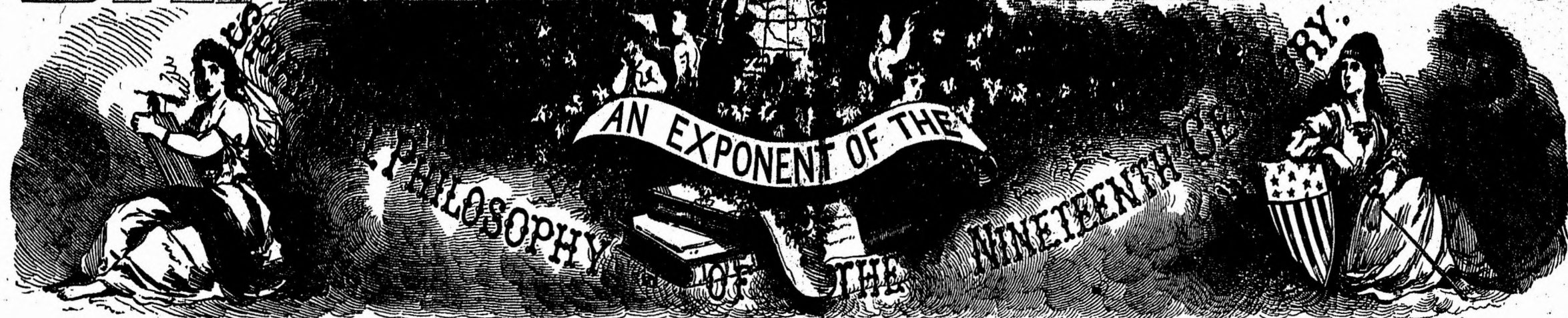


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NO. 6.

Written for the Banner of Light.
IF WE KNEW.

BY SADIE BEULAH.

If we knew that this probation
Were a test of truth and love,
For a more exalted station
In a better world above;
We would scarcely look so gruffly
At the humble and the true;
We would hardly speak so roughly
To our betters—if we knew.

If we knew that friendship's mission
Reached beyond this finite state,
To a happier condition
Where the faithful congregate;
We should never have asserted
Half the pride we swagged through
As to pass, with eye averted,
Any brother—if we knew.

If we knew that here beside us
Justice waits for every man,
And will never be denied us
If we do the best we can;
Life might not be so confusing,
Days might hardly be so blue
With the constant fear of losing
Something precious—if we knew!

If we knew that Chances lay dying
With the Anarchy that fled
When Oblivion was lying
To the regions of the dead;
Would we spurn the small advances
Of the proletarian crew
For the spirit that enhances
Our way only—if we knew?

If we knew that joy or sorrow,
This with woe or that with peace,
Would be given us to-morrow,
Thenceforth nevermore to cease;
With the promise or the warning
Could we pass the ordeal through,
Close our eyes and sleep till morning
With complacency—if we knew?

Could we read the boundless pages
Heaven's wisdom can discern,
And, in all the future ages,
There were nothing more to learn;
With the future toll and leisure,
Painted for our eyes to view,
Should we look with growing pleasure
On the picture—if we knew?

Sunny Philosophy. GROWING YOUNG AS WE AGE IN YEARS.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

When a man is over three-score-years-and-ten, is he old? According to Hebrew records it was not uncommon in those primitive times for men and women to live from three to five hundred years, and Methuselah, one of the exceptional cases, stretched his life-line almost a thousand years. If one reaches a hundred years these days it is considered a remarkable old age. Old—what is the proper definition of that term? Is it when one's hair turns gray? Some young folks just entering their majority have a sprinkling of gray hairs. Is it when the brow gets wrinkled? Some boys and girls have brow wrinkles. Is it when one's steps are slow like the long laboring ox? Some young folks are distinguished only by just such rate of motion. Does old hinge upon years? Fifty years, sixty, seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety—is that old? Gladstone, of England, is more than an octogenarian as to years, and is ascending into the nineties; yet he nimbly rides a bicycle, and is brighter to-day mentally and physically than the brightest graduate of any State University.

You see we cannot consistently define age by appearances, nor by years. It is stated to be an actual fact that less than a century ago—the scene is laid in New England, where some of us were born—that it was not an uncommon custom for the boys, following the example of their fathers and grandfathers, to economize specific gravity by putting a stone in one end of the bag to balance the corn-grist, when riding horse-back to the mill, and in some instances, while thus astride, to carry it on the shoulder so as to favor the horse! Don't you think such dolts were rather old? It is proverbial to say "ignorance is bliss." Better say "ignorance is old sin." There is such a disease as a mental fog, a dyspeptic thoughtfulness. There is a tobacco age, a beer and whiskey age, a passion age so beastly, so enfeebling to all that is human, though in years below thirty-five, that such folks are older than Methuselah, for he obeyed the laws of his being by following the golden rule of habit—"Temperate in all things."

Perhaps we have touched the right key now, and can get at the philosophy of the matter in hand. Solomon said, "There is nothing new under the sun." That was equivalent to saying, "All is old as creation." Had he lived in our times he would have said, "There is ever a newness under the sun to them that make it so."

A statement is afloat these days, voiced in some very ancient pulpits and presses, that the world in which we live is growing old, and is destined to shrivel up like an Egyptian mummy, ghastly, black and dead. An active life may be tolerated, because it quickens slumbering truth to rebut it; but when this one about our world gets out of jail, it is an unpardonable pessimism, which old Satan himself scorns with moral disgust. Why, our world is fifty per cent. fresher, fairer, sweeter, purer, nobler than it was even when we were boys and girls, who, in our inbred innocence, thought it had entered the millennial age. Look at it, and compare what was with what is. Who, forty years ago, would have thought, standing on table rock, that Niagara Falls, whose existence on this continent geologically registers a million or more years, would in our

day be harnessed up by electric wires to turn innumerable wheels of industrial machinery, and lighten o' nights the city of Buffalo, and thence the cities along the line clear to New York, soon to be in a blaze of glory for it? Look at our network of railroads, steel-banded all the American continent, annihilating distances in commerce and international brotherhood. Look at our telegraph system, throbbing with business orders, with ever-freshening news from all parts of our busy world, almost catching up the heart emotions that the lips fail to utter. Look at our telephone system, by which we speak to each other, though now approximating a thousand miles, wire-bridging-over, with recognized voices. More evolutionary still, we are learning to communicate practically without a wire. Look at the wonders of telescopic vision, by which the worlds in space are revealed to the gazers on; at our photographic sciences, that not only limn human faces just as they are, but the very vibrations of brain thoughts and forms of music; at our phonographic art, by which human voices are preserved to speak again long after lips are sealed by the touch of death; at that newly miracle-working art known as X-rays, by which the very living organs of our bodies are open to plain vision, introductory to a more effectual removal of diseases, or the lodgment therein of bullets or other dangerous things; at what the microscope is revealing of heretofore invisible entities, showing that our world is a great bundle of life, nerve, filled with electric forces, all pulsing with soul, all aflame with divine light and color more glorious than rainbows ever before painted themselves on the clouds. There is no end to the new discoveries and inventions for practical utility. The very dust we tread upon or gas we breathe is made to tell whence it came, what it is composed of, 'what virtue is there ingermated to make new forms of life, new crops for food, new beauties so enchanting to the senses of the sinless in the Garden of Eden. Within half a century our world, in every department of its material structure and constituency, has been revitalized, reformed, refined, in fact resurrected to newness of life. It is not necessary to hunt abroad for the evidence thereof.

Our immediate environment denies the pessimism of the soul-sleepers, that avers our world is growing old, and getting worse and worse. How many years ago was it when we settled on these western prairies? Call to mind the dreary waste all about us, the many miles we lived apart, the ghostly mirage of the plain, the seven-by-nine hovel or sod shanty, the hot siroccos of summer, the merciless blizzards of winter, the scarcity of pure water, most of it collected in a dug-out; no school-houses anywhere, no churches, no convenient homes, no trees, no flowers, except wild, roughly beautiful, but sweetless. Things did look old then, dreary, weary, desolate. But hope did not forsake us, nor energy. Our predecessors, the most sinewy, daring soldiers ever wandering out, had conquered the savage and the wolf. To us who followed with wives and little ones was delegated the privilege to conquer the sod and the climate. How long ago was that? It seems but yesterday, a fitful dream of last night. But behold the change in the country of our adoption. Summarize an inventory of our agriculture, our grain fields, our improved stock, our comparatively good roads, regularly laid out, our well-constructed barns, our wells of pure water, our convenient and attractive dwellings, our improved school-houses and churches, our forest groves and wind breaks, so beautiful, so precious for our planting and care, our cities and villages dotting our railroads, lakes and rivers, our singing birds and singing children, our scientific and art literature. Growing old, ha?

Who have wrought this miracle? We have; we who are reported to be old while making all things young. It is well to sing "Auld Lang Syne," for it keeps our blessed memory fresh, but let us top it off with

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty."

I will not tax you with metaphysical disquisitions, but wish to set a sunny philosophy right in the shadow of so-called death.

The good book says, "As a man thinketh so is he." So is he in body, in habit, in every thing. The prime factor of the man is intelligence, and intelligence is susceptible of endless evolution. A man's body is but the machine by which intelligence works out its God ordained destiny. There is that in and of man which, when it is keyed to the mastery of his body and of his incidents and environments, will enable him to begrow fresh in thought, and therefore fresher in the form of thought, though his body wastes in the using.

But say not that a man or a woman is old because the body wastes. He or she who is abreast with the times, who keeps on the advance lines of thought, who is alive to the issues of the hour politically and religiously, who falters not in good works, who cherishes and educates aright an undying faith in the triumph of truth, who is anchored in hope, though the billows of misfortune come—a man or that woman never gets old. Even if the hairs of the head are white as snow; if the eyes are dimmed to sight, and the ears dulled to sound, in that venerable make-up of the body is a clean, pure, beautiful mirror of the soul shining through it. Not a particle of that precious body is old. And every particle fit for heaven is taken to heaven when the great earth-useful soul passes on.

A serious mistake many are making when they wholly retire from association of some sort with business at a certain period of life.

I never knew a person who did this but shortened his or her days. It is a misfortune to have nothing to do. If the mind is not employed in something useful, it rusts out with the body, or is damagingly affected by such rust. We are put in this world to make it better. To stop trying to make it better when from long experience one is better qualified for it, is getting old indeed. Be alive so long as we stay in this body. That's it—alive to all that is going on. There are children to educate for citizenship. There are chances to apply what we know. There are great questions of governmental policy to solve. There are opportunities to project new reforms. Be alive to these in counsel, if not in work; for sympathy therewith, if not in leadership. In so doing we take on the live, progressive elements in the very air, and rebuild them in immortal souls that enshrine the body with the bright flashes of its new joy, that in turn ally us with the angels because of corresponding affinities.

Right here is the antidote of a prevailing vice with some married young folks who think they are wiser than the long-experienced in life. The arrows of such a disposition pierce parental hearts when in manner, if not in words, these marital wisecracks say to father or mother or both: "You are in the way!" Out upon this selfish, this abominable custom, cultivated and practiced in some homes. In the way, eh, when father and mother have made and prepared the home you live in; have bequeathed some of its comforts; have endured the heat and burden of the day; have made grasses grow where before were deserts; have improved everything they touched? "In the way?" Oh, you wicked young wife or husband! how can you say it or even feel it? You ought to ship yourselves to the Cannibal Isles, and no longer live in decent society. They who use glasses on their eyes because of advancing years, who lean upon canes because the limbs are not strong as they were, who have actually earned all blessings in the world they have improved, are entitled to respect, to sympathy, to loving attentions, to be heard and consulted, to be cherished with fondness, to be made much of because experienced and scholarly in the lessons of life.

There are two special stages in life that are sacredly beautiful. They are childhood and venerable manhood and womanhood. How we love the child! How we should revere in our love the good man and good woman who are fast ripening for the golden harvest close at hand!

You will, I know, pardon the use of an appropriate little poem I wrote several years ago, descriptive of a scene I actually witnessed:

Homeward again on the evening train,
With heads bowed down like the golden grain,
When riven by storms in the frosted air,
So softly gleamed the white of their hair;
Their faces illumed like the sunset skies
When clouds are dusted with silvery dyes.

As they passed me by in solitude,
Like old-time guests in hallowed mood,
The murmur of my will broke through to the springs,
And I was awakened to heavenly things.

"Shall I ever attain so ripened years?"
I said to myself as I hid my tears,
Last others might see that the iron had melted
By the touch of peace which my soul had felt;
"Shall I shed on the earth a radiant light
Like this which dazzles my rapturous sight?
Shall I know like them that the home above
Hath in store for me so well earned love?"

I was asking for answers in silence so sweet,
Still watching their steps just across the street,
And my eyes beamed with the heart would know,
That the angels walk where the pure ones go,
That the beauty of life in this journey of ours
Is blossomed from soil in the useful hours,
That crystals as bright are carved in the mine
Of homes where our lives with each other entwine.

As I pondered the lesson of truth I'd caught,
Coming and going in waves of thought,
Two daughters were there in anxious wait
For father and mother to enter the gate;
They swung it open with a welcome cheer,
And kissed their lips with a kiss so dear,
And tenderly steadied their steps to the rhyme
Of love, in the days of the olden time.

Oh! yes, I see it—what memory brings—
The young folks bring the old on their wings,
That age is the grander for sowing the seeds
Early and late of benevolent deeds,
That Heaven's 'n's the fruit of the good we do
To all in the world we're passing through.

In his "Talking Image of Uzer," Dr. Franz Hartman dubbed "The Theosophical Society" "the society for distribution of wisdom." I have recently learned that Hartman is now a president of a branch of the above society, and is "lecturing" before the different branches in this country, presumably teaching them how to distribute the wisdom they are to get, which comes in different ways to different people. The old farmer got his'n by buying a gold brick; the young man by buying ink to grow a mustache with, staining his face, and the young lady by believing a young man's promise, while the innocent members of the Theosophical Society listen with open mouths to the moral teachings of a too often immoral teacher, and in that way they learn, if true themselves. We know the month of March by its wind, but if we are wise we will know the teacher "by his works." Under the beautiful word *Theosophy* vile and villainous men have posed as teachers in this good city of Boston. Let us hope the present teachers are good men and take their own medicine.—Fibre and Fabric.

An Illinois Congressman told his little daughter that a man had offered him the room full of gold for her baby brother. "If I sell him for that sum," he said, "I can buy you everything in the world you want. Shall I sell him?" He was delighted when she replied: "Oh! no, papa." And then she added, "Keep him till he's bigger; he'll be worth more then!"

All the trouble there is in the world human beings make. If they are out of tune themselves their trend will be to get others out of tune. Get in tune yourself! Face the Divine Face the sunshine! Don't be hunting after the faults of others! Make some one happier each day!—Ez.

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 XI.

"INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST."

"Good evening, sir! It is a cold and cheerless night for one to be abroad. Light and warmth within doors would be better for you and me than the streets. Shall we not go inside and refresh ourselves?"

It was a musical voice that thus rang in upon the attention of the handsome man who for a moment had paused before a brightly-lighted eating-house, from which the sound of strident instruments issued; a musical voice, with an air of refinement in the words, and a shade of hesitation, as if the owner of that voice was not accustomed to soliciting aid of gentlemen on the street.

He was young and handsome, well protected from the cold and sleet by his heavy coat and fur cap, but she, in her scanty garments, neat and clean though they were, shivered in the wind, and drew her shawl more closely about her as she looked into his face with a pathetic air. She was young, not more than nineteen, and beautiful. Her oval face tinted with delicate color, white throat, shapely head, around which coils of nut-brown hair softly twined, and large, soulful, hazel eyes, bore the stamp of modesty and culture strangely at variance with the invitation that had just faltered from her sweetly-curved lips.

It was nine o'clock, the streets were almost deserted, for a chill March wind and sleet were not calculated to attract persons abroad who were not compelled to leave fireside and home. He had been busy until a late hour in the counting-house, and had only just partaken of dinner at his usual dining-place, a block away, and now he was hurrying to his lodgings, although what made him pause at this moment he did not know. Some good angel, perhaps, who knew that a white soul lung in the balance, and wished to save it to honor and self-respect.

For a moment only he gazed in sadness and surprise upon the sweet eyes that met his own, and then taking in the situation, he said, in compassionate tones:

"My poor girl, is life so desperate with you that you are compelled to solicit aid of men in the streets? I am indeed sorry, sorry for you. Are you hungry and cold? Then you shall have food and shelter as from your own brother, which I am to you, for are we not all children of the living God?"

At his kindly words her delicate features crimsoned, sobs shook her frame, and tears welled from her lustrous eyes.

"Oh! sir," she sobbed, "believe me, I have never been brought to this degradation before. I am a poor girl, alone in the world, but I have earned my bread honestly and kept my self-respect; but times have been very hard of late; some of the ladies who gave me sewing say they cannot afford to hire it done now; they must do it themselves. Others who have kept me employed refuse to pay me when my work is done. They say they have n't the money, and I must call again. I have been again and again to collect my due till my feet are sore, my shoes worn out, and my heart is sick. To-day I have eaten only a crust of bread. I have no oil nor fuel for light and warmth. The landlady said she could not let me have my little room after to-morrow if I did not pay the rent I owe. Sir, I could pay my debt and have bread to eat if the ladies who live in their fine houses would pay me what they owe, but they will not. One told me to-night a few days would not matter to me, I could wait a week or so; and when I told her I depended on the money—she owed me six dollars—to keep me from the street, she only smiled in a knowing way, and said: 'Oh! you people all have the same story to tell; it is the same with the wash-woman and the man who shovels the walks; they all will starve if they're not paid at once; but we're used to their yarns, and don't heed them.' What could I do, sir, but turn away from such cold-heartedness, sick in my soul? I had nowhere to go, no way to turn to get an honest dime. I walked about for an hour or two, then I thought of the river, I might jump into that and end my woes. I went and looked into it, but it was so deep and dark, and seemed so wild, I could not make up my mind, it made me shudder. 'Not yet, not yet,' I said, 'that may come later on.' Then, sir, a thought struck me; why should I not have food and clothing and a home? Other girls no better-looking than I had found these from the gentlemen to whom they gave their favor. Would it be any worse to do this than to starve in the street? Oh! sir, you may believe the thought was a shock to me at first; I never dreamed I could have harbored it; but life was so blank and the temptation so great. I stood outside here looking in at the men and women laughing and eating and having a merry time; the sight almost drove me wild. Just then you came along and stopped; your face looked good and kind. I thought you would not be so—oh! how shall I say it? so unpleasant as some might be, and I made bold to ask you to take me in there. I'm sorry for it now, sir; I see the shame and the horror of it. I'll go away now, and try to live as I have done, an honest and self-respecting girl; and if no help comes, the river will be left, and that will be better than this."

