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## 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 IX.

##### TWO WEDDINGS.

In the quiet little cottage of Widow Eaton a simple marriage service, performed by the good old pastor of the Mission Church, made Joseph Parker and Elizabeth Eaton husband and wife. It was a beautiful morning, the sunshine streaming into the snowy-draped windows and lighting up the simple furniture with a tender radiance that seemed to give a hallowed touch to the place.

Only three or four friends of the bride and groom were present, and these were humble folk, who had donned their cleanest gowns and coats in honor of the hour.

There was no attempt at display. The little table, covered with a spotless cloth, held a vase or two of pretty flowers, gifts to the bride from her friends—that was all; but in the room beyond a handsome cake, out for distribution among those who had come to do her honor, and to a few others who wished her well, reposed upon a shining tray.

Elizabeth herself seemed more than usually grave and thoughtful on that important day, but as pretty and graceful as a picture in her gown of creamy lace, a soft and clinging fabric, that set off her tall figure and olive complexion with charming effect. It was not an expensive gown, this wedding robe of her friend; she had fashioned it herself, setting the tiny stitches with care, and fitting it to her figure with deft skill. Its one piece of adornment, and one that gave an air of richness to the entire costume, was a piece of rare old lace, heavy and rich, of value as a bit of the handwork of foreign skill, and as an heirloom in her mother's family. It had been a part of the wedding finery of the Widow Eaton herself, when she, a young and happy bride, had stood at the altar beside the lover who was to fill an early grave. Through all the years of her poverty and vicissitude she had preserved this bit of finery with scrupulous care against the day when her beloved child should take upon herself the marriage tie; and to-day, as she stood beside the man of her acceptance, Elizabeth wore the lace scarf, draped across her bosom and fastened with a knot of delicate flowers, as the one evidence of the wealth and finery of departed days.

Her lover, clad in a suit of black, with white tie and without gloves, never seemed more manly and honest than at that moment in pledging himself to cherish and protect his wife as long as life should last. His honest face was flushed even to the roots of his hair, and a new light gleamed in his eyes, betokening the happiness that had dawned in his soul.

The Widow Eaton, in a neat gown of plain black alpaca, with a knitted shawl of soft white wool wrapped around her shoulders, sat propped up in the large rocker during the ceremony, the hectic glow upon her cheek, and with the glitter that tells of the presence of a fatal illness in her sombre eyes.

But the widow is happy now. She knows that her days are numbered; not but what she may live many months yet, it is a wasting disease that consumes her life forces, but it is not likely to consummate its work for some time to come. Death has no terror for her intrepid spirit; she looks upon its coming as that of a deliverer, knowing that by its touch the bonds of weariness and pain will be broken for her. At first she had shrunk from its approach, dreading to leave her daughter alone in the midst of a cold and cruel poverty, but now that her dear one has found some one to lean upon, a companion who will provide for her material wants, and to whom she will be helpmeet and wife, the widow is prepared to go, and on this particular morning, when the sun shines brightly in upon the newly-wedded pair, the mother folds her hands in quiet resignation and silent thanksgiving, as she breathes in spirit, "Lord, let now thy servant depart in peace."

There are congratulations from the friends, the old missionary blesses the bride and groom, and departs. The cake is distributed, and Elizabeth, still in her pretty white gown, makes a pot of fragrant coffee, and with her own hands passes it in cups, together with portions of a white cake she has had made for the purpose, to the friends who remain. Among these are Grace and Hagah, our friends from the army corps, the former having "stood up" with the bride as maid and friend.

Grace and Hagah are well known to the widow and her daughter; they have been neighbors and helpful, and have given good cheer to the hitherto lonely women in their humble home. Blossom Lane is but a stone's throw away from the widow's cottage, and not far from the grocery where Joseph Parker deals out his goods to the humble and lowly people who trade at his store.

To-day there is to be a removal; the goods of the widow are to be taken to the new home over the store. It is a bright day, and Joseph has secured a comfortable carriage, in which he is to drive his wife and her mother a mile or two out in the country, where his only relative—a dear sister, who is herself something of an invalid—resides. Here they are to rest a few hours, and take dinner, and in the meanwhile Hagah and Grace are to have everything removed from the cottage, and put in place at the new home, so that when Elizabeth and her mother arrive in the afternoon there will be no bustle and confusion to greet them. Joseph had closed his store for the day; all the neighborhood knew it was his wedding day, and rejoiced with him. To the man it seemed the red-letter day of his life, and one that he could afford to give up to the enjoyment of his new-found bliss. His courting season had been brief; indeed, one could hardly say there had been any; a few weeks only had elapsed since Elizabeth had promised to be his wife. He had spent part of his evenings for an hour or two with her between then and now, they had read together, sang a little together, and discussed their plans a little. The girl was always quiet, not demonstrative, but cordial and kind in her attitude toward him, and he was satisfied. The great loneliness and heart-hunger that had been his for years was slipping away from him, and he told himself that life was just commencing anew for Joe at last.

As for his bride, it was hard to tell how she felt on this important day. She had allowed him and others to plan its hours for her, knowing it would give more happiness to the man she had elected to a place in her life, than for her to insist on seeing to the removal and placing of her belongings herself, which she would have preferred to do, and so, when they placed her in the carriage by her mother, both enveloped in heavy woolen shawls, she smiled sweetly upon the two Army lassies, who would care for her possessions as if they were their own.

Everything passed off as arranged. A few pleasant hours spent with the good sister, a well prepared dinner, which even the widow enjoyed, so much was it to her taste, a slow drive in the afternoon back to town, and then home.

They found everything ready for them. A neat tenement of five rooms, comfortably and prettily furnished, consisting of kitchen, small but scrupulously clean, dining room, parlor and two sleeping rooms. The apartment of the widow was by mutual consent assigned to her by Joseph and his wife. This had been fitted up with her own furniture; it was the largest and most airy of all the rooms, and seemed most of all like home. The other rooms, small and cozy, held little that was familiar to the two women, but they were tastefully arranged, and revealed the anxiety of the master to make a fitting abode for his bride. She understood this, and was grateful, especially when he led her across the warm colored woolen carpet of the parlor to a tiny organ, placing her hand upon it, and presenting it to her as his wedding gift.

"We can have music now when we sing, Lizbeth," he said. "I know you can pick out the tunes, and your voice will sound all the sweeter when you accompany it with this."

She smiled, and her gentle "Thank you, dear; we will enjoy it together," sounded like sweetest melody in his ear.

It was a plain and frugal little home. There was no lavish display here, no money to spend in vain adornment; every dollar had to be counted and to make its value tell; but if confidence and affection reign in such quarters, even the unpolished furniture and simple carpet may prove more enjoyable than the richest of stuffs could under other circumstances.

The lassies had prepared an early tea for them, and, after Mrs. Eaton had rested for an hour upon her bed, it was pronounced ready, and the widow was drawn to the little round table, at which a party of six were crowded to partake of the dainty meal. For here were the bride and groom, with their weary but smiling mother, Grace and Hagah, and good old Father Cleveland, who had come in response to a hearty invitation to participate in their first meal at home.

What matter if it did take all the chairs of the dining-room and half of those of the parlor to seat the company? What matter if their elbows were jostled and if the little room seemed almost crowded to repulsion; this was a happy party; at least any one would declare it so who looked in upon them. The white biscuits were fluffy and toothsome, the butter sweet and golden, the thin slices of cold ham pink and dainty, the peach preserves of a rich and nutty flavor, the tea like amber, and the pickles crisp and green, while the cake, named in honor of the bride, was as delicate and appetizing as one could desire.

They lingered long at the table, and then the lassies cleared it and washed the dishes, while Elizabeth retired for a little talk with her mother while she assisted that beloved invalid to her bed, and the two men sat and conversed on mission work and what it hoped to do for the slums during the year. After that they had a song or two, with the organ as accompaniment, and then in the early starlight the visitors retired, wishing all sorts of good things for the newly-wedded pair.

It was a beautiful evening with only a gentle and crisp coolness in the air, just enough to exhilarate one who walked abroad. The stars shone brightly in the blue sky and shed a mellow radiance upon the city of misery and crime. As she stepped into the starlight and raised her face toward the gleaming sky, Grace said—and there was almost a sob in her voice—"I never see a night like this but I think hosts of angels are watching us from above, and wonder what they think of this wicked world."

"Ah! no doubt, but they do watch us, lass, many a time when we don't know of it, and they must grieve at the sights they see. But if we try to do right, and to help some of the poor lowly ones that know neither angels nor God, we'll be doing his will, and can afford to let the holy ones look into our hearts."

"Yes, yes, Hagah. I know you're right; you always are. I'll try to do my best; but it's hard, hard, this long waiting—I mean, this waiting that never ends."

"Yes, it's hard, lassie, but cheer up. It's got to break at last. Ye'll be sure to find your own some day, please God. The Rose may be bruised and faded, and it may be set with thorns, but, please God, it will be found yet, and the waiting will be no more."

They went on, these two, in their dark gowns of blue and their poke bonnets with the crimson badge, the one acting as a comforter, the other mourning in spirit for the sister whose fate to her was as a sealed book.

On that same starry night, in a fashionable quarter of the town, in a handsomely-lighted, elegantly furnished and flower bedecked edifice, another marriage ceremony was taking place.

odor of rarest hothouse blossoms made the air heavy with sweets. No expense had been spared to make this an occasion never to be forgotten by all who witnessed it. The amount of money spent upon this marriage-scene and the couple who enacted it, would have sufficed to furnish the modest dwelling of Joe and Lizbeth, and to have supported them for years to come; or it would have furnished Father Cleveland or the Salvation Army lassies with the means to carry comfort and relief into the homes of the suffering and out of the slums, and to have made those polluted places clean and sweet, and fitted for human habitation.

But, no, the wealth of the task-master and of the plutocrat is not turned into such channels of beneficence, and, in this instance, it was poured out like water upon costly viands and rare old wines, priceless flowers and useless finery, for the gratification of the passing throng.

The contracting parties in the second marriage ceremony of this day are of interest to our readers mainly because in the bridegroom we recognize Dave Green, the wealthy manufacturer, who has entered partnership with his father long since, and is known as a man of dash and extravagance among a certain set of fashionable butterflies, who have toadied to him because of his influence and wealth. In person he is tall and well built; his face is cleanly shaven, and shows neither moustache nor beard; his nose straight, lips full and not attractive, chin square and firmly set, eyes—well, it is hard to describe them, for they are neither blue nor brown, light nor dark, but seem at times to be first one shade and then another. He has a low, rather narrow forehead, which is crowned by a mass of reddish, crinkling hair. Such is the person of David Green, who stands well and appropriately dressed beside his bride, a tall and haughty brunette of graceful carriage, hand some features, with dense, dark eyes, in which purpling shadows lurk, and an abundance of blue-black hair that has a gloss unlike any but its own.

Her dress is of richest, heaviest satin, with an ivory tint, garnished with folds of priceless lace, and its train is yards in length. Ropes upon ropes of orange blossoms decorate the gown, and fall in sweet profusion down the costly veil, while pearls and diamonds of rarest lustre adorn brow and throat and wrists. She is the daughter of a many times millionaire, and can afford to wear the robes and jewels that a queen might not despise.

And this is his wedding night. Gazing upon him in all his serenity and conscious pride, one who knew something of the secrets of his past might venture to ask him what of the lowly girl who had disappeared from her alley home in former years, what of the Rose of Blossom Lane, whose sweetness had departed from ear and nose? What of the life, torn and blighted, that had been cast away as a broken plaything when its first attractiveness had gone; and had one so ventured to ask, he might have seen a crimson stain of anger mount the brow, and have received a muttered denial and curse for his pains. But the heedless throng, that enjoyed his cakes and wines, questioned not, and the proud man revelled in his wealth, smiling upon his bride, and asking not if God is just.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### "I MUST AND SHALL BE FREE!"

A long stretch of sand, with here and there a huge rock marking its gleaming floor like a gloomy shadow upon a glistening strand. The moaning and surging of the waves as they beat upon the beach with an ever restless pent up force that told how it could if it would leap all barriers and sweep with fatal grasp over rocks and sand into the very homes built upon its shore. Bars of moonlight like palest silver breaking through fitful clouds that lay in fleecy whiteness upon the summer sky, and streaming down upon the figures and faces of two human beings who had strayed far along the sands away from habitation and companionship, and who now stood confronting each other by the side of a great rock against which she leaned, making a picture of beauty in the moonlight.

Like a carved and beautiful statue she appeared in her shimmering white gown and delicate lace, her perfect face gleaming out like a pearl from the background of the rock, her abundant golden hair massed in heavy coils about her shapely head, her rich violet eyes shaded by long and curling lashes, shining with unwonted excitement as she listened to his words. She was tall and slender, like a graceful flier she had often said, the daughter of a wealthy, purse proud man, motherless from her earliest years, a spoiled and petted darling of society, herself a proud and capricious belle, who had in her two-and-twenty years of life ruled her little kingdom with power and will.

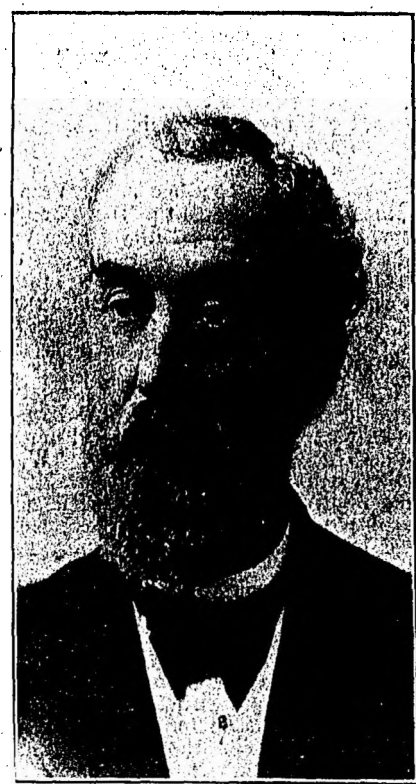
And this man who stood before the lovely woman, what of him? Scarcely older than herself, and not of greater height, of good face and figure, his brown hair curling in tiny rings about a well-formed head, his large dark eyes filled with an intensity of purpose, revealing depths of strength, and perhaps of grandeur in his soul that she was incapable of perceiving or of understanding, his sunburned brow, broad and lofty in intellectual expansion, his whole being denoting the possession of reserve force and untiring power, surely he was fit to be the companion and mate of even this queen of womanhood who stood in all her regal beauty before him on the sands.

But what are the words that issue from his lips, which have grown white and stern beneath the tawny moustache that veils their wondrous curves? Surely these are not the tones of the contented lover, or of a happy and satisfied companion, for they are intense in their bitter despair, while even a tender, reproachful, half proud, half appealing accent runs through the tones.

"Clare, is it for this that we have come upon the sands to-night, for this that you bade me walk away from all the world that we might be alone, with only the great sea before us, and the lights of the island behind, where we could commune as our hearts dictated without intrusion or discovery? Is it thus that your heart dictates communication to me—to me, your own?"

"Hush, Frank, hush! Do not speak the word. It is not, cannot be true. I am nothing to you but a friend, or a mere acquaintance. Let the world never know that there is aught between us save the passing friendship of a few pleasant months. I will it so, it must be so, and I have come here to-night to ask you to release me from all obligations to you. You would not wish me to keep my vow when you know that I can never be a companion to you; that it has all been a mistake; that I do not love you; that even the contemplation of our past year is abhorrent to me, and that I must and shall be free!"

She spoke in low, musical tones, gazing straight into his face, her eyes kindling into greater light with the intensity of her tones, the set and determined purpose of her will.



Dr. Walter B. Mills.

The subject of our sketch, was born in the State of Vermont, in 1824, and at an early age removed to Saratoga Springs, N. Y., where he has since resided. He engaged in the mercantile business, which he followed for many years, and disposed of the same after accumulating a snug fortune. It was during his business career that he developed his first phase of mediumship, (that of writing) which at this time was not only unsought, but very little understood in his section, as it was about the first that had been witnessed there. Although he was severely criticised by the public, he held unflinchingly to his honest convictions,

For a brief space he remained silent, and then in a husky, broken voice, he said:

"God help me if it is as you say, Clare, that we have made a mistake; that I can be no companion to you; that you do not love me; and that—that—oh, God! that I should live to hear this from your lips—sweet lips, that I have loved and kissed; cruel lips that do not soften blows; that even the contemplation of our past year is abhorrent to you."

Then with a sudden dignity in tone and mien, straightening up to his fullest height, and gazing into her splendid eyes with his own matchless brown orbs:

"Since when has this abhorrence possessed you, and why are you determined to be free? Is it because I am poor, and have no high position and wealth to bestow upon you? Surely you knew that fact, when I, as your father's trusted clerk, was admitted to your home, and received from his daughter every encouragement and attention that my heart could wish? Clare, I never sought to hide from you my true station and prospects. You knew that I came from a good, well born, but poor family; that my father was only a country clergyman, struggling along upon a meagre salary, anxious to give his son a good education; that my mother was a sensitive, gentle lady, but with no bank account. You knew, dear, for I made it all clear to you, and you said it made no difference, that you loved me, and could not live without me—that I went to the city, and entered college, fitted myself for a minister of the Gospel, and received my degree as such, but that, while coming in touch with broad minds of the world through books, lectures and other means, I lost my hold on theological tenets and doctrines, and could not content myself to fill a place and preach a creed that was repugnant to me. You knew, too, that my poor father died a disappointed man because I had failed to meet his expectations; that my sweet mother, heaven bless her, passed away when I was but a child, and that when I met you I had no ties of love or relationship to bind me to any quarter of the globe. You knew that I had entered your father's employ because he needed my service, and because I felt that I could do justice by him. I never dreamed of raising my eyes and my heart to his beautiful child until she led me on—forgive me, darling, for saying it, I seem such a poltroon even to myself for daring to hint at it; and yet, now, now that you tell me that even the contemplation of our past is abhorrent to you—I must ask you, Clare, if you forget how it was, and by what means you made me believe you loved me, that you could not live without me, and that death would be only too welcome if I turned away? Surely, only the veriest puppy could withstand such an appeal from even a common specimen of womanhood; how then could I, in the presence of a being whose glorious beauty, brilliant intellect and charming manner had won my heart, withstand that which was held out to me to take for my very own, and for which my very soul panted and yearned?"

She had stood coldly regarding him, only her shimmering eyes telling aught of the emotions surging within her breast, until now with a little gesture of impatience, and a derisive curl of her lip, she interrupted him.

"You do well to remind me of my folly, Franklin Bearse; I deserve it all that I was so blind, and could not foresee the end, but all that was more than a year ago, and it seems so far away. I cannot realize that I ever could have been the vesic, foolish creature you depict; I, Clare Graham, the proud and favored child of fortune and society, I must have been under some uncanny spell, that made me over into some other person. But at last the illusion is dispelled; I have come back to my former self. The events of the last year that have passed between us, or that have affected us mutually, must be blotted out. I will it, and my will is law."

She drew from her bosom a broad band of gold—marvelously like a marriage ring—and laid it in his hand; he started with a cry, and held it before him, as if he could not believe his sight.

"Clare, Clare!" he cried, "are you mad; do you not know that you cannot undo what the law has decreed; that in taking this pledge of our union from you I do not and cannot release you from your bonds?"

"Oh! yes; I know it well, but our secret has been kept; no one suspects the truth; we had no witness of our union but my nurse, and she

and was soon able under severe tests to not only maintain his true convictions, but to demonstrate to the public that spirit return was a fact. He often wrote in languages entirely unknown to him, which had to be interpreted by others. From his first inspiration up to the present time he has probably had as many if not more phases of mediumship than any other medium known, among which have been writing, entrancement, seeing and giving accurate descriptions and names of persons, locating diseases, and lastly healing, which he is still following. Many patients in different sections can testify to his wonderful power."

