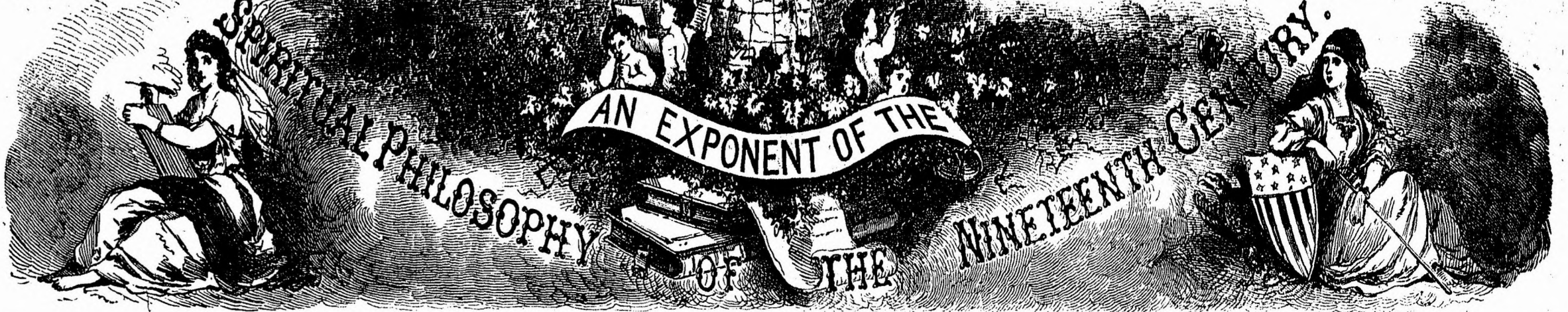


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NO. 8.

Written for the Banner of Light. FORMATION AND REFORMATION.

BY EDWIN POOLE.

There is a thought precalculated by many writers—
And pulpit orators declare the same—
That virtue is the child of vice o'er-mastered,
And only lives reformed can virtue claim.
To me such teaching in itself is vicious,
And seems an outgrowth of the old time faith
In efficacy of death-bed repentance
To cleanse the soul from sin's polluting breath.

Must I be vile, and by heroic effort
Cast off the filth in which my soul is steeped
To be accounted virtuous and holy,
And for my deeds have honors on me heaped?
Nay, I can temperate be though never drunken.
Though free from social vice can still be chaste.
Nor do I need, to prove myself veracious,
To be a liar reformed before you placed.

We may overcome the sins we've committed.
Is not this to our credit? Yea, within
Each human heart, though never given expression,
There lie the possibilities of sin.

We need not gratify and then repent them
To find our souls imbued with heavenly light.
Far better 't is to crush them out in thought, lie,
And save the scars of sin's disgusting blight.

We reach a helping hand to struggling mortals,
Caught in the vortex of sin's whirling wave,
And praise the act of one, who, self-forgetful,
Some hapless soul from mortal death may save.
But, better far, by proper education
And pure example, hold our children back
From vicious lives, than give them up to evil,
And draw them later from sin's downward track.

A Reply to "The Delusive Power of Imagination."

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

I am very pleased to have drawn the fire of my good old friend, Prof. Buchanan, whose "Delusive Power of Imagination" is intended to crush, once for all, my estimate of "The Creative Power of Thought." Had the venerable doctor waited for but another number of the BANNER OF LIGHT he would have found in the article entitled "Nature's System of Thought Storage" a sufficient reply to nine-tenths of his present criticism.

The Professor assumes that if thought goes on creating there cannot, at last, be room, even in the universe, for forms thus called into existence. I respectfully submit that this is a very weak criticism, for two very good reasons: (1) Nature does not need any room. She has to-day all the matter, all the force and all the intelligence that has ever existed. At least that is the position taken by the scientist; and I do not think that even my critic would ask us to expect something more, coming in from the outside of space, just once in a while, by way of miracle. (2) All forms are merely a question of the vibration of indestructible atoms, possessed of certain affinities, through which love, hate and indifference are pictured for us in the attractions and repulsions by which Nature does her work.

Certain atoms have been attracted to each other. We will call, by way of illustration, such a gathering a molecule of iron. The force that binds, the intelligence that makes choice, are present in that iron. Man can unbind that molecule. He just thinks how to do it; and after he has thought, he applies heat enough, and his task is done. But nothing has been changed by his action save the form those atoms had assumed. Suppose he thinks a quantity of these molecules into a magnificent Brooklyn Bridge, using his tools, each also thought into form, to make it material enough for mortal sense and use—he still must hold it into material existence by his thought, or else in one or more of the moments of the universe, which he calls "centuries," it will drop apart. He has to keep at work thinking it into constant repair.

Man the mortal has, at best, but a limited field in which to evolve anything his senses can grasp. A few thousand feet of mountain climb, and he gasps to death. A mile or two down, and he is roasted. Such is the limit of mortal sense. But ignoring this limit, the worthy Professor would confuse it with forms existing outside the normal mortal limit. So he tells us, with, as he supposes, gentle sarcasm, about thought-creations "millions of millions packed together—packed as tight as a compressed cotton bale, in every crowded city." He ignores the fact that while one form of thought creation is every day so materialized that mortal sense grasps and uses it, another creation may be atoms welded together by thought force and intelligence into forms intangible to the normal mortal. Yet if no longer held together by that human creative thought the time must come when, like the Brooklyn Bridge, those atoms will commence to scatter as rapidly as circumstances will permit, for such is universal law.

My venerable brother, with all his great ability in certain directions, has failed to grasp the full meaning of the correlation and conservation of force with the added discovery that intelligence is never dissociated from force. All form consists of atoms in motion. The vibration of those atoms constitutes the form; and just as man, by his will made practical, can dissolve that form, so, if he can cause a repetition of the vibration, the form must reappear. These are a b/c's of the philosophy of to-day, but were unknown to the philosopher of yesterday, whose champion is our highly-esteemed professor. I would not weary the reader with such repetition of these primary facts were it not necessary to show the fallacy of the point attempted to be made in "The Delusive Power of Imagination." He will recall that the only argument against the "creative power of thought," is that it would crush this

world with constantly increasing masses of congealed thought, which ignores the fact that every form only exists so long as its vibrations are maintained, and that every "form-thought" created by man mortal must be also thought sustained or it will disappear. If this plain statement of fact be "brilliant imagination" I humbly place it at the service of the professor.

We now enter quite another phase of the Doctor's campaign against "creative thought." He assumes that a "thought-creation" has only to be treated with a snap of the fingers to be dissipated, until "created again." If it were true that thoughts are both created and stored in the human brain, his assumption would be justified. But I venture to think that I have already in a previous article proved that thoughts are not stored in the human brain, but are vibrations of the universal force and intelligence. They therefore exist in space, and are ready for appearance in any brain, or to any sense that can respond to that rate of vibration, without regard to the locality of such brain in space or time. The raw material with which man the mortal must work is born of the universal intelligence. Presently, by his thought-power he gives it the desired, but temporary form: That is man's work in the matter around him in mortal life. But man's thought and its expression are separable quantities, or the learned professor's favorite psychometry would be a delusion. Here is a scrap of paper with writing upon it. Paper, pen, ink, all were "thought" into existence. But they tell no tale to the psychometer, who is working with more delicate tools amid higher vibrations. The writer's soul, using that term for want of a better, had thought itself onto and into that scrap of paper, just as it impresses itself on his apparel, and his immediate surroundings. And if he be thinking a good solid thought of hate, or love, or crime, it is as exactly as real as the Brooklyn Bridge to the mind that can sense it. It is a "thought-creation," and it is nonsense—pardon the expression—to talk of its filling up our cities with "thoughts compressed as cotton bales." If so, the cities are already full, and must ever remain so, for thought is perpetually creating fresh entities. That paper was but a means of expressing a certain rate of vibration; and every thought is a rate of vibration.

Quite agree with my critic that the thought of a Moses or a John the Baptist can be repeated, because every real thought is recorded as a vibration of matter. But when we are presented with such an asserted thought, and are told it is the genuine article, a very different question arises. First: Who tells us so? Answer: Professor Buchanan, in his "Primitive Christianity." How does the Professor know it is genuine? Alas! the only answer so far is, "Because he knows it." We are to accept it because of the great experience by which a Buchanan is enabled to reject the false and retain the true. It is the old, old theology, corrected and revised by Buchanan, which the world is now invited to accept by both the learned professor and my highly-esteemed friend, Rev. Mr. Allen. But the doctor claims our special respect for a picture which came to him as an oil painting, color wet, on a card placed between two slates, and was declared to be a picture of John the Baptist. I accept the fact, for I have had a similar experience, but with a face that had no name to it. Since the doctor presents his picture as one of the proofs that the ancient "John" is his particular friend, we are entitled to courteously examine it.

What took place on that card? An intelligence thought that picture on to the paper. He also used his chemical art to express his thought in colors visible to mortal sense. Yet further, desiring to honor or convince the good old doctor, he thought a "John the Baptist thought" on to the picture. As I have already shown, the thought is as permanent as the vibrations out of which it is evolved. But there is a mighty truth connected with that picture that the doctor has failed to grasp. He accepts this entire "thought" picture, name and all, as inspired truth. I also accept it, but for just what it stands for. It is a thought-picture by some good artist in that kind of work. His motive may have been to tickle the vanity of its recipient; it may have been artistic nonsense, or even, possibly, just what it purported to be. But until the doctor can give us better evidence than his own belief or the statement of a sensitive, I consider the remarkable production as without the slightest theological value for the reader or myself, no matter what psychometry may say.

Applying what has been so far said to the article which aroused the ire of my critic, we have a learned French professor thinking a portrait of himself onto a piece of cardboard. Dr. Buchanan knows that if that picture had been done in oil, it would have been a "thought" picture, just the same. The oil would only have made it visible to the normal eye. The vibrated matter was there, all the same, and visible to the clairvoyant eye of the sensitive. The oil only expresses normal limitation. The absence of oil exhibits the power of the sensitive to see the thought-creation. The doctor has seen his sensitive's psychometries from thought alone, perhaps a thousand times. How could they have done it unless the thought had been a positive creation?

My venerable friend laments my lack of the "religious instinct." He testifies to this by personal experience. I leave it to the reader of my reply to Mr. Allen to determine if this criticism is correct. But even should the verdict be against me, I maintain that I have there shown that I possess that which is far

superior to any of the manufactured religions that have oozed from the centuries of human history. And the joy that I have found for myself, I would fain see possessed and enjoyed by every church-worn traveler.

The venerated Professor has yet another opportunity for battle when he reads my article entitled "Natural Law in Spirit-Return," printed in BANNER issue of October 9. But as now, it will not be with me but with Mother Nature, who has in recent years permitted her children a peep into her workshop. The months have passed since he anticipated an early release from mortal duty, and I trust not months but years will continue to witness his brave battles for humanity.
San Leandro, Cal.

The Spiritualist Training School.

BY A. J. WEAVER,

Superintendent Educational Department.

It is the plan of the school to hold a session of at least six weeks' duration in summer, devoted to a regular course of instruction; also to take up a systematic line of study, somewhat on the Chautauqua plan, to continue from September to June, which we have termed the Home Department.

This Department will open as soon as the class is formed and the books procured. Two lines of study will be followed, one scientific, the other religious. To open the course the two books selected are "The Fairy Land of Science," by A. B. Buckley, and "The Bible of To-day," by J. W. Chadwick.

The author of the first book says: "The object of this book is to explain well known natural facts in simple and pleasant language. There are forces around us and among us which I shall ask my readers to allow me to call *fairies*, and these are ten thousand times more wonderful, more magical and more beautiful in their work than any of the old fairy tales to which we listened in our childhood. These forces, like the fairies, are invisible, and many people live and die without ever seeing them, or caring to see them. These people go about with their eyes shut, either because they will not open them, or because no one has taught them how to see. Day and night, summer and winter, storm or calm, these forces, or fairies as I shall call them, are at work, and we may hear them and know them, and get acquainted with them, if we will."

These words are all true. The simple facts of nature which science has discovered, and of which the world at large is to a greater or lesser degree ignorant, become in this book really like a fairy story, so attractively are they presented.

The second book treats of the origin and make-up of the Bible. Instead of accepting it as a supernatural book, given by God to man, as his final word, the author accepts it as a purely natural book, got up by men; and his object is to tell us, so far as the higher critics have discovered, when, where, how, under what circumstances, and by whom it came into existence.

We need this information, because the Bible is the most widely known book in the world, and its origin and purpose the most universally misunderstood. This has been the cause of much of the mischief it has done.

It does but little good to simply deny it is the "Word of God." We need to be able to enlighten the Christian, and show that it originated with men, like all books, has its place in the literature of the world, and serves a purpose, as truly as the writings of Confucius, of Plato or Josephus.

Spiritualism presents two aspects: As treated by Prof. Lockwood it is a science; as treated by Moses Hull it is a religion. Indeed, nearly everything in the world of real value comes under the head either of science or religion. They are the two broadest fields of human thought, and no person is prepared to be a successful worker in building up Spiritualism as a natural religion, based on knowledge, and superior to the old supernatural religion based on faith in Jesus as the Christ, unless he is well acquainted with the acting forces and predominant principles in both these realms of thought and feeling. From the very first it seemed evident that our work lay mainly in these two subjects.

The question was, what book in each of these branches is, in all respects, best suited to those who will join our school? We could find no two better than the two I have mentioned. United, they give us five hundred and forty pages for study. If we go over ten pages per day, five days in a week, it will take about three months to complete them. The books which will follow them will be announced in due season.

The retail price of "The Fairy Land of Science" is \$1.50, and of "The Bible of To-day" \$1. I have made arrangements with a publisher, by which, through me, they can be had by members of the school at twenty-five per cent. discount. This reduces the price of the former to \$1.10, and, adding twelve cents for postage, the cost to the purchaser becomes \$1.22; cost of "The Bible of To-day," including postage, will be eighty-three cents; making the total cost of both books, \$2.05. The expense of joining the class will be \$3, which amount, added to the cost of the books, makes the expense to each member \$5.05. By forwarding this amount to me, the sender will receive the books by mail.

None of the money sent is retained by me. The three dollars will be turned over to M. H. Danforth, Treasurer of the school, and the remainder will be sent to the publisher when the books are ordered. I get my pay in the knowledge and intellectual growth the books will yield me, and in the fact that I am helping the school, and that the school will be a help to Spiritualism sooner or later.

Every man or woman who joins the school gets the same compensation as I—the one who gets the most and best work getting the best pay. The books are worth the money to keep in any home. If two neighbors or friends join the class, each can buy one book, and by exchanging save expense. Any one who pays the three dollars has the right, by paying seven in addition, to attend the school session of six weeks or more next summer.

Let all who decide to take the Home Department do so at once, and forward the money without delay. There is no time to be lost. We want to get to work as soon as possible. A monthly correspondence of questions and answers connected with the chapters studied will be established. Knowledge, more knowledge; thought, more thought; soul growth, more soul growth. These are what we seek, believing that as we rise, improve and expand we shall take Spiritualism up with us; that as we are, it will be.

Old Orchard, Me.

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 XV.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Years have passed since Rose Lee disappeared from the squalid quarters that had been her only home. The girl of sixteen, beautiful as the flower from which she found her name, all untamed and uncouth though she was, had vanished in an hour. No trace of her had ever been found, though the members of the Salvation Army corps, to which her sister and Hagah belonged, had never given up their search for the missing girl.

During these years Grace had kept her home in the old rickety tenement in Blossom Lane. Together she and Hagah lived on among the very poor, bearing with their weaknesses, sympathizing with their sufferings, and doing their best to minister in helpful ways to the needs of mind and body of the forlorn creatures of Scrap-Iron district.

It is possible that these two women, in their zeal for the bodily and spiritual comfort of their poor neighbors, would have elected to remain in Blossom Lane had there been no incentive other than that of looking after these unfortunate, for it was a part of Hagah's creed that no missionary, or worker among the poor, could be of much service to them who held himself aloof, and only came among them now and then to talk to them or to bestow alms. One who felt herself above the poor, and looked and acted as if they were of too common clay for her to fellowship with, could never touch their hearts nor reach their real needs. She must live with them, work with them, suffer with them, be cold and hungry and despairing at times, as they were, know their necessities from actual experience, and be one with them, before she could do the work and find a blessing in it for others and for herself.

So Hagah thought, and so she taught Grace. So the new missionary, "The Saint," as he was lovingly called by old and young alike, thought and practiced in his daily life; for though he did not live in Blossom Lane, his quarters were in the attic of a tenement house in Congress street, just beyond the lane, among the very poor. "The Saint" had no appearance of any such celestial being.

