. "I will look once more, Jennie," he said. "Don't leave the babies; it's a cold night, and you had better not stir outside. Perhaps I can beg, borrow or steal a dime to buy a loaf of bread for breakfast. Anyhow, you shall be looked after, dear, before another night comes on."

Again he kissed her on lips and cheek and brow, and then descended from the loft, and out into the open field.

For a while Jennie sat where he had left her, and then, holding her baby close to her breast, she lay down beside the twins, drawing an old quilt over them. But she could not sleep, and as hour after hour passed, the poor woman watched and listened for the footsteps that never came.

And so the night wore on. Toward morning the baby, sweet little baby Belle, stretched out its tiny hand, gave one little gasp, and died on its mother's breast. The twins, aroused from their slumber by their mother's hurried and frightened movements, huddled together in silent woe.

The dim light came straggling in to the old loft, and just as it seemed to Jennie as if she must fly to the street for help in her hour of distress, there came the sound of rough footsteps, and a cheery voice called from below—

"Begorra! Up there? Are yez alive? I'm coming, sure," and the good-natured face of Pat Murphy appeared, as he mounted the old ladder leading to the loft. On one arm swung a tin pail, and as he stepped from the last rung he opened it, and said:

"Sure, Misus Haskins, I've made bold to

an hour gone by, I said to Kate, said I, 'It's poor Ned Haskins that's on me mind, wofe; I've been havin' him there all the night. I's afeared he's got nothin' fur the kids. Wot has ye in the hoove?' 'Only a bit o' bread an' some male for the children's mush,' says she. 'Divil a bit will ye use it this morn,' says I, 'fur the Haskins kids has no breakfus, I'll be bound. Yez can give the childrens a bite o' bread an' some milk, an' I'll tek the male an' a loaf to the old barn,' says I, an' here it is. I's had poor luck meself, an' I's not been able ter get ter see yez before, but I've not forgot yez had bodies ter be fed. How's yer man, misus, an' wot luck's he had?'"

He had not noticed the little waxen form that the mother had laid out on the pine box in the corner, that she had covered with a piece of an old sheet, but now as he turned he beheld it, and with the exclamation "Glory be ter God!" the man sank upon his knees in an attitude of prayer.

CHAPTER VI.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

The gray mist of a dull November day settles over houses and streets, and veils everything in a dreary haze. There is a chill in the air that seems to betoken approaching snow, and which causes the poor and illy clad who shuffle aimlessly along, hoping against hope to find the wherewithal to purchase bread, to shiver, and draw themselves close together as if for warmth.

It is the day before Thanksgiving, and now and then one is seen hurrying along with a basket well supplied with sundry viands for the to-morrow's dinner, or with an immense paper-bag from which the legs of a turkey protrude. But it is down in the poor district that we stray, and there are but few in this quarter who expect to make Thanksgiving, or who will be fortunate if they can secure more than a loaf of bread with which to fill their hungry mouths.

"Ash-Barrel Jimmy," in his red shirt and round cap, upon the front of which gleams the Salvation Army badge, strolling along toward the Barracks, where early morning service is to be held, finds himself brought to a sudden pause, just at the entrance of Blossom Lane, by the ghastly sight that meets his eyes.

In a small jutting that suddenly leaps out of the sidewalk, beyond which Blossom Lane opens its narrow passage for the poor who dwell therein, and almost intercepts the passer-by who is not familiar with the spot, the form of a man, doubled up and twisted into almost abnormal shape, lies, the head bent backward and resting in a pool of blood, which has issued from the jagged, gaping wound in his throat, and which has evidently been clumsily made by the razor that lies on the ground but a few inches away from the stiffened hand that let it fall.

The man has but one arm, an empty sleeve of the old coat silently telling of mutilation, poverty and suffering.

It is a ghastly sight, too horrible for pen to describe, and for a moment the sturdy heart of "Ash-Barrel Jimmy" turns sick as his eyes rest upon it. But only for a moment; and then, raising the form in his own strong arms—a form worn thin and slight by starvation and misery—he bears it onward a few steps into Blossom Lane, to the door of the old house that we have seen before. His shouts bring the inmates to the door. There are several men and women here, and children of various stages of growth, who stare at him and his gruesome burden in surprise. These he does not heed; but presently, as two forms come swiftly down the old stairs, he breathes a sigh of relief and pushes his way into the nearest room on the ground floor, the inmates of which stand aside in mute wonderment at his vigorous personality.

Laying his burden upon the old bed in the room, Jimmy turns to the youngest of the men who had rushed to meet him, and said: "Run to the Barracks quick, lass, and fetch Doctor Rob. Tell him that's a poor cove here with throat cut from ear to ear that's dyin' or dead. The Lord have mercy on his soul. I found him out here a bit, an' as ye go along pick up the razor that did the job; ye'll see it out thar. Give it ter Doctor Rob—an' come right back, shap!"

It was Grace Lee whom he addressed—Grace, who had grown a trifle since we saw her last, at her father's bedside. She is dressed in the garb of the Salvation Army, and her sweet face, framed in its sunny locks, looks out from the poke bonnet of deep dark blue, like a picture from a dusky frame. It is nearly two years now since her father died, two years since she stood by his side clasping his hand as he descended into the dark valley and listened with tearful eyes to his parting words:

"Yer were allers a good girl, Grace, an' yer'll not go wrong now. Don't forget ter keep a place fer Rose, she'll need it, an' cum fer it in time. It's ter the pit I must go, but I'll work out. I'll work out. The dark, black pit, the pit—"

And he was gone—a spirit struggling with the trammels of debased appetites and passions, descending into the pit of darkness made by his own life, from which he could only escape after hard climbing and bitter woe.

After her father's death Grace refused to leave the old tenement that for years had been her only home.

"No," she said to Hagah, who wished to take her to a better place, "this is where we lived, where Marm and poor old Dad and Rose made home. I know Marm—and Dad, too, perhaps—wants me to stay here till Rose comes back. She'll come some day, Rose will; I feel it, and she'll want me then. She'll need some one to be good to her, and there's none but Gracie to take her in. If she came and found me gone, and Marm and Dad dead, the whole world would be black to her. No, I'll stay till she comes."

And so she did, working in the shop as diligently as ever, living upon a bite of bread and sup of tea, and saving every penny possible against the time when Rose would return and claim her aid. And so life went on with the poor girl until Hagah, who never forsook her friend, persuaded her to share her quarters with her as she once did with her sister.

"I want to live here among the poor, my lamb," Hagah had said, "and to be with them like one of their own; to study them and get down into their ways, so I can help 'em a bit. I don't want them to think I set myself up as better than they, but to let them see I'm one like themselves, that can live on a bite and a sup and make no parade. Then I can help the women slick up a bit, and show them how to mend and cook a little and make things more comfortable. To be sure, they've got souls to save, and we'll be looking after them in a

little while, and holding meetings in the lane and down at the grog shop beyond, but it's first the bodies that we'll help, and we'll make life more comfortable for them; then we'll get into their souls' condition and waken 'em up to that."

And so it was settled that Hagah should share the home and its expense, and after coming to it quite a decided change was made for the better in its general appearance. The floors and window were scrubbed, and a coat of fresh paint put on the casings and doors by the deft hands of Hagah herself.

A curtain of coarse white muslin hung at the window, and a couple of rugs on the floor in front of the bed and door gave an air of comfort to the room, which was enhanced by the addition of two chairs and a table which Hagah found at a shop near by for a trifling sum, and which she painted herself.

A couple of growing plants in a box at the window, and one or two pictures on the wall, her own dearly-loved treasures, made the "Salvation" woman feel herself at home as she put them in place and surveyed them with critical eye; and to the two souls who dwell therein these humble quarters became a very Mecca of peace and harmony, to which they were glad to come after the wearying experiences of the outer life.

In time Hagah persuaded Grace to join the Army, and to mingle her soft, sweet voice in song at the meetings, or to raise it in pleading eloquence to some forlorn neighbor in the alley or outcast in the slums, who might listen to its earnest sweetness and be won from the paths of sin. And thus it happens that on this bleak November morn Grace Lee stands by the side of the dying man, who has been picked out of the gutter, and listens to the instructions of the rough, good-hearted man, who, because he was once picked out of an overturned ash barrel in the slums, and overbrought in his half-drunken state to the Barracks by "Corporal Jack," has been called "Ash-Barrel Jimmy" ever since, although now he is a sober, zealous worker in the ranks.

As Grace hurries away on her errand, not forgetting to secure the razor as she goes, Hagah turns her attention to the wounded man, sending the people about her on various errands for what she needs. They all know the lass well, and although some of them pay no attention to her when she feels called upon to pray for them, and have but little sympathy with her religious views, yet all hold her in respect, and not one of them but would go far and do much as a favor for her, or for her comrade, Grace.

Water, cloths, and other needful articles being brought, Hagah proceeded to bathe and bind up the wound, and to apply restoratives to the unconscious man. She was busy with these offices when Grace returned with the doctor, who, having become interested in and identified with the Army, did not disdain to wear its uniform, nor to work with its soldiers in the slums. He was an intelligent, well educated and experienced physician, was Doctor Rob, and it was with professional skill that he set about attending to this brother who had fallen by his own hand.

Half an hour of assiduous effort convinced the doctor that no skill could save the mutilated man, and a search in the poor, worn-out clothing for some token of his identity, brought to light a bit of soiled paper, on which these words were penciled in a trembling hand:

"Give my body to Potter's Field. It is worn out and starved by useless struggle and want. I have tramped far and near, and begged in vain for work to earn the bare means of subsistence. No one will give me the chance to earn even a dime. My poor wife and babies are starving to death in an old barn in Carver's field. God knows they are innocent of any wrong, and pure as heaven itself. But they are starving, and no one will give them bread, because I do not, and cannot, provide for them. If I take myself away, some one will pity and feed my precious ones. In all the world there is no one to pity poor Ned. I go to meet my God; to look him in the face, and ask him to account to me for the misery brought upon my innocent family. My only crime has been that I dare to contemplate self-murder, that some one may give food to my starving babes. I have lived an honest life. I wronged no man. I was industrious till I lost my arm and sickness fell upon me. Then no one would employ me; there are too many able bodied men vainly seeking employment for me to be given work."

"It is cold and dark. I have left Jennie and the babies to come out into the street, for I could not do the deed in their sight. Angels bless them. Good-by, old world."

Tears were streaming from the eyes of all as Hagah, in solemn tones, read the fatal words, and for a moment no one moved, then, with a tender voice, Doctor Rob said:

"Poor lad! poor lad! The world has much to answer for in its neglect of the suffering and sad. The old question comes home to us all in this sad hour, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

"Oh! why did not the poor boy come to us? Surely we would have helped him and the babes. The Army would have found him bread, and mayhap work could be had for him, though he looks like a skeleton, and could not ha' done much, I'm sure. But we would n't ha' let him and his starve," Hagah said, as she wiped her eyes, while poor Grace stood by the door, sobbing softly at the doleful scene.

The coroner was summoned, and an inquest held over the remains of poor Ned, which were then removed, as by common consent, to the Army Barracks, and laid out in decency by the few of that corps who had done their best to restore him to life.

A delegation, consisting of Hagah, Grace and Ash-Barrel Jimmy, were sent to Carver's field to break the news to the poor wife, and, if advisable, to remove her and her effects to the Barracks.

Here a scene of desolation met their eyes. Pat Murphy had departed to his own home in search of more help for the stricken family. The tiny dead baby still lay upon the old cloth covered box. Mrs. Haskins sat beside it with her face buried in her hands, while the twins crouched upon the pallet of straw, their white faces gleaming almost like shadows through the gloom of the old barn, while they munched a piece of bread which the Irishman had pulled for each of them from the loaf before he left.

It is impossible for us to depict the anguish with which poor Jennie received the news of her husband's death, or to show our readers the extent to which human misery can go in such an hour; suffice it for them to know that the woman and her babes, including the little inanimate, waxen form, which she clasped to her breast all the way, were taken to the Barracks, and there made as comfortable as circumstances would allow.

A permit having been received from the proper authorities, the Salvation Army held service over the remains of the poor suicide—

a simple and touching service that even poor sorely-ried, doubting Ned would not have objected to, had he been consulted, but which was lost on Jennie, who sat in stony despair by the side of the coffin remains of those she held so dear, and neither saw nor heard.

They were buried in one grave, the babe upon its father's breast, his one arm placed around the tiny form, and tender hands parted with their last dime to place a snowy blossom upon the bosom of the sleeping babe; while tearful eyes gave token of the milk of human kindness that flows in the hearts of even Poverty's own.

The affair was chronicled in the papers, and offers of help came to Jennie from several philanthropic persons who read the dire account. But the poor woman took no heed. Neither food nor drink had attraction for her now; sleep refused to visit her tortured brain. She was taken to the hospital and given every attention, but all in vain; in less than two weeks she, too, had passed into the vale of rest. The twins, Bennie and Ruth, were taken in charge by the authorities, and placed in a Children's Home, where, at least for the present, the little things would not be separated.

[To be continued.]

Mediums, Fakirs and Frauds.

Mediumship is a heavenly gift, and the medium who uses it for the good of humanity is worthy to be generously fed, liberally clothed and comfortably housed. Mediums should not need to take thought for to-morrow as to wherewithal they are to be fed or clothed or sheltered. They should not be occupied with such thoughts. To one who is I should say, in the words of an old-time medium, "Oh, thou of little faith."

I have never had a doubt but that all true, well-developed and devoted mediums would be sustained in their holy work without the necessity of making merchandise of their mediumship. They would not live luxuriously or accumulate an earthly fortune, but they would have all things necessary to their bodily wants in this world, and when they passed to the higher life they would find themselves rich in wealth that perisheth not but increaseth with the using.

If Spiritualism is to redeem the world from materialistic infidelity and all the vices, sins and crimes of avarice, and lift it to the plane of a true brotherhood, it will be done through the work of mediums, who live above the selfish plane of competition and avaricious commercialism, mediums whose unselfish devotion to the service of the angels and the truth of Spiritualism is such that there can be no ground for suspecting their sincerity or honesty. There would be no danger that such mediums would ever be classed with fakirs or frauds, or with those who supplement their mediumship for the sake of money, and who desire to be, and should be, classed with fakirs and frauds. Indeed, mediums who mix fraudulent phenomena with genuine are worse than those persons who are not mediums, nor even Spiritualists, but who profess to be both for the sake of gain. They are worse because they sin against light and knowledge, prostitute their divine gift of mediumship, and drive in sorrow from them all good spirits whose positions as guides and controls are taken by vicious spirits who delight in lies and in all forms of vice.

