

BANNER OF LIGHT.

SEP 8 1898

VOL. 84.

{ Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass. }

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

{ \$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free. }

NO. 2.

The Golden Jubilee.

Fifty Years of Spiritualism in America. Our Past and Present. Shall We Absorb or be Absorbed? Obstacles in Our Way. Organization. Shall We Have Leaders? Shall We Have a Declaration of Principles? Shall We Have Settled Speakers? A Crisis Upon Us. What of Our Future?

Delivered at the Rochester Jubilee, 1898, by J. M. Peebles, M. D.

Many thoughts, memories, and considerations of vital importance, relating to this grand jubilee occasion, thrill my soul this moment to its very depths. We have come from the North and the South, the East and the West, to review the past, to rejoice in the present, and to plan work, in connection with the higher powers, for the incoming future—the next fifty years.

The yesterdays conspired to make the to-days. Without the past the present could not have been. For ages history had recorded in brick and stone, on parchment, papyrus, and rock inscriptions, the rise and growth, the decline and fall of nations in Asia and Africa, and later, Europe; but the history of America remained a blank, its very existence being unknown to the swarming Orient.

At length a new land was discovered. Columbus, mooring his ships on the coast of this continent, found it peopled with millions of aborigines, who, with open hearts and hands, received the white new-comers. They at first supposed these Spaniards to be gods, but soon found them to be ruthless invaders—selfish human demons greedy for gold. The cry of these Spanish Christians was, "Your lands, or a war of extermination."

Later there flocked from Europe the Hollanders, the Huguenots, the Scotch and the Puritans, a strange interblending. They fled from persecution to become in time themselves persecutors. They fled to a land magnificent in its resources; in its wide range of climate and rich products; with skies brilliant as those of Italy; winter resorts, the peer of Cannes, the Riviera, and Mentone; waters as healing as those of Carlsbad and Baden Baden; air as healthful as Algiers and Egypt, plains as productive of breadstuffs as the valleys of the Nile and the Ganges in their palmiest days; mines far richer than ancient Golconda and Ophir; a land of furs in the north, and orange groves in the south; a land of progress, of civil liberty and of human betterment; a land whose possibilities were so vast that the wildest visionary did not and has not as yet scarcely begun to comprehend the mighty outcome of a land where

"The sounding aisles of the dim woods ring
With the anthems of the free."

It was here that angels planned to sow the seed and plant the tree of life—Modern Spiritualism. The Fox sisters, the discoverers and founders, were of as little note in the world as were those historic women of old, who were "last at the cross and first at the grave" of the martyred Nazarene.

When the time for a new dispensation had come, angel fingers touched the electric button. The Fox sisters caught the echoing sounds, translated them, and so demonstrated a future existence. Materialism was struck dumb, and sectarian orthodoxy sunk away, for the hour, in grim dismay.

Half a Century Ago.

Fifty years since those mystic rappings, and what marvelous changes! Watchman, what of the night? Is the star rising? Is the sun of truth in the ascendancy? Are those that are for us more than those that are against us? What have Spiritualists during the past fifty years accomplished? What is the real foundation-stone of Spiritualism? Do Spiritualists require any leaders? Are settled speakers desirable? What questions have Spiritualists settled? Has organization proven a success? What has been the character of spirit-influence upon the lives of mediums? Have we any declaration of principles? What does Spiritualism in the estimation of the world stand for?

These inquiries, with others quite, if not more important, require consideration and the best thought of the most highly inspired minds constituting this Jubilee Convention. Each co-worker present will no doubt speak as fearlessly, as conscientiously, from his or her standpoint. Personally, no padlock shall fasten my lips, nor fear palsy my tongue. "If the truth offend," said St. Jerome, "be ye offended." Peace, if possible, is my motto, but the right, the truth at all hazards. This is the voice of all true manliness.

For many years I had no warmer, nobler personal friend than Prof. S. B. Brittan, and often since his resurrection out of the mould of mortality into the higher completeness of immortality, have I had the most direct and satisfactory communication with him. He has never had any difficulty in proving his identity. Just before leaving the Pacific coast, and while having a sitting with Mrs. Freitag, unexpectedly Prof. Brittan announced his presence, and said in substance:

"I see you are pondering and revolving in your mind as to what will be the outcome of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. Doubtless it will be an important occasion, and one that will interest us immortals, as you are pleased to denominate us, quite as much as it will yourselves, who are yet clothed with mortality. While assuring you of my presence and that of others of the old pioneers, who went forth weeping, bearing precious seeds, I wish, if you feel so disposed, that you would make some

use of one or more of my positions while in the body upon a similar occasion. Inspired at that time, I broached thoughts and expressed ideas in advance of my period, causing considerable controversy. Strange as it may seem to you, there are spirits on our side opposed to organization, and others strenuously opposed to an inter-communication between the two worlds; others still make use of the communicating channels for selfish and various unspiritual purposes. I send greetings of good-will to the Jubilee."

This communication, clear-cut and Brittan-like, reveals to us the interest that resurrected souls take in the bettering of humanity. And why not, since consciousness, memory and identity, in their deepest, widest sense, accompany them to those evergreen shores of life.

To be or not to be, is not the question with Spiritualists. To be—to exist consciously in a future life of activity—is with them a settled question. They know that the dead, so-called, are alive. They know that these mortal bodies are raised again only in the mosses, the grasses and the wild vines that twine alike around tower and tombstone. They know that those whom on earth they loved live as conscious identities hereafter—live and love them still. They know these facts through spiritual phenomena, through science, philosophy and the historic testimonies of the ages. They know the higher truths of Spiritualism through consciousness, reason, the soul's intuitions and the cultured judgment of the enthroned Ego within—the divinity in humanity!

Spiritualists are not Materialists, for they consider matter as little more than illusion. At best, it is only the covering and temporary instrument of Spirit. Spiritualists are not Agnostics, for, in place of "We don't know," they have inscribed in imperishable characters of light and truth upon the portal of their divine philosophy, "We do know!" We know that the so-called dead are more vigorously alive to the activities of growth and soul-unfoldment than are the masses yet dwelling in the fleshly tabernacles of mortality.

Job's inquiry, "If a man die, shall he live again?" is never asked or reiterated by Spiritualists, and because man—essential man—never dies. It is the body, the physical temple only, that decays. The body, however beautiful and perfect, is in no sense the man, but the machinery that the spirit temporarily uses in accomplishing the varied purposes that pertain to this primary stage of existence.

This moment I am immortal. This moment I am a conscious, individualized spirit, living in a dual world, the world of matter and the over-arching, infilling world of spirit. You, oh! fellow-pilgrims, are all immortal now, clothed in mortality. You are gods, made in the image of God.

"The world hath felt a quickening breath
From heaven's eternal shore,
And souls triumphant over death
Return to earth once more.
For this we hold our Jubilee,
For this with joy we sing—
'O Grave, where is thy victory?
'O Death, where is thy sting?'"

"Our expanse leaves are laid aside
For Amarantine flowers,
For Death's cold wave does not divide
The souls we love from ours.
From pain and death and sorrow free,
They join with us to sing—
'O Grave, where is thy victory?
'O Death, where is thy sting?'"

The prophet, when standing upon the Mount of Vision, declared, "That God breathed into man the breath of life"; that is, breathed into him conscious spirit, a potentialized portion of himself, breathed into man by the law of influx, immortality; because God is immortality itself. This was original evolution. God is spirit. God is life itself. God is energy, intelligence, power, wisdom and love—infinite and unchanging.

Man stands upon the very apex of the earth's organic pyramid, made in the divine image. He is a finite spirit. He is the crowning glory of evolution. He can say to sun, moon and stars, you may perish, but I, a thinking, conscious, progressive being, shall live on and on, traversing the immeasurable spaces, eternally approaching, yet never reaching, infinite perfection.

The to-days largely fashion and function in the to-morrows. This life is a school, out of which we graduate one by one into a life of infinitely better facilities. And by an inexorable law we take the harvests of this life along with us. Never can self get away from conscious self. Though at death's door, we move up one step higher; we take consciousness, thought, purpose and will with us. And this myself—this yourself—this mortal status of attainment in this present life, determines our condition, at least temporarily, in that new and higher stage of existence.

Cause and effect are links in the never-ending chain of being. There are heavens of brightness over there and hells of moral darkness. There are prisons there, primary reformatories, higher schools, academic departments, and universities of transcendent brilliancy in those magnificent mansions of the angels. Examinations, self-examination,

the most rigid, precede graduations and promotions in those higher etherialized realms of immortality. Over the golden portal of those celestial spheres is written, "Enter only when thou art worthy."

No thought is lost. Memory is the recording angel, conscience the undying worm. And the divine, immort Ego, the enthroned God within, is ever saying to the self-conscious depraved, "Depart, depart for further discipline. Depart, and only return for promotion when bringing with you garnered sheaves, as harvested souls." Being good, doing good, and in saving others, we save ourselves. Salvation in all worlds is of works.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

And yet, upward all things tend. No star sets that does not rise again. God's mercy endureth forever.

"I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring."

"Not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

Spiritualism is of God.

Every structure to be permanent must have a substantial foundation. And the foundation of Spiritualism is Spirit, in which are embodied consciousness, force, immutability. The Trinity of Athanasius—all of the old churchian ideas of God must go. They well became the babyhood period of the races. But antiquity and its gods are all dead. Science and reason are now busily engaged in burying them. But such modern-coined phrases to represent God as "the causeless cause," "the underlying law," "the infinite variety," "the absolute reality," "the eternal force," "the indwelling potency," "the infilling energy," fail—all most effectually fail in satisfying the reason, or touching the soul's deepest emotions. A potency, a presence, or an energy without intelligence is only comparable to an all-diffusing gas, or a boundless ocean of gaseous nothingness in space.

A God without consciousness, intelligence, wisdom and love is in fact little more than provoking emptiness! Let us away then with all sophistries, and say with a straight-out manliness, Spirit-Infinite Spirit is God, in which are centered life, force, intelligence, law—everything that is great and good and beautiful. These exalted conceptions, while carrying conviction, touch the great heart of humanity and command both confidence and reverence.

There are a few platform Spiritualists, standing upon the stilts of their own fancy, who seem half afraid of the very word God. Mention it, and they fly back to the Jehovah of the Jews, and begin to furiously dilate upon his anger, his jealousy, his commands to "butcher the men, women and children of the old Canaanitish nations." But stop! I have said nothing about the Jehovah of the Jews, nor the Zeus of the Greeks, nor the Jupiter of the Romans, nor any other national deity. I said God—God, whom Proclus defined as Causation—whom Jesus pronounced Spirit—A. J. Davis, the Great Positive Mind, and whom Theodore Parker denominated in tones most tender, "Our Father and our Mother too." If the ignorant confound God with Jehovah or Jupiter, the thinker is not to blame. If the depraved confound love with lust, the socialist is not to blame. If the unprincipled politician confounds liberty with license and anarchy, the statesman is not to blame—no man is required to find both brains and comprehension for others. Spirit is God, and Spiritualism, therefore, is of God!

Spiritualism a Science.

What are our sources of knowledge? Obviously, the facts of observation and experience, as recognized by and interpreted by reason.

We are all conscious of such sensations as color, hardness, acidity, form and others, which reason arranges and classifies. And accordingly, out of these recognized facts of sensation we construct our science of matter—physics, in the broadest sense of that word. And further, relying upon our consciousness and our intuitions, we determine that we are intellectual beings and also religious beings. As a correct classification of the facts observed in the physical world in connection with reason gives us a science of the intellect, or psychology; so from a correct classification of the facts of physical or spiritual phenomena, which no intelligent men having respect for his intellectual reputation, now denies, we construct the science of Spiritualism.

It is not hypothesis—it is not assumption; but it is demonstrated just as definitely as any other science, by consciousness, observation, experience and sound judgment. Spiritualists may in minor matters disagree. The forms and methods connected with Spiritualism may change—the same is true of the science of geology, the science of botany or chemistry. The whole terminology and science of chemistry has changed since my academic days; but the laws and principles underlying chemical action have not changed. New discoveries, new phenomena and new hypotheses are continually being connected with or added to the science of Spiritualism. But the cornerstone, which is Spirit, remains fixed and abiding.

Metaphysically speaking, occultism or spiritualism under some name was the light bearer that, all along the cycling periods of the past, in a measure, illumined the world; while Modern Spiritualism in its truer, higher aspect is a science, a religion and a philosophy—aye, more; it is the philosophy of all philosophies, encompassing the depths below us, the side

real heavens above us, the boundless universe itself!

The phrase often used by some of our speakers, "Man is a religious animal," must be dropped. Man is not an animal. His spirit did not originate in, nor is it an outpour from the animal kingdom. Brutality does not, cannot evolve up into spirituality. No—man is not "a religious animal," but a noble, religious being, a possible angel, gifted with such moral powers and mighty, potent prophecies as to warrant the eternal unfoldment of all his God-given attributes.

No, I repeat, man is not an animal; he does not crawl like the worm, walk on four feet like the jackal, nor root like the swine. Bodily, man has in a very large degree the animal organization; but man really and absolutely is a spirit; or, reversed, the spirit is the man, with a conscious mind that can soar high as the cerulean heights, dive deep as the cimmerian depths, traverse space, count the burning stars, and measure those rolling, circling planets that stud in grandeur unspeakable the measureless spaces of infinity.

God being absolute Spirit, mortals being incarnated spirits, and our loved beyond death's river being resurrected spirits, they necessarily sympathize, and also just as naturally communicate, soul with soul, through the psychic and vibratory laws of nature, as music responds to music. Spiritualism, therefore, is naturalism. It is the science embracing the proven in all sciences, and the good and the true in all religions.

The Progress of Spiritualism.

It is an undeniable fact that the progress of Spiritualism has been rapid beyond comparison with anything to be found in the whole history of civilization and the growth of ideas. The most of this progress is to be credited to the spirits themselves.

Since the advent of these Hydesville demonstrations there has been a thorough revision of the popular preaching, of our system of morals, of philosophy and religion. The trend is in the direction of liberalism. There is everywhere an enlarging sympathy; there is a growing cooperation with advanced minds, regardless of religious professions. There is more charity and more enthusiasm and union among all classes and all religions for bringing in the better day of a universal brotherhood.

As a significant sign of the times the New York Herald advertised the paying of a thousand-dollar prize last winter to the preacher who would furnish the best sermon in a series of ten to be published, one in each Sunday's issue. The decision was to be left to three impartial, unsectarian judges. The prize was awarded to a Congregationalist preacher of Massachusetts. The sermon was beautiful in style—classic, sympathetic and practical. But now mark, not one of these ten up-to-date sermons contained the doctrine of endless-hell torments, a hint about a personal devil, the resurrection of the body, or any vicarious atonement by substitution. What a change from fifty years ago! The seventeenth century creeds are shelved and worm-eaten. Theological dogmas are dying, priest-craft is nearly powerless, the devil is annihilated, and the old time orthodox hell is transfigured into Gehenna gardens and vineyards, just outside Jerusalem's walls, where purpling grapes now grow in richest luxuriance.

The secular press is not only tolerant now, but liberal. Spiritualists, so far as my personal knowledge extends, have as free access to the press columns as do sectarists. The pulpit quietly, tacitly acquiesces in Spiritualism, or preaches much of its philosophy with a very gracious sprinkling of the phenomena, under the euphonious phraseology of "the ministries of God's dear angels." The victory is well nigh won.

Our army is constituted of millions of brainy thinkers. In legislatures and political parties we have become a power to be reckoned with; a factor insisting upon a hearing; a religious body only partially organized, yet as proudly, as loudly demanding our rights! Being respectable, we are respected; and being honorable, we are honored for our conscientious convictions. If a simple belief in a present spirit-communication constitutes one a Spiritualist, there are probably as many Spiritualists in the churches as there are out of them to-day. Our only violent opposers are the little sect of Seventh-Day Adventists, some few Protestant Sectarists, Atheists and Materialists.

Spiritualism is no longer considered a church heresy in the most enlightened quarters of the globe. All cultured preachers hope that it is true, and some of the most advanced in the Episcopalian, Congregational and Unitarian ranks openly avow that God is neither a respecter of persons nor of periods of time. They plainly see that the visions, trances and marvels of Bible times, and those of the last fifty years, must stand or fall together. They know that their churches are honeycombed with the beautiful and comforting thoughts of Spiritualism. At funerals they preach it. They know that many of their members consult mediums and read Spiritualist literature. They know and see the truth as it is in angel ministries, marching on, and they further know that the truth in the end must come off triumphant.

This view of the field may be too optimistic. But from extensive travels it is my honest conviction. Nevertheless, the battle is not fully fought. We are a church militant. Controversies we court. We are on the spiritual warpath, with camps in England and upon the Continent; camps in South and Central America; camps in South Africa, New Zealand, Australia and the farthest isles of the

ocean. These camps, churches or societies have their lecturers, lyceums, mediums, conferences and helping hand associations.

To Absorb, or be Absorbed?

That is the question—or at least, with us, one of the burning questions of the hour and of the day. The facts—the rational, beautiful truths embodied in Spiritualism—will never die. But will they go on from conquest to conquest until they wear the victor's wreath, under their legitimate name? or will the advocates and mediums, instrumental in disseminating these truths, prove such unprofitable servants, prove so unworthy of the high trust imposed upon them by spirits and parliaments of angels, that others more worthy will seize the prize, wave the palm and wear the crown of moral conquest?

No; "to be, or not to be" hereafter with Spiritualists is not the question; but it is the all important question whether, as a great body of Spiritualists, we shall swallow or be swallowed? whether we shall absorb or be absorbed by the liberal Christian churches, and so finally lose our identity in the great upheaving, widening ocean of liberalized and transfigured Christianity? This question is now in the balance, being weighed. The result—the decision lies with us.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

FAR ABOVE.

BY STEPHEN H. BARNSDALE.

Oft inspiration, grand and free!

Floating down from the skies to me.

Guide me o'er life's rolling sea

To a port of light and love.

What though storms may rage around?

What though perils thick confound?

Soon will calm and rest be found

Far above, far above.

Even here sweet peace begins,

Ofttimes now my spirit slugs,

Oft it soars on joyous wings

Far above earth's care and storm;

Oft now blest glimpses bright

Of a world of joy and light

Break upon my raptured sight

As I near my star-lit home.

Roll on, roll on, oh, storms of earth!

Ye only hasten a higher birth

When the quickened soul ne'er knows a death

Of true peace and joy and love;

But ever is most strong to bear

All earthly loads of toil and care,

Till it joins you radiant throngs, so fair,

Far above, far above.

No Inequality, No Progress.

Inequality of human condition is a postulate of human civilization, says the *Portland Oregonian*. Without it can be no human progress, and its absolute increase is the measure of the advancement of the race—not of the few merely, but the betterment of all. There is no absolute equality of human condition, except the equality of destitution which prevails among the most bestial savages. With the first step above this lowest state begins inequality of possessions due to inequality of capacity, and this increases with every step upward. It is greatest in the highest civilization, where the condition of the lowest individuals is the most enviable. This is not accidental. Improvement of condition of the lowest individuals is a result of the increase of inequality; that is, of greater improvement of the condition of the few, and could not take place without it. To reduce the few to the relative state of generations ago would be to set the many back to the absolutely lower state of that period.

The reason can be made plain to any who has a moderately clear conception of the part played by capital in the scheme of civilization. Capital is a mere labor-saving machine, and, like other machines, it enables human labor to produce a larger quantity of the means of living with less expense of effort. That is, capital, like machinery, increases the number of human beings who can be supported in comfort on a given part of the earth's surface, and increases the amount of the means of comfort and enjoyment each can command. By organizing labor in masses, capital increases the producing power of each unit and diminishes the labor cost of the product. Therefore, it enables the workman to receive more wages, and gives those wages more purchasing power. That it does, like other machines, without diminishing the demand for labor, because the larger demand for the cheaper product keeps all employed.