He was a young man with an earnest, placid, but by no means austere countenance. His large, expressive eyes seemed to be filled with the light of sincerity and truth, his broad, intellectual brow indicated a mind thoughtful and earnest in depth and power. But he would no more be taken for a "saint," than would any one of a thousand intellectual, sincere young men who might be selected from the same city in which he made his home. Nevertheless, the poor people of this section chose to call him "The Saint," and when they did so, it was with a respectful, awestruck air, as if they expected to see a halo start out around his well-formed head. Perhaps it was because he had left some higher station in life to mingle with them as a helper and friend. Perhaps it was because he never preached at them, nor held up solemn warnings of impending doom before them, but only talked to and with them, in simple words that all could understand, of their own needs, their higher selves, of how they could make the most of what little they were or had; because he opened a school in the neighborhood, and held two sessions a day, one for the children and one for the grown men, the loungers, the bar room frequenters, making each session so full of interest while teaching the pupils to read and write, that each one was glad to have the hour come when they could listen to the saint.

Perhaps it was because he often went in the darkest night or coldest storm to sit by some lonely sufferer, or to do some good work for the forlorn and needy. Perhaps it was because he was a good singer, and did not disdain sometimes to sing to his humble friends, not songs that were in any sense suggestive of the street, or of aught that was impure, but simple heart and home ballads, that made one think of mother, hope and heaven; or songs of manly endeavor, or courage, or bravery, that thrilled the blood and made the heart warm and glad. Interspersed with these would be songs of spiritual sweetness, of true religious light and fervor, not telling of atoning blood, nor the efficacy of the cross, but such as this, set to simple, soulful music adapted to the words:

Faint heart, be strong;
God is thy rest and stay;
The night, though long,
Shall vanish into day.

The light now breaks
Along the eastern sky,
The world's eyes now awake,
For Truth is drawing nigh.

Dear heart, be firm,
And do thy level best;
Thou art no worm,
But of the munificent.

Thy way, though steep,
Shall reach the land of peace;
Though here thou weep,
Thy tears at last shall cease.

Hungry and cold below,
Footsore and weak,
Bitter the words of woe,
Thy heart would speak.

Lift up thy honest head,
Angels thy life defend,
Love is upon thee shed,
God is thy friend.

He would tell a good story, too, anecdotes, full of interest, pathos or heroism; something to stir the heart's best impulses, and make the listener nobler and better, nothing of the goody-goody Sunday school sort, but tales of real men and women and children, of their lives and experiences, that would be instructive as well as entertaining to his hearers, and at the same time never show them that a moral was intended or given by the tale. It may have been for all this that he was called "The Saint," and because he could laugh in a good-natured, genial sort of way, beside sharing his bread and other store with the hungry. Anyhow, it was "The Saint" by which he was known in alley, street and lane. No one knew where he came from; he had ap-

peared suddenly one morning, taken up his quarters in the old house, and had been there ever since. No one in the neighborhood knew where he earned his money. He was always neatly clad, and never seemed to be in need, though, to be sure, his living was of the most inexpensive kind. He had just come into the vicinity, and naturally seemed to fit into his surroundings as helper, friend and sort of St. Nicholas to everybody in the district; and when good old "Father Cleveland" died, there seemed to be no one else to fill his place as well and as acceptably as our genial friend, "The Saint."

As we have said, this man, and Hagah and Grace, believed that no one could administer to the needs of the poor as those who lived among them. So thought Dr. Rob, the gentlemanly and cordial physician of the Army corps, and he, too, had taken up his residence in the poorest quarter of the city. "The Saint" and Dr. Rob were friends, comrades, who united in good works for the needy. Dr. Rob had much to do in mending broken bones, sewing up wounds and cuts, attending sickly children and ailing women. His time and hands were never idle, and he, too, like his friend, was respected and loved by his lowly constituents.

We have mentioned another reason for the lingering of Grace in Blossom Lane beside the humanitarian one of caring for the poor of that unsightly spot. This, as we have before said, was the hope of her sister's return. During all these years she had believed in the ultimate home coming of Rose; had watched and prayed for it. Night and morning Grace had looked for that event, and no time, no disappointment, no failure, could blot the hope from her mind.

In the years that had passed since Rose had fled, Grace had matured into a beautiful woman—tall and willowy, with a face like a flower, a pair of violet blue, lustrous eyes, hair like finely-spun gold, and a figure as graceful as the name she bore. Plainly and cheaply clad as she always was, there was an air of refinement and of beauty about our friend that neither spoke of the attic nor of the workshop, but which told of an innate grace of spirit that marked the true woman and the noble heart.

During all these years, in which she had matured from the girl of sixteen to the woman of twenty-two, Grace had toiled in the shop, sharing her meagre earnings with those more unfortunate than herself, laying aside a little sum each month against the time when Rose might return and need her aid, and keeping with Hagah the two tiny rooms which they called home, and which they kept as clean and neat as scrubbing and order could do in such a dingy place.

It was a cold, stormy night in November; the rain beat into the lane in heavy showers, and the wind rattled the windows and dilapidated shutters of the old house with merciless fury. Grace and Hagah had been out at the usual meeting of the Army; they had sung a little, and each had prayed and talked a little, hoping to convert some of the street arabs who had sauntered into the hall out of the rain.

They had now returned to their home, and had divested themselves of their wet garments, intending to at once retire, when a sound outside the door, as of some one sinking upon the floor, followed by a long-drawn, gasping sigh, startled them.

For an instant Grace stood as if turned to stone, her face as white as marble, and then she sprang forward, opened the door and peered into the darkness of the entry beyond. Snatching up the lamp, that gave only a dim and sickly light, Hagah followed, and there upon the rickety and worm-eaten floor of that narrow space they found a woman huddled into a heap, with no covering on her head save the long black hair that fell in tangled, matted masses about her face, veiling it from view, and with an old, tattered, rain-battered shawl clinging to the wretched form.

"Rose! Rose!" screamed Grace in a frenzy of anguish, grief and joy, "Rose! have you come back at last—at last? Oh! my darling, my darling, I have waited for you all these years!"

But she was insensible to the outburst of love. No words reached her dulled hearing; no tender touch could thrill her with its magic power. Together they lifted and bore the inanimate form into the room and placed it upon the bed. Then they proceeded to divest her of the few miserable rags that clothed her form, Grace all the while shedding tears of sorrow and fear, Hagah calm, collected, sympathetic and most efficient as she worked.

How pale and haggard the wanderer looked in the dim light. How shrunken the beautiful form that had once been so lithe and symmetrical. How sunken the eyes, and with what great black circles around them. How hollow and wasted the cheeks, once so girlish and full of bloom; how matted and disheveled the dusky tresses, once so lustrous and luxuriant. Ah! what a change was here in the human being that lay a blasted, spent life upon the humble bed. It was as if there had been a beautiful, magnificent rose, and that a scorching flame had passed over it, leaving only a blackened and a shriveled thing where the bloom and the beauty had stood.

They worked faithfully over the unconscious woman. By dint of effort they succeeded in removing every shred of clothing, Hagah vigorously rubbing the entire body with cloths wrung out in hot water and alcohol—for it had been but the work of a moment to light the little coal oil stove, and to set the kettle on following this with its vigorous massage treatment as her sturdy hands could give. They forced the pallid lips apart and poured hot mixtures down her throat, and in other ways they administered to her needs until they succeeded in restoring her to consciousness.

When the eyes of the wanderer opened, they gazed upon two kindly, loving faces bending over the bed. What mournful eyes they were, so full of sorrow, of night, of unutterable despair. Not a glint of light brightened up their dusky gloom; not the shadow of a smile rested upon countenance or in the sorrowful eyes.

Only a spirit stepped in the abyss of sin and was looked out from those sable orbs.

They had wrapped her wasted form in a warm blanket, and now Hagah set herself to prepare some suitable nourishment for the woman who, it was plain to be seen, was advanced in the last stages of consumption, to which had been added the horrors of a slow starvation, while Grace knelt by the bed and clasped the fragile hand of her sister in her own. She could not speak, there was nothing to be said in such a supreme moment as this; no explanations to be made, no asseverations, no accusations. The wanderer had returned; the lost was found; that was enough; all the rest could wait until in God's good time it should be revealed.

Soon Hagah brought a bowl of steaming, nutritious soup, which Grace fed to her sister in tiny spoonfuls, as one feeds a helpless babe, after which the unfortunate one sank back upon the pillow, slowly passing into a sleep of exhaustion, from which she did not arouse until late in the following day.

Grace and Hagah did not undress that night, but each in turn lay for a while upon the farther part of the bed, and snatched a little needed rest. Faithful watch over the helpless one they kept, and when the morning light revealed the full extent of the ravages which sorrow, shame, misery, disease and despair had made upon that wasted form and shrunken face, they knew that earthly power could not avail to restore health and strength to that poor, blighted Rose. During the day they called in Dr. Rob, whose skillful eye and judgment only confirmed the opinion they had formed that Rose had come home to die.

CHAPTER XVI.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

"I have no heart, Grace; mine broke an' wasted long ago. Shame an' disgrace followed me from bad to worse. When I left yer an' marm, I left all there was good in the world fur me. Of course yer know who I went with. It wuz Dave. He promised me fine clothes an' said I wud be a lady. Well, he tuk me to a nice place in the country, where I had purty rooms an' a garden, wid a girl to wait on me an' do the work. He used ter come out twice a week, an' bring me flowers, an' fruit, an' fine clothes, an' he said he loved me. I believed him till after a while he stopped coming. Then I waited till I had to go. There wuz no money fur the rent, an' none fur bread. I came back ter town an' hunted Dave up, but he wud n't do a thing fur me; he cussed an' swore at me, an' he said if I made any trouble fur him, he'd have me taken care of by the perleece. Then I went away, Sis. I didn't want yer an' marm ter know about it. I went off so far, way off ter another town, an' I tried ter git work. It wuz no use; no one wud have me, an' I just wandered about the streets till I wuz cold an' hungry an' most dead."

"Oh, Rose, Rose! Why didn't you come back to me? Why didn't you? You know I would love you and take you in, and share my last crust with you."

"I know yer wud, Grace; but yer see yer had all yer c'd do ter look after marm and mader. If I'd come back Dave wud n't taken me inder the shop, an' he wud have sent you off, too. Then I c'd n't come after I'd left that way, an' had the whole alley lookin' at me an' pointin' at me; I just c'd n't."

"I went on an' on. I slept in alleys an' doorways. I picked up a crust here an' there till I c'd n't stand it any longer. Then I went inter a saloon, an' I asked for a chance ter earn my bread. I got it. Oh! it wuz a hard place, an' I g-t kicks an' cuffs while I wuz there, 'cause yer know I wuz a proud one, an' I c'd n't put up with all who came ter my favor. Then when I wud n't, I got it hot an' heavy, an' I had ter put down my pride an' take up with what I c'd git, so as to keep soul an' body together. Oh! I tell yer, Grace, yer don't know what a hard world this is. I didn't know when I wuz here. There's many a place there Blossom Lane, an' the poor drunken sots an' ragged wimmen that live here. There's many a wuz hell on earth than yer've ever seen, Sis, an' I've been in 'em all. I've seen such sights as wud make yer hair stand on end. I've heard such sounds as wud paralyze yer with horror; I've been in such holes as hell itself c'd not be mentioned with, an' I'm still alive, but purty near gone, purty near gone. Many's the time I've stood on the bridge, gittin' ready to jump over; but some thin' held me back. It seemed just like mother's voice, a-sayin', 'Don't do it, child; don't do it; wait till yer can die decently.' an' somehow I c'd n't. Many's the time I've had a bottle of poison in my breast, intendin' ter drink the stuff, but sumthin' kept me from it, an' I'd think I'd wait till things git wuz, an' then I'd do it; but I never did."

"At last, Sis, I c'd n't stand it. I wanted ter see yer. I knew my time wuz about up; no power c'd heal me o' my disease, an' I thought if I c'd git back ter the old place that I went from, an' die on the sill o' the door, it wud be all I'd ask, so I dragged myself here, an' I found yer, an' I'm glad."

She had not told all this in one day, nor with out many pauses, and much faltering. Her breath was labored and her pulsations very low, and she could only talk a few minutes at a time; but during the week which followed her return, and which her sister passed by her side, Rose had spoken the words which we have strung together in the opening of this chapter.

They had clipped off the tangled masses of her hair, and combed it close to her head; they had bathed her face and form in sweet-scented warmed water each day, and clothed her in a bed-gown of white dimity, and in spite of her shrunken features and wasted limbs she looked fair and delicate, and quite unlike the hapless, sodden creature who had fallen at their door.

Between the sisters a bond of tender love seemed to glow and vibrate, drawing each unto each with mystic power; there was nothing too good for the penitent one to have bestowed upon her by the self-denying Grace, who drew upon the little store she had saved for just such an emergency. Wine, fruits, jellies, chicken, foods of various kinds were brought to tempt the appetite of one who had often suffered for days for the want of even the driest bread. But it was little she could eat; she seemed to be living upon the magnetic forces of those who came to her bedside, and to whom she felt so grateful—Grace, Hagah and Dr. Rob—and it was plainly but a matter of a few weeks at most when her mortal life should close.

"Rose, dear," said Grace in a coaxing tone one day, "wouldn't you like to have 'The Saint' come and see you? He is so good, I'm sure he would help you."

"Who's the saint?" questioned the sick woman, her large, dark eyes opening wider than usual.

"Oh! he's a good man that lives near by; everybody loves him."

"No, Sis, I'm satisfied ter have you an' Hagah here; if there's prayin' ter be done you two can do it; I don't want any cantin', prayin' 'bout me. Don't ask me to."

"Oh! but he is not that kind of a saint that you think of, Rosie, dear, he is just a good man that visits the poor and afflicted, and makes them feel better by his calls. I'm sure he will do you lots of good if you will let him come in."

Finally she consented, and "The Saint" was admitted to her presence. His first visit was by no means the last. Something about his personality attracted and held the dying girl. She liked to look upon his face; the touch of his hand upon her brow sent a glow of warm, magnetic life through her entire being. For hours, after he had sat beside her, Rose felt almost like a new creature, or as one who had quaffed from the elixir of youth.

He never talked to her of her sins; his speech was of beautiful things, of music and flowers and children. Sometimes he brought her a few grapes, or an orange, and once he brought a lovely white lily, and laid it on her pillow. She kept it until it faded, and found a great joy in looking at the spotless bloom.

After a while she ventured to speak to him of her own accord of death and the grave.

"I'm sinkin' into the grave," she said; "I know my time's about up, an' I've got ter make up my mind ter go. I'm not afraid ter die. I've thort of it many a time. I don't s'pose there's anythin' fur me but the grave, but I'll know nothin' there, an' it'll be ever so much better than livin' in this hard an' wicked world."

Then he talked to her—talked of the sweet

hope in home and heaven that springs eternal in the human breast. He drew for her a picture of the land where angels of compassion and peace dwell, and told her of the immortal sphere where one is given a new chance to learn, to grow, and to be pure in heart and good in deed.

She listened with parted lips, her raven orbs fastened on his earnest, kindly, bronze, brown eyes; listened with eager interest and hope until he paused. Then a shadow fell across her face and a look of sadness came into her eyes, as she whispered:

"It may all be true. That may be such places fur some, but not fur the likes of me. I'm not good enough fur that. If thar's any place fur me, it's in the dark, in the dark. I'd better go inter the grave an' know nothin' than ter live an' know it's all dark."

Again he told her of the blessed angels who are compassionate and kind, and she cried:

"No! No, it's not fur me; it's fur the saints like you an' Grace an' Hagah an' the doctor. Not fur such sinners as poor Rose. Oh! yer don't know what I've been; yer don't know how I've gone wrong, how I've gone ter the bad time an' time agin, sellin' my body fur a bite of bread an' a place ter sleep. No, no, yer don't know how I've stole, an' stole an' done other mean things, all ter keep the little life in me. It's not fur me, the home an' love of heaven yer speak of; it's only fur the saints; the sinners got no show."

"I came not to call the righteous but the sinners to repentance," softly quoted "The Saint." "The well need not a physician, but they who are sick." You are mistaken, dear child, in thinking that 'the sinners have no show.' When a poor, misguided, erring soul passes from the body he is not given up to endless torment, nor to outer darkness. When a poor girl, who has been betrayed and abandoned, tempted and spurned, who has sinned because of want and hunger and cold, who has done wrong but is sorry for it, is called to another life, she is not left to wrestle with undying misery, or to dwell in gloom forever. These poor creatures are children of the Almighty, just as much as the highest angels are, and they are given a new chance to get out of the old ruts of sin and sorrow to new paths of well-doing, of progress and peace.

Think not, dear child, that you will be forsaken; your dear mother loves and watches over you. She is in a pretty home of peace, where flowers bloom and birds sing, and where all is light, and it will be your mother's work to help you find a home with such as she."