She had spoken hurriedly between her sobs; he had tried to stop her once, wishing to take her out of the cold and sleet; but she would not have it so, until, spent and exhausted, she paused for breath.

"My child," he said, "I have the utmost compassion for you; and although I am horrified and shocked at the terrible temptation that assailed you, I have not the slightest blame for you. You are not to be censured for this terrible thing, but society, that allows dear human beings to suffer hunger and cold, and to go astray in search of the necessities of life, should be held responsible. The women who refused you your due and left you, poor girl, to wander in the streets, are to blame for this. But come, you are in need; I will help

you. You will trust me as if you were my own sister. I will treat you with the same honor and respect you should have from me were we born of the same parents and reared in the same home.

She looked into his honest eyes and smiled.

"I will trust you," she said.

"Then we will go where you can have a warm, nutritious meal; but not in there—that is not a place for you. Come, I know a place not far from here."

She walked beside him, this pretty, dainty seamstress, who was as pure and sweet as are thousands of innocent girls whose graceful heads are nightly pillowed on softest down. In a few moments they entered a neat and quiet restaurant, in which Franklin Bearse—for he it was—seemed to be at home, for he accosted the motherly-looking woman at the desk in familiar but respectful tones—he could never be anything but a gentleman under any circumstances—saying:

"Mrs. Turner, I wish you would give this young lady a warm, nutritious meal, and while she is eating it please put up a basket of such cooked food as would be likely to serve one a couple of days, and be appetizing and wholesome. I will see you further in regard to it."

"Very well, Mr. Bearse; please seat the young lady while I give the order. What will she have? We have hot coffee, lamb chops, potatoes fried, good bread, milk and pudding. It is rather late for vegetables and fancy dishes; the cook will get the chops and potatoes ready in no time."

"That is all right, Mrs. Turner; bring out what you have. I have something to say to the lady while you get things ready, but bring it on as quickly as you can; she is hungry and fatigued."

While the good woman bustled about, our friend seated himself opposite the poor girl he was befriending, at one of the white-draped tables, and began a low conversation with her, in which he learned that she had been an orphan since the age of fifteen, at which time her father, who had been an invalid for several years, passed from earth. Her mother had died when she was but a mere child. Her father had been a journalist, but sickness had incapacitated him from work, and at the time of his decease he had scarcely enough to pay his modest funeral expenses. Since that time this girl, Ruth Henderson, had supported herself by her needle, for she was a fine sewer, and had managed to keep along fairly well until the present hard winter had completed her misfortunes in the manner indicated in her hurried and painful narrative to her newly-acquired friend.

Scarcely had the man learned her name and that her parents were dead, than Mrs. Turner bustled up with a cup of hot milk and a plate of nice rolls.

"Here, dearie," she said in a motherly tone, "drink this; it's good and hot, and will brighten you up a bit; and eat a roll while the meat's broiling on the gridiron; you look tired and weak, and you need a bite right away. In a little your other virtues will be ready, and you must make a prime hot meal."

Ruth looked at her with grateful eyes, and softly said: "Thank you," while the good woman turned away with something like a lump in her throat as she thought: "The pretty thing! she's honest and pure, I'll be bound; but if she has n't got very near to the burning, I'm mistaken. She just looks like a brand plucked from the fire before it is scorched. Oh, well, he will tell me all about it at his lunch to-morrow when she's not by. He's a good boy!"

The roll and hot milk were just the right beginning to the meal that fifteen minutes later appeared, and under its influence Ruth brightened perceptibly and seemed to grow into new beauty. Franklin looked at her with manly interest and concern, for already he was puzzling to know what he should do with the girl; to feed her for a day or two, pay her rent for a week or so, which was easy enough for him to do, and then leave her to the cruel mercies of the world again, was out of the question. To continue indefinitely to support a pretty girl of no relation to him would soon ruin her good name, and was not to be thought of. To aid her in gaining remunerative employment by which she could support herself was the thing to do; but just how to accomplish it he could not clearly see. However, it was not necessary to settle the matter to-night, and to-morrow he would drop in and consult Mrs. Turner, who might help in solving the problem.

Had matters between him and his wife been as they were a year ago, he would have taken the girl to her, and asked aid and sewing for her from that beloved one; but for over half a year there had been no word of communication between them. Not since that unhappy night on the beach, when she returned her wedding ring to him, and boldly declared that nothing would ever induce her to acknowledge their marriage, had he looked upon her face. Once he had received a sealed packet which contained various little mementoes of their courtship and wedded life; but no word had accompanied it, and she had become as one dead to him.

He had grown pale and wan. Indoor life was not conducive to his health. Pain and grief had given a haggard appearance to his face, but the clear eyes had only become more spirituelle, and the fine, gentlemanly countenance more refined and gentle from the cross which he was doomed to bear.

He had been thinking of late of giving up his office in the counting-room, and of entering a more altruistic work. He had been educated for the pulpit, but creeds and dogmas did not fit his liberal soul. Yet he saw much that was sad, and in the lives of the very poor. He studied questions of import to the masses, and found that the toilers and molders in alley and slum were slowly yielding up their life-forces to the great Gog and Magog of the world. He pitied them; he wished to teach them, to help them, to show them how to gain new strength of soul, intellect and body. It might be that

sometimes he would cast in his lot with them, gentleman and scholar though he was, and become one of them as helper and friend.

But, just now, he was concerned for one of the world's poor: one who, but for his timely aid, would have been borne down beneath the crush of ignominy and shame. He shuddered at what might have been her fate had she spoken to some other than himself; shuddered, as he thought of the responsibility of the woman who had denied the poor child her just due. "God! he cried to himself, "that such things should be! And this is Christian civilization in the nineteenth century!"

When she had finished her dinner, he said: "I will now see you to your lodgings. You shall have enough to satisfy your landlady for the present, and I will see what can be done in finding you paying employment. No—" as she tried to speak, but could not through her tears, "do not speak; it is all right. I am your brother, and I must look after my sister till she can walk alone. That is only what we are taught to do."

"But you are so different from the rest of the world! So good and kind! I thought men were mostly careless or bad, but I know better now. I thank you, thank you, from the bottom of my heart."

"And you are entirely welcome. Some day you may have the opportunity to do for some other unfortunate sister as I have done for you. If you do, I know you will remember this night. But now we will go. Mrs. Turner has prepared a basket of nice food for you, which you will take to your room for tomorrow's needs."

They passed from the place under the smile and nod of the kindly hostess, he bearing the well-filled basket on one arm and supporting the frail girl on the other. It was about a mile to her lodgings, but they walked briskly, as the hour was late.

At the door he pressed a sum of money into her hand, and delivered the basket to her care, after which he retired to a little distance, watching to see that she was admitted to the house. Then he turned toward his own quarters, musing upon the sins and sorrows of the world, more than ever convinced that his place was among the sinful and the suffering.

The next day at noon he settled his bill with Mrs. Turner, and related to her the story of Ruth. The good woman listened in sympathy, and with interest, now and then giving vent to a scornful condemnation of the women who were "cheating" the girl out of her due, and when he asked her if she could advise or help him in his dilemma she said, in musing tones:

"I think I could manage it. Let me see: there's Jennie, she needs more looking after (though she is a great girl of ten) than I can give her. Then the sewing and the mending does collect so. I can't begin to keep up with it since Turner died, and I've been running the public dining-room myself. So if you think she would like to live with me, and sort of look after my little girl, like an older sister would, and do up my sewing, I'll give her a good warm room to herself, and plenty to eat, and a matter of two or three dollars a week spending money; I can't pay much, but she will have a home."

"Too very thing the poor girl craves, and which she has not had since her father died. Mrs. Turner, you deserve a crown. I could not ask anything better for Miss Henderson. I will bring her to you to-night."

And so he did, at which time Ruth was duly installed in her new home, the room which she was to have proving to be a sunny little apartment, prettily furnished and comfortably warmed, and the child, Jennie, to whom she was to be "like an older sister," proving to be an interesting, cheerful little girl of ten years, to whom she was attracted at once.

CHAPTER XII.

A DISCARDED CHILD.

"Nancy, promise me upon your sacred honor that you will never speak to any one of the parentage of this child. Promise me that you will not tell the story of my wedded life to man, woman or child. Here, lay your hand upon the Bible that you love to read and vow not to speak to any living soul of what you know concerning my past."

"Oh! Miss Clare, dearie, I dare not—dare not take the oath; think of this babe; think of Mister Frank. It might be for their good for me to speak; I dare not take the oath."

"Where, then, is your love for me? your fondness for the child you nursed in your bosom and cared for at your knee? You have always professed to love me; but now, when I wish your aid to help me forget my folly of the past, you refuse it. Would you rather see me die in sorrow and shame than to give me the help I crave simply by keeping silent and refraining from speech on these matters that concern none but myself?"

"But, dearie, why need you sorrow, and where is the shame? Are you not a lawful, wedded wife? Is not Mr. Frank honest and true and manly? Your child and his has been born in wedlock; what more can you want, my love?"

"I want to forget that I have ever been a wife, that I had ever been foolish enough to marry a man so far beneath me in social position, wealth and influence as Franklin Bearse. No one knows of the fact but you and he. He will never divulge it; he is too sensitive and proud to force himself upon me, or to proclaim to the world what we have been to each other. You must not do so; it will kill me! Look, Nancy, how pale and thin I have grown during the last year. See how transparent my hands are, and the fingers, that were once so plump and fair, will now hardly hold the rings that fitted them so close. Surely you will do nothing to increase my trouble, and—"

"No, dearie, I will do nothing to worry you. If you promise that no harm shall come to this child—bless the little darling, I love her as my own already—and that Mr. Frank shall not suffer through my silence, I will agree to hold my tongue to the day of my death."

"No harm shall come to any one through your discretion, Nurse. The baby will be taken care of, of course. I will provide liberally for her wants, and no one shall take her from you. You love her, you say; then it will be no hardship to you to care for her. I can trust her with you, and you shall rear her in the good old-fashioned way, that will only reflect credit on her care taker and nurse."

Poor Nancy sighed as she thought flitted across her mind that the training she had given in earlier days to the willful, imperious Clare, had not borne such fruit as would reflect credit upon either herself or her charge; but she made no comment, and the handsome woman who sat coolly disposing of her own child went on:

"As for Franklin Bearse, he will soon be free to wed another if he desires. I shall take steps quietly to secure a divorce. It would have been accomplished ere this had it not been for the unfortunate condition I found myself in last fall. I cannot pretend, Nancy, that I am pleased at being a mother. I feel I would have been far happier had no such misfortune overtaken me."

"Oh! Miss Clare, dearie, do not say that. Such a lovely, innocent babe, so sweet and pretty as little Phyllis! how can you call it a misfortune to bring such a child into the world?"

"I feel that it is," repeated Clare with a sigh, "a great misfortune to me. Why, when I discovered my condition I rebelled—I could not, would not have it so; then I resorted to every means to prevent the consummation of my folly in the birth of a living child. Oh yes, I did, Nurse. Do not look so horrified, as if I had attempted murder. Anyway, I failed, and the babe is here, a living, breathing child. No one in all this world but our two selves must know to whom it belongs. The little thing is pretty enough, and very sweet, too, no doubt; but I never did care for babies, and I have no desire for any of my own; so, Nancy, you can keep her and cuddle her to your heart's content. I have no fear of you; you will rear her decently and in the way she should go. A sufficient amount will be spared to you to keep her and yourself in comfort. You have said you would not breathe of her parentage to any one, and I rely upon you."

It was in a plainly-furnished cottage, humble, though neat, in which the two women were seated; the elder a quiet, pleasant-looking woman of perhaps sixty years, whose clear

blue eyes and snowy hair betokened one who had seen much of life and its trying experiences; the younger, clothed in handsome garments of velvet and silk, appearing as one who felt the world was at her feet, despite the pallor of her beautiful face, the attenuation of her graceful form, and the rather dimmed splendor of her violet eyes.

On the lap of the nurse lay a bundle of soft blankets and snowy linen, from which protruded the tiny, golden locks and shapely head of an infant not more than a month old, a pretty, dainty thing, whose coming into this cruel world had been unwelcomed by the mother who bore it, unknown to the father, who would have hailed its advent with delight, and cared for only by the humble nurse who fondled it with tenderness and love.

It was a showery April day; the little garden in front of the cottage showed signs of opening spring, but just at this hour all things seemed blotted out by the dash of rain that came from the murky sky.

Outside the gate a carriage waited for the lady, who had been driven an hour before to the spot, and now, Clare Graham—as all the world knew her—arose to go, and without even bending over her babe in a mother's pride and love, but with a careless glance at the little sleeping form, she said, as she turned toward the door:

"Remember, Nancy, I depend on you never to slip a word. You shall be well paid. I will never forget your fidelity, and your careful nursing of me. I will never, never forget that when I discovered what was in store for me, you represented to my father that I must go away for my health, and that it would be best for you to take me into the quiet of the country for a few months, away from the whirl and excitement of society. Poor papa, how anxious he was for my health, and how little he dreamed the truth. I will not forget, Nurse, how you waited on me, and strove to make the dull days pass more pleasantly for me; how, when my hour of trial came, you heeded my wishes, and brought no physician to my bedside, attending to my needs in your own skillful way, and keeping my secret from all the world. I remember it all, Nancy, and you shall be rewarded; for the present I will see that you are regularly supplied with sufficient for your needs, and by-and-by I will settle a sum upon you that will relieve you from all fear of want during your life: just as soon as I can do so unknown to any one. Father does not suspect anything as yet, and he must not; he knows that you will live apart from us henceforth, but thinks that you prefer a quiet home in the country, and as I have grown beyond the need of a nurse, he does not question your motive. So we are safe for the present, and soon I will see that your income is secured."

"Oh! Miss Clare, dearie, I do not want any reward, I have only done my duty, and if I could be sure that no harm would ever come to this precious lamb through me, I would be content."

"It will all come out right, do not fear; just care for the child as if she were your own; love and pet her all you please. I give her to you freely; if ever the time should come when I should wish to regain her, I will make it known. At present she would only be in my way. Her father must not know of her existence; it would give him a new hold upon me. Now that it is all settled, I will go. Do not look for me again soon, Nancy, for I do not wish any one to know of my visits here. I will come again some day, but whether it be soon or late, I will remit you funds at stated times sufficient for your needs. Good-by."

And with a slight smile and nod of the head at the dear old soul who loved her as her own, the willful woman swept from the room; gathering her skirts about her from the wet walks, she passed on to the carriage, the door of which was held open for her by the driver she had engaged for the occasion, and in a moment more she was driven from the sight of Nancy, who stood watching her from the window of her room.

"The Lord pity and forgive her," ejaculated the good woman, as she placed the still sleeping babe in its pretty crib. "May she soon come to realize her mistakes, and own them to those who have a right to know. And oh! my pretty—bending over the babe, and drawing a dainty white blanket over its tiny form—" may the Lord deal with me as I do with you. Come what will, I'll never desert you. Dear little Phyllis, you shall be my very own, mine in love, in care, in all things."

Little Phyllis was a beautiful babe—a child of perfect form and feature, daintily molded, and showing signs of the refined and cultivated lineage from which it had sprung in every curve and detail of its face and figure, while the shining azure eyes, and tiny rings of sunny, silken hair gave a finishing touch of beauty to the lovely child.

It is not necessary for us to follow, step by step, the early months of this little one. That she was well cared for by Nancy we may believe, and that despite the fact that, when she was a little over a year old the remittances that had come monthly to the little cottage from Clare Graham suddenly stopped, and that no more came to provide support for the child, the old nurse continued to love and care for her with unremitting tenderness.

For a year Nancy toiled in various ways to secure money to pay their expenses; toiled at sewing and other labors until she fell ill, and could do no more. A little sum that she had laid away soon melted before the necessities of her life, and sick and afflicted, the poor woman knew not what to do with the darling that had grown into her very soul-life, as that which she held most dear.

During the two years that had vanished since she promised not to speak to any one of the parentage of the child, Nancy had received no direct word from Clare Graham. All business had been transacted for her through her legal adviser, who thought it nothing singular that the young lady should place aside a certain sum, to be paid in monthly installments to an old nurse who had been her faithful attendant and friend.

But the specified sum had been exhausted long ago, and Clare, who had for months been revelling with congenial friends amid the gay scenes of Europe's fashionable society, had either forgotten or ceased to care for the needs and due of the woman and babe.

At last, when little Phyllis was two years old, and Nancy had become convinced that her own stay on earth was nearly at an end, the good woman sent for an old friend of hers, who lived in the big city, to advise with him concerning the fate of her darling child. Mr. Brown was an honest, hearty man, of genial disposition and sterling character, a man who, though in humble circumstances, was highly respected by all who knew him. He was an expressman, driving a team from day to day, and earning a living for himself and family by honest toil and careful management.

As much of her story as she dared, Nancy divulged to Mr. Brown. She told him that Phyllis was the child of honorable parentage, but that, owing to certain troubles of her own, the mother had been unable to acknowledge her.

"When I am gone," said Nancy, "you may look at the writings in this packet. I promised never to speak of the parents of this child, but I did not say I would not write down what I know. When I am gone, look at them, and send them to the man whose address you will find within. Do not give them to any one else. He will know what to do with them, but wait till I am gone."

He promised, and took the packet, also agreeing to take the little one to his own home, until such time as he could make further arrangements for her care.

"I can breathe a easy now," Nancy said. "I know my days are nearly spent. My mind has been troubled over many things. The Lord forgive me if I have done wrong. I only meant to do for the best."

[To be continued.]

For General Debility

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. R. D. FAIRBAX, New Orleans, La., says: "I have almost universally seen good effects produced by it in diseases of the male organs of generation, general debility and pulmonary diseases."

