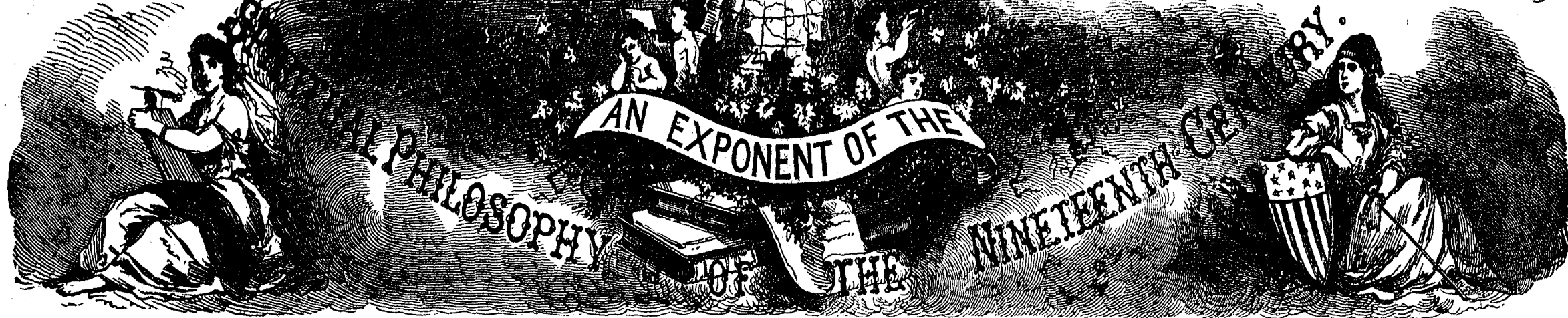


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PROF. WILLIAM CROOKES.

ECHOES FROM ENGLAND.

NUMBER SIXTY.

Specialty Contributed to the Banner of Light by its European Agent and Correspondent,
J. J. MORSE.

The busy days become weeks, and these in turn make months, and yet the stress of daily duties grows no less, rather the more, in fact; but still I snatch a brief moment to send another letter to the veteran journal of our Cause, and through the courtesy of its able editor seek leave to say a word to my host of dear friends and fellow-workers across the seas.

Since my previous letter, farewells have loomed somewhat large in the public eye. Our grand veteran, Dr. J. M. Peebles, duly left us on the *S. S. Alexandra*, and reached his home in due course. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond also sailed, but I did not see them, as they departed in my absence from home, and the distance they were away from us precluded our seeing much of one another.

Mrs. Cadwallader was the last one of the American delegation to return home, but before doing so she visited by special invitation our Stratford (London) society, giving a capital lecture on the Sunday evening, her last Sunday in England. She also accepted an invitation to a reception at Blackpool, a popular seashore resort on the Lancashire coast, and another reception, the following night, was tendered her at Liverpool. The latter was doubly interesting owing to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Chiswell, the conductor, and the musical director respectively of the Liverpool Lyceum, assembled the members for a special session, which was capitally conducted, affording the guest of the evening her first and only opportunity of witnessing the working of an English Lyceum. The following day the children had their annual outing at Halewood, and our visitor elected to participate therein, though she was sailing on the *S. S. Avonia* of the Cunard Line on the same afternoon. The picnic was a great success, heartily enjoyed by all. Punctually at half-past four in the afternoon the big Cunarder swung from her moorings, and among the throng of saloon passengers standing at the rail we saw fade from us the face of our visitor, who has been loud in her praises of the good time she experienced among us. The writer, his wife, and quite a party of local friends were present at the departure. There are many expressions of hope that our late guest may revisit us ere long.

The most notable thing of recent moment is the brave and honest stand that Sir William Crookes has made at the Bristol meeting of the British Association. The importance of it is far more than is involved in the mere fact of such statements being made by a man of Sir William's position in the world. It will, undoubtedly, prove an inspiration to many others, who, finding a road made for them by so eminent an authority, will no longer hesitate to avow their convictions, or report their experiences. His ringing words, "I elect to speak," will awaken echoes around the world, and cause many in the press or pulpit to realize that our facts remain true, and that, after twenty years or more, Sir William still stands by his earlier experiments and experiences. He advances telepathy as a proven fact, with the concomitant of the passage of thought from brain to brain, independent of speech or the ordinary means of transmission, an immense stride for the science of to-day. Presently, the continuity of life after death being conceded, the telepathy that unites mind on either side of life will be accepted, and then our case will be "all in," as the lawyers say. Some may remark that we Spiritualists have made the road, presented the facts first, and that nothing Sir William could say can make truth truer. Admitted, but the distinguished speaker was not addressing Spiritualists; he was speaking to outsiders, many, no doubt, hostile to us, and the impression he made upon them is far in excess of any that we could produce in similar circumstances. So, let us ren-

der honor where honor is due, and I, for one, heartily congratulate our distinguished friend on his honesty, manliness, his most refreshing candor and love of truth. Such men are an honor to the race.

There are quite a number of literary featherers in the air over here just now. Early in the present year there was talk of a new monthly magazine to be published in the north, by my good friend Thomas Olman Todd of Sunderland; but, so far, it still remains in abeyance. The next venture I heard of was also a monthly, to be published and edited by our old friend, Walter Howell, and a new speaker in our work, Will Phillips, both residing in Nottingham; but this has not resulted in a material form up to date. Still another venture is proclaimed, a monthly, and it is to be named "The Torch," and will be edited and published by Mr. G. H. Bibbings, of Nottingham, a speaker of very superior powers and talent.