Mediums proven guilty of this unpardonable sin of mixing fraud with genuine spiritual phenomena should be denounced in the spiritual papers, driven from the ranks of Spiritualism, and henceforth classed with fakirs and frauds.

When mediumship is put on the high plane here suggested it will command universal respect; all intelligent and sincere people will be drawn to Spiritualism, and the world will be redeemed by its angelic phenomena and its humanitarian philosophy. Redeemed from materialistic infidelity, theological superstitions, and the crimes and vices which grow out of false and selfish systems of religion, government and sociology; redeemed from avarice and its brutal progeny, the various forms of cut-throat competitions, the cause of all injustice and of all poverty.

T. A. BLAND.

Boston, Mass.

To Explore the Antarctic.

On Friday evening the steam bark *Belgica*, commanded by Lieutenant de Gerlache, and destined for the South Pole, came up to the city and moored in the South Basin. Her arrival was announced by salutes from the fort at St. Anne (Tête de Flandre), and all the shipping in port was decorated in honor of the handsome little vessel. The boat's hull is protected by a formidable armor of the hardest possible wood as a protection against the pressure of Antarctic ice. At her bows she carries a powerful steel spur for cutting her way through icefields. The interior arrangements are cleverly made with a view of comfort, warmth and economy of space, for not a single corner is wasted. The cabins and saloons are heated from the engine rooms, and, as an extra precaution, layers of felt are laid in between all the partitions to prevent the heat from escaping.

The latest implements and machinery for whaling are adapted to the *Belgica*, whose appearance is quite unique, and whose barrel, perched on the top of her mast for the "look-out," catches the eyes of the curious. The *Belgica* registers two hundred and fifty tons, and makes seven knots with her one hundred and fifty horse-power engines, though with sails set she can easily make nine knots.

There is on board the usual stock of Arctic clothing, snowshoes, or "skis," and a splendid collection of the most modern scientific instruments, of which Mr. de Gerlache is extremely proud. Mr. Nyssens, Minister of Labor, visited the *Belgica* yesterday, and wished the party a hearty bon voyage. The Belgians are extremely proud of this proposed exploration, and a great deal of enthusiasm is manifested here.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The Small Voice."

It is supposed that there is "a small voice," a voice that does not come through the outward physical organs, but is deeper, truer—warning and instigating from an immutable basic standard.

The "small voice" is really the large voice. It is physically silent, but spiritually loud. Its purpose is good, for good, and ever instigating for greater good. Its whisperings never cease, its energy never rests.

It is a voice that is perfectly adapted to every individual's condition, circumstances, needs. It speaks in every vein, artery, bone, muscle, organ of the physical body. If persons would note and observe its warnings, health, harmony and happiness would be more universal.

The Infinite has the same care in every conscious entity it had in giving it birth. No individual born into conscious life is left, even for a moment, without an infinite Father's and Mother's tenderest care and formative childings.

Man is a network of telephones, telegraphs and phonographs. Communication is perpetual. Each part in the human system vies with each other, each thought is photographed and will be reproduced in the finer house which every person is building for future occupancy.

What kind of a house are you building? If low and groveling—half or quarter completed—you will occupy it; if high and diviner, you and your full self will be there to enjoy it.

Listen to "the small voice!" Observe Nature's notifications.—*Enterprise*.

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.

LYCEUM AND HOME DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. J. S. SOPER.

SPECIAL REQUEST.

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

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

MOTHER NATURE.

I am the preacher, very old teacher,
For the precious band
Of little people, under the steeple
Law Divine hath planned.
Now give attention while I make mention
Of these buds I brought;
Know every hour calls for a flower
From the realm of thought.
See these bright roses—Love's perfect posies;
Place one in each breast.
Wear it forever, part with it never;
Heed this kind behest.
Yon morning-glory tells a sweet story—
Life is one grand day,
Rapidly growing, daily bestowing
Blossoms on the way.
This little blue-bell can many truths tell
From within its cup.
Notice those points there, showing us just where
Life is taken up.
While in its chalice there is no malice,
For 'tis blue and white.
White is perfection, blue is affection;
Malice is but night.
That blossom yonder tells you to wander
Never from the right.
'Tis a tall sun-flower, telling of God's power
When you're in the light.
Yonder vine, trailing over the railing
Round that little mound,
Says to the weeping that in my keeping
Shall the lot be found.
Here is a token that I have spoken:
'Tis the flower of pain,
Given in kindness to relieve blindness
And to banish stain.
And though I hide you I'll never hide you;
On my word depend.
I'll never leave you, never deceive you;
KNOW THAT I'M YOUR FRIEND.
JULIA STEELMAN MITCHELL.
Newport, Ky.

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

What Makes Drunkards.

BY ED. S. VARNEY.

Some might say that what makes the drunkard is the drinking too much. But the real cause lies deeper. It is to be found in the idea that a man can drink a little all right, if he doesn't drink too much. But the trouble is, drinking people don't know how much is too much until they become intoxicated, and then they don't know anything. They are like some men I once read about, who were in a boat, and were trying to see how near they could come to the falls, and yet escape. Each time they rowed a little nearer, only just a little, until all of a sudden they were swept over the watery precipice, and drowned.
So it is with many young men. It seems pleasant to now and then take a social glass with a friend. It does no harm, they say; but by and by they get to liking the taste of the wine or the beer or the ale so well that they think they'll take one glass each day—just one, mark you. After a while they take two, then three glasses a day, to give them an appetite for each meal. Then they find that in the middle of the afternoon, and again in the middle of the afternoon, they hanker for another glass.
And thus, slowly but surely, the fatal habit fastens itself upon the drinker's appetite until he comes home drunk for the first time. Then he begins to see his danger and to struggle against his passion; but the more he struggles, the more intolerable his thirst becomes, and unless he succeeds in reforming (ninety-three per cent. fail), which is an extremely difficult thing to do, he drinks harder and harder, as many do, and becomes a miserable drunkard.
There have been many men, who, while drunk, have done cruel, wicked things; and yet those very men, when sober, have been known to be kind, good men; which proves that, no matter how good you may be, rum—if you don't let it alone—will make you bad. The only safe way is to sign the pledge and resolve never to begin the habit; never to drink the first glass.

In the Shadow of the Hedge.

There was nothing but noise and rush and roar and crowds of hurrying people surging up and down the square. He had grown so sick and tired of it all, and longed to be back on the old Connecticut farm, where there were refreshing green fields, and woods, and hills, and peace and quietness. It seemed a hundred years since he left home suddenly, after a violent quarrel, and came to New York, smarting from wounded pride, determined to make his way and go back to the old home in a few years, rolling in wealth, and flaunt it in their faces.
But, somehow or other, it had n't come out as he thought it would. It had not been so easy to make his way in great New York. His two-weeks' experience had taught him that. And now he was reduced to his last cent, and was footsore and weary from long tramping through the city's hot streets, searching for work. The sun beat down on the square with unrelenting energy, and the asphalt felt soft and sticky to his feet. The reflected light from the buildings around him, and the glare from the streets and sidewalks dazzled and sickened him, and he thought of how cool and shady it was under the sycamores by Mobley's branch across the pasture. He would have given worlds to dip his feet into the creek again and cool them.
He thought he had been very foolish, and he almost resolved to turn back; but the lines about his mouth tightened and his pride reasserted itself. At last, from sheer weariness, he sank down on the stone bench in the square, under the shade of a row of hedge bushes. It was some little relief, at any rate, from the burning sun. He was hungry, but he was too tired to get up and try to find something to eat. His head sank down on one shoulder, and he fell fast asleep.
Through the square from down town came a man who was totally at variance with his surroundings. He wore a rusty brown suit of what are vaguely known as "store clothes," and the beard that grew from under his chin proclaimed the farmer. He had a hard, set face, with thin lips that tightened as he walked. He glanced constantly from right to left with a point almost opposite the stone bench when he suddenly gave a start, as his eyes fell on the figure of the boy in the shadow of the hedge. As he looked, his face grew set and stern, and he took a swift step forward. Then the hard look melted out of his face, and a look almost of tenderness replaced it. The youngster had looked so much like he used to when asleep in the old trundle-bed at home.
The man laid his hand on the boy's arm,

and the boy stirred and woke. He stared wonderingly.
"Jimmy," said the old man, huskily, "yer mother wants ye to come home. And," after a pause, "so do I."—New York Telegram.

Little Pitchers.

Children have the faculty of hearing and seeing much more than their elders would believe possible. They are too guileless to be hypocritical, but it seems natural to them to listen to and observe all that passes in their presence while they appear outwardly demure and inattentive.

The average parents are not careful enough as to what they say to one another and about other people in the presence of the little ones. One grown woman confesses to having all her life distrusted a friend of the family because of something she heard her mother say years ago. She remarked to her husband: "Bob said he would be here to dinner to-night, but, as usual, he did not let his promise keep him from staying away."

It was said carelessly of a man who was so intimate in the family as to come and go at his pleasure. The child, listening, decided in her heart that "Bob" had broken his promise. "As usual," mamma had said. That must mean that he often lied—that he was, in fact, a liar. And this belief she was never wholly able to shake off.

Another child was present when the morning's mail was brought in. Her father tore open a business envelope, and glanced over a bill enclosed in it. Then he tossed it across the table to his wife, with an exclamation of impatience:

"There is J—'s bill. It is even larger than I expected it to be. I cannot pay it this month. I simply have n't the money in bank."

Terror struck, the child left the room. Matters had come to a fearful pass. Her father could not pay his debts; he would be sent to prison as soon as it was found out.

All day long the little one watched from her nursery windows for the sheriff she thought would come to "sell them out."

So uncommunicative are children that she said nothing to her mother of her fears, until at bedtime, when she was tucked into her cot—she caught her mother around the neck, and sobbed out:

"Oh, mamma, do you suppose this is our last night at home? Shall we have to go to the poorhouse to-morrow?"
Then it was all told, and mamma explained that papa spoke hastily, that he could meet all his obligations, that the bill he had received that morning would be paid in good time, etc., until the little girl, feeling as if she had been snatched back from the very doors of the poorhouse, sank to sleep. But though she has now children of her own, she has never forgotten that dreadful day, and cannot say too much in condemnation of the practice of speaking thoughtlessly where there is even one very little pitcher with big ears.—Harper's Bazar.

A LITTLE BOY'S LAMENT.

I'm going back down to grandpa's;
I don't come back no more,
To hear the remarks about my feet
A muddly up the floor.
They're too much said about my clothes,
The scoldin's never done—
I'm going back down to grandpa's,
Where a boy kin hev some fun.

I dug up half his garden
A gittin' worms for bait;
He said he used to like it
When I laid ated so late;
He said that pie was good for boys,
An' candy mace 'em grow.
Er I can't go to grandpa's
I'll turn pirate first you know.

He did n't make me comb my hair
But once or twice a week;
He was n't watchin' out fer words
I did n't orter speak;
He told me stories bout the war,
And injuns shot out West.
Oh! I'm gold' down to grandpa's,
Fer he knows wot boys like best.

He even run a race with me,
But had to stop an' cough;
He rode my bicycle, and laughed
Bee'us he tumbled off;
He knew the early apple-trees
Around within a mile.
Oh! grandpa was a dandy,
An' was 'in it' all the while.

I bet you grandpa's a lonesome,
I do n't care what you say;
I seen him kinder cryin'
When you made me come away.
When you talk to me of heaven,
When all the good folks go,
I guess I'll go to grandpa's,
An' we'll have good times, I know.

—Stonycity Tribune.

"Young People's Spiritualist Association."

Below will be found a list of the volunteer members of the Young People's Spiritualist Association, and it is published for the purpose of inducing correspondence between members.

In the meantime a constitution is being drawn up by the members of the Committee on Organization, which, upon completion, will be published.

In brief, the purpose of the organization is to band the young Spiritualists of the country together. They are desired to correspond, and to become better acquainted with one another, to form local chapters or divisions where practicable, and incidentally to derive enjoyment out of their correspondence.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

1. Miss D. P. Hughes, Wheatland, Mich.;
2. Miss Clara Marsh, Rochester, Mich.;
3. Miss Mary Roderick, Rock Island, Ill.;
4. Miss Jeanette Roderick, Rock Island, Ill.;
5. Miss Meedie V. Shafer, Arkansas City, Kan.;
6. Miss Myrtle Bales, Dwight, Butler Co., Neb.;
7. Miss Emily Mittel, Bluffton, S. C.;
8. Miss Ida Schlegelmilch, Hardeeville, S. C.;
9. Mrs. A. E. Alford, 16 Church street, Pawtucket, R. I.;
10. Miss Eva M. Girdley, Southampton, Mass.;
11. Miss Minnie Bales, Dwight, Butler Co., Neb.;
12. Mr. Geo. F. Richardson, (Box 714), Sigourney, Ia.;
13. Mr. W. Fred Morris, Iuka, Miss.;
14. Mr. Geo. D. Fairbanks, North Reading, Mass.;
15. Mr. Wm. W. Marugg, (Room 421), Cheesman Block, Denver, Col.;
16. Mr. C. F. Allen, Colosse, N. Y.;
17. Mr. Harry E. Jones, (Box 106), North Reading, Mass.;
18. Mr. Herman Schlegelmilch, Hardeeville, S. C.;
19. Mr. Leon Hewes, Hermon, Penobscot Co., Me.;
20. Mr. Elliott D. Johnston, (Box 558), Tyler, Tex.;
21. Mr. Wm. G. Dudley, 215 State street, Hartford, Ct.;
22. Mr. Clarence S. Tisdale, Arkansas City, Kan.;
23. Mr. Lester Tegardine, Indianapolis, Ind.;
24. Mr. C. C. Durkee, Colorado Springs, Col.;
25. C. Aug. Mittel, Bluffton, S. C.

(Am not sure of Mr. Tisdale's address, but a letter addressed as given will doubtless reach him.—C. A. M.)

Puzzle.

Whole, I am a delicious fruit; take off my head, and I am a plant; behold me again, and I am an animal; transpose me now, and I am a seed. ANNE PICKFORD.
New London, Ct.