Natural Law in Spirit-Return.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

That the human spirit is compelled to manifest in accordance with the shape or condition of its mortal form—and principally of the brain—is to-day hardly a controvertible proposition. Yet what this actually implies and means seems to have escaped the notice of those who believe in a demonstrated human immortality. It is so important that we grasp and understand this great truth that the reader must pardon me if I dwell upon the facts in everyday life before tracing it to its effects upon spirit-return.

Not long since I watched a lad of eighteen or twenty who had never evinced even animal intelligence. His form was manly and perfect, save that he had no forehead. He could not evince intelligence, because he had no organ through which it could be manifested. The automatic intelligence, that rules so many organs of the body, found the condition it needed, and its work was done to perfection. But the human spirit manifested as an imbecile, because nature demands certain conditions for every process, and they were lacking in that lad's brain. He was born to be an idiot. The reader will please note here that when he comes a spirit he could not return and claim identification other than as an idiot.

A more painful illustration of this law was an unusually tall and powerful young man, to whom I was introduced by his parents. He was twenty-five years old, over six feet high, and should have been an athlete. But scarlet fever had stopped the growth of his brain when he was a child of four; and he is a child of four to-day. He retains everything that was in some at that age, but beyond that his spirit could not advance. The intelligence of the Universe went on, and built up the organs of a magnificent form, but the specialized intelligence we call the "ego" had been powerless to make him a man. It follows that "spirit-return" will have to bring him back with his dwarfed brain, or recognition would be impossible.

In the first of the above cases we have seen that prenatal conditions had rendered the spirit powerless to advance. In the next results almost as disastrous were produced by the disease which attacked the bright and loving child. There are other cases where disease and accident have helped the spirit to a higher manifestation than was possible before. I know a gentleman of grand intellect, and who, both professionally and as an orator, is to-day in the front rank of citizenship. His father told me that he was but a stupid lad until at the age of twelve he fell from a ladder, and remained for many hours unconscious from concussion of the brain. After his recovery he became a brilliant student, and graduated from college with high honors. There is the often-quoted case of the French soldier, noted by his fellows as almost a fool. After his skull was fractured in battle he became one of the foremost chess players in Europe. The student of natural law in spirit return must take note of such cases as these, that he may be able to explain their effect upon his phenomena.

We see our scientists, and, alas! our ignoramuses, too, playing with suggestive force, and thus showing us that the brain of man is subject to thought power, both for good and ill. By the use of that form of force the Ego finds himself amid changed conditions, which compel him to manifest an altered manhood; for, as we have seen, human intelligence is helped or hindered by the shape, quality or vibration of the brain. Yet further, there are every-day experiences as well as hypnotism, showing us that the brain may be affected in this manner for a short time only. That is to say, the human spirit may be in normal manifestation at one time, and quite the opposite at another. Make a temperate man intoxicated, and the man you knew no longer controls that brain. It is the same spirit manifesting under different conditions. Even our law recognizes this, often allowing a plea of temporary insanity, by which the arraigned criminal escapes punishment. There are also remarkable cases of sudden loss of memory, so that a man forgets all his name and his past history. He is usually unhappy, because he knows his loss but cannot recall his identity. The reader will now see what I mean by saying that a human spirit can only be known to us in earth life by the state of his brain. Every time that state is changed we see a different manhood, but the same man. Of course the most of us go through life as eminently respectable citizens of but one outward manhood; but God help the world if ever the X ray lets loose the thoughts that are born, from time to time, in every brain! Under conditions that, fortunately, soon pass away, revenge and passion have for the hour changed the saint into a fiend. But suppose these manifestations are registered eternally, what then? And that is what has already been taught in the article called "Nature's System of Thought Storage." Let us, then, remember that in this life the spirit of a man is compelled to manifest according to the conditions of his mortal brain. Before birth and after, accident, disease and sudden shock may turn a would-be saint into a reckless sinner; and sometimes even the loving mother into a cruel fiend. That is one great fact; but a second, equally important, is that these changes, if post-natal, may be either very brief, or last weeks, months, years, or even a whole lifetime. I think we may now consider these positions as established, and begin to learn some of their lessons by applying them to immortal man and his "spirit-return."

We will once again take up the case of Mollie Fancher as the most striking and celebrated illustration we could desire, for the facts are attested by witnesses, some of them her physicians, who have studied her symptoms for regularity when she met with the cruel accident by which she became an invalid for life. Her memory of that state is, of course, limited to that rate of vibration. Whenever it reappears we have Mollie Fancher, who recalls her girlhood's experience, and adds to it such incidents as have occurred in the hour or so of her daily life manifestations during these long years. But severe convulsions have followed as an effect of her accident, each convulsion producing a changed vibration in her brain, which vibration holds and repeats its own memories and experiences, and no others. You were, perhaps yesterday, talking with Mollie Fancher Number One when the agonies burst upon her, and presently, with the conditions and vibrations of her brain all changed, the old memories became impossible. The same spirit was there, but you found a new life-principle, with a memory only of experiences gained amid that scale of vibrations. It is still the life of a human soul on earth, but as it knows nothing of the former life, you call it Mollie Fancher Number Two. Let me ask the reader to recall my recent article on "Thought Storage" and he will see that all memories belong to special rates of vibration. So this Number Two might now go on for a lifetime in a true womanhood that would know nothing of its early life. But suddenly once again comes the cruel convulsion, leaving the spirit unchanged, but the mortal brain vibrating into fresh conditions that can know nothing of any past save their own. So you are compelled to call it and think of it as Number Three. This has gone on again and again, day by day, with every time a different woman whom the watchful attendants have to recognize by a different and separate name. At last, and after, I think, six such personalities, Number One reappears, and the weary spirit recommences its sorrowful journey of life.

Surely it must now be clear to the thoughtful mind that we have here but one spirit, compelled into several distinct manifestations. In the light of our present knowledge of natural law it is absurd to suppose these changes are cases of obsession, or, as sometimes asserted, control by friendly spirits. Each manifestation claims to be Mollie Fancher, and is spirit Mollie Fancher, appearing as conditions permit and compel. When this is acknowledged and understood, we see here a factor in "spirit return" that has never been recognized, although of the greatest importance.

What is Spirit Return? Surely it is the return of a spirit with an experience of earth-life. If Mollie Fancher is to come back, remember her experiences are engrafted in certain vibrations. She cannot blend them. She is one spirit, but we see also how evolved several distinct earth lives, each with an intelligence of its own, and its own personal memories. And if we do not understand this law her spirit return will make confusion "worse confounded" among Spiritualists and their mediums. This has already been too often the case, for even most intelligent controls, after welcoming a spirit to the higher life, seem to be sometimes ignorant of the law that may have compelled that spirit to several manifestations in earth-life, any one of which may come to the front upon "spirit return."

Of course the case of Mollie Fancher is extreme, but a little careful examination will show the reader that double or multiple personalities may constitute a percentage of mortal manhood that will confuse the return of the spirit. And in that case where do we stand to-day? When Mollie Fancher breaks her fetters, and gains freedom, let the reader ask himself who it will be come back and claim recognition? Spirit Mollie Fancher would have to take on each rate of her vibration in order to blend the whole, and then would be unrecognizable by her friends. I must not prolong this article, but unless I am much mistaken, the thinker will grow more thoughtful over these facts than ever before. Personally I am wishing to take up other themes and studies, for I feel that I have done my part, and that others should now continue this investigation. For the information of the reader I would say that my articles on this subject have been as follows:

(1) Multiple Personality, in *The Progressive Thinker*.
(2) The Creative Power of Thought, in *BANNER OF LIGHT*.
(3) Nature's System of Thought Storage, in *BANNER OF LIGHT*.
(4) Natural Law in Spirit Return, in *BANNER OF LIGHT*.

The above four articles constitute, I venture to think, a fairly complete study of this most interesting and important subject.

San Leandro, Cal.

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San Leandro, Cal.

The Miraculous Rain of Quails.

[Copyrighted 1897, by W. H. Bach.]

"And there went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were a day's journey on this side, and as it were a day's journey on the other side, round about camp, and as it were two cubits high on the face of the earth."

"And the people stood up all that day, and all that night, and all the next day, and they gathered the quails; he that gathered least gathered ten homers; and they spread them all abroad for themselves round about the camp."

"And while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote them with a very great plague."—Numbers xxi, 31, 32, 33.

What a simple little story on the face of it, but what a monstrous one when we divest it of its sacred character, and examine it in the light of present understanding.

In order to explain the matter more fully (as the ordinary reader does not look up a reference) let it be understood that the Israelites had been wandering in the wilderness for about one year, and had been subsisting on "manna." While it is not known just what this manna was, the word is derived from the Hebrew "Man Hu," meaning "What is it?" It is described as a small round thing, like coriander seed, white, and tasting like wafers and honey.

In the Arabian desert, near Mount Sinai, we find, at the present day, an insect whose English name is manna. It has a proboscis like a mosquito; with this it punctures the rind of the tamarind tree and the sap or gum runs out, hardens, and drops to the ground. This must be gathered before sunrise the next morning, as it melts with the heat of the sun. The natives of the desert near Mount Sinai believe this to be the veritable manna upon which the Israelites fed, and in emulation gather and eat quantities of it. Other writers as stoutly maintain that it is a species of mushroom, but this idea is not sustained to any great degree.

In either case it was not very fattening, and any gourmand can sympathize with the Israelites when, after one year's experience, they "sighed for the fish, cucumbers, onions, leeks, garlic and flesh-pots of Egypt."

Under these conditions the anger of the Lord was kindled against them, and they were condemned to eat flesh, which proved to be quails, for thirty days. When we note the failures that have been made in attempting to eat thirty quails in thirty days we can realize the terrible punishment thus entailed. After this occurred the rain of quails of which our quotation speaks.

The quantity of quails that fell at this time was something enormous. Let us throw away all superstitious awe and examine the story as we would was it told by some returned traveler of the present day.

We are told that the quails fell "round about camp, a day's journey on each side"; that is, they covered a circle around the camp having a day's journey as its radius, or two days' journey as its diameter, supposing the centre of the camp to have been taken as the starting point and two cubits deep on the face of the earth.

The Oxford Bible says a day's journey was 33 miles 384 feet, and that a cubit was 1 1/2 feet, or a little over 21 7/8 inches.

That would give us a circle 66 miles 768 feet in diameter, covered with quails to a depth of practically 44 inches. Why the people had to gather them when this was the case is a conundrum! Yet we are told they did, and "he who gathered least, gathered ten homers." According to the same authority, a homer is 8 bushels; consequently he who gathered least gathered 80 bushels, and evidently others gathered more, for, if they had not, it would not say "he who gathered least."

As they had instructions not to gather any more manna than was necessary for their subsistence until it would come again, it is reasonable to suppose that they gathered only enough quails to last them during the 30 days they had been condemned to eat them. Are we, then, to suppose, that they ate this enormous quantity in that time? Are we to suppose that each member consumed 80 bushels of quails in 30 days—2 2/3 bushels a day?

It has been estimated that a bushel of quails contains 25 pounds of solid meat, besides the bones, feathers and other refuse. Taking this as our basis, every person would be obliged to eat an even ton, 2,000 pounds of solid meat, in 30 days, or at the rate of 66 2/3 pounds per day. No wonder it made them sick!

There were 603,550 fighting men in this caravan. Taking the minimum quantity each one gathered, and they gathered the enormous quantity of 48,284,000 bushels of quails. This would supply the entire caravan with about 13 pounds of solid meat each day. But if the entire caravan gathered them, the figures would be as above stated.

There are supposed to have been about 3,000,000 people in this caravan. Imagine then 603,350 fighting men, besides the women and children (of course the Levites, or priests, looked on and did not work), wading in quails up to their waists, gathering them, and then "spreading them abroad for themselves round about camp." Where did they spread them? The ground was already covered for a distance of 33 miles, 384 feet in every direction, to a depth of 44 inches; and if this was the case, why the necessity of gathering them at all?

But to return to our narrative. Can you conceive of the enormous quantity they gathered? If but the fighting men gathered them they gathered 48,284,000 bushels. If each one of the 3,000,000 people gathered 80 bushels of quails, and the passage says they did, they gathered the enormous quantity of 240,000,000 bushels. Can you conceive what an enormous quantity that is? Let us reduce it to figures that can be more readily understood. A good big wagon load is 40 bushels. If loaded on wagons at that rate, it would load 6,000,000 wagons, which, stretched out in a straight line, allowing two rods for each wagon, would reach one and one

half times around the earth at the equator, or a distance of 37,000 miles.

We are told that "they spread them all abroad for themselves round about camp." The difficulty has already been stated, but supposing they cleared a space one mile square for this purpose, the quantity they gathered would fill it to a height of 1071 feet, 4 inches. The amount that fell is simply appalling. Imagine a circle 66 miles, 768 feet in diameter, covered with quails to a depth of 44 inches! The human mind cannot begin to conceive the number. Reduced to bushels it is still too large for finite comprehension, for the figures are 280,823,880,045 bushels; load them into wagons, allowing 40 bushels to the wagon, and it would load 7,020,597,001; stretch them out in a straight line, as before, and they would reach a distance equal to 1,755 1/7 times around the earth at the equator; load them into freight cars, 600 bushels to the car, and they would load 468,039,800 cars; make them up into trains of 20 cars each, and they would make 23,401,980 trains; allowing that 45 feet would be required for each car and engine, they would make a string of trains 4,188,424 miles in length. If these trains were going at the speed of our finest express trains, 60 miles per hour, it would require 7 years, 353 days, 15 hours, 4 minutes for them to pass a given point. But if they traveled at the rate of 15 miles an hour, which is the customary speed for freight trains, it would require 31 years, 319 days, 12 hours and 16 minutes to pass a given point. The string of engines necessary to haul these trains would reach around the earth at the equator 8 times, or be 200,000 miles in length.

Put this quantity of quails into perfectly square piles and they would cover two sections of land a mile deep and a third one 1975 feet, 7 inches. In other words, we would have two cubical piles 5280 feet in every direction, and another with a base 5280 feet square, and 1975 feet, 7 inches high.

Just think of it! Certain classes of people are trying to make us think that unless we believe a whole string of such stories were everlastingly damned; yet it is a physical impossibility that such a thing could have been. Take all the quails that have existed since time began, and they would fall far short of the required number. Are quails aquatic birds? If not, why did they come from the sea?

The above is one of a number of stories of the same sort that I have arranged. Every calculation is mathematically correct. The authorities used are the best, consisting of the "Helps to the Study of the Bible," issued by the Oxford press, "The Britannica," and such Christian authorities as Prof. Sayce, Maspero, Sunderland, and others of the same class.

I have been solicited a great many times to publish them in book form, so they can become the property of the world. I have therefore decided to send samples of the stories to the Spiritualist and Liberal papers, and see if people want them. They will be printed in clear type, on good supercalendered paper, bound in cloth, and sold at retail for 50 cents per copy. There will be ten or twelve stories similar to the one published above. If you would like to have the book published send me your subscription, and if enough are received to warrant it, the book will be published at once.

W. H. BACH.

Lily Dale, N. Y.

Birthday Anniversary.

On Sept. 23d Mrs. H. E. Lepper, one the oldest and best known healers of the Northwest, celebrated the anniversary of her birth by giving a reception to the mediums and friends of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Between fifty and sixty friends responded to invitations sent out. The house was beautifully decorated with smilax and roses. The early part of the evening was spent in a very social manner.

LYCEUM AND HOME DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. J. S. SOPER.

SPECIAL REQUEST.

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

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

A SMALL BOY'S WISHES.

I wish I lived some place way off,
Where Sunday doesn't come
And smash up all the jolly times,
And make the folks look glum.
I've got a nice new sailor suit;
I wish it was full of holes,
Then ma would stop a-telling me,
"Don't tear your Sunday clothes!"
I have to go to church and hear
The preacher talk and pray
'Bout nuthin' 'tall—if he can't die
I wish he'd move away.
If I look back the leastest mite,
Pa jerks me round again,
And then I hark and hark and hark,
And try to hear "Amen."

They tell us in the Sunday school,
That heathen when they're small
Can't dress like us and go to church,
'Cause they've no clothes at all.

I'd like to send my Sunday clothes
To some poor heathen's son,
So he might be a better boy
And I a worse one.

But it's so far they might get lost,
Way, way down in the sea—
'T would make the little fishes laugh
To get some clothes from me.

Wish I could sell my Sunday clothes
Right off, while they are new,
And buy a little Sunday cart,
And Sunday shovel, too.

Orange, Mass.

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

What Drunkards Lose.

BY ED. S. YARNEY.

Drunkards lose health and strength; they become weak; their nerves become shattered. Many have died in lunatic asylums. Liquor poisons the blood, and produces various diseases.
I call to mind an old-time friend and school-mate. He was a talented, merry, kind-hearted young man. He might have made his mark in the world, but the awful habit of drinking rum, a habit which somehow he could not shake off, kept pulling him down. A few years ago he had a drunken debauch, which brought on congestion of the lungs, from which he died.
Another thing the drinking man loses is his employment. I have known capable men who could never secure steady work, for just as often as they got a good place they lost it by getting drunk.
Persistent rum drinking will make a man with a fine moral nature low, vulgar and coarse in his thoughts and desires. It will also spoil a man's mental powers, lessening his ability to learn and to understand. I know of several cases where liquor drinking has turned fine-looking young men into coarse-featured, face-bloated fellows.
To sum it all up, the intemperate man loses everything, including his own self-respect, and gains nothing except a bad name.

Two Kinds of Housekeepers.

The army of women who have to help themselves is far greater than the army well flanked with assistants. To this greater army my talk is directed. There are two distinct types of housekeepers—ambitious, both of them. The first (and we all have seen her) keeps up a continual warfare against dirt and disorder. So rigid does she become that in her house one feels depressed by its austere, gloomy fastidiousness. Painfully precise is the position of every article in her domain. In a hurried, snately way she entertains. On leaving, one feels the housekeeper's valuable time has been sacrificed by the intruded visit. How gladly we leave her to herself and her all-absorbing duties.
Refreshing is the change of atmosphere when we enter the home of the woman who is mistress, not servant of her work. Comfort, kindness greet the visitor. Cheery plants and a welcome, cozy corners woo to rest. Books and magazines suggest the cultivation of thought. The broad-minded, philosophical housewife knows that relaxation from worries and treadmill macabers.—*Womankind.*

ON GUARD.