Hitherto all attempts to sustain a monthly since the demise of "The Spiritual Magazine" have met with scant support. There have been "The Psychological Review," "The Spiritual Record," "The Spiritual Review," to name a few, but each, after doing good work for awhile at the expense of their several publishers, gave up the ghost and left more or less of debt and discouragement behind. Still I cordially wish Bro. Bibbings success, and feel sure he will do everything to deserve it. My own paper, *The Lyceum Banner*, now nearly nine years old, still entails quite a heavy loss on its monthly issues, while our elder papers, *Light*, and *The Two Worlds*, struggled for years before "turning the corner," which it is doubtful if they would have done if not aided by considerable gifts of money, and in one case an annual sustentation fund as well. Spiritualists are not sufficiently alive to the well-nigh paramount importance of liberally sustaining their papers.

In the more permanent forms of literary production there are three items to report. Two are excellent little booklets by Mr. Alfred Kitson, the secretary of the British-Spiritualists' Lyceum Union. They are: "Is the Bible Opposed to Spiritualism?" and "Were the Writers of the Gospels Divinely Inspired?" and right excellent works they are, too. Useful to lyceumists, lecturers and students alike, these pamphlets should have a wide sale. The last is a neat cloth-bound volume, entitled, "A Spirit's Idea of Happiness," and is nearly one hundred and fifty pages in matter. It was given through the automatic writing mediumship of the publisher, Mr. J. K. Tutin of Hull, a gentleman I have the pleasure of knowing, and whose sterling honesty I can vouch for fully.

It was my fortunate pleasure to be present at the farewell reception tendered by the Liverpool Spiritualists to my beloved and esteemed co-workers, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. and M. H. Wallis, prior to their departure from our shores. In this connection "reception" reads somewhat funny, but that is what it was called! In my capacity of President of our National Conference it was my pleasing duty to present Bro. Wallis with the letters of credential that our executive issued him in accordance with a vote to that effect passed at our late Annual National Conference held at Keighley in July last. Many and most cordial were the expressions of good-will for their success while with you; we all felt a sense of personal sorrow in being called to part, if only for a time, from two such valued comrades and fellow-workers. A few days later myself and wife saw our two friends and their son on the *S. S. Cestrian*, bidding them adieu before sailing from old England. Mr. Wallis' place as editor of the *Two Worlds* is being filled by Mr. Peter Lee, a well-known worker in our Cause, and right ably he is carrying out his duties as *locum tenens*, giving us a good and readable paper each week. I hope my American friends will give the visitors plenty to do, for, as I said of them when at Rochester, I can fully commend them to all as sterling workers of proved ability, of clean records,

and as speakers equal to the best on either side of the ocean. No doubt they will have their hands full, and return, as is sure to be the case, full of praises for the welcome accorded them by the ever warm-hearted and hospitable Spiritualists of the United States.

In a few weeks now—in about a fortnight, in fact—the last of the events commemorative of our Golden Jubilee will take place. This is a Grand Scottish National Bazaar, to be held in Glasgow, the commercial capital of Scotland. Our Northern friends delayed their efforts until now so as to not conflict with the celebrations in Manchester last Easter. No doubt they will reap the reward of their fraternal self-denial. The Rev. John Page Hopps, Mr. Andrew Glendinning and myself are to officiate as openers on the three days the event will continue, and it is confidently expected that a considerable sum of money will be realized. The proceeds are to be used for propaganda work.

On the second Sunday in October the adjourned National Conference will meet at Southport for the further consideration, and it is hoped final settlement, of the great "Deed Poll" question. When this is disposed of it is hoped that a substantial step will have been taken towards putting our National Federation on a perfectly legal footing, as well as being a means of introducing something like system in our methods of holding property, administering funds and obtaining bequests. The writer has the serious duty of presiding over the deliberations. No doubt the delegates will in this case, as in all others, give their presiding officer every fraternal assistance in the important duties of the day.

Well, Mr. Editor, I did not intend to "spin a yarn" when I started, but there was more to tell than appeared at first. We here quite envy you the delights of the recent camp season, and wish we had such a thing on this side. Our weather has been phenomenally hot, for us, reaching ninety-four degrees in the shade. Please do not smile, it means a great deal in our humid climate, as bad as Boston at one hundred and two degrees when the air is humid, and you all know what that is! But our climate is uncertain. Camps would never flourish here, more's the pity.

However, let me close, with loving greetings to all dear friends, and cordial good wishes to the editors of the good old BANNER, with the hope that its folds may long wave to the breezes of financial fortune and universal esteem in its own land, and over the wide world as well.

Florence House, Osaburgh Street,
Regent's Park, London, England,
Sept. 17, 1898.

Love.

Through all the havoc and ghastliness of war—and there is no art or speech that can adequately set forth the misery of it—there breaks upon our view, like the rainbow through the tempest, the splendid heroism, the sublime patriotism, which war evokes from many human hearts. One must have lived in time of war to realize how amid that awful whirlwind of desolation and death, the soul is caught up to heights of moral exaltation, the memory of which is ever afterwards a priceless legacy. It may puzzle our poor logic to understand how good can thus come out of evil. Yet in God's good providence so it is, that the wrath of man is made to give birth to some of the divinest experiences and traits.

The frost which now and then kills a man has during the past ages wrought for us a mighty benefit. Bit by bit it has torn off splinters from the granite mountains, and these fragments, washed down from hillside to plain, have made the soil in which our harvests grow. Suppose that pain were the strong agent which had wrought a like result in the moral world; and that when it has rent and torn the life of God's creatures, that has been to make the soil out of which a heavenly love should at last spring! When we get our geology of the spirit, something like this, I think, will be one of its established truths; and it will then be seen that since the beginning of time there has not been one single throb of sorrow anywhere endured that has been absolutely useless and vain. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain"; but if the new birth is God's own love in the hearts of men, and if that love, above all things besides, is what makes man divine and immortal, then as we think of all that have suffered and died that we might live, what we have called the hideous past is really full of a sublime and tender light.