The general principle involved is this: Every device by which human labor can be made more productive—whether through organization in masses or multiplication by machinery—and by which means of human comfort and enjoyment can be supplied more cheaply, elevates the condition of the whole human race down to the lowest. The most effective device to that end is the accumulation of capital, since this is an essential condition to both the organization of labor and the employment of machinery on a large scale. But the accumulation of capital involves inequality of human condition, since if all the wealth of the world were divided equally, there would be no accumulation. Indeed, no individual would have enough capital to organize even his own labor effectively. Therefore, inequality of human condition is a means of progress; to lessen it is to retrograde, and to destroy it would be to revert to barbarism.—*Exchange*.

"Virtue brings its own reward," says some one. Let us therefore possess ourselves of the great virtue Truth, in order that we may deserve the reward that Truth bestows upon her faithful followers.

Our Serial Story.

A CALIFORNIA GIRL,

Or a Story of the Golden West.

BY MRS. MARY T. LONGLEY,

Author of "Outside the Gates," "When the Morning Comes," "Only A Step," "Looking God in the Face," etc., etc.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT PINK PEARL.

As he took the beautiful gleaming jewel in his hand, a wave of emotion, and one of mingled recognition, amazement, sorrow and joy, swept over him, for to Gordon Joseelyn this was like a message from the lost one, a ray of hope and a promise, and as he stood, the singing of the tide made rare music in his ears.

But he was not allowed to dream and muse, for the eager tones of little Lou again broke in upon his reverie.

"Papa, papa! why do n't you say something? Isn't it lovely? and won't you send it to mamma with our love, and tell her that we want her to come home?"

He aroused himself with a start as he replied:

"Yes, my pet, it is a beautiful gem, but we will say nothing about it to any one. Your mamma had one just like it once, and this may be the same. Perhaps she lost it in the sea, and the waves have brought it to our feet. As soon as I can, dear, I will send it to mamma with our love, and tell her how we long for her return."

Satisfied with his answer, the child went scampering over the sands again with Staff at her heels, leaving her father to his dreams with the pearl still clasped in his hands. He had never told the little one that he had no clue to her mother's whereabouts, and to the cause of her absence. She had been given to understand that it had been necessary for her "grandpa," whom she well remembered, to go to a far distance on some important errand, and as it was not wise for him to go alone, her mother had borne him company, but that they would probably return some day. But the little one had grown tired of waiting, and she now frequently importuned her father to send for her mamma, and he had answered her as best he could. She was growing older, and would not be put off with the evasive answers that had once satisfied her, and the father was often taxed severely for explanations that would quiet and yet not deceive the child.

Now he stood upon the sand, still gazing at the beautiful pink pearl in his hand. It was the size of a large bean, and exquisite in lustre. How strangely familiar it looked to him. Surely he had seen it before, and many a time. It was long since he had purchased that rare gem from a Jewish diamond merchant, and had it set in a rim of gold and diamonds to adorn the breast of one he loved. She had smiled when he presented it to her upon their wedding morn, and as she fastened it in the filmy laces at her throat had said:

"Pearls, dear, are for tears, but this is so rosy—pink with the flush of love and hope—I shall take it as an emblem of joy and of smiles instead of tears and woe."

And he had tenderly replied: "My pearl, my little one, there can be no tears and woe for you. We start out on our married life with only smiles and joy in our hearts and upon our lips. Our faces are turned sunward toward the light; the night is behind us, the morning is in our souls."

And he had spoken earnestly, while she marvelled a little at the seriousness of his tones, at the same time nestling in his embrace with the air of a contented bird.

For four years they had lived happily together, with never a word or look between them to jar upon the perfect concord of their wedded bliss, and for four years the great pink pearl in its diamond setting reposed upon the snowy velvet of its pretty casket except at such times as Hazel wore it amid the laces at her throat.

The last time he had seen it was the very day she fled. She had brought it to him that day and said it had fallen out from its setting and she must have it reset. What she had done with it then he did not know, but he had learned something of it since from a tiny note which had come to him by post while he was ill, and which he did not see nor read until months had passed—for it had been placed among his papers by a servant's hand, and in the confusion and anxiety of his illness forgotten. When he found the note he was still an invalid. It was addressed in a strange hand, but the note itself was in Hazel's penmanship. It had been written on board ship and read as follows:

GORDON—I am steaming far away and shall never see you more. Papa and I will live for each other. We are dead to the world. Care for my little one with tender love. Give her a father's affection and a mother's care. I cannot claim her now; some day, if I live, she may see my face. I know not whether it will be best. Time will tell, but I must never see you again. God knows how I loved and trusted you! and to be deceived, wretchedly deceived—it is more than I can bear! You were more to me than God or heaven, but am punished for my worship now. Gordon, it was true. The pink pearl meant tears and woe. It would be other than an omen of evil to me, coming as it did from one who had worn it on her hand as your pledged gift? I know all, all! The pink pearl is now hateful to me, and I will drop it into the sea. Never can I look upon your face again. Never till the sea gives up its prize and you bear the pink pearl back to me (with your own hand), cleansed of the taint that now makes it a hideous thing, will I look upon your face."

And these were the words he read, words that he remembered well, and which had given him a faint clue to the distraction of Hazel and the cause of her flight, but which had not explained her terrible distrust and loathing of him. And now he held it in his hand, the pink pearl that she in her frenzy had cast into the sea; and the waves had borne it to his cherished child and to himself.

How well he recalled her written words: "The pink pearl meant tears and woe. How could it be other than an omen of evil to me, coming as it did from one who had worn it on her hand as your pledged gift?"

Yes, it was true, another had worn the pink pearl in other days, had worn it, set in its claws of gold, upon her hand as his betrothal ring. And that other had been his wife for the brief space of two years—of two years in which he had supped heavily of sorrow and had known the chastisement of bitter grief. Truly, Gordon Joseelyn, in his now but little more than thirty years of life was a man with an experience, a man with a history that had eaten into his heart and left its impress on his face.

He was but a boy when he went abroad with his father, a retired merchant of the old school, widowed and with but this one son. For three years they lived in France and Germany, in the art schools of which Gordon studied and practiced with his brush. During this time he purchased the pink pearl, and its first setting was that of a handsome finger ring. Shortly after his return from abroad, his father died, and Gordon set up his studio in an eastern city. Here he made friends with certain young students, artists and journalists who lived a Bohemian life, and who introduced him to their friends from the concert halls.

Among those whom he met were two sisters, as beautiful as houris, with their handsome faces, brilliant black eyes, dusky curls and shapely forms. These girls were twenty and twenty-two years of age respectively, and they

closely resembled each other. Marie and Pauline were of French extraction, graceful dancers and fine singers, who made their living upon the boards of a music hall, where Germans, French, and others of the foreign element—not to speak of many free and easy-going Americans—were wont to congregate.

We will not go into details, but suffice it that in three months Gordon made the dashing Marie his wife. She had dazzled him with her charms, and had melted him into sympathy with a recital of her woes, with many a lamentation that she was compelled to earn her living in a vocation that she abhorred.

And so he married her, moving to another city, where she was unknown, that she might become freed from her old associations and environments, and begin life anew as the wife of a talented and respected man. Pauline did not accompany them. From the first she had refused to give up her old life, and the young artist, who was then but twenty-one, and his wife entered upon their married life together and alone. But it was only for a brief season that Gordon enjoyed his honeymoon. In less than a month he awoke to the fact that he had married a designing, heartless woman, whom experience had made bold and cunning far beyond her years; and for two years he lived in the anguish and shame of Hades. During that time she twice absconded from him, taking his jewels and ready money, and twice he had brought her back with words of patience and of love, vainly seeking to win her from the evil of her ways. At length she attempted to again flee from him, this time with one who had promised to take her back to her beloved France, and she was busy securing such valuables as she could take with her, when, by some means, her clothing caught fire from the grate, and she was soon enveloped in flames.

Her screams soon brought help; but as her door was fastened, it took some time to break it open and get to her side. In the meanwhile the poor woman was frightfully burned, and when at last the flames were extinguished, and the house saved from destruction, she lay a panting, disfigured, tortured creature upon the bed from which she never would rise again. For three days and nights Gordon watched beside her before she died. From the first there was no hope, and she knew it; and in the intervals between her paroxysms of great suffering she insisted on confessing all her misdeeds to her husband. The recital of folly and sin, intrigue and shame, was a horrible one for him to hear; but he never rebuked her once, only listening with patience and compassion; not even when she confessed that her marriage with him had been the result of a plot between herself and her sister that she should inveigle him into her wiles, marry him, get all she could of his patrimony, and flee, did he draw away from her; but tenderly as a mother he watched over her, listening to her confessions, soothing her anguish, and giving her such assurances of forgiveness as she craved. Thus she died, blessing him—poor, misguided, unhappy Marie. And only pity remained in his heart—pity and silence concerning the wife of his youth. He was only twenty-three then, but the agonies that he had endured had made him feel as if ten years older. Shortly after her death he went to Southern California and established for himself a home in the beautiful city of Pasadena—a home at the foot of the mountains whose lofty summits and lovely tints of crimson and violet brought joy to his artistic eye and comfort to his soul as he gazed upon them at morning and eve.

And here, at the home of mutual friends, he had met Hazel—Hazel with her sweet, winning ways and handsome face. She too was dark and beautiful, as Marie had been, but totally unlike the French girl, who had been modest, gentle and spirituelle. They were only betrothed a few months when they were wed. Gordon, who had brought the pink pearl with him, for Marie had always refused to part with that, had had it reset in a circlet of diamonds as a brooch for his bride, and the gem that had shone on the hand of the dancing girl had found a resting place upon the bosom of the sea captain's daughter.

Gordon had never spoken of Marie to Hazel, for the subject had been so painful to him. He simply could not recall the harrowing details of that horrible nightmare of his first married life, and he felt it was best for his little dainty Hazel to remain in ignorance of his past in so far as it concerned the dancing girl. But that she had gained some knowledge of his history he could not doubt, though why she should forsake him and her child thereby, and how she could accuse him of having deceived and betrayed her he could not conjecture. It was all a puzzle and a mystery to him. Still, here was the pink pearl in his hand, and she had written: "I will drop it into the sea. Never can I look upon your face again; never, till the sea gives up its prize, and you bear the pink pearl back to me with your own hands, cleansed of the taint that now makes it a hideous thing, will I look upon your face."

The sea has given up its prize, he whispered. "An unheard and unexpected gift from the deep. May it prove an omen of good to me, and may I yet find you, my Hazel, and return this pearl to you with my own hands, cleansed of all taint and sin."

CHAPTER III.

THE INFLUENCE OF A DREAM.

Once in the convalescent days of his long and serious illness, when Gordon Joseelyn was struggling back to life and health from the borders of the invisible land, he had a dream, or a vision; he scarcely knew what, although at the time he was fully awake and well aware of his posture on the couch and of the presence of his attendant in the room. He knew that he was in his own handsome home at Pasadena; he could feel the gentle breezes stealing through the open windows, and scent the sweet odors of rose and heliotrope that they bore to him. He was not asleep, though every detail of the dream was especially noting that she held a cluster of beautiful "gold of ophi" half-bloom roses and buds in her hand. Then he heard the little one ask: "Is papa asleep, Nurse?" and the nurse replied: "Yes, dear, and we must not disturb him, for the doctor says he needs all the rest he can get." But the voices seemed far away and as if coming to him through a tube or telephone, and he wondered at it. But the child continued: "Please, Nurse, put these roses in the white vase, where papa can see them when he wakes up, 'cause I brought 'em purpose for him." And then the door closed after the retreating forms of the little one and Staff.

Then the walls seemed to recede and the

man lay looking out upon the peaceful landscape that environed his pretty home. He saw the orange laden trees with their dark and glossy leaves, the golden globes of ripened fruit, and the waxen blooms that indicated the fruitage yet to be. He beheld the trellises and great bushes of beautiful roses of every hue that adorned his grounds, and but a little distance away he gazed upon the splendor of the mountains that now enwrapped them in a shimmering veil of rosy light. But his vision was not confined to these familiar scenes. It widened and extended till it seemed far out in illimitable space, and the glory of revolving worlds was shown to him with a clearness and an understanding that could never be effaced from memory's walls.

But again his vision changed and fell from far distances in the imperial blue to a city's streets. It was a large metropolis and a bustling one; he saw the great warehouses and the handsome residences, the crowded thoroughfares and the moving throng. Then he became conscious that he had in some manner passed into an exhibition hall of some grand and spacious art building. At first he did not recognize it, but slowly it dawned upon him that he had seen this place before, and he dimly thought that it must be either in Paris or Berlin, in either of which he had in his boyish days studied his art, and many times visited exhibitions and halls of painting and statuary. But things had changed with him, and in this place, since those earlier years, he felt so much older now—years and years older—quite like an elderly man; and, curiously enough, he did not feel as if he was himself at scarcely thirty-one now, but as if he was projected into the future some five or ten years, perhaps, and seeing things as they would be then.

His surroundings in the lofty and spacious hall were perfectly clear to him. He felt the soft touch of velvet carpets beneath his feet, for he seemed to be standing now upon the floor; he beheld beautiful paintings and graceful statues gleaming from niches around him or from the walls. At a little distance two ladies and a gentleman sat upon a divan as if to rest after their sight seeing, and towards this group Gordon seemed to be irresistibly attracted. The gentleman was a very young man, not more than two and twenty, with large, melancholy brown eyes and auburn hair; he was evidently the son of the elder of the two ladies, a fleshy, good-natured-looking woman with a fresh and buxom appearance.

Gordon had never seen these persons before, and after glancing at them he turned toward the younger woman, a dark-eyed handsome lady, but with a countenance of extreme pallor, although she was of ill health. At the second glance he recognized her. Yes, it was Hazel, his cherished, lost wife, and he was bound as if by spring to her side and clasped her in his arms. But something held him, he could not stir, as if invisible chains bound him; he stood and gazed upon his lamented wife. In a moment she arose and slowly walked toward him. He could feel the rustle of her dress as she paused by his side, and hear the beating of her heart, and yet she took no notice of him, not even as a phantom in the air. Evidently her attention was not for him, for it became riveted upon the portrait of a child that, handsomely framed, hung just in front of him.

He, too, became interested in the picture, for it was that of a tiny maid, not more than five years of age. The little one was robed in dainty, spring-like attire that had a whitened gleam upon it like the bloom upon the grape. On her beautiful dark curls rested a garland of pink roses, and as she half reclined in a great crimson velvet-covered easy chair, one tiny slippered foot was thrust out, as if half-teasingly at the great cream-colored dog reposing on the floor. She was a beautiful creature, this tiny Lou, that looked in laughing roguishness from the canvas wall; and the picture was one that attracted every visitor to that gallery of art, not only for the identity with which the skillful artist had depicted the child and her favorite companion, but also because of the nameless witchery and grace that seemed to emanate from that tiny face and form, and which the intuitive soul who gazed upon it felt, had been produced by a loving heart and hand. Looking more closely, Gordon Joseelyn recognized the form and features of his own little baby Lou, as they might appear in a year or two from now; for all the while he was conscious of his own surroundings in Pasadena, and that the child was at this time less than four years of age. As his eyes traveled over the picture, he discovered his own name, traced in the left-hand corner, near the lower edge of the frame, and he knew that this portrait was the creation of his own brush.

The lady beside him recognized it, too, for she started and held out her hands toward it. She did not speak, for no sound issued from her lips; but her thoughts were audible to the invisible man beside her:

"Oh baby, baby, my darling, precious Lou! Where, oh where are you now? And papa, too, whose work this portrait is—my loved ones, how I long for you, long every hour of the day and through each night. But it cannot be; I must not see you again. Never, never will I cross your path. The shame and horror that are upon me will never let me look upon this face again. I hold my child in my embrace. She must think her mother is dead. Gordon! Gordon! wherever you are, I pray you, I implore you to teach our child to forget her mother as a living woman, but to think of her as dead! Oh woe, woe, that neither husband nor child remains to me, but that my life is a blighted thing!"

In an agony of pain the man listened to these unspoken words, and yet he could make no sign, for the invisible chain bound him, while the lady gazed and gazed at the portrait that fascinated her very soul. At length, she turned away, and in a moment more she and her friends had left the place—then the cords binding the artist seemed riven, and he turned as if to depart. But he now found that he was neither in sculptured hall nor city streets, but in a clear, sun-lighted field, where innumerable birds of lovely plumage soared and woke sweet music as they cleared the air. In surprise he lingered, and presently a grand, majestic figure stood before him; he was a man of noble bearing and of fine proportions, a patriarch whose brow wore the tokens of wisdom and experience. "My son," the presence said, "thou hast many trials, nor yet is it given thee to arise from them. But fear not, thy life shall be one of growth and of achievement. It is useless for thee to seek thy wife; she is far removed from thee, and thou wouldst only find fruitless toil and care in thy search. Remain at thy home, seek for restoration to health, return to thy art, and face life's duties with a loyal, earnest heart. There is no explanation thou canst now make to thy wife, even were she at thy side, that she could accept. There is but one on earth who can set her mind at rest, and that one will not speak until forced to confess by approaching death. Be of good cheer, my son; light will come from the darkness; the crooked shall yet be made straight. Thou hast been projected into the future, thy soul hath caught a glimpse of coming days. Thou wilt paint the portrait of thy child even as thou hast beheld it, and it will prove a blessing of peace and comfort to thy missing wife. All is well."

With these words the patriarch vanished, and Gordon opened his eyes to find himself—as all the while, even in his soul wanderings he knew he was—lying upon the couch in his room, with the perfumed breezes playing around him and stirring the gleaming petals of the "gold of ophi" roses that baby Lou had brought for him.

Was it a dream, a vision, a reality? He never could exactly satisfy himself on that point, though at last he came to call it a dream; but he cherished its memory, and the influence that it exerted on him was a never-failing source of inspiration and power. When he became strong enough he resumed the work of art that he had suspended when Hazel fled from him; it was a beautiful picture, which had been ordered of him by a wealthy man in Los Angeles, and now into his work crept a glow of beauty, an indescribable something that cannot be defined, but which gave to it an added charm and light that only an inspired hand and spiritual magnetic force could supply. Later on the artist rented a furnished house at Redondo for the season, and here he commenced the portrait of little Lou, exactly as he had seen it in

his vision, and into this work of art he put all the love and tenderness of his soul, not only for his child, but also for his far away wife.

This was no hasty piece of work, for well he knew that the eyes of his beloved Hazel would not rest upon it until years had passed, and he lingered long and lovingly over it as the flower-like face of their darling grew beneath his touch, and the conviction gained upon him that sometime and somewhere in the future Hazel would look upon that picture, and perhaps unconsciously soften toward him, if not for himself, for the sake of their child.

Now he had found the pink pearl, and it had come to him with a message of hope out of the very sea. This was a good omen, he thought, for somehow in the past two years this man, who had been a practical man of the world in many things, despite his artistic temperament and profession, had grown to believe in dreams and omens and to feel himself in vibration with invisible presences and things, although never since the hour that his vision, as recorded in this chapter, was upon him, had he experienced anything that could possibly be assigned to an occult or psychical character.

Running up and down the sands, peering into this mass of seaweed and that, peeping under stones and driftwood, skimming here and there at the very edge of the waves in his search for pretty shells and other trophies of the sea, with her great dog at her heels, his little daughter passed a happy half-hour, humming gaily as a bird to herself, or talking confidentially to Staff of all the pleasant things she meant to do when "mamma comes home." In the mean while Gordon Joseelyn stood apart from the strollers on the sand, with the pink pearl clasped in his hand, and his eyes now fixed upon a beautiful cloud far out at sea, which had become tinged with rosy light as the sun kissed it with caressing touch. For a strange spell had come upon him, and he stood as one entranced. In the rosy cloud he beheld faces of the past; they looked into his eyes and smiled upon him. There was his mother, fair and gentle, as he remembered her, though she died when he was but a lad—his mother, with violet eyes like his own—and she gave him a glance that was at once a benediction and a smile ere she faded away. There was his father, full of kindly light and sympathy, who looked upon him from the cloud, and others that he had known; and at last Marie—poor sinning, suffering Marie—looked out at him from the cloud, but not in her wonted or defiant way, but with a sorrowful, pathetic expression, a look that spoke volumes of the experience she must have had. As he gazed upon her in compassion, there was borne in upon him in her tone and voice these words: "I will help you. My work will be to clear up the mystery and to make her repent." The vision faded as Lou came singing gaily back to him, and as they turned to climb the road that led home, the soft sea waves seemed to echo the message of hope and promise, which the pink pearl had brought to him from the sounding deep.