You have a little prisoner.
He's nimble, sharp and clever,
He's sure to get away from you
Unless you watch him ever.
And when he once gets out, he makes
More trouble in an hour,
Than you can stop in many a day,
Working with all your power.
He sets your playmates by the ears,
He says what is not so
And uses many ugly words
Not good for you to know.
Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates,
And chain him while he's young!
For this same dangerous prisoner
Is just your little tongue!

—Priscilla Leonard.

Young People's Spiritual Institute.

The idea of a Young People's Spiritual Institute is finding great favor as an adjunct to the organized cause of Spiritualism. Letters of inquiry and commendation are rapidly being received.
The plan is a most excellent one to interest Spiritualists of all ages. It is not only for the young, but for their elders also. It will not conflict with any Lyceum or Society work and meetings, but will be a great help. The Lyceum needs leaders and officers. The Institute will naturally entice the necessary active workers who will assume the positions so necessary to Lyceum progress. As an old worker in Lyceums, I know the greatest defect to be interested and willing leaders and officers.
Our entire organized Cause needs the young men and women of Spiritualist families to become interested in the public work, and to infuse sociability and vigor.
The Young People's Institute will be a rallying centre, where all earnest Spiritualists shall be interested and encouraged.
In the psychic exercises of the Institute no public interference will be experienced. Developing of mediums will be encouraged, and the exercise of mediumship will be enjoyed without the desire to appease skeptical criticism. And the social nature will be cultivated as only young people know how and will appreciate.
Every Lyceum and Society should organize an Institute, and where neither of these exist, such public efforts will soon ensue from the Institute's development. Address me for particulars. G. W. KATES.
234 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1

Met in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, Sunday morning, Sept. 26. After the usual opening exercises Conductor Soper illustrated harmonies, the subject of the day, by displaying colors to the children, showing the harmony that existed between different colors, and discussed the spiritual relation thereto.
The entertainment consisted of recitations from Mabel Emmens, Iowa Stillings, Lottie Weston and her little sister. Mr. Freedman, the Australian healer, addressed the school. Dr. Hale also had something very interesting to say to the Society, showing by their presence that they heartily cooperate with the officers in making this Lyceum one of the very best.
BANNER OF LIGHT on sale
ABRIE F. THOMPSON, Sec'y.
39 Sydney street, Boston, Mass., Station K.

Onset, Mass., Lyceum.

The newly-organized Children's Progressive Lyceum met at the Arcade, Onset, on Sunday after. noon, Sept. 26. A very liberal attendance was noticed, both of the children and adults. Some forty or fifty children were present, who seemed to show very marked interest in the ceremonies. For the first meeting it was a grand success, and the prospect is good for a continuance of the good work already begun. Mr. Besse has been elected conductor. Miss Lewis, guardian, and other able leaders have been selected. The time for the Sunday meetings has been

fixed at 1 p.m. Miss Ida F. Daggett volunteered the musical selections.
It is hoped the interest manifested by the attendance of children and parents at the initial meeting will increase as the season advances.
J. W. HARRIS.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum

Meets every Sunday afternoon in Berkeley Hall. Question for Oct. 10, "How is Spiritualism Affecting the Thought of the World?" Come and hear the Spiritualists of the future discuss this timely topic.
A. CLARENCE ARMSTRONG, Clerk.
17 Leroy street, Station K.

Enigma.

I am composed of eight letters.
My 2, 3, 3, 5, 6, is a fruit.
My 6, 4, 8, is a boy's name.
My 1, 7, is to deny.
My whole is a noted ruler.
MIGNON MELCHERS.

ANSWER to Enigma in last BANNER—Shakespeare.

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

Lily Dale—Flying Notes.

TITUSVILLE, PA.: WILLIAM BARNSDALL; PUBLISHER OF HENRY KEENE; THE BABE WILL; RICH SPIRITUALISTS.

After the busy weeks and spiritual feasts of the Camp season, autumn echoes in the soul of Nature and repeats her hymn in human life. The love feast of Sunday evening, Aug. 29, which closed the public expressions of the season, was pronounced the most interesting and inspiring of all the years have brought forth. An unusually large audience filled the Auditorium, and a joyous enthusiasm was manifest. Chairman Brooks enthused us with his earnest farewell; President Gaston spoke briefly and feelingly; T. J. Skidmore was aglow with the spirit of the hour, and said of all the love-feasts he had ever attended this was the most enjoyable and impressive; Mrs. Henderson of Erie was full of the holy spirit, and expressed much joy. It was generally agreed that this had been the most profitable and successful of all seasons since the C. L. F. A. was organized. More reliable and convincing phenomena had obtained, with less of all that is objectionable, than at any previous year.
The wonderful pictures produced through the mediumship of the Bangs sisters were the admiration of thousands. As usual there were suspicious skeptics, who imagined all sorts of impossible explanations and tricks to account for them; but those who tested them, and got like like pictures of friends, never questioned the source, for the conditions were such—at least when we got our picture—that deception was out of the question. I am prepared to substantiate this statement under the fire of all the critics in the world. I was asked but two days ago if my faith in the mediumship of the Bangs Sisters had weakened since we got our pictures. I answered emphatically, No! So far as our experience goes it is more than faith, it is KNOWLEDGE. No trick was possible.
Mr. Cole's telegraphic mediumship was satisfactory to all who visited him so far as I learned; and the intelligence communicated was much of it, impossible for him to have given without the aid of mediumship. But there were some frictions in certain spheres, that sharpened the sensibilities and whetted the appetite for the "truth that maketh free."
Instead of an evil, the trifling annoyances that grow out of undeveloped human natures are a help to spiritual aspirations and intellectual growth; and the true spiritual philosopher takes it all in, and maintains a happy equilibrium and sweet good will toward all.
While we were happy in the final jubilation, Bro. Goetler of St. Louis, Mo., who had come all the long way to enjoy the last week of the spiritual feast, was suffering terribly with a dangerous malady, which had debarrd him of all the meetings and all enjoyment since he arrived at Lily Dale. I am glad to be able to report him improving under the magnetic treatments of Bro. Bowers of Lily Dale.
Henry Keene, of the Barnsdall Cottage, was also ill, and I visited him last on Monday, Sept. 13, and found him doing well, apparently in a fair way to recover. I left him at 6 p.m., cheery and hopeful, and at 10 p.m. his spirit took its final leave of the body. Yesterday, Sept. 16, we laid his form to rest, and the light of Spiritualism shone in the shadows, and touched the autumnal hues of time with the radiance of the morning land. Mary Webb Baker improvised a beautiful poem, and related some striking experiences and symbolic prophecies that attended his last hours, which bore high testimony and consolation to his companion, who, while she walks in the valley of silence, and gropes along the margin of the mountain, looks trustfully toward the bloom of the infinite day. Oh! what can meet the needs of the hour in sorrow and bereavement like the glory of Spiritualism? How can those who have tasted its fruits permit an orthodox ceremonial at this holy altar of life, death and immortality? What wonder that credulous doubt our sincerity and distrust our faith, when they see professed Spiritualists giving their support to the church that spurns them, ignoring the efforts of the faithful who are struggling to disseminate the light, and show their faith by their works; and in the trial hour where Spiritualism is supreme, and the pivot of faith divides it from all ancient myths and mirages, calling on the blind "leaders of the blind" to officiate at the last rites of their beloved dead. When churches call for help to defend the faith, to build costly houses, to send missionaries to foreign lands to introduce gospel and rum, or to endow a college or raise a mortgage against the church, liberal donations come in from all quarters, and thousands of dollars from rich Spiritualists, who never pay a dime to support the cause of Spiritualism!
Had the Babe Will been a bequest to any orthodox church, and needed money to defend it, one call would have been sufficient; and in less than one month from the time it was made, the defense fund would have been ready; and quite a portion of it would have been donated by those who get their chief, if not their only, religious light and hope from the ministrations of the angels through mediums. We often told that Spiritualists are all poor! It is not true. There are hundreds of millionaire Spiritualists; and thousands who are worth from one eighth to one half million dollars each, and tens of thousands who are worth from ten to fifty thousand each, and hundreds of thousands who can spend five or ten dollars for any special pleasure or benevolent purpose, without embarrassing their financial situations. A few are consistent and generous toward the gospel that sustains them; but bequests are never sure. The way to give is to give while in possession of the body, and leave no chance for lawyers and courts to rob the dead.
The suicidal opposition to organization, that has been a psychological problem in Spiritualism, has robbed the Cause of millions, and made martyrs of the faithful few who have given their all to sustain it in its integrity and apply it to the needs of the world. Now that the spell is broken, and we are becoming a body of people that can be found and quipped to do business, we may hope for a turn in the tide, and that those who appreciate the blessings they enjoy will remember the responsibilities of life, and act accordingly.
Here in Titusville are many landmarks of the pioneer days of Spiritualism. Here was the splendid home and magnetic centre from which radiated the light of the gifted poetical orator, Mrs. E. L. Watson, who for many years was the queen of the spiritual rostrum in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, while her husband, Jonathan Watson, was the millionaire oil king, and his influence was widely-recognized as a Spiritualist of pronounced convictions, large ability and generous impulses.

He and William Barnsdall gave some six or seven thousand dollars to build the Universalist Church, for they were both of that faith before they became Spiritualists, and, in a year or two after their generous donation had become a part of the brick edifice, they were refused the use of the church for the gospel of Spiritualism. The Universalists as a body were as bitter and proscriptive toward Spiritualism as any orthodox sect.

Mr. Barnsdall was elected Mayor of the city about 1878 or 80, though he had been for many years widely known as the most pronounced and fearless Spiritualist in all the county. His home has been the rendezvous for the poor, the unfortunate, the sick and homeless, and a rest for sensitives and way weary travelers whose lives were given to the gospel work; and his genial and beautiful companion has been with him, heart and soul, in all his works of charity and helpfulness. They were often imposed upon; but their faith and sympathy and generous kindness never weakened; their devotion to the Cause never grew cold. At one time he was a rich man, but his generosity opened him to many sharp schemes, and he was frequently robbed of thousands by the unscrupulous acts of those he trusted as friends; but his faith in the divine in man never chilled, and he gave much to the poor even after he had become poor himself. But, as the good fates ruled, his son has become wealthy, and generously cares for all his and family needs. And now, in his eighty-eighth year, he works on the farm as faithfully (and more so) as the young farmers average. He has just finished his crop of one hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes—dug them himself. Oh, that there were a hundred thousand such families as William Barnsdall and his amiable companion.

"If men cared less for stocks and lands,
And more for bonds and deeds fraternal;
If love's work had more willing hands
To look this world to the supernatural;
If men, when wrong beats down the right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If right made might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it."

LYMAN C. HOWE.

The Great Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association

At Washington, D. C., Oct. 19, 20, 21, 1897.

The Central Traffic Association, the Trunk Line Association, the New England Passenger Association, have all granted rates for our annual Convention on the certificate plan, as announced last week. The Chicago & Alton Railroad will also give certificate rates.

Persons desiring to attend the Convention west of the Mississippi river can secure this ticket at Burlington, Keokuk, Hannibal, St. Louis and Chicago. We have not been able to secure rates in the extreme South; the southern boundary is the Ohio river. Rates can be secured from all towns on either side of the Ohio River.

It is very important that all persons desiring rates understand these facts: Purchase certificate ticket to the National Spiritualists' Association Convention, Washington, D. C. If you do not secure this certificate when you secure the ticket you cannot secure any reduction in rates whatever for the return trip. Those having this certificate, signed by the Secretary of the National Association, can secure a ticket to return home for one-third the regular fare. These tickets will be on sale to come three days before the Convention, and will be good to return on three days after the Convention adjourns, Sunday not included. Please remember one fact about securing these certificate tickets: you must apply for them at least fifteen minutes before the train you wish to take is to leave, as the ticket agent must have a chance to make out the certificate.

Headquarters of the delegates will be at the famous Ebbitt House, 14th and F streets, N. W., Washington, D. C. Persons coming to the Convention are not obliged to go to this hotel. Comfortable rooms can be obtained elsewhere at reasonable prices, and there are a large number of restaurants in the city where good food can be obtained.

Every Spiritualist society chartered by the National Association should send its most able member to represent it in this Convention. Important matters will come before this body. The Spiritualists of America during the next year are not only to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Spiritualism, they will also be obliged to defend their constitutional rights, as well as the constitutional rights of others. The time has come for the Spiritualists of this country to lead the army of progressive religious, and unite for the greatest good of the people. The time has come to cease quarrelling over non-essentials and unite for the promulgation and the advancement of the best religion given to man.
Let all loyal and true Spiritualists attend this Convention.

The annual reception given by the officers of the N. S. A. to the delegates will occur at Ebbitt House Oct. 18, at 8 p.m.
FRANCIS BAILEY WOODBURY.

New Publication.

AT THE FRONT. By Oliver Optic. Blue and gray cloth. Gold dies. Illustrated.

"At the Front" is the fifth of the series of "The Blue and Gray—on Land," and the last but one of the six volumes. It is a continuation of the narrative contained in the preceding books, wherein is given the history of the River-lawn Regiment from the formation of the two companies as a squadron, in which it rendered its first service for the preservation of the Union, till in the present volume it becomes a full cavalry regiment of twelve companies, with three battalions, a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and three majors.

The personal adventures of the characters introduced in the preceding volumes will interest the readers probably more than the details of battles and skirmishes. In the enlargement of the regiment, most, if not all of them, rise to higher rank. They participate in some sharp engagements, and they do credit to themselves, and owe their promotion to their conduct on the field of battle as well as to their strict adherence to the line of duty. But none of them are permitted to do impossible things. All of them do not escape the perils of the field, and even the colonel has to lie some weeks upon his bed from the effects of a severe wound.

As will be seen from the above, the book is full of chances for exciting incidents and adventure, of which the author avails himself, making the volume one of the most stirring and interesting of the series. [Price \$1.50.] Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

October Magazines.

RECEIVED.—The Household, Boston, Mass. Boston Hygiene, Boston, Mass. The House-keeper, Minneapolis, Minn. The Ladies Home Journal, The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia. Miscellaneous Notes and Queries (for August and September), S. C. and L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H. How to Grow Flowers, a Monthly devoted to successful Floriculture, Springfield, Mass. Will Carleton's Magazine Everywhere (for September), Brooklyn, N. Y. Cassell's Family Magazine, The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East Seventeenth street (Union Square), New York. The Quiver, The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East Seventeenth street (Union Square), New York.

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 the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address S. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

HOME AND SOCIETY

Greater Burdens than Delicate Women Can Bear Without Help.

Women may find Strength and Inspiration in Dr. Greene's Nervura for the Nerves and Blood.

What greater strain could there be upon women's nerves than the never-ending cares of a household? None, unless it might be the exactions of society. Three meals a day, seven days a week, and all different. Soft words and sweet smiles when husbands are cross and children crying. Wise talk on weighty subjects and witticisms on airy nothings. These things and much more are expected of women. Is it strange that they are not always equal to the world's expectations?

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA

For the Nerves and Blood

Overworked women may find strength and buoyancy in Dr. Greene's Nervura. It is not a stimulant affording only temporary relief and followed by corresponding depression, but a permanent renewer of life and vigor. Exhaustion, despondency, irritability, nervous headaches and dyspepsia, and all ailments arising from nervous derangements and impure and weak blood are quickly relieved by this standard remedy, which may be obtained from any first-class druggist.

If you do not fully understand your case, and feel the need of expert medical advice, Dr. Greene invites you to call upon or write to him at 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. No charge is made for answers to such inquiries.

Works of Dr. J. M. Peebles.

The Seers of the Ages.
400 pages. This large volume treats exhaustively of the seers, sages, prophets and inspired men of the past, with recitals of their visions, trances and intercourse with the spirit-world. Price \$2.00.

Immortality.
300 pages. Showing the proofs of a future existence from consciousness, intuition, reason and the present demonstration from angel spheres, together with what a hundred spirits say about their dwelling-places in the world beyond. Price \$1.50.

How to Live a Century and Grow Old Gracefully.
Among the numerous volumes and pamphlets written by Dr. Peebles, this is among the most interesting and instructive. It has had a sale of over 75,000 copies. It is one of the most instructive volumes extant on Hygiene and Health. The price has been reduced from 50 cents to 25 cents per copy.

Christianity or Ingersollism, Which?
Large pamphlet. Showing the infinite superiority of Christian faith and trust over the Agnostic and Atheistic of the modern skeptic and scoffer. Price 25 cents.

India and Her Magic.

A lecture delivered by Dr. Peebles before the medical students of the College of Science in San Francisco, January, 1895. Astonishing wonders he witnessed during his two journeys around the world. Price 10 cents.

A Critical Review

By Dr. Peebles of the Rev. Dr. Kipp's five lectures against angel ministries. This crisp and critical reply of the Doctor, while repudiating spiritism—and all frauds connected with the study of the subject—sustains Spiritualism, considering it the complement of true Christianity. Price 25 cts.

Who Are These Spiritualists, and What is Spiritualism?

A missionary pamphlet, entitled "Who are these Spiritualists and What is Spiritualism?" This pamphlet proves that the greatest and brainiest men in the world to day are Spiritualists. Just out. Price, postpaid, 15 cents.

Hell Revised, Modernized.

And made more comfortable. A scathing review of the Rev. Dr. Kipp's sermon delivered in the Presbyterian church, upon "What is Hell?" Pamphlet, pp. 25. Price 10 cents.

The Soul!

Did It Preexist? Its Pilgrimages. Price 15 cents.

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What the Spirits say about it. Price 30 cents.

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THE ASTROLOGY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

By KARL ANDERSON, Professor of Astrology.

A volume replete with interest, with instructions in Astrology, simplified by tables calculated by the author, so that any one of common education can cast a nativity and judge the figure.
This work is especially recommended to all Free Masons, students and men of science, of whatever persuasion. By the science of Astrology, purely mathematical and mathematical, the well-practiced adept can read every event of the past and predict the future. It is the foundation of all things and the only true guide for men or women. The mother of Navigation, Astronomy and Surveying—the source of all knowledge, prophecy and wisdom of the ancient peoples, and of the ten great religions of the past.