I doubt if there be any heavenly joy of which we can rightly conceive which has not in it an element of suffering. There is no pleasure on earth which the mountain climber will exchange for that of standing on the summit which he has braved death to reach, though every nerve in his body is tingling with pain, and he knows that innumerable perils beset his pathway of return. What does it mean that every healthy nature likes to encounter danger, and is never so well content as in some wrestle with opposing elements? Most "frivolous, shallow and ungirt," indeed, is that age which flies from all that is irksome and hard; whose one idea of happiness is that of careless gaiety; and which does not see that no heaven is made possible to men, save as they embrace self-denial and pain.

The very sublimity of love is in its power to suffer, its willingness to endure, for those whom it holds dear. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he will lay down his life for his friend"; and we are to learn that the love which prompts such sacrifices not only

leads to great joys, but in itself is God, is heaven. We do not merely climb to immortal rest and peace by this hard pathway. But he who loveth thus already dwelleth in God and God in him. There is no higher, while our feet stand upon this earth, that we can go. If we would really know the highest of which God has made us capable, this is our clew to the way; and to spread the glow of such a moment of sacred joy through all our years and days—surely this must be the sum of all human achievement.—Howard N. Brown in *Neacon*.

Alfred Tennyson a Spiritualist. Psychical Experiences, Spiritual Con- victions.

BY G. B. STEBBINS.

Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stayed him from the native land,
Where first he walked when clasped in clay?
No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the spirit himself, may come,
Where all the nerve of sense is numb,
Spirit to spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

Descend, and touch and enter, hear
The wish too strong for words to name;
That in this blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that time is near.

Tennyson's poems can be read best in the light of his trances. He says:

"And while I walked and talked as heretofore,
I seemed to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel myself the shadow of a dream."

A life, or memoir, of the noble poet by his son, Hallam Tennyson, has lately been published in New York and London—its two volumes full of value and interest. From material gathered in a few years past, and from late notices and extracts from the biography, facts are given touching his psychical experiences and deep convictions as to the immortality of man, our divine relations and the great truth of spirit-presence.

In his preface Hallam Tennyson says of his father:

"From his boyhood he had felt the magic of Merlin—that spirit of poetry—which made him know his power, and follow throughout his work a pure and high ideal, with a simple and single devotedness, and a desire to ennoble the life of the world, and which helped him through doubts and difficulties to endure."

He tells us that his father regarded his poem of "Merlin and the Gleam" as constituting his autobiography, as offering quite enough to those friends who urged him to write of himself. Of that mystic poem a few lines may give the key:

"Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight—
A young mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And ere it vanishes
Over the margin
After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam."

To "follow the gleam" plainly means to follow the spiritual light within us from above—a path so natural to see, and which might be to many, if their lives were wise and true.

Thus did Tennyson walk serenely on his upward way:

"And broader and brighter
The gleam flying onward,
Wed to the melody,
Sang thro' the world."

At the last:

"I can no longer
But die rejoicing,
For thro' the magic
Of him, the mighty,
Who taught me in childhood
There on the border
Of boundless ocean!
And all but in heaven
Hovers the gleam."

The marked period, the crisis in his life, came in 1833, when Arthur Hallam passed suddenly to the more real life. Hallam was to marry Tennyson's sister Emilia; the poet was twenty-four years of age; their lives were interwoven by sympathies too strong for time or bodily death to sever or even to weaken. His sorrow was deep, but unselfish, his affections deepened while, as ever, his duties were well done. Especially was his inmost or spiritual life exalted and opened, and his feeling of nearness to a life largely independent of our external senses or physical bodies, grew to a strong and radiant conviction. Views which ran like threads of gold through his earlier poems gained a deeper reality. Arthur Hallam was a daily and real presence, even more than while in the earthly body. These two friends, one on earth the other in the celestial life, but not really separated, helped each other. To the one here came the opening of a great career as poet and religious teacher. What came to the one above we know not.

In that immortal poem, "In Memoriam," so tender, so large in its range, so full of divine philosophy, Tennyson says to and of his ascended friend:

"And doubtless unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner depths,
When one that loves and knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows?

God's finger touched him, and he slept!
The great intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there;
And led him through the blissful climes
And showed him in the fountains fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cyclical times.

How fares it with the happy dead?
No shade can last
In that deep down behind the tomb.
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past;

That each who seems a separate whole
Should move his rounds, and, fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall,
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet;
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet;
And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good;
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of love on earth?"

How large and inspiring, how natural and rational, this view of the celestial life! How beautiful the nearness of the "one who loves and knows not," yet reaps a truth from "one who loves and knows," while the one is here, the other never too far away to draw near to send a needed message.

He saw psychics, or mediums, and gave careful attention to their varied manifestations. These matters were usually in the privacy of home, and are hardly mentioned in the biography. He said: "Spiritualism must not be judged by its quacks." Its crudities and its "dummys" he disliked, but saw that these had their place as first steps with many.

Of intercommunication of spirits in his high forms, he said:

"I do not see why its central truth is untenable. If we would think about this truth, it would become very natural and reasonable to us. Why should those who have gone before not surround and minister to us, as legions of angels surrounded and ministered to our Lord?"

Tennyson's poems were his gospels of life and immortality. From his life-work as an inspired poetic teacher he never turned aside as a public advocate or opponent of Spiritualism or of any form of organized religious faith. Sincere as he was, the simple statement just given marks his belief in spirit-return. His own experiences, the statements of valued friends, and his poems in these few pages, but emphasize this conclusion.

In Blackwoods is an interesting bit of evidence, supplied by Prof. Knight, in a paper entitled "A Reminiscence of Tennyson":

"We then went on—I do not remember what the link of connection was—to talk of Spiritualism, and the Psychical Society, in which he was much interested, and also of the problems of Theism. He spoke of the great Realm of the Unknown, which surrounds us, as being also known, and having intelligence at the heart of it; and he told more stories than one of spirit manifestations as authentic emanations from the unknown, and as a proof that out of darkness light could reach us."