He has often been able to locate and name living reptiles in the stomach, and has uniformly succeeded in removing the same, when other noted physicians had failed.

He still enjoys most excellent health, and is able each day to treat his many patients successfully, besides attending to his large correspondence personally. He is often found upon the platform advocating the true principles of Spiritualism; and no doubt many readers of THE BANNER who have heard him the past season can testify to his unique and truthful clairvoyant descriptions, to his financial assistance to the Cause, as well as to his sincere motives. He has, during his many years of varied phases of mediumship, never used his power for pecuniary ends, but for the purpose of bringing out truths which have been the means of doing a vast amount of good, as well as bringing many others to a knowledge of the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism. He now occupies the presidential chair of the First Society of Spiritualists in Saratoga, which he has held for the past thirteen years, and it is mainly through his efforts that the society has grown from a mere handful to the large and interesting society it now is. Having been connected with the family for nearly thirty years, I can truthfully say that these and many other phases have been witnessed by not only my own family, but by hundreds who can testify to his wonderful power. A. J. WAHRNER.

will never reveal what I bid her conceal. The old minister who performed the service is dead; I have reason to know that it was never recorded; there is absolutely no proof that we were ever more than friends to each other—you and I—but your own unsupported word; if that were spoken, I should deny its truth, and who would doubt Clare Graham, even if her statement conflicted with that of Franklin Bearse?"

He turned the ring in his hand, then pressed it to his lips. In the fitful light he could not read its inner inscription, but he knew it bore a date, with the names of Franklin and Clare, with these words, "Till death." To him it was a precious, holy thing, symbol of a union that he had thought could never be destroyed. He had not cared for money or fame, but had been content to toil on, and by dint of his own energy, talent and fidelity to duty, win his way to a higher position in the business world than that of confidential clerk to one of the magnates of the commercial world, whose daughter this beautiful woman happened to be. And he had won his way; had been promoted, and was likely to reach a position in time that even a proud woman like his own haughty darling might not be ashamed of.

Their marriage had been a clandestine one. He had desired, in the early days of their courtship, to speak to his father and declare his love, wishing to ask permission to woo her openly, when in time he should prove himself worthy of her hand, and should have secured for himself a financial position of greater value than his present one. Young men before now had attained positions from which they dared to aspire to the hand of an employer's daughter, and why could he not do the same? He had youth, integrity, ambition and ability on his side, what had he to fear, especially as she, the queen of his heart, had avowed her love for him? But she opposed all his reasoning and argument, herself proposing the secret marriage, with only her own nurse as witness, and which she desired should be performed by an old minister of another city, who had been her mother's friend.

There was no one but her father to oppose her will, and he was to be kept in profound ignorance of the whole affair until such time as she should herself inform him of it. She knew full well that had the millionaire known of her infatuation for his attractive clerk, steps would be at once taken to part her from him, and that under no condition would the marriage be allowed to go on; but she was of age, possessed of a property in her own right, of sound mind, and in every way competent to decide for herself, she argued; and thus it was that in this, as in all things else, the lady had her own sweet will, and the affair was arranged and consummated according to her desire.

For half a year she lived in a world of bliss, her stolen interviews with her lover-husband making life a dream of joy and satisfaction. Then she began to tire of him; grew less fond of his attentions and less devoted to him, until now, while at the seashore, where she had been passing a few weeks at a fashionable hotel, and to which he had come to spend the Sabbath, she had given him this word of repulse and denial of his claims, that had nearly taken his breath away.

It was not strange that he should have appeared on the scene this Saturday, for important news from the office had been brought to Chauncey Graham by the young man; nor did the millionaire pay attention to the fact that his daughter, whom he credited with being quite competent to take care of herself, had strolled out with the handsome clerk; and thus it was, that while in the distance the melting strains of an enchanting waltz from the seductive instruments, handled by skillful musicians, floated out from the hotel upon the balmy air, and the rumble and surge of the incoming tide beat upon their ears, the two who had stood before the minister less than a year ago and listened to the words, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," now faced each other on the lonely beach, the one with cruel falsity on her lips and in her soul, the other with despair in his heart.

Further words passed between them, but we heed them not; the waters roar and surge, the music croons its matchless melody to the listening air, the moonlight comes out stronger and clearer, and gilda waves and shores with silvery beauty; the shadow of the rock grows longer; the two figures are still alone, and human suffering stalks over the sands as in the

city slums, within palace walls as in hovel and hut, and God, unmoved, beholds it all.

Later she turns toward the house; he, still clasping the marriage ring, continues to stand by the rock, though he follows her white figure, moving over the sands, with an eager, heart-hungry gaze. At last she disappears, but he still stands there, as if petrified to the spot. By-and-by, he too, will go on; but now he cannot stir. For him there is no light, no music, no joy in heaven or earth; only the shadow of the rock, only the moaning of the sea, only the darkness of the blackest night that touched him with its chill when she said:

"I do not love you. The contemplation of the past year is abhorrent to me. I must be free."

[To be continued.]

## The Creative Power of Thought, and the Delusive Power of Imagination.

BY PROF. J. R. RICHANAN.

It is seldom that I can agree fully with Mr. Dawbarn, but I have a substantial agreement with him as to an idea in his last speculations on the creative power of thought. I supposed that to be one of my discoveries laid up for "The New World of Science," which may be published if I live, and did not suspect that any one else would have the same idea, for that class of ideas is not abundant, and I congratulate Mr. Dawbarn on his progressive boldness.

But he and I are never entirely agreed, and since I had the pleasure in New York of introducing him to the Science of Psychometry, he has got it around with theories and paralyzing limitations which I cannot sanction, nor can I entirely sanction his mode of presenting the creative power of thought. But after writing thus far I examined his essay carefully, and find that I can agree with him only in the title of his article. He has not found out the creative power of thought, but has given us a sprightly piece of romance on the delusive power of imagination, and as romances are always interesting, so is Mr. Dawbarn.

He has given us a pyramid of theory, standing on one fact, and when we examine it, we find it is not a fact, but a hypnotic delusion. He assumes that Dr. Charcot created an immortal picture by the power of thought, and that we are all manufacturing immortal pictures in the same way, and the world is full of them—so full that we must wonder how the millions of millions are packed together, overlaying each other at every possible angle, packed as tight as a compressed cotton bale in every crowded city; and there they must lie forever; for Mr. Dawbarn says they are immortal, and they are "material" too; and even if they are as fine as films of spider web silk there must be a limit to the amount that could be packed in London or Paris; and in time they must interfere with locomotion, get into our eyes and our lungs too, for they are, as Mr. Dawbarn says, stamped on the air we breathe. And this is not the first time that Mr. Dawbarn's brilliant imagination has been revelling in physical impossibilities, though I have been unwilling heretofore to comment on his flights of fancy.

I can reciprocate his compliment that "a greater than Charcot" is here; for Charcot was a servile slave to all the eternal laws of science with which Mr. Dawbarn plays a shuttlecock game so gracefully.

The millions of thought-form realities—yes, material realities—generated every hour in a populous city would pile the streets to the house-tops every day. In fact, the streets would not hold them, for they would be huge affairs, houses, horses, carriages, ships, elephants, and lately locomotives, trains of cars, grand processions, etc. But suppose they are crushed, jammed and packed into a street, squeezed out of all shape to-day, how will to-morrow's creations come in, and keep on coming in for thousands of years in Rome, Athens and Jerusalem, piling up above the clouds? And Mr. Dawbarn thinks there is material stuff enough in his mountain piles to come out and delude a respectable psychometer or a medium. I have never found any such psychometers in fifty six years; but if Mr. Dawbarn has ever been deluded in that way, a candid confession would be instructive. Such delusions never occur with any one who follows scientific methods. Can Mr. Dawbarn show when they ever occurred in THE BANNER Message Department?

Now if Mr. Dawbarn can refine his material thought-forms until he can carry a million square miles of them in his vest pocket (which would be easy for him), he has just mastered his first difficulty; and I think he can do it, for when we handle his material thought-forms they appear to be what is vulgarly called "the little end of nothing."

They are created by wholesale at every hypnotic exhibition. The exhibitor produces his walking-stick and tells his subjects it is a terrible looking ghost. They all see it; they are all frightened. They would unanimously testify that they see just such a ghost as the operator describes, with long horns and fiery eyes. And according to Mr. Dawbarn we are bound, as philosophers, to receive their testimony, because they have finer senses than ours. Certainly they have.

"For optics keen it needs, I ween,  
To see what is not to be seen."

And hypnotic delusion is the entire foundation of Mr. Dawbarn's extensive hypothesis, and we had a great deal of the same kind of hypnotic philosophy from Dr. Hensoldt in the *Arena*, who was a good hypnotic subject, and saw so many visions in India—just what he was told.

But the terrible ghost suddenly created—which is one of Mr. Dawbarn's immortal and material forms, to show the "creative power of thought"—is very short-lived. As soon as the operator snaps his fingers and cries "ALL RIGHT," the ghost is gone, never to return until created again by the power of a word.

Charcot's hypnotic subject described just what he described to her, and if he had told her the picture had a brass chain hanging from the nose she would have seen it, and continued to see it if he left her under that delusion. That she was able to distinguish that card from others is not strange in psychometry, but shows extreme sensitiveness. If Charcot had relieved her from the illusion, that would have been the end of its immortality.

Dr. Charcot understood what he was doing, and did not imagine he was making a wonderful discovery, though he gave a fine illustration of psychometry combined with hypnotism. But what the French have done in psychometry (viz. Drs. Bourne and Barot and Prof. Luys), has been altogether too loose and unscientific for my student. If they had adhered to my methods they could have convinced the profession. But Denton was the only scientist who has pursued the proper course, and his great works are his permanent monument.

Fancies are more real to Mr. Dawbarn than facts. Let me give a fact, which shows the real creative power of thought. I placed a cardboard between two slates, and held them in the presence of a medium. Ancient spirits, foreseeing my labors, had begun to visit me, most unexpectedly, and demonstrate the creative power of their thought. Within half an hour I opened the slates, and found upon the white face of the cardboard a fresh oil painting—so fresh that it required a month to make it dry and hard. I could not conjecture whom the painting represented, but the name was kindly given me at the bottom; it was John the Baptist, by whom Jesus was baptized, and who was decapitated in prison by Herod the Great, for censuring his profligate private life and his adultery, which brought on war, and also, according to Josephus, because he thought the eloquence and power of John over the people made him a dangerous subject.

Having employed every possible psychometric test, I have proved that this was a portrait of John the Baptist, and he has since visited me and talked in his peculiar style; and the portrait has been recognized by those who knew him of old, as correct; I have told the whole story in "Primitive Christianity," which shows the creative power of thought as we

see it in every honorable materializing séance—not my thought, but the thought of John the Baptist, who was himself an illustration of the creative power of the inscrutable Divine mind which must ever be a mystery to man.

And if Mr. Dawbarn had been near, I could have obtained his testimony to John the Baptist, without his suspecting it. He would have described the character like all other psychometers, except that he would not have done justice to St. John's religious sentiments, for I found, in experimenting with him, that he could not understand a highly religious character, being somewhat defective in his own religious nature, but brilliant in imagination.

St. John is still an immortal reality accessible to those who have a similar spirituality, but Mr. Dawbarn's walking-stick immortal ghost does not survive the hypnotic exhibition.

Let us look for one of Mr. Dawbarn's immortalities, who, as he thinks, might visit THE BANNER circle and fool the experienced mediums.

I remember well in 1836 R. L. Adams's famous "Moon Hoax," which seemed to delude the world a little while. With a powerful telescope in Africa his astronomer saw everything in the moon; and he saw the Vesputilio Homo—a man-bat—flying in the lunar atmosphere. I met my old medical professor and rode through his park on a bright day, and he was glorying in the grand discoveries in the moon. He was entirely orthodox, and he thought these discoveries in the moon were the grandest illustration of the power of God, and would be a "perennial fountain" of life and light and wisdom for all mankind. That was the first I heard of it. I thought it very amusing, for I never went wild on the marvelous or the orthodox.

The moon hoax soon vanished as a tremendous joke; but what became of the Vesputilio Homo? According to the Dawbarn philosophy, there were at least fifty million Vesputilio Homos created by the readers and believers in the moon hoax; but where are they? They certainly have not visited THE BANNER circle. They must have gone to the moon, for Luna, the moon, is suspected of having something to do with Lunacy.

Perhaps Mr. Dawbarn is practicing another gigantic hoax, like Mr. Adams, and he performs his part well with a grave face; but he introduces a suspicious quotation, "What fools these mortals be!" Well, let him catch a flying Vesputilio Homo, and he will demonstrate his philosophy; but he must catch one created in 1836, and not palm off any new creations.

The creative power of thought is simply a new illustration of the science of Psychometry—a science too grand and novel for the parrot-professors of colleges to be interested in it.

In writing I associate my own vital conditions and emanations with the letter that I write, and the psychometer perceives them, and may indeed perceive the train of thought and feeling in my mind at the time. The power of intuition reaches all things—but it reaches realities—not nonentities.

So when we occupy an apartment we impress our pleasant or unpleasant personality on the apartment, to be realized by sensitives who enter it. A curious illustration happened to me in San Francisco. A lady was visiting in my office, and being a good psychometer I placed a remarkable picture in her hands for description. But she totally failed to catch any impression of the character. Another influence took hold of her irresistibly, and she gave a graphic and minute description of the gentleman who had occupied the office just before I took it, of whom she knew nothing. She did not see him as a mental picture, but the apartment was impregnated with his influence—that influence was somewhat morbid, and I soon felt the effects on my lungs. I could even perceive the unpleasantness of the apartment in comparison with one I had been occupying charged with my own influence, as we feel unpleasant influences in a hospital after the patients are gone.

Was there any creation in this case, or when a letter conveys smallpox, or when I passed my dry pen over blank paper, as if writing words, making no mark at all, and a psychometric correspondent about a thousand miles away told me what the words were? But the influence in the apartment gradually passed away, and I doubt if any psychometer in the world could recall those words.

Creation is not quite the unlimited and superabundant thing which Mr. Dawbarn's bright imagination would make it. Creation is the origination of something permanent, or not according to conditions—man's creations are not; and if creation goes on at the lightning speed suggested by Mr. Dawbarn, and all the creations were material, and were stamped on everything, even on the passing breeze, the world would have been so crammed with these old creations a hundred thousand years ago that sensitives would have been mentally drowned in the fluent mass of pictures, images and forces and their dilapidated remains, for if they are material they must be liable to fracture and distortion, and the result would be a piled-up chaos—a chaos of what? mere nonentities. The finest psychometer may travel through regions that ought to have mountainous piles of thought-creations and perceive nothing but the landscape and the breeze, or using intuition may realize the ancient scenes—not thoughts, but realities.

What Mr. Dawbarn so promptly calls a thought creation is generally the airy nothing suggested by a fine-spun theory. His styled speculation is not the scientific but the imaginative, and I should be heartily ashamed of my views of the creative power of thought if they led to a serious assertion of such nonentities as Mr. Dawbarn brings forward to tumble all psychic science into chaos, in which there is no boundary between the real and the unreal.

The visions of delirium tremens are real objects to the disordered brain, but not to any one else, though a psychometer may explain them; and Mr. Dawbarn's thought-creations have far less reality than the old drunkard's visions, which originate in his own brain. All psychic science disappears when we accept Mr. Dawbarn's speculations; but psychic science is as real, eternal and positive as any form of science in the hands of scientific men.

The competent psychometer describes places which really exist, characters in living men and characters in the departed, characters in the men who have made history—places on the surface of the earth, cities or mountains, mines in the rock and water-streams underground.

Thus psychometry, as a reliable science, deals in history, biography and geology, which has been amply illustrated in my writings and in Denton's; and this is valuable permanent science. It has nothing to do with Mr. Dawbarn's fancies, which vitalize themselves into visible bodies, and go around to persuade people they are realities. This is a good deal further beyond the limits of science than the astral shells of Mme. Blavatsky's exploded theories, who was in the habit of laughing at THE BANNER circle, as dealing in unrealities.

Competent mediumship has nothing to do with Blavatsky shells or Dawbarn creations. THE BANNER OF LIGHT has for many years been publishing interesting and graphic messages from the departed, which in their accurate personal statements contain sufficient evidence of their origin, even if they had not been so often confirmed by the positive testimony of the living. The value of the Message Department of THE BANNER has been too long firmly established to be affected by a random hypothesis.

It is a most unjust and insidious attack on mediumship and competent mediums, whose powers have been demonstrated, when Mr. Dawbarn politely suggests that they are likely to describe a nonentity as a real spirit. If Mr. Dawbarn has had the misfortune to make such mistakes, he has a right to make confession for himself, but not to impeach the capacities of others.

The difficulties and fallacies of psychometry and mediumship upon which he has enlarged in some of his writings, do, of course, exist among incompetent and fanciful pretenders, but nowhere else. Mrs. Loxley, and all other mediums employed by THE BANNER, have a record that justifies mediumship as a valuable art and science, worthy of high esteem.

After the creative power of man has been presented in so fantastic a style by Mr. Dawbarn as to destroy all psychic science, I am yet not ashamed to say that there is a creative power, which is intelligible and scientific, of which I shall speak as a branch of cosmic science; but I agree with Mr. Dawbarn only in the use of words to name it. But I must thank him for his complimentary personal expression, though it would seem baseless if psychic science has no more value than he allows, and human intuition is as feeble as he supposes.

I protest against his theories as a jumble of materialism, spiritism and imagination—a combination in which I see neither Spiritualism nor science, but only the attractive style in which a novelist contrives to interest his readers.

Vibration is everything in his theories, but as vibration is nothing but motion in something that vibrates, and motion is only change of place, it has nothing equivalent to thought-sensation, or life. Whether the vibration be up or down or crosswise or circular, there is just as wide a gap between vibration and any of the faculties of the soul as between the soul and matter. His talk of vibration, which is making confusion in Spiritualism, is hardly a degree removed from materialism; and when thought-vibration and matter are jumbled together as equivalent, interchangeable things, such a theory is neither materialism nor Spiritualism, though it may be a nondescript sort of spiritism.

When Mr. Dawbarn thinks and creates material forms on the passing breeze we may ask whether they hang together in shape, or spread abroad like a fog, or twist into a thread. Do they fall to pieces, or go dancing down the centuries like spider-web silk? Does the sun shine dissipate them, or are they eternal? If material, as he affirms, they have gravity; then would a million weigh an ounce, or would any be equivalent to a bullet?

Can they be seen, felt or smelt? If I understand Mr. Dawbarn his creations are in the best samples, a peculiar sort of ghosts, that can be seen, can travel about as a human personality, fool the mediums and scare the ignorant as ghosts.

In the old-fashioned way the only spirits we knew were those who had been reared by a father and mother—spirits whom somebody knew, and who themselves knew something and could give good advice to surviving friends. But, according to Mr. Dawbarn, we have entered a new realm of science which he has discovered, the realm of "multiple personality," manufactured out of cogitations—and ghosts are as easily manufactured as soap bubbles, but as immortal as the stars; and if he has the necessary zeal and patience he could add a million of immortals to our American republic, and send them out to fool the mediums.

This all seems a penny-styled speculation, but I believe I have not mistated the creative theory. As these immortal ghosts, I presume, require no food nor attention, they might locate in the dead moon whenever they become too abundant here, for the manufacture seems to proceed with lightning speed while we are thinking.

Mr. Dawbarn is always so interesting and attractive, we like to hear from him. But we should not take him too seriously. We should not forget the boundary line of the practical science, on which we can stand firmly, and step off to walk on the bottomless nonentity, of which we had so much in Blavatsky's secret doctrine revealing three hundred and eleven millions of millions of years; Oahspe, revealing wars in heaven twenty-five thousand years ago; Hams, revealing crazy mysticisms; Eddy, revealing the nonentity of everything except himself; Schnefendorf, revealing himself as God; and Ted, proving that we are living on the inside of the globe instead of the outside, and all finding disciples.