And so he talked on, bringing comfort and hope to her weary heart; breaking into tender lullaby song, such as one might sing to an ailing babe that he soothes to rest upon his knee.

She slept after this, and when she awoke a glad light filled her dusky eyes. "The Saint" had gone, but Grace sat by her side, and Rose smiled upon her as she said:

"I've had such a lovely dream, Sis. I thort I was walkin' through a country lane, an' thar wuz bright posies on every side. Some how I c'd n't seem ter pick them, fur when I tried, a great snake wud come up in the way an' scare me back. So I kept on in the middle of the road, 'wishin' I c'd have some of the flowers, an' by-an' by I saw a great garden beyond it, an' in it wuz little kids, boys an' girls, all in white an' pink an' blue, with wreaths on their heads. They looked so sweet I wanted ter git ter them, but the snake came an' glared in my eyes, an' I wuz scared. Then when I got all in a tremble I heard a voice; it came from the garden, an' it said, 'Kill the snake; look it in the eyes, an' then strike it. It goes with yer, 'cause it's a part of yer life; it's grown out of yer. Kill it.' Then, Sis, the snake came agin. It had green eyes, an' they snapped terribly. But I lucked right at it. Then a power came on me. I grabbed the thing around the throat, an' I squeezed an' squeezed till it seemed ter break in bits. I threw the pieces away, an' straightened up. Oh! but such a load seemed ter drop off me. I felt like a girl with no pain, no anything but air an' light. I felt so good. Then all at once I heard music, an' the same voice said: 'Now yer can pick the posies, fur yer have killed the serpent sin that came out of yer. The flowers are fur the pure in heart. They are love an' truth an' purity. Gather all that ye will.' I looked, an' the flowers wuz all about me. I picked piles of them an' hugged them, they wuz so sweet. The pieces of the snake that lay about me then changed ter bits of light that shined like stars; by them I c'd see many bright things I had n't seen before. I c'd see a narrow path that went over ter whar the kids wuz, an' whar the voice come from, an' I heard the words, 'Out of the dead sin livin' light has grown, ter guide a soul ter higher things.'"

"Then, Sis, I felt happy, an' I began ter sing as I went over ter whar the little kids wuz playin'. They came up ter me an' gave me flowers. One little mite brought me a drink of some sweet stuff; she said 'I wuz nectar.' Oh! but it made me feel good, just like I wuz being made over new. An' one put her arms around my neck, an' hugged an' kissed me till I cried."

"Then all at once I saw marm; she smiled an' said: 'Rose, my Rose, yer comin' ter be with me in a good home. Yer've seen dark days, child, an' yer heart's been racked an' torn, but yer've cast out the sin, Rose, an' yer'll not be kept down by what bad men have made yer. Ye'll soon be with me, Rose, whar all is love.' Then, Sis, the kids danced an' sung; the flowers grew purtier ever minit; I heard music, like a thousand harps an' fiddles all goin' at once, but so soft an' sweet, an' then there came a whole shower of gold stars all over me, till everything' wuz light, oh! so light, an' then I woke up. Oh! but it wuz a lovely dream."

After that she steadily failed. She said but little now to the kindly hearts that ministered to her needs. A strange light shone upon her wan countenance, and a far-away look in her eyes told that she was living more in the spirit than in the mortal form.

It was November when she came to them, a wanderer straying back to the fold. She had been out in the storm and darkness for years, roaming in despair and the bitterness of death amid hunger and cold. She had come back into the light, to be fed upon the spiritual nectar of love and peace, and to receive the ministrations of compassionate souls from both sides of life. She had wandered out of the storm in November. In the last week of December, when the Christmas frosts lay upon valley and hill, she gently slipped from the mortal into the immortal world.

It was a peaceful ending to a stormy life. Just as the afternoon shadows of a cloudy day had lengthened into the twilight hour, she opened her eyes and gave a little gasp. Only the twin sister, who had loved and served her so well, was by her side; none other happened to be there to take her last farewell.

"Oh! Sis, she said in faltering tones, 'I'm so glad yer here. I've seen marm, an' she said she's come fur me. It's not dark now; it's all bright. She says I'll have hard work ter do. I've got some things ter clean up, an' a up-hill road ter climb; but I can do it. I'm glad I'm goin' home. Yer've been good ter me, Sis; yer've been good. I love yer, an' I'll help yer if I can. Yes, marm says, I can. I'll help yer. Good-by, Grace. Kiss me, Sis; it's gittin' light. I don't know much. I'm weak an' ignorant an' rude, but they say they'll take me home. Tell Hagah an' Doctor an' the Saint, good-by fur me. God bless yer, Grace; yer've been good ter me. Good-by; it's all right now."

When Hagah entered she found Grace lying with her sunny head resting against the darker tresses of the sister whom she loved. Together they came into this world, and for an hour it seemed to Hagah as if they had departed it together; but no, for after an hour of assiduous work the faithful woman succeeded in restoring Grace to consciousness, and she proceeded to perform her kindly, needful offices for the dead.

[To be continued.]

For Nervous Headache

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. F. A. ROBERTS, Waterville, Me., says:

"Have found it of great benefit in nervous diseases—nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia, neuralgia—and think it is giving great satisfaction when it is thoroughly tried."

Written for the Banner of Light.

MARTYRS TO TRUTH.

BY DR. DEAN CLARK.

Whoever dares to leave the path
That Custom walks with constant tread,
Will feel the venom of her wrath
Poured out in fury on his head.

Let no one dare depart from ways
That others take and think is right,
Unless he wants to lose their praise,
And meet with frowns as black as night.

You needs must think as others do,
Or go your way of life forlorn;
For if you hold another view
They'll treat both you and it with scorn.

'T was once regarded as a crime
To doubt a word the Bible saith;
And many a man in olden time
Has paid the forfeit with his death.

By creeds and dogmas all were chained
To what was called "The Word of God";
Then ruled priests with terror reigned,
And miled the people with a rod.

'T was then that martyrdom began
With tortures that could not be borne,
And "man's inhumanity to man"
Made countless thousands daily mourn.

Old Socrates, who dared to think
Beyond the customs, creeds and laws,
The cup of poison had to drink,
And give his life for Freedom's cause.

Hymatia, too, the lovely Greek,
Was slashed with shells, then burned,
Because great truths she dared to speak
Which Christian bigots had not learned.

And Bruno died with trust sublime,
In fiery torture at the stake,
For teaching truths ahead of time
The people were too blind to take.

Servetus, also, died by fire,
And won a martyr's cruel fate,
By preaching truths that roused the ire
Of those he conquered in debate.

And thousands since have perished, too,
By cruel sword or fagot's flame,
For striving errors to undo
Or teaching truth in Freedom's name.

Progression's pathway all is paved
With bleaching bones of martyrs slain,
Who died that others might be saved,
Or higher truths the world might gain.

'T is not so bad in this, our time,
But more of freedom should prevail;
To teach new truth is not a crime,
But bigots still its friends assail.

The persecutions of to-day
The olden forms of torture lack,
But now in hate and wrath they lay
Your reputation on the rack.

The same old spirit still abounds,
But shows itself in different style;
'T is character that now it wounds,
And calls Truth's teachers mean and vile.

The tongue of slander tipped with flame,
And spitting fumes from deepest hell,
Does all it can to smirch your name
With mammoth lies from bagatelle.

How long, oh truth, shall it be thus?
When shall thy coming welcome be?
When can we all thy facts discuss,
And be from others' censure free?

Not while Superstition fills the mind
With false ideas of God and man,
Nor while men's minds are willful, blind,
And put free thinking under ban.

Not while 't is held as wrong to think
And have opinions of your own;
Nor while with coward fear we shrink
To cast off creeds we have outgrown.

Not while Old Error is enshrined
In creeds, in dogmas, and in law;
Nor while the teachers of mankind
Before its shrines shall bow in awe.

God speed the day of Freedom's reign!
May its glad coming soon be here,
When truth shall cause no martyr's pain,
And its proclaiming none shall fear.

The Thought-World.

Where is it, and What are its Characteristics?

THIRD PAPER.

BY PAUL AVENEL.

Where is this mental world? This has been the question of the ages. It was answered by the seers of prehistoric Egypt and India, but volcanic cataclysms have inhumed the knowledge with the nations who discovered it. It is buried in the tombs of those extinct races who scaled the pinnacles of human wisdom, and have risen to the dignity of Masters in the occult world.

These Masters constitute a cosmic legislature; they are the rulers of the mental and thought-worlds as they exist to day, and their administrative councils determine the standards to which the intelligence of each century must attain. They do not bequeath their knowledge to us; they educate us to acquire it by individual endeavor, for only so can real progress be made.

This is the secret of evolution; this the definite destiny of races and generations as they succeed each other in terrestrial life. Every people must learn the truths of cosmic law and order before they quit the scene of cosmic action. Step by step humanity must scale the ascent of life, fact by fact possess its knowledge, and race by race rise to the responsibilities of cosmic government.

Nature is only a name for the potential wisdom of perfected human intelligences, coöperatively allied in jurisdiction over terrestrial affairs. Their communities environ the globe, their experience embraces every department of intellectual power. Their consolidated will is the irresistible force which guides the currents of mental growth, which controls planetary elements *per se*, which regulates the cohesive and disintegrative forces of life and death on and in the globe, which governs as a representative body all interests of our cosmic world.

From the abstract immensities of space they are supplied with abstract energies, abstract substances, latent life germs, embryonic souls, and all those etheric elements designed for development on the earth. Life in the atomic state of being passes through their hands to be molded into definite forms. This heterogeneous volume they separate, blend, ally, harmonize and reduce to cohesive, classified orders of individuality, ranging from the physical concretions of the globe itself to the sublimated etherialities of the spiritual realms. They are the architects of creation, as creation is understood by humanity.

This introduction is necessary in order that the philosophy taught by the masters of wisdom may be appreciated. It is a single chapter from the Philosophy of Infinity, and applies specifically to cosmic activities. It is one of a series of revelations we are about to receive as a preparation for the higher and more spiritual mission of Spiritualism. The beacon of knowledge must be planted high on the frontier of the incoming century.

Note 1. Let it be borne in mind that the intellectual faculties occupy each consecutive zone and sphere before the true *ego* advances to it; mental occupation precedes actual spirit occupation, and is a preparation for it.

Note 2. The terms atmosphere and vibration employed in this article refer only to etheric strata of air, i. e., mental strata.

Where is this mental world? To the esoteric vision it presents the appearance of a series of atmospheres surrounding the earth.

These atmospheres vary in density, depth, grade and light, and are inhabited by graduated orders of spiritual life. Essentially the scale of ascent is outward from the planet toward space and progress—as to location—is estimated by vertical measurements.

If a picture of a transverse section of the earth and its mental atmospheres could be projected upon the plate of a camera, it would show a black center surrounded by translucent rings of varying degrees of transparency. These rings would impinge one upon another, but would not blend; a distinct line of demarcation would separate them. These rings or atmospheres are three in number, each of which is subdivided into two less clearly-defined rings or spheres, and the six thus formed are enveloped by a seventh which merges into the immensities of space.

The lower, or primary zone—that in immediate juxtaposition to the earth—is called the terrestrial zone. It is characterized by a very dense atmosphere, whose vibrations are broken and tumultuous. Its general appearance is cloudy, resembling smoke as it rises in volumes from the funnel of a locomotive. A pale, yellow light filters through and is returned in radiations from the surface of the globe. The density of this atmosphere precludes the transmission of the more ethereal sun-rays, absorbing only those of a gravity requisite for the specific orders of life it embraces.

As these electric rays strike the earth, they dualize, that is, blend with complementary planetary rays—become electro-magnetic—and so, definitely adapted to the grades of intelligence occupying the primary zone.

The confused vibration that prevails is due to the diversity of opinions, interests, ambitions and habits of the intellects operating in it, and resembles a sea blown upon by conflicting winds. Hostilities are as vigorous, motives as selfish, desires as sensual, as in the physical life; and spirituality is so adulterated with carnality that no consistent homogeneity appears.

This is the realm of ignorance, of vice, of sensuality, of passion, of fanaticism, of every form of crime, and becomes the actual abode of such spirits when dissolution removes them from physical life. Here the undeveloped in spirit concert with the undeveloped in flesh, and propagate their propensities. The affliction is close, so close as to be almost identical, between mortals and corresponding grades of spirits; they act in unison, with but one specific distinction, viz., the stimulus to evil, as to good, always descends from the exarnate to the incarnate. All forms of vice and virtue would forever remain negative and inert, if deprived of the incentives which reach them from above.

Human beings are the agents of spirits, upon whatever plane their affiliations are established. In order to rise to a higher affiliation with spirit, they must derive a new impetus from a more aspiring incarnation.

It is a fundamental esoteric law that spiritual power can be acquired only upon the material plane of being. A soul can rise no higher than the momentum of its human intelligence will carry it, and this momentum is determined by the impulses of volition. The impacts of volition are to intelligence what the impacts of steam are to the locomotive, and the underlying principle the same. Hence soul is destined to struggle with matter until it can overcome—by volitional uplifting energy—the gravitic laws of the planet. Until this can be done it is incapable of ethereal flight, and is as irresistibly imprisoned in the planet's aura as a moth in its chrysalis.

Does this annul the theory of progress in spirit-life? Not at all; it explains it. Spirit-life is a sequel to physical life; it is the period of rest following the period of activity, which means that the soul's energies are liberated temporarily from conflict with the physical elements of being. It rests from its efforts to subjugate the ponderable substances of being and is removed to a realm of imponderabilities for this purpose.

What it does as a spirit to advance its growth is to assimilate thoroughly and deliberately the advantages derived from the physical conflict. Figuratively speaking, the muscles and sinews of will are tested and established at their maximum attainment; the intellectual faculties are similarly tested, freed from such carnal attributes as have been conquered, and refined at their highest acquired capacity; the motives are synthetically purified by contact with missionary spirits from a superior zone, and loftier aspirations are conceived which, in the subsequent incarnation, will mature into a practical power of growth.

There is no chance in the methods of reincarnation, the faculties of the soul are developed in the regular order of their importance during the successive embodiments. Just as a stream multiplies its tributaries, or a tree its branches in course of time, so man enlarges intellectually by successive returns to terrestrial life. At each consecutive stage of his evolution he broadens in utility, his powers magnify in scope, he becomes less centered in self, more centrifugal in aspiration and ambition, and more qualified for an aerial state of being. There are latent faculties in the soul which dawn only after ages of effort; like granite peaks they require volcanic disruption of the fossilized earth strata to rise in the grandeur and sublimity of their pristine glory.

When this assimilative work is complete, and the time may vary from years to centuries according to the acquired energy of the intelligence, the spirit loses interest in its environment; it becomes satiated with its limitations, and its nature gradually undergoes a change resembling the decrepitude of age in human beings; consciousness as gradually loses its acute qualities; an apathy steals gently upon the faculties, and the soul is eventually released, wholly disencumbered and intellectually qualified for a new and more ambitious incarnation.

The secondary division of the terrestrial zone is in advance of the primary in all that pertains to true intellectual culture. Mental attributes become more clearly defined, and more homogeneity appears in the interests of the intelligence occupying it. No great progress is made, however, until this sphere is passed, because the primitive faculties respond laboriously to the disciplining processes of education. First efforts are awkward and tedious, and development cannot be rapid until the faculties have acquired facility and strength.

It is for this reason that spirits of the inferior grades remain longer in an unprogressive state than those of superior rank. Knowledge possesses an electric energy peculiar to itself, which responds almost spontaneously to the impacts of will.

When these preliminary laws are understood, the key is found to all the higher departments of being. What is true in one rank of intelligence is relatively true in all. The Esoteric school is exact in its methods, and the rudimentary principles indicated in these articles are its alphabet; once thoroughly mastered, the student is in possession of vast resources, no problem of infinitude can long elude his search, and no mystery can resist his penetrating acumen.

The secondary or intermediate zone in the mental world is called the intellectual zone. The atmosphere is less dense and its vibrations less tumultuous. The cloudy conditions of the terrestrial zone do not extend to this, because of the more etheric construction of the air. The light is brighter, and is characterized by a blue tint, which changes to violet toward the upper boundaries.

Here life assumes a vigorous intellectual trend; force—the primary manifestation of mental power—is generated, and creates a strong, wave-like undulation in the atmosphere, which may be compared to the heavy swell of the ocean during a storm.

This zone is the abode of spirits who have conceived an ambition for knowledge, for distinction in any specific line of endeavor, for negative goodness—i. e., goodness without philanthropic motive, for pure lives, and for all those standard virtues recognized by the world. In fact, life enters a definite upward incination, study becomes a vocation, and intellect gradually expands into a realization and appreciation of its capabilities.