In the Memoir sparing references are made to the spiritualistic experiences of the poet. There is one curious story which shows that the late Bishop Wilberforce had participated in the investigation. Tennyson spoke of the last visit of Bishop Wilberforce, of his sudden death, and of the bishop's story of the "table-turning" when he was staying with Judge Alderson at Farringford. A table moved toward the door where the bishop was standing; he exorcised the supposed spirit, and then the table stood still, rattling out, "I can't abide a bishop."

Clairvoyant trances may be the best descriptive name for what were probably Tennyson's leading psychical experiences. It includes a partial, or entire loss of external consciousness, an awakening of a wonderful interior consciousness, a vision into spiritual realms far beyond the range of our external senses, and usually the sense of a spiritual presence guiding and opening our interior faculties.

The *Hartford Times* tells of Mr. Benjamin Blood of Amsterdam, N. Y., who wrote a book on "Anesthetic Revelations" and sent a copy of it to the poet. In return, Tennyson wrote him the following curious and interesting letter:

(FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER,
ISLE OF WIGHT, May 7, 1874.)

Sir—I have to thank you for your essay and your photograph. The face is that of one (it seems to me) born to grapple with difficulties, metaphysical and other, and the essay does not belie the face—a very notable sketch of metaphysics, ending, apparently, yet once more, in the strange history of human thought, with the placid Buddha, as verified by nineteenth century anesthetics.

I have never had any revelations through anesthetics, but a kind of "waking trance" (this for lack of a better word), I have frequently had quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently, till all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being—and this is not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words—whose death was an almost laughable impossibility—the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but only true life.

I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is beyond words? But in a moment, when I come back into my normal condition of sanity, I am ready to fight for "Meine Liebe Ich," and hold that it will last for eons of eons. If ever you come over to England I shall be glad to welcome you here. Believe me, yours very truly,
A. TENNYSON.

A graphic description—not fancy, but fact—is this by Tennyson of a trance in which his

friend Hallam, a strong spirit, was doubtless a controlling helper:

"So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flash'd on mine.
And mine in this was wound and whirl'd,
About ethereal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.
Nonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.
Vague! but ah! how hard to frame
In matter molded forms of speech,
Or even for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became.

These vague doubts often came with the return from the far-reaching intromitted condition to the normal state of thought and vision. One night, at Farringford, says Borderland, Tennyson, Jowett and Tyndall sat talking about the power of imagination, or intuition, as an instrument of scientific discovery. After Jowett had retired, Tyndall and Tennyson continued to converse. Tyndall thus records what Tennyson said:

"With great earnestness Tennyson described to me a state of consciousness into which he could throw himself by thinking intently of his own name. It was impossible to give anything that could be called a description of the state, for language seemed incomplete to touch it. It was an apparent isolation of the spirit from the body. Wishful, doubtless, to impress upon me the reality of the phenomenon, he exclaimed, 'By God Almighty, there is no delusion in this matter! It is no nebulous ecstasy, but a state of transcendence, associated with the absolute clearness of mind.' Other persons have had I believe, similar experiences. Walking out with a friend one evening, the poet Wordsworth approached a gate, and, laying 'no' of his bars, turned to his companion and said, 'My dear sir, to assure myself of the existence of my own body, I am sometimes obliged to grasp an object like this and shake it.' It was at the Red Alp, and I believe by the late Professor Boumy Price, that this incident was communicated to me.

"The condition here referred to appears to be similar to that 'union with God' which was described by Plotinus and Porphyry.

This remark was made twenty eight years before "The Ancient Sage" was published, and great was Tyndall's surprise to find there expressed in verse the experience which Tennyson had described to him so long before.

Tennyson wrote "The Ancient Sage" after reading the "Life and Maxims of the Philosopher Lao-tse," although there is no attempt to embody in the poem the philosophy of the Chinese teacher. It is throughout, as Prof. Tyndall says, a discussion between a believer in immortality and one who was unable to believe, and the groundwork of the Sage's argument against materialism, and in favor of personal immortality, was the description of a trance which this memoir proves was Tennyson's. The passage in question is as follows:

"And more, my son! for more than once when I sat alone, revolving in my mind,
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the self was loosed,
And past into the nameless, as a cloud
Melts into heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of self
The gain of such large life, as mingled with ours,
Were sun to spark—unshadowned in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world."

When a mere boy, his son tells us, that his father possessed this power of abstraction from his surroundings, which enabled him to dwell with the invisible:

"As he wandered over the world or by the brook, he often seemed to be in dreamland, so that one who often saw him then called him a mysterious being, seemingly lifted high above other mortals, and having a power of intercourse with the spirit-world not granted to others."

Tennyson himself repeatedly referred to this. "It might," he said, "be the state which St. Paul describes: 'Whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell. God knoweth.'"

When he spoke of these illuminated seasons to his family, or to others with whom he had deep spiritual intimacy, his words were uttered with a glow of passionate fervor, which left an indelible impression upon those who heard him. For instance, speaking of a conversation with his father, in January, 1869, his son records what he spoke to them with deep feeling:

"Yes, it is true that there are moments when the flesh is nothing to me; when I feel and know the flesh to be the vision, God and the spiritual the only real. It belongs to one more than the hand and the foot. You may tell me that my hand and my foot are only imaginary symbols of my existence; I could believe you; but you never, never can convince me that the 'I' is not an true and real part of me."

These words he spoke with such passionate earnestness that a solemn silence fell on us as he left the room.

The poet told his son that there might be a more intimate communion than we could dream of between the living and the dead, at all events for a time.