[To be continued.]

Is Our Cause Waning?

An Address Delivered at Onset and Lake Pleasant Camp-Meetings, August, 1898.

BY E. W. GOULD.

This is a vital question. One that will arouse a lively discussion in the minds of many who have never thought such a thing possible; while in the minds of others it will awaken a fearful apprehension, and still another class will respond with indifference.

To all true Spiritualists no more important question can arise, and none other is fraught with greater consequences.

My mind was especially called to this subject by reading a few pertinent questions in the BANNER OF LIGHT of a recent date, showing evidently that the editor of that conservative, impartial paper will answer my question in the affirmative.

Among the several questions propounded were the following:

Will a declaration of principles place Spiritualism in its true light before the world?

Will the movement advance as it ought under such an organization?

Should reform issues be advocated, or shall they all be ignored?

Shall Spiritualists shut their eyes to the work of the counterfeit medium, or shall fraud and chicanery be denounced and exterminated?

Will the presentation of phenomena alone rescue the movement from its present perilous position?

Can the rescue be made by the philosophy and the religion of Spiritualism, without the aid of the phenomena?

What will improve the condition of local societies, and attract earnest, thinking people to our meetings?

Ought Spiritualists to interest themselves in politics, or have anything to do with the affairs of the government?

What can be done to raise the standard of Spiritualism to its rightful position among men?

In closing the paragraph, the editor remarks: "He who can answer the above questions correctly, will be a savior to Spiritualism and a benefactor to the race."

Some of the above questions can be easily answered, and require no argument, as all will agree in the conclusion. There is an honest difference in opinion as to some others, and as I am not in a controversial mood, I prefer to leave it to others to settle minor differences, realizing that there are several important questions, in which all will agree if properly presented.

The one I propose to address myself to now, and to which I ask your candid consideration for a few moments, is as follows:

What will improve the condition of local societies, and attract earnest thinking people to our meetings?

A correct reply to this simple question will, as the editor suggests, be a savior to Spiritualism, if not a benefactor to the race.

It is to local societies we look for everything relating to the well-being and advance of the Cause in which we are laboring. They are to Spiritualists what the church is to orthodox sects. It is to the local society we look to know the character and the standing of Spiritualism in that community. If any unlawful act is committed by one claiming to be a Spiritualist, it is to that society the responsibility is charged, whether just or otherwise.

It is to the local society that all appeals for benevolent purposes are made, and all cases for individual relief are referred.

The local society is an organization that is expected to furnish teachers for the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and to be foremost in all enterprises calculated to advance the cause of Spiritualism, not only locally but nationally.

It is to local societies alone the National Spiritualists' Association can look for representation at its annual conventions.

Hence everything, for the promotion of Spiritualism, is centered in the local society.

No wonder, then, that the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, whose every thought seems absorbed in the welfare of Spiritualism, should inquire, What will improve the condition of local societies? Many things, of course, will improve them; but the first and most important thing that suggests itself is, that our people everywhere should learn that organizing local societies, and laboring to increase the membership, is the most effective and most important work in which they can engage, and it is a duty which belongs to every Spiritualist, whether one is capable of doing effective work. However obscure or humble our position, we can all do something towards increasing the membership of our local societies. If in no other way, by our example, in living a pure, spiritual life, which always carries conviction to the minds of those with whom we come in contact.

I have often attempted to show that the financial question was the all-important one, when considering the best practical mode for the advance and up building of our Cause in the world. It is one our teachers avoid generally, for reasons best known to themselves.

The editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT evidently hopes to revive what seems to him a "waning cause," by stimulating appeals, which suggest remedies that have so often failed that it seems to me a vain hope.

In order to make the financial question a practical one, in carrying forward the great Cause in which we are engaged, I submit that by a simultaneous effort on the part of all those who are members of local societies, or are interested in them, they enter into a solemn compact with themselves, and with each other, to lose no opportunity, to use their best efforts to increase the membership of their own society, and to organize new societies wherever possible; to the end that when all Spiritualists and those in sympathy are enrolled, and become members of societies, the moral influence, and the influence of numbers, will be sufficient, with the aid of our spiritual friends, to overcome the depression now apparent in our ranks, and put new life and activity into our Cause.

If the proper effort is made, our working members will be so increased that the financial problem will explain itself. A small contribution from each member, annually, for a few years, which no member will refuse when they know it is to be appropriated to legitimate purposes, such as building comfortable meeting-houses for themselves, which is the basis of the financial scheme suggested. It is not necessary, my friends, for me to go into an argument at this time to show you that this scheme is practical; that its adoption will result in "attracting earnest, thinking people to our meetings," which is one of the important questions made by the editor of this Banner. Yes, my friends, we have the means within ourselves to overcome our embarrassments, and to relieve the depression which Bro. Barrett and other earnest, thinking minds see shadowed.

Let us apply ourselves to the practical remedies we have at hand. Who so dull and unobserving as not to know that the efforts made by other sects and denominations will result the same when adopted by earnest, sincere Spiritualists? When we have nice comfortable meeting-houses, and make the same effort to entertain those who are seeking to know the truths as we understand them, we shall have no cause to complain of a lack of interest or of empty seats or of a "waning cause."

Who does not know that a pleasant, commodious chapel or church building does create an honest, earnest desire, on the part of all interested, to see it well filled and its visitors well entertained? What greater stimulant can there be to unite all in an effort to bring together and to harmonize any conflicting element in our ranks? What inducement can be offered to those who are dissatisfied with their church relations and are seeking more satisfactory church theories, than to know there is near at hand a place, or church, where they can be made comfortable and where freedom of thought is one of the fundamental principles taught?

It is not difficult to make converts to Spiritualism, when we have any place to entertain them; but when we are surrounded by anxious workers from numerous church organizations, all urging their superior accommodations, saying nothing of their teachings, the inducements we have to offer, when occupying a public hall several flights of stairs above the ground, is often too much for those who are seeking for comfort and popularity with their religion.

If my theory is correct, that with money we can accomplish everything necessary for the promotion of our Cause, the question will naturally arise, How are we to raise that money?

My previous proposition, to enroll in a local society every Spiritualist and friend of the Cause that can be induced to unite with us, will secure an aggregate membership sufficiently large, by a small per capita tax, for a few years, to furnish all the means necessary to carry forward our work from day to day. These estimates are predicated, of course, upon what may be accomplished by ourselves, if the proper effort is made. If we hesitate and wait for something to turn up, or for our spiritual friends to do for us what we can do for ourselves, if our Cause is not already "waning," it evidently soon will be.

There are many wealthy Spiritualists passing to the higher life who undoubtedly would contribute liberally to the promotion of the Cause they have so long cherished, if our people showed an earnest determination to maintain it, and adopt measures that would be sure to successfully carry forward the great work they have so auspiciously commenced.

My point is, as I trust you are enabled to see, that the remarkable developments that have been made since the introduction of Modern Spiritualism, in 1848, have so interested and absorbed our writers and thinkers, from that time to the present, that they have been engrossed and almost bewildered, in anticipating what would be developed next, and instead of waiting to learn from the higher authorities what was really meant to be inferred or taught, they have assumed to know, and declared what seemed to them to be truths that others have doubted for the want of evidence. And hence a diversity of opinion, a conflict as to what is truth and what ought Spiritualists to believe or to teach.

They remind one of the reproval of Jesus of Nazareth to the Scribes and Pharisees, when he said: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for you pay tithes of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy and faith."

Spiritualists have been more engrossed, more anxious to learn of the theories taught by certain teachers, than to learn and practice what all recognize as pure spirituality. We spend too much time in discussing theories and unimportant points of doctrines, "omitting the weightier matters of the law"—the simple truths and the duties necessary to promote and perpetuate the great truths of Spiritualism, which are lost sight of in the anxiety to discuss the power and the authority of mediumship, its genuineness and its possibilities, together with new and new phenomena.

When we recognize the necessity of a superstructure, a building in which we can develop our theories, teach our doctrines, and show by our works and our examples that we are here to stay and are prepared to extend a kindly greeting to all who are seeking for truth through the avenues from which we receive it, and in the spirit of "love for the brethren," we shall no longer have reason to feel that our Cause is waning.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WORDS HAVE WEIGHT.

By MARY KINCAID.

Oh! gentle and kind.

As a balmy wind,

Be the words that your lips set free;

And cheerily strong,

As a wild bird's song

Each message they wait from thee!

Never motive or thought

By a soul outwrought

Through a loving and audible word,

But may thrill and cheer

As a thing most dear

Some lone heart by its sweetness stirred.

Then whether you toll

Through the rancor and morn

Of perpetual worry and strife,

Or whether you tread

On a path overspread

With the bountiful splendors of life,

Oh, sing out your words,

Like to heart-cheering birds,

With a message of peace unto all!

Written for the Banner of Light.
AMID THE GOLDEN-ROD.
BY JULIA STEELMAN MITCHELL.

"Beautiful Golden-rod, tell me, I pray,
What words your blossoms are trying to say?
Nodding so gracefully all the day long,
As if you were singing some grand, sweet song,
I'm sure you're expressing as best you can
Your mission on earth for the good of man;
And though you've no voice nor fingers to write,
Colors have language, so speak to my sight,
And try, pretty flowerets, to answer me—
What lesson is learned by gazing on thee?"

"Well, thoughtful maiden, my voice is best heard
When bright young people say never a word.
So close, if you please, those lips cherry-red
And send little chatter-box off to bed—
Up in the chamber, 'neath roof of fair curls—
A very good shelter for nice little girls.
Then, while there reclining, 'mid buds of thought,
Just after the thinking-cap has been brought,
Tied on and drawn down quite over the brow—
That to understand color you may know how—
Throw open those windows, two eyes of blue,
And listen while Golden-rod talks to you.
My color, dear child, says energy, force
Is busy within me—that's plain, of course.
But little of rain or moisture is mine—
One cause of yellow in blossom or vine.
On stalk that is slender, brittle and tall
I come to brighten the fields in the fall.
And I stand as an emblem—that beyond all strife
There's a golden harvest for the autumn of life!"

Newport, Ky.

Our Original Story.
The Lady of the Forest.

BY BERTHA J. FRENCH.
(Concluded.)

Marena takes the easy chair by the window and reads again the letter before attempting an answer. (Marena and I are dear friends now, and when she gave me permission to sketch her history she gave me a few pages of the letter she had received from Dr. Chalmers.)

"Your story was different from any I ever read. Was it wafed to you from Parnassian bowers by some sweet Hermes? It certainly was the messenger awakening my sleeping memory. Ah, Marena Morris, that life in Spain was but one of many remembrances. As far as my awakening soul can see, I look back over a never-ending stretch of time. When did our love first begin? As true love can have no ending, it cannot have had a beginning. As life had first to wear the form of savage brute, so love had to evolve from sensual passion. When all was dark and chaos, ere yet the suns and stars had rippled their golden waves o'er the black abyss, amid the innumerable atoms, swirling in a sea of space so vast it knows no shore, we came together, drawn by the embryonic spell of love. Through long, long ages of time struggled the mighty triad of life, love and light. Then the sleeping consciousness which had dreamed through myriads of nature's creations, awoke. We were savages, knowing nothing of love but its rudiments, its savage instincts. Together we roamed through trackless forests and built our wigwam from its trees. We were not much different from the other animals about us, excepting in the erectness of our forms. Many times in garments of flesh, we have lived, and have felt the uplifting power of love in proportion to the measure of our unfoldment.

"Long ago, far away where a sacred river wings its dusky flight through a country so ancient its history is lost in its antiquity, where pyramids and tombs cast great shadows, we knelt to the god Osiris.

"Clothed in the purple of power nations have trembled before us, and then a widely different scene. We were slaves to a tyrannous master, toiling for many years under the burning sun and the stinging of the lash. We have drowsed away existence under the torpor of a tropic sky. We have bled the harshness of a land of ice and snow. Poor and obscure, we have lived in a little hut on the mountain's side with the edelweiss growing at the door. We have lived in other worlds than this. Some times we have been separated for the span of a human life. I have been enamored of other women. You have been charmed by other men. But soul unity, no time, change or death can destroy.

"I wish I might dispel the erroneous ideas which have arisen in the minds of those who have looked but lightly into the subject of embodiment. 'Whose soul have I now?' is an inquiry which never could have been formulated by a deep thinker. It implies that the body is the ego, while the very opposite is the fact. I am the soul, and the soul is I. It is aware in its individuality. It does the body, wears it, casts it aside, even as the body wears and casts aside its garments. Another misleading idea is—that if one has been a king in one embodiment and is a peasant in a following incarnation—that he has retrograded. True progress is not necessarily proclaimed by outward conditions. True advancement is counted by the throbs of the soul as it expands in the spiritual life.

"Oh, my little one! my comrade! my soul mate! mine through all that mysterious past! mine through this remnant of earthly time! mine through that uncomprehended vastness we call eternity! I love you, not with a turbulent, fleeting fancy, which is soon lost in the Niagara of its own turbulence, but deeply, tenderly, abidingly—a love that will walk with you through the shadowy paths of sorrow as well as on the sunny uplands of joy. For love, even at its tenderest, its sweetest and best, cannot lift the shadows from life; but it gives them a lining of light.

"We have lived many times and had many divers experiences, but, considering life in its entirety, we have seen but few of its phases. In our former embodiments our forces have been focused almost entirely on the material plane. There is no real satisfaction there. Even its joys are evanescent and carry a sting. We are at this present time slowly withdrawing ourselves from the leash of the lower senses. The transitional state is always attended by pain, toil and endeavor. As from the bondage of animal instinct human consciousness was evolved, so from sensual existence springs the new life—the life and evolution of the soul. For us this highest of destinies is now unfolding. And at this exalted moment I know it is true that until we have, by repeated, patient efforts along the paths of pain and toil, won our freedom and may forever throw aside the imprisoning bonds of flesh, we cannot realize in all its surpassing beauty the majesty of life and love.

"We are slaves no longer to the desires and needs of the body. The intellectual and spiritual universe is mounting and mounting before us; higher and higher it sweeps away into the unbounded expanse of infinity, and our interlacing souls, on the tireless wings of thought, may soar forever onward, yet find no vanishing shore. Shall we reach that mystic land, named 'Nirvana'? Undoubtedly it will ultimately be the condition for all. Nirvana, truly interpreted, does not mean a merging of individualities into one composite life, but it means perfect harmony. The drops which form the ocean mingle, but each drop is distinct in its individuality. So souls, as they grow closer in the bonds of universal love, take keener lines of personality. Universal love does not mean that there are no longer special affinities. The same law of sexual attraction which reigns in the material realm is regnant in the spiritual; but it is spiritualized attraction, and so remains unfurrowed by satiety.

"Am, your soul and mine, my Marena, as they grow closer together with each wined moment of eternity, will grow stronger in individuality, more distinctively feminine and

masculine, more attuned to the exquisite vibrations of spiritual life, the ethereal ecstasies of love."

I was at their wedding. Marena, under the skill and tender care of Dr. Chalmers, had gradually regained her health, and in one year from the day they met they were married. Oh! what a beautiful day it was—in the latter part of May. They were married out doors, at Marena's quiet home in Warwick. More appropriate for two such unconventional souls was the great Cathedral of Nature than a dinky church. How warm and sparkling the sunshine fell upon the enrolling uplands, while about us clustered soft shadows (so typical of life, whispered Marena softly). Cool little breezes, laden with the tonic breath of pines and the delicate odors of spring flowers, caressed our faces with velvet touches. Close to us Mt. Grace rose in lofty beauty to meet the blut of bending sky. Away in the distance Mt. Everett towered, like great brown turrets, glimmering through the soft smoke of red and purple fires sweeping away to the west in long lines of gold. Nature's choir, visible and invisible—the hum of insect, the wild, sweet song of birds, the singing leaves, the jubilant carol of the brook, breaking into silvery cascades of laughter as it whirled over mossy rock or leaped the steep descent of hill—played the wedding march in accents sweeter than the notes of Mendelssohn. The air was throbbing with the passion of life; shimmering with lights and shadows. It seemed to have caught in its silken meshes the unsolved mysteries of life and love.

Oh, I remember it all so well! Before a background of blossoming trees, under an arch of flowers gathered and arranged by loving hands, stood Marena Morris, slender, graceful, in dress white and dainty as the fleecy clouds o'er head, lilacs-of-the-valley in her breast, in her hands and tangled in the meshes of her veil. And by her side stood the noblest man I ever knew (excepting one) tall, stately, dark, a face intellectual and strong, with brown eyes expressing the radiance of a white soul and the tenderness of a warm heart. I knew my darling's happiness was safe in his keeping. (So handsome, chivalrous and good he looked I should have fallen in love with him myself if I had not been already so deeply in love with some one else; and some one else is my husband, who has been my comrade for more than forty years). Near the bridal pair was the maid of honor, little Doris, looking like a moss-rosebud in her pink dress with its delicate trimmings of delicate green. I could see that she was making the greatest effort of her life to appear "dignified." By her side stood Ralph McDonald, who was Harrison's cousin. The Lady of the Forest (who had been ordained by the most progressive of all religions) performed the marriage ceremony. Never have I heard anything so impressive. The intense vibrations of her soul created a spiritual atmosphere which carried us to majestic heights. She spoke of the beauty and sacredness of love, the duties of marriage. How impressive were the concluding words of the ceremony, spoken in that clear ringing voice. "And now these two souls, whom the laws of love have joined together, no man, change or death can ever put asunder."

It was five years ago, that beautiful bridal day, and to me it seems like yesterday, so swiftly time flies. I was sixty then, and I am sixty-five now, and my dear companion has passed beyond the veil. But you do not care to hear about my affairs or to know my age, do you, dear reader? I fear that like many elderly people I am getting egotistic and garrulous.

Do you wish to have one more glimpse of Marena and her husband, and little Doris, and—of course you do. I am spending my vacation with Marena and Harrison in their lovely home in one of the charming suburbs of Boston. I have been abroad on a lecturing tour, and I have been telling Marena how blessed it is to be at home again. "Traveling is like a full of stirring incidents, some of them pleasing, some non-pleasing, but the most pleasing part of it all is to be once more safely at home, settled in an easy chair, and living it all over again in memory, with the fatigue and the ruffled tempers left out. Well, I managed to get home with my bones all intact, but somewhere in the old country I lost about twenty pounds of good flesh. Marena, who has softly tripped into the room, and is looking over my shoulder, smiles and says: 'We shall keep you here till you have more than regained it, but you will have to lay aside your writing soon, for Doris is coming to see you this afternoon. You remember I wrote to you that she married Ralph McDonald about a year ago?' 'Why,' I interrupted, 'he was a fine looking boy, but he had hair so red that it would make fire look pale, and you know that Doris vowed—'

A small whirlwind of exasperation sweeps through the door, and an inignant voice exclaims:

"Tisn't red; it is a beautiful Titian auburn, and all the finest portraits in the art galleries have exactly that shade." Doris, in her impatience to be with us, had been more than punctual in her arrival. But we soon pacify the loyal little matron, and she is most interested to hear that I am writing "the sequel" to Marena's history. "And are you going to tell all about their courtship? I could give you lots of interesting information, and the story is so new." "No," I reply, "for I should only make a 'botch' of it, just as every one does who attempts it. The unfolding of love, the mingling of two souls, is too exquisite to be portrayed by clumsy words. It is like trying to build a flower with cloth, wire and paper; the shape is there, but the delicacy, the perfume, the vibrating soul which gives it life are not there. So the one who attempts to describe the sweetest and most wonderful chapter in the history of life, merely brushes away the bloom from the beauty he would portray."