Pride, arrogance, vanity, egotism, and all the attributes that distinguish the early developments of intellect, mature here. Reason becomes dominating in energy, an energy that

will culminate in eminence before the gradations of the upper sphere are passed. Literature, poetry, the arts and sciences, philosophy and theology, are in their infancy in this realm of activity, and those who avail themselves consistently of the opportunities everywhere presented will rise rapidly in the path of progress.

The secondary division of the intellectual zone is in advance of the primary division in all that tends to a higher culture. Every feature of intelligence found in the primary sphere is accentuated and enlarged here, and great strides are made along specific lines of thought. Talent—as understood among mortals—gradually becomes a normal condition of intellect; genius, i. e., talent given a concentrated and definite application, reaches supreme heights; reason acquires profound acumen, keen analytical power, lofty poetical conception, fervor, eloquence—in fact, all those qualities which distinguish *savants* and statesmen in the physical life.

Sectarianism has its stronghold here, so also have the dogmatisms of science and philosophy. Music, invention and fine arts rise to masterful achievements. No drones can survive the stimulating conditions of being in this magnificent realm. It is a realm of power, of dominating will, of subjugating force.

The third in order of ascent is the celestial zone. This is literally an electrical zone. Light at this altitude is dazzling in brilliancy and of that peculiar tint seen in the Roentgen ray, which is simply an unalloyed sun-ray. This realm is entirely free from those mercurial fluctuations which characterize the lower strata of atmosphere. Humidity is unknown, and such climatic agitations as occur are meteoric. Luminous showers descend from higher regions, at comparatively regular intervals, and coruscating dynamic winds sweep with virilizing energy over this subliminal sphere.

These electrical phenomena are to the beings inhabiting this exalted area relatively what the rains and winds of the earth are to human beings. Such meteoric showers consist of luminous sparks specifically adapted to the support of life at these altitudes. These sparks are of various colors, similar to those seen in pyrotechnic exhibitions. The sparks, stars and flashes of light observed by clairvoyants belong to the same class of phenomena, and have a direct intellectual significance.

In this zone spirit loses cohesive quality and becomes diaphanous. It grows luminous in intrinsic purity, ubiquitous in perception and transcendental in consciousness. All that gave power and perspicacity to intellect in the anterior zones is intensified here, but the intensity is that of an illuminating energy, not that of a subjugating force. It is an intensity of fluidic fervor, not of fluidic volume.

In the celestial zone science and philosophy are merged into a composite unity, which embraces every branch of law and order in the antecedent zones and in the planet itself. A corresponding unanimity develops in intelligence, and a harmony of purpose from which discord has been wholly expunged. Individuality is relatively lost, and the soul enters upon an ascent of felicities for which our language has no adequate expression. Solidarity reigns, tranquility becomes eternal, serenity governs every activity and controls every energy, and beatitude is a perpetual attribute of being.

This is the introduction to angelic life, where souls maritally predestined are mated for eternity. Here true immortality begins, because here the necessity for reincarnation ceases; here the glorified arcana of the ineffable opens its vistas of promise, and the deific supercedes the human in every faculty of being.

The rhythm of intellectual purpose imparts a rhythmic vibration to the atmosphere that is at once a melody, a perfume, an inspiration and an entrancement. Intoxication that never intoxicates breathes from every vibration, and ecstasy that never subjects reason quivers in every breath. Life is rapture; thinking and feeling become identical; the sentence of immortality so unifies heart and intellect that their functions interblend. Heart thinks and intellect feels in the celestial zone, and, paradoxical as it may appear, neither loses specific energy, but each acquires the power of both.

It is vain to attempt to express in words the divine conditions of being in this sphere. Only by self

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?

"OUT OF SCHOOL."

The clock strikes two in my parlor
With its soft and silvery chime;
There are voices and merry laughter,
And I know that now is the time
When three little rosy cheeks
Whose tasks for the day are o'er,
Will run up the old oak staircase,
And in at my open door.

Their fond little arms are round me;
Soft lips to my own are pressed;
Two bright little laughing faces
With merriest smiles are dressed.
But one is so sad and tearful,
As it lies against my own,
And the poor little heart, and tender,
Thus utters its childish moan:

"Oh! why, mamma, do you send me
Where the hours are all so long?
I try so hard with the lessons,
But I always get them wrong.
At home, with you, I am happy,
But there I must keep the rule;
When I am a great grown lady,
I never will go to school."

Oh! how shall I tell my baby,
With her sheet of golden hair,
With the sun from her bright eyes shining,
So free from sorrow and care,
That my lessons are only longer,
And sterner and stricter the rule;
That we who are great grown ladies,
We never are "out of school!"

M. E. VAN DUYNE.

Our Children and Our Speakers.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

What Spiritualist has not heard of Belle Bush? What Spiritualist has not read the beautiful poems of Belle Bush that for twenty years and more through Spiritualist journals have come from her pen like pearls? What Spiritualist has not heard of the Belvidere Seminary, an educational seminary of high rank, of easy access to New York and Philadelphia (only two or three hours' ride), owned and supervised by those staunch Spiritualists, the Bush Sisters?

But how many Spiritualists are patronizing this institution? Where do Roman Catholics send their children? To ask to answer the question, Bishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, said a number of years ago, "Give us Catholics the education of our children for the first ten, twelve and fifteen years of their lives, and we have no fear of Protestantism in any of its hydra forms after that." Where do Baptists and Presbyterians send their children? And where are the Spiritualists—sadly and sorrowfully I ask—sending theirs?

How many good meaning, but not far-seeing, Spiritualists send their children to Roman Catholic or Orthodox institutions of learning, where sectarian creeds and Calvinistic dogmas are infused into their young and sensitive minds; and when they graduate from these schools and colleges, they go to the parental home with late in their hearts or a sneer upon their tongues for the Spiritualism that their worthy parents found to be true and uplifting, yielding to their souls only joy unspeakable. And when the life-voyage of these honest, royal-souled parents ended, these children, thinking it more popular, perhaps, have called in to conduct the funeral services some sectarian parson, to mouth sepulchral prayers, and preach the ecclesiastical dogmas of eternal death and damnation. Many, very many times, during the past forty-five years have I known occurrences of this kind to transpire. Such, or similar, cases are still transpiring. And yet, Spiritualists are patronizing and paying out their money to support these schools!

Do I hear some Spiritualists say, "We do not want our children's minds taught or directed toward any religion—or toward anyism?" No matter what you want or do not want touching this matter, your children's minds, comparable to sheets of white paper, will receive impressions from some source, and they will be taught some ism, either in the street, the Sunday-school, the young people's prayer meeting, the church oyster supper, or the church rambling fair, to raise money for sectarian purposes.

Thoughts, auras and psychic influences are in the air—are in all grades of social life, and your children necessarily must, and will be influenced by this religious creed or that. Then is it not better, dear friends, for you to have altars in your own homes, refined amusements in your own parlors, and plenty of Spiritualist and liberal literature for your loved ones to read around your own happy firesides? And when your dear children become old enough to send away to school or college, is it not better, is it not infinitely wiser to send them to some liberal educational institution such as the BELVIDERE SEMINARY?

Writing of this institution, I write what I know, write from personal observation. The Seminary building, large and commodious, stands upon a graded bluff, overlooking beautiful valleys and far-away mountains. Students attending this school have, with all possible home comforts, the highest moral and spiritual culture.

The government of this Seminary is based upon the Golden Rule, and the pupils are always under the maternal supervision of its principals or assistants, where they are taught that education is character-building, and that truth, honesty and purity, constitute the highest aims of life.

While the pupils in this Seminary have regular hours for rest, recreation, and excursions to the neighboring hills, their attention is called to health, hygiene, the potency of light, the law of heredity, the necessity of personal cleanliness, and to Cause and Effect that abound everywhere. Adult students are here prepared for business pursuits and for college.

It seems to me, all things considered, that Spiritualists and Liberalists should patronize this Seminary, located at Belvidere, New Jersey, only a few hours from New York and Philadelphia, and of easy access from other cities and towns in the country. Write these Bush Sisters for circulars.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

Touching the all-important matter of education, I cannot conscientiously omit that school for training, and otherwise aiding public speakers, instituted and conducted in Ohio under the auspices of Moses Bull, that prince of biblical scholars, as well as adept in both spiritual science and logic, and A. J. Weaver of Old Orchard, Me.—This latter gentleman, a graduate from a noted New England College, under the supervision of a denomination with a double lock creed, founded in 1803—a creed that the sect cuddles as doth the bear its first cub—a creed that the sect cackles over as doth the pullet over her first laid egg, never thinking that there's a nest full of better ones on the way. Bro. Weaver, having burst away from the shackles of creed-craft, and added to his faith knowledge, is now a religious freeman.

The value of such a training school as the one inaugurated by Bro. Bull can scarcely be estimated. It was needed. The hour was ripe for it. The prosperity of Spiritualism demanded it. Phenomena were and are necessary to those who need them, but to be everlastingly listening to the "rap," and eternally repeating a b c, will never grasp and digest the literature that makes glad this waning century, nor open up to us the glories that make radiant the evergreen mountains of immortality.

Who has not been chagrined at the murder in English upon our platforms?

Too much of our public trance speaking has been a wilderness of words, a tangled forest of adjectives, as devoid of culture and science

and logic as is Nova Zembla of our June's roses. And when a half-developed medium, with no mental training, steps up on the platform and announces the subject, "Where and What is God?" I mentally exclaim: "Oh, for something less than a bale of cotton to plug my cantankerous ears for the coming hour!" I do not doubt the honesty of the medium or the good intentions of the spirit, but the instrument has been neither sandpapered nor polished. Why, the most eminent musician in spirit land could not play Mozart's Twelfth Mass on a cornstalk fiddle.

Does some one say: "Young trances speakers must creep before they can walk"? Granted; but let them do their creeping on the home floor rather than upon the public rostrum, before the gaze of the curious on the one hand, and the cultured upon the other.

Indianapolis, Ind. J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

P. S.—"The Spiritualist platform is not 'going out of date,'" as one writer affirms. It is those who have not properly filled it that are being "given the go-by" by the thinking, growing public. Not being on the Spiritualist rostrum as a speaker, I can afford to write as fearlessly as I trust truthfully. Committees, listen. Secure the services of first-class speakers, and set up first class music—stirring, inspiring, first class music—and the crowd will come.

J. M. P.

P. S. No. 2.—Do not forget to send your children to the Belvidere Seminary. J. M. P.

Deer-Mice as Pets.

THEY WERE DELIGHTED WITH A HOME IN A COCONUT SHELL.

In the October *St. Nicholas*, G. Rafael O'Reilly tells of a couple of queer pets that he caught in the woods. The writer says:

While rambling one evening in the woods, I sat down on a rock close by a shaded bank all overgrown with soft green moss and feathery ferns. Not far away there was an ancient tree-stump, with a hole running in underneath it; and what should I see peeping out from the hole but the head of a little reddish-brown animal. At first sight I took it to be a chipmunk. Its large black eyes seemed full of apprehension, and as I moved it drew back out of sight. On rolling over the stump, I discovered beneath it some withered grass carefully rolled into a globular nest. Cautiously drawing my handkerchief around this, I tied it up, with whatever it contained, and hurried homeward with my treasure. On emptying the handkerchief into a box covered with wire gauze, I found that I had captured two beautifully delicate and elegant creatures, somewhat larger than mice. Their fur was thick and soft, a rich velvet of reddish-brown on the back, and snowy white beneath. Their feet also were white. But their chief beauty lay in their eyes—great, black, liquid orbs, half protruding from the head. No gazelle ever had eyes half so lovely.

They soon became quite tame, and, without showing any fear, would allow me to put my hand into their cage to give them fruits and berries. They carried their nest into a corner of the cage and reconstructed it there.

After about two weeks I procured a large coconut, sawed it in two, and taking one half of it, made in it a little doorway. When I put this into their cage, turned month down, they seemed to go wild with the excitement of delight. In and out they ran through the little doorway a hundred times in succession. Sometimes they would jump up on top of the coconut and survey it all over; and then, after "washing their faces" with their delicate white paws, jump down, and again run inside. Soon they made up their minds to take possession of it as their home. Their nest in the corner they pulled to pieces, and carried it off mouthful by mouthful into the little coconut hut. There they have lived ever since.

During the daytime they sleep; but, when evening comes on they busy themselves running and jumping about the cage; and they have never once in three years tried to gnaw their way out.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

Sunday afternoon, Oct. 10 this Lyceum held a very interesting session in Berkeley Hall. Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, an old Lyceum worker, and speaker at Berkeley Hall for the present month, after the opening song as an "Invocation," addressed a few well chosen words to our friends and co-workers in the spirit world.

"How is Spiritualism affecting the Thought of the World?" was the question discussed by the older groups. Winnie Ireland, just promoted from the younger groups, said: "Spiritualism affects the thought of the world by introducing progression; Emily Granville, 'by revealing truth in the highest form, which is eternal love'; Mr. J. R. Snow, 'by teaching that each one of us here and now are spirits'; Gertrude Hanson, 'by teaching humanity to think for themselves.' Alice Ireland, Edward W. Hatch, Esther M. Botts, Marion Seibold, J. S. Mansergh, Clarence Dutton, Charles L. C. Hatch, Willie Sweden, Harry Card, Mrs. M. A. Laug, Mr. G. S. Laug, Mr. E. M. B. Packard, Mr. Fred H. Watson, Mr. Albert P. Biton, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Dr. Dean Clarke, and the Assistant-Conductor, Dr. J. R. Root, also answered the question. One sentence quoted from the remarks of Mr. Blinn follows: "Memory of good deeds is the only heaven from which we cannot be driven."

On the entertainment program there was a piano solo by Mr. Watson; recitations by Little Maud Armstrong, Ansl Haynes, Gertrude Hanson, Harry Gilmore Greene, Willie Sweden, Albert P. Biton; songs, Esther M. Botts; Mr. J. S. Mansergh made remarks, and gave a reading; Edward W. Hatch recited an original poem, entitled "A Southerner's Tale," that was well received. For the closing number, Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, among other things, urged the boys and girls to "revive the fading flower of chivalry," a sentiment that will be considered by the Lyceum in the near future. Subject for Oct. 24; (Harvest Sunday) "How Should we Conduct Ourselves to Reap the Best Harvest?"

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

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1

Met in Red Men's Hall, Sunday morning, Oct. 10, with the new superintendent, Mrs. M. A. Brown. The little ones retired to the ante-room, as usual, after the opening exercises, to discuss the subject for the day. While they were out, Superintendent Brown talked to those remaining in a very interesting way, trying to impress on their young minds the importance of their presence each Sunday at the Lyceum, and when she asked them the questions each scholar was eager and anxious to give his or her own ideas.

After the little ones returned to the main hall the responsive reading was given, every one taking part, after which the Grand March was executed. President Hale spoke to the children, urging them to be prompt in their attendance each Sunday and to ask some little playmate to come with them. He announced that the arrangements for the choir were nearly completed, that a gentleman from the Conservatory of Music had been engaged to instruct them, and very soon we should be able to entertain those visiting our Lyceum each Sunday with a service of song.

The following children took part in the entertainment of the day: Recitations, Iowa Stillings, Leon Smith, Israel Newhall, Little Clifford Lamont, Jr.; quiet, Little Edw. and Marie Antoinette Grier; readings, Superintendent Mrs. M. A. Brown and Assistant Guardians Mrs. S. E. Jones.

The Lyceum closed with the Banner March.

ABBEY F. THOMPSON, Sec'y.

89 Sydney street, Boston, Mass., Station K.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum Association

Held its Annual Meeting at the residence of Dr. Wm. Hale, 262 Columbus Avenue, Oct. 5, to elect officers for the ensuing year, which consisted of President, Dr. Hale; Vice President, Jason Brown; Superin-

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA CURES BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, FOREMOST WOMAN OF HER TIME.

Belva A. Lockwood, the Acknowledged Leader of American Women, Has Been Cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura and Recommends Its Use to All Weak, Tired, Nervous, Run Down and Suffering People.

Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy Has Proved Itself the Greatest and Grandest Medicine In the World. It Cures the People. It Gives Health, Strength, Vitality and Vigor to All. Use It and Watch Your Aches Disappear and Your Strength Return.



BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

There is no world so powerful among women, no influence so great, and no authority so high as the utterances of a recognized leader when speaking to her sister women for the good of womankind.