Dawbarn's world of "multiple personalities" is another department of the unreal. When this French idea of Prof. Janet was imported from France I explained its fallacy two or three years ago; and, as leading Spiritualists have dismissed it since as a vagary, it needs no discussion now.

My reason for discussing at length this fallacy of imagination taking the name of thought-creation, when nothing is created, is that while the rest of the world stagnates in skepticism, the spiritual movement seems to attract all the credulous, and credulity is the rich soil which originates and supports every species of fraud.

Credulity and fraud have been so strong that I realized long ago it was dangerous to oppose them, and have held my peace, but rejoiced at the vigorous movements of Mr. Barrett and Prof. Loveland. The Dawbarn theories are a lively addition to the credulity which is more dangerous to science than skepticism, and wins a larger following than the substantial science upon which we can safely rely. When wild credulity and cunning fraud are overcome the Spiritualism of earnest souls may rule the world.

But the fraud and credulity which ruled the first three centuries of the church, in alliance with despotism, have ruled ever since, and spiritual science in its purity is the only power that can arrest its progress and emancipate mankind.

## Vivisection.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

There seems to be a disposition in this age to congratulate ourselves that we are not as our fathers were; yet it is to some of us an open question whether the advantage be on our side or on theirs.

We smile at the crude religious belief of him who fancied that,

"...admitted to the equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

and yet on what was this belief grounded? On the acknowledgment of the friendly relations which subsisted between them here, and the supposition that the same relations would continue hereafter.

Cosmo de Medici said: "You shall read that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends."

What of those humble beings who are our friends, whose tender eyes glow as they see us—whose loving hearts beat joyfully at our coming? Will they forgive?

A little girl takes a pet cat to school, to be chloroformed and experimented upon. Some one reproaches her for this, and she replies: "Oh! I didn't care; puss had its anyway, and teacher said it wouldn't hurt her."

The cat was the child's friend, and it trusted her. As the Psalmist says, "If it had been mine enemy then I could have borne it."

We hear so much of "friendship" in the world, and, after all, what does it come to? Which of our friends would turn his hand to help us? It is seldom that a friend has the opportunity of giving his life to prove his friendship, and it is even more seldom that one who has the opportunity avails himself of it; but who will make life sweet to a friend by controlling his own temper, or doing those little gentle things that every day offers to each and all?

The dog, the cat, the horse, who has not seen them turn from the fierceness of their wrath, the madness of terror or pursuit, and stand gentle and patient at a word from the master they love?

I do not look for their admission to the equal sky, and so I say: "Return their love here, make them happy, and show them that their affection is not misplaced."

ANNA SARGENT TURNER,  
Sec'y New York State Anti-Vivisection Society,  
Saugerties, N. Y.

Be noble toward an enemy. The man who does you wrong has need of pity. To be injured is a less misfortune than to be injurer. He who defrauds makes holes in his own pockets, by which he loses more than he steals. He who slanders, wields a sword which he holds at the point; his own hands receive the wounds. The wrongdoer is the man who is down; his own sins have struck him to the earth. Rather help him up.

## Re-incarnation.

BY ALBERT K. HUBARD.

There is a great effort being made at the present time to introduce the doctrine of re-incarnation among the people of the western world. It has been a belief of Eastern peoples from so far back that its origin is lost in the mists of the past. Without doubt it had its origin in the observation by man of phases of the human mind which he saw but could not account for, and, following the natural instincts of man in all ages, to furnish some sort of explanation for everything he sees, he gradually came to the belief that the souls of men returned to another body, and enjoyed another life on earth.

In speculating upon the origin of the idea, or upon what phenomena led up to it, it is necessary to start with the fact admitted that men, when they first appeared on the earth, were but little in advance of the highest species of animals then existing physically, with a corresponding superiority of intelligence.

The higher species of animals next to man have spirits as well as man, but not of sufficient strength to exist after the body perishes, and man in his first estate was subject to the same limitations. But man, from his more perfect physical development, came in time to have a spirit of greater strength, and this growth in strength continued until the spirit became strong enough to exist after the death of the body. Then there came into the life of man a new condition. He began to observe the development of new ideas, resulting in a more rapid advancement, and was surprised at the fact that it was often the result of intuition—perhaps often than from deliberate search—that the best ideas were evolved. Many times, also, it seemed to him that there had been something similar in his previous experience; yet he could not fix the incident in his present life, and finally came to believe that he had lived a previous life in which the incidents occurred of which his present impressions were the vague recollection.

There is in every belief of man an underlying truth in the system of nature, and a knowledge of that truth will help us greatly in sifting out of past beliefs the things that will work for our present good. The phenomena, of which the doctrine of re-incarnation is an explanation, were caused by a condition made possible by the development of man to a point where the spirit had acquired sufficient strength to exist without the bodily environment; but then, as now, spirits remained in the vicinity of their earthly life, and found their chief enjoyment in communicating with those they had left behind. It was their influence and suggestions, entirely misunderstood, that laid the foundations of a belief that had held possession of a large portion of the people of the earth from that time until now.

Civilized man has arrived at a stage where he is confronted by phenomena that cannot be explained on his assumption of the supremacy of matter. He gives to matter all the functions that he sees performed in the system of nature, but he has been unable to account for all the phases of intelligence that the operations of nature disclose. The manifestations of mind or soul or spirit—whatever name he may give it—in man he claims to be a phase of matter which he has endowed with the "potency of every form of life." The psychic force in man he knows nothing about, except that he is very sure it is a property of matter; but there are many things connected with it that open the way to the doctrine of re-incarnation as a solution. Those who have no higher conception of man than that he is to be finally a perfect physical being on the earth will accept it, as will also many who have become dissatisfied with the teaching of the future state by those who assume to know all about it, and at the same time reject all means of ascertaining the truth of their beliefs.

Man has never yet been able to think outside or beyond the intelligence that nature exhibits. He has thus far only discovered a few of the more simple principles and modes of operation in his immediate environment, certainly not enough to warrant him in assuming that he has arrived at the summit of all knowledge; and he would do well to hold himself open to receive truths that the future may reveal.

Every thought of man has its underlying truth in the system of nature, and, however much he may becloud it with his ignorant speculations, it is still a truth which will more clearly appear as man advances toward the goal of his final attainment.

The doctrine of re-incarnation is no exception to this, and re-birth is a fact, not only for man, but for the lower animals and plants, down to the simplest forms. The first appearance of consciousness is when matter has been brought, through the process of creation, to the point where it begins to assume form; and at that time the spirit, which is the active principle underlying the universe, commences its progress in evolution.

This evolution is the result of the education of the spirit by which matter is controlled, and it goes on until there appears a personal identity of spirit, which is not confined to man, but is possessed by the lower animals after they have arrived at a certain stage of development. Only in man does this personal identity continue after the death of the body; but the spirit of the lower animals loses its identity and returns to the state it was in before it entered the body. It has acquired an experience that enables it to enter into higher forms of life, and this process, continued, finally results in man, in whom the spirit acquires strength to exist as a personal being after the body perishes.

Aug. 21, 1897.

## Re-incarnation.

What do we actually know about it? Who is wise enough to solve the problem? If it cannot be solved, is it profitable to speculate upon it? Are not what we call life and what we call spirit one and the same thing?

Is life anywhere and in anything other than spirit expressed or made manifest?

I affirm life to be spirit, known to man only through and by its manifestations. I believe spirit to be universal, omnipresent. God, if you choose. Every form of life, every expression, is but a manifestation of spirit individualized. It may be in a blade of grass or the lilies of the field; the giant oak or the towering pine; it may be in the glowworm or the well-rounded, mature man. All is spirit expressed, spirit individualized, spirit materialized.

Now, then, what is the sequence and process for continuation? In each and every one of these expressions is contained a half-germ for reproduction, which is spirit; and no one of said half-germs in itself and of itself can generate or reproduce a new individual entity. The half-germ, or seed, of the male, must come into contact or touch, must flux with the half-germ of the female, or there cannot, will not be a new generation or expression of life—a new spirit materialization. And this can only occur in the dark cabinet of the mother womb. Spirit must be in the seed of the male, whether it be plant or animal. Life must inhere in the seed of the female; the two must flow together, and out from that union will come a new incarnation.

If thus far my statement is correct, is sound, where is the opportunity for the individualized spirit already in existence to become a whole germ for a new generation in the mother womb and be reborn into earth-life? How can any thoughtful person believe it is so? When our mothers are overshadowed, conceive and bear children without male contact, then it will be a good and proper time to inquire into and investigate the process and problem of re-creation or re-incarnation. Then we may well ask if there be spirits drifting in space, seeking for a chance to return to earth-life and the environments of the flesh, in order to gain experience or knowledge that shall fit them for duties and life in the world of spirit. Is it not a fact that every exorcise spirit

that takes possession, control of a medium, is for the time being reincarnated? Is it not, to all intents and purposes, the occupant and possessor of the entranced medium's embodiment? and in that way and manner, and that only, may they not be said, most truly, to be reincarnated hundreds and thousands of times? The child that prematurely passes into the larger life, lacking earth's experiences, need not from necessity return to a bodily expression for education; it can be and is acquired there, from teachers who dwell long in the flesh, and who passed through all needed experience to fit them for the duties in that sphere of existence. Just as we here acquire information regarding other nations and peoples of whom we have had no previous acquaintance or knowledge, so there are ways and means, I believe, far superior to ours, for instruction and education. In fact, they have in their service teachers incarnate and exorcise. I think I may say I know what purpose to the "happy hunting-ground," in very early childhood, who has been enabled to acquire quite a knowledge of our tongue, and is surprisingly well-informed regarding the human organism and the treatment of disease. In the matter of good morals, right doing, and the "more excellent way" in our daily life, she is far in advance of the average citizen. She has but little need of a second birth into earth-life. She has been reincarnated in her medium thousands of times. T. L. LANTERN.

## A Hint of Critical Reasoning.

BY SILAS BOARDMAN.

I would not detract from the prestige which seems to be the logical consequence of membership in a baker's dozen of prominent societies, nor dispute the authority vested in the possession of a large library. Add the invulnerability of a university education, and the favored mortal has a triad of requisites that may seem sufficient to make him a fit exponent of the principles of Spiritualism and the philosophy of evolution.

This preamble is not lightly offered. There is evidence of wide scholarship and deep thought in the address of William Emmette Coleman, which appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT for July 31. And this critique is not intended in any degree as a reflection on Mr. Coleman, but rather as an emphatic protest against a vital error which is embodied in a single clause of the aforementioned address.

I will quote the sentence: "In this teaching we find the climax of evolutionary doctrine, God himself being the product of evolution, the deific principle existing in nature unindividualized until embodied in man, and, when thus personalized, it evolves, by a long course of development, into a personalized and individualized God." With much interest I have noticed a similar statement of Mr. Coleman in the *Light of Truth*.

A commensurate idea was advanced by a reverend Second Adventist of the name of Sheldon fifty years ago in this county (La Crosse Co., Wisconsin). I was surprised then at the simplicity (not to say vacuity) of Mr. Sheldon in putting a well-defined limitation on the character and attainments of the infinite God. He was bitterly opposed to Spiritualism, and in the view of his own adherents, crushed it into a hopeless nonentity by showing up the absurdity of progression, thus: "If man should continue to progress he would become equal with God; therefore progression is an impossibility." It was the first and last Adventist sermon that I ever heard, and I tried in vain to show the absurdity of such reasoning to people who were imbued with the same thoughts. I have outgrown the dread apprehension that the inconsistencies and mistakes of others, or some inadvertence of my own, may upset the universe. But, believing both to be extremes beyond the confines of reason, I am neither an optimist nor pessimist, and therefore have a motive in thus venturing to question a sentiment of Mr. Coleman's which seems to have the tacit endorsement of the majority of the advocates of our beautiful philosophy. I understand that Mr. Coleman is an ardent advocate of Spiritualism; yet he makes the same fatal, vacuous mistake!

Among all the writings that I have seen, speaking that I have heard, or papers that I have read, this peculiar thought seems to have a complete recognition, as it is in no instance denied, and in many reiterated.

From my standpoint the inference is that I am away off on a tangent, or else that it is time for me to rise up and protest against a glaring absurdity and manifest inconsistency. And if God, and nature, and the spirit-world, and the BANNER OF LIGHT, will stand by me I will not wink at the palpable error, nor neglect any opportunity to set it right before the world. There are two important ideas involved in this discussion, viz. the existence and character of God. But as his existence is ostensibly admitted, the present essay is intended to deal more especially with his character. In fact, the existence of a God has only a slipshod recognition among the majority of writers on Spiritualism; and after this humble effort, if permitted, I shall be glad to present to the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT an argument that, so far as I know, has never been answered, and never can be, in favor of the existence of an infinite God.

The special clause to be considered is: "God himself being the product of evolution." It is true that from a certain standpoint the statement looks well, and has proven practically unanswerable, because people have not known how to meet it; and I do not blame our modern upstarts so much for advocating a palpable error, per se, as for their presumption in the circular utterance of something which they know nothing about. As I understand, progression is eternal, and Mr. Coleman's thought that "the deific principle" "evolves, by a long course of development, into a personalized and individualized God" is right, with the exception that the word "long" should give place to the word *endless*. And without this amendment the phrase has not the merit of the latest announcement of Chanticleer on a woodpile! Let us see. The deific principle evolves, by an *endless* course of development, into a personalized and individualized God. It is saying considerable. It is doing a good deal. And I am not the one to say it is not feasible; but you must have patience, because, in this consumption devoutly to be wished, you cannot realize your fond ideal until you have reached the end of eternity. The idea that God is a product of evolution can only be the product of a brain that has a surplus of self-esteem and a dearth of veneration, with a decided limitation of reasoning power.

The same system of reasoning will tell us that God is a progressive individual! How do you know? And the answer is clinched with the idea that there is no standing still! Again you are beyond your depth, and trying to tell us something that you know nothing about. Have you considered the three infinities? Has the thought never dawned upon your mind that as vast as infinite space and as enduring as infinite time is the Infinite Wisdom whose throne is a fact rather than a place, and whose government affords room for all manner of creeping things, from the tadpole in the mire to the seraph who comes to us on a sunbeam, with the assurance that, notwithstanding the asseverations of the evolutionist, the rationalist and the atheist, nature is still an infinite government, with an infinite governor at the head of it, and his name is God? And to say that you, by searching, have found out God, and that he is the product of evolution, is to say that you have compassed the entire gamut of progression, and seen the end of eternity, and demonstrated the truth of re-incarnation—but we would like a few statistics.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 1, of cerebral apoplexy, Mrs. MARY R. HUBBARD, aged 78 years. Mrs. Hubbard was well known among the Spiritualists of Boston.

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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.

### "PLEASE GIVE ME A 'NAPPLE'."

A rap on the door, and I hasten  
To find what is wanting there,  
Where a dark-haired girl is waiting,  
And a sunbeam with golden hair.  
"Well, what is it, bright-eyed darlings?"  
I asked with suppressed glee  
Of the brown and blue-eyed batteries  
That were gazing up at me.

"Please, sir, my ma sent us over  
To get some apples for pies;  
Not the ones we got before, sir,"  
Said the angel with hazel eyes.  
So we got her a panful of Porters,  
Yellow and crisp and tart,  
But the wee bit of golden sunshine  
Gave a sob from her little heart.

First she looked the pan all over,  
Then turned up her eyes of blue,  
"Dess you'll give me a nice red napple,  
Muzzer said, I tells you to."  
My kind wife stepped to the pantry  
And brought a Red Astrakhan pair,  
One for the dark-eyed sunbeam,  
And one for the golden hair.

You should note the look of contentment  
That swept through the eyes of blue,  
And another of real wonder  
When our "larkspur" caught her view,  
"Dess my muzzer like dose papples."  
It was a picture rich and rare,  
A most beautiful combination,  
Phlox, larkspur and golden hair.

Ah! innocent souls here looking  
Out through blue and hazel eyes,  
Perhaps sweet mates are with you,  
Spirit children from the skies,  
And where'er there comes a longing,  
Eyes of hazel and eyes of blue,  
Come right over, and you'll find "napples"  
Ready waiting here for you.

FRED L. HILDRETH.

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

### What Sober Men Gain.

BY ED. S. VARNEY.

Sober men keep their health. They have strong bodies and sound minds. They retain good situations and become honored business men.

They make good citizens. Many of them make their mark in the world, both in public and private life. Their moral and social graces unfold, and they become a blessing to the community in which they live.

Their intellectual powers grow, and become of some use to themselves as well as to their fellows. Everybody respects them, everybody trusts them, and they respect themselves. When a business man wants to secure a clerk or an errand boy, the first thing he desires to find out is whether the man or the boy is honest and sober.

A young man who is slow and awkward, but who is honest and sober, who totally abstains from intoxicating drink, will get a good position quicker and keep it longer than one who is more brilliant, but who is not thoroughly honest, or who takes an occasional glass. When a young man takes to drink he signs his death warrant for chances of preferment in society, in church, in business. For when it is said of him: "He drinks," people begin to lose faith in him.

To every boy and girl who may read this, let me say: there's just one right way to do, and that is, to "touch not, taste not, handle not."

### Little Offie Downs's Courage.

Offie Downs, a drummer-boy in Omaha, calmed a panic, and prevented a terrible calamity among five hundred children some months since. He is less than fourteen years old, but the moment he heard the hall gong sound the alarm of fire he did not forget he had important business. It was the crisis for which his little head had been trained, and in the presence of a rattled principal and excited teachers saved a dead and injured list.

This young chap had been in the military band of the school. It was his duty, twice a day, to stand at the bottom of the stairs, and march out the scholars to the steps of an army rattle. This exercise was called the fire drill, and the pupils, from the infant class up, were told they must never hesitate when the drum should sound. Each got his place in the line, and so accurately and thoroughly were the rooms trained that Principal Allen boasted the big building could be emptied in two minutes.

He had a chance to practically test his boast. He had hoped, despite the good discipline, that the expected catastrophe would never happen. He was quietly seated in his room, about two o'clock, when Miss Hughes, pale and excited from fright, dashed in with the cry that the building was on fire. She hastened back to her charge, and Prof. Allen ran to the gong. They heard the rush of children up-stairs, and the alarms from the other teachers. There was a stampede, and in the excitement no one remembered the fire-rules or the drummer-boy.

Offie Downs kept his head. He saw the smoke coming through the register. He did not think it was necessary to ask permission to leave the room. He rapidly passed up the aisles, went down the two flights of stairs on the run, and passed the instructors without a word. It was no time for him to talk. He wanted that drum, and he got it.

Principal Allen was not in his room, but the young hero did not hesitate to enter. He pulled the instrument down from the hook, slung the strap over his shoulder, and plunged into the hall. The smoke was now so dense he could barely see his way, and on the floor above he heard the teachers shouting to the children to remain in order. There were fire engines rattling outside; but, like a soldier in battle, Offie Downs stood at his post. He picked his way to the bottom of the stairs just as the five hundred pupils appeared in a herd at the top.

He pounded that drum for dear life. The very first sound from it acted like magic. Mr. Allen pulled three little girls and one boy from under the feet of the rushing children, and commanded them to keep step to the music. The little ones then remembered their lessons, and to the music calmly came down the long flight, as they had done a thousand times before. Smoke filled the entire building, but in a minute from the time the "band" began to play there was not a child in it.

The boy remained steadfast. He stood cool and defiant, with the smoke blinding him. He waited until Mr. Allen told him everybody was safe, and then he came down the front steps, still rattling away at his fire-call. The crowd cheered, the teachers hugged him, and that night five hundred families were singing the praises of his young courage. He was the sole cause of the rescue of the children, several having fainted, and fallen during the first moments of the stampede.