And so out of consideration of my reader's sensibilities, I will not try to accompany the nightingale's song with the scratching quavers ground from a rusty hand organ. Neither can I take Doris' advice and introduce a plot, a scandal and a few murders into my history. Doris says it will be "slow, tedious, dry, lame," and that a "happy ending" is dreadfully un-fashionable. But I tell Doris that after sixty-five years of active life, in which I have seen the saddest fall from many a fashionable sham, I may claim the privilege to be unfashionable. And I am sure that many readers would prefer that it should be written, just as it happened. Perhaps they will find it useful to linger for a moment in a quiet harbor, or long buffeting by the strong waves of sensationalism.

Doubtless many of you are acquainted with Dr. Chalmers and his wife. He is the author of many scientific works. He is always helpful to the poor and distressed. You, perhaps, have listened to Marena's inspired utterances from the rostrum, and have been uplifted by the noble sentiments embodied in her popular masterpieces of fiction.

What a privilege it is to be with them in their home, to see them together. They are entirely suited to each other. Life has for them, as it has for all, its darker issues, but love gives them a lining of light. Such a full, rich life they live, throbbing with intellectual passion and soul aspiration. In all the complex problems of human destiny they are a mental stimulus to each other. Never does love appear so beautiful as when it joins souls like theirs; one in thought, aim and purpose. I have often heard words of fiction say that they became so attached to the people of their fancy that to part with them was a desperate sorrow. But for me there will be no agony of farewell, for when in a few weeks time I shall leave them, it will be with the expectation that soon I shall see them again. So, dear readers, do you not think it better to give a quick history of real people than it is to take sensational flights with fictional ghosts?

There is one who is greatly missed from our little circle, but we often feel her spiritual presence near us, like a benediction. About a year ago she arose to the ascended ones, but in the hearts who love her so well will always linger memories sweet and tender, of the noble woman, "The Lady of the Forest."

[The End.]

"Rail in" for Cincinnati, but be sure your ticket reads via the popular Pittsburgh R. R.

Literary Department.

ARENA.—In the August number are curiously interesting articles on the Anglo-American alliance, from the pens of two of the most highly-esteemed writers for this progressive magazine.

B. O. Flower speaks strongly in favor of the proposed alliance, on the ground of common language, blood, interest and ideals, upon all of which he expatiates quite fully. He claims that the result of such an alliance would be to secure the realization of the aims of liberal and progressive governments, to further the best interests of civilization, etc., etc. He also thinks the commercial interests of America would be very greatly enhanced.

Referring to the English form of government, he states that it is a monarchy only in name; that the British sovereign is in some respects less a factor in law-making than our President, and that to day there is greater freedom of speech and action among the working people of England than has been possible among our laborers since the advent of what is aptly termed "government by injunction."

While England has her House of Lords, he thinks our Senate, "composed largely of corporation attorneys and very rich men," has a greater and more baleful influence. Then too in England there is a growing sentiment in favor of silver, which is championed by many of her ablest statesmen. In fact, "The Parliamentary Report on the causes of depression among the English farmers gave so much importance to the demonetization of silver as a factor, that the document has been used extensively for campaign purposes on this side of the water."

Mr. Flower quotes from many eminent men and well-known papers (all English) to strengthen his arguments, and concludes with the statement:

"There will doubtless be much objection in the United States, and perhaps much time will elapse before the proposal will be acted upon; yet I believe that it will be realized some day, and that its realization will mark one of the most notable and far-reaching victories for enduring civilization."

On the other hand John Clark Ridpath quite takes the poetry out of an alliance with the mother country. At the anniversary celebration of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, he listened to the remarks upon this subject of Dr. R. R. Merdith of Brooklyn, N. Y., who, among other things, "ridiculed the Farewell Address of Washington, and proposed that it should be framed and hung up as a ridiculous memento of an age no longer admirable, and a doctrine no longer applicable to the political life of the American nation." For all this he was roundly applauded.

Dr. Ridpath asks some very pertinent questions, as "What kind of an alliance is it that we are asked to enter? Is it an alliance with mere syndicates between the people of the United States and the people of the British Isles? Or is it a league which contemplates a union of military resources, defensive and offensive, one or both? Is it a temporary joining of forces for specific purposes in relation to the existing Spanish war? Is it a civil and political union which is contemplated? Is it a governmental alliance in the sense that the Government of Great Britain and the Government of the United States shall be and act as one? And if so, which one shall it be? Under which flag is the alliance to be made? Are we, when the union shall be effected, to follow the standard of St. George, or are we to march under the star banner of our fathers? Whose flag is to be accepted for both nations? Of a certainty we cannot march under two flags. It must be under the one or the other; which shall it be? Shall we take the flag of the British Empire or the flag of the American democracy?"

"Is the American Republic something or nothing? Is it a delusion or is it a fact? Is it something to be admired and defended and adored, or is it the haunt of malcontents, a fiction of demagogues, an arena unit for 'business' to flourish in, and fit only for the parade of anarchy and the display of oratorical exuberance? Is it either the one thing or the other. It is not both. For our part, we say that it is a reality. We say that it is the greatest and most important political fact in the world. We say that this reality of ours surpasses anything that has been attained in the past history of nations. We say also that it contains the prophecy of a glorious future. We say that the American Republic has furnished a fit abode and shelter for men; and that, God willing, we are going to preserve it unimpaired for our posterity."

Dr. Ridpath then states: "If we join Great Britain, we shall join the Concert of Europe," which he proceeds to explain and show how impossible it would be for Great Britain to withdraw from the Concert and how undesirable for us to ourselves up with it. There are conditions, however, under which he feels that America could willingly join hands with them, which would "involve, on the part of the European governments, the abandonment of their medieval pretensions and the acceptance of democracy as the bottom principle of society and state. With this, AND NOTHING LESS THAN THIS, we shall be satisfied."

In discussing the very important subject, "The Criminal Responsibility of the Insane," F. E. Daniel, M.D., says: "The greatest advances in the study of mental diseases have been made within the last quarter of a century. Within that period medical science has realized that insanity is a manifestation of disease of the brain; that the brain, the organ of the mind, is the seat of the disease; and that there can be no such thing as partial insanity. For the first time in the history of our race, medicine has been able to apply a scientific basis for insanity; and the study suggested by this view has enabled alienists to formulate a rational classification of the disease. In that time, too, a new science has been born, the science of criminology, or criminal anthropology; and those cases known to alienists as 'borderland cases,' so-called moral insanity, a condition between insanity and depravity, and barely distinguishable, if at all, are now recognized as forms of congenital madness."

Throughout the article the terms *psychological*, *occult*, *obsessed*, etc., are noticeable, denoting the trend of scientific minds.

In a series of papers under the general head, "The Churches and Social Questions," Rev. Geo. W. Burdett says: "In the face of so much in our civilization which is cruel and degrading, one may be pardoned for growing weary of a certain dulcet strain of optimism about our wonderful progress in liberty and well-being. Behold our railroads, manufactories, inventions, national wealth, etc., etc! Down with the Jeremiahs and Cayleys! Down with the prophets of evil who make life so unattractive and uncomfortable! Ah, be it remembered, there is a pessimism divine and an optimism devilish. And of the latter quite too much is in the pulpit and elsewhere, graceless for its want both of sympathy and manhood."

Rev. Robert E. Bisbee says: "The religious press claims to bring to us the teachings of Jesus, to inspire a love for truth, and to show how man may regain paradise; and yet the average American seeking to better his earthly condition would as soon search Alaska for orange groves, or hades for an ice crop, as turn to the religious press for help in a crisis like the present. The religious press has failed to get a grip upon that part of humanity which is most earnestly working and praying for more Christlike social conditions."

And again, "The tranquility of institutions must be preserved at all costs, even at the expense of truth and the right to think. As I write, the church papers are thundering at the Rev. B. Fay Mills. It is evidently very important to save the church from Mills, even if humanity goes to the devil while this is doing. The publisher of the existing order is in a talking position, and must be suppressed. Because of this the reformer has come to feel that organized Christianity is not his ally, but is at best neutral, and at times his bitterest foe. . . . A timid, time-serving, vacillating

religious press neither God nor humanity has any use for. Anything that is afraid of the truth, let it perish from the earth."

T. S. Loneragan says: "The masses still believe in Christianity, but not in authoritarianism. . . . The following principal causes for so many non churchgoers in our large cities are: 1. Superfluous acts. 2. Extreme individualism. 3. Class distinctions. 4. The rotten new system. 5. The war of creeds. 6. Dry and artificial sermons."

"When the ministers of every creed and denomination open wide the doors of their churches, preach fearlessly the gospel of Christ and apply it to the social problems of our day, espouse the cause of labor, extend their sympathies to the poor and the unfortunate, do away with carping criticisms, and teach the classes the duties they owe to society and religion alike, then the working people will return to the churches of their fathers, purer and better citizens."

Then there is the article on "Japanese Home Life as Contrasted with American," by Chujiro Koguchi. "The Extirpation of Consumption," by Lincoln Colman, M.D.; "The American Girl," by Mrs. Rhodes Campbell; "A Tramp's Experience," by Amelia C. Briggs, and last but not least "The Editor's Evening," all in the August number of the Arena. The Arena Company, Copley Sq., Boston.

WHAT A YOUNG BOY OUGHT TO KNOW, by Sylvanus Stall, D. D. How to inculcate the principles of life in such a way as to create a feeling of reverence, a desire to ennoble and purify the temple of the soul and make perfect, the grandest work of God, has been and is a problem that must claim the attention of every educator. The subject is so sacred and so delicate that wise men have failed to do their duty for fear of doing more harm than good, and dire results have been caused by the deplorable ignorance of the masses.

For the first time we find this difficult subject presented so simply, clearly and naturally that the growing youth can read with profit, and an ever increasing pleasure in his own being and in every living, growing thing. It is indeed what boys ought to know—the failure to know which has been the cause of many sorrowful pains and penalties. After being taught the sacredness of his own body in such a sensible, satisfying way, a boy will be repelled, rather than attracted, by the vulgarity of the street.

There is no baseness or vulgarity except where there is ignorance of the Divinity in man. The moment knowledge is impregnated with the Divine wisdom that underlies all creation, that moment is knowledge a power for incalculable good, and this little book is a well come beacon on the road of science that leads to a thorough understanding of the grandeur of living.

Var Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Order through the Banner of Light Pub. Co.
Price \$1.00.

WHAT THE SCANDINAVIANS HAVE DONE FOR AMERICA formed the subject of a very interesting lecture delivered a few nights since in the Old South Church of Boston, by Joseph P. Warren. It appears that the Norse discovery of America is among the least things they have done for it. Possessed of a roving disposition, they sailed far and wide in earlier days with piracy as the main object. Their first direct influence upon America began when a Swedish colony, under the policy of Gustavus Adolphus, formed a town called Christiana, near the present site of Wilmington, Delaware. While this settlement was exterminated by Peter Stuyvesant, governor of the Netherlands, the result was a large number of Swedes when William Penn established Philadelphia. They made no further attempts at colonization until near the present century; but one-fifth of the Scandinavian race is now in the United States, comprising 2,500,000 people, of whom 1,500,000 were born in the old world. Few families in Sweden have no relatives in America, but the movement has gone on so quietly that few have realized its importance. Not driven here by famine, military service or religious persecution in their own country, they have come simply because a livelihood could be had more easily in America. They have been an important factor in pushing westward our population and civilization. One-fourth of the entire Scandinavian population is living on farms; besides, there are Ericsson and Dahlgren in invention, Ibsen and Hans Christian Andersen in literature, Thorwaldson in art and Jenny Lind in music, all of whom have exerted much influence in America. Among their American literature is a Scandinavian Spiritualist paper called the *Nya Tiden*, of which Cora Svenson is editor.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly trying to cure the local trouble, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only catarrhal cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to 40, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. The only cure that does not drive a man crazy. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Sept. 10.

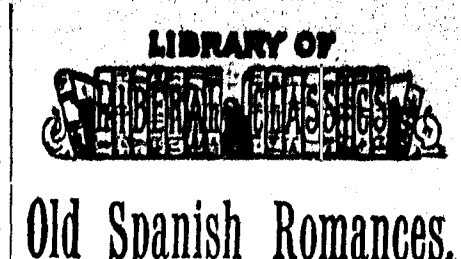
To Bear Witness,
A METAPHYSICAL SKETCH
BY SUSIE C. CLARK.
Author of "A Look Upward," "Plate's Query," etc.
A true story, presenting metaphysical healing from the standpoint of a Spiritualist, and portraying some of the limitations and inconsistencies of Christian Science, viz., its lack of any proof of immortality, or recognition of Deity in the visible universe.

CONTENTS.
The Valley of the Shadow; The Resurrection; What They Said; Greek Meets Greek; Theology vs. Christian Healing; Law vs. Science; The Teacher; At Work; The Departure; New Revelations; Alone with Nature; A Sabbath in the Mountains; For the Truth's Sake; Fruitful.
Cloth, pp. 188; price \$1.00.
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

PSYCHOLOGY,
Hypnotism, Personal Magnetism, and Clairvoyance.
[Illustrated.]
BY WILLIAM A. BARNES.
The author in his preface says: "The object of this work is to give the reader a general and correct idea of the practical application and value of Psychology, hypnotism, personal magnetism and clairvoyance, as applied to education, morality, criminality, medicine, surgery, business and development and exercise of personal magnetism as employed in society. Pamphlet.
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

JUBILEE MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.
FOR THE FIRST TIME in the history of the Spiritual movement that anything like a compilation of the names of the earlier mediums, speakers, workers, lecturers and prominent advocates, etc., has ever been attempted. This is the first of its kind. Edited by A. B. COOK. The Passing of the Grand Army of Spiritual Pioneers, delivered at the recent Golden Jubilee at Rochester, N. Y. This little pamphlet is a timely and valuable tribute to those who have become identified with the Cause in the years gone. All Spiritualists should have a copy. Price 3 cents.
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

THE GOLDEN ECHOES.
A new collection of original words and music, for two or three voices, by the Home Circle. By S. W. TUCKER, author of various Musical Publications. Contents: Angel Drelling; Angel's Visitants; Acentia; Beautiful Isle; Beyond the Weeping; Bliss; Drifting On; Harvest Home; Heavenly Portals; Journeying Home; My Spirit Home; Reveries; Passed On; Pleasure; The Beautiful Hills; The Flower Land; The Heavenly Land; The Home-ward Voyage; There'll be no more Sea; There's No Night; The River of Life; The Unseen City; We are Waiting; We'll meet Again.
Price 15 cents, one dozen copies, \$1.50; twenty-five copies, \$3.75.
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.



Old Spanish Romances.
Illustrated by 48 beautiful Etchings by R. de Los Rios. 12 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, \$18.00; half calf extra, or, half morocco, \$36.00.

The History of Don Quixote OF LA MANCHA. Translated from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra by Motteux. With copious notes (including the Spanish Ballads) and an Essay on the Life and Writings of Cervantes, by John G. Lockhart. Preceded by a Short Notice of the Life and Works of Peter Anthony Motteux, by Henry Van Laun. Illustrated with sixteen original etchings by R. de Los Rios. 4 vols., post 8vo, 1,758 pp., \$3.00.

Lazarillo de Tormes. (Life and Adventures of) Translated from the Spanish of Don Diego Hurtado De Mendoza, by Thomas Roscoe. Also, the Life and Adventures of Guzman d'Alfarache; or, The Spanish Rogue, by Mateo Aleman. Translated from the French edition of Le Sage, by John Henry Brady. Illustrated with eight original etchings by R. de Los Rios. 2 vols., post 8vo, 729 pp., \$3.00.

Asmodeus, or the Devil UPON TWO STICKS. Preceded by dialogues, serious and comic between Two Chimeys of Madrid. Translated from the French of Alain René Le Sage. Illustrated with four original etchings by R. de Los Rios. 1 vol., post 8vo, 332 pp., \$1.50.

The Bachelor of Salamanca. By Le Sage. Translated from the French by James Townsend. Illustrated with four original etchings by R. de Los Rios. 1 vol., post 8vo, 400 pp., \$1.50.

Vanillo Gonzales, or the MERRY BACHELOR. By Le Sage. Translated from the French. Illustrated with four original etchings by R. de Los Rios. 1 vol., post 8vo, 355 pp., \$1.50.

The Adventures of Gil Blas OF SANTIILLANE. Translated from the French of Le Sage by Tobias Smollett. With biographical and critical notice of Le Sage by George Saintsbury. New edition, carefully revised. Illustrated with twelve original etchings by R. de Los Rios 3 vols., post 8vo, 1,200 pp., \$4.50.

PRESS NOTICES.
"This prettily printed and prettily illustrated collection of Spanish Romances deserve their welcome from all students of seventeenth century literature."—The Times.
"A handy and beautiful edition of the works of the Spanish masters of romance. . . . We may say of this edition of the immortal work of Cervantes that it is most tastefully and admirably executed, and that it is embellished with a series of striking etchings from the pen of the Spanish artist R. de Los Rios."—Daily Telegraph.
"Handy in form, they are well printed from clear type and are got up with much elegance. . . . The etchings are full of humor and force. The reading public have reason to congratulate themselves that so neat, compact, and well arranged an edition of romances that can never die is put within their reach. The publisher has spared no pains with them."—Scotsman

POPULAR EDITION OF SPANISH ROMANCES.

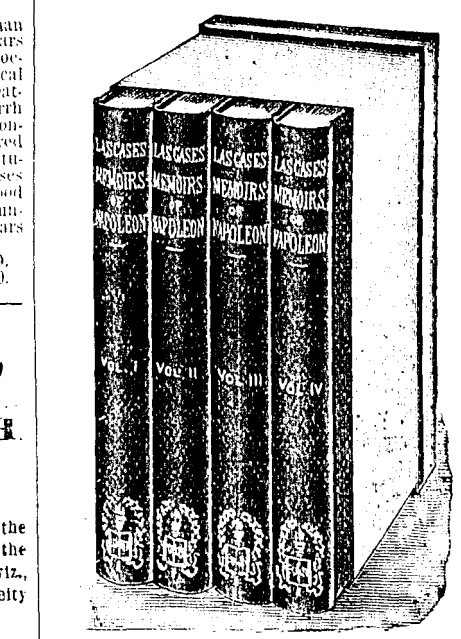
Asmodeus; or the Devil upon Two Sticks. By A. R. Le Sage. With designs by Tony Johannot. Translated from the French. With fourteen illustrations. Post 8vo, 332 pp., paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1.00.
A new illustrated edition of one of the masterpieces of the world's fiction.

The Bachelor of Salamanca. By Le Sage. Translated from the French by James Townsend, with five illustrations by R. de Los Rios. 400 pp., paper, 50c.; cloth \$1.00.
Adventures related in an amusing manner. The writer exhibits remarkable boldness, force and originality while charming us by his surprising flights of imagination and his profound knowledge of Spanish character.

Vanillo Gonzales, or the MERRY BACHELOR. By Le Sage. Translated from the French. With five illustrations by R. de Los Rios. 455 pp., paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1.00.
Audacious, witty, and entertaining in the highest degree.

The Adventures of Gil Blas OF SANTIILLANE. Translated from the French of Le Sage by Tobias Smollett. With biographical and critical notice of Le Sage by George Saintsbury. New edition, carefully revised. With twelve illustrations by R. de Los Rios. 3 vols., post 8vo, 1,200 pp., cloth, \$3.00.

Cheaper edition from the same plates, in one volume, illus., \$1.00.
A classic in the realm of entertaining literature.



Napoleon. Memoirs of the Life, Exile, and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon, by the Count de Las Cases. With eight steel portraits, maps and illustrations. Four vols., post 8vo, each 400 pp., cloth, \$5.00; half calf extra, \$10.00.

With his Son the Count devoted himself at St. Helena to the care of the Emperor, and passed his evenings in recording his remarks.

Napoleon in Exile; or A Voice FROM ST. HELENA. Opinions and Reflections of Napoleon on the Most Important Events in Life and Government, in his own words. By Barry E. O'Meara, his late Surgeon. Portrait of Napoleon, after Delarocche, and a view of St. Helena, both on steel. 2 vols., post 8vo, 662 pp., cloth, \$2.50; in half calf extra, \$5.00.