When, therefore, the voice of Belva A. Lockwood, of Washington, D.C., who is recognized among women as their mightiest leader and champion in all women's movements which mark this generation, is raised in the interests of women; when this most eminent woman lawyer and lecturer in the world, representative of her sex to such an extent that she has been twice nominated for President of the United States by the Equal Rights Party, who has been honored by membership in more American and Foreign Societies than any other woman, publishes the fact to the world that she owes her present good health and strength to the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, it comes as a positive proof, a revelation of the way to health to the thousands upon thousands of people who droop and languish

under the burden of ill-health, over-taxed, wise have been impossible, and seems in every strength, nervous disorders and the weakness, pains and aches of female complaints, attacks of faintness to which I had previously been subject have entirely disappeared. It in health for the weakened, worn out, discouraged, creates the appetite, tends to cheerfulness and women of our land, depressed alike in nerve, general good feeling, and leaves no ill effect.

power and bodily strength, who live on without strength, energy or ambition, but who afflicted with nervous disorders, or that tired will now know from the wonderful cure of feeling which is so common. I recommend it Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, through the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura, and from her enthusiastic praise of this grand remedy and urgent advice to women to seek its remarkable health-giving, invigorating and restoring powers, that good health, strong nerves, vigorous bodies always follow the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

Mrs. Lockwood says: "I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and am pleased to say that it has improved my digestion, relieved the free on all diseases at Dr. Greene's office, either sleeplessness under a great nervous strain, by calling personally or by writing to Dr. during which I believe that sleep would other-Greene."

"I can freely recommend it to all persons afflicted with nervous disorders, or that tired results more, and not so often the medium for their transmission. We desire good, true mediums, but all must profit by their own life lessons. We like our mediums to be an honor to their calling, and let me add that in this case the medium Fred P. Evans has proved himself such. We find him possessed of all the qualities which make friendship a pleasure. And may God's angels guide him. And, wherever he may go, May success crown all his efforts. While the seeds of truth doth sow."

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, A. M. & B. L., Secretary American Peace Bureau.

Do not suffer another moment, but get Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and be cured. Remember it is not a patent medicine, but the tried and proven prescription of Dr. Greene, 31 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the most successful physician in curing disease. Consultation, examination and advice free on all diseases at Dr. Greene's office, either personally or by writing to Dr. Greene.

In Re Unitarians.

"I thank you again for newspaper sent, and more lately for the last BANNER OF LIGHT. I read with interest the marked editorial on the Saratoga Convention, and the position of Unitarian ministers in general as regards Spiritualism. There is a good deal of truth in it, and the Unitarians are cold. But may it not be the case with some that they feel so conscious of their immortality and of intercommunication also, that they feel so indifferent to modes of expression or demonstrations such as Spiritualism presents? I confess feeling a little so myself. It is in the eternal now that I live, as do those who have gone before, and this leads to the eternal communion."

The above is from a private letter to me from an aged friend—one whose life has been a truly faithful one—and whose footsteps are now lingering upon the shores of the dividing river. There are many such among the Unitarians; some who are especially worthy of our reverence, and who would make noble helpers to purify and elevate Spiritualism could they be rightly engaged in the work. I feel prompted to name one of these ministers—still in the vigor of manhood—who has been chilled in his higher life by the cold shoulder of Unitarianism, and who is now standing aloof at his home in Hampton Falls, N. H. He is an excellent writer, especially in the direction of philosophy, spiritualistic thought. I think that it would require but little encouragement to engage him as an active supporter of Spiritualism. His name is still on the American Unitarian Association Year Book—W. A. Cram, Hampton Falls, N. H. H. S.

Our workers in the Lyceum movement have also formed a Band of Mercy. This and other valuable suggestions are found in the *Lyceum Guide*, published by Hudson Tuttle, and for sale by the Banner Publishing Company. TRUSS MERRITT, Sec. Y. S. S.

552 Main street.

Yonkers Lyceum.

Our Children's Lyceum is also advancing. We find valuable suggestions in the *Lyceum Banner*, published by our earnest worker, J. J. Morse, of London, Eng., aided by his wife and daughter, which, sent by mail, costs only forty cents per annum in U. S. stamps.

Our workers in the Lyceum movement have also formed a Band of Mercy. This and other valuable suggestions are found in the *Lyceum Guide*, published by Hudson Tuttle, and for sale by the Banner Publishing Company. TRUSS MERRITT, Sec. Y. S. S.

The "Y. P. S. I."

I am being very much enthused in the movement to organize Young People's Spiritual Institutes as an auxiliary to our organized Cause, that the help of young men and women may be enlisted. The plan is meeting with approval, and several Institutes are projected. Buffalo and Rochester have organized, and are delighted with the prospects for good results. Fraternally, G. W. KATES.

Fall River Lyceum.

Our Lyceum is growing larger in numbers every Sunday. We are very grateful to the officers and friends of the New Bedford Lyceum who have helped us so much in the past. They are doing a grand work. They have a large number of children who are being carefully trained by their excellent officers, chief among whom is Mrs. Ida Jannell. Truly she is a mother in Israel. MRS. ANN HIBBERT.

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

judge the instrument through which these truths are given. For even a medium has his or her individual life to live, and spirits are not justified in ordering or even in guiding or directing their mediums, as such an influence would destroy individuality, and mediums, as well as the rest of humanity, desire an independent entity of their own. We should study results more, and not so often the medium for their transmission. We desire good, true mediums, but all must profit by their own life lessons. We like our mediums to be an honor to their calling, and let me add that in this case the medium Fred P. Evans has proved himself such. We find him possessed of all the qualities which make friendship a pleasure. And may God's angels guide him. And, wherever he may go, May success crown all his efforts. While the seeds of truth doth sow."

NEW YORK.—J. F. Snipes writes: "During a pleasure tour this summer through Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France and England, it was my good fortune to meet different mediums and believers in several of those countries. You have full accounts of the progress of the Cause in many of them through foreign correspondents and the spiritual press."

In Paris and London the public meetings are constant, and profitable in every way, and the mediums assured me they had all they could do. Their customary charge in London is £1-8s.

Paris is still critical of cheats. New York City, with exceptions, has had its spiritual vacation, but now expects renewal of its public and private work.

Among the number of reliable psychics of long experience in clairvoyance and trance control who have re-umed their regular sittings, may be mentioned Mrs. Mary Wakeman (permanent residence 437 West 57th street), whose natural sympathy and thorough honesty and remarkable prophetic inspiration have been well known to the investigating public for the last twenty-five years."

CHEERING.—Tourist (after spending two days in a mountain hotel): "Be sure to have my bill ready tomorrow at 7." Host—"Without fail, and if I have to sit up all night over it."—*The Gentle Blätter*.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

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

Address J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Oct. 14.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

Books, 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 U. S. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

Remittances can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Suma 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 cancelled articles.

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

Banner of Light.

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Harrison D. Barrett, Editor.

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TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

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

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

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 13, a few personal friends of the bride and groom, including a representative of **THE BANNER**, gathered at the parlors of Prof. Fred P. Evans, 42 West Newton street, Boston, to witness the marriage of the editor of the **BANNER OF LIGHT**, Mr. HARRISON D. BARRETT, and Miss M. MARGUERITE COFFIN. After the ceremony a bountiful lunch was served by Prof. Evans and his estimable wife. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett left for Washington the next morning, to attend the Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association.

The warmest congratulations and best wishes are extended to them by every one connected with **THE BANNER**.

Organization Through Co-operation.

All sorts of organizations have a distinct purpose in their construction, or else they lack vital cohesive power altogether. Unless they are animated by a competent motive, and unless the reason for their being becomes apparent when searched for, they exist but externally and for the time only, and really have no particular relation to anything. This very plain and simple statement is entirely above dogmatism, and likewise beyond the reach of contradiction. Hence the first and only question that is at all applicable to them is that which pertains to the motive and meaning of their existence.

Once discover that, and the rest is easy to understand. That is the key which fits the lock that keeps the secret whole and alive. An idea must needs be conceived in elementary form before an attempt is made to organize its nebulous state in a related and proportioned condition. Thus it will readily be seen that the process of organization is far from being absolute and instantaneous, but is rather on the lines of evolutionary development, one part growing out of another, to gather into itself the forces held by some other, in order that the completed work may result in homogeneity and harmony.

Spiritualism lays no claim, and can lay none, to exemption from the operation of this common law. As its manifestation to the world is necessarily through human and visible agencies, the message it brings and the duties whose discharge it calls for must, of course, be delivered and performed according to the natural laws of co-operation.

Cooperation comes first and before everything else. That simply obeys the subtle but irresistible law of attraction, of gravitation. The separate and individual molecules struggle mutually for a closer contact, that they may work with more energy in combination. They come together because of a common likeness, and not in spite of any recognized unlikeness. They each belonged to the other and all to each in a state of embodiment before they came together. But once united, not by any external act, but wholly from a creative power residing within, they become as much one as if they had been formed so from the beginning. These combinations, more often termed organizations, possess the greater power for not having gone through a constructive and more or less formal process. They are a growth, the development of a central idea. They, at the most, only certify to the marrow, the core, the pith within. They are never built up and skillfully conjoined, but

each naturally belongs to all and all to each. These axiomatic and obvious truths are to be kept steadfastly before the thought whenever that thought is turned in the direction of a national organization of Spiritualists. Accepting them, the work of organization naturally performs itself. Unlike that proclaimed before men in the forms of creeds and rituals, and limiting professions and platforms and oaths, it makes no audible announcement, refuses to be contained in form, discards the selfish ideas of rank and class, office and separateness, and silently coheres within that it may more effectually adhere without. That is the sort of organization for Spiritualists to aspire to accomplish. It is in no sense mechanical, formal, contrived, calculated or constructed. Its varied elements instinctively find their natural relations. They need no compelling force from without to unite them. The unifying power exists and works within. It is because so pregnant and prolific a truth is not well understood that so many rightly-intentioned schemes, religious and secular both, fall apart no one can tell why, break in pieces, separate, and end in indistinguishable oblivion. If there is any mystery about it it is the mystery of life itself, which is all mystery. No language can fitly express the process of the work of creation.

Some may say, perhaps, that this is idealism, and therefore impracticable. What is Spiritualism, when it is searched thoroughly for its meaning, but that which pertains to the spirit? It is not a physical, material, external revelation in any sense, but is ideal, interior, wholly of the spirit, or else it is nothing. We are to consider this real, vital, indefinable distinction between the form and substance. Then we shall better understand and be far less likely to overlook the necessity as well as the propriety of guiding rather than compelling, and of assisting rather than forcing the union of the national elements of Spiritualism in a single and homogeneous body.

As surely as we attempt seriously to ignore or evade this unswerving law of attraction and cohesion, this undeviating principle of energy through close affinity, we shall make wreck of the result of our most ardent efforts, and live only to see it pointed to as but another failure of an ambition to construct what can have existence only as a natural growth. On the other hand, as surely as we look within, and refuse to obstruct or compel the freedom of the creative forces of the life that always exists there, we are working with and through those forces, ever from within without, with the ceaseless aid of their potency, and ever outward and upward to a result that will remain permanent and undisturbed.

Not that there are no external offices to be performed by the Spiritualists of the country, by any means. Only that the interior and creating motive is to be sought and obeyed. The exterior will be certain to conform. There will be no inharmonious, because there can be none. But once recognizing and duly respecting the creating and organizing law, there need be no impatience, no urgency, no particular designs and desires; but all will be entrusted to the ever-renewing, reforming, reorganizing power of the indwelling spirit. Thus far it seems to have wrought in the direction, first, of proclaiming the welcome truth of immortality through imperfect and faulty human agencies.

Its second obvious stage of operation is in inducing, strengthening and perfecting the work of cooperation. And out of that as an evolutionary process, tending ever to integration, will come organization. But organization must follow, not precede cooperation. The latter is the prime condition of organization. Without the one we cannot hope to have the latter. At best it would be but form without life, and the end of that is always near at hand. Therefore let Spiritualists be patient still. Let them work more and more earnestly together, with no thought of power, which for them cometh not with observation, but cometh and goeth where it listeth, and in silence will soonest crumble the old creeds, disintegrate the churches, and bring new life continually to all believers.

Mr. Savage Again.

Discoursing recently in his own pulpit on the subject of religious freedom and liberal ecclesiasticism, Mr. Savage remarked that, although in America men are no longer imprisoned, tortured or put to death on account of their religious convictions, a price, and a heavy price, was nevertheless demanded in many parts of the country of those who exercised their liberty in selecting their faith.

There are places, said he, where a man who thinks on religious questions and is unwilling to accept the faith most popular in those communities, must see his business suffer and his family snubbed. For an example in his own line, he stated that in one city of considerable importance a family of Unitarians had been waited upon by a committee of persons connected with the older churches and warned that they must not indulge too freely in the new religion. And a lawyer in the Southwest had written to him, saying that he fully agreed with all his sentiments, but did not dare to let it be known. Thus, he concluded, aversion and isolation are the price we must pay to-day for daring to think.

There is no question whatever that all of the foregoing charge is strictly true. If, in England, it is necessary for a person to conform to the Established Church in order to obtain social recognition, in this country of our own it was easier to attain social position (whatever that may really be worth) by joining certain churches rather than others.

To bring the matter close home, we should like to ask Mr. Savage if he does not know how it is himself. At the risk of appearing to be personal, the argument he works so effectively is of the "Et tu quoque" order, and may be fairly so applied. It is well understood that Mr. Savage has for a long time been a professed searcher into psychic mysteries. He has encountered sufficient evidence to convince him of the reality of communications from ex-carinated spirits, and thus of the intercourse held by those living in the other world with the people in this. He could not address the public on this single point with courageous candor and fail to admit it in so many words.

But has he ever done so? Has he ever dared to do so? Not that we ever knew. He has played the subject as a fisherman plays his salmon or his trout, now letting it have a longer length of line, and now hauling it in, as if he sought to wear out its endurance, and at last land his prize in triumph when public opinion was right for him to shout over his victory. It is quite fair to ask him if he continues to wait to announce the truth in respect to Spiritualism as he has found it, from

the fear of reproach, and worse, from his brethren in the religious denomination to which he is devoted. The evidence so far inclines that way, at all events. He feels the power that is hidden in the turn of the ministerial and ecclesiastical screw as much as any other man in any other walk in life.

Theoretical freedom of conscience may have a wider swing in this country, but it is of no more practical value than it is in any other. The only essential difference is that, while in the older European countries the rule of the Church lies like an oppressive weight on the breast of the people, in this country that same rule becomes fragmentary. The fierce and constant competition of the sects may seem to alleviate the sufferings endured by freedom of thought, but that is about all the relief there is. The same grim monster, insatiable conformity, watches its prey as sleeplessly in one case as in the other. Mr. Savage knows it too, but dares not confess it. He is quite ready to charge it upon the other denominations, but is scrupulously careful to avoid doing so in the case of his own. He is only waiting for the right time to come when he may do it with impunity. It will never come, however, if men like himself hesitate to make utterance when they find the truth from fear of the consequences.

Mr. Savage well says that the truth-seeker is the God-seeker, and the only God-seeker, and for the sake of truth; God and men, we need to be free. But he still waits, not daring to open the door. He need not think there is a back way that can be climbed over. Truth is undominational. It offers no hospitality to hesitators and trimmers. Freedom admits of no compromises or concessions. Like the morning sun, it shines for all alike, and in all places and on all occasions.

Childhood's Promise.

The hopes that are involved and hidden in childhood are the sure reliance of the race. Mr. Alden writes with prophetic perception on this subject in his volume—"A Study of Death." If, he says, the weakness and dependence of childhood, evoking loving care and sympathy, counts for so much, how much more must be accredited to the invisible might of childhood as the hope of the world.

During this period of protection, while it is establishing its cerebral channels of communication with the outside world, it is at the same time, by its withholding from that world, allowed freedom for expansion, for the deepening of its capacity, for that exalted tension which society has come to recognize as the mightiest of its inspirations. This mystical apprehension of childhood becomes the poet's assertion and the popular intuition; and since it regards elements not open to observation, it is a view falling outside the scientific scrutiny that regards only the stimulation of environment, the nutritive processes involved, and the resultant structural development.

What is this wondrous font of power? asks science. Is it anything more than a fund of vital energy dependent upon nutrition for its storage? In return, we ask, what is it at any stage of its outward development? At what point in the stream does this transcendent, invisible power which gives human life its spiritual meaning enter, if it is not at the fountain? It is not an acquisition. If we admit it into our view of human existence as a whole, we must include it from the beginning.

Indeed, as we have seen, this involution which we know as childhood, is at the fountain something that it is not in the stream. Its expression is also its veiling. "It is not as it hath been of yore," the poet complains. A glamour is gone that never comes again; it "fades into the light of common day." The virginal sense of things first seen; the surprise of fragrance; the native feeling of primal dawns, of the heavenly azure, of woods and streams, of haunting shadows and whispering winds, we cannot recall.

The steps that halted then are hurried now, following well-worn paths, and yet lost in them. The storage of strength against strain, of reparation against waste, is not like that primal storage, which had its basis in a hunger that was not want. No after-sleep is like the sleep of the infant, which is not measured to meet a special weariness, but is rather the sign of the hidden quickness of life in its unfolding, as wakefulness is of the quick unfolding, growing into the insomnia of old age.