The fire started from an overheated furnace

stack. It was easily extinguished by the department, despite the fact that the flames had consumed one floor.—Press Dispatch.

### Why One Feels Chilly When Lying Down.

The reason is simply this. Nature takes the time when one is lying down to give the heart rest, and that organ consequently makes ten strokes less a minute than when one is in an upright posture. Multiply that by sixty minutes, and it is six hundred strokes. Therefore, in eight hours spent in lying down, the heart is saved nearly five thousand strokes, and as the heart pumps six ounces of blood with each stroke it lifts thirty thousand ounces less of blood in a night of eight hours in bed than when one is in an upright position. As the blood flows so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down, one must supply, then, with extra coverings, the warmth usually furnished by circulation.—Harper's Bazar.

**HYGIENE OF LIGHT.**—A French scientist has been making experiments with the growth of plants under different conditions of colored light. It is reported, as a result of this experiment, that the red light produced even more noteworthy results than white light in the way of forcing growth. While the plants were strong and vigorous under the influence of white light, those under the red pines of glass grew to a greater height, and burst into bloom earlier. The plants under the frame of blue glass showed little if any growth, but the leaves grew decidedly darker.

### CAUSE FOR SORROW.

There is much that makes me sorry as I journey down life's way,  
And I seem to see more paths in poor human lives each day.  
I am sorry for the strong, brave men who shield the weak from harm,  
But who, in their own troubled hours, find no protecting arm.

I am sorry for the victors who have reached success to stand  
As targets for the arrows shot by envious failure's hand.  
I am sorry for the generous hearts who freely shared their wine,  
But drink alone the gall of tears in fortune's drear decline.

I am sorry for the souls who build their own frames' funeral pyre,  
Derided by the scornful throng, like ice deriding fire.  
I am sorry for the conquering ones who know not sin's defeat,  
But daily tread down fierce desire 'neath scorched and bleeding feet.

I am sorry for the anguished hearts that break with passion's strains,  
But I'm sorer for the poor, starved souls that never knew love's pains;  
Who hunger on through barren years, not tasting joys they crave,  
For sadder far is such a lot than weeping o'er a grave.

I am sorry for the souls that come unwelcomed into birth;  
I am sorry for the unloved old who cumber up the earth;  
I am sorry for the suffering poor in life's maelstrom hurled;  
In truth, I'm sorry for them all who make this aching world.

But underneath whatever seems sad and is not understood,  
I know there lies hid from our midst a mighty germ of good,  
And this belief stands firm with me, my sermon, motto, text—  
The sorriest things in this life will seem grandest in the next.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Norwich, Conn.,

Opened its sessions for the season on Sunday, Sept. 19, 1897, in the Lyceum room of the new building just completed on Park street by the Spiritualists of the city, and to be dedicated to the use of the spirit-world. Special exercises were held in celebration of the occasion, a goodly number being in attendance, and all rejoicing in this first meeting in their new home. The Lyceum room is very attractive, and all had contributed toward its decoration. Flowers were abundantly displayed on tables, organ and bookcase, and an offering of pure white flowers graced the table on the platform in memory of our arisen conductor, Mrs. Fannie M. Marcy, who served us so faithfully in the past, and whose efforts for the welfare of the Lyceum have ever been held in dear remembrance by her associates.

A very pleasing program had been prepared, the musical part, in charge of the musical director, Miss Ruth Spalding, deserving special mention. Some appropriate songs, adapted to the occasion, were rendered by the Lyceum, one with solo by Miss Fatin Spalding. The conductor rendered a song, and a duet was sung by Henry and Hedwig Blackstone.

The history of the Lyceum from its organization, the year 1892, was given by the Secretary, Mr. E. R. Tuttle, in a short speech presented the Lyceum with forty dollars, as the result of the efforts of a small society started a few years ago to raise money for a building fund, and now giving this amount for the best use of the officers and Lyceum.

Mr. Hubbell, our oldest member, proposed a vote of thanks, and congratulated the Lyceum on its bright prospects for the future. The exercises closed by a song rendered by the Lyceum.

It is the hope of all interested that our pleasant opening on this bright day may be followed by increased interest in this, a most important work for Spiritualism, and that we may be enabled to be a power for good in the world, helping our fellow beings, and showing forth the beauty of our religion in lives trained in true accord with the highest teachings it may be ours to receive and to dispense from the spirit-world.

MARY P. CLAPP, Sec'y.

### Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1

Met in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, Sunday morning, Sept. 19, with good attendance, considering the season is very early.

Superintendent Soper called the Lyceum to order at 11 o'clock. After the usual opening exercises Mrs. Soper asked the little ones present what their answers were to the question of the day, which was Helpfulness, and they seemed so interested in the subject she thought it best to continue the same for the following Sunday, also made remarks on Harmony, the question for the older groups.

In the absence of our Musical Director, Mr. Willis Milligan, Master Mulford presided at the piano. The grand march was executed in fine manner. Then Assistant-Superintendent Yeaton made brief remarks. The following little ones helped in the entertainment: Receptions, Iona Stillings, Mabel Emmons, and Mrs. S. E. Jones.

Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham was present, and addressed the children, giving her experience in visiting several Sunday schools, and informed the children they were not the only ones that carried flags, as she had seen it done in Fremont Temple, and at another Sabbath school celebration. She was pleased to see so many children present, and told them it ought to be the pleasantest day in the week, and tried to impress it on their young minds never to be absent from the Lyceum, and if any of the little ones were to be sure to go to see them, and find out why they were not there.

Dr. Hale made a few brief remarks. Guardian Mrs. M. A. Brown spoke of the passing out of the body of one of our little ones, Mabel Lee, since our last session. Election of officers occurs at the residence of Dr.

Hale, Tuesday evening, Oct. 6. Let every member be present, as business of great importance is to come up at the meeting.

Annals of the Lyceum, Sec'y.  
30 Sydney street, Boston, Mass., Station K.

The autumn stars the woodland o'er  
With many a brilliant color;  
The world is brighter than before,  
Why should our hearts be duller?

### Enigma.

I am composed of eleven letters.  
My 1, 5, 11, is to perceive.  
My 10, 9, 7, is to knock.  
My 1, 8, 6, 2, is part of the window.  
My 4, 8, 5, 7, is to retain.  
My whole is a poet.  
Charlotte, S. C. LUCILE MELOHERS.

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

### Banner Correspondence.

Our friends in every part of the country are earnestly invited to forward brief letters, items of local news, etc., for use in this department.

### Massachusetts.

ONSET.—Mary E. Thompson, Cor. Sec'y, writes: "Sept. 15 was the closing day of the Wigwam Co Workers for the season. It was held, as is customary, in the pleasant grove adjoining the Wigwam. About two hundred persons were present to participate in this festive occasion."

This was set apart as the Indians' day to control their mediums to sing, dance or speak in the Indian tongue, or any way they wished to express their presence.

The exercises were opened by singing 'Star-Spangled Banner' in an enthusiastic manner, while the flag waved overhead in freedom, as if in harmony with the song; invocation, May C. Weston, President; Indian Wigwam song; remarks upon the benefit received from the Indian spirit-healers, May C. Weston; song, 'Rejoice and be Glad'; Mrs. A. M. Zoller of Washington, D. C., spoke under control; Mrs. Ring, tests; Mrs. S. Dick, remarks upon her experience with her Indian guides as healers, who many times saved life; Dr. A. C. Fuller made a powerful speech; Mrs. Thomas sang an Indian song; May C. Weston, an Indian poem. Dr. A. Proctor, formerly of Providence, spoke of the benefit he received and the additional power from this season's labors by diagnosing diseases at a distance, under Red Feather, to aid in his work of healing the coming winter. Mrs. Dr. H. Johnstone spoke at length of her love and guidance of Indian control. Mrs. Bliss spoke of her Indian cabinet spirits, White Wolf and Blue Flower, how much depended upon their presence, also interesting remarks of visiting different camps and other societies' ideas of mediumship; remarks by Mrs. Lewis; song, 'Beulah Land'; Mrs. Wilder, Indian dance; Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Wilder, dance; Mr. B. Westgate sang a song in Indian dialect, also a song and speech in an unknown tongue; Mrs. G. M. Hughes, in perfect Indian costume, gave tests, danced and sang, using the bow and arrow in native Indian style; no one witnessing the dancing attitudes of this medium can ever doubt her most perfect Indian control; sunbeam dance was finely rendered by her control; music for the dance by singing by Dr. E. A. Blackden of Boston; speech by Dr. Blackden; Mrs. S. A. Bryant, Second Vice-President, remarks, also gave fine tests to Colonel F. W. Page, formerly of Washington, D. C., now of Onset, of scenes in the war, and of one comrade dying in Salisbury prison; recitation by the President, a poem; Mrs. M. E. Proctor, Secretary, spoke of the pleasant time she had enjoyed here and the benefit received from the Wigwam spirit influences; closing song, 'America.' Thus closed one of the most successful seasons of the Wigwam at Onset.

A new feature of the healing was to receive the address of some sick person and to diagnose the case; many received benefit thereby; also ten minutes of silent thought for sick friends they have always practiced with marked success. Over six hundred patients have been treated in the Wigwam this season."

ONSET.—Augusta Frances Tripp writes: "Mrs. S. Dick is a medium who is well-known by frequenters at Onset and in the vicinity of Boston. Her work this season has been a silent one, but she has accomplished much, both about the camp and at the 'Wigwam.' I seldom have a test given me, and consequently am never expecting them. At the Wigwam, one afternoon, a gentleman was perceiving some one who was 'drowned.' Mrs. Dick was influenced, and said: 'It is for you, lady,' (pointing to my mother); 'it is your husband,' giving his full name. 'He says he was drowned at sea; his ship went down with all on board; and when he found he could not save his ship he rushed to the cabin and secured some papers, which he placed in his bosom before they took to the boats; but the boat was swamped and he went down. He holds up the papers, and further adds that he is so sorry he did not send them home instead of taking them with him, as then his wife and child would have been better provided for.'

This in part we knew to be true. We knew the storm came on in three days after he sailed from New York, and his ship was never heard from. There was property we could not claim because the papers could not be found. This accounted for their absence. This was the first time he had manifested, although having been gone to spirit-life many years; but that seemed to open the way for him, and he now comes to us often, which is a great comfort to my mother."

LYNN.—Mrs. A. A. Averill, Sec'y, writes: "The Lynn Spiritualists' Association has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, James M. Kelly; Vice-President, Amanda Robinson; Secretary, A. A. Averill; Treasurer, E. P. Averill; Board of Directors, M. V. B. Stevens, C. H. Worthen and L. D. Milliken."

The season's course of lectures will open Sunday, Oct. 3, in Cadet Hall, with Miss Blanche Brainerd of Lowell as medium. Thomas's Orchestra will be present and furnish music. Supper will be served in the lower hall."

### Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.—J. M. Humphrey, Sec'y, writes: "Mrs. Dr. Hillings of Anderson, Ind., who has been with us for the past nine months as lecturer and President of the N. O. Association of Spiritualists, returned home this morning. She did this solely and only to quiet the fears of an anxious husband, who dreaded her exposure to the danger of the fever now said to be in our midst."

In token of our esteem and respect this Association passed the following Resolutions at a farewell meeting held in our hall on Thursday, Sept. 16: Be it

Resolved, By the New Orleans Association of Spiritualists, that,

Whereas, Our worthy sister and President, Mrs. Dr. Hillings, has for many years been a most successful and useful medium, and has been instrumental in the advancement of Spiritualism, and is now about to return to her home, at the urgent solicitation of her husband, and in the satisfaction of a paramount duty; and

Whereas, We, as an Association, deem it but a part of duty as well as a pleasure to give to our sister some public and collective assurance of our love and esteem for her, therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the unanimous regret of our Society that we have thus soon and unexpectedly come to the parting of the ways, that is to separate us for awhile; and

Resolved, That wherever and whatever her future may be, our loving sympathy and remembrance shall continue, mellowing and ripening as the years roll on, that shall we know certainly reunite us again and again, either in the flesh or out of it, either upon this earth or in spheres supernal.

Resolved, That as an efficient, capable worker in the Cause of Spiritualism we regard our sister who is now leaving us as second to none upon the spiritual rostrum, and possessed of talents and ability of a high order, which in her are joined to a pure and noble

womanhood, that made the best expression in a soulful desire to 'do and be right.'

Resolved, That in parting with her our Association expresses its most affectionate regards, and its deep regret that she is leaving us, and its earnest desire to see her again, and its promise to keep her name known to the history, whose accomplishment of practical results shall ever remain monuments of her untiring efforts and success.

Resolved, Further, That a copy of these Resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Association, and one sent to each of the following papers: The Banner of Light, the Progressive Thinker, the Light of Truth and the Times-Democrat, with requests to publish the same."

### Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mrs. Thomas M. Locke, Cor. Sec'y, writes: "The Philadelphia Spiritualist Society has opened meetings for the season, and has had during September large and appreciative audiences. Mrs. Irene Stephenson of 2247 Ingersoll street has been the speaker. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen will occupy our rostrum during the month of October."

### A Criticism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have read with much interest the several editorials and communications which from time to time have appeared in your columns upon the subject of fraudulent practices of mediums. While I recognize the truth of many statements made, I also recognize the injustice so apparent in some of those statements. One would suppose from the tenor of the criticisms that all the fraud which is met with in the demonstrations of the phenomena, mediums were alone responsible for, when a careful and conscientious consideration of the subject would reveal the fact that there are others who are equally, if not more liable.

It is generally understood that a medium is one who allows his organism to be used by spirit intelligences for the purpose of demonstrating the fact of spirit return. The fact is well known the less the individuality of the medium enters into the demonstration, the more reliable the communication, the more perfect the demonstration. It is also well known to mediums, the success or failure of the communication or manifestation is largely due to conditions provided by those who seek to communicate with the spirit-world. The average man and woman who enters the séance-room is ignorant of the laws which govern the phenomena, and think all that is required of them is to display their ignorance on every occasion, and direct all their malicious thoughts against the medium or some person or persons whom they may meet. They discuss the subject of self-importance and verbosity which discloses their ignorance at every step.

Would it not be better, instead of abusing the mediums for that for which they are not responsible, to try to educate the people in regard to the laws which govern the phenomena, and thus give to all a better understanding of what is necessary to secure the results sought for? When people learn to go to the séance rooms with honesty in their hearts, with an earnest desire to learn the truth, and only the truth, they will attract intelligences, who have risen above the sordid conditions of material life, who will gladly prove their presence. When the public learns to take their brains with them, to leave conceit, arrogance, jealousy, malice and all uncharitableness on the outside; when they learn to go to the spirit world for a higher purpose than their material advancement—at the expense of others; when they learn there is much to be done to advance the Cause to a position in the world where it will command respect; when they practise individualism less and cooperation more; when fraud and malice are no longer in the hearts and minds of humanity; when mediums are shown the same degree of kindness and consideration the world desires shown them, we shall hear less of the cry of fraud and more of the truth.

Crucifixion is the price of mediumship, always was, always will be, and mediums are painfully made aware of the fact. Some are strong enough, by virtue of their own individuality, with the power which surrounds them from the spirit-side of life, to face the storm; others are not; those who are not need, deserve, and should receive from the spiritual public encouragement, kindness, and a higher recognition of their endeavors to meet the obligations placed upon them. The malignant shafts which are hurled against mediums, by the ignorant, prejudiced and selfish, self-styled Spiritualists, are a standing disgrace to the Cause and a blot upon civilization.

S. VAN BROCKLIN.

### San Jose Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

For the past seven weeks we have been favored with the presence of Dr. Harry St. Clair, of New York City, as lecturer and medium to the First Spiritual Union. His lectures have been found interesting and instructive by the general public, and his platform astrological ball readings, as well as his readings given from the sound of the human voice, have been very popular. His more private work in circles and sittings has given general satisfaction, and he has fully proved himself to be an honest and reliable exponent of spiritual teaching and philosophy. During the time of his engagement he has given two circles in aid of the Union, and also donated one-half of the proceeds of the sale of tickets for six months' astrological readings. The amount so donated he handed to the President of the Union this evening, after the delivery of his last lecture, upon which resolutions of thanks for his generosity, as well as for his earnest and valuable services to the Union, were carried by acclamation. During his stay he was also instrumental in starting a monthly supper, followed by a meeting by and in aid of the Ladies Aid Society, resulting in a gratifying addition to their funds. The many friends he has made during his stay greatly regret that other engagements prevent his remaining longer, but they look forward to his visiting us again in the near future.

During the month of September, Dr. M. Muehlenbruch, of San Diego, will occupy the rostrum, and it is expected that Mrs. S. Co-well, of Oakland, will be with us for the month of October.

JAS. U. SPENCE, Sec'y.

San Jose, Cal., Aug. 29, 1897.

### A Humanitarian.

The practical worker is still in demand, and among the most accepted with us at the present time is the noted physician and healer, Dr. Dumont C. Dake, who has been summing here at Onset. He has, to our certain knowledge, performed many remarkable cures, which give him a wide reputation without any advertising or effort of his own. The Doctor has been many friends, and will always be a welcome guest at Onset. Dr. Mack of England speaks highly of him, having been greatly benefited by his treatment, also Mr. E. Prieto of Madrid, Spain; Mr. Alfred E. Giles of Hyde Park, Mass.; Capt. Cook and wife of Lacombe, N. H.; Dr. Brown, Onset; Mr. Geo. E. Bowen, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Wm. F. Nye, New Bedford; Mrs. T. H. Bussy, Wardner, Idaho; Mr. A. B. Gardner, Providence, R. I., and Mr. Geo. W. Howes, Charleston, Mass.

Dr. Dake is a humanitarian who is deeply interested in his work of healing the sick, and delights in such cases as have been given over by other physicians.

AUGUSTA FRANCES TRIPP.

Onset, Mass., Sept. 6, 1897.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years it was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, it requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer no cure, but any case fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Sept. 12.

# PROSPERITY.

The Bright Side of Life as Indicated by Bountiful Wheat and Cotton.

The Dark Side as Shown by the Increase of Disease.—Dr. Greene's Nervura a Nation Saver.



Seven hundred million dollars increase in the value of America's wheat and cotton crops. Half as many millions more added to the value of American railway securities. Over a billion dollars distributed among the people of this prosperous country. Such is the record of the season of 1897.

This is the bright side.

What about the dark side?

Seventy-five million people.

Five million men and ten million women suffering from exhaustion incident to the strain of the past ten years.

Fifteen million children weaker than their ancestors and worse equipped for the increasing severity of the battle of life.

Nerves! Nerves! Nerves!

Distracted nerves and weakened and vitiated blood make up the most serious problem which this country must solve. Scientists rather than soldiers are needed to save the nation.

Dr. GREENE'S

# NERVURA

For the Nerves and Blood.

The scientist who is now doing most for his fellow-men is Dr. Greene, the distinguished specialist who discovered Dr. Greene's Nervura remedy for the nerves and blood. The overwork and over-anxiety peculiar to American life are a severe drain upon the vital forces. It is this drain which Dr. Greene's Nervura counteracts.

Shattered nerves are strengthened, weakened blood is vitalized, and the whole physical and mental system restored to its original power and activity. Nervous prostration and morbid susceptibility to excitement are removed by this great remedy, together with such symptoms as melancholia, sleeplessness, irritability, nervous dyspepsia and headaches.

If you do not fully understand your case, call upon or write to Dr. Greene at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. Consultation is entirely free, personally or by letter.



### The Syndicisation of the French Spiritualistic Press.

BY QUESTOR VITE.