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

Prof. Crookes's and Prof. James's Adopted Explanation of Telepathy.

BY PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.

All phenomena are the outcome of matter and motion, and, hence, mechanism is the key to everything. Science, in endeavoring to explain any phenomenon, is simply endeavoring to discover the machinery by which it is brought about—that combination of matter or that arrangement of material things which induces the phenomenon, and without which it could not occur. This is true in the world of mind as well as in the world of matter.

The electrician does not understand electricity because he does not know its mechanism—the forms which the ether assumes and the nature of the relation of those forms to material things in the production of electric and magnetic manifestations. This is the solution toward which all his inquiries are directed. Nobody understands gravitation. This is equivalent to saying that nobody understands the mode or state of the ether, together with that relation of it to attracting bodies, which makes gravitation, not an inherent property of matter, but a necessary outcome of the relations of matter and the ether—the mechanism of the universe. We do not understand the mind because we do not understand its organization. Take a single example. Who can explain the phenomena of memory? We can explain the phenomena of memory, for there is the machine, which we can take apart and can see that it must necessarily be able to repeat the sonorous undulations that have once been impressed upon it. Not so with the mind's memory, however. We know nothing of its mechanism, and hence we do not understand it.

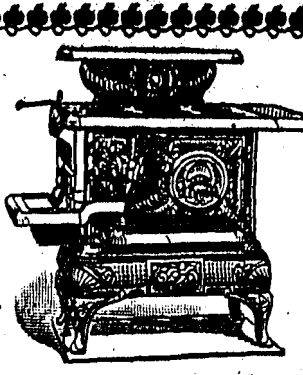
I stand before a modern printing press, and I see a great roll of paper unwinding itself into the press at one end, while from the other there comes out an endless sheet of paper, filled upon both sides with printed intelligences. This I can understand; for, when I examine that wonderfully complex apparatus of wheels and cogs and cylinders and ink rollers, I see that, when it is put in motion and properly fed, there must necessarily issue from it that great volume of printed thoughts—more in a minute than a man can read in a week. On the other hand, I stand before a public speaker, who pours out of his mouth a continuous stream of noises, called words, symbols of thoughts and ideas of the most varied and complex kinds, which are not simply run into him and then run out again, but are somehow made up in his own mind, and before they arise in consciousness, or as they so arise, they modify each other by hereditary and educational influences, by the temperature of the air, the dinner that he ate, the whiskey that he drank, the fit of colic that seizes him, the stage fright that overtakes him, the shouts of applause that encourage him, and the hundred other external and internal influences that affect him, all of which ideas and thoughts, when matured, or simultaneously as they mature, are put into the form of words and poured out of his mouth as mere air waves, but so ordered and related that, in their effects upon my auditory nerves and finally upon my brain, the sensations are reproduced by me in my own mind, and I thus tell myself what he is saying. We have got so used to such things that we have lost sight of their stupendous, amazing, and overwhelming nature. Nobody can give us their mechanism—nobody can explain them. Nobody can give us the mechanism even of a single thought or idea, so that, granting such mechanism in motion, we could perceive that such thought or such idea must necessarily arise in the mind.

Telepathy is one of the most abstruse subjects that has ever been brought to the attention of the scientific world. Thought-transference, nevertheless, must be regarded as demonstrated by an abundance of well-authenticated facts, so that we find able and distinguished scientists trying to explain it—not to explain it away. With its usual gigantic hardness, the untrained, unscientific mind has long ago helped us to an explanation of it which, now and then, makes its appearance in the current literature of the day, particularly in the spiritual papers and other journals that handle psychic phenomena. That explanation amounts briefly to this: All thought is molecular brain vibration, which throws the ether into waves that flow out in all directions from brain to brain, and thus one brain is stimulated to the production of thought-vibrations, just like those which originated in another. This theory has been adopted quite recently by two able and distinguished scientists, Prof. Wm. Crookes and Prof. Wm. James. It does not explain Telepathy, however. It does not make the phenomena of thought-transference any more comprehensible to us than they are without it, because it does not give us a mechanism which we can understand, and which we can perceive must be capable of producing the phenomena under consideration. We could not understand ordinary telegraphing or telephoning simply by being told that waves of the ether can be produced between different places. The waves must be converted from their state of diffusion in all directions to a single line of travel, and thus be guided from one specific place to another, by a wire, or its equivalent, which is a part of the necessary machinery. Then there must be a certain mechanism at the receiving end of the wire, and a corresponding mechanism at the delivering end; and the nature of these two terminal mechanisms determines whether the matter sent and delivered shall be dot-and-dash words, type-printed words, spoken words, reproduced handwriting, reproduced pictures, an electric light, or power to run a saw-mill or any other machinery. None of these things, however, that is, neither the dot-and-dash words, the type-printed words, the electric light, etc., are on the wire. There is nothing on or along the wire but something in motion, call it ether-waves, and the wire simply facilitates their transmission to a certain mechanism, which mechanism the ether-waves cause to produce words, pictures, handwriting, lights, or power in general, according to its structure.

Now, in the case of that explanation of thought-transference which we are considering, where is the first element of the necessary machinery? Where is the wire, or anything that corresponds to it, or can answer its purpose in conveying ether-waves from one specific mind to another? There is none? But granting that there are such, or supposing that, in the act of thought, the thinking mind or brain sends out waves in all directions and that some minds or brains are so adjusted at times, or at all times, as to be affected by those waves, then what happens? Those waves, by analogy with those of telegraphing, telephoning, etc., already referred to, are simply waves, and not thoughts or ideas. Now, when and how do such waves produce in the receiving mind thoughts and ideas similar to, or precisely like, those that arose in the mind in which they first originated? We do not know; and upon this point the proposed explanation throws no light whatever. As we have already pointed out, we do not understand the phenomena of mind because we do not understand the mechanism of mind; but it is this very mechanism of the minds which are at the two ends of the line of thought-transference that must be understood before we can understand how the ether-waves can give rise to thoughts in the receiving mind similar to, or precisely like, the thoughts of the originating mind. Before we can explain thought-transference, therefore, we must be able to explain thought itself; but to explain thought we must, as already shown, know its mechanism. Such knowledge is nowhere in sight, and being apparently a great way off, it would be for us, while awaiting the facts of telepathy, to patiently wait till observation and experiment shall bring it within our easy comprehension without so many and such severe strains upon our credulity and our imagination.

The most that can be said in favor of the theory of telepathy which we have been dis-

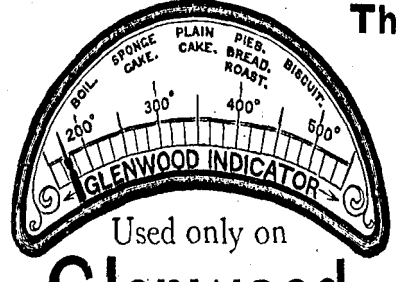
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cusssing, is that it calls the attention of the skeptical scientist to the very obvious fact that the ether contains the possibility of telepathy, just as it is now contended by some of our ablest men that it contains the possibility of gravitation. To insist upon it, however, too often or too anxiously in that sense, when we ourselves regard it not merely as a possibility but as a demonstrated actuality, is to humiliate ourselves by using it somewhat in the nature of an apology to the scientific world for our believing what it disbelieves, repudiates and almost execrates. In this age of the world, however, it is hardly necessary for any one to cringe or apologize for believing and advocating what he thinks to be true.

The Reviewer.

CRYSTAL-GAZING AND THE WONDERS OF CLAIRVOYANCE. By John Melville.

To those who are interested in the development of psychic powers by means of crystal-gazing, the above-named work, by John Melville, will be of much value. In a Boston Sunday Post of recent date a scientist announced that by means of a powerful microscope he had discovered in the crystal a low form of life similar to that seen in water. The author of this work traces the origin of the crystal and its connection with the spiritual world, with hints and warnings as to its use.

The Beryl has found most favor for the purposes of "crystal-gazing," or divination through the medium of "crystal gazing." The Beryl, says the writer, "contains Ozide of Iron, a substance presenting the strongest affinity for Magnetism, and when we also remember the strict injunctions of the ancient occultists to utilize crystal only during the increase of the moon, the idea naturally suggests itself that the connecting link between the crystal and the spiritual world is MAGNETISM, attracted to and accumulated in or around the crystal by the iron infused throughout its constitution, and that the greater the increase of the moon the greater consequently is the supply and accumulation of the lunar magnetism in the crystal."

He then proceeds to answer the further question, which naturally arises: "How is the operator placed in rapport with the crystal globe, sphere or ovoid, or, in other words, what is the secret or *modus operandi* of bringing the inquirer or experimenter into direct contact with the crystal, and, through its medium, with the unseen world?"

In the appendix the subject "Hygienic Clairvoyance" is handled in a very novel and interesting manner. It consists of an abridgement of Jacob Dixon's work on that subject, with various extracts and original notes.

It is claimed that, although this may appear to be a new idea to modern readers, it was a familiar one to such men as the ancient Grecian philosophers, Pythagoras and Plato, Hippocrates ("the Father of Physics"), Asclepius, Mores, the Essenes (a Jewish sect), Celsus (the great Roman physician), and many others.

The book is published by Nichols & Co., 23 Oxford street, London, W.

An excellent pamphlet of fifty-five pages entitled "THE INFIDELITY OF ECCLESIASTICISM, A Menace to American Civilization," from the pen of Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood, of Chicago, Ill., has been received at this office. Its perusal can but benefit every earnest seeker for truth. It is dedicated "to the statesmen, to the philosophers, and to the thinkers of America," with the assurance that America must be free, that the rights of man may be respected.

Prof. Lockwood premises "that all conceptions of a religious nature that do not conform to the formulas of inductive reasoning and scientific verification, those that depend upon a sentiment of credulity and faith rather than upon analysis and common sense, those that invite superstition rather than seek demonstration, partake of the nature of a barbarism more than of the formula of civilization; since they represent no data consonant with human reason, knowledge or truth. If, then, a true civilization depends upon the mental unfolding of its units in keeping with data capable of analysis upon the known truth, it will follow that any system of thought or instruction not conformatory to this progression is subversive to knowledge and man's mental and moral development." From these premises, Prof. Lockwood presents an able and thoroughly logical argument, proving that the Orthodox Christians are the only real infidels, because of their bigoted refusal to recognize scientific truths. He says: "Civilization knows no greater infidel than he who is unfaithful to a demonstrated truth."

"The Fall of Man," "What is an Allegory?" "The Deluge," "The March into the Ark," and "The Bible Era of the Annihilation of the Soul," are the catchy titles to the several chapters or divisions of the work, in each of which the reader will find many sparkling gems of thought. The careful perusal of this work will make the average reader do some original thinking, and will present to his mind many facts with which he has been unacquainted hitherto. It is a valuable work, and every progressive thinker should have a copy. Published by the author, 40 Loomis street, Chicago, Ill.

New York.

BROOKLYN.—J. C. F. Grumbine writes: "I opened the fall and winter course of lectures before the Woman's Progressive Union in the new hall, Walsh's Academy, on Classon avenue, Sept. 5, before very large and auspicious audiences. The subjects at both services were 'Fundamental Tenets of Spiritualism' and 'Spiritualism a Necessity for a Definition and Interpretation of Truth.'"

I am stopping at 309 Greene avenue, Brooklyn, where I can be consulted for classes and teachings in development.

All who are interested in the publications and approved literature of the order of the White Rose can send for circulars. Only earnest ones should reply. I will be in Brooklyn the whole month, leaving for Norwich, Ct., for October, where I dedicate the new Temple."

Mrs. M. E. Williams's Seances.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As a frequent attendant at Mrs. M. E. Williams's seances, I take great pleasure in informing you that they have been quite successful during the months of summer, and that those given every Tuesday and Sunday evening were more than generously patronized by Spiritualists and investigators. Commencing with next Saturday, it is her intention to resume the Saturday afternoon seances, which will make three seances a week—namely, Tuesday evening, Saturday afternoon and Sunday evening.

The character of the manifestations at Mrs. Williams's is most convincing, from even a physical standpoint. Not alone do the dear friends return in a tangible condition, but they also give such satisfactory tests to their friends, that they are the same they knew in earth-life, that the most skeptical investigators become firm believers after three or four seances. Speaking for myself, I can truly say that I have had the most convincing proofs that my friends and immediate relatives have returned to me, and the conversations I have held with the latter on my private family affairs would have converted the most dogged skeptic, could he but have had my experience.

However, it is the philosophical teachings that emanate from the cabinet guides that most strongly appeal to the intellectual portion of Mrs. Williams's patrons. From them we learn that "Religion, as an aspiration after God and a desire for union with him, is grounded on the relation of the human spirit to the Divine, and arises from a necessity in our nature as intellectual and spiritual beings. The ideal of religion, the infinitude of thought and goodness latent within us, is capable of infinite expansion. But while on the one hand it must dwarf every actual attainment of goodness and knowledge, and so remain forever unrealized, yet on the other hand the infinite nature of man is always reaching toward its complete realization. The spiritual life of man not only foreshadows an ideal that forbids us to remain satisfied with the present, it also imparts the impulse to make our actual life adequate to its ideal form."

These are the teachings of a philosopher, not of a religionist; for every spirit with whom I have held converse has said "that all religions are man-made, and that their supreme object is to save us from suffering, which in nearly every instance is brought out by our violation of some natural law." "Cease to do evil; learn to do well," is what Spiritualism teaches, and every intelligent Spiritualist knows that each man has to work out his own salvation for himself, without the mediation of a priest or parson.

JOHN W. THOMPSON.
New York, Sept. 5, 1897.

Massachusetts.

MANCHESTER.—Elizabeth S. Doig writes of a clairvoyant reading which she obtained through the mediumship of J. C. F. Grumbine: "The reading is correct in every detail. It just seems as if they who gave the reading through you had lived with me all my life." Mr. Grumbine's announcement of teachings and how to develop seership and adeptship so as to become an accurate psychometrist, clairvoyante, seer, and a fine, successful healer, can be seen on another page.

For Heavy, Sluggish Feeling

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It produces healthy activity of weak or disordered stomachs that need stimulating, and acts as a tonic on nerves and brain.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home in M. Allen, Aug. 31st, MRS. HATTIE E. ALLEN of Boston, daughter of Dr. Julia Crafts Smith, aged 47 years and 3 months.