Yet the nutrition and sleep of adolescence and maturity are special infoldings, whereby the haste of the consuming flame is retarded, and the plasticity of childhood is in some degree renewed, though it cannot be wholly regained; and waste and weariness induce and stimulate these processes of renewal. This period of maturity, sustained by constant reinforcement of energy, is far remote from childhood, but it is true of the man as of the youth, that he, though he

"daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended,"

and this vision illumines his ripe knowledge and gives its own transcendent meaning to all he does.

An Interesting Man.

We like a composite character, especially if it thus becomes an original creation and requires no advertising. Augustine Birrell of London is such an one. It is not his versatility that is the special attraction; but the mixture of the faculties of his mind and the qualities of his nature. He is combined author, lawyer and Member of Parliament. He is far from being a rarity among lawyers who have become men of letters, too. Very recently he has produced a law book, whose distinction is that it is a wonder in point of knowledge, literary style and bubbling humor, and baffling to the regulation analysis of legal and parliamentary readers. The native humor he displays serves to diversify and illuminate the sober substance of his law learning, while the delicious conceits and vagrancies expressed in his style lend a charm to his treatment of his theme that is as indescribable in its manner as it is irrepressible in its spirit. Yet nothing is for mere effect, but simply because the style is the man. The supreme beauty of it all is that he is as simple as he is modest, in which lies his crowning grace. He was of a decided pessimistic turn twenty years or so ago, unable to take an interest in any of the events of the time, and he wrote a magazine article that was fairly characteristic of his condition. He was not then admitted to legal practice. At the suggestion of friends that he should write for the magazines and newspapers, he replied that he never could make a living at that, for it would take him a week to write an editorial, and he had no faith in cultivating facility. He said that those who write are born either

to write quickly or they are not, and that there is no use trying to get over the fact. He was not. He had the most limited expectations, and said he would be most happy if he could be sure of a clean shirt, a clean tablecloth with simple food on it, and a clean room to sleep in for every day of the year. He would also like to live a little bit out of town, provided he could have the tuppence for the "bus every morning, for he hated walking along streets. The philosophy he cultivates is of the soundest. The only way to be happy, he thinks, is to take pleasure in one's work, and to do it with scrupulous fidelity. The pity is for the poor devils who are chained to work which they loathe. But he was inclined to think that many of our fellow-men hate work of any kind. There is no happiness in hunting for pleasure. There is a sort of rugged tranquillity in the feeling that one has done well his daily stint of work, and that at every turn of the hour he has done the kind and the true and the just thing to the best of his ability.

Birrell has attained to the distinction of queen's counsellor, which shows that he must have acquired a very considerable practice. In Parliament for nearly ten years, the author of "Obiter Dicta" and "Res Judicata" has been closely associated with John Morley as the uncompromising supporter of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. His lectures to workmen are pronounced models of pure English and clear thinking. As if he were not sufficiently occupied with his professional and parliamentary duties, he is one of the mainstays of the *Weekly Speaker*, a paper of the first class, running close up with the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. The *Speaker*, in a recent issue, completely took the hide off of Joseph Chamberlain, and the article more than likely was from Birrell's pen. With all his devotion to work, his heart remains that of the boy, as the freshness and humor of the book recently turned out by him on a dry legal theme sufficiently authenticates. We venture the assertion that no money-god, in tireless pursuit of his millions, begins to get the deep satisfaction and pure happiness out of his exhaustive occupation that a man like Augustine Birrell gets out of his constant, conscientious and truly enriching work. Happy is that man who thoroughly feels, like him, that he has found his true vocation!

The Passing of a Noted Man.

The decease of Mr. Charles A. Dana, late editor of the *New York Sun*, on Sunday last, was an event in the obituary world. Mr. Dana's career as an editor was wholly unique in this country. Original, aggressive, addicted to startling paradox, yet not strictly sensational in his methods, he took a paper that everybody supposed had practically run its course, and created with it a fresh power in modern journalism. There was and is no paper of its own class in America.

Mr. Dana was trenchant in his treatment of men and questions, and could be, when he chose, pitilessly uncharitable. When he became convinced that it was unsafe to pursue a certain course any further, he would drop it out of sight as he would a live coal. One would not suspect that *The Sun* had ever mentioned it. He was expansive in his habit of thought, though he could readily contract it into the tightest dimensions to achieve a victory or punish an enemy.

On religious subjects he was to be classed a liberal, yet he, like all other men, was held in restraint by his temperamental and other limitations. He had passed through several stages of religious faith, resting at last in the broad and unshaken belief in a Universal Power by whom all things were created and governed in love; and to that Power he reverently confided his destiny. To Spiritualism he extended a large and active sympathy, whether accepting the phenomena as conclusive or not. But he evidently thought seriously, and in the sacredness of solitude, "on these things," and guided his life by his convictions.

He was one of the famous Brook Farm Colony, that tried its vain experiment in West Roxbury, near Boston, and subsequently moved on to New York, and at last found his way to *The Tribune*, in 1851. With Mr. George Ripley, also on the same paper, he edited and directed the publication of Appleton's *American Cyclopaedia*, in sixteen octavo volumes, and likewise issued from the press a volume of Household Poetry, the acknowledged nonpareil in the line of poetical selection and compilation.

He knew how to toil, and continued to do so up to the time when the summons came for his translation to another sphere.

A Good Scheme.

A rather original scheme for Eastern investors at the West has just been devised by John W. Breidenthal, State Bank Commissioner of Kansas, for the purpose of attracting capital from the East to the West. His plan is for the formation of a company by the real estate agents of the sixteen States west of the Mississippi River, and for the issue of a paper to be exclusively devoted to real estate interests. Each State of the sixteen will have the exclusive control of two pages of the paper, with an editor of its own, who shall decide what shall be printed for his State. It will thus be seen that the paper is to be one of thirty-two pages. In his opinion, now is the time for the Western States to advertise themselves, instead of being advertised by Eastern agents any longer. As Eastern people are now having more to say about the West than they have had for many years, he believes that by proper and accurate representations a great many of them can be induced to move out there and become fellow-citizens. Mr. Breidenthal says the experimental stage in the growth of the West has passed. The pioneers, he says, have ascertained just what sort of a crop is adapted to each locality. The wheat belt has been spotted, and the corn country outlined; people know where to engage in the cattle business, or where to grow fruit. In fact, the adaptability of each locality is accurately known. So that an Eastern man may go direct, and with no needless delay, to the locality exactly suited to the pursuit he proposes to follow. There will be no more guessing or blundering about it. The plan is expected to furnish a ready index for the investment of New York and New England capital.

The Independent Medical College of Chicago is conducted on the university extension plan, and Prof. T. A. Bland, M.D., has been authorized by the Board of Trustees to found a branch college in Boston. If you desire to become a physician and secure the legal right to practice, call on Dr. Bland, at 38 Worcester Square. See his card in another column.

Food and Feathers.

While so much law and gospel have been expended of late over the wearing of song-birds' feathers in women's hats, the question may now be fairly asked why little or nothing has been said about the indiscriminate slaughter of birds for the sport and the food of men. The sacrifice of the so-called reed bird to the stomachs of men, in the first class restaurants, involves the destruction of thousands on thousands of a magical song bird that is the fond admiration of all lovers of the winged muskmakers in our Northern clime of late spring and early summer. The reed-bird, in his state of gross transformation, is our airy music box—the bobolink. Behold him fluttering and flying on the intoxicating wavelets of his gleeful tumult of song across the gardens and fields and meadows, and think of him brutally trussed and done for entrance into the human stomach as a tomb! Yet men wonder at those who eat snails and birds'-nests, and are ready to regard anybody but themselves barbaric and without sensibilities.

Prof. Fred P. Evans announces to the public and his friends that he will remain in Boston until December, notwithstanding that he has received an anonymous letter advising him to leave the city within a week.

A Girl Medium in Detroit.

Miss Ethel Edwards, a girl of sixteen years, who lives with her parents in Detroit, caused quite a sensation when introduced to the large audience which assembled at Star and Crescent Hall last Sunday evening. Miss Edwards is still in short dresses, and looks more like fourteen than sixteen years old. She knows nothing of Spiritualism as a science or philosophy. She is of the blonde type, with regular features, bright and intelligent looking; her natural voice is soft and childlike; but as soon as the power takes her, instantly the person, mind and body, become transformed, the voice being full, deep and baritone in quality, while the face, in every element, is changed to that which is required by the serious work in hand. Her pose of body and gestures are easy and graceful, while the words and sentences seem to roll out with all the finish of the graceful oratory that would be expected of a Moses Hull or Cora L. V. Richmond. Miss Edwards is also a fine test medium. She will appear again before the Central Spiritual Union next Sunday evening.

C. W. BURROWS, M. D.,
Conductor Central Spiritual Union.
132 Michigan street, Oct. 14, 1897.

Growth of Habit.

The growth of habit—like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth—the seemingly unimportant events of life, succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Babe Will Defense.

Previously acknowledged \$438.73
Friends, Newark, N. J. 1.50
Mrs. S. Ely, " 50
Lida B. Brown, Rochester, N. Y. 1.00
Collection at Lawrence Oct. 17. 6.00
Total \$447.73

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union

Will hold its first monthly meeting in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, Thursday, Oct. 21, at 7:30 p. m. Good speaking and music will be in attendance. Supper will be served at 6 p. m. by the Industrial Society. Let there be a good attendance.

Mass Convention.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists will hold its next mass meeting at Newburyport, Tuesday, Nov. 16, 1897. Watch the **BANNER OF LIGHT** for particulars of same. *CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.*

It is almost unnecessary to speak of the playing of Sousa's peerless band, or of its admirable conductor, John Phillip Sousa, whose fame as a composer of marches is as great as that of Strauss as a composer of waltzes. The popular Conductor gets from his forces a delicacy of shading expression, precision and accuracy that is marvelous, and he infuses the music with a magnetic personal charm of his own which counts for much in its hold on the public. He plays fine music with breadth and power, and gives to popular airs a charm which they fail to achieve in any other rendering. This makes the *encores*, with which the leader is exceedingly generous, the most popular feature of a Sousa Concert. "Molly and I and the Baby," and "Sweet Marie," are played as if they were classical melodies. This Band with Sousa at Food Fair during week of Oct. 25 to Oct. 30.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Frank T. Ripley, speaker and platform test medium, now in Los Angeles, Cal., for a four months' engagement, will leave that place for Ohio next February. Bro. Ripley would like to make engagements en route to Ohio. Will societies address him for February, March and April, 125 West Sixth street, Los Angeles, Cal.

De Loss Wood, journalist-lecturer, Box 199, Danielson, Ct., will answer calls to speak for societies in New England.

Mrs. Lillie A. Prentiss has the following appointments: Pittsburg, Oct. 24 and Nov. 28; Waltham, Jan. 9. Societies desiring her services as a test medium may address her at 55 Shepard street, Lynn, or Box 322.

Lyman C. Howe is speaking in Pittsburg, Pa., the Sundays of October, and may be addressed at 2012 Forbes street, Pittsburg, Pa., for week-end lectures, and the Sundays of November. He is engaged for December in Buffalo, N. Y., and January and February in Milwaukee, Wis. Is yet free for March, April and May, 1898.

The address of G. W. Kates and wife during October and December is 234 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, N. Y. At Titusville, Pa., during November.

Henry B. Warner, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to address societies during October, November and December, in New England. Address 25 Hillside Avenue, Everett, Mass., or 9 Bosworth street, Boston.

Mr. J. S. Scarlett, trance and inspirational speaker and platform test medium, has a few open dates. Will be pleased to correspond with societies. Terms very moderate. Address 21 Pearl street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

W. J. Colville lectured in Haverhill Sunday evening, Oct. 17. Sunday next, Oct. 21, he speaks in Stoughton at 7:30 p. m., and Sunday, Oct. 31, in Brockton at 7 p. m. Address care **BANNER OF LIGHT**.

Mr. J. W. Kenyon has a few open dates for 1898 and camp work. Address him Cambridgeport, Mass., No. 265 Prospect street.

Mrs. J. W. Kenyon has the three last Sundays of December open, the first Sunday of November, the three last Sundays of January, and February and March of 1898. Societies desiring of first class test mediumship can address her Cambridgeport, Mass., 265 Prospect street.

J. K. D. Conant was in Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 3 and 10; Haverhill, Oct. 17. Will be there again May 1. Opened the Ladies' Aid of Lynn, Oct. 19. Will be in Lawrence Oct. 24, 31, Nov. 7, also Feb. 21 and 28; with the Cambridge Spiritual Industrial Society Nov. 24; Salem, Dec. 12 and 26; Malden, Jan. 2 and 16. Societies wishing for dates, either week evenings or Sundays, address her at **Banner of Light Building**.

If you like **THE BANNER**, speak a good word for it whenever you have a chance. It will be appreciated.

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. and 7:45 P. M. Speaker for October, Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings. Singing, the Ladies' Quartet. E. L. Allen, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary. 745 N. W. Street, Boston, Mass.

Boston Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Speaker for October, Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings. Singing, the Ladies' Quartet. E. L. Allen, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary. 745 N. W. Street, Boston, Mass.

Spiritual Fraternity meets at First Spiritual Temple, 54 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., every Wednesday afternoon and evening—beginning meeting at 4 o'clock, supper at 6 o'clock—in Donald Hall, 3 Boylston Place. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, President; A. Augusta Eldridge, Secretary.

Children's Progressive Lyceum—Spiritual Sunday School—meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 54 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. All are welcome. Mrs. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street—The Ladies' Lyceum Union meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening; supper at 6:30 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President; Mrs. Abbie Thompson, Secretary.

Lyceum Hall, 94½ Washington Street—Palm Memorial Building, side entrance—The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Mimmie M. Soule, Pastor, will hold services every Sunday at 2:45 and 7:45 P. M.

The First Spiritual Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening at 7:30 P. M. at 241 Tremont street, Mrs. Mattie E. Albee, President. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sydney street, Dorchester.

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

Elysian Hall, 920 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. B. Gilliland, Conductor.

Eagle Hall, 610 Washington Street—Meetings at 11, 2:45 and 7:45 Sundays, Dr. W. H. Ammer, Conductor.

Hiawatha Hall, 241 Tremont Street (near Elbow street)—Meetings Sundays at 11 A. M., 2:45 and 7:45 P. M., also 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 Building, 137 North Street, Boston, Mass., President, L. L. Whitcomb.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street—10:45 A. M., 2:45 and 7:45 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 2 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street—Meetings Tuesdays and Thursdays at 3 P. M. Sundays at 11, 2:45 and 7:45 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Williams, President.

Hills Hall—Meetings Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. Eben Cobb, Chairman.

Marble Hall, 514 Tremont Street—Meetings for speaking and tests Sundays at 2:45 and 7:45 P. M., by Mr. and Mrs. Osmond F. Sils.

Good Templars Hall, 1 Johnson Avenue, Charlestown—Sundays, 11 A. M., 2:45 and 7:45 P. M., 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. Dr. H. Hall, President; Mrs. Greengrove M. Chapman, settled speaker and medium.

Grand Army Hall, 578 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport—Sundays, 11 A. M., 2:45 and 7:45 P. M. Mrs. L. J. Akerman, Conductor.

Temple of Honor, 610 Washington Avenue—The Progressive Thought Society holds meetings every Sunday, morning, afternoon and evening.

The Cambridge Spiritualistic Industrial Society holds meetings the second and fourth Wednesdays in each month, in Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Massachusetts Avenue. Mrs. J. S. Super, President; Mrs. L. E. Keith, Secretary.

First Spiritual Temple, Newbury and Exeter streets—A correspondent writes: Sunday, Oct. 17, at 10:30 A. M., the continuity of life was demonstrated, when the manifestations were remarkably good. At 7:30 P. M., through Mrs. M. R. Goff, medium for full-form expression, with equally as good result; and at 2:30 P. M., W. J. Colville's lecture was one of the best ever delivered in the Temple.

Next Sunday, Oct. 24, at 10:30 A. M., the service will be for spirit manifestations. Mr. Colville at 2:30 P. M., and Mrs. M. R. Goff at 7:30 P. M.

Another correspondent writes: On Sunday, Oct. 17, W. J. Colville delivered a very forcible lecture in the Temple, Exeter and Newbury streets, on "Duties, Opportunities and Prospects of Organized Spiritualists," in view of the approaching Convention now in session in Washington.

The lecturer alluded to the kind reception accorded him by that worthy body in 1894, and again in 1896, on which occasion he was one of the delegates, and also one of the speakers at the evening mass meeting, which sufficed to fill to overflowing one of the largest halls in the Capital city of the nation.