MASONIC TEMPLE, BOSTON, Feb. 17th, 1898.
KARL ANDERSON, Esq.:
Dear Sir and Brother:—I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of your very learned and valuable volume entitled "The Astrology of the Old Testament; or, The Lost Word Regained." I have placed it in the library of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, where I am sure it will be the object of great curiosity and interest.
Very truly and fraternally yours,
BENJAMIN D. NICKERSON,
Recording Grand Secretary.

Cloth, 8vo, illustrated, pp. 507. Price \$5.00, postage 25 cts.

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WOMEN IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

Hint and Helps to Prosperity.
This fine work, from the pen of a writer of long experience and reputation, contains a message to woman-kind that is sorely needed, and will be welcomed by every woman who is fighting the battle of life alone or for others. It is, indeed, a clear, ringing, forceful answer to the cry that goes up from thousands of women in every quarter, How can I be saved from poverty?
Learning to stand alone is the great art this book endeavors to teach, giving both spiritual and practical help, and in this art women still need considerable assistance.
The young girl who reads this book will have reason in after years to bless the influence it had upon her destiny.
Price, in handsome cloth, \$1.75; paper, 50 cents.
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 9 Bowdoin Street (from 66 Tremont Street), Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritualist, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

THANKS GIVEN.—Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash; the balance, if any, must be paid C. O. D. Orders for books, to be sent by mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

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

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

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return unsolicited 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 9, 1897.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.)

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

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

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

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

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

The Boston Ladies' Aid Society.

In the early autumn of 1857 some Spiritualist ladies in Boston conceived the idea of starting a society for charitable and benevolent purposes, with a view to the advancement of the interests of Spiritualism in this city and vicinity. The plan met with much favor, and was carried into effect Oct. 8th of that year. The society grew in popular favor through its good works, and soon proved itself one of the most humanitarian bodies in all New England. Unmindful of creed or color, these generous spiritualistic women ministered unto all who were in need, and sought by every means in their power to alleviate suffering wheresoever they found it. They labored for the good of mankind, and were repaid by the consciousness of having done their duty.

Through forty eventful years the Ladies' Aid of Boston has gone on in the even tenor of its way. No fulsome flattery nor undeserved praise of its work during those years should be given it. A retrospective view of the four most exciting decades in the nation's history should be calmly taken, showing by contrast what Spiritualism has accomplished during that long period of time. In whatever of good has come to our Cause in this city, the Ladies' Aid has had its share, and earned for itself an honored place in the history of Spiritualism. Upon its roll of membership can be found the names of many of those sturdy veteran workers, who, in the early days of our movement, did much loyal service for the Cause in all quarters of the globe. Its books are of interest to all who wish to see what practical Spiritualism really means. They tell a story of good deeds, not boasted of in public places nor proclaimed from the housetops, but wrought in quiet that human suffering might be stayed.

Beginning in the autumn of the same year that the BANNER OF LIGHT was started, its history is contemporaneous with it. Together these two representatives of the religion of humanity have stood through forty years of work. Jointly they are links uniting the present, and its throbbing, pulsing life, with the silent but memorable past. In so doing, the vista of the ever-receding future comes into view with its bountiful promises, its joys, its fears, its loves, its ambitions and its hopes, in the fruition of which these two veteran instruments will have their full share. The Ladies' Aid means more than a mere name. It means more than the individual members composing it. It means that the combined forces of mortals and spirits are, and for forty years have been, at work to bring in better conditions for all mankind. That this work on the part of the Ladies' Aid has been well done, no one can doubt when its history is read in its true light. For the good it has done THE BANNER extends its felicitations, and bids it "good-speed" for a long and useful service in the future in behalf of all worthy persons in need of friendly aid.

Wisdom, Strength and Beauty are three priceless jewels to the human soul. Wisdom guides and directs its actions, and gives good counsel unto others. Strength sustains, and supports it in its hours of pain and suffering, and furnishes an example worthy of emulation by others in teaching men to endure for the sake of advancing their souls in valor and goodness. Beauty clothes the soul with the white raiment of purity, and gives it its most resplendent robes—an upright character and a sincere devotion to Truth.

James G. Clarke.

It is with feelings of deepest emotion that we chronicle the transition of this great and good man to the realms of the spirit. Quietly, peacefully as a child sinking to slumber, James G. Clarke closed his eyes beneath the soft sweet kiss of the angel of death on Friday, Sept. 17, at four o'clock in the afternoon. His long and painful illness was then over; the battle of the spirit with the body was finished, and victory perched upon the banner of the immortal soul. He fell asleep while the leaves upon the tree of his life, in the autumn of the year, were yet fresh and green, while the sun of heaven was gently throwing the twilight shadows to the west. Upon the branches of his life-tree, flashing out as gleams of silver and gold from the sheen of the leaves, were the precious fruits of his years of labor. In the garnering of those fruits a rich harvest has been gleaned by both mortal and celestial reapers.

As a poet James Greenleaf Clarke will always be counted with the best. His productions rank with those of Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant and Emerson, while his spiritual perceptions and love of humanity overtopped them all. He is the last of the great American poets to join the "choir invisible" to sing with his fellow bards the grand anthems of immortality. Dr. T. A. Bland spoke feelingly in our last issue of his song "The Children of the Battlefield," and quoted a few lines from his "Song of Freedom." He will be also remembered as the author of "Leona," and "The Evergreen Mountains of Life." But his chief message to the world is found in his songs in behalf of labor, and of the down-trodden among his fellowmen. The poem opening

"Swing outward, ye gates of the future,
Swing inward, ye gates of the past,"

tells its own story. It thrills the hearts of all readers with a love of justice, and a richer, truer love for mankind. He was and is truly "The Poet of the People." Mr. B. O. Flower has given the story of his life, and the natural divisions of his poetical productions, in *The Arena* some time ago. It is worth preserving, for it is a truthful account of the development of this gifted genius, whose transition we are now called upon to record.

James G. Clarke's mortal voice is stilled; he rests from his labors in the shadow of the mountains of the golden West he loved so well. The night was long and dark, but on the 17th of September the mists were cleared away, and a morning dawned for him beneath the radiant sunshine of the "Land of the Leal." All too soon, seemingly, has the chapter of his life been closed; all too soon has he gone from a world that sadly needs a friend for its outcast poor. Still he is not dead; he lives in a land of beauty where inspiration never fails, and love never dies. From that realm will flash the scintillating rays of his affection to warm and cheer the poor and oppressed of earth.

His last months were full of pain and anguish. Toward the last, actual want stared him in the face. But the gentle angels, with a love far more enduring, with a pity infinitely tender, wooed him to slumber, and called him home. He stands to-day upon the "Evergreen Mountains of Life," free from all physical pain, and beyond the wants of the body. His life was gentle, his soul sincere, and he poured out his wonderful inspirations in the melody of poetry and song that have endeared him to the people, and made his name one that forever shall stand high upon the scroll of fame, "one of the few immortal names that were not born to die." He passed away as he had lived, a Spiritualist true and tried. His age was about sixty-eight years.

Materialization.

The first of a special series of sances was held at the BANNER OF LIGHT office on Friday evening, Oct. 1, Mrs. H. V. Ross medium. Through a mistake about sixteen persons were admitted to the séance. The cabinet was prepared by the management of THE BANNER, and was very simple in its construction. The séance was held under peculiar circumstances, hence the conditions were not of the best. Taking everything into consideration, the results were probably as satisfactory as could reasonably have been expected. There were too many in attendance to make it possible for scientific deductions to be made from the work done. The room was a strange one, and harmonious conditions had to be established. There was no music, hence everything had to be literally created anew in regard to harmony. Mrs. Ross demonstrated her willingness to meet THE BANNER's very reasonable request, and will, no doubt, now that good conditions have been established, be ready and willing to hold other sances in the presence of a smaller number of people, for the purpose of scientifically demonstrating the grand truth of materialization.

THE BANNER is not a censor of mediums, nor is it assuming to dictate to them. It holds that materialization is a fixed fact, and that every phase of phenomena can be verified. But we do not wish to endorse the spurious when the genuine is to be obtained for the asking. These sances will be held as occasion requires, in the interest of truth and for the sake of honest mediumship. THE BANNER is grateful to Mrs. Ross for having set an example worthy of emulation by all mediums.

Some one has said that friendship is the fairest flower that blooms in this cold world of ours. Knowing this to be true, why should not the seeds of that precious flower be sown in the sacred soil of every human soul, that a fruitage of good deeds, high aspirations, pure thoughts and noble purposes may be harvested before the frosts of the autumn of life have laid us low? Do not mistake acquaintance for friendship; there is a wide difference between the two; the one is fleeting and transitory, the other is as enduring as the soul from which it springs.

The price of growth is suffering. Through suffering alone do men and nations learn the cost of liberty. To grow into the glorious liberty of the sons and daughters of the Infinite is the mission of earth-life. Welcome, then, every experience that educates the soul into a knowledge of truth through which the real meaning of suffering is made known. Nothing is ever lost, hence man reaps the consequences of his every act. Let each action serve the highest forces of his being, and the world will be speedily redeemed from every form of wrong.

Mrs. E. D. Concanon, trance and test medium, is now located at 157 West Concord street, Boston, for the coming season. She will be employed at the First Spiritual Temple, corner Exeter and Newbury streets, for some months.

The Banner Endorsed.

"You and I, Mr. Editor, may differ in some of our views, as we certainly have a right to do; but I am sure we are of one opinion on the question of the great importance of a higher ethical standard for all classes of people."
—Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Onset, Mass.

"I will comply with your request. But I must tell you that I have not been a subscriber to THE BANNER for many years, because I felt that it catered to the false element in Spiritualism. I subscribed now because I believe you will elevate the tone of the paper by defending the right."
—Elizabeth Lowe Watson, West Side, Cal.

"I admire your remarks concerning frauds practiced by mediums. I have attended many sances in New York, Boston, Onset and elsewhere, none of which were given under test conditions. If any of those mediums are now doing so it is a new thing, and I am glad of it."
—L. P., Orange, N. J.

"I think often of your earnestness, your work, your growing breadth of thought. It is good for Spiritualism that you are with it. The future has need of you. The true and the genuine are needed, else our *ism* will be melted into other channels; for Lincoln's saying is true, 'You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time; but not all of the people all of the time.' Self-delusion and frauds are weeds. To be utilized they need to be gathered."
—C. Fannie Allen, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I am glad to hear that while you are at the head THE BANNER will take no back track on the fraud matter. It is encouraging to see the old BANNER doing such good service for the right."
—Wm. Emmette Coleman, San Francisco, Cal.

"THE BANNER editorial page has the true ring and the right spirit. It was never so good since I have known it."
—Walter P. Williams, Salem, Oregon.

The above are taken at random from a volume of correspondence of large proportions from all quarters of the United States. They are from representative Spiritualists, men and women of intelligence, who dare to think and express their thoughts out loud. We have much more to the same effect, showing that the leading Spiritualists of the land are with us in our stand for truth and right. We thank our friends for their kind words.

The kidnapping of Editor Brann of the *Waco, Tex., Iconoclast*, by the students in Dallas, has caused no little excitement in the "Lone Star State." Editor Brann had severely criticised the Baptist College in Dallas, and his strictures ranked in the minds of both students and faculty of that institution. Mr. Brann had occasion to visit Dallas, and while there was captured by the students, taken to the college grounds, and there, under the threat of a coat of tar and feathers or the penalty of death, was forced to sign a paper retracting all charges he had made. Brann escaped to Waco, and at a public gathering retracted the statements he made in Dallas under duress. He has renewed his onslaughts upon the Dallas College, and claims to have some startling revelations to make concerning it. He is fearless in exposure of all kinds of wrong-doing, and while we do not agree with him in opinion, we admire his honesty and bravery in defending what he believes to be right. His language is not always up to the high standard of excellence we could wish, but he is a foe to evil, and does his work well. We hope he will live to enjoy a glorious triumph over his orthodox foes in the present case. Mr. Brann is a free thinker, hence has the enmity of every church bigot in Texas.

Silas M. Barrett, a well-known citizen of Cincinnati, O., entered spirit-life Sept. 18, aged seventy-one years. Mr. Barrett was born in Canaan, Maine, and went to Cincinnati in 1851. He was very successful in business, and amassed a large fortune, which was swept away in part by reverses a few years ago. He was charitable to the worthy poor; a man of large heart, of great public spirit, and progressive ideas on all questions of interest to the race. He was a Spiritualist in his religious views, and went home firmly grounded in the knowledge of the immortality of the soul. One son and three sisters survive him. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and will be greatly missed by his many friends. Peace to his memory.

A correspondent who for thirty-five years has been an avowed Spiritualist, is now an inmate of an almshouse. She was anxious to enter the Waverley Home, but the lack of funds with which to carry on the Home has rendered it impossible for the Veteran Spiritualists' Union to aid her, hence she has become a town charge. It is lamentable, as well as shameful, to be forced to admit that our own people have become county or town charges. Had the Waverley Home been the property of any other denomination it would have taken only a few days to have raised thousands of dollars endowment. Spiritualists could do the same, if they would only work together for a definite aim.

One of the main objects of Spiritualism, as revealed by the most progressive souls in spirit life, is to spiritualize humanity. Has this object been realized by those who profess to be Spiritualists? Let us turn the X-ray of investigation upon our own souls, and see if we have grown out of the sordid conditions of materiality into the realms of pure spirituality. When this is done, we shall find much to do in the way of cleansing our natures, that we may become worthy associates of the angels of God. Let us prove to the world that our religion of Spiritualism does spiritualize us, and we shall soon win all true men and women to the support of the cause of truth.

Prof. Fred P. Evans, the California psychic, is now snugly "at home" to all friends and patrons at 42 West Newton street, Boston. He reports a revolution in matters spiritual in Malone, N. Y., where he spent the past month. The secular press unanimously joined in an expression of regret at his departure. THE BANNER extends the right hand of fellowship to Mr. Evans and family, and bids him welcome to Boston.

Look over the subscription list to the Babe Will Defense Fund. Your name may not be there. If not, send your dollar at once. The officers of the National Spiritualists' Association must raise eight hundred and fifty dollars prior to the 15th inst. One dollar each from that number of Spiritualists will provide the amount required. Come, friends, to the rescue. Let us act at once.

Dr. N. F. Ravlin has removed from San Francisco, Cal., to Salt Lake City, Utah. He wishes his correspondents to note the change, and to write him accordingly. Dr. Ravlin is one of the most scholarly men upon the spiritual rostrum to-day, and should not be out of employment for a single month. He is an able and eloquent speaker, and the stamp of sincerity is upon his every sentence.

Hon. Sidney Dean.

Our readers will learn with great pleasure that this distinguished and able representative of our Cause is yet with us in the mortal. His health is somewhat impaired, but his great mind is as clear as ever, and in the sunset hour of his life he finds in the knowledge of Spiritualism a glorious revelation of truth that is ever an abiding presence with him. Mr. Dean has been a man of note in our nation's history, and his public avowal of Spiritualism cost him much. For many years he was a prominent figure upon our rostrum, and a very eloquent advocate of the truth as he saw it. Spiritualists should not forget the distinguished services of this noble man, nor should they neglect him now that ill health and advancing years have come upon him. His present residence is Brookline, Mass.

The Babe Will.

A majority of the local Spiritualist societies throughout the United States opened their meetings last Sunday. By the 17th inst. they will all be well under way. We respectfully suggest that the 17th would be a good date for all societies to take up a collection for the defense of the will. All returns should be made by the 19th inst., as the case will speedily be tried. We trust that a most generous response will be made to every appeal, and that an average collection of five dollars for each and every society will be forwarded to the Treasury of the National Spiritualists' Association. Prompt action will save the estate to Spiritualism.

The Last Union Picnic

Of the Veterans at Waverley for this season will be held next Friday, Oct. 8th. Take ten o'clock train on Fitchburg Railroad, from Union Station. Please bring lunch; coffee and tea will be served free. Let this be the best event of the year.

Carlyle says: "There is another higher than happiness; it is blessedness." We feel that it is blessed to make others happy, hence to do good should be the aim of all. This form of blessedness gives us the purest happiness, hence the two terms must be synonymous. "Happiness, our being's end and aim," simply means the removal of mental and physical pain from the lives of our fellow-men. True happiness is altruism, hence is blessed. Selfishness is a form of selfishness, and should be avoided in so far as it makes us forgetful of the weal of others. Altruism overcomes egotism and makes the race a unit. The new "Golden Rule" of Spiritualism, "Do all for others," is the highest expression of altruism; therefore it is the means by which selfishness is obliterated, and mankind blessed by that happiness that does away with every form of wrong.

Canton, O., is excited over a contested will involving an estate of more than one million dollars. Three sons of the deceased millionaire were willed one twenty-fourth each of the estate, and another son ten-twenty-fourths. The three consider that the estate should have been more equally divided, and have brought suit to have the will set aside. Their claim rests upon the charge of undue influence through the use of hypnotism on the part of their favored brother. As he is known to possess hypnotic powers to a very remarkable degree, their claim seems to have the semblance of fact to rest upon. The outcome will be watched with interest, as it involves the legal recognition and standing of hypnotism.

New York City is to be pitied. Thomas C. Platt and Lemuel Eli Quigg are said to be laboring zealously for John Y. McKane's pardon in order that he may be restored to citizenship. McKane is an earnest church-member, and was Superintendent of an Orthodox Sunday school when sentenced to prison. Do our Christian friends believe that ballot-box stuffing is a Christian virtue? Gov. Black should follow the precedent established by Gov. Morton, and refuse to pardon this villain, even if he is a good Christian.

The autumn leaves upon the trees betoken the approach of death to the year. Seed-time and harvest have come and gone, and a portion of the earth is preparing to rest in the sweet sleep of winter. May the seed-time and harvest of the spirit be such as to give all souls the rest of peace and the calm of heartfelt joy. This will be the portion of our race when pure Spiritualism rules the souls of men.

"Had the cat wings, no bird could live in air.
Had each his wish, what more could Allah spare?"
—Arabic Proverb.

If mortals could but realize the truth of this proverb, this would be a happier world. Spiritualism is the religion that teaches men to wish only for the things of the spirit, of which the Infinite has an inexhaustible supply; hence it is the system that will give ultimate happiness to every sorrowing child of earth when it is rightly understood.