The well-known occultist leader, "Papus," has, after some effort, got all the papers representing the different schools of occult and psychic research (excluding theosophy, the position of which is dogmatic, and not one of research) to unite in forming an association in which all will cooperate in mutual assistance. It is expected that by this corporate action additional strength will be forthcoming in the furthering of all interests pertaining to the psychical domain.

A committee, of which "Papus" is nominated President, has been instituted, and will meet in the rooms of the "Ecole Pratique de Magnetisme," M. Durville (the director thereof) being appointed Secretary. "Papus" will represent the "Initiation" on the committee; "Sedir," the "Voile d'Isis"; Castelar, L'Hyperchimie; Bonvery, La Paix Universelle; Thomass, La Therapeutique Integrative; P. Delanoe, La Revue Scientifique du Spiritisme; C. Duval, Le Bulletin de la Federation Spiritiste; Durville, Le Magnetisme; Lemayrie, La Revue Spiritiste; L. Faquet, Le Progress Spiritiste.

The "Memorandum of Association" states that the object is to draw together the bonds of fraternity and solidarity existing between the members of the same corporation and all the publishers of spiritual papers in France; to assist and protect each other in circumstances of professional difficulties or trials; in spreading spiritual ideas apart from distinction of schools, doctrines or beliefs; each member retaining entire independence in that respect.

It will be interesting to see whether the Spiritualists, occultists and investigators of the psychical domain in other countries will rise to the point of displaying similar tolerance of mutual differences and divergencies, and follow the good example thus set them by France through "Papus."

Were they to rise above the small personal considerations which have been the main cause of their divisions, they would undoubtedly find force and mutual

## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

**THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY**, located at 225 North Street (from a former address, Boston, Mass., for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Free Press, and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by full and correct address, and if 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 a cent.

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

Notation is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return cancelled articles.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

[Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.]

**PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.**  
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**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:**  
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**Banner of Light Publishing Company.**

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

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

### TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

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

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

### A Few Facts.

Every reader of THE BANNER realizes that a new departure is necessary in spiritualistic work, in the direction of purging our ranks of all questionable and counterfeit elements. THE BANNER stated its position plainly in its issue of June 26th ult. It has nothing to retract from what was then said, nor any apologies to offer for the opinions expressed. Indeed, we would take even stronger ground today, should occasion require.

We have not found the mediums ready to meet the perfectly fair and eminently just conditions we then mentioned. Complaints against a medium or speaker cannot be noticed unless supported by sworn testimony or documentary evidence. At the present time we have acted upon the cases that have been clearly proved. THE BANNER declares its positive intention of taking similar action in all cases where reliable testimony is filed, proving the medium or speaker to be guilty of fraud. We must not be held responsible for what we do not do, when people fail to supply us with reliable evidence upon which we can act. Thus far it has been a constant cry on the part of some persons, "Why aren't Mr. and Mrs. Blank's advertisements ruled out? If my friend has deceived, so have they, for they are all alike." If these critics would set an example by coming forward voluntarily, and give a sentence under the conditions named by THE BANNER on the 26th of June, this matter could be speedily settled.

Vague and indirect charges against mediums and speakers are absolutely useless. We cannot depend upon them, nor shall we even refer to them. We want reliable evidence, and then we can act. People have come to us with grave charges against this or that speaker or medium, and when asked if they will testify to the same under all circumstances, the reply is, "Oh! don't bring my name into the case; I don't want to be known in the matter at all." The onus is thus thrown upon THE BANNER by the people who, while claiming to desire the purification of our ranks, are yet too cowardly to swear to that which they know to be the truth.

House cleaning is necessary, but THE BANNER cannot do all the scrubbing alone. Soap, as well as water, is needed, while the application of mental muscle is absolutely essential. We will gladly apply the muscle if plenty of hard soap and pure water are supplied by those who have the facts and can substantiate them.

Whenever well-grounded proofs as to the fraudulent practices of any medium or speaker are at hand, THE BANNER will drop their advertisements at once. But to floating rumors, to scandalous and vindictive attacks, we can give no heed whatever. If Spiritualists wish the Cause to advance as it should, then let them cooperate with us in the work of reform. We will not endorse, countenance, or advertise any one whose guilt is clearly proved. We ask for evidence, for we wish to keep the standard of THE BANNER in its present high position, as the representative of right and justice.

True mediums now have an opportunity of aiding the Cause by coming forward and giving a sentence under the test conditions named. By so doing they will avoid competition with the questionable elements, with whom they are now classed, and add materially to their own reputations for genuineness and honesty. Up to date, every suspected medium has de-

clined to meet THE BANNER's terms, while those who are considered genuine have failed to take any notice whatever of the matter. Absolute fairness of treatment will be guaranteed to all who will give evidence as stated. Unless we are satisfied in this work by the mediums, speakers and Spiritualists, we may find it necessary, for the protection of the public and our own honor, to close our advertising columns entirely to all who do not volunteer a sentence when offering their advertisements. We again invite all mediums to aid THE BANNER in its efforts to establish equity and justice in the promulgation of Spiritualism.

### The Great Strike.

The horrible news from Latimer, Penn., will fill the minds of every lover of his country with grave apprehensions as to the outcome of the sanguinary fray of Sept. 10. If a body of men peaceably assembled, parading for their own pleasure, can be shot down with impunity, it is time for all men to ask themselves the question, "Is this free America?" It is not necessary to discuss at any length the causes that led to the present widespread strike. We believe that the laboring men had good grounds for refusing to work for the pittance doled out to them as wages, when they saw that the price of nearly everything that they had to buy was being increased.

They had a right to ask for an increase of wages, and an equal right to refuse to work if they did not choose to do so at the prices paid. But they had no right to interfere with those who did choose to work. There is no reliable evidence at hand to prove that they ever did interfere by other than legitimate methods. They did not resort to coercion, nor did they try to intimidate their fellow-laborers. They simply endeavored, through moral suasion, to induce them to make common cause against organized injustice. They felt that in union there was strength, and they wished to make their opponents feel the moral force of numbers.

So far as is known, all of their public meetings were orderly, and no acts of violence nor widespread destruction of property are recorded against them. They have simply used such means as they had at hand to secure an honorable redress of grievances. A large body of men, marching six abreast, set out for Latimer on Sept. 10, to persuade the workmen there to join them in their fight for their rights. They made no disturbance, carried no arms, and used no unlawful means in anything they did. They were met by the Sheriff of the County and ninety deputies. He declared them rioters, and, without any seeming warrant in fact, ordered his men to fire upon the strikers.

They did so, and the results of their several volleys are now known to the country. Twenty-two were killed outright, thirty seriously or mortally wounded, and forty or more slightly wounded. Nearly one hundred peaceable, innocent men either killed or wounded to uphold the majesty of the law that had not been violated! Is this freedom? Would not the people of this nation cry out for redress if such a scene were to be enacted in Cuba? Gen. Weyler in his most bloodthirsty mood cannot plan and execute a more fiendishly cruel, wantonly unjust act than the Latimer slaughter is. Count Tilly in his palmist days never did a deed of greater cruelty than is this recent wholesale Pennsylvania homicide.

It may be, however, that it is one of the prosperity waves, of which we hear so much, but have not yet seen materialized in our immediate neighborhoods. If so, it must be a blessing to the working men for whom all prosperity booms have been set in motion. It may be an indication that similar prosperity waves will strike all communities where the working-men presume to feel they have a right to higher prices for their labor, as it is the only commodity they have to sell. If so, then the soil of Latimer is not the only point to be enriched by the blood of our fellow-men. All good citizens devoutly pray that such waves of prosperity may be kept away from their midst forever.

Prosperity is really a good thing for a nation. The death of so many men at Latimer is probably a good thing for them personally. They are now free from all danger of hunger and cold for their physical forms, nor are they now subject to a tyrant's will. In this sense, then, they are better off; but how about their parents, wives and families, from whom they have been torn by the red hand of murder? Who will care for them? Will the corporations in whose interests they were killed care for their widows and orphans? Will the State place them all in comfortable homes, and see to it they do not suffer? There is but one answer to all these questions, and that is a loud negative. They have to face the cold charity of the world, and every man's hand is against them because of their poverty.

Troops have been sent to Latimer to maintain order where there has been no disorder. A few men, possessed of a little brief authority, shot down one hundred better men than themselves, yet the troops do not go there to reduce those who did the shooting to submission, but to overawe the companions of the men who were shot. The deputies are free—free to go to liquor saloons, and over their whiskey cups boast of their murderous deeds. It is a wonder that the Goddess of Liberty does not don a crimson robe and cover her face in shame over this outrage. In this instance the murderers are heroes in the eyes of their corporation masters, while their victims are only foreigners and mere encumbrances of the soil. Black slavery never had such power in the South, as has the industrial slavery of all sections of our nation to-day. Homestead taught a terrible lesson, and Latimer's message is a graver one still. Its full import will not be known until the mine-owners turn the screws a little harder upon the limbs of their serfs. It will then be a question of redress that the nation must face. Let us hope that the chains of white slavery may be broken without the repetition of the fearful scenes of '61 to '65. If Latimer's lesson is heeded, such will be the case; if unheeded, then the sins of the American nation will again be washed out in the blood of the sons of the republic, in a loyal battle for Right against Might, upon a thousand fields in all sections of our beloved America.

A private letter from Dr. J. M. Peebles states that he will attend the National Convention in Washington Oct. 19, 20, and 21. It is devoutly hoped that all of our workers, among the speakers, mediums and laity, will follow his example. Spiritualism needs the services of its loyal defenders as never before, and they should all attend the National Convention. It is our national rallying point.

## The National Unitarian Conference.

The National Conference of the Unitarian and other Christian churches assembled at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., last week. It was largely attended, and some of the most eminent scholars, statesmen and clergymen in America took part in the exercises. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts in the President, and made an eloquent address at the opening of the Conference. His associates are men and women of prominence, and their work at this national gathering must have been very instructive to the people in attendance. This Conference has been the means of disseminating Unitarian thought throughout the world, and is one of the main props of the Unitarian movement on this continent.

Unitarianism is the most liberal of all sectarian bodies in this country, but it has its prejudices and weaknesses in common with all other sects. One of its chief failings is arrogance. It assumes to have all the culture, intelligence and refinement of the race wholly within its own ranks. It boasts of its men of great wealth, of its men of letters and of the erudition of its followers in general. Many of these claims may be true; but there are other people of wealth, dignity and intelligence in America, who are not and never have been Unitarians. They can be found in all denominations. Spiritualism can present a galaxy of names equally as brilliant as those named by Unitarians. The fact is, our Unitarian friends name our eminent Spiritualists in their own lists of great men, and complacently claim them as Unitarians only. This is especially true in the case of Rev. John Pierpont, Epes Sargent and William Lloyd Garrison. These gentlemen were outspoken Spiritualists and active workers on the rostrum of Spiritualism. This is also true of many of the statesmen claimed by the Unitarians.

Rev. Minot J. Savage took occasion in his address at Saratoga to state that Unitarianism was the only religion that dared to investigate new theories, to welcome new truths and all reform movements. Mr. Savage's statement is surprising, to say the least. Unitarianism is intellectually cold, and presents no evidence, so far as we know, of ever having the genial fires of fraternal affection or human brotherhood burning in its churches. As a distinctive body, the Unitarians have a supreme contempt for those who have demonstrated the immortality of the soul. They are not willing to even examine the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism, nor do they care to listen to a scholarly presentation of theoretical Spiritualism at any time or place, Mr. Savage to the contrary notwithstanding.

One of their leading men, a clergyman, said to us not long since: "I could tolerate you in my pulpit for friendship's sake, but for your opinions, sir, I have no respect whatever!" Another minister said: "Such views as you entertain are subversive to the interests of Unitarianism, and you would be a destroyer rather than a builder in our body." Again a clergyman said: "A man who believes in Spiritualism and its ridiculous phenomena is unfit for the Christian ministry, and has no right to speak from the pulpit." One of the leading Unitarian ministers speaks of Spiritualism as "a rank, unsightly, noisome weed that has grown up before the doors of the Church."

These quotations show that Mr. Savage's boast is wholly unwarranted. He has been investigating Spiritualism personally for over twenty years, and has stated that he knows that some of the phenomena are absolutely true, yet is not satisfied that these phenomena are produced by exorcised spirits! He also has claimed—and not very long ago, either—that Spiritualism is not and never can be a religion of itself. He makes this statement in the face of all the demonstrated proofs of a scientific religion that Spiritualism alone has made. This one fact proves conclusively that Mr. Savage's claim of catholicity for Unitarianism is absolutely unfounded.

Nor can the claim of reform work be any better substantiated by him. The Unitarian clergy, as a class, are muzzled through their fear of the pews. Their sermons are brilliant essays, in many instances, but, as for telling the truth upon political and social reforms, they do not and dare not. Instances are on record where ministers have been dismissed for demanding reforms in any special direction. We grant that our Unitarian friends are charitable. They did good work in behalf of the ex-slaves, and they gave generous sums to the Sanitary Commission. They have given many noble men and women to the world. We grant all that is claimed for them in the way of virtue, but we submit that Unitarianism falls far short of meeting the religious needs of the world.

As a class, Unitarian churches have no social life, and the people take no interest whatever in one another's welfare. They look with disdain and contempt upon those who hold views at variance with their own, and rest contentedly upon their arrogant pride as the chief evidence of their superiority, mentally, morally and socially. They believe in God, and hold immortality as of no especial consequence! Such a religion is heartlessly and pitilessly cruel, hence has no right to claim for itself the proud position of the world's chief benefactor in the presentation of new scientific truths. Spiritualism is not yet perfect, but it does not arrogate to itself virtues it does not possess, nor does it assume to be the only progressive movement extant. Our Unitarian friends have done good work in the world, and the progress of the doctrine of evolution is largely due to their efforts. But there is yet something for them to learn, and they can do no better than to be truthful in all their statements, as well as less arrogant in their assumptions of mental superiority over their fellow-men.

### The California State Convention.

The California State Spiritualists' Association met in annual convention on the 3d, 4th and 5th of September. It was well attended, and no little excitement occurred on several occasions when certain important measures were under discussion. Earnest men and women counseled together for three days, and succeeded in bringing in a spirit of harmony that we trust may long prevail among our friends in the great golden State.

The report of President Newman, as published in a recent issue of the *Philosophical Journal*, is an able document, and clearly shows the difficulties under which the Association has struggled for the past year. On Sept. 6, 1896, the Association was over four hundred dollars in debt. This has been paid in full, and a small surplus was in the treasury at the opening of the current year. Presi-

dent Newman gave great credit to the Treasurer of the Association, Mr. B. V. Small, for the marvelous results of the year's work in regard to finances. Mr. Small certainly has carried a great load in a most uncomplaining manner. He did it cheerfully for the sake of Spiritualism. So well were his services appreciated that he was honored with a unanimous reelection, amidst great applause.

President Newman declined a reelection on account of his health. Vice-President C. H. Wadsworth was selected in his place. Mr. Wadsworth is a most capable officer, and will do the Cause good service in his State. The friends in California express themselves as well satisfied with the entire Board of Trustees. Secretary Koch was fittingly reelected, as were M. S. Norton and Judge H. S. Brown to the Board of Trustees. Their reelection proves that their services are appreciated. Thomas Ellis, Jr., the Vice President elect, is a "true blue" Spiritualist, and well qualified for his important post. Messrs. Wm. M. Rider, Richard Young and James U. Spence, of the Board of Trustees, are all prominent Spiritualists, and have the courage of their convictions. They will serve the Cause wisely and well. The California State Association enters upon its second year with bright prospects, and we predict for it a full measure of success.

### The Babe Will.

The importance of a vigorous defense for this document compels us to devote a portion of our valuable space each week to its interests. The money necessary to make a fight for the right comes in so slowly as to cause a feeling of discouragement to sweep over the officers of the National Association as they reflect upon the merits of the issues at stake in this contest. The Babe will was and is a righteous instrument. No needy person is wronged out of one dollar by Mrs. Babe's bequest to Spiritualism. She was of sound mind, knew what she wanted to do, and did it out of pure love for her religion. The consensus of opinion of the best lawyers in the United States is to the effect that an earnest defense of the will will save the estate to Spiritualism.

The amount bequeathed to the National Association is between eight and ten thousand dollars. The overthrow of this will by the Federal Courts in Washington establishes a precedent for every State in the Union that will render it unsafe for every Spiritualist to bequeath anything whatever to his religion. If the will is sustained, it also establishes a precedent, but it is a precedent favorable to Spiritualism, not against it. Every citizen of this nation is supposed to have a right to bequeath his property as he sees fit. This question of the inalienable rights of the citizen will be tested in court through the Babe will. Shall this question be decided in favor of or against Spiritualism? It rests with the Spiritualists themselves to say. Of course the religious prejudices of judge and jury may decide the case adversely. But the preponderance of evidence is assuredly on the side of Spiritualism, and a vigorous contest will result in a complete victory for the right.

Less than three hundred dollars (\$300) are now on hand with which to make this defense. A philanthropic Spiritualist offers to give three hundred dollars more when the fund for the defense of the will reaches twelve hundred dollars. In other words, if nine hundred dollars additional are raised by Oct. 19, this gentleman will make up the balance of the defense fund. The trial is at hand, and now is the time to act. Who will respond in this important crisis? If ninety men and women will give ten dollars each, the entire sum will be in sight at once. Are there not ninety Spiritualists in the United States interested ten dollars' worth in testing the legal rights of their religion? The time is short; Oct. 19 is close at hand, and there should be no delay. Send in your money for the defense of a righteous cause. Let the ninety loyal Spiritualists speak at once, and victory is ours.

### Our Pilgrim.

There is not a civilized country in the world but that has heard the voice or read the books and pamphlets of Dr. J. M. Peebles in defense of Spiritualism. And he is still treating the sick, lecturing and writing just as though in the very morning of his life. The *Harbinger of Light of Australia* prints in its issue of Aug. 1, the following:

"Under the title of 'An Apostle of Spiritualism,' the *Revue de la France Moderne*, publishes, from the pen of its regular contributor, 'Ismael,' a sympathetically written biography of Dr. Peebles, covering six pages, in which the author of it says: 'One experiences a genuine pleasure in reading the works of this gentleman, for his books abound in sublime truths presented in clear and vibrating language. The words of this inspired man speak to the heart, and enable each of us to discern the way which he sought to follow.' And then 'Ismael' translates some of the more striking passages from the lectures he delivered in Melbourne; and adds, 'The life of Dr. Peebles is very remarkable from every point of view. An instrument chosen by the spirits, he travels, as a missionary, into the most distant countries, carrying the light with him. Happy are those who have been able to meet with him on the way.'"

### Mrs. A. H. Luther.

The following letter speaks for itself:  
To the Editor of the Banner of Light and my many friends:  
As I have been sick so long, and my expenses great, my money is almost gone, hence I find it necessary to ask my friends to help me financially. Whatever you have to give, friends, will be thankfully received. Send all money to Mrs. A. H. Luther, 422 Howard street, Muncie, Ind.

A feeling of sincere regret will strike the heart of every Spiritualist who reads the above pathetic letter. It is sad to think that one who has toiled so faithfully and so well is now dependent upon the general public for an income. Mrs. Luther has done splendid service for Spiritualism. Her work cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, and in coming years, when the true history of our movement is written, she will be given an honored place in its annals. In sending our mites to Mrs. Luther we are not exercising charity, but simply doing justice to one who has made it possible for us to enjoy our Spiritualism. May the responses be prompt, generous, and many in number.

Spiritualists should remember that the National Convention is only three weeks distant. It is a very important gathering, and every lover of the Cause should make an effort to be present. New England is aroused as never before. Let us go down to Washington one hundred strong to meet our brethren from the South and West, and work with them for the advancement of Spiritualism. Send to J. B. Hatch, Jr., 73 Sydney street, Boston, for circulars, and induce all of your neighbors to do likewise.