Mr. Barrett and Mrs. Richmond, as President and Vice-President, were alluded to in terms of the warmest appreciation, and their united work referred to as one of the brightest results of modern inspiration, coupled with sincere enthusiasm for human liberty and enlightenment. Continuing, and passing from all personal mention to the purely general aspects of the grave questions under consideration, the speaker said: "Modern scholars are translating the first of the Beatitudes, which stand at the opening of the Sermon on the Mount, 'Blessed are the meek and lowly in spirit,' in place of the old ambiguous reading, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.'"

In this new reading, there is decided difference in meaning as well as change in language, and whether all students of the Greek Testament are agreed or not as to the legitimacy of this revised version on etymological grounds, there can be no two opinions as to the worth of the sentiment conveyed in the phrase, "Blessed are those who are always seeking light."

However much light we have already received from spiritual realms, we must always be petitioning for more, as the doctrine of an old hymn is sound beyond criticism, where it exclaims:

"Day by day the manna fell,
Oh, to learn this lesson well."

Spiritual food is needed in fresh supplies and in varied forms as well as quantities for human consumption. The methods of fifty, forty, thirty, twenty or even ten years ago, may not suffice for to-day; therefore we are not chargeable with inconsistency, because while teaching progress we seek to manifest progression in our practical methods of work.

We have said, and we say still, that there is work for the organized, and work also for the "free lances" in the spiritual movement, and we be to that spirit of bigotry and exclusiveness which would blindly extol one method and condemn all others.

For the earnest, zealous Spiritualist the way was never so open as now for spreading the growing light of Spiritualism, but it is needful for all who have the work at heart to ponder well such wise words as those of Dr. Willis in BANNER OF LIGHT Oct. 16. It is only selfish indifference, and the hateful desire of getting something for nothing, which hinders the forward march of any good work wherever its progress is impeded.

Millions of people are sure that the central claims of Spiritualism are true, but only thousands seem ready to take it upon themselves to make practical efforts to sustain a truth confessedly precious in their own lives. There are difficulties in the way of successful organized activity, but not one of these difficulties is insuperable, though the wise law of "give and take" must be lived up to.

Let us forget our dissensions and unite on what we consider main propositions; and let us gladly magnify agreements while minimizing causes of possible discord. Spiritualism can be carried into hundreds of churches and other places of public assembly to-day if it is only palatably presented; and by this we do not mean that persons who address the public should cloak convictions so as to curry favor, for such is despicable; what we do teach is that wise statements can be honestly made, which, though perfectly sincere from the standpoint of whoever makes them, are kindly conciliatory, not ruthlessly antagonistic.

The Bible can be wisely used as a text book, and its real teaching can be shown to teach Spiritual Philosophy, though no reasonable person could expect that any claim for literal infallibility could be sustained. Whatever is uplifting in the existing creeds can be accepted without effecting any compromise with dogmas which tend to enslave reason and lower the glory of manhood and womanhood.

It is every where the affirmative rather than the negative that needs to be emphasized.

Spiritualism has a gospel. It makes affirmations of a decided character, and undertakes to prove them. It should, therefore, be presented not as a downpuller of superstitions so much as an upbuilder of nobler structures.

We trust that the Spiritualists assembled in Washington will not fail to take a decided though a very liberal stand on all the great questions of the day, and devote much thought to defining, for public edification, the part to be played by organized Spiritualists in the near future as an influential, reformatory body.

Can you not, oh! organizing workers, send out to the world a platform worthy of an approaching Golden Jubilee, and let all outside your ranks see that within them there are elements of strength and definiteness, which will raise the name of Spiritualism higher than ever in the estimation of all who love justice and seek light?

On Tuesday, Oct. 19, W. J. Colville lectured on "Astrology"; on Friday, at 7:45 P. M., he replied to all sorts of questions.

On Sunday next, Oct. 24, the lecture at 2:30 P. M., will be on "The Next Great Step in Science, Philosophy and Religion."

Tuesday, Oct. 26, 7:45 P. M., "Palmistry, Is it a Science? How Useful is it?"

All seats free. Voluntary offerings.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall—J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y, writes: Good-sized audiences were in attendance at Berkeley Hall, both morning and evening, to listen to the lectures given by Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings.

Mr. Watson's piano recitals are becoming very popular.

The Ladies' Schubert Quartet are furnishing music that has never been equaled at these meetings. It will pay you to make a visit to this hall to listen to the beautiful music given by the above artists. The exercises were opened in the morning with a selection by the Quartet, after which Mrs. Richings rendered an invocation. Miss Butler sang a very beautiful contralto solo. Mrs. Richings prefaced her lecture by reading a poem entitled "The Legend of the Guardian Angel," and then took as the subject for her lecture "Guardian Angels."

Another correspondent writes: In the evening Mrs. Richings' subject, "The Saviors of the World," was suggested from a visit to the People's Temple, where ex-Priest Chiniquy was speaker. Alluding to the discourse she had heard at the People's Temple, Mrs. Richings continued, as Protestants and Romanists in their contentions lost sight of the spirit of the very religion they were fighting for, which was supposed to be a religion of love, she warned Spiritualists, in their attempts to promulgate Spiritualism, not to lose sight of the spirit of brotherly love. The lecture was prefaced by a poem entitled "Brotherly Love."

THE HELPING HAND SOCIETY—A. A. Eldridge, Sec'y, writes—held a very successful meeting Wednesday evening in Gould Hall; regular business meeting. Adjourned at six o'clock to the banquet hall, where supper was served to a good-sized party.

In the evening the meeting was opened by the audience singing "America," after which President E. L. Allen of the Boston Spiritual Temple made the opening remarks. He expressed the regrets of the Society in having to part with one of the Ex-Presidents, Mrs. Carrie P. Pratt, who is going to Florida for the winter; Mrs. Kate R. Stiles followed with remarks, closing with a poem entitled "The Angels"; Mrs. Alice Waterhouse spoke of the work done by true mediums; Mr. Fred Watson gave two of his masterpieces on the piano; Mrs. C. P. Pratt spoke of her interest in this Society, and of her proposed trip South; Mr. J. R. Snow, a member of the Spiritual Lyceum, read an original piece, entitled "Modern Spiritualism"; Mr. Mansergh, remarks; Mrs. Caird, psychometric readings.

This Society tenders a reception to Mrs. H. S. Richings—present speaker at Berkeley Hall Society—the last Wednesday of this month, Oct. 27. On the same evening the ladies will give a "Novelty Supper." Oct. 29 special business meeting.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

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

Evening—Supper at 6:30. Meeting at 8, with the following speakers present, beginning with piano solo by Prof. Kimbark. Remarks by Dr. N. P. Smith, Miss Webster, Mrs. J. W. Kenyon, Mrs. Cutting, Mrs. Conant, and an original poem by Mr. Webster, followed by the President, this closing the meeting.

On Thursday, Oct. 21, the Veterans meet with us, as last season.

Thursday, Oct. 26, will be the first dance of the season.

THE LADIES' LYCEUM UNION—Abbie F. Thompson, Sec'y, writes—met in Dwight Hall, Wednesday afternoon and evening, Oct. 13. Business meeting called to order at 5 o'clock. President Mrs. M. A. Brown in the chair. After business was transacted supper was announced.

The evening entertainment was given by the children, and they rendered some very fine selections. Those taking part were: Rosie Johnson, Little Alice Leavitt, Marie Antoinette Cyr, Little Eddie, Cora Chadwick; duet by Little Eddie and John—closed the exercises. Dancing was participated in until ten o'clock.

Next Wednesday is whist night, and Oct. 27 is young people's night.

THE FIRST SPIRITUAL LADIES' AID SOCIETY met at 241 Tremont street, Friday, Oct. 15—Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, writes—the President, Mrs. Mattie Albee, in the chair.

The evening exercises opened with music by the Hatch Brothers; Mrs. Waterhouse spoke briefly, and invited all to join the society; Mrs. Shackley, tests; Edward Hatch, readings; Mrs. M. A. Chandler, tests. Mr. Severn, of North Scituate, spoke briefly in regard to organization and temperance, and he thought these were two topics the Spiritualists should look into; Mr. Watson favored us with a fine piano selection; Mr. Mansergh, two selections, which were well received; Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., made brief remarks. Meeting closed with music by Hatch Brothers.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at this hall.

GOOD TEMPLARS' HALL, 1 JOHNSON AVE., CHARLESTOWN DIST.—A correspondent says: Sunday, Oct. 17, as early as seven o'clock, the hall began to fill, and before thirty minutes the room was filled to every seat.

The song service began at 7:30. Prof. Peak, leader and organist, assisted by Prof. Kimbark, cornetist; invocation by the Conductor, Mrs. E. J. Peak; song, "There'll be no Dark Valley," Mr. Thomas Sutton; Mrs. J. W. Kenyon recited a poem, following with a short address, continuing for nearly an hour with excellent tests; Mrs. Peak occupied the remainder of the evening giving readings and tests.

We have good mediums and talent, and invite all church-goers also to call and satisfy themselves.

All mediums are welcome.

HIAWATHA HALL—A correspondent writes: Sunday, Oct. 17, the three sessions were full of interest. Those who kindly took part, giving excellent remarks and correct tests and readings, were Dr. C. E. Huot, George Green, Mrs. J. A. Woods, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. Hanson, Kibbie, E. H. Tuttle. Mr. Tuttle rendered a

fine inspirational poem; also answered mental questions. Bro. Quilt spoke on the question, "Are Thoughts Things?" and spoke of the great work, with proofs of healing, at a distance. He was listened to with great attention, and was applauded at the close.

Our friend, the BANNER OF LIGHT, is for sale Sundays, also Wednesday afternoons.

COMMERCIAL HALL, Mrs. Wilkinson, President.—A correspondent writes: Sunday morning session began with song service, led by Mrs. Shelton. After singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the developing circle was conducted by Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Ratzell and Dr. Hall. Mrs. Nutter, excellent tests; remarks by Mrs. E. A. Cutting, Mrs. Carbee and several others.

Afternoon session—half-hour song service, led by Mrs. Rosie Wilson; Madam Carbee, astrological readings; Mrs. A. Hanson-Kibble, Mrs. E. A. Cutting, Mrs. J. W. Kenyon, Mr. Littlefield, Mrs. Nutter, Mrs. Mellen, tests and readings—all very accurate.

Evening session opened with the usual religious exercises. Mr. Seale, short but eloquent address on the growth of Spiritualism. The Jubilee Singers sang, and the following mediums took part in giving tests, readings and messages: Mrs. Kibbie, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Odiorne, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Wilkinson.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale on Thursdays and Sundays.

ELYSIAN HALL ASSOCIATES—a correspondent writes—held very harmonious meetings Sunday, Oct. 17. Many tests were given and thoughts expressed by Mesdames Gilliland, Haven, Powderly and Weston; Messrs. Hillings, Neil, Norse, Peterson, Smith, Warner.

Afternoon session opened by Madam Haven, followed by Messrs. Martin, Wright, Littlefield, Ibel and Dr. Huot.

7:30.—Duets, Mesdames Parker and Carleton; remarks on "Sowing the Seed" by Mrs. Gilliland; remarks and readings, Madam Haven, Mr. Littlefield, Mrs. Davidson and Mr. Hersey.

Our regular monthly peace council on Thursday evening. A cordial welcome to all.

Mrs. Gilliland, conductor; Nellie Carleton, organist.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE—Joseph Cooper, Sec'y, writes: The Providence Spiritualist Association, which holds meetings in Columbia Hall, corner Richmond and Weybosset streets, had for speaker on Sunday, Oct. 17, Dr. C. W. Hidden of Newburyport. Afternoon subject, "At the Threshold of the Great Beyond"; evening subject, "The Wonders of Hypnotism." Our hall was well filled.

On Sunday, Oct. 24, Dr. Hidden will be with us again. Afternoon subject, "The Newness of the Unseen"; evening subject, "Of Such is the Kingdom of God."

On Sunday, Oct. 31, Miss Lizzie Harlow will be with us.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the hall, 46 Zone street.

MEETINGS IN CHICAGO.

First Society of Spiritual Unity meets at Irving Hall, corner of West Madison and South Paulina streets, entrance 107 South Paulina street. Services every Sunday 11 A. M., 2:45 and 7:45 P. M. Mrs. Mary G. Lyman, speaker. Harmonical Circle, 111 South Paulina street, every Wednesday, 8 P. M.

The First Spiritual Temple Society meets at 7820 Hawthorn Avenue (Auburn Park), every Sunday evening at 7:45 o'clock. J. C. F. Grumbine is the permanent speaker. The School in Metaphysics, Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Inspiration and Psychopathy, meets at the same place during the week. Friends in Auburn Park, Englewood, Eggleston and in the city, as well as strangers, are cordially welcomed.

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The First Association of Spiritualists (founded 1892) meets at Warner Music Hall, Broad and Wallace streets. President, Capt. F. J. Koffer; 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.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in the department of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our counting-room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express a 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 the 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 Sept. 10, 1897.

Spirit Invocation.

Divine spirit of love, again, are we permitted meet in our séance room to prepare ourselves and others to bring our thoughts together and to bring the consciousness to those who know not the beauty of continuing life. We feel thankful this morning for the beauties and the many privileges that are given us, we feel thankful for even the trials and tribulations that surround the mortal body, for it is through these severe trials that we get discipline and experience. We know that art like unto a loving father and mother, who would give their best thoughts and advice to their children; we know we are part and parcel of the great divine spirit, we are the children of the living God. We realize also, both in spirit and in mortal, that we need the assistance of others—we need protection and assistance in all things—and we only get that assistance by assisting others; so this morning we are preparing the pathway to open up communion between the two worlds and assist some soul and send forth some word of comfort to those in earth-life through spirit communion. We thank thee for the assistance that thy great divine spirit has given us in times gone by. Oh! draw each one unto thyself, the higher ego, for as we seek, so shall we find. Be with us, oh! thou great spirit of love, and give us patience and perseverance to seek and to know that thine arm of protection is still around us, and we can rest thereon. Guide us and bless us now, and through eternity. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Jabez P. Dake.

Good morning. I am pleased at this privilege of trying to control this medium, and I feel when we speak of friends or friendship or our family, we seem to express ourselves in a little different tone. I have oftentimes been present in your circle-room, and being a physician while on earth plane, was very much interested in homeopathy. I have observed that small doses work with more practical good, and it seems to me that when the spirit returns to the earth-sphere, and is trying to make his friends understand him, and perhaps, as the mortal oftentimes says, trying to identify himself, it seems to me a good deal as it did while I was in earth life. We try to overcome, we are too anxious to have success, we are anxious to bring about results, and in a hurry to get to the point that we had been striving for, so that others might recognize us as the individual.

We all who have made a study of medicine scientifically know that it was not always the medicine that killed, but the impatience of either the physician or the patient to see the results of certain things and certain effects, hence we oftentimes find that an overdose does not give as good results as something very simple, and I feel I have left a record by the influence of my natural life, so I am confident I am not forgotten. I may have passed from the memory of some, but I have not been forgotten. I still have an interest in progress, and the advancement of life through all channels from whence it falls. I wish to say to all that I have not regretted the decided steps that I took while in the body as to the consciousness of what I thought was right.

I wish to reach a nephew that is somewhat interested in your spiritual philosophy and phenomena, and to say to him that I am more conscious to day of the wonderful power magnetic healing is. While I realize the power of animal magnetism in earth, I could analyze it better as to how the application should be, and as to the law that governs it, and reason why that magnetic treatment will help some, and does not help others; the same reason why under certain conditions we would apply certain remedies, and expect certain results, but I am not going to give them a lesson this morning nor a lecture on what I learned, but I merely want to say to him that I am with him in his work, and will try to make myself useful through all, and under what circumstances I possibly can, and I wish all of my friends and relatives to realize that while the old physical body had been wrecked by paralysis, and pretty well worn out, I am beginning to realize that the disease went with the body, and not with the spirit, but my head was somewhat confused after the shock, and while not trying I have brought that condition with me, and so will not say any more this morning, but I wish to be remembered to all, as I shall be well remembered in Boston, also in Nashville, Tenn., for that was my home. Jabez P. Dake.

Heman Snow.