Mr. O'Meara's work contains a body of the most interesting and valuable information—information the accuracy of which stands unimpaired by any attacks made against its authors. The details in *Las Cases'* work and those of Mr. O'Meara mutually support each other.

Koran, The or, Alkoran of Mahomet. "The Bible of the East." Translated into English from the original Arabic, with Notes and a Preliminary Discourse by George Sale. With Maps and Plans. Demy, 8vo, gilt top, \$2.00; Roxburgh Style, \$1.00.

Descent of Man (The). By Charles Darwin. Cloth, gilt top, 75c.
On its appearance it aroused at once a storm of mingled wrath, wonder and admiration. In elegance of style, manner and deep knowledge of natural history, it stands almost without a rival among scientific works.

The Great Ingersoll Controversy. Containing the Famous Christmas Sermon, by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the indignant protests thereto evoked from ministers of various denominations, and Col. Ingersoll's replies to the same. A work of tremendous interest to every thinking man and woman. Paper, 25c.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 9 Bosworth Street (from 99 Tremont Street), Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

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

Remittances can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Sums under \$5.00 can be sent in that manner for 8 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 important free thought, but we do not endorse all the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give utterance.

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK
ENDING AT DATE.

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

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Bosworth Street, corner Province Street,
(Lower Floor).WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.Issued by
BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.Isaac B. Rich.....President.
Fred. G. Tuttle.....Treasurer.
Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.Matter for publication must be addressed to the
EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the
BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

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

We trust that Spiritualists everywhere will cooperate heartily with us in the step which has been taken, and that regular subscribers for THE BANNER will make an effort to increase its circulation. If every one now on our subscription books would make it his or her business to obtain one new subscriber to this paper for 1898, the heretofore high standard of THE BANNER could easily be maintained, the value of its contents and their practicality materially enhanced, and the Cause, which this paper has so long defended and upheld, greatly strengthened.

Our patrons will please take notice that until Sept. 19 the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore will close at 5 o'clock each week day except Saturday, when it will close at 2 o'clock.

Unexpressed.

The unexpressed thought, the unsung song, the repressed longing, the smothered aspiration and the carefully hidden love, may be considered the soul's greatest efforts to express itself to its kindred. Do these blossoms that are killed before their birth count for nothing in God's eternities? Does the soul's travail in endeavoring to outwardly interpret itself fail to lead to a tangible result to the individual concerned? Do the melodies and harmonies of the invisible realms whose rhythmic sounds are sensed by the inner self, whose struggle to express them to the world results in seeming failure, really amount to nothing? Does the earnest call for more light, the ardent desire for a larger freedom, the intense yearning for an understood companionship, utterly fail in its divine quest? Does the aspiration for wisdom, the earnest search for the same, die with the fading away of the wish? Does the hidden love for the good, the true and the beautiful, fall short of fruition in the soul's gyrations through the ages?

The bud may be blighted in its material form of expression, but upon the spiritual side of life it goes on to full fruition. Science teaches us that no material atom can ever be destroyed, hence the attempt of the minutest particles of life to assume an outward form are also indestructible. The energy put forth in all directions is turned aside by some unseen agency, and goes on to the zenith of its power in that world where the realities of soul-force are the agencies in control. The blighted blossom, the half-grown withered fruit, and the flower or seed that never sees the day, burst forth into the fullness of beauty and complete growth in that realm where the real and permanent abide.

Therefore the agonizing travail of a soul seeking to express a noble thought, the earnest wish to sing the harmonies and melodies of the spirit, the cry for light, the desire for freedom, the yearning for true soul-comradeship, the aspiration for wisdom, and that inner love for the noble, the spiritual, all find full expression upon the soul-tree, in the form of the choicest fruit, in that realm where the real endures. Each unexpressed thought for the good of others, for the extension of happiness, for the enlightenment of the masses will hang from the loftiest bough of the tree of one's being, to feed every needy soul that passes by. The unsung songs will take form in the spirit and swell forth into the most glorious anthems that ever found their way to man's consciousness, and soaring upward, embrace the divine symphonies, the grand diapasons and sublime oratorios of the ages of Time. They will form a music of words and sounds that will transcend mortal expression, but will be easily interpreted by the inner, the soul of the real man, and acquaint him in deed with the music of the spheres.

The cry for light will swell forth from the bud, burst its chrysalis and roam through the highest spheres of heaven in its quest for the true path unto the City of Knowledge. Its lamp will be hung upon the soul-tree to guide

the footsteps of all belated travelers who pass it by in search of truth. Its light will reveal the freedom of the spirit, under the control of an enlightened soul—a freedom that knows no boundaries save only such limitations as forbid the trespassing upon the sacred rights of others. The yearning for soul-companionship becomes a luminous apple upon the tree of being in and through the recognition of its own. The groupings of souls draw those together whose panting spirits seek congenial association with those who know, through feeling and without words, their very own. Intuition or the soul's tuition will reveal the complements of being, and point out the upward path to God in the city of Knowledge, where wisdom shines undimmed for all.

Upon the soul-tree also in clusters of richest fruitage will be found those loves that were never put into words, those hidden, repressed emotions that went out of mortality into a ripper, richer expression in a glorious immortality. Every feeling of good toward others, every noble desire to advance the loved one's interest, and every attempt to find and do the right, are there in rich profusion, with no apples of Sodom to mock the soul as it strives to pluck for its sustenance that which it needs most. Then the feeling of loneliness is supplanted by the knowledge that the other half of one's being is found—that, no longer alone, misunderstood, abused and exiled, it now is rounded out complete, perfect in form and majestic in beauty, because of the full fruition of hidden, pure and noble love! Beautiful indeed is the picture, and its perspective stretches away into the past, out into the future, uniting Past, Present and Future in one eternal Now!

Then fill the soul-tree of thy being, oh reader, with pure and holy thoughts, with noble desires, with high aspirations for purity and truth, with longings for true freedom for all, with a yearning for the good in all things, and with a love that transcends speech, that shall be an inner light to guide thy stumbling feet, until thou dost stand beneath the drooping branches of thy soul-tree, there to eat the fruit of thine own producing in company with thy soul-companion, for whom thou hast struggled and suffered, and dared and loved so much, so much that thy love becomes more than love, and seems as 'twere the voice of God bidding thee to awaken and go with Him until Life, and Time and Sense shall be no more.

Inflictions.

The people of ancient Egypt were once sorely distressed by a succession of plagues inflicted upon them by the wrathful Jehovah of the Jews because of the failure of the Egyptian monarch to set injured Israel free. These terrible inflictions were fearful object lessons and brought great suffering upon all classes of people save, it is supposed, the Israelites. The plagues grew worse and worse as one succeeded the other, until Pharaoh at last, in mere self-defense, told the Hebrews that they were free. They went out from the land of bondage under the leadership of their prophet, with their faces turned toward the Canaan of their hopes, where they were to live in peace and plenty ever afterward. After many years of weary wandering they reached the promised land, where they pillaged, robbed and murdered the inhabitants and took absolute possession of the same in the name of their God.

The people of America at the present time are passing through a series of plagues equally as disagreeable as were those of ancient Egypt. War and famine have had their full share, while the plague of legalized robbery is an ever-present guest in nearly every home among the masses. Corporation greed and human selfishness constitute another plague from whose terrible influence the people have long been struggling to be free. The leaders of the people have appealed to the modern Pharaoh in his castle of wealth and power, beseeching him to set the masses free. But the love of gold has hardened his heart, and he has increased the burden of his subjects through taxation upon nearly every necessity of life until they are most grievously afflicted. Want and woe are abroad in the land, but no Moses has yet appeared to give the needed token to cause the signing of the proclamation of freedom for the multitudes.

Plague after plague of like nature could be mentioned, but the victims thereof do not need to have their memories refreshed with regard to them all. There are some plagues from which Spiritualists alone are the sufferers. One of these is a terrible affliction in the form of a multitude of traveling fakirs, who use the fair name of Spiritualism as a cloak to conceal their nefarious schemes. They advertise as the world's greatest known psychologists, life readers, prophets, mediums, etc., etc., hoping thereby to be able to fleece the unsuspecting people *ad libitum*. One of these fakirs has inflicted himself upon the people of Boston. His very advertisement stamps him as a charlatan, while his inflictions upon the sorrows of his victims mark him as a man wholly without conscience. Inflictions have generally been considered to be for the good of the people, and they have been accepted as such probably by the majority of mankind for many centuries. Violated law always brings punishment of some kind, whether deserved or not, hence every infliction may serve the same power.

We do not believe, however, in tamely submitting to inflictions that can be easily obviated, and permanently remedied. In our national life, the grinding Pharaoh should be made to feel the people's power, while the plague that he has evoked should be stayed by the same strong hand. Cooperation will do this work for the American people, and cooperation will rid Spiritualism of its present afflictions. If its followers will but follow principle instead of prejudice. Every man and woman who seek to attract the people by false and misleading advertisements should be considered objects of suspicion the moment they appear in any community. We do not believe in sitting in judgment over the world, but we do believe in ridding ourselves and the world of the terrible plague of pseudo-mediums, fakirs and charlatans, who are now endeavoring to destroy honest mediumship by their unholly practices. These tricksters are menaces to the well-being of society, and deserve the anathemas of an outraged public.

Boston's plague will probably move on to infect itself upon some neighboring city, while other plague's of like nature will come in to torment the people here. Fakirism, charlatanism, and counterfeiting in Spiritualism are worse than the combined plagues of Egypt could possibly have been. Spiritualism is in sore distress because of them, and the wide-awake Spiritualists are anxiously looking about for some Moses to lead our forces out of their present bondage into the promised

land of peace and truth. They seek no fair Canaan at the point of the sword, through the death of the people, but ask that ALL people may have a share of that celestial Canaan, revealed by the angels of God through honest and truthful mediums for the past five decades, through the divine principle of cooperation. All Spiritualists can aid in the work of removing this plague, this infliction of counterfeit mediumship, if they will but act together, and follow the Moses who has been selected by the angel-world to lead their mortal friends through the Red sea of difficulty, doubt and fear into the land of milk and honey beyond the mountains of time and sense. That leader, that Moses, is the National Spiritualists' Association, whose mission, under the law of cooperation, is to relieve the people of all their afflictions, and as their willing servant, to execute their will for the highest good of all. Let us therefore rally around the National Association in order that our plagues may disappear, and right and justice be given a hearing among men.

The Czar's Note.

Nicholas, Czar of all the Russias, has recently startled the world through a suggestion to the effect that the great standing armies of Europe be abolished by mutual consent of the interested parties. The disarmament of European nations is an ideal long dreamed of by humanitarians and philanthropists; but that the first attempt to realize that ideal should come from autocratic Russia is indeed surprising. The standing army in any nation is a menace to peace, as well as a source of weakness. It saps the vital and financial forces of the people, and stimulates and fosters the spirit of militancy, revenge, hatred and murder. War is a relic of barbarism and the resort of tyrants. A large standing army is maintained at great expense through the levying of heavy taxes and the absorption of the flower of the youth of a nation.

The disarmament of Europe means the establishment of international peace. It would rid the people of the grievous burden of taxation, and enable them to devote themselves to the arts of peace, to the advancement of morality and education. It would lead to a larger freedom for every individual, and would ultimately in the establishment of a government of, for and by the people. It would be a long stride forward in the direction of civilization, and would do much to remove the baser emotions of malice and revenge from the minds of the masses. It might not prove the long-talked-of millennium age, but it would be a means to that desired end. It is gratifying to know that the ruler of a great nation has sufficient courage to propose such a radical innovation. If that ruler be the autocratic Czar, then we must conclude that influences of a high order, unknown to the world of mortals, have made him their mouthpiece.

The immediate ancestors of Nicholas are known to have been interested in Spiritualism, and rumor has it that he, too, clings to that faith. His father is known to have been guided and advised by wise spirits from the other side in determining the policy of state. His hand was stayed by his spirit-friends from several reforms that he had planned, because the Russian people were not ready for the new measures, and would be injured rather than helped by them. The development of Russia in some directions has been greater than is generally known, and it is more than probable that the denizens of the higher spheres now see that that nation is ripe for reform, and ready to take a step in advance. Emperor Nicholas is evidently sincere in his proposal. By some he is deemed a visionary advocate of an impossible Utopia, while others look upon him as a leader in the work of establishing peace and good-will on earth. Whatever his motive may be, it is certain that he has struck a responsive chord in the hearts of millions of people. We feel that he is an instrument in the hands of wise teachers who are seeking the good of mankind from the vantage ground of the spirit, to do a great work for the children of men.

It is not to the credit of the United States to realize that Russia, the despot, and not the Republic, has taken the lead in this good work. It is a sad commentary upon the civilization of this century to behold the most enlightened nation on the globe engaged in war. True, the Cuban contest was instituted in the name of liberty, yet it does seem as if progressive statesmanship ought to have been able to find some other method by which the difficulty could have been settled. It may be that the war with Spain has been such an object lesson to all Europe that the rulers feel that a peace basis is now their only safety. Modern warfare is scientifically conducted and very destructive, hence the necessity of avoiding further conflicts at arms. If our Spanish war shall prove to be the stepping-stone to universal or international peace, then, indeed, it will have been fought in the interests of humanity. If the Russian Czar, under the inspiration of spirits in wisdom spheres, has sounded the call for the adoption of the religion of peace, then let us unite to stay his hands until the grand ideal is realized.

Our esteemed friend, Hosea B. Emery of Glenburn, Maine, Secretary of the Etna Spiritualist Camp Meeting, is a candidate for the Legislature on the Silver ticket from his district. Mr. Emery will make an excellent representative, and, as he is sound on the medical question, vaccination and other reform questions, we hope he will be elected. Every Spiritualist in his district should vote for him.

When the slimy serpent of slander is seen crawling into the fields of virtue, Honor's voice should ring out a clarion call to all the possessors of purity and integrity to rally as one man to put the monster to a speedy and eternal death. That serpent is now endeavoring to defile the fair fields of Spiritualism, and Honor calls upon all Spiritualists to rise and defend what they know to be pure and good.

The kingdom of peace is first established within the human soul. If we would have Peace rule the world, each human soul should be led to become at peace with itself, and in harmony with all of its kindred. True Spiritualism is the teacher and leader who will do this work for mankind, when it can obtain a hearing.

Hon. M. V. Reynolds of Sidney, Maine, was a member of the Maine State Senate during the past four years. He stood up and recorded himself as a Spiritualist when interviewed by the legislative biographer. Senator Reynolds has the courage of his convictions and deserves recognition at the hands of every Spiritualist for his frank and open avowal of his principles.

Mrs. M. T. Longley.

We learn that this gifted and versatile worker is to return to the East this autumn. She will be a delegate to the National Convention in Washington, from California. Her candidacy for the Secretaryship of the National Association has been received with marked favor in all sections of the United States, while the spiritual press has been very cordial in its references to the same. Mrs. Longley is well qualified for the position, and will fill it with credit to herself and honor to the Cause. The Pacific Coast is entitled to representation in the management of the National Spiritualists' Association, and presents an exceptionally strong candidate in Mrs. Longley. Her election would strengthen the National body, and please the great majority of Spiritualists throughout the nation.

Political.

Every Spiritualist voter can render his religion a signal service, if he will but cast his ballot for principle, and not from party prejudice. We urge our readers to interview every candidate for an official position as to his standing upon the question of medical freedom, compulsory vaccination, capital punishment and all forms of sumptuary legislation. It is a sacred duty to defend the principle of liberty, and the BANNER OF LIGHT urges its readers to vote for no man, or set of men, whose views are contrary to what they know to be right. Pledge every candidate before voting for him, and then see to it that he redeems his pledge. Don't fail to attend the primaries and be sure to register in time to vote at the next election.

Gospel of Spirit-Return Society.

Will resume its services at 94 Appleton street, Boston, the third Sunday in September, the 18th, with Mrs. Minnie M. Soule as pastor. This is a flourishing little society and is doing a good work, especially for the young people, who, besides attending the regular Sunday meetings, meet every Thursday evening at the home of the pastor, 79 Prospect street, Somerville, where they receive mental and spiritual stimulus.

Mrs. W. P. Thaxter.

Has returned to her office at 84 Bosworth street, and will be pleased to see her friends and patrons once more.

The Spiritualists of Eastern Maine have an opportunity to prove their loyalty to their principles in the coming State election. Mr. Henry H. Simpson, one of the able and efficient Trustees of Etna Camp, is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner for the County of Penobscot, while Mr. Otis Gould of Dexter is a candidate for Sheriff in the same district. We hope they may be elected, as they stand for the interests of the people as a whole, and are well qualified for the positions named. The time has come for all Spiritualists to support principle—not partisan ends, at the ballot box.

We regret to learn that our esteemed friend and brother, Thomas G. Newman, editor of our valued exchange, *The Philosophical Journal*, has been seriously ill for several days. Bro. Newman is a valiant servant in behalf of the cause of truth, and has carried a heavy burden in the way of hard work for several years. He has our sincere sympathy in his affliction, and our best wishes for his speedy return to health.

The ten-dollar fund to make up the Jubilee deficit awaits the pledges of two hundred ninety-three men and women who wish to aid a worthy cause. Surely they can easily be found among the hundreds who claim to believe in right and justice. Send in your names, and let us have the whole sum pledged prior to Oct. 18.

We call the attention of our readers to the brilliant address of Dr. J. M. Peebles, which we present on the first page of this issue. This was delivered at the Rochester Jubilee and was inspired by it. Does any one who heard it regret that he went to Rochester? We think not.

Mrs. S. E. White, Baltimore, Md., writes: "To be without the BANNER OF LIGHT would seem as if I had parted from my dearest friend. I have learned more from it in the six years since I have been reading it than I learned during all the forty years I was reading the Bible."

"God helps those who help themselves," reads a motto. The angels will bless those who bless themselves by living right and doing right. Therefore, tell the truth in plain terms, vote for reliable men for all official positions, and bless the world by setting a noble example for all.

Love is the keystone of the great arch upon which the universe rests. The more of it that is inculcated into our beings the more will we become like unto the Power from which Love springs. It will make us wiser, greater and truer men and women when we understand it aright.

As the thirsty earth drinks in the refreshing rain, so does the thirsty soul of man drink in the refreshing rain of spiritual truth, poured out from the never-failing fountains in the spheres of the spirit.

In judging others, let us seek first to put ourselves in the places of the ones whom we would judge. By so doing we will find that condemnation departs from us, and willingness to aid takes its place.

Mrs. J. E. Houghton, Little Falls, N. Y., writes: I am more and more enamored with your excellent paper. THE BANNER is a great blessing to me. All I know of Spiritualism I've learned by reading it.

Distinguished Visitors.

On Sunday evening last, at Richmond Hall, Mr. E. W. Wallis, editor of *The Two Worlds*, of Manchester, England, lectured on Spiritualism to an audience that left no vacant chairs. He is a most unassuming gentleman, and one of the most eloquent speakers we have ever heard. He was accompanied by Mrs. Wallis, who gave chairvoyant descriptions. They will also hold a meeting on next Sunday evening at the same hall. During their stay in the city Mr. and Mrs. Wallis are the guests of Mrs. Firth, of Lippincott street.

Mr. S. S. Chiswell, prominent in Lyceum work in England, is a delegate to the Supreme Court of the I. O. F. now in session in the city. Mr. Chiswell is at the Rossin.—*Spiritual Messenger*, Toronto.

Letter from E. W. Wallis.

The camp-meetings strike us as splendid institutions; no wonder they are so popular, especially as the weather over here is so extremely hot. One of the advantages must surely be an increase of power to both spirits and mediums from the concentration of so many, on both sides, animated by similar purposes and desires.

Then think of the educational value of such lectures, thought exchanges and experiences which the intelligent inquirer can obtain. The very diversity of thought, the variety of modes of expression of similar ideas, together with the diverse powers of phenomenal mediums, all tend to stimulate independent research and conclusions.