## The Rhode Island Convention.

Every Spiritualist in Rhode Island is interested in the Mass Convention to be held in Columbia Hall, corner Broad and Richmond streets, Providence, Wednesday, the 8th inst. This Convention is called for the purpose of organizing a State Spiritualist Association, hence every Spiritualist should be on hand to assist in this important work. Without doubt there are more than one thousand Spiritualists in the State of Rhode Island—possibly ten times that number. If they band themselves together in a strong State Association they will be in a position to assume the offensive against every form of wrong, and to be on the defensive against all attacks made upon them by their opponents. Spiritualists of Rhode Island, the opportunity is before you, and now is your chance to issue your declaration of independence. Go to your State Convention next Wednesday en masse, choose true and tried men and women for your officers, plant your standard upon the rock of truth, and challenge your opponents to a mental combat for the sake of the good cause. Mrs. May S. Pepper will be present to assist Messrs. Barrett and Fuller and others of the National Association in making the Convention a grand success. The proposed State Association should know neither clique nor party, and it will not if each Spiritualist does his duty. Don't forget the day, the date or the hour—Wednesday, Oct. 6, 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

### Mr. M. S. Norton.

Mr. M. S. Norton, first Trustee of the California State Association of Spiritualists, made a record at the recent Convention in San Francisco of which he may well be proud. His bold and manly attack upon what he knew to be fraud proved him to be a true Spiritualist and an honest man. He stood his ground in the face of bitter opposition, and had the satisfaction of carrying his point by a large majority. He was further endorsed by a triumphant reelection to the Board of Trustees. We wish that every society was blessed with a worker as devoted to principle and honest mediumship as M. S. Norton has proved himself to be whenever occasion required. The emergency came, and Mr. Norton met it, won a signal victory, and earned for himself the gratitude of all progressive Spiritualists.

### The Hull-Covert Debate.

We learn that W. R. Covert has decided to meet Moses Hull in joint debate at Anderson, Indiana, Oct. 3d to 8th inclusive. Mr. Covert will find that he has met his match, and that he must use something more than vituperation and abuse in his addresses. Mr. Hull will hold him to the legitimate lines of debate, and will not permit him to play the mountebank. The debate will be of interest to the people of Anderson, and will do much for the Cause of Spiritualism in that vicinity. If it only results in placing Covert in his true light before the world, Mr. Hull's work will be a blessing to all mankind. Covert is a decided nuisance, and suffering humanity should no longer be afflicted by him.

### Prof. Fred P. Evans.

This gifted medium is yet doing a good work for Spiritualism in Malone, N. Y., whose citizens are loth to let him leave them. The Malone secular press, whose editors and reporters were opposed to Spiritualism when he went to that city, have witnessed phenomena in his presence that have caused them to treat the subject with profound respect. They have given excellent notices of all of Mr. Evans's work, and have placed the unvarnished truth before their readers. The stamp of genuineness is apparent in Mr. Evans's psychographic work, while his public addresses have thrown no little light upon the philosophy of Spiritualism.

We published William Emmette Coleman's admirable address before the California State Association in our last issue. It is a fearless presentation of fact, and full of trenchant truths. Mr. Coleman is not afraid to attack error whenever it crosses his pathway. Our readers will do well to study his words with great care, for they will soon be compelled to devise means by which the National Fraud Association, to which he refers, can be overcome. Action cannot be begun too soon in that direction, and all Spiritualists should be on their guard against every form of imposture.

The Directors of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists have elected J. B. Hatch, Jr., Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, Boston, and Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, East Braintree, as delegates to the National Convention in Washington. The State Association in Maine elected Rev. A. J. Weaver of Old Orchard, and Miss Lucile Barrett of Canaan, as its representatives. California State Association sends Mrs. Rebecca I. Johnson, Mrs. Mary J. Stevens, Mrs. J. J. Whitney and Mr. Wm. H. Yeaw. Berkeley Hall, Boston, sends Miss M. M. Coffin and Dr. L. Ellsworth.

We are indebted to our esteemed co-worker, Mr. Max Rahn, Berlin, Germany, for a copy of the September number of "Die Ueberweltliche Welt," also for a copy of the proceedings of the Second Congress of the Society German Occultists, held in Dresden, June 3 and 9, 1897. Both journals are full of valuable matter, with which all Spiritualists should acquaint themselves.

Miss S. Elizabeth Ewer, of Exeter, N. H., spoke for the Spiritualists of Lawrence, Mass., the last two Sundays of September. She is open for engagements with other societies upon reasonable terms. Miss Ewer is an earnest worker for the good Cause, and should be kept busy. She made THE BANNER a pleasant call on her way home.

Reports from Nashville, Tenn., show that the grand Mass Convention of Spiritualists was largely attended. The Associated Press dispatches inform us that the meetings in the Auditorium upon the Exposition grounds were very successful. A report of the meeting will appear in our next issue.

A private letter to the editor announces the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Hill and Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader at their Philadelphia home, Sept. 25. Mrs. Cadwallader's health has been completely restored by her European trip, and she is now ready to resume work in behalf of Spiritualism.

Prof. Fred P. Evans returned to Boston this week, and can be addressed for appointments, until further notice, care of BANNER OF LIGHT.



## 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 are 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 FRANK MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Aug. 20, 1897.

#### Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou divine spirit of all truth and wisdom, we ask that we may receive wisdom, and learn how to apply it to our actions day by day, that we may personally be unfolded to a higher plane of knowledge. We ask that thy ministering spirits may be given power at this time to bear unto some needy soul the light and strength which is required. We ask that those who come to this place, seeking to reach their friends through this avenue of communication, be strengthened and supported; may they be able to bring love and light to those who are in darkness. We ask that the influence of peace abide with each one this morning. Help us to send forth that light to demonstrate the power of immortality, so we may understand each other better, for there are so many hearts that are acting, so many tears that are not dried, so many seeking loved ones that have gone, and they will not be comforted.

Oh! thou Angel of Light, open up the channel that all may see the light. Let us realize the work is only commenced; that we may feel and know our protection is yet in earth-life through thy divine power. Hear us this morning; bless us as we have come together, each one in his own allotted place. Touch each soul, that we may know how to assist each other. Give us strength now and forever more. Amen.

#### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

##### Dr. Arphax Farnsworth.

I wish to send a few words through this instrument, because I feel that they are needed. I am very happy to have the privilege of identifying myself through your valuable paper. I was not ignorant of your good work when I passed to the higher life, and I am pleased to return this morning and review the earth-life, taking my own experiences, from the time I first commenced to investigate Spiritualism, and going back to the early days. How very few had the courage to investigate; but it is not so now, for all are seeking for help from the spirit when one gets into bad places and don't know what to do, then the first thing they do is to go to a medium, and some don't mind where the help comes from as long as they get it.

I did not come in this morning to tell any one what to do. I want to come to my own family and all my friends, to let them know that I am myself again. You see I want to say so, for when I went out of the body I was unconscious. I had brain trouble. I worked so long for others, as I was a physician in earth-life, and had so much to do, I used my brain all up; but there is one thing that the mortal has to be thankful for, that we can wear out the body but we cannot the spirit.

I wish to thank all my friends for their many kindnesses to me in my illness, for when I got to spirit I looked back, and I saw all that was done, and I am well pleased. I want you all to know that I am strong now, and will be able to help you all. I meet many in spirit. I wish to be remembered to all of my friends in earth-life, as I had many. I would like also to send a few encouraging words to those of my own family. Although few in number, there are those still whose interest I have at heart. I know also they are not ignorant of my spirit round them, but we all need encouragement when clothed in mortal, and for that reason I come this morning. I know while I lived on the earth-plane many watched my progress in sustaining and standing for truth and right, and for that reason I don't want to be silent.

I want this message to go to East Saginaw, Mich., and my name, Dr. Arphax Farnsworth.

##### Philo Applin.

I am so glad for an opportunity of sending a few words to the dear loved ones on earth. I know it is sweet to be remembered. Although the body was quite well worn out before I separated from it, I feel that the earthly place was where the disease was, not the spirit.

I want to send forth a few encouraging words to the dear ones in earth-life, and especially to my children and grandchildren, for I do not want them to think I have forgotten them, for they were all kind to me. I have many in my family that do not know much about Spiritualism, and then I have others that will be pleased to hear from me. The first I knew I was out of the body was when my mother said "Philo," and for all the time she was in spirit-land I knew her voice, and then I looked, and there was father and Elizabeth, and so many I can't stop this morning to name them all, and then I was so happy, for I felt young again. I was what the mortal called old, as I had lived over ninety years, and as I loved to go to spiritual camp-meetings I thought this would be a good time to send my message, and say to all my friends I was not disappointed when I got to spirit-land. I found all I expected.

I want my children to know that mother and I are trying to help them, and there is another I want to come in rapport with, and that is my wife, who is still in earth-life. I had two wives. I want Sophia to know that I am trying to help her all I can, but the time is not long till we will all be in spirit, and then we will understand everything. I want you to take good care of yourself, for I know you well; you always would do more for others than for your self. I want all my friends that love me to throw their influence about her, for she is not so strong as she used to be; but if the earth ones don't help her, the spirit will.

I feel somewhat exhausted this morning as I take control of this instrument, because it is hard to use another's brain, and try to identify one's self; at the same time I hope that it will be received all right.

You can say that Philo Applin is here. My home when I passed out was Hinesdale, N. H., but I think I will be remembered in Swan Sea, N. H., and in Fitchburg, Mass.

##### Nancy P. Potter.

They tell me that this is the home of everybody, and strangers are just as welcome as friends. We are all God's children. We all fought the battle of life, and we all have our trials and tribulations. Perhaps some may feel they have more than others. I was called to the spirit very quietly. I sat down in my chair, as it seemed to me to have a nap; but when I came to myself I was in spirit, with all my friends around me; and I could not help thinking, when the last spirit was speaking, he said he had two wives; I had two husbands, and both of their names was Potter, and I have them in spirit with me, and both are with me this morning. We all want to help our boys, who are still in earth-life. One of my sons likes to go to mediums about his business, and I hope he will let his father and me help him. I want all to know that there is more in Spiritualism than people think. I know there is lots of fraud, but there is also lots of truth in it. I wish you all to know that I can see, and many times hear you talking; and I think if you could understand me I could help you more.

I wish to thank you all for your kindness to me, and I see things better now. I will not send a long message now, but if they will answer this I will try and give more next time. My name is Nancy P. Potter, and David and John are here with me. My home was in Fitchburg, Mass. My sons are well known on the Fitchburg railroad.

##### Maria Adams Green.

I would like to say something this morning. I have heard so many send out messages of love to their friends, but I don't know how, for this is the last place on earth that my friends will look for me. I have seen the sadness that my death caused, and how I am missed. I looked around to see if I could come to my dear ones, and I was told if I came here that you had a paper that went all over the world, and if I could get a letter in it I might get to my friends. I died, as the mortal called it, at Freeman street, Greenpoint, Brooklyn, N. Y. I know there are many that think of me yet. I find some thinking of me in this way: I wonder if Maria found it as she thought she was going to. I found it much more of reality than what I expected. I want my family to know we will all meet in spirit-land, and I am only gone before, and the good father will help us. Pray that you can see that whatever is for the best, for God do not want his children to suffer; and when he lets you suffer it is for your good. Now this is all new to me, and I can do no more, but hope some one will see this, and send it to my friends in Brooklyn. I have many very dear to me in Galway, Ireland, and my husband's name is Patrick Green. My name is Maria Adams Green.

##### Benjamin T. Martin.

My name is Benjamin T. Martin, and my home was Chelsea, Mass., so you will see that I am very near home. I was well along in years before I left the body, and I was called quite suddenly when I went to spirit-life, although I was not well for some time.

Well, this is the harbor of safety or the harbor of peace—I don't know which one to call it, for, when one throws off the mortal body, it looks dark to those who are left in earth-life; but to the one who has got all out of life, and finds he has done all he could, then it is a blessing to lay aside the old body, and be able to take up the new body and new work, and feel you were a new man again. I am glad to be able to voice a few words this morning, and send forth a communication to the dear companion. I see she is not as well as I would like to see her. When she sees this, I want her to know that death is not as dark as we sometimes think it is, and I know that it may not be so long till we will be together, and then we will all know more than we do now. I feel that this message will get to my wife and daughter, for I do not know of a man who was better known than I was in Chelsea, for I lived there a great many years. Just say I have not been disappointed at what I have found in spirit-life, because I have met many dear ones.

I want to send greeting to all. Say to the dear ones that have not yet got the light or consciousness of the spirit-communion. We can come back and help them in earth-life. I am desirous to assist all, and, for that reason, I have been led here this morning through a desire to reach those who perhaps would not go to a medium to find out for themselves. I thank those on the mortal side, and also those on the spirit-side, for this opportunity, so I will now make way for others. Good-by, and may God and the good angels bless you in your good work.

##### James G. Abbott.

What a beautiful morning we have, and what lovely flowers are on your table! It makes my heart glad, because as I return to the earth-sphere all seems so familiar. It is pleasant to feel at home. Oh! long may this BANNER be supported and sustained in this good work.

It seems to me this morning, when I take on the conditions of the spirit and mortal together, that little has been done to what is needed to be done for humanity. While in earth-life I was acquainted with spirit-return. I was also conscious of a wonderful influence that oftentimes surrounded and helped us. When I laid aside the body and entered that beautiful home that was prepared for me, my first thought was, will I be contented? for when I was in earth-life I wanted to help others, and make them see what beautiful things there are in Spiritualism to the one who will look into it and see it from its true standpoint. I did not think I was any better than others, but an instrument only in the hands of the mighty power, the divine power, to benefit others.

I want to say to the darlings whom I left in earth-life, I have tried to show my influence, or scatter it broadcast for the benefit of humanity, but I want you all to know that I am still with you in your spiritual work. And say to my family I have come here to send a message, as I heard one say he wondered why I did not come to the BANNER OF LIGHT and let them know what I found in spirit-land. If I undertook to tell you all I have seen in spirit-land in the two years I have been in spirit I would take up too much time; but I will say I

am well pleased with what I found in spirit-life; I found all the dear ones gone before. My own family know, I am round them, and I will do all I can to help them; and I have those who don't feel quite sure, so I hope this will help all.

#### Messages to be Published.

Aug. 27.—Frederick H. Piper; Mrs. Freeman H. Tuttle; Ida Packard Sharpe; Alden Allen; D. F. Porter; Annie J. Woods.  
Sept. 2.—Vernie O. Hyzer; Frank P. Ingraham; Sablin B. Sanborn; Robert C. Philbrook; Clark Golden; Susan E. Merrill.  
Sept. 10.—James J. Pike; Herman Snow; Mabel Wellington; Jerry F. Brown; Edna Cranston Holden; Mary Ann Milson.  
Sept. 17.—Franklin H. Murphy; Catherine O. Crowley; Hannah Clark; Frankie W. Osgood; Mary A. Chas; Seth Thoun.  
Sept. 24.—Joseph L. Newman; Theodora Blodgett; Geo. Hazen; Adeline Jackson Handley; Elder William Osgood; Samuel P. Barrett.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques. 1.—(By Thomas J. Jarman, Atlantic City, N. J.) Will you please explain St. Matthew xv. 7, 8, 9?

Ans. 1.—The words of the text are: "Jesus said unto him, It is written again, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, 'All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'"

The above words are said to have been quoted as a rebuttal to Satan, who was tempting the Son of Man to forsake his allegiance to divine principle and perform unrighteous acts for self-glorification.

The three special temptations, described in the fourth chapter of Matthew, follow immediately upon the baptism scene described in the preceding (third) chapter of the same gospel. There is a wonderful agreement between this story of struggle and victory and the ancient epic poem in the Old Testament, familiarly called the book of Job.

The first verse of the fourth chapter of Matthew reads: "Then was Jesus led of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil," a statement which shows on its face that the writer intended to teach that the temptations which followed were a necessary part of earthly discipline, just as the author of Job declares that the Lord and Satan conferred together as to the extent of the trial to which Job should be subjected to educate him out of negative innocence into positive virtue.

The epistle of James forcibly confirms this view, when its author tells his beloved brethren to count it all joy when they fall into (but not under) divers temptations.

The phrase "tempting God" undoubtedly means acting presumptuously, as though one would challenge the Eternal Being to alter universal order to gratify private caprice. Foolhardiness is not faith; rashness is not trust in supreme beneficence, and though it is said that the tempter quotes beautiful Scripture, and quotes it accurately, the misapplication of the quotation to the deed proposed is obvious.

A little consideration of the tendency of human nature on its lower side to undue egotism, will at once explain the second of the three temptations. To be set upon the pinnacle of a temple and be advised to cast one's self down, trusting to the care of angels to prevent a fall, is equivalent to daring any needless adventure for the purpose of advertising one's vaunted superiority to one's neighbors.

Zangwill, in his recent story, "The Turkish Messiah," has finely shown how easily people were gulled by pretenders to Messiahship even two or three centuries ago in Europe, and it is surely not difficult to conceive of the same emotions being easily aroused in Palestine fifteen or sixteen centuries earlier.

A Messiah as a teacher of righteousness was the true prophetic conception, but a wonder-working deliverer of a "holy nation," regardless of their unholiness, was the popular dream which Jesus steadily refused to support. The tempter need not have been the mythologic Satan of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, or the Mephistopheles of Goethe's *Faust*, but a combination of personal ambition with public solicitation.

A truly great nature is not exempt from the pressure of surroundings until these have been met and mastered, therefore an ideal man is submitted to the trying ordeal of temptation, and the trial comes in the very hour of extreme sensibility to all subtle influences.

To throw himself down from a lofty parapet and astonish all beholders by his immunity from accident or fall, would not confirm a spiritual mission or offer credentials of magical power which might not be "black." What the true Messiah must do is to teach and live the truth, inspire the populace with high ideals, and exert a potent influence to persuade humanity to tread in the ways of wisdom. To place one's self above others as an unique miracle-monger is to cater to self-love in self, and to foster a spirit of servility in others.

If a teacher does not work to ennoble the lives of his disciples, if he perform great wonders he is surely a black magician, or brother of the shadow, not an emissary of celestial light.

The third temptation is easily comprehended in degree or kind by every one who sets out to do a spiritual work. Worldly considerations, such as wealth, titles, honor, fame, and all other purchasable baubles, are presented

by the tempter in exchange for honor and uprightness. To fall down and worship the devil is to sell honor for gold, to barter integrity for station, or indeed to make any sacrifice of the higher to the lower.

Satan conquered, put behind us or under our feet, is a figure of carnality brought into full submission to spirituality. There is a Christ in every one of us, and we each contain a Sa, tan also. Heavens and hells are included in every human economy, and it is only a question of how these are subordinated one to the other whether we assume in the spiritual world the upright form of angel or the inverted form of devil.

Ans. 2.—As to the cause of there being so many people in the world ready to accept a doctrine of total human depravity, we can only suggest that such a doctrine supports idleness and inefficiency, and thereby justifies a low level of attainment, which a higher view of human nature could not possibly excuse.

If children are totally depraved then they must be punished to restrain them through fear, but they cannot be educated to moral uprightness, for a totally depraved nature could neither love nor understand the meaning of virtue.

It is only a barbaric spirit which allows such a doctrine to prevail; it is one of the vices of a false anthropology, and cannot endure for a single instant the light of honest scrutiny. Partial depravity is taught by many learned theologians, but total depravity is no part of any early Christian creed.

### Onset's Harvest Moon Festival.

The Harvest Moon Festival originated in 1880, and each year has rivalled the one previous in the charm of its decorations and attractions, the present year being no exception. At such times perfect harmony prevails, and all work with a will, regardless of any personal feeling or disagreement. For several days previous to the event the woods are invaded for autumn leaves and berries; the farmers adjacent contribute of the finest of their fruit and vegetables, while potted plants, bouquets and floral emblems are brought in profusion. Express wagons are freely offered for use, and there is a real enjoyment in getting ready, as well as the personal satisfaction each one feels in the success of their work.