He wrote, with Hallam in his mind:

"If the immediate life after death be only sleep, and the spirit between this life and the next should be folded like a flower in a night slumber, then the remembrance of the past might remain, as the smell and color do in the sleeping flower; and in that case the memory of our love would last as true, and would live pure and whole within the spirit of my friend until after it was unfolded at the breaking of the morn, when the sleep was over."

He dwelt in a world apart, out of which he emerged from time to time to lead the daily life of ordinary men, but it was in no sense the whole or even the most important part of his existence. Borderland says:

"No one can say that he was not a man intensely alive to all that concerned his material life. He lived a very full life, and his interest was unabated to the very end. He was a man of affairs, as well as a poet. He was a student of science as well as a mystic, and for more than half a century he met and mingled as an equal, and more than an equal, with the foremost men of his time. This, it is well to remember, in view of the prevailing disposition on the part of materialists to argue that dwellers in the Borderland are necessarily incapable of taking their full share in the busy life of mortal men. Tennyson's conviction of what may be called the evanescent and transitory nature of the material universe in no way weakened his grasp of business."

At eighty years few young men could keep pace with our poet's strident gallop in a long walk, and few writers have had so long and commanding a career. To "follow the gleam" is health to the body, giving sustaining power for a long and useful life on earth. He was filled and inspired by faith in the invisible world which encompassed him, and of which he believed he had direct personal experience. He wrote the Queen in her jubilee year (1887) as follows, then, as always, their letters being those of sincere friendship:

"Madam: I am grateful for your majesty's most kind letter. I do indeed feel how the sense of loneliness may oppress your majesty in the midst of these loud rejoicings. The multitude are loud, but they are silent. Yet I feel the dead, as I have often felt, though silent, be more alive than the living; and linger about the planet in which their earth-life was passed, then they, while we are lamenting that they are not at our side, may still be with us; and the husband, the daughter, and the son, lost by your majesty, may rejoice when the people shout the name of their queen."

After conversation with Bishop Lightfoot he wrote: "I have that God reveals himself to every individual soul; and my idea of heaven is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another."

In "Idle of the King" and elsewhere are poems largely transcripts of his personal trance experiences. In 1833 an apparition, a tall man's form, was plainly seen by two younger sisters and vanished through a hedge. At breakfast next morning a letter came to the poet—the first knowledge of Arthur Hallam's death in Europe a few days before. Years later, when Tennyson had written his ode on the Duke of Wellington, Lady Tennyson dreamed that the Duke called to see them, and she dreamed to take his hand, which she supposed would be icy cold, but which was warm and natural. She was a gifted and gracious woman, an inspiring helper and a prized co-worker with her husband.

Tennyson's appointment as Poet Laureate came unexpected and unthought, a letter from Prince Albert giving the first information of

the matter, which he favored from his great admiration of "The Memoriam." The night before the poet dreamed that Albert leaned over his bedside and blessed him, and he said: "Very kind, but very German."

That mark of regard, and also the peerage, came unsought and both were reluctantly accepted. Of the last he told his son he "should be sorry as long as he lived." His verse well says:

"Kind hear's are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

His deep insight of the world's needs inspired him to write "The Princess" to help the uprising of the world's womanhood, and to prophesy the peaceful federation of nations.

The demigods of old Greece were held to do great deeds, and to illustrate divine graces on earth, because they had sat among their kindred, the gods on Mount Olympus. We, too, have our celestial kindred. Angels are our ascended friends. Our heredity from God is the deepest element in our being. It is impossible that wise communion with supernal beings can blast us with inanity, or work slow decay of character; rather it must inspire, and give health to spirit and body.

The splendor and truth of Tennyson's poetry grew with the growth of his "passionate belief in personal immortality."

The agnostic poet is like a tree with its roots stopped by a rock just below the surface of the earth: its life brief and poor.

The poems that live and last reach down to the eternal verities.

Gladstone wrote Hallam Tennyson, October, 1892: "I have a great conception of your father as a philosopher. Carlyle was small in comparison. Every one admires him. I look upon him, in his words and works, with reverence."

Tennyson, being weary, once asked his friend Jowett, master of Balliol College, not to discuss topics of religion and philosophy, as they had often enjoyed doing, and Jowett said: "Your poetry has an element of philosophy more to be considered than any regular philosophy in England. I believe in Memoriam" and "Crossing the Bar" will live forever in all hearts." He afterward spoke to me, in 1892, of my father's "great and deep strength" of soul.

The philosophy which these eminent men held of such weight and worth, came to the poet in hours of highest vision and of greatest mental power and clearness. It is spiritual, and,

"As the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns,"

it will rule the world.

For years the family home was the center of a world-wide correspondence, the Mecca of many pilgrims from many lands, and of diverse creeds and peoples—"the winning of the nations." At last, Oct. 8, 1892, came the change—full of light and peace. He said to his physician: "How men cling to this life; so small a part of the world's whole life!" At the last moment his son crossed his hands and prayed: "God accept him; Christ receive him."

At five time the family and friends, and the school children, followed the flower-laden casket to the depot, whence it was borne to Westminster Abbey.

In Memoriam.

Eben Brown Spalding passed to spirit-life from his home, 62 Main street, Everett, on Sunday, Sept. 25, at 8 A.M. He had been a sincere and faithful Spiritualist for many years, and was one of the oldest subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT. Having attained the advanced age of nearly eighty-one years, it cannot be said that the change was unexpected; it came very peacefully while he was surrounded by his devoted family, which includes a widow, a son and daughter and a large number of other relatives, all of whom, in addition to a very numerous company of friends, attended the funeral services, which took place at 3 P.M. on Tuesday, Sept. 27.