Death in life is the state of those who are spiritually blind. It is the mission of Spiritualism to relieve mankind of this untoward condition by removing the scales of bigotry, ignorance and superstition from the eyes of men. It rests with Spiritualists to do this noble work through an exemplification of true Spiritualism in their every-day lives.

The *St. Louis Globe Democrat* of Sept. 27 contains an extended notice of the marriage of Robert Moorhouse and Miss Clara Teahan, both of St. Louis. Prof. W. F. Peck tied the knot in a most impressive manner. Mr. and Mrs. Moorhouse have THE BANNER's best wishes in their new relationship.

Col. W. D. Crockett, ex-President of Onset Camp, and a prominent worker in the organization of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, was a welcome guest at THE BANNER office last week. His many friends will rejoice to learn that his health is improving.

A copy of the *Russian Orthodox American Messenger* is at hand. It is published in both the English and Russian languages, hence presents a very unique and interesting appearance. It contains food for thought.

Our readers will remember that the new work, "Materialization from a Scientific Standpoint," is on sale at this office. Price, fifty cents. Every one should read it.

THE CAMBRIDGE SPIRITUAL INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY will hold its regular meetings the second and fourth Wednesday in each month, commencing Wednesday, Oct. 13, in Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Massachusetts Ave. A full attendance is desired, as important business will come before the meeting. Special entertainment in the evening. Supper served at 6. All are welcome.
M. A. SAWYER, Sec'y.

Mrs. Richmond in Washington.

An Auspicious Meeting.

The opening services of the First Spiritualist Society of Washington, D. C., for the season of 1897-98, under the pastorate of Mrs. Richmond, began last Sunday, Oct. 3, under circumstances that promise great good, not only to the Cause generally, but to the spiritual movement in this city, particularly. The "New Departure" which this event signals includes such features as a settled pastor, one whose name has been a household word among Spiritualists for many years, and everywhere known as a most successful expounder of the higher Spiritualism; a new hall, cozy, comfortable, central and convenient, 813 Ninth street, Maccabee Temple, formerly a Methodist church; a new President, F. A. Wood, Esq., a gentleman of quiet manners, a thorough Spiritualist, of reliable character, of good business qualities and liberally disposed; a new Vice-President, Mr. J. V. McIntyre, an active, earnest man and outspoken Spiritualist; and a Board consisting of several new officers, all of whom will no doubt personally support the new organization effectively.

The local press makes respectful and favorable mention of this event, and speaks of Mrs. Richmond's character and special qualifications as a progressive religious teacher with unusual commendation. The exercises attending the inauguration of this movement during the morning and evening services were notably auspicious and harmonious. Mrs. Richmond being particularly happy in her opening discourses. Nothing could have been more fittingly conceived, nothing more practically comprehensive and pertinent, or enforced with more feeling, than her introductory remarks, which were received by a large congregation with much emotion.

President Wood supplemented her appropriate words in the morning by reading a telegram from the Church of the Soul at Chicago, with whom Mrs. Richmond has so long administered in spiritual matters, extending their congratulations to the First Society here, and expressing the most fraternal love for their co-worker.

Intellectually Mrs. Richmond represents the highest type of spiritual teaching, and with her exceptional gifts it is earnestly hoped that the present arrangement will prove mutually beneficial and satisfactory to all who are in any way interested in the dissemination of the facts, phenomena, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism. Expected results of an excellent and permanent character are fondly anticipated. Success does not necessarily depend upon numbers, but united and harmonious effort is essential to any true progress. In the cultivation of Truth, self becomes subordinated to the greater demand, and personality is eliminated. Among those present on this first occasion was the Countess Wachtmeister. PENN.
Washington, D. C., Oct. 3, 1897.

Reception to Mrs. F. J. Miller.

Mrs. F. J. Miller was received with enthusiasm by many friends at Mr. and Mrs. Carbee's on Wednesday evening. Mr. L. L. Whitlock introduced Mrs. Carbee, who welcomed Mrs. Miller and her friends. Mrs. Miller was then introduced, and gave a very interesting description of her journeyings in California; also a description of the spiritual work in that State. She spoke of the need of higher teachings among Spiritualists, and of a more perfect knowledge of the laws underlying these truths.

Many others followed, among whom we mention Dr. Busswell, Mr. David Taylor, Mrs. Chase Trask, Mr. Webster (an impromptu poem), Mrs. Lambert, Mr. Joseph Carr, Mr. Jas. Morton, Jr., Dr. Coombs and Mr. Balcom. All welcomed Mrs. Miller with the best wishes for the future, and eulogies for her past works.

Mr. Whitlock, in closing, said we need such teachers as Mrs. Miller, and an association broad and intelligent, to bring Spiritualism and the psychic sciences up to the position they might and ought to occupy. It was a pleasant occasion, and very complimentary to Mrs. Miller.

Babe Will Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....\$235.53
C. R. Philadelphia, Pa..... 50
A Friend, Bangor, Me..... 5.00
A Friend, Ellsworth, Me..... 1.00
Andrew C. Dunn, Winnebago City, Minn. 5.00
Miss E. Barrows, Fayville, Mass..... 1.00
A. Munson, Medina, Ohio..... 1.00
C. E. Hodge, Brooklyn, N. Y..... 1.00
A Friend..... 1.00
Mrs. C. H. Henderson, Erie, Pa..... 20.00
C. F. Leiding, Oakland, Cal..... 2.00
J. P. Smith, Springfield, Mass..... 1.00
Miss Chamberlain, Haverhill, Mass..... 1.00
Mrs. Atwood..... 1.00
Total.....\$336.03

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. Florence White has returned to the city after a season at Saratoga, and is now located at the Evans House, 175 Tremont street.

Dr. C. W. Hildon of Newburyport, Mass., will lecture and give exhibitions of healing at Haverhill next Sunday. The Doctor has Oct. 21, Nov. 14, and the Sundays of December open for engagement with societies near Boston. Dr. Hildon wishes to state to the management of the Western camps that he is prepared to accept dates for the summer season of 1898.

Mrs. Cynthia H. Clarke, inspirational speaker and platform test medium, has returned from an extended vacation, and is now prepared to make engagements with societies in the New England States. Present address, No. 347 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. and Mrs. Noyes graduated Wednesday, Sept. 22, at the Independent Medical College at W. D. Noyes, M. D., Cora B. Noyes, M. D., and are located at 249 Winchester Avenue, Chicago, Ill., where they would be pleased to see or hear from their many friends and patrons.

W. J. Colville's classes in Spiritual Science are being held at 242 Huntington Avenue (corner Massachusetts Avenue) on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 8 P. M., and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 2:30 P. M.

Mr. Colville can lecture out of Boston on Sunday and Thursday evenings on very moderate terms. Immediate application should be made by those desiring his services. Address care of BANNER OF LIGHT.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter began his three months' service in Fort Wayne, Ind., last Sunday. His address while there will be 156 East Wayne street, where letters from parties desiring his services week evenings can be forwarded. His permanent address is 181 Walnut street, Chelsea, Mass. He has April and May open for engagements.

Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham will be at Lynn Oct. 10; Salem, Nov. 21, and May 22, 1898; East Danvers, Jan. 2, 1898. Will make engagements for '98, also '97, as a test medium. Address 200 Columbus Avenue, suite 9, Boston.

Mrs. Kate R. Stiles has a few open dates for the season of '97 and '98, which she would like to fill within easy-going distance of Boston. Her address for the fall and winter months will be at 192 Darlington street, Boston, care Dr. E. A. Pratt. On Tuesday evenings of each week commencing the 14th of October, Mrs. Stiles will hold parlor meetings at her rooms, for talks upon spiritual subjects, and such spiritual communications as she may be able to receive. No one admitted after the opening of the meeting, which will be at eight o'clock.

Dr. Walter Hayward of Brooklyn, N. Y., has returned to Hartford, Ct., and can be addressed at Hartford P. O. for the present.

Mrs. Sarah A. Lynne has the following appointments: Nov. 7, Lynn, Mass.; Nov. 14, Berkeley Hall, Boston; Nov. 21, Waltham, Nov. 28, Brockton; Dec. 5 and 12, Bridgeport, Ct.; Jan. 9, 16, 23 and 30, Worcester; Feb. 28, Marlboro. She would be pleased to correspond with local societies for engagements for dates not named in the above list.

On Sunday next, Oct. 10, W. J. Colville will give a special lecture on "Materialization and Other Spiritual Phenomena from a Scientific Standpoint," (introduced extracts from new book bearing that title, favorably noticed in BANNER OF LIGHT of Oct. 1, Dec. 5 and 12, Bridgeport, Ct.; Jan. 9, 16, 23 and 30, Worcester; Feb. 28, Marlboro. She would be pleased to correspond with local societies for engagements for dates not named in the above list.)

E. J. Bowtell will speak for the Progressive Spiritual Society, Waverley, N. Y., Oct. 10, 17, 24 and 31. Permanent address, 11 Isbell street, Binghamton, N. Y.

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

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Boston Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Speaker for October, Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings. Singing, the Ladies' Quartet. E. L. Allen, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 1494 Irving street, Boston, Mass.

Spiritual Lyceum meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. All are welcome. Send the children. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor; A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk, 11 Lacey street, Dorchester, Mass.

The Evening Star Society meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening—business meeting at 4 o'clock, supper at 6 o'clock—in Gould Hall, 3 Boylston Place, Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, President; A. Augusta Eldridge, Secretary.

Spiritual Fraternity—At First Spiritual Temple—Exeter and Newbury streets, Sundays at 10:45 A. M. The continuity of life will be demonstrated through different phases of mediumship. Next Sunday at 2:30, lecture through the mediumship of W. J. Colville, speaker for October. Wednesday evenings, 7:45, sociable, converse and phenomena. Other meetings announced from the platform. A. H. Sherman, Sec'y.

Children's Progressive Lyceum—Spiritual Sunday School—meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 64 Tremont street, at 10:45 A. M. All are welcome. Mrs. J. S. Soper, Superintendent.

Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street—The Ladies' Lyceum Union meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening; supper at 6:15 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President; Mrs. Abbie Thompson, Secretary.

Apollon Hall, 95 Appleton Street—Palm Memorial Building, 1000 Tremont street, Sunday at 10:45 A. M. The Gospel of Spirit, Return Society, Minnie M. Soule, Pastor, will hold services every Saturday and Sunday at 10:45 and 7:45 P. M.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening—supper at 6 P. M.—at 24 Tremont street. Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allen, President. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sydney street, Dorchester.

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

Elysian Hall, 820 Washington Street—Meetings Sundays, 11:45 A. M., 2:45 and 7:45 P. M.; Wednesdays, 3 P. M.; Fridays, 3 and 7:45 P. M. Mrs. A. R. Gilliland, Conductor.

Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street—Meetings at 11, 1:45 and 7:45 Sundays. Dr. W. H. Ameringer, Conductor.

Hawthorne Hall, 841 Tremont Street (near Elliot street)—Meetings Sundays at 11 A. M., 2:45 and 7:45 P. M.; Wednesdays at 2:45 P. M., for speaking, tests and readings. Edwin H. Tuttle, Leader.

The Boston Psychic Conference and Facts Meetings, every Sunday evening, at the Woman's Journal Parlors, 3 Exchange street. L. L. Whitlock, President.

Harmony Hall, 104 Washington Street—104 A. M., 2:45 and 7:45 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 2:45. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street—Meetings Tuesdays and Thursdays at 2 P. M. Sundays at 11, 1:45 and 7:45 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, President.

Good Templars Hall, 1 Johnson Avenue, Charlestown—Sundays, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and Friday afternoons. Mrs. E. J. Peak, Chairman.

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

Grand Army Hall, 573 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport—Sundays, 11 A. M., 2:45 and 7:45 P. M. Mrs. L. A. Akerman, Conductor.

Temple of Honor Hall, 581 Massachusetts Avenue—The Progressive Thought Society holds meetings every Sunday, morning, afternoon and evening.

The Cambridge Spiritualist Society holds meetings the second and fourth Wednesday in each month, in Cambridge Lower Hall, 581 Massachusetts Avenue. Mrs. M. M. Nichols, President; M. A. Sawyer, Sec'y.

The Boston Spiritualist Temple, J. B. Hatch, Jr., writes, opened meetings for the season of 1897-98 before an audience that filled Berkeley Hall.

It was said to be the largest audience that has been in attendance at an opening meeting of this Society for many years. The speaker for the month is Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, and as she took her seat upon the platform she was greeted with applause. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet, who have been engaged to furnish the singing, and Mr. Fred Watson, the pianist, were also warmly applauded.

Mr. Watson gave a piano recital previous to the meeting, to the pleasure of the audience as it gathered. President Allen introduced Mrs. Richings, who made brief opening remarks. After a song by the Quartet Mrs. Richings took for her subject "It Might Have Been," and said in part:

"We are at the beginning of a new season. We are at the beginning of a new period. It seems to me very suggestive of thought. We note the seasons as they change, and we see how perfectly they fit into one another, every incident adapting itself, all dependent one upon the other. The absolute depends on absolute law."

Do you think that a human soul can look back and not have a single regret? I doubt it. There must have been something that we might have done before the seed of sorrow had set within the heart. We look back and think of all we might have accomplished. We look back upon our short period of life as Spiritualists.

What have we accomplished? I believe there is more power in a right heart without intellect than there is in a giant intellect. A man with a true heart can stand upon a rock and the waves cannot shake him. Love is the redeemer of the world, and only true love can lift man up.

I feel that all human beings will reach a time when they will look back with regret that they had not done more good in their lives. I cannot think that a soul ever came into this world without being touched with love. Mother-love is the tenderest and purest attribute of God Almighty. Mother-love has followed us through all conditions of life, yet how lightly we have held it. It was as a matter of course that we should have had it.

Years went on, and then came a time when the blinds were closed and a coffin stood in the room, and sobs of regret of what might have been had we only accepted that love and returned the same, the bitter tears would not be flowing now.

We can never get rid of a regret; it will always follow us; but we must let it pass as much as possible.

Whatever the past may show forth for me of evil, is past; let the dead past bury its dead. Let us live so that our lives will show we are living in the spirit of love. If we are going to prove our religion, I don't know of any way of proving that we have something better than the Christians have. If we have something far ahead of the Christian, what are we going to do to prove it? Some say that what we have is spirit-return. There is something more than that; it is the love-element in Spiritualism, I believe, that makes the condition of mortal life better. Good spirits come back to us because they love us. It is the lack of love to-day that is the cause of war and strikes over the earth.

If love was king we would know nothing of war. Men should live giving out love, not asking for it; giving out love, that the world may grow. "Peace and good-will on earth." I sometimes think that Spiritualism would have made better growth if it had love in it.

The meeting was closed with singing by the quartet.

In the evening another good-sized audience was in attendance. The meeting was opened by Mr. Watson, who rendered several piano solos. The Schubert Quartet gave many beautiful selections during the evening. Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings was the speaker and gave a very interesting address, thought by many to have been better than that of the morning. Mrs. Richings at the close of her address gave readings perfectly satisfactory to those receiving them. She will be the speaker during the month of October, and will give readings in the evening only.

On Sunday next Mrs. Richings will pay a visit to the Boston Spiritual Lyceum in the afternoon at Berkeley Hall.

H. D. Barrett (editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT), Miss M. M. Coffin, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Col. W. D. Crockett, Mrs. Sarah P. Billings, Mrs. Huff of Florida were at the morning meeting and were greeted by a host of friends.

The beautiful flowers on the speaker's desk were a gift from Hebron Libbey. On the whole it was a grand opening.

FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, Newbury and Exeter streets—Sunday, Oct. 3, there were three services, as follows: At 10:30 A. M. Mr. J. E. Bartlett, inspirational, followed by spirit-messages. At 2:30 P. M., lecture by W. J. Colville, and at 7:30 P. M., séance for full-form expression through the mediumship of Mrs. M. R. Goff.

Next Sunday, Oct. 10, Mr. Bartlett will be present at 10:30 A. M., Mr. Colville at 2:30 P. M., and Mrs. Goff or Mrs. Concanon at 7:30, even ing.

Another correspondent writes: On Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2:30 P. M., W. J. Colville commenced a new season of work at this Temple, the platform of which was beautifully adorned with flowers.

The grand organ and sweet singing of Mrs. Ayer were fully up to the old-time standard, and a large and deeply interested audience assisted at the exercises. The lecture, which was preceded by a reading from Marcus Aurelius, and an impressive invocation, was on Spiritual Fraternity, the keynote of the New Era.

The speaker began by making mention of certain contrasting signs of the times, betokening apparent conflict, but prophetic of real harmony, and discoursed at some length from the curious words—paradoxical but not absurd—"We will have peace, even though we have to fight for it."

Sometimes one sees in a paper lines headed "If I were God," in which a sentimental but superficial rhymist undertakes to suggest a vast improvement in the scheme of human evolution through the total elimination of every element of conflict incidental to man's development.

The true God is infinitely wiser than such critics of the universal plan, and though our hearts may often bleed at the spectacle of immediate suffering, it is the province of spiritual teaching to point out its beneficent mission and salutary end.

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Alluding to Rev. T. Ernest Allen's recent articles in BANNER OF LIGHT, the lecturer said that the most important point of all in "reformed Spiritualism" was the spirituality of selfishness in the search for truth, for though there might be no actual deception, in many cases mere communications and manifestations were not edifying; there could be no communion with the unseen world of real value on either side so long as narrow ambitions and a spirit of ungenerous rivalry prevails.

Alluding to Bellamy's "Equality," the lecturer insisted that constructive socialism was the very antithesis of anarchy, though ignorant and prejudiced people often confounded the two. The true fraternalist rejoices in the attainments and possessions of those who are already in refined and happy circumstances, but insists that the coming era promises to vast multitudes what is now enjoyed by only a favored few.

The tenor of the entire discourse was an earnest plea for the cooperative spirit to be manifested everywhere, and particularly among those who are laying claim to a spiritual revelation.

The services ended with an impromptu poem on four subjects given by the audience. Mr. Colville lectured on Tuesday evening, Oct. 5, on "Atonement," and will answer a variety of questions on Friday, Oct. 8, at 7:45 P. M., and on successive Fridays through this month.