This year Mrs. Dr. Wyman of Onset was chosen Chairman of Committee on Decorations, and the prompt acquiescence to the suggestions of their leader verified her reputation as an artist of taste and judgment. The floral decorations were indeed charming and unique. Mrs. E. S. Loring, Chairman of all committees, was seemingly omnipotent, with a quick eye to the details of every branch of the work. To her is due much of the success of the Festival. Mrs. Vienna Whitwell presided over the ice-cream and cake tables in her usual pleasant and agreeable manner, assisted by Mrs. Mary E. Waters. Mr. Charles Waters, whose reputation for fine creams and sherbets is widespread, furnished the cream.

Saturday afternoon seats were arranged in a large circle in the centre of the floor of the temple, where mediums were expected to take part with their controls in impromptu speeches and song. Dr. Geo. A. Fuller acted as Chairman on this occasion, and Conductor of Ceremonies throughout the two days' celebration.

Services opened with "Harvest Moon Song," sung by congregation; invocation, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring; in memoriam, Mrs. Georgia D. Fuller, to those who have passed from earth-life during the year, viz.: Mrs. Susan Garside, Capt. Atkins, Achsa Paine, Capt. Cabell, Mrs. Mary A. Cox, Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, Mrs. Sarah L. Crocker, Albert W. Wilcox, Maj. T. B. Griffith, Mr. Daniel W. Eldredge, Mrs. Caroline L. Vaughn, Mr. Jerry Whitcomb, Mr. Joseph D. Stiles; song, "Think of the Home Over There"; remarks, Dr. Proctor, Madam Haven, Dr. Webster, Mrs. Thompson, Chas. W. Sullivan, Dr. Lydia Sturtevant, Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Proctor, Mr. N. U. Lyon, Mrs. Cassell, Mrs. Sarah Byrnes, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Dr. Wyman, Mrs. Cahoon, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. French, Dr. Simmons, Georgia Hughes; song, "America"; benediction by Mrs. Loring closed the afternoon exercises.

Saturday evening entertainment opened with a selection by quartet; reading, Miss Annie Sharp; violin solo, Mr. Poole of Poole's Orchestra; reading, Miss Mabel E. Cook; solo, Mr. Scott; recitation, C. W. Sullivan; selection by quartet; reading, Miss Cook; selection by quartet; reading, Mr. Sullivan; violin solo, Mr. Howard Miller; song, Miss Laidlaw. Dancing from 9 to 12. A large attendance.

Sunday morning there was a large gathering of people to listen to the lecture given by Mrs. Loring. Singing by the quartet, "The Lord is my Shepherd"; invocation, Mrs. S. A. Byrnes. Mrs. Carrie F. Loring said: "All Nature speaks of beauty and happiness, and within our own nature there is a responsive echo to that grand and mighty force, the beautiful. There is so much to be grateful for, and we should lift our souls in thanksgiving that we are permitted to live. From these beautiful emblems about us we must realize we are gathering in the golden sheaves we have gained during the past twelve months. This is the day we should remember of all the year. What has this uplifting, this growth, done for us? Has it brought us to a fuller realization of the spiritual development of the twelve months? We have always carried away with us from this yearly gathering a spiritual light that shall strengthen us and show us the possibilities of our development. Light always dispels darkness, and out of it we can bring to ourselves those elements that shall be an incentive to a striving for the true light."

Our friend and co-worker, J. D. Stiles, who was with us last year, is now invisible, but still interested in our Harvest Moon Festival; also Dr. I. P. Greenleaf, who inaugurated this beautiful celebration. Never become discouraged, friends; spiritual growth is coming to the front in all the different departments of life, and through it all these elements are coming to the front. I know that in the future the Harvest Moon will be something more than it is to-day. Spiritualism is working in different lines from what it was twenty-five years ago. It is broadening out. We cannot stand still, and we are moving in the right direction. We must change and move on. I am thankful for these Harvest Moon Festivals; we come together in greater harmony than before during the year. We would be better men and women if we cultivated spirituality. There is discord and inharmonious in our lives because we do not cultivate the love and harmony that should predominate, and so this beautiful autumn day I feel each one of you senses the mighty effort that should be put forth for love and harmony toward each other. By and-by, when all these conditions are understood, we shall have the brightest and best of this harvest time. Let us live and love each day, clasp hands, and lead the way to a grander and better life, where all is harmony, peace and love.

Bass solo by Mr. Windsor; tests by Mrs. M. A. Chandler; selection by quartet, "Annie Laurie"; benediction by Mrs. Byrnes.

Sunday afternoon services opened with a selection by the quartet; reading, Miss Maggie Vaughn; invocation, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring; selection, quartet, "Light on the Mountain"; address, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, who said: "There are none of us too old to learn if we are teachable. The natural trend of the hour is educational. If we should sit in silence at the shrine of nature, we should gather a blessing. You selected the best when you wished to adorn your temple. Nature is courteous and kind. You arranged the best you could. It is all the product of spirit, and the question is, What relation has the harvest to us? Our hearts should respond to the gradual growth until we have the final fruitage. You are seeking a better land. What better land do you want than this? What better land to live better lives. Do you carry anything away with you that will help you to live better lives after listening day after day to wise and good

advice? Have we not seen just such lessons as these by your own friends? We are all students. We bring our offerings to the mental as well as the material temple. We boast a great deal of progress. What sign have we that we are progressing? All things speak of change. The winter months will soon be upon us.

Our attainments are characterized by the hour, day by day. What are we contributing to make ourselves better men and women? I would not have you forget the present hour when the day is past. What is the significance of the winter? We have winter and spring in our lives. Love is life, and life is love. It makes all the difference in the world whether we are star-gazing or are in touch with the needs of the present hour. The modes of approach are at hand. Let us think more seriously of those things whereby we may come in touch with that which is to make us better instructors for those who need our help for their unfoldment. We talk a great deal about harmony, peace, charity, but it is only talk; what are we doing except to talk? We can accomplish nothing without unity. Bring your Spiritualism to a practical basis. These flowers are the poetry of angels. We gather them to decorate the graves of our loved ones. What is life made of? Don't ask the spirits to come to you, but climb your way to them. Let us thank the power that we live, that we have the possibility of learning. We can reach our hand to those who need, and we can reach upward to those who can help us.

Selection by quartet; tests, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring; benediction, Mrs. Byrnes.

Sunday evening services opened with singing, "Shall we Gather at the River?" invocation, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring; remarks, Mrs. Eva Cassell; address, Dr. George A. Fuller, "Strengthen the Things that Remain." We are in the midst of harvest time. We are standing in the midst of a spiritual harvest also, the grandest harvest of the whole. Spiritualism contains the essential elements of all that uplifts and unfolds the highest gifts of the human soul. This is the closing day of our camp-meeting season. We are to leave these scenes of joy and pleasure, and go back to our homes to fight the battles of every-day life, back with new hopes and purposes, grander and more beautiful than ever before. We have come in contact with Spiritualism in its ethical and spiritual side, and I recognize its importance and value to the world. With its phenomena it brings to us the assurance that no other religion can give. Christianity without the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism is like Materialism. Spiritualism says, come to my altar, and I will give you evidence of immortal life, to those especially who have lost friends and children. Those who critically examine the phenomena have the evidence each day, and behooves us to sit and gather the true, and denounce the false. The phenomena we have to-day would convince the whole world if they were classified and analyzed. We must rise to loftier heights of true manhood and true womanhood, and work for that we know is trust and best.

Tests by Capt. H. F. Tripp followed, that were remarkably correct, also psychometric readings that were pronounced true in every particular. Benediction by Mrs. Loring closed the successful and harmonious two days' festival of 1897.

The following notices were given for the coming year: The Onset Improvement Society will hold a Fair of one week in the Temple, the first week in August, the proceeds to be used for the improvement of the acoustic properties of the Temple; also the Rink. The camp-meeting session of the coming year will commence the first Sunday in July and end the first Sunday in September, thereby continuing the camp-meeting one week longer than this year.

The Sewing Auxiliary to the Onset Harvest Moon Society will hold its first meeting Oct. 6, to continue fortnightly through the winter. Its object is to help contribute to the funds that are being raised for the building of their Memorial Hall, Library and Reading-room. Those at a distance, who are interested, are invited to contribute fancy articles or money.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum will be held through the fall and winter at the Casino. The Onset Bay Grove Association takes this opportunity to thank all those who participated in making this Harvest Moon Festival a success, to the committee and aids on decorations, and to all those who contributed.

AUGUSTA FRANCES TRIPP.

Onset, Sept. 20, 1897.

### The First Spiritualist Society, Salem, Mass.,

Opens its meetings Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., in A. O. U. W. Hall, New Manning Block, 65 Washington street.

List of Speakers, 1897-1898.—Oct. 3, 10, 17, 24 and 31, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, of Providence, R. I., excellent medium, lecturer, test and psychometrist; Nov. 7 and 14, Miss Lizzie Harlow, of Haydensville, Mass., lecturer, and questions given from the audience answered; 21, Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham, of Boston, Mass., lecturer and test medium; 28 and Dec. 5, Dr. William A. Hale, of Boston, Mass., lecturer and test medium; 12, Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant, of Boston, lecturer, test and psychometrist; 19, Mrs. May S. Pepper, of Providence, R. I., lecturer and extraordinary test medium; 26, Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant; Jan. 2 and 9, 1898, F. A. Wiggins, of Salem, Mass., eloquent lecturer, the unrivalled and world-renowned ballot test medium; 16, 23, and 30, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding, of East Somerville, lecturer and test medium; Feb. 6 and 13, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, of Troy, N. Y., lecturer and test medium; 20, Mrs. Hannah A. Baker, of Danvers, Mass., lecturer and test medium; 27, J. Frank Baxter, of Chelsea, Mass., grand lecturer and excellent test medium; March 6, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of Dorchester, Mass., veteran Spiritualist, excellent medium and grand lecturer; 13 and 20, F. H. Roscoe, of Providence, R. I., lecturer, test medium and psychometrist; 27, J. Frank Baxter. On this day we shall celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, when there will be delivered an address appropriate to the occasion; April 3, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, of Stoneham, Mass., lecturer, and a beautiful blending of subjects given from the audience; 10, Mrs. May S. Pepper; 17, James M. Kelly, of Lynn, Mass., lecturer; first appearance on our platform; 24, Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Cambridgeport, Mass., subjects given by the audience answered in a very clear and concise manner; May 1, Edgar W. Emerson, Manchester, N. H.; his first appearance here for five years, who is acknowledged to be one of the foremost test mediums on the public platform; 8, Mrs. A. J. Pettigill, of Malden, Mass., lecturer and test medium; 15, Mrs. Abby N. Burnham, of Malden, Mass., lecturer and test medium; 22, Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham; 29, annual concert and benefit will be tendered our Musical Director and veteran Spiritualist, Miss Amanda Bailey, of Salem, Mass.

Officers: President, William A. Peterson; First Vice-President, Nathan H. Chase; Second Vice-President, George W. Moreland; Secretary, Mrs. Harriet S. Gardiner; Treasurer, Nathaniel B. Perkins.

Executive Committee: Mrs. Annie S. Hall, Mrs. Hannah A. Baker, Augustus Verry.

### Babe Will Case.

EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS WILLED TO N. S. A. IN DANGER.

Once more do I appeal to the Spiritualists of America in the interests of the Babe will case. Shall it be said that Spiritualists have not enough interest in their religion to defend this will? Can we expect people to make wills in aid of spiritualistic institutions if we do not defend the one soon to be contested?

When the National Association Convention assembles Oct. 19 at Washington, may those who have labored so incessantly to sustain it be encouraged by the news that the money necessary to defend Mrs. Babe's will has been contributed by the Spiritualists of America.

One gentleman will give \$300 if \$1200 more are raised by Oct. 19. Now let us hear from every Spiritualist at once. Send your contributions at once.

FRANCIS BAILEY WOODBURY.



# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

For the Banner of Light.

## The Spiritualist Training School.

BY A. J. WEAVER,  
Superintendent Educational Departments.

The Constitution of the School makes provision for a Home Department, open to all, by the payment of three dollars, which payment confers also the right to attend the summer session by the payment of seven dollars in addition.

Spiritualists are now getting home from the camps and settled down to their accustomed duties. The time, therefore, approaches for the work of the Home Department to begin. As oral intercourse is precluded, and the work must be carried on mainly through the printed page, it is thought best to discontinue the books used at the session last summer, and adopt a course of general reading on subjects with which every one who is or intends to be a public worker in behalf of Spiritualism needs to be acquainted.

Spiritualism is fast becoming a great system of religions thought, and taking its place as an organized power in the world.

This fact throws a vast responsibility upon those through whom it comes and is manifested to the world. It is they, almost wholly, who will make it the most beautiful and uplifting religion the world has ever seen, or, by their ignorance and their selfish qualities, degrade it to a species of witchcraft and make it merely a spectacular show.

We are false to our duty to Spiritualism unless we do all in our power to elevate mediums and make them truly worthy to possess the precious jewel of mediumship. They should not be left to fight with the aversion of the world for the means of livelihood. Because of their peculiar work they ought to be set aside and trained for the very highest inspiration. They should not be an ignorant, illiterate, low-grade class; but they should be filled with knowledge, with wisdom and with a grace of spirit which will cause a higher class of spirits to select them as avenues of communication with earth.

Development of the psychic power belongs almost wholly to the spirit world; but the culture of the intellectual and moral powers is mostly the work of earth life.

This work has been too long neglected by Spiritualists. The time has now come when it must be attended to if we expect Spiritualism to take a prominent place among the great forces of the present age. Ignorance is looked upon and is almost a crime among men and women who aspire to be leaders of modern thought. Mediumship is one of nature's highest gifts; but when it is yoked to ignorance, illiteracy, dishonesty, ill-manners, conceit, coarseness, or any kind of crudeness of mind and heart in its possessor, it is shorn of its higher and more spiritual value, and is thereby degraded to an inferior position as one of the world's forces, and is classed as a species of black magic, gipsy fortune-telling, or something of kindred nature. Mediumship must be coupled with intellectuality and spirituality, or Spiritualism will come to be but little else than Hindoo fakirism—a thing to amaze or amuse.

The world's great scholars and thinkers who have investigated its phenomena and become inclined to favor it, hold aloof, and will hold aloof from an open confession and profession of it, unless we who have committed ourselves to it for better or for worse, put our shoulders underneath it and raise it upon a higher intellectual and moral plane. The place to begin this work is in the séance and on the public platform. Mediumship is the first thing to lift. Mediums, and all who through voice and pen and psychic power represent Spiritualism to the world, ought to see to it that they properly fit themselves for this important work before they appear in public. Have we any place where this work can be done? Have we impressed on mediums the all-important fact that they ought to be a superior class, with royal attainments, intellectually, morally and spiritually, of the very highest order? And have we ever made a single strong, united, determined effort to assist our mediums and our public workers thus to train and elevate themselves?

This is an age of specialists. In every department of life men and women are trained for their work. Skilled labor is the best labor and most in demand. In music and art, even in such occupations as cooking food, nursing the sick and caring for babies, women are specially trained.

And shall we try to build up Spiritualism with unskilled workmen? If even the successful gardener must enrich and cultivate the earth in which he plants his seeds, do we think we can plant the seeds of Spiritualism, and make them grow and blossom, and ripen into intellectual and spiritual beauty and fragrance in a sterile and uncultivated soil? And mediums are the soil in which Spiritualism has its existence. Without them it has no visible and tangible form.

If that is true, is it not reasonable, in order to have it thrive so that it may disclose to us the possibilities for beauty and exaltation which it contains, that mediums must be enriched by the best intellectual and moral culture they can receive? Will it not deteriorate if the land in which it is planted is allowed to run up to weeds? As well expect to raise a wheat crop in a bed of sand, or violets in the darkness and dampness of a cavern, as a Spiritualist worthy the world's admiration and love if the mediums, through whom it comes, are barren of intellectual, moral and spiritual richness and culture.

We have neglected our mediums—neglected to show them the necessity, and provide them the means by which they could make themselves more worthy to fill as they ought the position to which their mediumship has called them. The result has been that the intellectual and moral status of Spiritualism is such as to be offensive to thousands in the upper or more cultivated ranks of society who really believe it is founded on truth.

In a famous heresy trial some years ago, Beecher said, "there is such a thing as Christ turning himself out of the church." So there may be such a state of affairs by and by that Spiritualism will be outside of the Spiritualists; when there will be a multitude of scattered and disorganized Spiritualists who will refuse to accept the name, or march under a flag which the standard-bearer has so often dragged in the filth. Our army must be reorganized, and training schools for our officers established, or Spiritualism will be, as a religion, what China is as a military power.

It may be said the spirits are our teachers. With all my soul I believe it. But that does not lessen the fact that we ourselves have a work to do, which will supplement the spirits' work; and we may well question the wisdom of any spirit who fails to recognize this fact. The very best mediums who ever walked the earth have at times become debauched by drunkenness and other vile habits, or have shown themselves ignorant, selfish, dishonest, ambitious, vain, conceited or avaricious. It is patently this in the case. This fact proves conclusively that no one, not even a medium, can evade the personal responsibility which nature places upon every one. It proves that mediums have, like other people, a work to do for themselves; an intellectual and moral work; a work which the spirits do not do, as a rule, for the mediums, but which must be done, or Spiritualism through them is more or less dishonored.

Spiritualism is a work which must have the cooperation of the two worlds. The spirits cannot do our work and we cannot do theirs. Our very first and highest work is to provide them with good tools. They do not want, and cannot bring forth good results with ignorant, coarse, dishonest men and women as their me-

diuns. It is with great difficulty that they can reveal the real beauty of Spiritualism through such imperfect avenues. We make the conditions a common saying, but the very best condition we can make is the right kind of a person for a medium.

How shall we get such? Take youth or those in early life who show remarkable mediumship; set them apart and train them intellectually, morally and spiritually. Select those, if possible, who by nature have superior intellectual and moral qualities. Such mediums will draw to themselves controls of a high order, an atmosphere of intelligence, simplicity, unselfishness, wisdom and love will accompany them and be revealed in all they do and say.

There is another aspect of this matter to be looked at. Ignorance in any movement is disastrous to its progress and even endangers its life.

If the time ever comes that the Spiritualists are an ignorant, illiterate, uneducated body of people, the hope of Spiritualism's superseding Christianity in Europe and America is certainly doomed. Education is the pride and glory of Christian nations. Christianity for two hundred years has been the nursery of intellectual culture. If Spiritualism falls below Christianity in this matter, it will suffer loss, if not death.

Men and women of culture, refinement and love of progress say to me: "Suppose we grant that spirits can and do send back messages. But what are Spiritualists doing for the education, the moral and intellectual elevation even of their own people?" And I am silent.

I profoundly feel that we, as well as the world, need a far greater interest in the unfolding of the soul's powers—intellectual, moral, spiritual; and unless organized Spiritualism moves with all its mighty power in that direction among its own workers, its future worth is weakened.

The time has come for action all along our lines. Mediumship must be elevated. Shall we wait longer? Shall we wait till the spirits of wisdom and love, from the higher spheres of the spirit-world, become so disgusted with the imperfect channels of communication and corruptions of mediumship that they turn away from earth, and leave Spiritualism in the hands of crude, ignorant and undeveloped spirits?

If so, farewell to the bright dreams of the spiritually-minded Spiritualists in both this and the spirit-world.

Old Orchard, Me.

James G. Clarke.