The floral tributes were many and extremely beautiful. The casket was of light-colored wood and entirely destitute of all gloomy symbols. An atmosphere of subdued rejoicing was the keynote of the occasion, for, though the many friends who loved the departed brother dearly, and respected him most highly, could not altogether repress emotions of sorrow, so filled were they with the supreme conviction that a transition, not a death, was being celebrated; that a happy sense of the freedom enjoyed by the emancipated loved one eclipsed all saddening thoughts and brought its healing balm of sweetest consolation.

Mr. Spalding was a well-known man in Everett, where he had resided as a prominent citizen for twenty-six years.

W. J. Colville, who conducted the service, was specially summoned from New York, as it was in connection with his protracted ministrations in Boston in years past that the Spalding family had been particularly in sympathy. Following a touching invocation, the speaker gave an inspirational address, well adapted to the needs of the large and varied audience, composed of persons of many shades of religious belief and practice. The central thought was not to eulogize the individual, noble though his life had been, but to direct all thoughts toward those imperishable spiritual realities which never seem to come quite so near to human consciousness as in hours of bereavement—when no materialistic philosophy can possibly console. As Mr. Spalding had never disguised his Spiritualism, it was only right that the philosophy he loved and treasured should be publicly upheld as his earthly remains were being committed to the earth, and it was in consequence of the loyal, conscientious life of the translated brother, that so many of his acquaintances were disposed to treat the subject of spirit-communion with respect.

"Lives speak louder than words," said the lecturer in the course of the address. "It is easy to profess, but far more difficult to put a noble theory into practice; therefore every one admires the one whose life is in the right, though many are always ready to dispute a creed, no matter how liberal and excellent. There is always a feeling of solemnity attaching to the 'Great Unknown,' because no other's experience, however vividly related, can be altogether one's own; but fear there need not be, and when, as in the instance now immediately occupying our thoughts, a brave, good man has completed an earthly term of fully fourscore years, we can only liken his passing on to quitting a lower school to graduate to one of higher grade. Life hereafter is no more marvelous than life here: life's continuance is no more miraculous than the fact of its present existence. We simply do not die, we are in process of evolution; taking the next step is a forward not a backward movement. We congratulate the emancipated one whose flesh had grown wearisome and whose earthly business had been well transacted; he has preceded some of his companions and followed others to a common home, a state which affords the amplest opportunity for exercising every faculty of mind and heart."

"Energetic, busy, thoughtful for others, a tireless worker, loving activity and detesting idleness, he has but entered upon the larger and freer activities of a superior state. It is the crowning glory of the Spiritualism he so dearly loved and consistently defended that its trumpet sounds no agonizing uncertain sound in an hour when positive assurance of life eternal is needed to crown every beatitudes hope. All that is good in any character is permanent, errors and defects are transient, and must surely wear away." Into the real life of the spiritual world we must all carry our self-developed character, while simple reputation must be left on earth behind; happy though are they who have so lived among their fellows that the very memory of their names is a suggestion of good to all who hear them mentioned."

The impressive exercises, which were interspersed with fine vocal music, ended with an original poem, which contained many happy references to the messages borne by the lovely flowers which, arranged in charming devices, as well as thrown in natural carelessness around the bier, added greatly to the uplifting suggestiveness of the scene.

The interment was at Glenwood Cemetery, where a brief service of committal was held

It was just at sunset when the coffin was lowered into the earth, and W. J. Colville, who also conducted this concluding ceremony, held a sheaf of wheat in hand and threw a few autumn flowers into the grave, accompanying the act with appropriate cheering words of comfort for the mourners.

The Principles of Spiritualism.

BY S. I. PEARL.

In as much as the National Association of Spiritualists is to convene at Washington a few days hence, I presume it is meet that any and all Spiritualists should feel free to send in their ideas as to the best course to pursue at this juncture to place ourselves in a true light before our country and the world, and to further the glorious cause of spirit communion and control.

Most assuredly it is best that Spiritualists should be organized. There should be a National Association with State and local or town organizations as well; and the feeling is borne upon me at this time that the government of our country would be a good example for us to pattern after.

The National Association should formulate a clear, simple declaration of principles which could serve as a basis upon which the State and local associations could build to suit themselves. Aside from the plain, simple declaration of principles agreed upon by the National, I would have all State and local associations independent of the National, to the same extent as our State Governments are independent of the National, and the cities and towns are independent of the State in our civil government. Of course there will be divers and conflicting opinions concerning what should be the declarations made by the members of the national body. Its members should go about the formulation of its code of principles in spirit of love and harmony, determined to come to a final agreement of essential points, asking that the good angels come in power to influence and guide them.

First, we should declare our belief in God, an all-pervading, overruling power, in which and by which we live, move and have our being. Some may object to the term God, but what better word could be used even at this age of the world to meet the demands and satisfy the hearts of all shades of religious belief?

Second, that everything, both spiritual or material, is controlled by immutable laws to which all men are amenable. That all pain and suffering, physical or spiritual, are but the consequences of transgressed law on the part of man. We are so indissolubly linked together as the children of one common Father, God, that our interests are one and inseparable, consequently no one suffers alone; that genuine, lasting happiness cannot be attained save through living in harmony with these laws.

Third, that perfect manhood and womanhood are possible to all, though the law of universal unfoldment from a lower to a higher estate—that the spiritual and material worlds are one—that the dwellers in the spirit-world grade from the lowest to the highest—and according to our needs and desires, and our degrees of unfoldment, will we be guided and led. That just the class of influences that we need and require will come to us; that the united powers of all spirits who have attained unto or are seeking perfect manhood and womanhood are working through every possible means at their command for the regeneration and unfoldment of the world. Then should not we as conscientious Spiritualists cooperate with them by striving to live pure and upright lives—counting all as brothers and sisters—and virtually living out the glorious doctrine of love and good will to men?

We should take a warm heart-interest in all movements pertaining to good government—the unfoldment and consequent happiness of our fellow men. In a word, let us *live in the open*, unselfishly giving our lives and sympathies out to those with whom we come in daily contact.