May the day be far distant when we have stereotyped uniformity and authority. Better the unfettered utterance of honest convictions than the dead level of conformity that stifles the soul. We have listened to Bros. Mills, Clegg Wright and Lockwood and Carrie E. S. Twing at Lake Pleasant, and to Willard J. Hull, A. B. Richmond, W. W. Hicks and Mrs. Twing at Cassadaga, and, although they differed in style and mode of presenting their thoughts, yet there was a wonderful harmony and sympathy of ideas and purposes running through all they had to say.

Then we heard John Slater, Mrs. May S. Pepper and Mrs. Maggie Waite give messages from and state facts regarding deceased persons with remarkable ability and clearness, and Mrs. Kaynor gave the first test quite successfully. Comparisons are odious, and it is not fair to mediums that comparisons should be drawn, because no two mediums are exactly alike; no two can succeed with all sitters alike. One hears much talk of "jealousy" between mediums, but we are inclined to think that if fewer comparisons were made by others, there would be better feelings all around. Then again, one hears a great deal about "tests" and "wonderful" or "marvelous" manifestations. That word "test" is becoming perfectly detestable. What we want are messages from spirits that carry conviction to our heads and hearts that we are really in communication with those we love; that they still hold us in loving remembrance, and desire to bless us. It seems to us that while we may receive with gleaming statements that may convey evidence of the presence and affection of our spirit-friends, the mere production of "wonderful" or "marvelous" phenomena which do not carry with them any evidence of exorcism spirit-action or identity is largely a waste of time and power. To cause a table to float in the air may be a "wonderful" phenomenon, but what is the use of it beyond exciting wonder and proving the possibility of such an occurrence. But, when by "raps" or "tilts" a loving message is spelt out, which manifestly (by its internal evidence) emanates from a long lost friend, who thus returns and lifts the veil, and awakens to new life the hope and affection of the heart, then those otherwise "trivial" phenomena become sacred and hallowed.

At both Lake Pleasant and Lily Dale we were cordially welcomed; pleasant receptions were accorded us, and our stay made most enjoyable. Many acts of kindness by the officers, speakers, mediums, members of the N. Y. P. S. U. and other friends, are recorded in our memories, and will never be effaced. It was a pleasure indeed to meet with so many noted workers and mediums, to hear the eloquent addresses, to enjoy the natural beauties of the scenery and the social intercourse with old friends and new, and to take part in the proceedings at so many meetings.

Now that the camps are practically over, the autumn work will soon be begun, and friends who have thought of engaging our services should write at once, as we are planning out our tour as rapidly as possible.

Fraternally and heartily, E. W. WALLIS.
340 Lippincott street, Toronto, Canada.

Lake Brady, Ohio.

Aug. 21.—Our season is now drawing toward its close. Many have already taken their departure, and there is a bustle of preparation in the air. The season has been an exceptionally prosperous one, considering the many difficulties with which we have had to contend. "The good of all and the interest of each" has been the rule during the season and the utmost harmony has prevailed.

The last entertainment was given Friday evening. The principal part of it was a joint original production by Mr. Herrick and Mrs. McCaslin, entitled "Retribution," setting forth the teachings of Spiritualism from a moral standpoint. It represented a man endeavoring to drown in drink and dissipation the memories of his evil conduct; but they constantly come before him in a series of pictures, while Justice stands with a wand, the motion of which brings them into view. Upon the other side, the spirit of evil, represented in the traditional devil, endeavors to draw his attention away from them. Finally the spirits of the people he has wronged surround him with their various grievances, and he dies of horror and remorse. The final tableau shows him as having retrieved his misdeeds and been accepted by the spirit-friends.

Willard J. Hull was with us Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Hull's profound logic furnishes a rich intellectual feast for those who are able to partake of it.

In comparing the methods of orthodoxy with those of Spiritualism he said: "Supposing there are fakes who masquerade in the name of Spiritualism; is it any worse to dress up a dummy and call it the spirit of your grandfather, with a dollar for a fee, than to offer a piece of bread as the body of Christ, with a collection for a fee?"

"Solomon was a man after God's own heart, with his nine hundred wives and three hundred concubines. Imagine a Spiritualist in such a fix as that!"

"Spiritualism recognizes the inspiration of the Bible, but does not claim as infallible revelation passages that could not be read aloud in refined society or put into the hands of a child any more than the *Police Gazette* or a pack of French cards."

"Nor does Spiritualism teach that the red-handed murderer can be at once transformed into a seraphic cherub."

"The black cap and the crucifix rubbed together will not generate an angel."

Mr. Hull's lecture on "Life," beginning with the spermatozoon and ending with the arch-angel, was a masterpiece, covering a range of thought into which few people have yet dared to venture.

Mr. C. H. Figueurs of Cleveland followed Mr. Hull with tests and messages from spirit-friends, all of which were recognized.

C. J. Barnes gave a séance for manifestations in the light, which closed the exercises of the day.

Your correspondent has lately come to Ashby Camp to fill a ten days' engagement. Mediums are badly needed at the camp.

At our lecture last evening we invited questions, and one read: "How can we aid earth-bound spirits or banish them from a circle?" When Dr. Nellie Mosier followed with tests, among others, a spirit claimed to have dictated this question. Rev. Mr. Harris, who not far from here ended a life of dishonest dealing as a suicide, is the obsessing spirit, and, though interfering with the manifestations of the circle, is pleading for forgiveness. The instructions were to give him sympathy, kindly pity and encouragement to strive toward the higher life, withholding personal judgment. This method has been successfully adopted.

Mrs. M. McCaslin.

Jubilee Deficit.

Previously acknowledged, \$824.62. J. R. Francis (editor *Progressive Thinker*), \$10.00; G. H. Woods, \$2.00; A. J. Van Dozen, Mrs. C. Catlin, Mrs. R. Holmes, E. S. New York City, \$1.00 each; miscellaneous, per *Progressive Thinker*, 60 cents; Mary A. Baker, 25 cents; total, \$841.47.

Are you going to Washington in October to attend the National Spiritualists' Convention? Remember that a New England excursion will start for Washington Oct. 10. Send in your name and be ready to join the party on that date. J. B. Hatch, Jr., 74 Broadway, Boston, is the manager of the excursion.

The State Convention of the California State Spiritualist Association was held in San Francisco, Sept. 2, 3, 4. Particulars will be given later.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Appleton Hall, 94 Appleton Street.—Palm Memorial Building, side entrance.—The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie M. Soule, Pastor, will hold services every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union holds meetings the third Thursday of each month in Dwight Hall, 34 Tremont street, at 7 1/2 P. M. All are invited. Eben Cobb, President; Mrs. J. S. Soper, Clerk; 67 Huron Avenue, North Cambridge.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.—104 A. M. 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 2 1/2 P. M. F. Smith, Chairman.

Hollis Hall, 789 Washington St.—Sundays, 10 A. M. Developing Circle, 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Tests and readings. George B. Cutter, Chairman.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street.—Meetings Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 3 P. M. Sundays at 11, 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, President.

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

Bible Spiritualists Meetings, Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street.—Mrs. Gutterer, President. Services Sundays at 10 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 P. M., and Wednesdays at 2 1/2 P. M.

Sunlight Hall, 21 Soley Street, Charlestown.—Meetings Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 7 1/2 o'clock. J. W. Cowan, Conductor.

COMMERCIAL HALL, 694 Washington St.—M. Adeline Wilkinson, Conductor, writes: The conference at 11 o'clock was largely attended and very interesting. Mrs. Collins assisted in the circle, which opened with the regular song service. Mrs. Scarlett made the opening remarks, followed by Messrs. Hill, Davis, Newhall, Hall, Martin and Prof. Arthur, followed by Mrs. Nutter and Miss Sears, with tests. Nellie Carleton presided at the organ; vocal solo, Mrs. Hill.

In the afternoon, remarks by Mrs. Lavone readings by Mrs. Nutter, Clara Strong, Mrs. Randolph, also Mr. Hardy; singing by Mr. Baxter, Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Randolph. Mrs. Sheldon presided at the organ. Mrs. Baxter made closing remarks.

Evening services opened with singing by the Colored Jubilee Singers; invocation and opening address by C. Abbott, followed by a vocal solo by Mrs. Wilson; remarks and readings, Mrs. Clark; readings by Mesdames Forrester and Nutter and Mr. Scarlett; solo by Mrs. Strong.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the door.

HOLLIS HALL, 789 Washington street.—Geo. B. Cutter, Chairman, writes: Morning circle opened with an address by Albert Sawin of New York, followed by Mrs. Maggie Keating-Cutter; tests and music by the Chairman.

Afternoon service.—Remarks and tests, Dr. Stiles, Mesdames Wetz, Mellen and Stiles. Music by G. B. Cutter and Prof. Rimbach.

Evening.—Opening address by Mr. Quint (a dear friend of our late Bro. Eben Cobb); accurate tests by Mrs. Julia Dyer, Mrs. M. J. Butler was in the audience, and was invited to the rostrum by the chairman. She gave us some beautiful thoughts, which were highly appreciated. The meeting closed with a poem and benediction.

BANNER OF LIGHT always on sale.

ODD LADIES HALL, 446 TREMONT STREET.—A correspondent writes; Sunday, Sept. 4, circle opened by Mr. Haynes. Those taking part morning, afternoon and evening were Messrs. Graham, Elliot, Dabry, Turner, Cohen, Sargent, Amerige, Herby, Stiles, Hunt, Mesdames Gutierrez, Merrimer, Ackerman, Wells, Alexander, Stiles, Lee, Misses Webster and Hersey.

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

CAMP PROGRESS, MOWERLAND PARK, UPPER SWAMPSCOTT.—N. B. P. writes: Sept. 4 there was a goodly number present at the Camp. As the time draws near for the camp-meetings to close, there seems to be a greater interest manifested among the people, and a desire to know something more of the great truths that are being brought to us from the other side of life. Camp Progress is doing a grand work in the Cause of Spiritualism, and many have been brought to see the truth of our divine religion.

Two o'clock meeting opened with a selection from the "Haymakers," "How Good He Is," Quartet; invocation, L. D. Milliken, of Lynn; opening address, Mrs. H. A. Baker, Danvers; singing, Quartet, "We Shall All Meet Again in the Morning Land." Tests, Mrs. Dr. Caird, of Danvers; singing, "We are Marching to the River," Quartet; fine remarks and poem, Abby N. Burnham, Malden; selection, "The Stranger's Story," C. H. LeGrand, Salem; remarks and poem, "Eagle Song," James Smith, Cliftondale.

Four o'clock meeting opened with a selection from the Haymakers, "All Nature Now Rejoices," Quartet; remarks, James M. Kelly, Lynn; song, "Come where the Lilies Bloom so Fair," Quartet; song, "Signal Bells at Sea," C. H. LeGrand and quartet; remarks, H. H. Warner, of Everett; song, Miss Lydia Stephens, of Salem, "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," remarks, Walter J. Rollins, Boston; tests, Mrs. Mary E. Hubbard, Boston. The meeting closed with singing "America" by the audience.

On Labor Day, Sept. 5, the last picnic of the season was held. A large number was present and enjoyed themselves, especially the children. We were happily surprised by having with us Miss Blanche Brainerd, the young test medium, with a party of ten from Lowell who accompanied her.

The program opened with a potato race, eight boys; potato race, eight girls; race, eighty yards, for boys and girls, the gentler sex having a handicap of ten yards; race was won by the girls; mock trial to find out who stole the lady's watch; a certain party on the ground was suspected, searched and the missing article found; after a very bitter and severe trial, the accused was acquitted by the jury.

Dancing followed; Tiney & Upton's Band furnished the music.

Speaking and singing by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Peat of Boston.

Song by Master Peat of Boston.

Excellent remarks by Miss Blanche Brainerd of Lowell.

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

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

WORCESTER.—A correspondent writes: Aug. 28 our last open-air meeting of the season was held at Sutton's grove. The principal address of the day was made by M. F. Hammond, trance speaker, and tests were afterward given by Mrs. Logan, whose work is always appreciated. Although well advanced in years, her work was not yet finished, and her kind words and beautiful thoughts touch all who hear her.

Usual circles will be continued at 10 Newbury street, Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock. Our meetings and circles have been very helpful, the open-air meetings attracting many who would never have gone to hall meetings, and they are now following up their investigations through our circles.

The prospects for the coming fall and winter are that we shall have full and interesting circles.

LOWELL.—Thos. W. Pickup, Sec'y, writes: Sept. 5 our conference meeting opened at 3 o'clock by the audience singing, "Scatter the Seeds of Kindness," followed by an invocation,

Mrs. Anna Jones; Miss Florence F. Pickup sang a solo, "The Beautiful Gates Ajar," and Mr. Barnes of Lawrence made a few remarks, giving a brief account of his life before and after his conversion to Spiritualism; Mr. Code of Nahus, and Mr. Plympton of Lowell made some very interesting remarks; Mrs. Jones also gave an interesting account of her conversion to our beautiful Philosophy, after which her control, (Mignonette) gave some psychometric readings which were very satisfactory.

Next Sunday we have Mrs. Abbie Burnham of Malden.

Brooklyn School of Psychology.

The New Year's exercises connected with the reopening of the college, 497 Franklin avenue (close to Fulton street), Brooklyn, will commence Friday evening, Sept. 16, at 8 o'clock, when there will be a fine musical program, and a special lecture by W. J. Colville, and another lecture will be given by Mr. Colville on Saturday, Sept. 17, at 3 P. M., subject, "The Coming Reign of Universal Peace."

The lecture hall has been greatly improved and beautifully decorated.

Consecutive instruction in Practical Psychology will be commenced by Mr. Colville on Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 8 and 9 P. M.

Full particulars, prospectus, etc., will be supplied to all applicants by the Secretary, who will be in regular attendance at the college henceforward.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. Florence White, platform medium, will answer calls near Boston during September and October. Address 175 Tremont street, Boston.

During September and October Oscar A. Edgerly's address will be Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Dr. Caird, lecturer and test medium, may be addressed at 35 Baker street, Lynn, Mass., for engagements for the coming season.

Dr. Dean Clark, long known as an able and eloquent speaker, and a thoroughly competent exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, especially in its scientific aspects, is ready to respond to calls for fall and winter service at reasonable rates in the New England and Middle States. Address him care BANNER OF LIGHT.

Dr. C. W. Hidden of Newburyport, Mass., will lecture in Waltham, Mass., Oct. 3.

Mrs. Jennie L. Follansbee of Newburyport entertained the Independent Circle of that city at her cottage, Plum Island, on Thursday last.

On Sunday, Sept. 18, W. J. Colville lectures in New Central Hall, 699 5th Avenue, New York, at 3 and 8 P. M.

Dr. C. C. Henderson and wife, after a visit of three months in Eastern Massachusetts, have returned to Chicago, where the doctor is pastor of a church.

The First Society of Rosicrucians, J. C. F. Grumbine, lecturer, opens in Conference Room, 601 Masonic Temple Building, Chicago, Oct. 2, at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. The public is invited.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of the Banner of Light Publishing Co.

Fred P. Evans, 103 W. 42d street, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. May 21.

DR. J. DAVIS' WILD CUCUMBER PILLS

TRADE MARK

Agents: HUDNUTT'S PHARMACY, 265 Broadway, New York City, and FULLER & FULLER CO., Chicago, Ill. (tf) eow cet

Mrs. Florence White, Business Medium, 175 Tremont street, Boston. Sept. 10. (tf)

Madame Newman, PSYCHIC Readings and Magnetic Healing. 148 North 15th street, Philadelphia, Pa. (tf) Aug. 27.

MARY T. LONGLEY, TRANCE MEDIUM. GIVES sittings for Medical, Test and Business purposes. Readings by mail, \$1.00 and stamp. State age and sex. 511 S. Olive Street, Los Angeles, Cal. June 11. (tf)

FLORIDA! for Home-seekers and Investors. It is described in handsome illustrated book which you can obtain by mailing a recent stamp to J. H. FOSSE, 11 Wabeno street, Roxbury, Mass. Jan. 4.

HENRY SCHARFFETTER, 300 So. Collington Ave., Baltimore, Md., GENERAL AGENT FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUB. CO. OF BOSTON, MASS.

HEADQUARTERS for Spiritualistic, Reformatory and Occult Literature, also subscriptions taken for BANNER OF LIGHT, by mail promptly attended to. Catalogues free on application. Correspondence desired.

DIVINE X-RAY. Marvelous Development OF MRS. J. J. WHITNEY THE CELEBRATED Trance and Test Medium. She has developed Medical Clairvoyance, and will diagnose disease and treat with revealed remedies, compounded for each patient clairvoyantly. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. In order for the controls to satisfactorily diagnose, send age, sex, and leading symptom. Send stamp for terms of treatment. Office 232 Stockton Street, between Post and Geary Streets, San Francisco, Calif. Aug. 13. (tf)

SURE CURE! PEELER'S SURE RHEUMATIC CURE Is the only remedy that can be called a specific for Rheumatism, as it cures ninety-eight out of a hundred cases. It will also cure Stiffness and Various Yaws, and limbs that have been drawn up by rheumatism. Many hundreds of people have been cured. Read what Mr. Henshaw says: "I have been a sufferer for twenty years. I had a severe attack about the first of September last. In November I commenced to take your Rheumatic Cure. It was relieved at once. After taking four bottles all signs of disease had disappeared. Have had no return to date. THOS. A. HENSHAW, 4 Hollis Place, Boston, Mass." (His leg was badly drawn up.) Price \$1.00 per bottle. Six bottles, \$5.00. Sent by express only at purchaser's expense. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO. eow

SPIRITUAL ECHOES FROM HOLYROOD. Inspirational Addresses, Replies to Questions, Poems, delivered by W. J. COLVILLE, at the residence of Lady Catherine, Duches de Fourn, 124 Avenue de Wagram, Paris, during June, 1895. Pamphlet, price 15 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO

THE BANNER OF LIGHT BINDER. As many of our subscribers have expressed a desire for some form of a binder in which they can preserve the weekly issues of THE BANNER, we have arranged for one that is strong and durable, and will admirably answer the purpose. The covers are flexible, and will easily hold fifty-two numbers—or a complete year's issue of the paper. The engraved heading of the BANNER OF LIGHT is printed across the face in place of "The Boston Binder," as in above cut. Binders the quality and size of the one we now offer usually sell for 50 cents and upward, but by purchasing a large quantity at one time we are enabled to supply them to our patrons by mail, POSTAGE FREE, for Only 35 Cents.

THE VOICES. BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW. THE VOICE OF NATURE represents God in the light of Reason and Philosophy—in His unchangeable and glorious attributes. THE VOICE OF A PEBBLE delineates the individuality of Matter and Mind, fraternal Charity and Love. THE VOICE OF SUPERSTITION takes the creeds at their word, and from numerous passages from the Bible and the God of Moses has been defeated by Satan, from the Garden of Eden to Mount Calvary! THE VOICE OF GOD offers the ideas that our prayers must accord with immutable laws, else we pray for prayer, independent of cause. Twelfth edition, with a new stippled steel-plate engraving of the author's photograph. Printed in large clear type, on beautiful tinted paper, bound in beveled boards. Price \$1.00, postage 10 cents. Persons purchasing a copy of "THE VOICES" will receive, free, a copy of Mr. Barlow's pamphlet entitled "ORTHODOX HASH, WITH CHANGE OF DIET," if they so order. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO. oam

PAINT TALKS. VIII. Why a Combination of Zinc and Lead is "Non-poisonous." All the salts of lead, including white lead, are extremely poisonous compounds, and nothing can be added to them which will make them non-poisonous if taken into the system. Therefore the lead in a combination paint is of itself as poisonous as the lead in a keg of "strictly pure carbolic." But in the combination paint the lead is first of all diluted. Suppose the mixture of half lead and half zinc white; this reduces by one-half the quantity of poisonous material in a given bulk of the paint. Furthermore, such a combination will require about fifty per cent. more oil than the pure lead would need to make it ready for use, thus reducing still further the quantity of the poisonous material in a given bulk of the paint. The foregoing conditions are of special interest to the painter, he being the only one who is in danger of poisoning in the application of the paint. But the most important consideration is the behavior of the paint after it has been applied. It is well known that lead paint quickly crumbles and falls into powder—"chinks off," in painters' parlance. This lead dust or powder is poisonous, and especially so to women and children. It may not produce severe lead poisoning, but it does injure the health. Now zinc white does not crumble from the painted surface, and when combined with the lead it prevents the latter from crumbling. Hence with a combination paint of zinc and lead there is no "chinking off," and consequently no possibility of lead poisoning. A lead containing paint containing zinc is, therefore, perfectly safe to use as far as the health of those living in its presence is concerned, and relatively safe as regards the health of the painter who applies it. Some French authorities claim that pure zinc white is superior to white lead on every account, and one prominent Parisian firm of contracting painters use no white lead in any of their work; but, taking conditions as they are, and from experience as it runs, this is rather an extreme view. Painters are familiar with the use of lead. It is very opaque, and when properly combined with zinc to hold it in place, and to whiten it, makes generally a satisfactory job. But alone it is not a good paint, and is anything but economical. Compared with the best combination paints it costs more per pound, requires forty per cent. more of it to cover satisfactorily an equal surface, and needs renewal in a much shorter time. On every consideration the combination paints have the advantage. STANTON DUDLEY. Sept. 10.