Her sickness was long and weary, continuing for many months, but her belief and faith in Spiritualism sustained her. She was a medium of great musical ability, and very sensitive. Heart disease and dropsy removed our darling; but God's loving hand and ministering spirits planned the great surprise which awaited us. Everett A. Allen, her son, 26 years old, had been an inmate of the hospital at Medford, for five years, as an epileptic, which had caused his mother much sorrow. When he returned from the latter's funeral on Thursday, we found a telegram stating that he had passed away that morning. His remains were laid beside those of his mother on Saturday, at Cedar Grove Cemetery, Dorchester. JULIA CRAFTS SMITH.
15 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

From his home in Montreal, on Sunday, Aug. 29, very suddenly, Mr. GEORGE STACY, an old pioneer in the spiritual ranks, in the 78th year of his age.

In the early days of the movement in Vermont, Mr. Stacy was among the first to be convinced of the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy, holding circles in his own home he resided at that time in Burlington, Vt. His wife, being an excellent writing medium; and in conjunction with such noble women as Ascha W. Sprague, Mrs. Townsend-Wood and others, he worked faithfully and zealously for the cause so dear to him. Many years after he removed to Montreal, where he was almost the only known Spiritualist in that great city.
He was a man of integrity and honest purpose, beloved and respected by all who knew his great kindness of heart, benevolence, and love for suffering humanity. His health failing, he retired from active business six years ago; but in hours of weakness the sublime truths he had so long believed in upheld and comforted him, and he passed to the higher, grander life without a fear.

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

DESCRIPTIVE MENTALITY. BY PROF. HOLMES WHITTIER MERTON. Furnishing a concise and practical method of learning to read the character, habit, and capacities of the mental faculties from their definite signs in the head and face and hand. Illustrated by eighteen pages of photo-engravings and halftones of the head and face, made by the author expressly for this book, with a complete descriptive chart of the mental faculties and their cultivation. In its treatment of Palmistry, there are thirteen full pages of drawings, so arranged that each sign is named upon the drawing, and nearly four hundred signs are thus given and self-explanatory; reference to the text is thus made secondary, and often unnecessary. Any persons, by comparing their own hands with the drawings, can see at once their own nature and destiny as portrayed by their signs, lines, and markings that are present in their hands. The aim has been to widen the general view of life, to teach a valuable art, and to present a new and interesting source of amusement.
176 large pages, clear type. Paper, 50 cents.
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THE SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY OF MATERIALIZATION. Inspirational guide through "WAVE LIFE." J. C. F. Grumbine, by SPIRIT THOMAS STARR KING.
Price 15 cents.
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, SPECIAL NOTICE.

The BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 12 Bowditch Street, Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail. **TERMS CASH.**—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by full or at least half cash; the balance, if any, must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must 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.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of "impartial" free thought, but we do not endorse all the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give utterance.

Notation 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.

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TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

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

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

Spiritual Charlatanism.

Cassius M. Richmond, son of B. W. Richmond of exposed fame in 1853, shows what he does not know about spiritual phenomena in the September number of the *Metropolitan Magazine* under the above title. It is one of those peculiar cases of self-hypnotism that are constantly occurring in this country, through which ignorant people are led to believe themselves endowed with omniscience. Dr. Richmond manifests the egotism of sublime ignorance through his entire article. He knows not the first principles of Spiritualism, either in its phenomenal, scientific, philosophical or religious aspects. He claims that every phenomenon is but a trick of legerdemain, and that he explained away, by aid of mechanical contrivances, every spiritualistic manifestation ever produced in the presence of mediums.

This statement alone proves him to be entirely ignorant of his subject. What such eminent scientists as Crookes, Hare, Wallace, Zöllner and Fichte proved to be spirit power by actual demonstration, this bumpkin egotist boastfully asserts that he has fully explained away! To the intelligent Spiritualist this statement carries its own refutation, but to those who are not Spiritualists some words are necessary in order that they may not be misled by his absurd assumptions.

He says the raps were produced by the toe-joints of the Fox sisters, and that they confessed the same to a Catholic priest after the learned (?) Dr. Richmond had discovered their secret (?)! His own statement that the priest was a close friend of his, is proof enough to reasoning minds that some one, at the dictation of the Catholic church, paid the unfortunate sisters a large sum of money for their so-called confession. This view of the case is strengthened by the subsequent statements of both Mrs. Kane and Mrs. Jencken, who said that they were bribed to make the confession upon which Dr. Richmond bases his argument.

His next point is that mediums always work in a dark room, as their operations cannot stand the light of day. Every sensible person living knows full well that the greater portion of the phenomena occurs in the light. Even materialization has been produced under a blazing electric light. The trumpet séance is one of the few exceptions, but even in this case, Dr. R. knows nothing of the *modus operandi* of the work. In the case of the genuine trumpet medium, no "telescope horn" is used, nor does the medium touch it during the séance. The capious doctor has merely set up a man of straw, and proceeded to knock him down under the pleasing delusion that he is demolishing Spiritualism in so doing.

Table-tipping, levitation, slate-writing are all "explained" away by this learned ignoramus in a way that would make even a deaf and dumb man laugh loudly. Table-tipping and levitation are accomplished by means of an instrument hidden in the palm of the medium's hand! What wonderful prescience this man possesses! Every one who has ever heard of table-tipping and levitation well knows that thousands of tables, and other ponderable bodies, have been moved and lifted without mortal hands being anywhere near them. Witness D. D. Home, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, J. Frank Baxter, and other reliable mediums in hundreds of experiments in the presence of thousands of intelligent people, some of whom were as bigoted and as bitterly prejudiced as is Dr. Richmond against Spiritualism.

The "ring trick," as he calls it, is of no consequence; it plays no important part in spiritualistic phenomena in any direction. "Slate-

writing is produced by the use of the double slate by the medium," says this arrogant (?) of modern times. This statement is as false as his ignorance is dense. Thousands of people have taken their own slates into scores of séance-rooms, and never permitted them to leave their hands, nor allowed the medium to touch them, yet found them full of writing upon opening the slates. The doctor should post himself before he attempts to explain slate-writing by any such puerile means.

Our readers will note that he has thus far failed to account for one genuine phenomenon. Clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, trance-mediumship, etc., are not mentioned by him, yet he claims every phase of mediumship is a trick, pure and simple, that he has thoroughly exploded! A learned writer, who is opposed to Spiritualism, has recently said: "He who doubts the fact of clairvoyance is a fool." Dr. Richmond will find cold comfort in these words of one of his own fraternity.

When the doctor is posted in regard to Spiritualism, he may have something to say to the public about it. As it is, his present screed only reveals his own puerile ignorance, his bitter prejudice and utter disregard of fact. It will not harm him to study the subject upon which he purposes writing hereafter, because he might then stumble upon one or two facts of real merit which would remove much of the odium that always comes to the one who tries to teach that which he does not know. Spiritualism loses nothing by such assaults as he has made upon it. He has simply succeeded in placing himself in a most unenviable light before the world by assuming a position of superior wisdom not demonstrated by anything in fact, nor warranted by logical inference or deduction. Like the cuttle fish, when pursued by an enemy, he has emitted an inky fluid by which he hopes to blind the eyes of his opponents and turn them from their search for truth. His hope will be vain, however, for men and women of intelligence are not turned away from Truth by any questionable means, nor are they afraid of the ink of the cuttle-fish, even if it be momentarily discomfiting. Spiritualism is here to stay, and Dr. Richmond will have to make the most of that fact.

Cremation.

The subject of cremation is one in which all progressive people should feel a deep interest. It is growing in popular favor in all sections of the United States, and it is only a question of time when interments in tombs, vaults or in the earth will be forbidden by law. New Orleans today would be an hundredfold healthier were cremation now enforced in that city. The burial of bodies in marble or granite tombs above ground, and the placing of corpse after corpse in the same receptacle, cannot fail to affect the health of that city. It is true that in some cemeteries there the bodies are placed in shallow graves, but the result is even worse in such cases than interments in tombs.

The odors in some of the finest cemeteries in New Orleans are horrible beyond description. The cement often cracks, the bricks and stones become disarranged, and lizards, hideous reptiles, insects and worms feed at will upon the bodies of the dead. It is fearful to contemplate. The souls of surviving friends are filled with unspeakable anguish as they dwell upon the fate of the forms of their loved ones who have gone. It is useless to say it does not matter to the departed spirit what becomes of its body. The spirit does care, for a progressive soul does not wish his cast-off garment of flesh to imperil the health of the city or community where he formerly lived. Nor can surviving friends find comfort in the thought that the spirit is the all and body nothing. The home of the spirit is visible to their senses, and they loved it; they grieve over its decay, and such ones would find cremation a sure relief from much of their suffering.

An epidemic visited a city many years since, and swept away thousands of its people. A chemical examination of the water used by the citizens showed the fatal fever germs in nearly every drop. The cause was sought, and found in the fact that eighty thousand graves in hillside cemeteries drained directly into the river from which the water came. Had these thousands of bodies been cremated, the violent removal from earth of so many worthy men and women would have been obviated. This would prove true of all localities, whether in the city, town or hamlet. Vitiated water can often be traced to cemeteries.

Cremation is kindness to the loved ones who go from our midst. It precludes all danger of being buried alive. The heat of the crematory is so great that if life were not wholly extinct, it would be immediately destroyed without pain. A sad instance is on record, illustrating this point very vividly. A young lady fell ill in one of our large cities, and passed into a state of catalepsy. Her father and immediate friends pronounced her dead; indeed, so she seemed to all intents and purposes. But her mother maintained that her child was not dead, but in the coma of trance. She begged to keep the body for several days, that she might prove her claims to be true. But the father, the physicians and others insisted that the body should be buried. This decision so affected the mother that she was taken violently ill, and was confined to her bed for over two weeks.

As soon as she had recovered, she hired two men to open her daughter's grave for her. What was their horror to find the glass broken in the casket, the flesh lacerated, the hair torn out by handfuls, and other indications of the torture undergone by the unfortunate girl ere her spirit was freed from its body. The mother forced her way to the casket, and, upon perceiving that her worst fears were realized, uttered a piercing shriek, and became a raving maniac. She is to-day hopelessly insane, and is confined in one of the asylums of the land. Perhaps pitying Nature is kind in thus making her oblivious to the mental torture that would have been hers had she remained in her right mind. Of the other relatives, it can only be said that their remorse for their criminal haste came too late.

This chapter of horrors would never have been enacted had proper medical skill been engaged in the first place; nor would its terrible consequences have followed to the mother and family had the body been cremated. Premature burials are not infrequent, and cremation is the only safeguard against them. Cremation is nature's method of disposing of effete matter in more ways than one. The cleansing power of fire is well known to all, and its effect as applied through the cremation of the bodies of the dead cannot be otherwise than in the interest of sanitation, hence beneficial to all.

In Re Joseph Kelley.

The story of Joseph Kelley, the murderer of Cashier Stickney of Somersworth, N. H., as told in the columns of the *Boston Herald* of the 8th inst., in a highly sensational manner, is full of suggestions for the thoughtful in more ways than one. His claim that he sold himself to the devil some fourteen years ago will cause only an incredulous smile to rise to the lips of the man or woman of intelligence and reason. The puerile religious zeal, ignorant and superstitious to the highest degree, may accept Kelley's story as a literal statement of fact. In the present age of enlightenment, no sensible man will for a moment entertain the thought that a personified being, called the devil, ever appeared to Kelley and purchased his soul for certain services to be rendered by him on earth.

His expressed wish that he may be hanged in January, 1899, is but the sensational finale to a tale too transparent to be seriously considered by people of ordinary intelligence. He knows that New Hampshire's laws make his life the penalty of his crime. He must therefore hang one year from the date of his sentence, and his plea for execution in January of '99 is only a subterfuge to give further coloring to his improbable statements. It is even suggested that his story was prompted by the influence of his attorneys, in order to furnish them grounds for the plea of insanity, hoping thereby to save him from the extreme penalty of the law. The plea of insanity has saved many a villain far more desperate than Kelley from receiving his just deserts in our highest courts of justice. In fact, a criminal with money can establish almost any plea he may choose to make in our modern courts. The execution of the wife murderer, millionaire Arthur Duestrow, in St. Louis, is the exception that proves the rule.

Even in Duestrow's case, his money secured many delays of his trial, and caused no little expense to the State. Had he been a poor man, he would have been convicted at once, and sent to the gallows for his crime. Kelley has no money to aid him, hence he will undoubtedly be speedily convicted and sentenced to death. Under New Hampshire law, there is no other alternative. So long as legal murders are continued, just so long may we expect the horrors of homicides. Capital punishment is a relic of barbarism and the open doorway to all sorts of criminal actions. The psychological influence of a murderer in the form, incarcerated in some reformatory, is far less than that of the one out of the form, who returns to earth to glut his thirst for vengeance. The latter, as a spirit, can cast his spell over the minds of many, and induce them to commit the most heinous of crimes.

In view of this fact, THE BANNER feels that imprisonment for life at hard labor, without the possibility of a pardon, should be the penalty for murder. The earnings of this class, over and above the cost of their actual support, should go to aid the families of their victims, if they have any. When this is done, the people of earth will have begun to reform their criminal classes themselves. As it is now, they throw the responsibility off upon the spirit-world, and endeavor to compel some one else to do their work for them. This proves them to be moral cowards, who are wholly indifferent to the welfare and progress of society or the individual. Two wrongs never made one right, and murder, be it homicide or sanctioned by law, is yet a crime. When the principles of Spiritualism are understood, even approximately, by the world, capital punishment will be speedily abolished.

The devil of Joseph Kelley is to be found within his own soul. What implanted the spirit of evil in his nature is a problem for psychology to solve. The pre-natal influences that surrounded him, the restraints placed around him in boyhood, the environments of his home and neighborhood, must all be considered. The study of these questions will lead to many interesting discoveries. The devil within is often nurtured by the carelessness of parents and by the indifference of the community. It is sometimes developed by society, through cajolery and flattery. Ambition may also develop the devil in the individual. Indeed, in this respect Tito Melema does not stand alone. If the voice of conscience is suppressed, if the warnings of love are unheeded, if reason is mocked at, if desire and passion are given full rein, if honor is held in slight esteem, the individual will soon find himself under the control of a most tyrannical devil. If, however, he listens to the pleadings of Right, and sets his will firmly against wrong, all devils may be cast out, and his life on earth made a blessing to human kind.