Excellent Spirit-Tests.

BY J. F. SNIPES.

Although an investigator of psychical phenomena for about thirty years, like Dr. Hodgson and many others, I am still hungry enough to appreciate any fresh evidence of spirit-presence which can be provided for under absolute test conditions.

During July and August I was summering in East and West Virginia. In the suburbs of Staunton lie the remains of my father, mother and sister. One day I visited the cemetery and noticed that mother's grave seemed more neglected than the two others, since it had no corresponding tombstone.

In the quiet solitude of the home of the dead I sat down for solemn meditation upon the brevity of earth life, and the small importance of its selfish ambitions and ignorant prejudices compared with the great inevitable. Thinking of the departed, I remembered how often they had convincingly proven their personal survival in spirit: life and their sympathetic presence with those still climbing the weary hills below, and I said, now I will make one more opportunity for another demonstration of their immediate presence and minute observation.

In accord with this purpose, I quietly ordered a neat monument erected above the grave, with clasped hands and the better inscription, "Entered Spirit Life." Soon after I returned to New York, full of the hope that, without the slightest hint at any time from myself or any one else, by word or otherwise, I might receive direct mention of the fact from the mother. For several days after my arrival my natural fear of failure increased, but, meeting a sitting, and the first came next words were:

"Oh, my dear boy! I know what you have done. I do, I do, I do. I waited to see if your father would say anything about it, but he says he left it to me. How thankful I am that you put the tombstone there! I thank you, my boy. I did not care so much for it myself, because I know I am all right; but it showed your respect for me before the people. I knew you would be glad to have me come and tell you!"

Then followed other personal and appropriate references from my father and friendly counsel from others, in characteristic language and manner.

Before leaving New York the medium one day remarked: "As you came in I saw a man before me who gave the name of Bucks, or something like that." Soon after the medium was spiritually mesmerized when a mutual friend, of Virginia, reported that his and my friend, A. Mr. Butts (an agnostic lawyer, unknown to the lady), had just come over to him in spirit-life. I inquired the nature of his illness, and certain prominent ailments were named as the cause of his death.

I immediately translated my verbatim shorthand notes of the communication and mailed them to a fellow-townman, who began his reply with the following words:

"Glory to the heavens; it is just the very test I have been waiting for! Yes, he has gone over, and from those about him I learn that he died of the very complaints you mentioned."

A SONG ABOUT LEAVES.

Said the leaves upon the branches
One sunny autumn day:
"We've finished all our work, and now
We can no longer stay;
So our gossams of red and yellow,
And our cloaks of sober browns,
Must be worn before the frost comes
And we go rustling down."

"We've had a jolly summer
With the birds that built their nests
Beneath our green umbrellas,
And the squirrels that were our guests;
But we cannot wait for winter,
And we do not care for snow.
When we hear the wild northwester
We loose our clasp and go."

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Our Serial Story.

A CALIFORNIA GIRL,

Or a Story of the Golden West.

BY MRS. MARY T. LONGLEY.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

CHAPTER IX.

HAZEL BECOMES A NURSE.

All was over; the son and heir of Trevor Place had passed on to the great Beyond. He had only rallied for a few moments from his sleep of exhaustion, just long enough to whisper a word of farewell to his dear mother, who sat beside him, and for the sister twins whom he loved, and to call for Hazel. That was all. Before the startled governess could dress and get to him he was gone—gone in the early dawn of the beautiful first morning of exquisite June. For three days his body lay amid sweet flowers in the chapel, and then it was borne to its last resting-place in the tomb of the Trevors, where the remains of his ancestors had reposed before him. The burial service of the Church of England was read over his body, and solemn music and prayer bore their part in the ceremony; but to Hazel the song of sweet-toned birds stealing into the place, with the glint of subdued sunlight and the perfume of roses, seemed the more appropriate service for the dead than chant or ritualistic creed.

After that, life seemed very dull at the home; nothing was at it had been; the mother kept to her room, and would not be comforted; the governess tried to be bright and cheerful, but a weight lay on her spirits, and the twins felt chilled and subdued. Thus a month or two passed, and again the angel of death entered the household. This time it came noiselessly and unawares, laying its white hand upon the mother's breast while she lay in her troubled sleep at night, stilling its pulsations forever, and ushering her quietly into the light and presence of heaven and of her beloved son.

That night Hazel had a dream, or vision. She had been awake, and she noted the striking of the clock at twelve. Soon after she fell into a semi-slumber, though she was still aware of her surroundings. Soon she beheld an azure light, bright and beautiful, and in it the form of George Trevor. At first his face was turned away from her, but slowly it was brought into position to meet her own. There was a smile on his lips and a new light in his eyes. He gazed at her a moment, then a whisper, clear and distinct, floated to her.

"Dear friend," he said, "it is I; there is no death; I am not asleep; I find it is *Life*. I will wait here you can see me."

That was all. Though he ceased to speak the figure did not vanish, but as he waved his hand, the light grew still more luminous, and in it she beheld several other happy faces beaming upon her. Then he turned, and it was as if the wall had opened, for while the other faces melted away, she beheld him passing forward through the wall, and in a moment she saw him in another room, which she recognized as his mother's. Beside the bed in that room, and bending over its recumbent sleeper, she beheld another shadowy form, that she knew must be the father of George, and this man seemed to be lifting the woman in his arms; but no, it was not the corporeal frame he essayed to gather to himself, but another, more ethereal, and with shining garments that seemed to be emerging from the body of clay upon the bed.