A CASE OF Partial Dematerialization OF THE Body of a Medium. INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION BY COUNT ALEXANDER AKSAKOF, Scientist, Philosopher, and Literateur, Ex Prime Minister of Russia. Translated from the French by TRACI GOULD, LL. B., Counsellor at Law, Member of the New York Bar.

The well-known scholarship of Count Aksakof, and the painstaking study he has given to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, warrant the statement that this, his latest work, will be an epoch-making book. He gives, in plain terms, the results of his personal investigations under the most absolute test conditions possible, proving conclusively the verity of psychic manifestations. Count Aksakof never goes into print unless he has something to say in his own words. He has found much of moment to say; he has said it well, and his translator has given his English and American friends an opportunity to enjoy the distinguished statesman-scholar's richest and ripest thought.

CONTENTS. Chap. I. Theoretical Speculations—Materializations and Dematerializations. Chap. II. Account of a Séance given by Madame d'Esperance at Helsinki, Finland, Dec. 11, 1893, at which the phenomenon of the Partial Dematerialization of the body of the Medium was demonstrated to Sight and Touch. I. Testimony of Mlle. Hjelt. A. Letter from Mlle. Hjelt to Mons. Aksakof. B. Letter from Mons. Aksakof to Mlle. Hjelt. C. Letter from Mlle. Hjelt to Mons. Aksakof. D. Supplementary Letter from Mlle. Hjelt.

II. Testimony of Staff Officer, Capt. Toppellus. III. Testimony of Prof. Sellling to Mons. Aksakof. A. Letter from Prof. Sellling to Mons. Aksakof. B. Letter from Mons. Aksakof to Prof. Sellling. C. Letter from Prof. Sellling to Mons. Aksakof. D. Supplementary Report of Prof. Sellling (illustrated). E. Letter from Mons. Aksakof to Prof. Sellling. F. Reply of Prof. Sellling to Mons. Aksakof. IV. Testimony of Madame Helene Sellling. A. Note from Mme. Sellling. B. Remarks on the same, by Mons. Aksakof.

V. Testimony of Mlle. Fanny Tavaststerna. A. Letter from Mlle. Tavaststerna to Mons. Aksakof. B. Supplement to the foregoing letter. VI. Testimony of General Toppellus. VII. Testimony of Dr. Hertzbach. VIII. Testimony of Mr. Schoutz, C. E. A. Letter from Mr. Schoutz to Mons. Aksakof. B. Counter-Testimony of Prof. Sellling. C. Counter-Testimony of Dr. Hertzbach. D. Counter-Testimony of Mlle. Hjelt and Tavaststerna.

IX. Testimony of General Sederholm. X. Testimony of Mr. J. Boldt. XI. Testimony of General Galland and Mr. Lönbom. XII. Personal Testimony of Madame d'Esperance, the Medium. A. Account of the Séance held at Prof. Sellling's residence at Helsinki, by Madame d'Esperance. B. Questions addressed to Madame d'Esperance by Mons. Aksakof. C. Supplementary Explanations by Madame d'Esperance.

Chap. III. Personal Investigation by Mons. Aksakof. Chap. IV. Letters from the Medium concerning her condition after the Séance at Helsinki. Chap. V. Personal Statement of the Medium as to her condition during the Dematerializing Séance. I. Questions by Mons. Aksakof and Replies of the Medium. II. Supplementary Remarks by Mons. Aksakof. Chap. VI. Conclusions.

12mo, 197 pages, large type, illustrated. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

SOME PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS. Preface; Hermetics; Philosophy; Faith; Concentration; Practice; Memory; Imagination; The Book of Revelation; Fidei and Philosophy; Who are the "Cranks"; One Day; Secret Griefs; Cold Despair; Beauty; Art—Power; Spirit and Devils; Death—What of It? Nature's Jest; Your Friend; The One Thing; The Devil; The Fair; Atomic; Magic.

Some Philosophy of the Hermetics. (cloth, price \$1.25. "Some More Philosophy of the Hermetics," cloth, price \$1.50. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

MAXHAM'S MELODIES. Arranged for Solos, Duets, and Quartets. Also Six Poems. By the beautiful pair There are angels near. Sweet somewhere Old melodies You never can tell. Don't shut the door between. We shall not pass this way. No, no, no, no, no, no. The eternal is lifting. Again. The eternal is lifting. If all who hate would love us. Solitude. A good time now. When the wife has gone away. The real life. The stately man's fate. Don't look for the laws. Be careful what you say. My mother's waiting hands. The old brass knocker. The beautiful land. (And so goes the world. Castles in the air. Infinite Father. An honest man. An angel band. Watch over me. In cloth covers. Single copies 25 cents. Satisfied. A song reverie by A. J. MAXHAM. In sheet form. Price 25 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

THE LAW OF CORRESPONDENCES: APPLIED TO HEALING. BY W. J. COLVILLE. Author of "Old and New Psychology," "Text Book of Mental Therapeutics," "Studies in Theosophy, etc., etc."

CONTENTS. 1. The Law of Correspondences; The Problem Stated. 2. The Specific Correspondences; Practical Suggestions. 3. The Twelve Manners of People; Their Peculiarities and Limitations. 4. Healing of the Nations and Redemption of the Tribes. 5. Enigmas Confronted in Healing. 6. Bodies, What Are They, and How Shall We Deal with Them? 7. The Spiritual Man; His Powers and Privileges. Leatherette, price 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

PSYCHOGRAPHY. Marvelous Manifestations of Psychic Power given through the Mediumship of Fred P. Evans, known as the Independent Seer-Writer. By J. J. OWEN. A book you ought to read. Absolutely interesting, and should be in the hands of every thoughtful man and woman. No one can read it without being convinced of the existence of a future life. The book is of great value, not only to Spiritualists, but to those interested in the problem of man's future life as well as to those interested in phenomenal research.

PRESS REVIEWS. "The book before us is one that should interest every one, for the reason that it furnishes irrefragable evidence of the continued existence of some who, having once lived upon earth, have passed from it, and assure us that if they live, we shall live also beyond the event termed death."—Banner of Light, Boston. "We hope the work will have a large sale. It is splendidly got up, is illustrated, and forms a very valuable addition to the literature of the movement devoted to phenomena and mediumistic experiences."—The Two Worlds Manchester, Eng. "This book is an admirable supplement to the one of the same name written by M. A. (Oxon), and published some years since—the supplement being the weightiest part—and the two combined give proof positive of the reality of direct spirit-writing."—The Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia. DEAR MR. EVANS—I thank you very much for sending me your extraordinary book of "Psychography." I look at it with great interest, and will be glad to mention it in the Review of Interest. W. T. STRAD, Montrose House, London.

This volume is superlative octavo in size, beautifully bound in cloth and gold, and profusely illustrated. Price 60c., postage 20 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Three Journeys Around the World;

Travels in the Pacific Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, India, Egypt, And Other Oriental Countries. IN ONE VOLUME. BY J. M. PEEBLES, A. M., M. D., PH. D.

Author of "Seers of the Ages," "Immortality," "How to Live a Century," "Critical Review of Rev. Dr. Kipp," "Jesus, Myth, Man or God?" "The Soul, its Pre-existence," "Did Jesus Christ Exist?" etc., etc.

During Dr. J. M. Peebles' late (and third) trip around the world, he studied and noted the laws, customs and religions of nations and peoples, giving special attention to Spiritualism, Magic, Theosophy and reform movements. He visited Ceylon, India, Persia, Egypt, Syria, and the continent of Europe, and secured much material, which has been embodied in a large octavo volume.

The volume contains thirty-five chapters, and treats of the following subjects:

Home Life in California. My Third Voyage. The Sandwich Islands. The Pacific Island Races. Ocean Bound Toward Auckland. New Zealand, Melbourne, Australia, Australia.

From New Zealand Onward. A Series of Seances Upon the Ocean. The Chinese Orient. Chinese Religions and Institutions. Coochin, China, to Singapore. Malacca to India. Spiritual Seances on the Indian Ocean. India: Its History and Treasures. India's Religions, Morals and Social Characteristics.

The Rise of Buddhism in India. The Brahmo-Somaj and Parsees—Spiritualism in India. From India to Arabia—Aden and the Arabs. The City of Cairo, Egypt. Egypt's Catacombs and Pyramids—Appearance of the Egyptians. Study of the Pyramids—Sight of the Great Pyramid. Ancient Science in Egypt—Astronomy of the Egyptians. From Alexandria to Joppa and Jerusalem—the City of Joppa. City of Prophets and Apostles—Jesus and Jerusalem. Present Gospels. The Christianity of the Ages—Plato and Jesus in Contrast. Turkey in Asia—Jonta and the Greeks. Athens. Europe and its Cities. Ceylon and its Buddhists. The India of To-day. Hindoo Doctrines of the Dead. The Mediterranean Sea—Egypt and Antiquity.

Large 8vo, cloth, gilt sides and back. Illustrated. Nearly 500 pages. Price \$1.50, postage 20 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

SOME PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS. Preface; Hermetics; Philosophy; Faith; Concentration; Practice; Memory; Imagination; The Book of Revelation; Fidei and Philosophy; Who are the "Cranks"; One Day; Secret Griefs; Cold Despair; Beauty; Art—Power; Spirit and Devils; Death—What of It? Nature's Jest; Your Friend; The One Thing; The Devil; The Fair; Atomic; Magic.

Some Philosophy of the Hermetics. (cloth, price \$1.25. "Some More Philosophy of the Hermetics," cloth, price \$1.50. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

MAXHAM'S MELODIES. Arranged for Solos, Duets, and Quartets. Also Six Poems. By the beautiful pair There are angels near. Sweet somewhere Old melodies You never can tell. Don't shut the door between. We shall not pass this way. No, no, no, no, no, no. The eternal is lifting. Again. The eternal is lifting. If all who hate would love us. Solitude. A good time now. When the wife has gone away. The real life. The stately man's fate. Don't look for the laws. Be careful what you say. My mother's waiting hands. The old brass knocker. The beautiful land. (And so goes the world. Castles in the air. Infinite Father. An honest man. An angel band. Watch over me. In cloth covers. Single copies 25 cents. Satisfied. A song reverie by A. J. MAXHAM. In sheet form. Price 25 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

THE LAW OF CORRESPONDENCES: APPLIED TO HEALING. BY W. J. COLVILLE. Author of "Old and New Psychology," "Text Book of Mental Therapeutics," "Studies in Theosophy, etc., etc."

CONTENTS. 1. The Law of Correspondences; The Problem Stated. 2. The Specific Correspondences; Practical Suggestions. 3. The Twelve Manners of People; Their Peculiarities and Limitations. 4. Healing of the Nations and Redemption of the Tribes. 5. Enigmas Confronted in Healing. 6. Bodies, What Are They, and How Shall We Deal with Them? 7. The Spiritual Man; His Powers and Privileges. Leatherette, price 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

PSYCHOGRAPHY. Marvelous Manifestations of Psychic Power given through the Mediumship of Fred P. Evans, known as the Independent Seer-Writer. By J. J. OWEN. A book you ought to read. Absolutely interesting, and should be in the hands of every thoughtful man and woman. No one can read it without being convinced of the existence of a future life. The book is of great value, not only to Spiritualists, but to those interested in the problem of man's future life as well as to those interested in phenomenal research.

PRESS REVIEWS. "The book before us is one that should interest every one, for the reason that it furnishes irrefragable evidence of the continued existence of some who, having once lived upon earth, have passed from it, and assure us that if they live, we shall live also beyond the event termed death."—Banner of Light, Boston. "We hope the work will have a large sale. It is splendidly got up, is illustrated, and forms a very valuable addition to the literature of the movement devoted to phenomena and mediumistic experiences."—The Two Worlds Manchester, Eng. "This book is an admirable supplement to the one of the same name written by M. A. (Oxon), and published some years since—the supplement being the weightiest part—and the two combined give proof positive of the reality of direct spirit-writing."—The Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia. DEAR MR. EVANS—I thank you very much for sending me your extraordinary book of "Psychography." I look at it with great interest, and will be glad to mention it in the Review of Interest. W. T. STRAD, Montrose House, London.

This volume is superlative octavo in size, beautifully bound in cloth and gold, and profusely illustrated. Price 60c., postage 20 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Three Journeys Around the World;

Travels in the Pacific Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, India, Egypt, And Other Oriental Countries. IN ONE VOLUME. BY J. M. PEEBLES, A. M., M. D., PH. D.

Author of "Seers of the Ages," "Immortality," "How to Live a Century," "Critical Review of Rev. Dr. Kipp," "Jesus, Myth, Man or God?" "The Soul, its Pre-existence," "Did Jesus Christ Exist?" etc., etc.

During Dr. J. M. Peebles' late (and third) trip around the world, he studied and noted the laws, customs and religions of nations and peoples, giving special attention to Spiritualism, Magic, Theosophy and reform movements. He visited Ceylon, India, Persia, Egypt, Syria, and the continent of Europe, and secured much material, which has been embodied in a large octavo volume.

The volume contains thirty-five chapters, and treats of the following subjects:

Home Life in California. My Third Voyage. The Sandwich Islands. The Pacific Island Races. Ocean Bound Toward Auckland. New Zealand, Melbourne, Australia, Australia.

From New Zealand Onward. A Series of Seances Upon the Ocean. The Chinese Orient. Chinese Religions and Institutions. Coochin, China, to Singapore. Malacca to India. Spiritual Seances on the Indian Ocean. India: Its History and Treasures. India's Religions, Morals and Social Characteristics.

The Rise of Buddhism in India. The Brahmo-Somaj and Parsees—Spiritualism in India. From India to Arabia—Aden and the Arabs. The City of Cairo, Egypt. Egypt's Catacombs and Pyramids—Appearance of the Egyptians. Study of the Pyramids—Sight of the Great Pyramid. Ancient Science in Egypt—Astronomy of the Egyptians. From Alexandria to Joppa and Jerusalem—the City of Joppa. City of Prophets and Apostles—Jesus and Jerusalem. Present Gospels. The Christianity of the Ages—Plato and Jesus in Contrast. Turkey in Asia—Jonta and the Greeks. Athens. Europe and its Cities. Ceylon and its Buddhists. The India of To-day. Hindoo Doctrines of the Dead. The Mediterranean Sea—Egypt and Antiquity.

Large 8vo, cloth, gilt sides and back. Illustrated. Nearly 500 pages. Price \$1.50, postage 20 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

SOME PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS. Preface; Hermetics; Philosophy; Faith; Concentration; Practice; Memory; Imagination; The Book of Revelation; Fidei and Philosophy; Who are the "Cranks"; One

Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought and 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 expressions as much of truth as they perceive—no more. It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact.

SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held July 29, 1898.

Spirit Invocation.

O thou divine universal Spirit, we again bring ourselves into sympathy and harmony, so that we can come in close communion with thee and our spirit-friends. We are glad that the way is open by which we can send our thoughts, and thus be with our loved ones. We long to understand the mysterious workings of thy great power and receive a new baptism of the spirit. Help us to seek more diligently for the laws that govern life, both upon earth and in the spiritual world. Help us to comprehend the many seeming mistakes that come to us in our experiences and the clouds and disappointments that often surround us. Help us to realize that every cloud is a blessing, and has a silver lining if we will but look for it.

Guide us while we are together this morning, and we know all will be well if led by thy spirit. Bless all who need thy blessing and bring us closer to thy divine side, Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Samuel Greggs.

I should say in the way of introduction this morning that my name is Samuel Greggs, and my home for many years was in San Diego, Cal., but long years ago I would be recognized in Boston, and also in Maine. I have approached this circle for the first time to try to communicate with those I have left in earth-life. Many yet do not know whether I am an inhabitant of the mortal or of the spirit-world, for it is strange, but true, that many of us become dead to our friends long before the body passes through the change called death; and that is my case. Through carelessness, and being one who did not like to write, I had drifted away, and seemingly was contented with my surroundings, and I forgot to notify the many friends and relatives that I had in earth-life in the west and east, of the success I had had. As I have been out of the body some time, and things have not gone on in earth-life as I should have thought they would, I have taken this way to come back, and if possible to come in contact with those I knew, and reach some one I am interested in—not to say I have left a fortune for them, but to say that I realize how different things are to day than they were years ago. I know they are interested in Spiritualism, and I think this, perhaps, will be a message that will make others inquire as to where I am.

Just say that I am all right, and have found in spirit-life more than I expected, for I did find those who had passed on before, and I hardly thought I would do that. I want Lizzie to know that our experience in earth-life has been a good school for us all; but say to her the end is near, and it will not be long before she will join me in spirit; then we shall understand each other as we never did before. Say to Mary and Eliza that there is nothing I can say that will make things very clear. Give me an opportunity, however, and I will prove to you that I am not now in the body, but an inhabitant of the invisible sphere. I wish I could say something that would interest them, but I have been away from them so long I hardly know what to say, and I have taken this privilege this morning so as to help them to realize that I am out of the body, and will meet them on the spirit side if I do not have the opportunity of communicating with them again.

Thank you very kindly for giving me this privilege. I will now make way so that others may improve the same opportunity that has been extended to me. Thank you.

William Burns.

It seems strange that after we have laid the mortal body aside and gotten away from all environments of life we seek to return again to it. I know that is the question often asked, and I have asked the same question myself many times, for it seemed to me that if I once got away from the earth-life, and its troubles and trials, I would keep away. There is one mistake that all make, and that is, we are blind to the beauties of earth-life when we are there. There are many opportunities that we do not improve, and there are many things we do not seek nor care to know. Many times we might have enjoyed ourselves, and found sunshine and content instead of discontent, if we had only comprehended our own temperaments and our own nature.

While we may talk of what men and women have got to go through to make good their salvation, I want to say to those I have left behind me that there is one thing I have learned by my own experience, and that is, we must all save ourselves. No Christ, no image, no person can help us if we don't help ourselves. This may sound strange to those I send the message to, but my eyes are now open. I behold things as they are, and I find spirit-life much more of a reality than earth life.

I would like to say to my wife and four children that, as I estimate it now, the earth-life is only a counterpart of the spiritual. I have heard you many times wonder what they did in heaven; if it was nothing but music and lying around. I wish to say, as one who has had experience, I find in spirit that to do which my heart desires. I always find some

one who needs assistance, and I find by assisting some one else I help myself. There is labor and also compensation for our labor; and I find also many opportunities in earth-life, if the poor mortals could recognize the true value of that which is much more to life than dollars and cents. Oh, Mary! if I could only make you see it now, things would be different. While in earth-life we often used to wish, "Oh! if we had a certain amount of money, or if we could accomplish that which would bring us money, what comfort and consolation we would have!" But I wish to say to you, as I presume you have learned, money never binds the broken heart. Money brings us many things, but it never brings us the comfort that the true soul and heart yearns for. I wish to say to you, in all your troubles and trials, doing your duty and working, to look more into the spiritual conception, and you will find a great deal of sunshine, peace, happiness and contentment that you cannot get while struggling with the environments of material life.