The subject of the lecture next Sunday, Oct. 10, at 2:30 P. M., will be "Self-Reliance, and Dependence on Unseen Helpers, How are these Attitudes Consistent?"

THE FIRST SPIRITUALIST LADIES' AID SOCIETY opened its meetings at 241 Tremont street Oct. 1. The members were all pleased to meet again, and a lively business meeting ensued.

The evening entertainment consisted of remarks of welcome by Mrs. Alice Waterhouse. Mr. Albert P. Blinn urged all, both old and young, to take an interest in Lyceum work. He said he knew the young people needed encouragement, and he asked that the older ones give them support.

Mrs. Shackley gave some fine tests. Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., spoke of the trip to Washington, urging all to go.

Edward and Charlie Hatch furnished music during the evening.

Next Friday the Ladies' Aid Society will celebrate its fortieth anniversary, and a grand program and good time will be furnished. Among those expected to be present are Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Waterhouse; Miss Lucette Webster, Miss Etta Willis, Master Willie Sheldon, readers; Mrs. M. A. Brown, Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, Mrs. Shackley, Mrs. Mason, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sr., Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mr. Fred Watson, Mr. J. S. Mansergh and others. We expect some of the charter members of the Society, and a good time is expected. We hope to have a good attendance upon this occasion.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

THE LADIES' LYCEUM UNION—Mrs. Abbie F. Thompson, 39 Sydney street, writes—met in Dwight Hall Wednesday afternoon and evening, Sept. 29. Business meeting called at 5 o'clock. President Mrs. M. A. Brown in the chair. Supper was soon announced, after which the evening entertainment commenced with a piano solo by Lawton B. Capron; song, Little Eddie; reading, Ionia Stillings; recitation, little Clifford Lamont; Rosie Johnson sang, after which Little Eddie displayed his Magic Lantern views, which were very pleasing to the children.

Next Wednesday evening will be mediums' night. Would be pleased to see all or as many mediums as can come.

Oct. 13 will be children's night, and they have a large program. All are welcome.

Next Wednesday is election of officers for the ensuing year. Let every member be present. Business meeting will be called at 4:30. Supper served at 6:30.

BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

ELYSIAN HALL ASSOCIATES—A correspondent writes—held three sessions on Sunday, Oct. 3, at 820 Washington street. The following friends assisted in thought and test at morning circle: Messrs. Smith, Morse, Weil, Thorne, Hillings, Peterson, Wright; Mesdames Carbee, Abbot, Gilliland and Powderly.

Afternoon, 2:30—Solo, Miss Parker; remarks on "The Unseen Forces," Mrs. Gilliland; personal experiences, also tests by Mrs. Julia Davis, Mr. Littlefield and Ibel; Indian song by Mrs. Fuller; tests, Messrs. Turner and Jackson; solo, Mr. Peak; test, Mrs. Peak; remarks on control, Mrs. Lewis.

Evening—Song service, led by quartet, Mesdames Carleton and Parker, and Messrs. Soumes and Oliver; opening remarks, Mrs. Gilliland; original poem, Mr. Thompson; readings, Mrs. Robertson, Dr. Huot, Mr. Hersey; Mr. Coombs gave several astral readings. The session was well attended and very instructive. Mrs. Gilliland, conductor; Nellie Carleton, organist.

BANNER OF LIGHT always for sale.

GOOD TEMPLARS' HALL, 1 JOHNSON AVE., CHARLESTOWN DIST.—F. W. Peak writes: Sunday, Oct. 3, at 7:30 our song service commenced, the writer as organist and leader, Prof. George Rimbach, cornetist, assisting. We feel grateful to Mr. Rimbach for his liberal services. At 7:45 invocation was offered by the Conductor, Mrs. E. J. Peak; song, "Open Those Pearly Gates," Prof. Peak; Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn and Mrs. E. J. Peak occupied the evening, both mediums giving excellent tests. Mrs. Butler will be with us again next Sunday. Mediums are welcome.

HAWTHORNE HALL—A correspondent writes: The three sessions were well attended, and of a nature to give satisfaction. E. H. Tuttle spoke on "Mediumship, Mediums, their Work, and the Position that they should Occupy." That people should use judgment in the things presented, and that all should present Spiritualism truthfully; also gave poems on subjects suggested by the audience, answered mental questions, and gave tests and readings. Mrs. A. P. Gutierrez, Mrs. J. A. Woods, Mrs. E. R. Brown, Mrs. C. B. Hare, Mrs. M. E. Graves, Mrs. M. Penney, Mr. Dr. Bell, Mrs.

S. E. Cunningham, Mr. Cohen gave fine tests and readings.

Prof. H. D. Barrett will be at this hall next Sunday evening.

We wish the BANNER OF LIGHT success, and it is for sale Sundays, also Wednesday afternoons.

CHELSEA—W. J. Powers writes: Our Society had the services of Mrs. Cynthia H. Clarke Oct. 3, giving many recognized readings and descriptive messages.

MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—Mrs. M. E. Williams writes: Mr. William McLean of Wellington, New Zealand, has been in New York for a short time, attending séances and making an investigation of the various phenomena to be found here, with the intention of publishing his views when he returns to the antipodes.

He had been in Europe for a considerable time, and while there learned all that he could about Spiritualism; but, as he avers, it was fortunate he came to America, for had he returned to Wellington without becoming acquainted with the New York mediums, he would not have much to impart to his fellow-citizens in regard to materializations and other branches of spiritual phenomena.

Mr. McLean is a member of the Colonial Parliament, a magistrate, a member of the Psychological Society of Research, and a thoroughgoing Spiritualist in the fullest sense of the term. He is President of the Spiritualists' Society in Wellington, and informed me that the Cause was making rapid progress in the colonies. He regretted the absence of good mediums there, but hoped that in time some of our best mediums would make a visit to Australia and New Zealand, or, failing that, there would be a development among the Spiritualists at present there that would supply the necessary want. Speakers, he said, they had in plenty; but mediums who could scientifically demonstrate the truth of what they taught were not at all numerous.

I learned from him, with a good deal of satisfaction, that the natives of Maori, were as a rule, staunch believers in the truth of spirit return, and that, like our own Indians, there are mediums among them who can give proofs that the spirit does live and that death is not the end of life.

I have written these few lines for the purpose of showing that not only in this country and Europe is our Cause progressing, but that in far-off New Zealand the seed has taken root, and that the time is approaching when it will blossom in all parts of the world, for Truth is mighty, and must prevail.

NEW YORK—M. J. Fitz-Maurice, Sec'y, says: The First Society of Spiritualists met at The Tuxedo, 637 Madison Avenue, corner Fifty-ninth street, Sunday, Oct. 3.

The double attraction of Prof. J. Clegg Wright and Edgar W. Emerson rendered our opening Sunday unusually successful. In the morning Prof. Wright charmed a most attentive audience, exhibiting two phases of mediumship.

The test séance of the afternoon was prefaced by remarks in Prof. Wright's happiest vein, following which Mr. Emerson, under the influence of Sunbeam, held his hearers for over an hour with descriptions of departed friends, giving many messages and names, all fully recognized.

The lecture of the evening, by Prof. Wright, was of remarkable interest and especially appropriate in sentiment to the beginning of a season. At its close the President invited Judge A. H. Dailey to the platform, who, in a brief address, embodied many practical thoughts pertinent to the occasion, also paying a graceful tribute to the qualities of Prof. Wright, a friend of long standing.

The music, under the direction of Mr. R. L. Myers, was most enjoyable throughout the day and evening, while our new place of meeting received unqualified approval for its harmonious furnishings and general air of restful coziness. In a word, the season of '97-'98 has commenced most favorably.

NEW YORK—"H." writes: The Spiritual and Ethical Society, for which Mrs. H. T. Brigham speaks, has resumed its meetings Sunday mornings and evenings at Adelphi Hall, Broadway and Fifty-second street. The attendance is good, and the interest increasing.

The lecture of last Sunday evening showed particularly the beneficial effect of the teachings of true Spiritualism on practical lives of men and women, and the comfort it brings in sorrow.

Mrs. Brigham's address is No. 224 East Thirty-ninth street, where all letters and telegrams should be sent.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE—Joseph Cooper, Sec'y, writes: The Providence Spiritualists' Association, which holds meetings in Columbia Hall, corner of Richmond and Weybosset streets, had for its speaker and test medium on Sunday, Oct. 3, its respected and worthy President, Mrs. Sarah E. Humes. There was a very good attendance afternoon and evening.

Sunday, Oct. 10, Dr. W. A. Hale of Boston will be our speaker, and on Sunday, Oct. 17, Dr. C. W. Hidden of Newburyport will be our speaker and medium. All are invited to hear these mediums.

BANNER OF LIGHT and other papers for sale at the hall.

46 Zone street.

MAINE.

PORTLAND—M. A. Brackett, Sec'y, writes: Oct. 3 we had Mrs. Jennie Pollansbee of Newburyport, Mass., and we are much pleased with her fine tests, as well as the lady herself. It is our expectation to have her again.

We formed our Ladies' Aid, and will have grand success.

From Abroad.

In the opinion of the author of the "Light of Asia," England or America have no need of sending missionaries to India, but, on the contrary, the Hindus should send missionaries to those countries. "India," according to Sir Edwin Arnold, "is the home of the ideal—religious, metaphysical and domestic—to an extent which makes those ridiculous who speak of her creeds as ignorant, or her inhabitants as heathen." Charity is not so much a virtue in India as a habit, a religious necessity, an indispensable passport to further prosperous existence, and it will be seen why India, in a most tender and effective manner, fulfills the law which Christians only or principally talk about. Wheat, flour and rice for the Brahmins and the rich, with plenty of dal and pulses to make up for the meat which the strong Sahib and savage Mohammedan devour. Such is his simple fare—millet-cakes and boiled leaves of rape and grain, with mchwa fruit, mango, plantain and cocoanut. By these the blameless existence of the Hindoo sustains its innocent span. Fowls and eggs are held by most in abhorrence; no cheese is so much as known; and about one hundred and eighty millions of that wonderful people never taste animal food at all, unless in the shape of curds and ghee, which last is classified butter—Light of the East, Calcutta, India.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOTES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Hunter's Cabin and Lean-To.

THE MAINE EXHIBIT AT BOSTON FOOD FAIR A NOVEL AND UNIQUE AFFAIR.

At the Maine exhibit at the Boston Food Fair will be shown a new log cabin, or camp, as it would be called in Maine, and a very attractive lean-to. The cabin is built of peeled logs and ohnked with moss from the Maine woods. The cabin was built in September by a well-known Rangely guide. Inside will be shown a fine collection of enlarged photographs of Maine scenery. There will be some grand mounted specimens of Maine trout, and one unfamiliar with the giant trout of Maine will probably be amazed at the sight of those specimens.

Adjacent to the cabin will be the lean-to. Outside the cabin will be some grand mounted game heads, the work of an accomplished taxidermist of Bangor. A whole caribou will be exhibited. The sleek, glossy appearance of the hair shown in life, but seldom seen in mounted specimens, is preserved, and there is a naturalness about the face which is rarely found in mounted caribou heads. A whole deer will be shown mounted. There will be numerous deer and caribou heads very happily arranged out of the conventional way. The scientist will find a rich field for study in the deer heads with abnormal horns. Five guides will accompany Miss Crosby. There will be Indians from Oldtown, Me., and a fine display of Maine's agricultural products.

Onset Wigwam.

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

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

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

MEETINGS IN CHICAGO.

First Society of Spiritualist Unity meets at Irish Hall, corner of West Madison and South Paulina streets entrance 101 South Paulina street. Services every Sunday 11 A. M., 2:45 and 7:45 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 728 Hawthorn Avenue (Ansonia Park), every Sunday evening at 7:45 o'clock. J. C. F. Grumble is the permanent speaker. The School in Metaphysics, Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Inspiration and Psychical, meets at the same place during the week. Friends in Ansonia Park, Englewood, Engleston and in the city, as well as strangers, are cordially welcomed.

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The First Association of Spiritualists (founded 1852) meets at Warner Music Hall, Broad and Wallace streets. President, Capt. F. J. Keffler; Vice-President, Mrs. M. E. Caldwell; Secretary, Frank H. Morrill. Services at 2:45 and 7:45 P. M. Young People's Meeting, 1:45 P. M.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Unity Spiritual Society meets at Ethical Auditorium, 658 Jefferson street, every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., and Thursday at 8 P. M. Flora S. Jackson, President.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

John Wm. Fletcher, No. 1534 Broadway, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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It is claimed that this book is not a mere compilation, but thoroughly original. It is believed to contain information upon the most vital points of Occultism and Theosophy that cannot be obtained elsewhere.

It claims to fully reveal the most recondite mysteries of man upon every plane of his existence, both here and hereafter. In such plain, simple language that a child can almost understand it.

The secrets and occult mysteries of Astrology are revealed and explained for the first time, it is affirmed, since the days of Egyptian Hieroglyphics. An effort is made to show that the Science of the Soul and the Science of the Stars are the twin mysteries which comprise THE ONE GRAND SCIENCE OF LIFE.

The following are among the claims made for the work by its friends: To the spiritual investigator this book is indispensable. To the medium it reveals knowledge beyond all earthly plane, and will prove in real truth a guide, philosopher and friend. To the Occultist it will supply the mystic key for which he has been so long earnestly seeking. To the Astrologer it will become a divine revelation of Science.

OPINIONS OF PRESS AND PEOPLE.
A noble, philosophical and instructive work.—Emma Harding Britten.
A work of remarkable ability and interest.—Dr. J. R. Buchanan.

A remarkably concise, clear and forcibly interesting work. It is more clear and intelligible than any other work on like subjects.—J. J. Morse.

MATERIALIZATION AND OTHER SPIRIT

SPiRiT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

SPiRiT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Aug. 27, 1897.

Spirit Invocation.

Ohi thou Divine Spirit and overruling power, we thank thee this morning for the privilege of meeting once more in our circle-room, to open up the channel so that those who have passed through the change called death may have an opportunity to return and give forth evidence of immortality. We thank thee for so many privileges that are bestowed upon us, and so many blessings that are shown us. We are glad to announce to the fullest extent the joy that seems to be given both by the spirit and the mortal when we feel there is no separation, and that what seems so is only a continuation, that we are truly, by the cord of unity, drawn by spirit power. Where love dwells there is peace, joy and harmony, and when the dark shadow of death enters the home and seems to take away a member of the family, there is great lamentation; but when we have passed through those great changes, and we reach the land of light and harmony, we feel rejoiced and happy, and so we thank thy divine power and the efforts that have been made through mortal agencies to open up the gateways of heaven that we may mingle and intermingle one with the other. Hear us, bless us, and we know that by-and-by, when we all meet in that morning land, we shall then be known as we are.

Bless this paper and every worker connected with it, for it carries on its wings the blessing of immortal joy and the evidence of continual life to so many places wherein the mortal knoweth not. It is like the great search-light that penetrates the darkness where the sun has been destroyed. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Frederick H. Piper.

Good-morning, my friend. I suppose those in the body who do not understand that the dead can return, may think it strange that I should take this way to make myself known to them, for when I was in earth-life I was not acquainted with Spiritualism, and I know that my friends that I am anxious to reach do not understand it, and yet I had heard considerable about it.

I know I was carried out of the body very suddenly by what the physicians called pneumonia, and I shook off the mortal body, and took on the immortal, and one that I take a great deal more comfort in, so I presume that that is evidence enough that the spirit survives the body, or the identity of a man survives the body.

I have been very anxious to reach my companion and children that I left in earth-life to struggle with the trials and tribulations. I have not been able to reach her, to give her the evidence that I really want to, for I want to give her confidence, and for that reason I have been informed by the many that I had in spirit-life prior to coming here, that if I came here, and sent a letter through your paper (as I am perfectly familiar in the city of Boston, although my home was in Malden) that I would be remembered, and in doing this I thought I might be able to reach those I am interested in, and help them to realize that after all it is all right, and if I can only make them feel reconciled and happy, I can assist them. I do not wish to dictate to them, but want to advise them a little.

I shall be remembered in Malden, also in Lynn, where I worked a long time at book-keeping, and where I think I will not be forgotten. I might name other places where I have friends and relatives, for I feel I was acquainted a good deal. I have not come to tell all that I know, but say to those that do not believe in spirit return that it is the truth, for I have proved it to myself, and if they will give me an opportunity I will try and prove it to them.

Just say that Frederick H. Piper is here this morning, and is glad to have the privilege of saying all is well, and I am contented with what I have found in spirit.

Mrs. Freeman H. Tuttle.

Well, my friend, they tell me the time is limited, and only a certain length of time is allowed for each spirit. I felt I must improve opportunities. I don't feel I have been out of the body so long that I am forgotten; I feel I am missed around my home and by my friends, and I know they miss the physical body, and oftentimes the familiar voice. I was not a Spiritualist, and yet I know that God was my Father, and that whatever he did was all right. I find since I passed out of the body I have been wandering around, trying to make my friends feel it was all right; but it was not the death that made it so hard for the dear ones to bear, but the sadness—for I went to sleep and awoke in spirit, passing out with what the physicians called heart disease. I had no sickness or struggle; I simply went to sleep in the body and awoke in the spirit. Father called me and I went forth, and I wish those in the mortal body to know that they must not shed any more tears. They must not wonder why this was so and why that was so, and they must not ask themselves so many times if there was anything that could have been done that was not. I want to say to all that all was done that could be done, and I am satisfied with the change that has come to me, and am pleased with some changes they have made in earth-life, although I would be more happy if I could lift the shadows from the hearts of those I love, and make them feel more reconciled to God and his ruling.

I wish to send encouragement to my own home

and family, and that will be in New Market, N. H. Also to my sisters at the Rebecca Lodge, where I had an interest, and also the Hotel Corps, where I found many enjoyable times in helping the good work along; and say that there are many old comrades here this morning. I send this letter, for I know the power of the press, and I have many who have absolute confidence in spirit return, for they used to tell me of many, many experiences they had; but I could not grasp them then, in the true sense of the word; but I had told them that if there was such a thing as spirit return I would return to them if nothing more than to demonstrate the continuation of the spirit after death. You can put me down as Mrs. Freeman H. Tuttle, and say to all I am well pleased, and am only waiting for by-and-by, when we all will meet again, when there will be no parting.