Dr. Sherman N. Aspinwall.

The transition of Dr. Aspinwall removes one of the most prominent figures in our movement in the great Northwest. For many years he has stood at the front as an earnest Spiritualist, and has done all in his power to promote the welfare of the Cause. He was one of the pioneers in the work of establishing the Northwestern Campmeeting, and acted as its President the greater portion of the time since its incorporation. Failing health induced him to withdraw from that important office at the election in July of this year, when he was succeeded by Hon. O. J. Johnson.

Dr. Aspinwall applied business methods to his work as the executive officer of the camp, and under his administration the majority of the assemblies were successful financially and in the matter of attendance. He was a Spiritualist first, last, and all the time, and took great pride in the fact. No one can ever question his devotion to Spiritualism, be he friend or foe. His transition was quite sudden, and comes as a painful surprise to his thousands of friends all over the United States. Another loyal soldier has been "mustered out," and his name is now enrolled upon the records of the Grand Army of noble souls in the kingdom of the spirit, beyond the realms of time. We have known the doctor many years, and enjoyed his friendship to the last. The earthly links are broken, but the ties of the spirit are stronger than ever before. Our friend rests from his labors, and has gone to his reward. Peace to his memory.

The wholesale slaughter of the inoffensive miners at Latimer, Pa., last week by the frightened sheriff and his deputies is one of the most appalling tragedies of modern times. That more than a score of men were slain, without the slightest provocation, is a sad commentary upon the intelligence of the men who were sworn to uphold the majesty of the law. It is to be hoped that the cowardly sheriff and his satellites may be brought to justice for their wholesale crimes.

Competition.

Competition is death. Cooperation is life. The people compete with each other and grow poor. The rich cooperate and absorb the wealth created by the people. The trusts and the combines that are freezing out the small dealers and producers are capitalistic cooperative associations, for the benefit of capitalists, and they have not only come to stay, but they will soon be united into one huge combination, which will control both production and distribution. The way out is very plain. Under the profit system, the monopolists hold the key to the situation, and it is an easy matter to freeze out the property holder and crush the wealth producer. When the people withdraw their support from the profit system, and organize equitable exchange, the wealth producer will hold the key to the situation, as the product of his labor will be the standard of values. Then the capitalistic trust and combine will disappear and the tables will be turned. Labor will be master, and money its obedient servant.—*The New Woman.*

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the above trenchant truths. If the brotherhood of the race is ever to be established on earth, the laborer must be permitted to reap the just rewards of his labor. Under the competitive system, he is the pliant tool of an unholy alliance of capitalists, whose sole aim is to increase their wealth by any and all means that the powers of darkness can evoke to their aid. The black slavery of the South was not so serious a menace to the stability of this republic as is the present system of industrial slavery now in vogue throughout the land. The former was sectional and was destroyed; the latter embraces the yeomanry of the entire nation, and their freedom will be more difficult to obtain, because monopoly can too often find men who will betray their fellows for money. It is our duty as citizens to awaken to the dangers that confront our beloved country, and cast our votes for principle instead of party, henceforth.

The International Jubilee.

General Manager Walker has something of interest to say about the great Jubilee in another column of this issue. Our readers will note with pleasure that the good work is being pushed forward rapidly, and that the Jubilee is now an assured success. He should be encouraged by every Spiritualist in America in his great undertaking. The Lyceum and Art Departments have been placed in good hands. Messrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., and W. H. Bach bring years of experience to their several tasks, and can be relied upon to do splendid work for the Cause. No abler or better selections could have been made for these several positions.

Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, President of the London Spiritualist Alliance, writes us that the International Spiritualist Congress will assemble in London June 19, 1898. It has been postponed one week on account of the great Rochester Jubilee, in order to enable American Spiritualists to attend both gatherings. The kindness of Mr. Rogers and his associates is duly appreciated, and we trust that the United States will be represented by a large delegation at the London Congress.

The Babe Will.

We learn from Sec'y Woodbury that subscriptions to the ten cent fund for defense of the Babe Will, are coming in rapidly. To send a personal receipt to each of these donors of ten cents would entail an expense of five cents per capita in postage and stationery. This would be a clear waste of one half of the fund, hence it has been decided to enter all subscriptions upon the books of the National Association in due form, then to publish the entire list in the Spiritualist papers, thereby publicly receipting for the money. This is not only economy, but it is in harmony with strict business principles.

It would be well for all Spiritualists to glance over the list of contributors thus far published, to see if their names appear there. If not, then a subscription of one, five, ten or even a hundred dollars will be in order. Now is the time to act, as the case is liable to be called at any time, and several hundred dollars cash are yet necessary for the proper defense of the Will. Let us act at once, and save this estate to Spiritualism.

The Maine State Convention.

The Maine State Spiritualist Convention assembles in Augusta on the 18th and 19th inst. Some of the best speakers upon our platform will be in attendance, and a rare treat is in store for all who are so fortunate as to be present. A. J. Weaver, Mrs. M. J. Wentworth, Mrs. Mattie Hull, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding and Dr. Geo. A. Fuller are hosts in themselves, and will naturally attract large concourses of people. Every Spiritualist in Maine should be present at this great Convention. It will be an honor to have a voice in the creation of a State Association, and a source of pride in future years to all who assisted in that work. The programs have been unavoidably delayed, but their non-appearance will not interfere with the work of the Convention. Go to Augusta on the 18th, and take your friends with you.

Dr. Dean Clarke.

After an absence of nine years from his native New England, Dr. Dean Clarke is "at home" among his old friends. He is now open for platform engagements in all sections of New England, and will be pleased to correspond with Spiritualist societies for that purpose. He is an able, fearless advocate of the truths of Spiritualism, and has a message that people will hear gladly. During the past nine years Dr. Clarke has rendered our Cause good service on the Pacific coast and in the middle West. He is now well equipped for work, and may be addressed at 56 Bedford street, Boston, care Col. Albert Clarke.

Our contributors are requested to be patient for a little time in regard to the appearance of their articles. The camp-meeting reports have crowded out considerable matter, which will soon be given space, as the camp season has closed. No one will be slighted whose manuscript has been accepted, and each will be given space at as early a date as possible.

We regret to learn that Hon. L. V. Moulton is to withdraw from the Spiritualist rostrum after Nov. 1 prox. His business interests are such as to require his entire attention henceforth, therefore he is forced to leave the ranks of our active workers. We shall speak at length upon this matter in the near future.

The Roxbury Press, Limited, have in hand for immediate issue, "Practical Instruction in Mesmerism," by Frank H. Randall. It will form one of the "Roxbury Occult Series." Price will be one shilling.

Heat and Noise.

The test of human endurance has been a close one for a good part of the past week. Slipping in a day like Tuesday, Sept. 7, among the fat-rippers made it still more crucial by contrast. From that day into the days that followed it was like going from the frying-pan into the fire. A wave of heat is recognized as a customary feature of September, whether dog-days are overpast or not. It comes as a farewell to the season of Sirius, and a plain hint that all is ready for the real autumn. That it has been hot is proved by the revival of noises of all sorts. What there is about the summer heat that it should beget such a tendency to noise, especially to vociferation, it is impossible to satisfactorily explain. The pianos get the most industrious drummings in the hot noons and evenings; boys cry loudest with their sharp, shrill voices when the days drop out of the skies of brass sizzling hot; carts and wagons rattle through a hot day throwing off a stonier, more confusing, and more torturing noise than at any other time; the street cries rasp and rack the nerves with a strident discordance; boys whistle with a more vigorous determination and shrillness; and voices, wheels, music, dog-barking, echoes, cars and carts join in a bedlam melody that loads the air, dulls the sense of hearing, and bares the sore nerves as the skimmer takes off the cream from milk.

Most people prayed for January last week, if they prayed at all. But most people are no better satisfied with extreme cold than with extreme heat. They generally want most what they have not got. We have a theory that the heat would be much more endurable if all of us only knew how to keep still. But we do not. We must keep talking, and talking loud; we must whistle, drum with fingers and feet; send off our children to shout their ceaseless cries under other people's windows, and get rid of them ourselves in that way; in short, make all the noise we can, perfectly regardless of other people's nervous sensibilities, and stir up an endless racket to convince ourselves that our existence is not a solitary one. Out of the depths of silence only comes serenity, comes endurance, comes wholeness and placid peace. But the incarnations will be many that will bring us to the door of any such heaven.

James Robertson.

This able representative of our Cause in Glasgow, Scotland, was a welcome guest at THE BANNER office on several occasions during the past week. Mr. Robertson and son are making a hasty trip through the States, and will return to their home in Scotland about the first of October. They will visit Niagara, Buffalo, Chicago and other American cities, spend a day or two at the Nashville Exposition, and then hasten to their home "over the sea."

Mr. Robertson, Senior, is one of the leading lights in Spiritualism in Great Britain, and is the author of a brief but very able and comprehensive work entitled "The Rise and Progress of Modern Spiritualism in England." This work is of especial value to all progressive thinkers, who will find it a perfect mine of information on points of interest to all inquiring minds. Mr. R. is well-known to many of our American readers, who are glad to welcome him to America. Mr. J. J. Morse, Mr. E. W. Wallis and others, speak of his work in the highest of terms, and refer to him as a veritable tower of strength to the good Cause in Glasgow. THE BANNER takes great pleasure in commending him to the favorable notice of its thousands of readers, and bespeaks from them a hearty welcome to our gifted brother from foreign lands.

It is now the time to plan to attend the National Convention of Spiritualists in Washington, D. C., on the third Tuesday of October. Railroad rates are very low, only one and one-third fare for the round trip, while the Ebbitt House makes sweeping reductions in its rates for rooms and board. A large excursion should go to the great Convention from New England, and we are pleased to note that steps are being taken to that end. Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., the able and popular manager of these excursions in former years, has been selected to take charge of the same this season. At least one hundred tickets should be sold in Massachusetts alone. Send Mr. Hatch your own promise to attend the Convention, and induce your friends to do likewise. His address is 74 Sydney street, Boston.

Only a few days more and the grand Mass Convention of Spiritualists will assemble in Nashville, Tenn. It will be a rare treat to all who are so fortunate as to be able to attend the same, and as the low rates to the Exposition will offer an opportunity to visit the "Athens of the South," it is hoped that many Spiritualists will journey thither for the sake of the big Convention. Thousands of Spiritualists should attend this mammoth gathering. Hon. L. V. Moulton, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Loë F. Prior, Mrs. Anna E. Thomas, Mrs. May S. Pepper and other eminent workers will be present. This galaxy of names should of itself be an incentive to bring our friends together. Write to Col. C. H. Stockell, 602½ Church street, Nashville, Tenn., saying that you will be there.

A party of tourists, visiting Boston for the first time, had the first Spiritual Temple, corner Exeter and Newbury streets, pointed out as one of the attractions of the city, by the accommodating guide. As he did not know the religious beliefs of his patrons, his action was rather surprising. It shows that even our opponents recognize a good thing when they see it, and take pride in anything that enhances a visitor's interest in the city. It was a quiet yet perfectly sincere tribute to the philanthropy of Mr. Ayer, and may be hailed as a sign of progress.

The Malone, N. Y., papers continue to give excellent reports of the work done in that city by Prof. Fred P. Evans, the well-known slate-writer. The *Gazette* and *Farmer* both reported his public slate-writing tests in full, with fair and impartial statements in regard to the same. The good people of Malone are very much excited over the marvels of slate-writing wrought in the presence of Prof. Evans, and many have been convinced thereby of the truths of Spiritualism. Mr. Evans will return to Boston about Sept. 20, where he will remain several weeks.

Mr. Charles B. Newcomb, one of THE BANNER's valued contributors, has a new book in press entitled "All's Well with the World." It will appear in October. Mr. Newcomb's well-known ability as a writer will insure a ready sale for his book.

SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

SPIRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Aug. 6, 1897.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh, thou Divine Soul of all life! thou Infinite Spirit, we rejoice in thy existence. As we catch the illumination that streameth downward into our souls, we desire to learn more of the things of life, to know more of this vast universe and its laws; to come in touch with science and gain glimpses of her great truths, that our minds may be quickened to higher thought and comprehension, that we may be able to dispense unto others who seek for knowledge that which will instruct and strengthen.

We thank thee for the goods we have been blessed with, and would ask thy presence at this hour, that we may come in harmony with the dear ones of earth, that they may feel there is no death, but life now and forever. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

William S. Baxter.

I want to send out a few words through your paper. I want to come in contact with my wife, and also my old mother, for she is very sick, and it will not be a great while before she will be in spirit life, and then all will be well.

I see how my wife has to work to take care of my mother. I know, Mary, you have done well. I think there are few women who would have done what you are doing. I have tried for a long time to let you know you were not doing it all alone. I wish I could make you know when I am with you. I saw you when you went to that medium, to see if he could tell you who took your money, and I tried to make you understand me. I was sorry you lost your money, after you worked so hard. I heard what you said—that you thought God and man had left you, and you would never have good luck again. Now, don't get discouraged; it will not be long before you will meet with a change that will be for your good. I am not going to say any more this time, but the next time you go to a medium I will try and come and talk with you.

I did not know anything about Spiritualism when in the earth life, but, by being drawn to my friends, I was led here. So, just say William S. Baxter was here, and my home was New York City.

Elizabeth Burns.

Good morning, Oh, I am glad that you let me in, for my ma will be so pleased that I can send her a letter in your paper. When I was sick my ma and I would sit and talk with the spirits.

I was so pleased when grandma brought me back to the earth-life, and I saw how pretty I was as I lay in my little white box, with all the pretty flowers around. All the people came in and looked at me and then cried. I felt so bad, for you know when you see others crying you want to cry, and when I cry it always makes my head ache. I know it makes mamma's head ache, and I don't want them to feel bad.

Oh, ma, I have a pretty home in spirit land, and I can go to school now. I have a good time, but when I come to my earth home and see you feel bad because I went away from you, it makes me want to get back. Tell all my friends that I am happier in spirit, and want them all to be good, and I will come and play with them.

Mamma, I wish you would give away my playthings to some little child that don't have any, for I have so many things. Oh, mamma, if you could see how many little children need things, you would not keep my clothes and playthings. I must go now, and tell papa it is I who knocks around him, and no one else. Good-by. From your little daughter, Elizabeth Burns.

My home was in Chicago, Ill.

Alma A. Hinman.