Now, I have not returned to preach nor to tell any one how good I have become, for I have not yet reached that place where I wish to be. Many times I find myself in earth-life, going over the same old ground, and gratifying the same desires I did while in the earth-sphere; but I wish to say that God doeth with thee according to what thou hast done. That is why I wish to come in communication with my family, so that I may be able to help and assist them, and make them feel that bye-and-bye all things will be well.

Charlie is with me this morning; so is father, mother and Aunt Helen, and we all join in sending our regards and best wishes to all friends now living in earth-life. I hope that each one who receives this will in due season let us hear from him.

Thank you very kindly. I think I have sent quite a letter for one who is a stranger to you. My name is William Burns, and my home, Bloomingville, Pa.

Mary McCarty.

My name is Mary McCarty, and I suppose that my name designates my nationality, but I came here from the old country many years ago, and I have friends both on this side of the water and on the other. I wish to come in communication with my friends, especially my family. I know while in earth-life we are not permitted to enter into the mysterious workings of God; we are not allowed to penetrate that which seems closed to us, for we are taught that we must be true and faithful and not acknowledge anything we do not know; and when we lay our friends aside and wrap them, as it were, in mother earth, we are to await the resurrection, until we hear the voice of One say: "Rise, go forth." We are laid aside, seemingly dead, gone from the vision of mortal friends; yet if we could read the veil and have our mortal friends penetrate it as it is penetrated by us after we are separated from the physical form, how different all would feel, how much sorrow could be avoided, and how many tears need not be spilled!

My children are now scattered in different places. When one is separated from the body and enters into the spirit-world, he usually wakes up in the spirit-world in the same frame of mind that he went out with; as our education and religious ideas are, we seek in accordance with them, and usually find what we desire. I have a daughter Catherine who is now here in Boston, and I have two sons in New York and one in Canada, and my husband is in the spirit-world with me. He has come to the spirit-world since I passed away. I have two sisters in Belfast, Ireland, and I wish them all to know of this message, whether they believe in the spirit-return or not (for I know my daughter sometimes takes your paper and is somewhat interested in mediumship, especially since her little girl Nellie passed away she has sought information more. I might say that Nellie is with me this morning; we are all together and wish them to feel that it is all right, and by-and-by when we meet in the spirit-world we shall know each other better.

My husband's name was Cornelius, and my granddaughter's name is Mary C. Mitchell; so when they see our letter they will identify it. I hope. They will want to know why I did not say more about others, but space and time will not permit, and I will leave now so that others can come in. Thank you, my friend. Just put me down also from Belfast, Ireland, for that is where I passed away.

June E. Davis.

How easily one vacancy can be filled by another in all spheres of life, under whatever denomination you may have been or whatever nationality you may be, it does not make much difference if your places can be filled. It is pleasant to think, however, that while they can fill our places they never can take our own away from us, for what is ours is ours, and what is not ours we ought not to have. Oh dear, I wish we could understand that better, I wish we could comprehend the real philosophy of life when we are inhabitants of the earth. I loved to study, I loved to penetrate into physical science, loved to watch the trees as they budded forth in spring and as they threw off their beautiful garments in the fall. I used to love to watch the birds and the flowers, to see the little children around plucking them, and I loved to work around those who were peaceable and feeble, and could not resist themselves. Whether it was man, woman or child, or an animal, that needed assistance, my heart went forth and I did what I could in my feeble way; yet there are so many things not done. There is much I wished to do that I was not able to do, and in spirit I often find the same condition. I was always willing to do what the hands found to do, for I have sort of an inclination to do that which lies beyond, as we say while in the ambition of earth life. We reach out beyond our capacity, and I wish to do what I see now lying before me; so many poor souls struggling in the battlefield, so many that need assistance, so many dying as it were for the lack of care; and how many hearts are breaking for the loved ones, how many hungry women and children there are; how humanity suffers in war. I want to say to those who have money, and have the opportunity to give, you will never regret it if you contribute a little to those weaker than yourselves.

I wish this message to go to Toronto, Canada, where my friends are—those who are very interested in Spiritualism. I was somewhat interested before I passed away, having certain powers of my own, but never developed; I never was where I could have them developed or made use of, yet I feel if I could get

an instrument that I could control, I could help much more than I can now. I have been told by the wise and mysterious that if I returned through this circle I would be led to a channel that would lead to the work I wish to do for humanity, and that many friends will help me to be of assistance both physically and mentally.

My husband is in spirit-life with me, but I have three children on earth and two in spirit-life, and I also have two little grandchildren with me and most of all my own people on the spirit side. I wish to say to my boys: Fear, not; neither must you falter, for bye-and-bye the spirit will speak to you and you must obey.

I feel that I have taken up more time than I should, and I will just say that Jane E. Davis is here and wishes to come in communication with those who will remember her in Toronto, Canada.

Fannie Wilson.

Oh, I want to send out a letter, too. My name is Fannie Wilson, and my home Buffalo, N. Y. I was so sick and exhausted that when I passed out of the body the change came before I was aware of it. I suffered very much with cancer of the bowels or stomach, as the doctor called it; and I was under the effects of morphine so much that I have never gotten over it; when I try to come back to those I left behind me I feel the effect of it, and it makes me sick. I have been so anxious to say to my companion and friends that it was all right; there was nothing more could have been done than was. They tell me in spirit that I became so weak and had so little strength that the nerves gave out and did not keep up the circulation, hence the weakness of the heart carried me over. The reason I make this statement is that my daughter was afraid that they gave me too much morphine just before I passed away, and that that helped to carry me out of the body. I wish to make that statement for her benefit, as there was no one to blame; I could not have lived anyway. So I wish them all to know I am satisfied, and I do not want them to feel bad or moan, because it is best as it is.

I will say to my husband that while he may miss me, there are many things in life; make the best of it, let things alone, seek more for your own elevation and what will bring comfort to you. I have not been out of the body very long, and everything you do to aid will make it easier for me, for the happier you are the happier I am and the more I can progress. I might say I was a Spiritualist myself. I had great faith in it, for I knew the spirit-world attract them they could have helped me more helped me, and I felt if I could have strength to than the doctors did; but my people don't believe much in it, and that is why I wish to say I return now to demonstrate to them, for I told them if I ever could communicate with them I should do so through the BANNER OF LIGHT; but I hardly know what to say that would be of interest, so I feel this will be just as good as a long letter. Just say that I have done what I could, and I will try to do better next time. You might say my husband's name was James.

Harriet Jones.

Put me down as Harriet Jones of Concord, N. H. I don't know whether I shall be able to control very much or not, for this is new to me, although I have tried to communicate with others and tried to control others to make my people feel that I was not dead. I have been out of the body a long time, and there have been a great many changes in the home, for they are all scattered; my brothers and sisters seem to be now located in different places. I have got mother and father on the spirit side with me, and they, too, have tried to make them understand that death does not separate us. When I was on earth we used to investigate the raps and get manifestations in our own house, and they always said I was quite a medium; but I was afraid of it, so I did not dare to practice it much. Now I can see if I had understood it as some do now, how much better it would have been. I have a sister somewhat mediumistic who is just like me. She is afraid that something will happen to her, so she doesn't dare to let it develop. She lives in Cambridge, Mass. I want to say that I have tried to manifest through her and help others, but she is so afraid that it is her own imagination that she seems to hold herself back. Still I thought that I would send a few words through THE BANNER, and in doing that it will give her more confidence and more faith. There is no use in talking—without faith you can do nothing. I wish William and Fred, my boys, also to know that when you think you are alone you are not, for I try to be with you and help you as far as I can. I could do better if I could get more into personal communication with you. If you would go to some medium and give me an opportunity, I know I could help you. I don't care so much for myself, but I do wish to make you all feel that death only robs us of the outer body or the outer garment, that our feelings and our desires are much the same as in earth-life. I find a mother's love and desires are not easily quenched. My husband is with me and his name is Benjamin, but he has been gone a long time. I think this will do this morning, and will just say if they will give me an opportunity, I will try to do better.

Messages to be Published.

Sept. 2.—John Lambert; William J. Copeland; Mrs. Arthur H. Smith; E. Miller; Emma E. Eldridge; Capt. Frank T. Barnhart.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home, No. 9 West 43d Street, New York City, DR. PENE A. DUSENBERY, Aug. 21, 1898, in the 78th year of her age. Remains interred at Fresh Pond Cemetery, L. I., Aug. 23.

Dr. Dusenbery, a veritable "mother in Israel," in her seventeenth year realized her possession of the healing gift, and early in life graduated from one of the prominent water cure institutions of those days. For the past forty years she has practiced healing in New York City, combining her natural gift with the system taught in that institution with remarkable success, even up to the day of the beginning of her last illness. The embodiment of loving kindness and humanitarianism, she ministered to rich and poor alike, and to many a soul has she imparted the knowledge of spiritual truth. Recognizing her spiritual helpers, she gave them due credit for the wonderful healing that flowed from her "beautiful hands." She was the oldest healer as well as one of the oldest Spiritualists in New York, and many who have felt her healing touch will mourn their own loss through her transition. Born of Quaker parents in Exopus, Ulster Co., N. Y., she was, throughout her life, constant in her attendance upon both Quaker meetings and Friends' meetings. Twice widowed, she leaves a son by her first husband, Mr. Howard F. Tower, who will sadly miss her motherly tenderness and late home, in pressure of a few special friends, and consisted of an invocation and a few highly-spirited remarks by Rev. Stephen Merritt, a spiritualistic address by the undersigned, while Mr. Oren Sanford sang "These Beautiful Hands," preceded by a few words in personal tribute to the loving kindness and noble, self-sacrificing life of the liberated sister. I. RANSOM SANFORD, 705 Monroe Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER THIRTY FOUR.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I was baptized into the Calvinistic Baptist Church, on my confession of faith, in December, 1852, and have therefore had from that to last considerable experience with the workings of orthodoxy. During those years I have noted a change in the attitude of the church towards Jesus.

In those early years, while they accepted in general the deity of Jesus and the atonement, they still sang in the hymns, and heard in the sermons and prayers, much of God. Jesus was the way to get to God, and his sacrifice made it possible for God to accept the repentant.

But for the last twenty-five years the various branches of the evangelical church have gradually sunk, and are now engulfed in what I will call Jesulolatry.

Old hymns, expressing worship of God, have been altered so as to make the worship paid to Jesus alone. And new stanzas have been incorporated into the body of devout hymns, bringing in the Jesus idolatry.

For instance, at a prayer-meeting the other night, after hearing them sing several hymns which rang the accustomed changes on Jesus, Jesus, nothing but Jesus, the pastor gave out "Home of the Soul," and I prepared to join in with alacrity. This poem had originally three stanzas. We sang two, and then I came to a new one incorporated by the Jesulaters, and I closed the book in despair. They sang this new third and omitted the beautiful fourth, which closes with the line:

"To meet one another again."

And when I get up to speak, though I try to keep to the points on which we agree, for courtesy prevents me from actually proclaiming Spiritualism by name in a Baptist meeting, yet I feel that they find in my remarks a sad want of the Jesus worship. Certainly, if I were not courteous to this extent, they would "cast me out of the synagogue." And I would rather speak under some restrictions than not speak at all, for one can drop a seed here and there that will take root in some hearts, for many welcome me lovingly after the meeting, and say that they are glad I "took part."

It is presumable that Moody has had more to do with introducing so much of this Jesus cult, to the sad neglect of the two other members of the trinity, than any other one man. At any rate, the Gospel Hymns carry out this thought ad nauseam. That Latin is none too strong, for I find myself fairly sick (not ill) to have this constantly dinned into my ears. As to the Christian Endeavorers, they are fairly swamped and swallowed up—heart and soul, body and bones—in this worship of a man. Of course they would accuse us of blasphemy in return for our accusing them of idolatry.

Not that we have anything against Jesus; so far from that, we find a practical purity, a humanity and a spirituality in his recorded precepts that we fail to find in those of Buddha, Confucius and Mohammed. The Golden Rule of Jesus is far superior to that of Confucius. The latter endorsed the negative remark of one of his disciples that what he did not want to have done to himself, he would not do to another, while the precept of Jesus was to do to others what we would that they should do to us. The Chinese teaching is not to do harm to any one, while that of the Nazarene was to show an active and an aggressive love to all with whom we come in contact. Kong fu tee was great, but Jesus was higher.

Mohammed was about as far advanced in humanity and spirituality as Moses. Buddha inculcated and practiced extreme purity and self-denial, but we find a more lofty ideal in "what Jesus really taught." Or, if he was not the one who taught thus, somebody did, and the ideal is the same.

In the record of his words and ways we find that he loved little children dearly, taking them in his arms and blessing them, and bidding his less advanced disciples to be as teachable and simple as those little children. It was he who praised the Samaritan because he tenderly and generously cared for the robbed and wounded stranger. It was he who forgave those who put him to extreme physical torture by nailing his hands and feet to a cross, and then setting the cross up, letting the whole weight of his body come on those raw wounds. It was he who went about everywhere, curing the diseases of hundreds of sufferers without money and without price, not forgetting to inculcate right living and right feeling in the future.

It was he who stood and taught and healed day after day; and when his physical strength was all gone, went alone to some wild place to commune with nature and to be recuperated by decarnate spirits. It was he who rebuked the proud Pharisee, and praised the widow who contributed her little savings. It was he who preached the unparalleled Sermon on the Mount.

It opens with his analysis of those who are truly blessed by the higher powers, and tells men to be just as perfect as the being whom he called his Father in heaven. In this superb discourse on right actions he declares that true morality is of the heart; that to be angry with any one is just the same as murdering him; that he who has an impure thought has committed an impure act; that righteousness is more important than clothing and food, and that goodness depends on our striving for it. He would have smiled sadly at the notion that any person could use his goodness instead of his own.

Jesus was not perfect. He made some mistakes in word and deed that may be accounted for by his being a reformer and a radical, as well as a calibrator. Supposing he did curse the fig tree. That fig tree had not borne a single fig for three years, and it was about time to cut it down. As to the tree's being withered up from the roots by his words, if that had been done by one of our mediums, it would have been called a wonderful "test."

All this was Jesus (or somebody), and far more than we have space to declare. But the mistake of the church is in following the divine glamor of John, who looked in his old age at this pure, spiritual and yet aggressive man as deity incarnate, and in being guided by the mistake of Paul, who claimed that any one can appropriate to himself the goodness of Jesus. These two fundamental errors have been like noxious weeds that have grown and spread in the garden of the church until they have about killed the beautiful plants, heart-morality and worship of God alone.

We are sorry indeed that in this age of advancement so many in the churches should cling tenaciously to these fundamental errors, and that men like Moody and the leaders of

the Endeavorers should inculcate so industriously what reason shows to be wrong. In fact, human reason, which springs from and allies us with infinite intelligence, they declare should not be used at all in matters of religion.

An intelligent observation of the trend of human affairs shows that acts must produce actual effect on us and our posterity which cannot be effaced by any act of faith. And true religion binds every finite soul, consciously or unconsciously, to its infinite soul-parent without the intervention of any mediator. And religion is brought into action by striving to enter in at the straight gate, and walk in the narrow path of soul morality. Thus shall we tread the uplands of the path of the soul, and have for our companions those who seek the same ideal of perfection.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Arlington, N. J. ABBY A. JUDSON.

A Conversation in Heaven.

BY W. A. CHAM.

MORNING.—Two souls just born from earth, lowly awakening; around them the bloom and fragrance of the higher springtime; voices and songs and moving life, but faint and far-off to the soul's new-opening senses; their awakening consciousness hovering between the old earth-life dream and the new life-dawning.

PERSONS.—The soul of the young man who had kept all the commandments from his youth up. Mary Magdalene. Angel.

Young Man.—"Tis sweetly strange, this peace and gladness, this renewing light and strength in the dawn of a wonderful day. I seem to recall sadly-murmured tones, as of broken love-strings that once held me to a lower life: 'He is dying.' And now I awaken in some new morning light of glory and gladness. Is this the heaven earth dreams of beyond her death? It may be. But I see another in this heavenly garden and home, if so be this is heaven—another that, like me, seems just to have arrived, arisen from earth's death. So beautiful she appears, I have never dreamed of such. Can I speak to her? Have I a new language to touch her soul? I will try. Maiden, or woman, who art thou with me just come into this glorious land? Where are we?"

Mary Magdalene.—They called me Mary Magdalene once. I do not know who I am now. I have no name, nor know where I am, or why here.

Young Man.—What, you that sinful woman I saw and heard, so scorned and outcast in that Jerusalem past. Your jewelled arms and mocking laughter, your scorn of virtue and flaunting of vice were the shame of all that holy city. How come you here, from your shame and corruption, with me in this paradise of loveliness and purity?

Mary Magdalene.—I know not. I only know I loved the Master for his beauty and holiness, and his sweet words of pity, and crept in hungry spirit after him, and so in childlike love and trust died, and now awaken. Am I astray? Those pious and reverend folk of Jerusalem—now I wish I had not hated and mocked them so—cursed me to awful woe and torturing fires in death. Not such is this, if I have died. Have I passed that dark way of death? Tell me, if you can.

Young Man.—Some strange mistake is this! I would not condemn thee beyond virtue's judgment; but I on earth kept all the commandments of righteousness and purity; methinks our rewards and heavenly places should not be the same; if so, virtue and vice alike are rewarded, what avails to be virtuous more than vice and base?

Mary Magdalene.—It may be 'tis just because you cannot see why virtue is better than vice; if so alike we arise and are adjudged, that you with me are here, and no higher risen. I heard the Master say, that those who gloried in their virtue, or trusted in their goodness for heavenly rewards, would come to grievous disappointment, because their virtue and goodness were too much as whitewashed sepulchres and sounding brass. Maybe he knew more what God thinks and wills in judging us. I hear glad voices, as far off and faint, perchance they will tell us what all this means if we can but reach and ask them.

Young Man.—I will go to seek them, will you, too, follow, for somehow your strange loveliness and sweet voice make me loath to leave thee, though I have counted thee so corrupt and sinful.

An angel of light and judgment appears giving them kind welcome.

Young Man.—Tell me, Oh, angel of light, if so I be dead and risen, why with the soul of this Magdalene sinner I came and seem to abide as companion; I kept all the commandments of virtue and sanctity, while she broke all. I shunned the vain and low. I walked by on the other side, in the paths of holiness, in clean garments uncontaminated. Is my judgment to be like this woman's? and yet somehow I feel the better in her presence. What means it?

Mary Magdalene.—Holy messenger, can it be that I, arisen from death, shall find in home amidst all this beauty and song, this glorious morning of promise and peace, I who as earth child lived so vainly and outcast, I who could only love so much, and walk with weak faltering steps of prayer and desire for a better life. Angel of Mercy, do I justly receive all this while he who has sinned not, receives no more?

Angel of Mercy and Judgment.—Heaven's judgments are not those of earth. Heaven's justice is more just than that of man. Oh! young man of earthly virtues and sanctity, 'tis the love and the willing of his creatures God measures for his judgment, not the outward word and deed of flesh and earth. You were vain of your virtues. To keep your goodness uncontaminated, you scorned the outcast and turned from the poor.

You kept the letter of the law of righteousness and holiness, but forgot their divine spirit or sacrifice and helpfulness, while this Magdalene, born in lust and nurtured in vanity, was outwardly corrupt, yet cherished a great-hearted desire and willingness for beauty and holiness she hungered for. Before the world she trampled upon and broke the fleshly, temporal laws of virtue and purity, yet through great love willing, and hunger for a higher, she breathed and touched oftentimes a diviner life than you knew. Hence the soul's judgment of you both in this morning of heaven's new day—she to help you to forget self, to teach you to love and strive for the immortal spirit of righteousness and kindness; you to help her to walk upright and beautiful in outward word and deed. This is heaven's law of divine compensation.

The day rises to glorious fullness. Hand in hand these two, new-born from earth's death, take their way through flowery fields! The sweet beauty of the trees, the songs of birds over and about them. He with bowed head, as pondering a strange revelation, but with new love-light in his eyes. She looking upward in the glad surprise of new-born hope and thankfulness.

Kindly voices as of many loved ones grow more distinct before them. Radiant forms appear more clearly in glad welcome.
Hampton Falls, N. H.