Ida Packard Sharpe.

Well, it seemed to me, when the last sister was speaking, that it is a privilege, truly, to have an opportunity to send forth a few words of encouragement to those that are left in earth-life. I know it must bring a great blessing to those that do not know that their friends can come back. It seems to me that it must wake up a very strong curiosity, if it does not bring a truthful one with it, for I suppose that is why those that are skeptical criticize the spirit as it comes back; and, in fact, when it comes to that point, I oftentimes find that the Spiritualist criticizes the spirit as it comes back, and wonders why it does not do more, and why we don't identify ourselves more than we do, and I can see since I have been in spirit-life the reason that causes so much inharmonious that pervades the spiritual atmosphere, because we oftentimes say that if there are a class of people that ought to enjoy life, it is the Spiritualists, for to those that have really come to be true Spiritualists, there is happiness and contentment, and a realization that nothing has ever been able to bring such harmony and consolation to the soul as Spiritualism has brought to the world, and shown that death does not separate the loved ones from us.

I was a Spiritualist when I was in the body, and I am proud of it, and I had quite a little experience, although little compared with what we can gain in spirit, but it has been a benefit to me, and I think it has helped me to become more charitable toward others. I think it has assisted me to see why one person could not see where another person was right. I have lingered in your circle room so many times, and wished to send forth some words of comfort to those yet in earth-life, yet some how, when I come in contact with a new medium or some one I am not familiar with, I sense so much of the earth-life influence that it makes me become exhausted when I try to do what I want to, so I thought if I could reach them through THE BANNER it would cause some to talk I know. Some will appreciate it and others will not.

I don't wish to send a long message this morning, for I find I have not got the time, but I wish to be remembered to the members of the Ladies' Aid of Brockton, Mass., also the Children's Lyceum, as I was always interested in the children and the growth of their spiritual nature, and to all I wish to be remembered as Ida Packard Sharpe, and my home was in Brockton, Mass.

Alden Allen.

Well, I feel that time has elapsed somewhat since I discarded the old physical form, and I got it pretty well worn out before I could lay it down. I had quite a long earthly experience, over eighty years, prior to leaving the body, and you will see by that I must have had a good many on the spirit-side waiting for me, and I was pleased to meet them all, for they had been my comfort and my strength through the years I devoted to the investigation of Spiritualism.

I loved to read your messages and THE BANNER, and I learned more through the pages of your paper than I did through all the books I collected. I wish those in the body to know—for I have yet some who I think have not forgotten grandpa, and I think there are those who will remember me as the "old man," for they always used to speak of me as "old man Allen," and I feel, as you are talking about being away down in Maine, that it brings back the old familiar scenes to my mind; but I wish that I might express myself as I would really like to. I merely come in to identify myself as being present this morning, and feel that I am still as strong a Spiritualist as when in the body, and more so, for it gave me strength to live and it gave me courage to die, and I want all to know that I am still interested in progress and the advancement of life, because Spiritualism does not only give us confidence that our friends live and can communicate, but it brings to us the philosophy of it, brings to us the logical idea of reform in all branches in the human life. Take Spiritualism out of the human life and laws, and there is little left.

B. F. Porter.

I, too, like the one that has just left, would like to be identified among you this morning, and report that I am here, and am more than pleased for the privilege of coming through the BANNER OF LIGHT Message Department, for years and years ago, when the former Mrs. Conant took possession, or the spirit took possession of her, and sent out the first communication through a spiritual paper, I can well remember how people criticized it, and I also remember very well how an individual would be ostracized if he acknowledged the idea of it being true; but years have passed, and time has changed; the spirit has worked without fail or faltering. I have just been reviewing the progress that has been made during the last forty or fifty years in this country, and you might say all over this planet, because when I first commenced to look into Spiritualism it was a crime to acknowledge spirit return after the change called death, but I was convinced, and having a little bit of a positive nature, I feared neither God nor man. When times improved people were more anxious to understand the phenomena and the workings of spirit philosophy. I am pleased especially to see the progress that it has made in the West.

Boston was my home in the early part of my life, yet for many years I was known in Canton, Ill., where I feel that I am not really forgotten, and will be remembered especially by those that were a little bit interested in Spiritualism, and a good many will remember me that did not believe a word of it. I always had my say, and what I said I meant, and I wish to be identified through your paper on that ac-

count, because I used to say to them, "When I got out of the body you shall hear from me through the BANNER OF LIGHT, and I have been trying to do the best I could under the circumstances, but oftentimes the influence that surrounds the medium and many other instruments prevents me, for we cannot always do all we wish to, but just say this morning that B. F. Porter is here, and wants to send words of encouragement to both his own family and neighbors, and to all the old co-workers, and say, stand firm and steadfast, and God and the angels will bless you, and give you strength to conquer this life and the life to come."

Annie J. Woods.

Well, I don't think, friend, I can give such an eloquent message as those that have preceded me; but I would like to reach my friends in Maine, as I shall be known in various parts of that State. I feel, when I come in contact and take control of this medium, it is hard work for me to say what I wish to, and as I have got some friends who are interested in Spiritualism, I feel that through them my people will get your paper. I want to send out a few words so as to be able to get a recognition, and in getting that I think I can open up the way that others may know I am around them, and if this is recognized it will assist me to get closer to them and make them feel more reconciled to the change.

I was only a young woman when I passed out—not quite twenty-five years old. I passed away some little time ago; I suppose it looks longer to the mortal than it does to the spirit. I was quite sick, so that I hardly knew when I did separate from the body, or in other words I went out before I was really conscious of it; but I wish to get to my own home again, and to those who are near and dear to me; and if I could only make them understand when they go to strew flowers upon my grave that the old body is there but Annie is not. Annie is oftentimes in your own home, and sits close by you, and I want you all to understand I am here with you, especially the companion who was so good and kind to me, and I know I could come closer to them so that they would not find themselves so lonesome, and feel that everything has gone.

I don't know how my friends will take this, but I just want to send out these few words this morning, for I hardly know what to say, as these are all strangers to me, but I want them to take it kindly and give me an opportunity and I will try and prove the truth of it. My name is Annie J. Woods, and my home was in Surry, Me.

Messages to be Published.

Sept. 3.—Fannie O. Hyzer; Frank P. Ingraham; Sabina B. Sanborn; Robert C. Philbrook; Clark Golden; Susan E. Merrill.
Sept. 10.—Jabez P. Dake; Heman Snow; Mabel Wellington; Jerry F. Brown; Eliza Crampton Holden; Mary Ann Milton.
Sept. 17.—Francis H. Murphy; Catherine C. Crowley; Hannah Clark; Frankie W. Osgood; Mary A. Chase; Seth Thomas.
Sept. 24.—Joseph L. Newman; Theodora Blodgett; Geo. Hagani; Adeline Jackson Handley; Elder William Osgood; Samuel P. Barrett.
Oct. 1.—Rev. Foster Hendley; Honora E. Powers; Thomas L. Loring; Hiram Austin; Morris Lynch; Walker R. Littlefield.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By Lawrence Vleary, Montreal, Canada.] Will you please explain how you are inspired, as it is done so nicely and naturally that I never can tell when it is Mr. Colville or his guides talking? Some inspirational speakers have to wait a minute or so before the spirit gets control, and the medium generally rubs his or her forehead; and you can feel at once the difference between the medium and the spirit controlling.

Ans.—Without attempting to contrast one phase of mediumship with another, in the sense of exalting one phase and underrating another, we do feel that a straightforward answer can be given to the above question without casting the slightest reflection upon any mode of communion with the spiritual world.

We know from constant experience that there are many highly mediumistic persons who are only half willing to surrender their personalities for the time being to those unseen guides whom they distinctly feel to be about them, but to whom they stand mentally in only a semi-sympathetic condition. Sometimes there is almost a conflict in thought between a sensitive and some influence wishing to deliver a message through that medium's organism; such psychic disturbances produce the appearance of nervous twitches and often of seeming struggles, which certainly do not convey the idea of perfect harmony between the seen and unseen.

Then again there are sometimes physical peculiarities which induce electro-magnetic convulsions of a modified character, but in no case is there any need for physical contortions, that inspiration may be complete.

When the seen and unseen actors are in perfect accord, transmission of intelligence is so easy as to be entirely without effort. A great many sensitive persons make peculiar movements in consequence of a nervous habit once confirmed and never conquered, and there are those, no doubt, who encourage such seeming spasms and believe them to be necessary adjuncts of mediumship.

We have no right to find fault with them, but in our case they are entirely unnecessary, particularly as we teach communion rather than control.

If you and a friend of yours with whom you are in close vital sympathy desire to communicate telepathically, and you succeed in doing

so perfectly, there need not be the slightest physical aberration; and what is inspirational mediumship, after all, but communion on a mental plane with friendly intelligences who certainly have no more difficulty in transmitting intelligence, now that they are divorced of flesh, than they would have were they yet expressing themselves through material bodies?

The highest phases of hypnotism, where the wills of both parties are perfectly agreed, involve no muscular contortions or any peculiar signs whatever; but, as it is only rarely that such close rapport exists between two or more individuals who are operating together, the signs of effort or struggle accompany the overcoming of some temporary obstacle.

It is quite possible for your own mentality to so blend with that of another that you work together in perfect spiritual coöperation; in such instances so complete is the mental fellowship that your unseen guide or prompter can give, through your willing instrumentality, whatever he wishes to impart.

Q.—[By Bernadette Simpson, Boston.] Will you please explain the philosophy of a case like the following? A condition of the most intense, unselfish and nearly overpowering love having come into the life of the questioner for another person of the same sex, is not reciprocated in degree, or perhaps in kind, but rather in more general or milder form of respect, regard or friendly esteem. Is not all true action dual in its effects, acting and reacting from one pole to another, and such not being apparent in this case, is it an abnormal thing, having no legitimate right to existence, which should be torn from the heart and destroyed if it were possible? Does the pain accompanying this experience come from the suppression of expression or from the lack of response? The heart is also filled with sympathy and compassion for every creature who suffers spiritual or material pain or hunger, but it longs for individual expression and association in this case. The soul passing through this experience needs counsel and advice as to whether it should be greeted as a benediction, or encountered as an enemy to be vanquished.

A.—All true love is so far unselfish as to be desirous of giving without exacting a return. The love you feel for your friend is good, and should certainly be encouraged, especially as its effect is to make you kinder than you might otherwise be in your attitude toward all humanity.

Where you are in error is in demanding so much expression of personal reciprocation as to be unhappy unless you witness the demonstration of affection toward yourself. No doubt there is a strong spiritual tie between yourself and the one you love so dearly; but it is quite possible that you have awakened to the realization of this spiritual kinship while the other is not so fully conscious of it.

The fact of one person knowing of a spiritual bond between herself and another does not prove that the other person understands it also; and as you are kindly and respectfully treated by your friend, you should be satisfied to send out your best and purest thoughts for your friend's welfare, but not clamor for an external demonstration.

Some very deep natures, whose friendships are strong and lasting, are far less given to demonstrative signs of friendship than are much shallower natures. Encourage your friendship; let it ennoble and gladden your life; always hold yourself in readiness to truly serve the object of it in the best way possible; but do not allow yourself to exact a visible response.

Never attempt to crush good feeling toward anyone. Friendship is always a blessing to all concerned in it unless it becomes poisoned with jealousy or perverted into hate, in which case it is like wine turned into vinegar. You are certainly hyper-sensitive, and apt to imagine what would make you unhappy. Never run after people if you really care for them, as a persistent demand for recognition is a foe to genuine regard.

Spiritual affections mellow with the passage of time, and if you are faithful in thought, and not anxious, you will find abundant opportunity to prove the good of your regard.

Farewell to Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is now well known in all spiritualistic circles that we have been called upon, at least for a time, to give up our beloved pastor, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, who, in obedience to her guides, will minister to the Society in Washington during the coming year.

At the close of last season some of us felt intuitively that a shadow lurked somewhere near us; but it was met so promptly that we fondly hoped all danger had been averted. But the higher powers willed it otherwise, and during the church vacation the arrangements were completed which were to deprive us of the ministrations of our pastor and her inspirers. We have submitted because we must, but only to the extent of giving her one year's leave of absence, during which time we shall suspend our Sunday service, subject to any visits she may be able to make us during that time.

The first official announcement that many of our people had of their great loss was when they were summoned to bid her farewell; and in consequence of this and the short time Mrs. Richmond could be in Chicago, to the great regret of all, we were unable to give her a fitting farewell, as has ever been our wish.

On Thursday, Sept. 2, however, the Band of Harmony met at the charming home of our Secretary, Mrs. S. Gieselman, where every preparation had been made to make the meeting worthy of the occasion. Everywhere beautiful flowers met the eye, but it was impossi-

ble even for these to chase away the gloom that shadowed every heart. The one theme on every tongue was, of course, the approaching separation. Words of cheer and comfort came to us from the guides, and tributes of love and loyalty from the members of the Band to her who will ever hold their hearts in her keeping.

The farewell was reserved for the public meeting, on Sunday, Sept. 5, in Handel Hall, which was crowded with those eager to listen to her inspired words. The program was a special one, the first feature of which was a double choral singing. Vocal and instrumental solos were given, and Mrs. C. Catlin, in the name of the Church of the Soul, gave the following farewell address, presenting as a parting gift a magnificent basket of American Beauties:

To Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Our Beloved Pastor:

Perhaps for the first time in the history of this Society the call that summoned us to assemble ourselves together brought with it a feeling of overwhelming sadness, for too well we knew it was but to meet and part again. And it would be strange indeed if, after all these years of faithful ministrations, we could respond to such a summons without a tugging at the heartstrings and a sense of irreparable loss. It is not necessary at this time to go over these twenty years of privilege to us, of loving labor to you, for much that belongs to this has already passed into the annals of history; what, however, these years of tender ministrations have been to us, how strong that mysterious bond of love and sympathy that has bound us so closely together all these years, none can tell so well as ourselves.

But whilst these revelations have carried us backward into the by-gone ages, forward to that dispensation for which you longingly wait, upward to that realm beyond the skies, yet ever before our minds have been kept, as of the first importance, those principles that meet the needs of the present hour.

From them we have learned the true lessons of existence; we have been enabled to meet trial and responsibility, and under their ever bright light our souls have risen from the conflict happier, stronger in spirit, and more ready for life, with all that it signifies; and we look back with pride upon the fact that whilst there has ever been a firm stand for principle, and an unwavering declaration for the right, the splendor of your platform has never been sullied by any unkind attack upon those who may differ from you.

And now that we are called upon to yield you for a time, we turn again to these years of teaching to find that spirit of self-abnegation that will enable us to bow before the unerring wisdom of Infinite Love, and to say Thy will be done.

We have only feelings of fraternal love to our brethren in Washington, notwithstanding the fact that what is joy to them is Gethsemane to us. We know the cry from Macedonia of come over and help us, has been loud and long, it has been the cry of souls hungering for the bread of life, and in it we see the promise of a glorious spiritual future.

Happily from out of the shadow there still gleams forth the star of hope; tenderly will we gaze upon it, lovingly will we linger around it, and under its inspiration we now find strength to say, Go forth, feed the hungry, lift the burdens from the weary, transplant into sorrowing hearts the beautiful Angel of Life instead of the dark shadow of death!

And not only to you, but to the band around you, to your guides and ours, we say God speed! there are no words in the English language that can express what we feel at parting with these even for a time. Does the world scoff at this? Ah! how little they know how closely these unseen ones become allied to us when the language of the soul is understood.

In thus bidding you farewell, we do not separate the different branches of the work, for the Sunday School, the Band of Harmony, and the Church of the Soul are one in the present shadow and the future hope; as one we shall watch, as one we shall pray, as one our eyes will be anxiously turned toward Washington, and as one we shall hail with delight the call that will summon us together to welcome you home.

We ask you to accept as our parting gift the buds we offer, for what can speak so potently of our love as these? May the matchless symmetry of their form, the perfect harmony of their tints, and the pure sweetness of their perfume, be symbolical of the year that is before you.

We know that the Everlasting Arms will be around and about you, and resting in the consciousness of this, confidently we leave you in the basket of God's love, only praying that you may bask in the sunshine of his presence, and that his choicest blessings may follow you wherever you go.

In the name of your people, in the name of all who love you tenderly, lovingly, loyally, we say, Farewell.

After responding to this, Mrs. Richmond proceeded to give her valedictory, taking for her text the comforting words of the great Teacher: "My peace I leave with you," and as with characteristic eloquence she touched upon the past and the present, many gave way to the emotions which they could not restrain.

We are already looking forward to the time when she will be restored to us, and we shall again welcome her home.

Yours fraternally,
CAROLINE CATLIN.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From his home in Manchester, N. H., Sept. 3, after a long illness, THOMAS D. FRANCIS, aged 49 years and 5 months.

He was of a gentle and social nature, unselfish, and devoted to his family. He was favorably interested in Spiritualism, and won many friends among his companions and neighbors, who showed their respect and sympathy by many tokens of beautiful flowers.

Mr. Francis leaves a wife, Flora M., who has the knowledge of spirit-communication and the comfort it brings, also two sons, Vernon and Irving. Services by the writer.
EDGAR W. EMMERSON.

From her home in North Adams, Mass., Sept. 12, Mrs. ELIZABETH C. SHELLEY, aged 76 years and 6 months.

From the loving and tender care which was constantly in her weary waiting, she has gone to the dear companion who was waiting for her, beyond all pain and parting.

From her home in Shelburne, Mass., Sept. 24, after months of suffering patiently endured, Mrs. C. H. WARNER, aged 79 years.

The truths of Spiritualism brightened her way until the twilight ended in the dawn of day.

The funeral services were conducted by Mrs. H. T. Brigham.

The Pill that Will.

"The pill that will," implies the pills that won't. Their name is legion. The name of "the pill that will" is Ayer's Cathartic Pill. It is a pill to rely on. Properly used it will cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and the other ills that result from torpid liver. Ayer's pills are not designed to spur the liver into a momentary activity, leaving it in yet more incapable condition after the immediate effect is past. They are compounded with the purpose of toning up the entire system, removing the obstructing conditions, and putting the liver into proper relations with the rest of the organs for natural co-operation. The record of Ayer's Pills during the half century they have been in public use establishes their great and permanent value in all liver affections.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