Good morning, I was so happy this morning when the good chairman said I might try and control this medium, and send a few words of comfort and consolation to those who are so dear to me in earth life.

I was no stranger to the Spiritual Philosophy. I was very sensitive and mediumistic, but did not know so much about it till I got away from the old body. Both father and mother get consolation from Spiritualism, yet they missed their dear one, just the same.

I am always with you, mother and father, and all of you. I have tried so much to help you, and I think you have felt me sometimes. I have thought how pleased you would be to get a letter from me from spirit-life come to you through the BANNER OF LIGHT. The opportunity was offered me, and I will try and do what I can. Dear friends of earth, I wish I could tell you all the beautiful things I have in spirit land, and all the friends I have met.

My name is Alma A. Hinman. I was a young woman when I was called away to a spirit-land. I was about twenty-two years old. I have not been out of the body very long; I can't tell just how long, but I think about two years. I have a brother and sister, too, in earth-life I want to help. I want them to give up more to the spirit-influence.

I love my brother very dearly, and I want

him to be good to mother, for you know how she worried about her children; and tell sister I can get to her, for she is very sensitive and is a good medium. I want her to have more confidence in herself, and I will do all I can to help you all. Tell father I don't want to say much about business here, but I want him to be careful and not place too much confidence in those he is doing business with; but if he will follow his impressions, all will come out well. My home is in Macosta, Mich.

Lizzie M. Blood.

Oh! how glad I am to come back to the earth-life. I wish to speak to the dear ones in earth-life. I am very near them, trying to help them all. I promised before I left the body to come back and help them, and I have many times. I often stand by the dear companion I left in earth-life, and try to make him understand me, and I think I have sometimes made him feel my influence, for I can hear him say: It seems just as if Lizzie is here. I am there, and I try to make him feel me, so he will know that it is I. You don't know how glad I am when I can make any one know I am there, and to make them understand me.

I know that some time has passed since I was called home. There have been lots of changes since then, and I know some have been for the good of all; but it is very hard to stand by and see your friends suffer and can't help them. I knew something of this beautiful religion before I left earth-life, for when I was sick the spirits came to me, and showed me the spirit-land, and I saw so many of my friends that had gone before, so I was not afraid. I had to go, and I want to say that nothing more could be done; so I want you all to be happy, and think that all things are for the best.

I wish to send this communication to all my dear ones, and say I have come, just as you have asked, with encouraging words from the spirit sphere. I have been drawn oftentimes into the atmosphere of those I have left behind. I must not take up too much time, for there are others that are just as anxious to come in as I am. I thank the good Chairman for giving me the privilege of trying to control this instrument, and just say I want mother and father and all my friends to know that I am not dead, but will do all I can to help them. I have lots of friends in Watertown, Mass. I think I am not forgotten in this city.

I will be remembered in Chelmsford, Mass., as that was where I passed out of the body, and where my husband, S. L. Blood, lives, and my name was Lizzie M. Blood. I will be remembered in Watertown, where my father lives, and his name is C. E. Manning. I will say I have many with me that join in sending words of encouragement to all.

Emma Wilson.

I would like to send greeting to the dear ones in earth-life. I have been gone not so very long—just a little over one year. I was very feeble before I left the body, from old age more than sickness; but my dear boys and girls took good care of me, and my spirit friends were always with me. I lived to see my ninety-first birthday, so you see I had a long life. I was the mother of twelve children, and I love them all. I have wanted to speak here for a long time, because there are so many more I can reach when it comes through your valuable paper, than when we merely speak to one person and through one organism.

I was a Spiritualist when I was in earth life, and some of my children believe now and some do not; but they all love mother, and I think that this message will give comfort to some, and it may set others to thinking. I have nine children yet in earth-life, and they are all around; some are in Massachusetts and some in the South and some in the West; but my home was in Mansfield, Mass., and there is where I know my message will be understood.

I want to say that I am anxious about the Doctor, for I think he is doing too much. He looks well, but one don't need to be sick abed and need a doctor to be sick just the same. I know when we have strong minds and will not give up, we can keep about, and then is when the spirits help you. I can see, dear ones, how you all have your troubles, and each one must do what he can. I see you more now than I did in earth-life. You can't keep things away from me now. I would like to say to all that I feel happier, but would be more so if I could assist all of you more, as I learn that both in spirit and in the mortal we only gain our own happiness by administering unto others.

I feel that what people get from your paper is appreciated a great deal, because you seem to work so much for others and not for self. If my friends in earth-life will let me I will assist them, both in their business and in their home conditions. I do not want to call names, for the ones I seek do not believe in public communication. I have impressed upon my friends that I should manifest here, to give them more courage, and it will be understood; but I must not stay too long, but say that my husband sends his love to all who remember him, for he has been out of the body a great many years. You can say that Emma Wilson is here, and brings with her all the dear ones gone before—my children, father and mother, and sisters, brothers, grandchildren. I have so many here with me this morning I could devote the space of a whole paper, but will be satisfied if only a crumb can be thrown out, so we can do some good.

I will say good-by, and I hope that every one will get as much good out of your paper as I did, for to me THE BANNER was more than food, and I used to think when I would get out of the body I would come and send a message to my friends.

John H. Hayward.

I think I will be remembered in Salem. Yes, sir, we certainly do appreciate the little time that is given unto us, and it is a great pleasure to learn. Here's a point I would like to speak upon. While in the body I would often say to my friends: I wonder how it is in the other life—can it be possible we shall know each other there? I used to talk with people upon the subject. Do not think, Mr. Chairman, that we did not know of Spiritualism or Spiritualists. Although I was not well versed in these truths, I would hear other people say such and such a medium was a fraud. I would say: Here, let those words pass by; do not let them have a weight upon your feelings, for each mortal can reason, and then we shall not go into the spirit-world so ignorant when we might learn a great deal. How true it is that when we go to spirit-life we have to stand on our own merits, and what we have sorted out by our thoughts and actions in

earth life don't make so much difference. If a man has tried to do the best he could, I think he meets his reward. My experience has been, both in the body and also many times through the spirit as it returned to mortal, we are not always understood. I know now that I did not understand those who were close around me.

I would like to come in contact with some of my own friends. I have been out of the body a great many years, or it seems so to me. I left a wife and children, but there have been changes since that. My wife is a Spiritualist. I think she sees your paper, and I thought if I could give her a word I would do it. Tell her I have been with her, and try to do my best to help her.

Messages to be Published.

Aug. 12.—Mary H. Hooker, Elizabeth Winger; Catherine W. Lewis; Louis P. De Turk; F. D. Cowper; Louisa P. Chace.

Aug. 20.—Dr. Arphax Farnsworth; Philo Applin; Nancy P. Potter; Maria Adams Green; Benjamin T. Martin; James G. Abbott.

Aug. 27.—Frederick H. Piper; Mrs. Freeman H. Tuttle; Ida Packard Sharpe; Alden Allen; B. F. Porter; Annie J. Woods.

Sept. 3.—Fannie O. Hyzer; Frank P. Ingraham; Susan B. Sanborn; Robert C. Philbrook; Clark Golden; Susan E. Merrill.

Sept. 10.—James P. Dake; Heman Snow; Mabel Wellington; Jerry F. Brown; Eliza Cranston Holden; Mary Ann Milton.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By Martha Higgins, Gloucester, Mass.] Will you please state if obsession means a spirit controlling a medium, whether good or bad, or whether it means being controlled by bad or undeveloped spirits only; if the latter, how can a medium avoid being obsessed?

Ans.—Obsession is really an old Roman Catholic term used frequently in treatises bearing upon the exorcism of unclean spirits, but never, so far as we are aware, have theologians employed it in connection with the idea of good influences, though there have doubtless been many occasions when ecclesiastics have pronounced everything diabolical which failed to fall in with their own notions or bend to their supremacy. It is a pity that so many professedly liberal minded persons among present day Spiritualists should cling with so much tenacity to an ugly word coined by the exorcists of long ago, as such a term as obsession always inspires dread, and nothing is so paralyzing as terror.

It is no doubt the case that many sensitive persons are afflicted with mysterious annoyances, and that there are cases where foolish, undeveloped spirits gain a hold over easily led persons who have never asserted their own individual right to self-government. We teach that spirit-communication is a great privilege and advantage, as it not only throws light on the hereafter, but also enables those yet on earth to receive instruction as well as consolation from those who are in possession of knowledge born of increased experience.

The idea of being obliged to submit to any influence that may approach lies at the root of the phenomena of so-called obsession, and we know of no radical or permanent cure for this unpleasantness than a systematic course of training in the direction of individualization. People are accustomed to weakly yield to every form of pressure in their daily dealings with the outer world; they submit to the dictation of others most unwarrantably in cases where self-assertion would be a virtue, and in consequence thereof they are at the mercy of unseen influences who are just on a par with their earthly dictators. When people learn to set good fashions rather than to follow bad or foolish ones, obsession will no longer afflict kindly disposed sensitives.

Q.—[By the same.] I know of a young man who has lately been carried to an insane asylum; as he was very mediumistic, some of my friends think he is obsessed. If such is the case, how would you advise getting rid of the obsessing spirit?

A.—The reply to the first question contains the foundation of our answer to this also. We should certainly advise (provided the young man is not very violent) that he should be at once removed from the asylum and placed in a quiet place, under the immediate superintendence of some strong, kindly person of either sex, who understands the practice as well as the theory of mental suggestion.

Lunatic asylums are hotbeds for cultivating obsession, no matter how well they may be managed from a sanitary point of view, because insane people—and those who, though not positively insane, are nervously unstrung—generate a most exciting and confusing mental atmosphere, and a very large percentage of insanities are due to confusion. The only successful treatment for such a case as the one referred to is to find an intelligent, wisely sympathetic man or woman who can succeed in establishing friendly relations with the afflicted young man, and who can and will devote time and attention to directing his thoughts and actions into sane and useful channels.

Hypnotism, so called, is often useful, because what is meant by hypnotic treatment by the wisest among those who call themselves hypnotists (vide *Hypnotic Magazine*, published in Chicago), is that they make suggestions to patients calculated to further the development of individuality. What the intelligent mental healer really does in such instances is to stand between the afflicted one and the source of his affliction.

We gather from the question that the young man alluded to is rather a victim of aggravated hysteria, induced by discord or confusion in his mental surroundings, rather than

anything worse. Fresh air, plentiful exercise, free exposure to sunshine, simple diet eaten leisurely and to the accompaniment of cheerful conversation, are all means for overcoming obsession—as gloomy places, hurried actions, confused talking and all disorderly conditions are productive of aggravated annoyance. Whoever undertakes a case of this kind ought to be a strong, able bodied, able-minded individual who is practically afraid of nothing, and before all things a person of cheerful disposition, entertaining a truly optimistic view of life here and hereafter. Disagreeable influences should never be fought against by belligerent methods, but they are compelled to depart when a new and stronger influence comes in and gains rightful ascendancy over them. We do not say you must deny the fact of obsession, but we do say you must cease to acknowledge the power of evil, and place trust in the almightiness of good.

Written for the Banner of Light. BESIDE THE SEA.

Dedicated to Mrs. Mary C. Weston.

Where the music of the waters
Mingles with the pine tree's song,
And the whispering winds at twilight
Blend like voices, sweet and strong,
In a harmony that thrills and quickens
Every soul attuned to hear
Nature's voices, rich in blessing,
From a fountain pure and clear,
Here where once the red man wandered
Through the forest, wild and free,
Lies fair Onset, gem most perfect,Set beside the deep blue sea.
Once the answering echoes only
Heard the Indian's thrilling call,
As he roamed through leafy forest,
Lord and monarch of it all.
Now the paleface brings his greeting
To the altar in the grove;
And the spirit-world gives answer
With its messages of love,
Linking in a bond most holy
Angel-world and earthly sphere;
Bringing balm and consolation
To each weary mortal here.
Midst the trees whose branches bending
Always toward the western sky,
Stands the "Wigwam," given solely
To the redmen's memory.
And without a fear or scruple
They can gather 'neath the dome,
Sure that here, within its portals,
Is the redmen's happy home.
To the Wigwam's healing circle,
At the sacred morning hour,
Come the Indians, full of vigor,
Ready to impart the power
Of their wondrous gift of healing
To the paleface, squaw and brave,
Who in turn, without restriction,
Give that power the life to save
Of the suffering, sorrowing mortals,
Gathered there to gain new life
E'er they once again shall enter
In the world's unequal strife.
I can almost see the Indians
Coming in their light canoe,
Spirit-wafted, o'er the waters,
On their mission staunch and true.
Hallowed spot where here is given,
Not for money or for gain,
Healing balm to soul and body,
Soothing all earth's cares and pain.
May the Wigwam live and prosper,
And its guiding spirit, too,
Faithful friend to all the redmen,
Mary Weston, good and true.
And when falls for her the shadows
Of her life's last setting sun,
And the day no longer lengthens
On her work so bravely done,
Then shall gather all the redmen
From the hunting-grounds above,
Bridging over death's dark river
With their strong and mighty love.
They will bear her upward, onward,
To her spirit home so bright,
Far beyond earth's ills and crosses,
Into heaven's eternal light.
Onset, 1897. MARY ELIA WEEKS.

Annual Meeting at the Free Church of Sturgis, Mich.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Harmonical Society of Sturgis, Mich.—incorporated—held its meeting for election of officers, as required by law, on Sept. 5. The attendance was larger than usual on such occasions. Mr. C. Cressler presided. The balloting resulted in the choice of Thomas Collar (the late Secretary) for President, Dr. A. D. Howard, Secretary, and Christian Elser, Treasurer. The Executive Committee are John M. Kelly, Albert Moe, J. A. Warner, Mrs. Hannah Buck and Mrs. C. Cressler. The Soliciting Committee, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Chauncey Gilham and Mrs. C. Cressler—all of the city of Sturgis.

On opening the meeting the President called on Thomas Harding to give the exercises a send-off. He then read a paper which he had prepared for the occasion, and which aired his peculiar views on Orthodox, heterodox and spiritualistic bigotry—Spiritist and Spiritualist—the good and moral character of both Spiritist and Spiritualist, and which closed by inviting them to "a closer walk with God." The mantle of Elijah is descending to Elisha. There were many young persons present who were quite active and zealous, who were not born when that old house was built, and there were others—some of "the old stock"—who added into the building of the old house, and have attended its meetings regularly for forty years. Of these were Mrs. Mary M. Peck, Mrs. Nellie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Mary M. Peck, and others whom I cannot name, but whose outlines are familiar and recall the scenes of long ago.