Good morning. It seems to me this morning I would like to send out a few words of encouragement, if that word may be expressed to all. I think there is nothing in earth-life that assists us so much as to hear from our friends that are gone away; but it do not make any difference whether they are in spirit or absent from the material home, they are always missed. I do not expect to be able to give such an eloquent communication as the one that just preceded me; but each one of us must stand in our own allotted places and do our own work in our own way. Some of us in earth life had better advantages for an education than others, but when we do the best we know how, we think we all fill up our gap in the earth-sphere. I was pretty well rounded out before I passed from the earth-life, and I had been pretty active, for I always found enough to do; I have got those very near me

in earth-life who just now are feeling kind of odd, both physically and mentally, and it looks to me as though a few words through your valuable paper would not hurt them. I thought this was the best way to make myself known, for I was well acquainted with your paper while in earth life, and I used to enjoy reading the messages that came from the spirits. I always liked to hear from my own friends, because I had a great many in spirit previous to my coming over. I enjoyed hearing from them through whatever channel they would be able to make themselves known, and I also feel that that will be the way my message will be received, because I have many friends scattered around, not so very far off, but they are all around in different places, trying to round out their own lives and doing what duties they can perform, both to benefit themselves and others. I feel like saying to them all, Do not think because we have stepped out of the material we are absent in person; we are present with you oftentimes in the spirit. I don't feel really strong this morning, for it is somewhat strange; when we come in contact with another instrument we do not know how to handle it; but I will try and do the best I can, for I want my friends to know I am here, and I want them to know I have met all the dear loved ones on the spirit side. Caroline is with me this morning, and so is Mary and father and mother, and oh, so many! too many to give them individually, but you may hear from them sometime if the opportunity can be given.

I left a companion in earth-life who is now nearer the spirit than ever before; I mean when I say that, she is in spirit with me in her thoughts; and the dear brother that I have reference to has not been very well of late. I wish them to know that I am still with them. Then I have some boys, that father has not forgotten. They are all scattered around—some one place and some another, but I shall be remembered in Boston still, and in New York, also, and well around the Cape in Massachusetts, for that is where my home was. I wish to send encouragement to the workers of Harwich, Mass., for there are those who have tried to hold the meetings together, and I have been with them. I have seen the struggles and adversities, and I have oftentimes wished I could help you even more than I have; but just say to the Harwichport people, and all who will be familiar with me, that Dr. Storor, our old President, and myself are here. I used to be President of that Society myself, so you see there are two ex-Presidents here this morning, wishing to give strength and encouragement to all. I wish I had more time, but time is limited this morning, and I do not wish to overtax the strength of the medium, so just say to them that Heman Snow is with you this morning, and wishes to be remembered to all his own friends, even in Pennsylvania, where I shall be remembered, I think, through my workings with the oil companies; but my home, where I am the most anxious to reach, is on the Cape.

Mabel Wellington.

Well, I would like to come in this morning, just for a minute, and see if I can send a letter from your post office, and if I would be able to reach some of my friends who are yet in earth-life; but I don't know where you will find them, for I have been out of the body so very long, and there have been so many changes that I can't find out just where to locate them. I can sense them feeling badly, and I know I can get to them in spirit; but I can't make them understand me, for they do not know anything about Spiritualism, nor did I when I was in the body; and so for that I wish to reach my sister and two brothers.

The last I knew of my sister she was in Chicago, Ill., but she is a public singer, and is on the road so much that I cannot at all times place her; but lately she has become a little bit interested in Spiritualism, because there is a lady where she visits who is interested; and I heard her say that if Mabel could only send her a message, or if she could meet with some one whom I could speak with, she would like to have me; and I have been trying to reach some body, so that I could make her understand I can come and tell her that mother is with me.

I saw THE BANNER lying on this lady's table, and the thought just came to me: Why not send a letter through the paper, and then Agnes would find it, and she would know what it meant. I want to give her real name, not the name by which she is known by the public; but her real name is Agnes Wellington, and mine was Mabel. I have been out of the body, I think, eight or ten years, and I passed away with pneumonia. I have Frank and William; they were in New York when I passed away. Say father and mother are with me in spirit, and so is little Dick. She will know what I mean when I say that. So just put that down, and I know that Mrs. Hayes, who gets THE BANNER, will see it, and she will give it to my sister. Thank you very kindly.

Jerry F. Brown.

Well, just put me down as Jerry F. Brown. It is a plain name, but no matter. I think I can come in and be recognized, for when I was in earth life I was interested in shipping; not in the boat business, but in shipping. I was very familiar with what you call the waterfront, especially in New York, and I am somewhat known in Boston, although my former home was in Maine, and I feel a good deal this morning as others do. I think it is well once in a while to let your people know where you are, and if you are still in existence, and enjoying yourself just as much as ever. I went out of earth-life somewhat quick, and I was always busy, so I was not very well acquainted with your philosophy, although I did know something about mediums, and once in a while I used to like to go to your meetings and hear them talk, for it used to amuse me, if anything; but since I have been out of the body I have noticed that I would have been a little better off, perhaps, if I had taken a little bit more serious.

I would like to reach my family, for I left a wife and four children, and although the children have now got to a pretty good age, and able to take care of themselves, I do not think the conditions that surround my wife are just what I would like to have, and I think if I was able to come in contact with her somehow, I would like to; and you will locate her in Hartford, Ct., where I seem to sense her the most with a brother of hers, where she is keeping house for him. His wife is in spirit, and she is with me this morning, and joins in sending her love and best wishes, and wants to encourage them both, and she thanks her for the kindness she has shown her family, and she seems to be well pleased with what has been done. So with that, in making it a

joint communication this morning, I don't know as I can talk very well, but would like them to meet me in private somewhere, and I will try and assist them both, as there is a little bit of uneasiness as to the future. So just say I have come in, and if they will give me the opportunity to talk, will tell them more. My own home when I left the body was in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Eliza C. Men.

Well, now, I should like to send a few words this morning, also, to those in the body, and especially to Vermont, as you see each one of us brings our own elements and our own conditions. I have been out of the body somewhere in the neighborhood of three or four years, but would like to say to them that I have not been absent from my home all the time, but have met so many on the spirit side that I have been talking with them for a long time, to try and make ourselves known through THE BANNER OF LIGHT, because I have heard my friends ask that question so much: "Why don't those who come through THE BANNER Message Department come more often? or why don't my friends come in?" And it seems sometimes hard for them to understand that we can only come in according to the way we can control the medium.

I feel a little bit anxious this morning, because my companion and friends up home have been a little bit mixed up lately in connection with the mortal life, and I think I would like to encourage them. I thought it would open up an avenue to send them a long letter through THE BANNER, for I was somewhat interested while in life, and I knew it was of great assistance to me. I knew the dear ones were around me, and if it had not been for that, I never would have been able to sustain the physical as long as I did. I want them to know that while I may lie silent, and you do not hear the familiar voice, I have not forsaken them. They know I am with them in spirit lots of times, and I sense their thoughts and feelings very much. Just say this morning, as I feel the time is limited, this is an opportunity I took, as I may not get another for some time; and say that Eliza Carmen is here, and my home was in South Clarendon, Vt. You can put Holden on the end of my name, because my last husband's name was Holden, and they will understand me.

Mary Ann Milton.

Well, I am more than pleased at this privilege this morning, and it seems so pleasant that I have the privilege of sending a few words of comfort and consolation to sustain and help those that are still struggling in the earth-life. I myself was a believer in Spiritualism while in the body, but my friends were not, but things were not then what they are now, and they thought that I was very foolish to interest myself in such a belief, but years have gone by, and time has changed, and many have joined me in spirit since I passed away, and I notice that progress has advanced Spiritualism to-day, and Spiritualism is not thought of as such a terrible thing to day as it used to be. I have wondered many times if they would recognize me if I would come, and I have wanted to so many times, but was kept back with that feeling of "Don't believe it." Well, I have felt that it don't make any difference whether they believe it or don't believe it, there are some things around them that they shall know what I mean, that the time is not far distant when it will be necessary for them to express acknowledgment to Spiritualism. I want them to know that Aunt Hannah has not been dead so long, and I have ministered unto them even in silence, because I knew the work would be done and accomplished. I was more than pleased when I saw Herbert acknowledge in a public meeting his grandfather's name, and I thought by that, that it might give me an opportunity to impress them further, that if the spirit can assist them in telling them how to conduct the business affairs, I don't see why we would not be a benefit to them in spiritual affairs.

Say that Mary Ann Milton is with you this morning, and my father was John M., and my mother was Mary Elzabeth Graham before she was married, and I want this message to go to Herbert. I speak of these things, for I know they will criticize what has been said, but I can tell them more if they will only give me an opportunity, and I shall be recognized right here in this city many, many years ago, but the friends I wish to reach are in Southern California, and I know they once in a while look your paper over from curiosity, and other times thinking perhaps they might see something that they would recognize; and just say that Bessie Miller is also with me this morning, and he will know who that is, and I could give him many more this morning, but the time is limited, and I will bid you a good-by.

Messages to be Published.

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. Hagan; Adeline Jackson Handley; Elder William Osgood; Samuel P. Barrett. Oct. 1.—Rev. Foster Hendry; Honora E. Powers; Thomas L. Loring; Hiram Austin; Morris Lynch; Walker R. Littlefield. Oct. 8.—Mary Maloney; William Parmenter; Jessie McFarland; J. P. Greenleaf; Sarah E. Beare; Abigail Howe. Oct. 15.—Caroline Haynes; Walter Watson; Jeremiah Logan; E. P. Wilson; Charles Burns; George Pettengill.

OUR WORKERS.

Unerring and unfaltering,
Through bitter strife and toil,
Ght struggling hard to maintain life,
Like seeds in stony soil,
Three earnest hearts, with ready hands,
And faithful volunteers—
The Ladies' Aid has grandly lived
And worked for forty years.

You pioneers of early days
Who founded this grand work,
All honor do we pay to you,
Who duty never would shirk.
You shrank not then from earthly cares,
Nor heeded public jeers,
But founded well the Cause, which now
Has lasted forty years.

As one by one you pass away,
In higher realms to dwell,
Return again, oh! unto us,
And to us wisdom tell.
You're starving fed, the naked clothed,
And dried the sufferer's tears,
And may you reap a harvest rich
With work of forty years.

The good you've done these years now passed,
Has proved a lesson true,
That those who're filling now your place
Can take the work from you.
May you receive the blessings due
From friends of higher spheres,
And strive to keep the Ladies' Aid
Another forty years.

E. W. HATCH.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By John Lewson, Chicago.] What care must we take of our physical bodies in order to make them beautiful and strong temples in which the spirit shall dwell, without interfering with the perfect and steady progress of our spiritual existences? Please state in your answer the laws pertaining to:

1. What food shall we eat so that we shall have nourishment without waste?
2. How long shall we sleep so that we may be giving the body just enough rest, and no more? And
3. What amount of rest generally do we need, if any, without being guilty of wasting time and missing opportunities to do good?

Ans.—The above three questions are virtually one; and as they perfectly interblend we shall make no attempt to answer them separately, though we hope our general answer may afford food for some thought and call forth additional inquiries.

The care of the body as such is often greatly overestimated, and in a manner which plainly defeats the end in view; for among chronic invalids there have always been, and there yet are, numbers of persons who devote almost their entire time and thought to studious care for the body. Properly treated the body requires far less care than it frequently receives; and though it is customary to employ the terms *careful* and *careless*, as though the one represented virtue and the other vice, there are time-honored expressions, in the New Testament and elsewhere, which embody a diametrically opposite view. "Be careful for nothing," is a wise injunction when rationally explained, and "higher carelessness" is by no means an inadmissible expression. The physical frame continually responds, even automatically, to the inward state of its builder and operator.

It is not when we are thinking most, but usually when we are thinking least, of the body that it serves us most perfectly and is in the most vigorous condition.

Now as to food, sleep, exercise and all other necessary conditions, these can all be self-regulating; and by this we mean that when we live healthily in thought we shall find our outward propensities and appetites correspondingly healthy.

We know that there are those who contend that physical exercises of some peculiar sort are highly essential to mental and moral as well as physical development; but, without denying the usefulness of exercise *per se*, we do not feel able to recommend stilted and artificial processes of culture.

The interior life of thought is the matter of highest importance, and we know well, from constant experience, that no special mode of external action is suited to the needs of all persons alike; for not only must difference in temperament, but difference in occupation, be taken into account when we discuss the *pros* and *cons* of outward habits.

There is a good deal of relative truth in the old proverb, "What is one man's meat is another's poison," which is only a very extreme statement based on a recognition of the law of variety as applied to human works and needs.

Taking into account the complex requirements of modern existence, we must either doom certain workers to chronic disease on account of the peculiar nature of their demanded employments, or else point out an operation of natural psychic law, which removes all penalty from faithful discharge of honest work.

Nature shows us certain birds and animals whose practice it is to rise very early in the morning, and retire as soon as the sun goes down; but many other creatures, equally healthy in their native condition, are impelled by inborn instinct to sleep by day and roam abroad by night.

Man represents all varieties of lower life, and is capable of adapting himself to all climates and conditions, though it must be confessed there are individuals to whom an outdoor life on a farm is far better adapted than any sedentary occupation or any sort of employment which necessitates late retiring and consequently late rising. There are to be found in every community men and women with whom late hours naturally agree. These people can work on newspapers as night editors and reporters, and can serve as night clerks in hotels and in various other capacities where they cannot sleep so much by night as by day.

To tell people that they must either give up their occupation or be ill is surely not very comforting, nor can it be ever practical unless you stand ready to show the person who should leave one situation where he can obtain another better suited to his temperamental needs.

In an ideal state of society all kinds of work will be done at all hours by people adapted to do it, and when a general scheme of education is carried out to the extent of acknowledging individual peculiarities, and training experts in lines to which they are best of all adapted, it will surely be found that one necessary occupation is just as healthful as another in the main, and that spiritual development can accompany physical exercise and intellectual growth in all cases.

Food is a very vexed question, because of the numerous conflicting dietary theories everywhere extant. It has never been proved to demonstration that any prescribed course of eating has been best for all types of humanity, though it may be safely affirmed that frugality is much to be preferred to excess. Those food reformers who base their objection to a flesh diet on humane and artistic grounds are certainly pioneers in a progressive movement, but the dyspeptic fraternity, which is moved by fear of physical consequences, and dares not eat what the system craves, is in abject slavery to adverse auto-suggestion.

Though it is quite possible to determinately regulate the amount of food to be eaten, and the number of hours to be passed in sleep, we are inclined to rebel against a permanent limitation of any sort.

If you have done a heavy day's work you may need ten hours' sleep after it, while after a light day's occupation six hours' slumber may suffice. The real question at issue is, however, rather one relating to *quality* and *depth* than to simple amount of sleep judged by the time occupied in slumber.

Napoleon I. rarely if ever took more than four hours' sleep during the night when his work was heaviest and his responsibilities heaviest, but that remarkable man, who did everything he undertook with phenomenal thoroughness, was a singularly profound sleeper, and thus received more benefit from one hour's repose than light nervous sleepers receive from what they call a "full night's rest."

It is a pity that so many people regard time passed in sleep as wasted, because sleep gives opportunity for interior education. We strongly advise every one of our readers to make a practice of expecting enlightenment during sleep, and while some are no doubt more disposed to remember the incidents of dreams and the particulars of visions than are others, it is possible for every one to wake in the morning wiser than the night before, in consequence of having psychically or subjectively absorbed knowledge while sleeping.

To sum up our advice, we would say: 1. Eat when you are hungry because you are hungry, and such articles of food as commend themselves to you as most appropriate for the time being. Do not stint your normal appetite, but eat no more than you can keenly enjoy. The eating of food ought to be a real delight, and should invariably be accompanied with cheerful thoughts, and, when practicable, happy conversation.

2. Suggest to yourself, as you retire for the night, that you will sleep just as long as it best for you to sleep, and that during sleep you will receive interior enlightenment specially adapted to your present and most pressing needs.

3. Opportunities for doing good present themselves at every turn, to those who wish to do good, and as you can never do so much good as when you are in your brightest, healthiest condition, look upon your rest and all that tends to your own benefit as a preparation for the noblest service you can render. Never permit yourself to be blindly led by other people's fancies about food, sleep, or anything else. Consult your own highest promptings, live your own life, do not try to ape another's, and in that way you will grow daily and hourly increasingly receptive to wise spiritual direction.

WRITING PLANCHETTES for sale by Banner of Light Publishing Co. Price 60 cents.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Waltham, Mass., Oct. 3, Mrs. ENRIQUE U. MAYO, wife of John Mayo, aged 90 years and 6 months.

Forty years of her life were devoted to treating the sick, as a clairvoyant, and thousands of suffering ones were benefited and cured by her ministrations. She leaves one only daughter, who is sustained by the knowledge that her mother has not left her, but will be with her to cheer and bless her. The little home was thronged with friends at the funeral, and beautiful flowers surrounded the aged form. It was her request many years ago that the writer should officiate at her funeral if she went home first. May good angels sustain us all in love until we meet beyond these shadows, is the earnest prayer of M. S. WOOD.

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

How Old are You?

You need not answer the question, madam, for in your case age is not counted by years. It will always be true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age so deeply upon woman's beauty as gray hair. It is natural, therefore, that every woman is anxious to preserve her hair in all its original abundance and beauty; or, that being denied the crowning gift of beautiful hair, she longs to possess it. Nothing is easier than to attain to this gift or to preserve it, if already possessed. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. It does this by simply aiding nature, by supplying the nutrition necessary to health and growth. There is no better preparation for the hair than

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