When the black pall of chattel slavery covered one-half the soil of this land dedicated to freedom, and millions of human beings trembled before the lash of cruel task-masters, and watered the soil of Columbia with their tears and their blood; when Liberty slept and Justice veiled her face; when Webster, the godlike, and Logan, the eloquent, bowed before the arrogant Southron, and in the Congress of the nation apologized for and compromised with medieval barbarism—in those dark days of the republic, the fate of our country and of civilization rested in the hands of a few noble but despised men, branded with the epithet "abolitionist."

Among these heroic souls, the companion, co-worker and friend of Garrison and Pillsbury and Phillips and Whittier, there was a young man, who, in the early fifties, began to write songs of freedom, and sing them at public meetings. They were songs of wonderful power and beauty, and they were sung with a sweet pathos that sent their message straight to the hearts of the people.

When in '61 the storm burst, and the ship of state sailed in a sea of fraternal blood, lashed by the cruel waves of treason, the young bard wrote a matchless song of patriotism, which rang out like the clarion notes of a bugle, rousing the slumbering energies of a liberty-loving but patient people.

While memory holds her throne I cannot forget the effect of that song upon the vast audience, of which I was a unit, as it was sung by its author, James Greenleaf Clark, in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., in 1863: "Spirits of Washington, Warren and Wayne, Shades of the heroes and patriots slain, Look down from your mountains of emerald and gold, And smile on the banner ye cherished of old."

The author and singer was a Spiritualist then, and this invocation was more than a poetic sentiment.

On the bloody field of Gettysburg, after the storm of battle was over, stark and cold in death, a soldier of the republic was found, who held in his dead hand the pictures of three children, on which his glazed eyes were fixed: No one knew the name of this dead hero. A man whose name I do not recall had the picture engraved and printed in the illustrated journals. The faces of the little darlings were recognized by the sorrow-stricken mother, and thus the name of the dead soldier, Sergeant Humiston, was rescued from oblivion. The generous man who had published the picture then offered a prize of five hundred dollars for the best poem that should be written upon the incident. Over two hundred poets competed for the prize. James G. Clark won it with his "Children of the Battlefield," which was sung in almost every home of the civilized world. The author not only contributed the five hundred dollars to the family of the dead soldier, but he wrote music for the song, and contributed that also, on the condition that it be published and sold for the sole benefit of the family. It was done, and a fund of over five thousand dollars was thus raised and used to support and educate those "Children of the Battlefield."

I have dwelt upon these two songs of my poet friend for the reason that his "Evergreen Mountains of Life," "Leona," and other spiritual poems, as well as his grand songs of justice, are for obvious reasons better remembered.

This great American bard, this hero of humanity, this champion of justice, this poet laureate of this grand spiritual era, this sweet-souled man who has done so much for others, and who has always forgotten himself, is now old, and sick, and poor. He has ministered to us in spiritual things, ought we not to minister to him in temporal things? Ay, is it not a blessed privilege to supply the bodily wants of this grand soul, and by relieving his mind of earthly cares render the last stage of his mundane journey a pleasant prelude to the immortal joys of the summer-land?

To give relief to such a man is not an act of charity, but of justice. When the friends of freedom gave William Lloyd Garrison thirty thousand dollars, it was in recognition of his unpaid services to the world, and it was on the same hypothesis that a similar sum of money was raised and given to Ralph Waldo Emerson. Let the poet of Freedom, James G. Clark, the co-worker of Garrison, be also treated with liberal justice.

T. A. BRAND.

## Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscott.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sunday, Sept. 26, was an ideal day. There were fully three thousand persons upon the grounds, and all seemed to be just as interested as ever. One of the most successful seasons since the opening of Camp Progress has ended. It is hard to say good-by, but we all hope to meet again, when the winter has passed away and the flowers bloom once more. The morning session commenced at 11 o'clock A. M., as follows: Invocation, L. D. Milliken, Lynn; remarks, Lynn; formerly a Methodist minister of Pleasant Hill; remarks, Mr. Snow, Malden; remarks and tests, Mr. William Estes, Lynn; singing, Mr. Abbott, Boston.

Afternoon session, 2 o'clock. Remarks, L. D. Milliken; invocation and address, Mrs. H. A. Baker, Danvers; singing, Messrs. Pierce and Abbott; singing, "Only This Veil Between Us," quartet; excellent and timely remarks, J. W. Kelly, Lynn; song, "When the Dear One Gathers at Home," Amanda Bailey, Mrs. Hall, Messrs. Gardner and Kelly; tests, Mrs. Shookley, Charlestown; remarks, W. A. Peterson, C. A. Abbott and Smith; singing, "The

Morning Light is Breaking"; song, "The Volunteer Organist," Miss Lydia Stephens, Salem.

Second session, 4 o'clock P. M. Praise meeting, led by Messrs. Pierce and Abbott; singing, by request, "Looking this Way," Messrs. Pierce and Abbott; stirring remarks, Mr. Chas. A. Abbott; singing, "When the Mists Have Cleared Away," by the audience; remarks, Dr. Forbush, Lynn. Meeting closed with a benediction by our worthy, genial and beloved President, L. D. Milliken.

The First Spiritualist Society of Salem will open the season of 1897-98, and hold meetings in Cate's Hall, Sunday, Oct. 3, 10, 17, and the following Sunday, Oct. 24, at 8 o'clock A. M. O. U. W. Hall, Manning Block, 68 Washington street, which has a larger seating capacity, with all of the modern improvements and conveniences, which will be highly prized by those who attend our meetings. N. B. P.

## The New Halls

At Mechanics' Building to be Occupied for First Time by Boston Food Fair.

The new Paul Revere Hall and adjoining halls in Mechanics' Building, to be first used at the Boston Food Fair, in which will be the Household Institute, Maine Exhibit, Hunter's Camp, Agricultural Department, and other features, will be much admired by visitors to the Fair. The hall in which is to be arranged the Maine Exhibit has at one end a stage well placed and conveniently arranged in the matter of reaching the dressing-rooms, which are near at hand. The stage is twenty-four by fifteen feet, and for concert purposes or for oratory is especially well planned. Three large trusses of handsome design support the ceiling, and give a baronial-hall look to Paul Revere Hall. They are finished with elaborate stucco work, and much more of this ornate trimming has been employed about the place. When decorated and lighted the hall will, undoubtedly, be of brilliant appearance.

Leading from it by two doors there is a large hall of the same length, but a bit less in width, which is to be used for the Household Institute. It also is finished with fine ornamentation, and has connected with it a well fitted kitchen and store-rooms. Back of the stage there is a commodious reception-room, which is to be used for the Agricultural Exhibit. Everything about the new improvements has been most carefully planned, and nothing seems lacking for making the halls useful and attractive.

In the work of changing the building, the old art gallery has also been made over into a large restaurant, named Talbot Hall, in recognition of the services of Newton Talbot, the present Treasurer of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, and at one time its President. Connected with it is a kitchen having various ranges, boilers, hot ovens, a big refrigerator, and every convenience which would be found in the kitchen of a large hotel. Dinners of the most elaborate description can be prepared in this place, fitted as it is with the latest contrivances for cooking.

When these new parts of the building are decorated, and completely finished and occupied by the Food Fair's special attractions, they will be of themselves a decided attraction.

The Boston Food Fair opens on Monday, Oct. 4, at 10 A. M. At 3 P. M., the formal opening exercises will take place. Hon. Roger Wolcott, Governor; Hon. Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston; Hon. Winslow Warren, Collector of the port of Boston; Hon. H. A. Thomas, Postmaster of Boston, and Hon. A. A. Perry, Mayor of Somerville, have accepted invitations to speak. Music by Reeves' American Band of Providence, R. I.

## Materialization and Other Spiritual Phenomena from a Scientific Standpoint.

Is the title of a new work by L. H. Dalton and J. V. Wallace. To say that it is the best treatment of the subject we have ever read is to state the case too mildly—it is the only strictly scientific presentation of the case that has come to our notice. In it is to be found none of that emotional rhapsodizing which characterizes the average book upon this subject. It tells us unvarnished for ghost stories, deals in no miraculous phenomena resting upon slender testimony, but with the calm certainty of science it lays down its logical chain link by link, and he is indeed adroit who does not find his conclusions bound by them. We cannot but rejoice to find at last a treatment of this subject which the most cautious must admit to be scientific, fair and conservative, and what is quite as pleasant, free from all dogmatism. Facts are placed before you such as cannot be scientifically gainsaid, and you are left free to account for them on a non-spiritualistic basis—if you can. When the skeptic finishes reading this work he is likely to exclaim to himself: "How has it been possible for me all these years to believe the things I have believed, and yet doubt Spiritualism?" A great value of the work is that while it gives the believer in Spiritualism a scientific basis to stand upon, it does so by means which will appeal to the most skeptical scientific investigator as at once worthy of respect and credence. The side-lights thrown upon the phenomena in question by the careful consideration of the fourth dimension of space, the fourth state of matter, and of the theory that the brain is a recorder, not a creator of thought vibrations, are, we believe, novel conceptions, and of such importance that no one investigating spiritual phenomena can afford to miss them. If you have a skeptical friend who laughs at your belief, place before him a copy of "Materialization and Other Spiritual Phenomena from a Scientific Standpoint," and watch the effect. Just ask him to meet its positions, and we promise you interesting results. Every medium, every investigator, every skeptic should read this work.

The book is clearly and beautifully printed on fine heavy paper, one hundred and eleven pages—bound in paper, fifty cents. Published by A. A. Perry, Tremont Building, Boston.

For sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT.

## A Worthy Object.

I desire to call the attention of the sick and suffering to a reliable and worthy woman—a physician—who is a credit and an honor to the Cause of Spiritualism. I refer to Mrs. L. V. Woods of 181 High street, city. She has accomplished many remarkable cures, to my knowledge, with her harmless root and herb remedies. Still working at the age of seventy-two, with an invalid husband to care for, people needing help cannot do better than to assist this noble woman. M. W. LYMAN, Springfield, Mass., Sept. 20, 1897.

For sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT.

## To German Spiritualists.

About the middle of October I intend to commence the publication of a German Spiritualist newspaper, and would request all German-American Spiritualists or investigators to send me their names and the names and addresses of their friends, so that I can send them sample copies of my paper.

M. O. GENTZKE, Publisher of Volksblatt and Advertiser, West Point, Nebraska.

## Onset Wigwag.

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

Meeting Saturday, Oct. 9, all day, at the Wigwag. 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.

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## MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Woman's Progressive Union holds meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and evening at 8 o'clock; 150-151 at 2 o'clock; social meetings every Thursday at 6 o'clock; supper at 6 1/2, at the hall, Walden Academy, 423 Classon Avenue, between Washington Avenue and Quincy Street. Mrs. E. P. Kurr, President.

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

The Advance Spiritualist Conference meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 118 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Box 5 free. All welcome. Herbert L. Whitney, Chairman; Mrs. Frances M. Holmes, Sec'y.

Fraternity Hall, 889 Bedford Avenue, near Myrtle Avenue. Meetings Sunday at 2 P. M. Sunday School at 2 P. M. Mrs. L. A. Olmstead, Medium. Speakers and lecturers regularly provided.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets at 1084 Madison street on Wednesdays at 8 P. M. A. H. Dalley, President. Mrs. F. M. Holmes, Sec'y.

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. Thought, 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. 680 Myrtle Avenue. Mrs. B. R. Plum conducts a meeting every Sunday at 8 and 9 P. M.

BROOKLYN.—W. J. Cushing writes: At the Society of Associated Spiritual Missionaries, Arlington Hall, the meeting was opened by the Chairman's reading a selection from Tennyson's poems, the essential thought of which was, "All things must die."

The general expression of the several speakers—Messrs. Sargent, MacDonald, Davis, and Miss Terry—was, that because of death coming to all things mortal, we should strive for the attainment of the spiritual life here below as a preparation for that beyond; strive to become master over the lower self, or the passions and desires natural to humanity, and aim to perfect ourselves through unfolding or cultivating the spiritual side of our dual nature until ripe, and ready for the change called death. The quiet, though earnest words of all participating were so to the point, and so impressed upon the hearers present, that a deep impression was made for the higher life in the individual as an expression of our spiritually unfolding Cause.

The usual closing test messages were then given by the regular mediums in attendance.

## THE FRATERNITY OF DIVINE COMMUNION.

The services were opened with the reading of a selection from the Bible and an invocation by the President, Mrs. Weiler, after which Mr. Courtis read a lecture upon "Man's Spiritual Nature," in which he made a plea for the cultivation of that which is spiritual in man, and the embodiment of it in the daily life of the individual.

Mr. Victor Wyldes, psychometrist, trance lecturer and test medium from London, then gave readings of character and events from articles handed directly to him in a manner highly satisfactory to the audience.

Mr. Courtis then occupied the balance of the evening in giving his accustomed messages of spirit-return. Mr. Angus Wright, organist, and a lady soloist, added the charm and elevating influence of music to the services.

BROOKLYN.—W. F. Palmer, Sec'y, writes: The meeting at Fraternity Hall, 869 Bedford Avenue, Sunday evening, Sept. 26, was one long to be remembered, on account of the harmony which is always noticeable. The speakers showed that the spirit of harmony was infectious, and the entire evening was beautiful and soul-satisfying. President E. W. Barber read a chapter, and followed with an invocation; Mr. MacDonald held his hearers with a flow of inspiration interesting and highly instructive.

Mrs. L. A. Olmstead continued the exercises with messages, in a way which proved more and more her superiority as a test medium.

Our Sunday school reopens Sunday, Oct. 3.

## MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

LYNN.—T. H. B. James writes: The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society held its meeting as usual at 33 Summer street, Sunday, with appreciative audiences.

Mrs. M. K. Hamill presided at the piano and led the singing. Those who took part after-noon and evening were as follows: Mrs. D. E. Matson, Capt. J. Balcom, Mr. O. Fallengren, Wm. A. Brown, Dr. I. A. Pierce, Mrs. Alice Lofavore, Dr. A. E. Warren, Mrs. Annie Quaid, Caleb Prentiss, Mrs. L. A. Prentiss, Mrs. Annie J. Brennan.

Next Sunday, at 2:30, tests, healing the sick, and remarks by many good mediums. At 7:30, Dr. F. H. Koscoe of Providence, R. I., will lecture and give a test séance.

Next Thursday evening the Society will hold an Indian Powwow.

Our delegates to the National Convention are Dr. I. A. Pierce, our Secretary, and Mr. G. Boudreau.

HAVERHILL.—"O. H." writes that Prof. Kenyon delivered a highly interesting lecture last Sunday; the subject being "Is Spiritualism True?" Mrs. Kenyon followed with satisfactory demonstrations of spirit-return.

Next Sunday Mrs. May S. Pepper opens the regular lecture course.

Following are the lecturers and test mediums engaged for the ensuing year:

1897—Oct. 10, Dr. C. W. Hidden; Oct. 17, Jennie K. D. Conant; Oct. 24, Blanche Brainerd; Oct. 31, Effie I. Webster; Nov. 7, Dr. C. W. Hidden; Nov. 14, Carrie F. Loring; Nov. 21, Blanche Brainerd; Nov. 28, Effie I. Webster; Dec. 5, May S. Pepper; Dec. 12, 19, 26, A. E. Tisdale; 1898—Jan. 16, Effie I. Webster; Jan. 23, 30, F. A. Wiggins; Feb. 6, Helen L. Palmer-Resseque; Feb. 13, 20, 27, Edgar W. Emerson; March 6, C. Fannie Allyn; March 13, Nettie Holt Harding; March 20, C. Fannie Allyn; March 27, May S. Pepper; April 3, 10, Oscar A. Edgerly; April 24, Blanche Brainerd; May 1, Ida P. A. Whitlock; May 8, Blanche Brainerd; May 15, Nettie Holt Harding; May 22, 29, Carrie E. S. Twigg.

BRIGHTON.—D. H. Hall, President, writes: Wednesday evening, Sept. 22, the Occult Phenomena Society meeting was very interesting and instructive. Mrs. G. M. Chapman's guides spoke on "Stranger," as the subject for the short lecture to open the meeting. Mrs. D. H. Hall sang a solo and read a poem.

The phases presented were Spirit Phenology, Psychometry and Transfiguration, which are giving remarkable satisfaction. Mrs. Chapman's guides have promised to give full manifestations in the light, to be given in October. From what has been given in the past we have no reason to doubt as to the fulfillment of their promise.

Test circles Sunday evening at 34 Foster street at 8 o'clock.

LAWRENCE.—Dr. I. H. Fougill writes: Sept. 19 and 26 Miss Elizabeth Ewer of Exeter occupied our platform with good sound practical lectures, followed by tests. Societies that have not heard her would do well to make an en-

gagement, and test her abilities. Next Sunday we expect our esteemed friend, Mrs. Pettengill of Malden.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the hall.

FALL RIVER.—Mrs. Ann Hibbert writes: Sept. 28 we had that veteran sister worker, Mrs. N. J. Willis of Cambridgeport, as speaker, who delivered two eloquent addresses, which were listened to with rapt attention by good audiences.

We shall have our good sister with us again in the near future. We had a very encouraging day all through, as we commenced our Children's Lyceum, and are hoping for much good work in the near future.

Next Sunday Mrs. Emma Miner of Clinton will be our speaker.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the door.

WORCESTER.—Mrs. D. M. Lowe, Cor. Sec'y, writes: Helen Stuart-Richings closed a month's engagement with our Society Sunday, Sept. 26. Oct. 3 Prof. W. F. Peck of St. Louis will commence a three months' engagement.

Subject for afternoon discourse, "The National Anti-Spiritualist Association—How to Meet It." Evening: "The Spiritual Philosophy—What is it?"

The Woman's Auxiliary will hold its first meeting of the season on Friday afternoon of this week, with Mrs. L. M. Underwood, 48 Fountain street. Social and entertainment in the evening. All cordially invited.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale each session.

LOWELL.—Geo. H. Hand, Sec'y, writes: Edgar W. Emerson has served the First Spiritualist Society of this city, Sept. 19-26, with credit to himself and great good to many people. His lectures have furnished food for thought, and his tests were convincing.

Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding Oct. 3 and 10.

BANNER OF LIGHT on sale and subscriptions taken.

WALTHAM.—Mrs. Sanger, Pres., writes: Dr. W. A. Hale of Boston opened our winter season, giving us an address, suitable to the occasion. He comes to us again in November. We enter on the winter's work free from debt, and with some new members.

Lyceum next Sunday, Oct. 3.

MALDEN.—W. E. S. writes: The First Spiritual Society will open meetings Sunday evening, Oct. 3. Joseph Bartlett of Boston will occupy the platform.

# SALT RHEUM

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FALLING HAIR. The ONLY HOPE; or, Time Reveals All. By M. R. K. WRIGHT. The most wonderful pamphlet published since the advent of Spiritualism. Buy a copy, and learn the destiny of the spirit. Price 20 cents, postage 2 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

## MEETINGS IN CHICAGO.

First Society of Spiritual Unity meets at Irwin Hall, corner of West Madison and South Paulina streets, entrance 107 South Paulina street. Services every Sunday 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, speaker. Harmonical Circle, 111 South Paulina street, every Wednesday 8 P. M.

The First Spiritual Temple Society meets at 729 Hawthorn Avenue (Auburn Park), every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. J. C. F. Grumbine is the permanent speaker. Inspiration and Psychometry, meets at the same place during the week. Friends in Auburn Park, Englewood, Exposition and in the city, as well as strangers, are cordially welcomed.

## MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The First Association of Spiritualists (founded 1892) meets at Warner Music Hall, Broad and Wallace streets, President, Capt. F. J. Ketter; Vice-President, Mrs. M. E. Caldwell; Secretary, Frank H. Morrill. Services at 12 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Young People's Meeting, 1 1/2 P. M.

## MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Unity Spiritual Society meets at Ethical Auditorium, 455 Jefferson street, every Sunday at 7 1/2 P