A resolution was unanimously passed, to the effect that meetings shall be kept up every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. at the Free Church, for conference or lectures, by members until speakers from abroad are engaged.

THOMAS HARDING.
Sturgis, Mich., Sept. 6, 1897.

Vivisection.

BY LUIGI GALVANI DOANE, M. D.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I see that you are discussing in your paper the question of the advisability of vivisection, or rather that you are allowing various people to discuss it, and I therefore ask space for some remarks on the same subject.

There is a craze for the discovery of microbes, which has unhappily taken the minds of many medical practitioners from the sound and reasonable methods of preventing disease by the study of sanitation.

To find a "germ" seems the first object of these men—their second to cultivate that germ and inoculate some brutes with it. The third stage of these experiments is to inject a serum into human beings, with the hope that it will

prevent, or cure the disease of which it is called the "anti-toxin."

All these serums involve too great a risk to make them what they claim to be. There are so many chances of disease in the animals from which they are procured (disease other than that artificially induced), that they must over be wholly unreliable and untrustworthy. The risk of injecting such poisonous matter into the human body is too great. Lives are sacrificed in this way, where it is not at all probable that the disease, if allowed to run its course, would have resulted fatally.

There are undiscovered treasures in the study of sanitation, which lie so near the surface that the student can reach them with but little exertion. Only let us turn our thoughts that way instead of fixating them on the methods of biological experimentation, and the progress which we seek, and which has been delayed so long through the errors of vivisection, will be ours.

LIST OF SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

If there are any errors in this List, we wish those most interested to inform us.

Mrs. N. K. ANDROS, Milton, Wis.
Mrs. R. AUGUSTA ANTHONY, Abilene, Mich.
MRS. FANNIE ALLEN, Stoughton, Mass.
JAMES MADISON ALLEN, Peoria, Ill.
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DR. H. C. ANDREWS, Bridgewater, Mich.
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Mrs. E. M. SMITH, 1

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE WORD OF AUTUMN.

Aster and golden-rod and wayside bloom
Make beautiful the roads where'er we go;
They are rich Nature's final gift and show,
To disperse dark dread and send of gloom:
She goes triumphant to the winter's doom.
Pleasure and peace her heart perfume doth know,
And round her steps these wilding blossoms blow,
To hide from us approaches to the tomb.
Somewhat not all unknown is kingly death;
'Tis woven in the fabric of the world;
And beautiful is made all fleeting breath.
Because behind something lies sweet uncurled,
'Have hope, rejoice!' It bravely to us saith;
'From me the springtide glory is unfurled.'

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Appleton Hall, 94 Appleton Street—Paine Memorial Building, side entrance. The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie M. Smith, will hold services every Saturday and Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Conducted by Mrs. H. L. Tobin.

Kelle Hall, 729 Washington Street—Meetings Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. H. L. Tobin, Conductor.

Elysian Hall, 820 Washington Street—Meetings Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Wednesday, 7 P. M.; Friday, 7 and 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. A. R. Gilliland, Conductor.

Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street—Meetings at 11, 12 and 7 1/2 P. M. Dr. W. H. Amerige, Conductor.

Hiawatha Hall, 241 Tremont Street (near Elliot Street)—Meetings Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., also Wednesday at 7 1/2 P. M. for speaking, tests and readings. Edwin H. Tuttle, Leader.

The Boston Psychic Conference and Facts Meetings, every Sunday evening, at the Woman's Journal Building, side entrance. L. L. Whitlock, President.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street—109 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 2 1/2 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Commercial Hall—Meetings Tuesday and Thursday, at 3 P. M. Sunday at 11, 12 and 7 1/2 P. M.

Good Templars Hall—Johnson Avenue, Charleston Dist.—Sunday, 11 A. M., 2 P. M., 7 P. M., and Friday afternoons. Mrs. E. J. Peak, Chairman.

Brighton—The Occult Phenomena Society hold meetings every Wednesday at 8 P. M., at 32 Foster street. Dr. H. Hall, President; Mrs. George M. Chapman, settled speaker and medium.

Grand Army Hall, 573 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport—Sundays, 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. L. J. Ackerman, Conductor.

Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Massachusetts Avenue—The Progressive Thought Society holds meetings every Sunday, morning, afternoon and evening.

COMMERCIAL HALL, Mrs. Wilkinson, President.—A correspondent writes: Sunday, Sept. 12, morning session began with song-service. Invocation, by Mr. DeBos; Mrs. Collins, Drs. Hall and Badger, conducted the developing circle; several tests were given by Mrs. Nutter; Mr. Davis recited a poem; Mr. Clark, tests; also excellent remarks by Mr. DeBos.

Afternoon session, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn occupied the platform for a short time, delivering a grand lecture on the subjects, "Philosophy and Phenomena of Spiritualism," "The Uncertainty of Life," and "After Death, What Then?" The subjects were well and ably handled. After a solo by Mrs. Wilson the following mediums gave readings and tests: Mrs. H. V. Ross, Mrs. A. Peabody McKenna, Mrs. Nutter, Prof. Hilling, Mrs. Cutter, Mr. Coombs; Mr. George Cutter sang a solo, beautifully rendered; Mr. George P. Lamont made remarks, and Mrs. Cutter gave several good tests.

Evening session, Mr. Scariet gave the opening address, the subject being "Revival in Spiritualism." The guides handled the subject well. Solo by Mrs. Rosie Wilson, after which Mrs. Hanson Kibbie, Mr. Coombs, Mrs. M. Butler, Mrs. Nutter and Mr. Friedman were among those who took part. Readings, tests and messages were all recognized.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale Thursday and Sundays.

ELYSIAN HALL ASSOCIATES—A correspondent writes: Morning circle very strong in power. Among those who assisted were Messrs. Wright and Weil, remarks; Messrs. Turner, Smith, Peterson, Norse; Mesdames Gilliland, Carbee, Powderly, Rich and West.

Afternoon—Opening song service; from our new books; remarks, Mrs. Gilliland; also several accurate descriptions of spirits present; readings, Mesdames Millan, Smith and Peak; solo, Prof. Peak; duet, Mesdames Millan and Carlton; remarks on healing by Prof. L. Freedman, the Australian healer; tests by Mr. Martin, Mrs. Dade and Mrs. Gilliland.

Evening—Song service, Nellie Carlton. Those who took part were Mr. Hersey, Mrs. Gilliland, Miss Lucy Barnicoat, Mrs. Judkins, Mr. Scariet and Mrs. West. The session was one full of power and thought. We hope to have a larger attendance now it is growing cooler.

Peace Council on Friday. All invited to attend. Mrs. Gilliland, conductor; Nellie Carlton, organist.

BANNER OF LIGHT always for sale.

EAGLE HALL—W. H. Amerige, Conductor, writes: Sunday, Sept. 12, the morning developing and healing circle was well attended, and many tests were given. The three sessions were very largely attended by a very attentive audience, the following mediums taking part throughout the day: Mrs. M. A. Graves, Mrs. M. Ratzell, Mrs. A. P. Guiterrez, Mrs. L. A. West, Mr. J. T. Coombs, astral reader, Mr. H. B. Hersey, Mr. Krausski, Prof. James Hilling, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Rich, Mr. W. D. Hardy, Miss Frankie Wheeler, Mr. Brooks, Dr. Scott, and others.

Mrs. E. C. Armstrong, pianist, assisted by others.

Mrs. Kenyon expected next Sunday.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the door.

GOOD TEMPLARS' HALL, 1 JOHNSON AVE., CHARLESTOWN DIST.—A correspondent writes: Sunday evening, Sept. 12, Prof. George Rimbach rendered some cornet selections, followed by song service; invocation by the Conductor, Mrs. E. J. Peak, followed by tests. One test given by Topsy some three months ago to Mr. J. Y. Taylor, the engineer who so narrowly escaped being killed Friday morning in the rail road accident on the Fitchburg road: that he was going to meet with such an accident, and he did not seem to take any stock in it, but it seems that by said accident on Friday that said Taylor had to jump for his life, and he openly acknowledged the test in Elysian Hall to day as having transpired as predicted. Nearly all the tests given to night were recognized. There were no other mediums present.

We would like to ask through your columns why mediums do not help a worthy sister in trying to uphold and undo the cause which she has espoused?

All mediums are welcome.

HIAWATHA HALL—A correspondent writes: Sunday, Sept. 12, the three sessions were well attended and of a nature to give satisfaction. The remarks were fine, bearing on the workings of Spiritualism, its effects and results. The tests and readings were very clear and correct. Those who kindly took part were Mrs. J. A. Woods, Mrs. Sargent, Mrs. E. R. Brown, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Ott, Mrs. M. Penney, Mrs. S. E. Cunningham, Mrs. S. Gough, Thos. Jackson, E. H. Tuttle. Mr. Tuttle answered mental questions, also rendered inspirational poems. Mrs. Cunningham sang "When the Mists are Cleared Away." Little Helen Gale sang several songs.

No one should fail to obtain the BANNER OF LIGHT, which is for sale Sundays, also Wednesday afternoons.

Onset Wigwam.

The Wigwam Co-Workers' Harvest Moon Festival will be held Oct. 9 and 10, on the full moon.

Meeting Saturday, Oct. 9, all day, at the Wigwam. Supper at the Temple from 6 to 8. Entertainment from 8 to 9. Dancing from 9 to 12.

Services all day Sunday, Oct. 10, at the Temple. MARY E. THOMPSON, Cor. Sec.

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

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Woman's Progressive Union holds meetings every Friday afternoon at 4 and evening at 8 o'clock; 15 cent at 2 o'clock; social meetings every Thursday at 8 o'clock; supper at 8 1/2, at the hall, Wabash Academy, 423 Olmsted Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and Quincy street. Mrs. E. K. Kurth, President.

The Progressive Spiritual Association, Amphion Theatre Building, Bedford Avenue, opposite South Street. Meetings Sunday evenings, 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums. Mrs. M. Evans, President.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 108 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Box seats, 10c. All welcome. Herbert L. Whitney, Chairman; Mrs. Frances M. Holmes, Sec'y.

Fraternity Hall, 359 Bedford Avenue, near Myrtle Avenue—Meetings Sunday at 2 P. M. Mrs. L. A. Olmstead, Medium. Speakers and lecturers occasionally provided.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets at 108 Madison street on Wednesdays at 8 P. M. A. H. Dalley, President. Mrs. E. M. Holmes presides.

The Fraternity of Divine Communion holds its meetings at Arlington Hall, corner of Gates and Nostrand Avenues, every Sunday at 7 1/2 P. M.

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

Jackson Hall, 515 Fulton Street—Mrs. L. A. Olmstead holds a Spiritual Class every Wednesday at 8 P. M. 630 Myrtle Avenue—Mrs. E. R. Plum, conducts a meeting every Sunday at 3 and 8 P. M.

BROOKLYN—W. J. Cushing writes: At the Fraternity of Divine Communion, Arlington Hall, G. V. Cordingley, of the Progressive Spiritualist Society of Chicago, lectured upon "Occultism."

The music is made an essential feature of this society, and the soft playing of the organ during the giving of test readings is particularly effective and acceptable. Mr. Cordingley gave a cordial invitation to all present to visit him at hall or home, and should circumstances ever find any of them in a hospital in Chicago, send for him, and he would come to them.

The audience seemed largely made up of people from the churches, seeking for that knowledge of spiritual things which long ago, in Bible verse, was promised should be added to their faith.

In the afternoon, at the same hall, the Chairman, Mr. W. Sargent, acting from his standpoint of view that the cause of Spiritualism is the continuation or evolution of Christianity and the Christ spirit, tried to show the distinction between the orthodox worship of the personality of Jesus and that of the Christ spirit itself—free from personality—in Spiritualism. In doing this, he aimed to exalt those qualities which make the spiritual or Christ-like man, rather than the individual who expressed or embodied them.

He was followed by Mrs. Plum, Mr. Cushing and Miss Terry. Mr. Clark, of Newark, closed with tests.

BROOKLYN—W. F. Palmer, Sec'y, writes: Fraternity Spiritual Society had a very beautiful and impressive meeting at its hall, 569 Bedford Avenue, Sunday evening, Sept. 12. The management prides itself on the purity and spirituality of its platform, as evidenced from week to week. This evening especially we were greatly favored with a poem and a beautiful inspirational address by Mrs. Fanny Holmes. We always congratulate ourselves upon an occasional favor from Mrs. Holmes, who has affiliated with us so far as possible, and devotes an evening each month to spiritual instruction, given in her own beautifully poetic style. Mr. Soenneshol followed with a bass solo, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deity." The gentleman has favored us before and his worth is well known. The song service was supplemented with the reading of John, chapter first, followed by the invocation by President Barber. Mrs. L. A. Olmstead, as usual, held the attention of her hearers as she gave test after test, clear and to the point, and all fully recognized.

The fall session of our Sunday school opens on first Sunday in October, at 869 Bedford Avenue, with Mrs. Annie Palmer as Conductor, assisted by a corps of teachers.

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

WORCESTER—Mrs. D. M. Lowe, Cor. Sec'y, writes: Sunday, Sept. 12, our meetings were held in G. A. R. Hall, 35 Pearl street. Congratulations were heard "on every hand" that we had been able to secure so nice and commodious a hall as our place of worship.

Fair audiences greeted Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, who seemed at her best. Her afternoon discourse was on "The Surprises of the Spiritual World," and was exceedingly interesting, voicing, as we believe, many vital truths. Her evening lecture upon the subject, "The Gates Beautiful," was also a grand lecture. No limited synopsis of it can be given here. She will also be our speaker for next Sunday, at the usual hours, 2 and 7 P. M.

Friday evening of this week there will be a social gathering at the home of Mrs. Lowe, 13 Crown street. All interested in the Cause are invited to attend.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at each session.

LYNN—T. H. B. James writes: The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society held interesting and beneficial services Sunday, in their hall, 33 Summer street, with fine, appreciative audiences.

At 2:30 Mrs. S. J. Wilson presided at the piano and led the singing; Mrs. D. E. Matson gave an invocation, able remarks on "Spiritual Philosophy," and tests; Capt. J. Balcom spoke on "The Spirit World and Spirit-Communication," Mr. Pease on "Spiritualists"; Drs. Murray, Pierce and Warren, magnetic treatments to many; Mrs. Alice M. Lefavour, many recognized tests.

Next Sunday at 2:30, tests, healing the sick, free, spirit-messages, developing and remarks by many good mediums.

At 7:30 Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn of Stoneham will lecture on "Love, Truth and Liberty." Everybody invited.

ONSET—A correspondent writes: The meeting at Fire District Hall on Sunday evening, Sept. 12, though small, was very interesting.

Mrs. Lizzie La Caine presided at the organ, and after a half hour of song service the meeting was followed with an invocation by Madam Haven, followed by remarks by one of the guides of C. D. Fisher. Prof. V. P. Howes, a stranger, was well rendered. Very pleasing and interesting remarks by the Chairman Mrs. S. M. Thomas. This is the first time that Mrs. Thomas has carried on a meeting, and we wish to congratulate her upon her success; we think she makes a very efficient Conductor. Besides the Sunday meetings Mrs. Thomas very kindly gave one week night to the different mediums that had assisted her. She also contemplates holding Sunday evening meetings through the winter.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at each meeting, and subscriptions taken.

LAWRENCE SPIRITUAL SOCIETY—Pemberton Hall.—Dr. J. H. Feagill writes: We commenced our Sunday service with song entitled "A Terrible Lesson," which was highly appreciated by intelligent audiences; reading by Mrs. Johnson; singing by our choir highly commendable, that gave our managing committee encouragement to have another service of song at some near date, for the following Sundays in this month: Sept. 19 and 26, Miss E. Ewer of Exeter, N. H.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the hall every Sunday.

FALL RIVER—Mrs. Ann Hibbert, President, writes: The Fall River Spiritualist Society commenced regular meetings Sunday, Sept.

12. Our speaker was Mrs. Ida Janell of New Bedford, who is a general favorite here. She delivered two fine addresses and gave a large number of communications.

Next Sunday Mrs. Kate Stiles will be our speaker. We are looking forward with much pleasure to our meeting with her.

BRIGHTON—D. H. Hall, President, writes: Mrs. G. M. Chapman's subject Wednesday evening, Sept. 8, was "Union and Spiritualism," and was ably handled by her guides.

After a half hour given to the lecture, the remainder of the evening was given to the accomplishment of a phase of phenomena which has been claimed by many could not be done. It was done by Mrs. Chapman's guides, as the large number present will testify.

Meetings Wednesday evenings only. Test circles Friday evenings at 4 Foster street.

G. A. R. HALL, 573 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE—Mrs. L. J. Ackerman, Leader, writes: Sunday, Sept. 12, morning and afternoon Mr. Scariet was the speaker. He will be with us every Sunday, morning and afternoon session.

Mr. Webster gave a poem. Prof. Pierce was with us in the evening, and led the singing, also made a fine address, and gave tests. Mediums who took part: Mrs. Merritt, Mr. Quinn, Mr. D. S. Clark, Mr. Pierce, Mrs. Melien; Serita answered mental questions very accurately.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

LOWELL—George H. Hand, Sec'y, writes: The First Society held regular services Sunday, the 12th, with Miss Blanche Hazel Brainard as speaker and medium. Splendid audiences at both services.

We were pleased to meet Mr. F. H. Roscoe and wife of Providence, also Miss May Rice, better known as "Little Sunday," the child clairvoyant, of the same city. Mr. Roscoe kindly assisted at both services, and Miss Rice gave two recitations.

Edgar W. Emerson Sept. 19-25.

BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

HAVERHILL—"O. H." writes that on Sept. 6 Prof. J. W. Kenyon opened a preliminary course of lectures, delivering a highly instructive address. On the same date the Lyceum resumed its sessions with noticeably increased attendance.

Last Sunday Mrs. J. W. Kenyon was with us as speaker and test medium; the communications given were very satisfactory. Developing circle every Thursday at 8 P. M.

Next Sunday's lecturer, Prof. J. W. Kenyon. **BANNER OF LIGHT** will be on sale at all future meetings.

MAINE.

PORTLAND—Orient Hall.—M. A. Brackett writes: Mrs. Knowles, of Dorchester, Mass., gave her Portland audience some very good readings. May she be long spared to labor for the good of mankind in the wish of her many new friends in this city, and at some time in the near future she will again favor us.

AUGUSTA—A correspondent writes: The Spiritualist Society met in G. A. R. Hall Sunday, Sept. 12, having Mrs. Cynthia H. Clarke of Boston for speaker and medium. The services were well attended and general satisfaction given. The people of Augusta are enthusiastic in their endeavor to make the coming State Convention a grand success. Committees on music, reception and entertainment are already at work, and a general willingness to do something for the good Cause is everywhere apparent. Mrs. Clarke will hold a circle at 62 Chapel street on Thursday evening, when the details of the Convention work will be laid out in full.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE—Joseph Cooper, Sec'y, writes: The Providence Spiritualist Association, which holds its meetings in Columbia Hall, corner of Weybosset and Richmond streets, had for its speaker and test medium Mr. Edgar W. Emerson. We had a good audience in the afternoon, and in the evening the hall was crowded. Mr. Emerson is a most wonderful medium, and is well appreciated in Providence.

On Sunday next, Sept. 19, we have with us Mr. F. A. Wiggins of Mirror Lake, N. H.

Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscott.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sunday, Sept. 12, the air was cool and bracing, and a delightful change from the tremendous heated term of last week, which was almost unbearable. A very large crowd—two thousand people—attended our meetings, and listened to the remarks of the different mediums, especially the address of that most attractive speaker, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock of Providence.

Although the season is near its close, the interest does not abate. The people are just as anxious to hear the truths of our golden gospel as ever.

The meeting commenced at 11 A. M. Invocation, L. D. Miliken of Lynn; remarks, Capt. Jonas Balcom of Lynn; remarks and tests, Mr. Jackson of Dorchester, and Mr. William Estes of Lynn.

At 2 o'clock the meeting opened with singing "Come Where the Lilies Bloom so Fair," by the Quartet; invocation, Mr. Jackson; song, "We Are Building Every Day," Miss Bailey and Quartet; fine address, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, subject, "Eternal Progression"; song, "Golden Years," C. H. Legrand of Salem and Quartet; song, "Beautiful Eden," Mr. Pierce of Malden; fine address, Mrs. Abby N. Burnham of Malden, subject, "The Better Understanding of Spiritualism"; song, Mr. Pierce of Boston; singing, "To the Work," by the Quartet; remarks and tests, Mr. Jackson; singing, "When the Mists have Cleared Away," the Quartet; remarks, J. M. Kelly of Lynn; song, "Angel Hand," beautifully rendered, Miss Amanda Bailey of Salem; remarks and tests, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock. Meeting closed by the audience singing "Sweet By-and-By."

Only two more Sundays left in which we shall hold meetings at the grove, and we hope those who have not attended our meetings will avail themselves of this opportunity. We expect a very prominent speaker next Sunday, one whom you will all be pleased to hear.

Monday, Sept. 6, Labor Day, we held our last picnic of the season, which was attended by some twelve to fifteen hundred people, and every one seemed to feel at home, and were all bent upon having a good time; the children, most especially, enjoyed themselves in every way possible. Swings were erected, and dancing was indulged in from 1 till 6 P. M.

The mock trial, in the case of "Who stole the pigs?" was very amusing in the testimony from the witnesses from either side before Judge Huckyaby, who, after the testimony was all in, decided the prisoner was guilty, and returned the following verdict: The grove of pigs stolen will be cut up and served as a barbecue dinner for all present at this court, the prisoner to sit at the head of the table.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale and subscriptions taken: annually, \$2.00; semi-annually, \$1.00; quarterly, 50 cents.

Electric cars pass the grove every fifteen minutes from Lynn and Salem. N. B. P.

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Dr. C. M. Richmond.

BY JOHN J. MACMAHON, M. D.

In the September issue of the Metropolitan Magazine there appeared an article under the title of "Spiritual Charlatanny," by Cassius M. Richmond, M. D. Will you kindly permit me to reply to this learned *savant*, who essays to stamp out all the acknowledged facts that have been admitted by thousands of intelligent and able minds, not only in this century, but which may also be found in the records of history during the long ages of the past? The substance of his article, to say the least, is based upon about as meagre material to establish his conclusions as would be the essay written by a primary school scholar upon the astronomical system that governs the universe of planetary worlds in space.

To begin with, he starts out with the Fox Sisters, and their efforts to prove the communion of disembodied spirits with those remaining on this sphere of life. He tells his readers how the Fox Sisters were induced by a Catholic priest to admit that they had duped a large number of intelligent people by removing their shoes and stockings, and using their great toes to produce the rappings, etc.

Now, I should like to ask this man Richmond what he believes the average intelligent man or woman to be, in his estimation? Does he think them deaf, dumb and blind, both mentally and physically? The Fox sisters traveled over the larger part of this continent, and gave every opportunity to the public to prove them most consummate frauds, if such were the case.

The writer of this article had the pleasure to share his room and bed with the son of Kate Fox-Jencken some two years ago, and had ample proof that even in his case the spirit-world were willing to communicate by this much-ridiculed system of rappings. I assure my readers they were not the result of the young man's toes upon my bed rail or bureau. When I requested them to be made audible, in answer to mental questions of which he had no knowledge as to their purport, intelligent responses came to my every question.

Now as to his statements in regard to his experience in that greatest of all frauds "in his estimation," slate-writing. He undertakes to prove, by a very weak and foolish statement, how easy it is to dupe the average man or woman by this slate-writing trick, "as we have it explained by Dr. Richmond."

I have seen a lady take a pencil in her hand, and without any volition of her own write a communication and attach the exact signature of a man whom she never saw or knew in earth-life, but whose handwriting and signature were immediately recognized by a gentleman present. This occurred in open daylight. There are some people in this world who are so anxious for notoriety that they are perfectly willing to pretend to have the power to knock down plain facts; or, in other words, a lie will answer for truth if it will only create notoriety for them.

The scriptural saying of Jesus Christ holds good through all ages. There are none so blind as those who will not see. That there are charlatans in all walks of human existence, availing themselves of great truths and making use of the product of the great minds of the centuries to add to their earthly comforts, no one who looks around him with a clear, mental vision will for a moment doubt. But that the truths of pure Spiritualism to-day are any less true than through all the ages of man's existence upon this planet, now, as always, so they will continue to prove man's and woman's existence, beginning here like the first flower from the first seed, will continue on for unending ages, ever growing and improving under the infinite love of the Almighty Father, from whom naught but good ever emanated, "though the finite mind of man judges and rules otherwise." It would be better for this man, bearing the sacred title of Doctor of Medicine, to think and study more carefully into the mysteries of his own great profession, where perhaps he would find much more to puzzle him than even in what he thinks he knows about Spiritualism.

Lynn, Mass.

"Warning to all Mediums."

BY A MEDIUM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is not to recount the troubles I had in Denver last winter through an unscrupulous manager that I write this letter. I warned all mediums and Spiritualists, at that time, through the spiritual papers, to beware of a man and woman by the name of Sawkins. They have been re-arrested in Denver this August on a serious charge. I wish to advise mediums all over the country to be careful of those with whom they sit. While in Denver last winter I gave private sittings in connection with my public sittings at a suite of apartments on 16th street, in an apartment house. After completing my term of seven weeks with the society, I had my cabinet removed to my rooms at the above place about five months ago.

Among my sitters was a woman who came to me on several occasions. I knew she was friendly with the people above-named (Sawkins) and I did not want her custom. I had other reasons for not wishing her to come to me: she was always telling that people had taken advantage of her, and had robbed her of money. Now I felt the woman's brain was affected on this subject, for the parties she referred to were upright and honest people. I made up my mind that I would not sit with this woman, so I told her in a gentlemanly way to discontinue her visits, which she did, bidding me a kindly farewell, and wishing me prosperity.

Three months afterward, while at my home in Lily Dale, I received a registered letter from her, demanding by return mail a diamond ring, which she coolly informed me she had placed on top of my cabinet. Now I should state that all the servants had access to my rooms in my absence, and when I left Denver I left my cabinet standing in my room. I do not believe for a single instant that this woman did anything of the kind, for what woman would be so silly as to put her diamond ring on a cabinet in a public place, and tell no one about it until three months after? She claims she did it while I was entranced, but I think it is one of her fancies. I think I even went so far as to say that her children tried to have her confined in an asylum for the insane, and that her husband had wronged her so that it was impossible for her to live with him.

At one time I pitied her, and thought she might have been wronged by her relatives, but now I think they had cause for their actions.

At the time of receiving the first letter I gave it to my attorney to answer, which he did. About a month after receiving the first letter I received another from the same party, asking me to write to the parties who kept the hotel where I had stopped in Denver, and tell them to send her her ring immediately.

My brother has recently received another letter, threatening me with all sorts of trouble, and now I write this to warn all mediums to be

careful with whom they sit. Hereafter I shall have hung up in my room a sign reading:

NOTICE.

[Leave valuables here only at your own risk.]

This will prevent some unscrupulous person coming in afterward and claiming he had left a pocketbook with \$1000 in it in the séance-room. It is needless to say I have answered none of the letters sent, but I have taken legal advice, and shall leave the matter in the hands of my lawyer.

I am pleased to say I have sat for years with thousands of people all over the country, but never had any one try to entrap me before, and I sincerely hope that no one will be mean enough to try this trick on any other true medium.

Yours for light and truth,
CHARLES CAMPBELL,
Spirit Artist and Slate-Writer.

Electric Marvels.

If Nicola Tesla's latest achievement is all that the famous electrician asserts, the world now enters upon a new development of the marvels of electricity. Years of patient study and experiment have finally rewarded the famous scientist with the discovery that a message can be sent simultaneously to every quarter of the globe by means of an electrical disturbance of intense magnitude, which affects the electricity of the whole earth. Apparently, Mr. Tesla means that this can be done without wires. He gave a private exhibition in a darkened laboratory in New York, Tuesday, which seems to have dumfounded the reporter who tells about it—not in the clearest way. By the side of Tesla's seemingly stupendous discovery, the lesser one, Wednesday announced, of Mr. Dixon, of Kentucky, a telegrapher at Boston, of successfully sending six messages through one wire, at one and the same time, seems of less account than, perhaps, it really is.—*Harford Times*.

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MEETINGS IN CHICAGO.

First Society of Spiritual Unity