From her own couch in a distant room Hazel watched this spectacle with breathless interest. It did not occur to her to marvel that no walls obstructed her view of Mrs. Trevor's room, nor did this scene that she beheld appear out of place—it all seemed natural and real. Presently she observed that the elder Trevor clasped the ethereal form, that closely resembled the earthly one upon the bed, in his arms, and that he turned to depart. George was at his side to give assistance, if needed, but this seemed unnecessary, for the elder man glided forward and upward through the ceiling, out into the infinite blue, while his son followed in his wake.

Then Hazel lost consciousness; when she awoke it was morning. She arose and made her toilet, and as she proceeded the remembrance of her dream returned to her with special force. She pondered over it, and as its details came with clearness to her mind, she decided to write them out in full without delay. She had just concluded this task when there came a quick rapping upon her door, and a summons to appear below at once. Mrs. Trevor had been discovered in a lifeless condition in her bed, by her housekeeper, who had been wont each morning to go to her for orders on household affairs. The woman, an old and trusted friend, did not raise the alarm until she had attempted to revive her mistress, but without success. Then she dispatched a servant to the doctor, and sent another with a summons to Hazel's room. But life in the mistress of Trevor Place was extinct. It was late July now, and midsummer burned and glowed on Nature's breast, but all was dull and cold in the little household. Funeral pomp and ceremony befitting the estate of the mistress of Trevor Place occurred in due time, and all that was mortal of that amiable woman was consigned to its final enclosure.

Soon a new aspect of affairs began to arise. The proper guardian of the twins, now sole heirs to the vast estates. But this guardian was a man of great business responsibilities in London and he could not reside at Trevor Place. So he placed an agent over these estates, and concluded to take the twins to his own pretty home in Kensington, where they would remain with his wife a month or two, and then be transferred to a popular seminary of which he knew—being himself one of its board of trustees—where they would receive home comforts with a liberal education, and at the same time, so to speak, be under his own eye.

All this was accomplished, which changed the nature of matters very much for Hazel and necessitated the adoption of new plans for herself. Among the friends of Mrs. Trevor, whom the governess had often met were Dr. and Mrs. Windom. They were a charming couple, not elderly, but somewhat beyond middle age. A couple of refinement and intelligence, whose home was at C—, a thrifty town about twenty-five miles from the great metropolis. To the gentle and pretty governess Mrs. Windom had been much attracted, and now, learning of the state of affairs at Trevor Place, and that she was with out a home, that good woman despatched an urgent invitation to Miss Pearly to make her a lengthy visit. As yet her plans were unformed, and Hazel concluded to accept the kindly invitation and to consult with these generous friends upon her future course.

Once ensconced in her hospitable and substantial home as an honored guest, Hazel felt that she was indeed under the guardianship of good angels; but hers was an independent spirit, and she had no idea of becoming a burden to any one. She had the little fortune left her by her father still intact, and from her earnings she had added something to it from time to time; but this she religiously guarded, not for herself but for her daughter, who she believed would yet be in need of it. In spirit she shrank from again, at least at present, applying for a situation as a governess at any other home, and she pondered deeply upon the exigencies of her case.

But all at once it came to her what to do, for some time she had longed to be of more use in the world; that is, to be useful to the needy and suffering, to bring comfort to tortured hearts and new life to tired and ailing bodies. It was while sustaining a conversation with her host and hostess one evening that an inspiration came to her. Dr. Windom's practice was a large one, and he had many patients to visit during the day. Some of these were among the very wealthy, and

others among the poorer class. The physician had been speaking of some of these and complaining that it was almost impossible at times to secure the service of proper nurses for the sick; Hazel listened attentively till he paused, and then she began to question him. The subject interested her, it opened up new avenues of employment and duty to her, and she grew more absorbed in it.

The result of this conversation with her introduction to a private hospital, of which Dr. Windom was president. To this was attached a training class for nurses and an evening school in which studies necessary for the equipment of a nurse were pursued. Upon the duties and studies of this institution Hazel entered with earnestness and fidelity, and for a year she remained at her post in this vicinity. Later on she went to London and joined a Florence Nightingale corps of nurses who were put out at service here and there among the sick in haunts of poverty, and more than once she was assigned to duty in the hospital ward of a prison.

During this period of her career Hazel came in contact with many strange phases of human life, and more than once she felt that a great strain bore upon mind and body; but she kept up bravely and brought only the cheer and sunshine of a hopeful spirit and a pleasant countenance to the forlorn bed-sides of her patients, who learned to watch for her coming and to follow her going with whispered blessings upon her head.

And so on, until something prompted her to go to America, where she tarried for awhile in New York. She had joined the Red Cross Society, and was ready to do any work of humanity in its name. Rumors of an epidemic arising at New Orleans sent a force of nurses to that section, and Hazel was among them, becoming entered at the hospital where we have seen her as herself an invalid. But the scare did not result in the tide of fever predicted of it, and the season passed without the raging disease becoming manifest. Winter approached, and our friend decided to spend it in the Crescent city, and to do her allotted work among the women and children of the hospital who might claim her care. And so a year passed, and there was plenty to do. The hospital was well filled with cases, and much demand was made upon her patience, time and strength. Nor did she spare herself, for she believed her vitality to be greater than it really proved, and so she toiled on, until she herself succumbed to the penalty of outraged and exhausted nature. The rest we have seen, and now we have brought our characters to the date which marks the fifteenth year of life for little Lon, and her preparation for entrance to the Normal school at Los Angeles.

For many a day Hazel wondered if her little daughter had received that strange letter without date or signature, and if so what the child must have thought of it. But there came no answer to her thoughts in this direction, nor to the still unconquered longing to behold her child once more. But the time for dreaming had passed, life and strength and energy were returning to her with renewed force. She must put all longing aside and be ready for work and duty. She was needed in the wards, and there was no time for idle dreams. So, once more at her post, ministering with deft hand, gentle words, ready tact, and soothing influence to the poor sufferers to whom she was assigned.

Thus through the months her life went on, a quiet one, unknown to fame, and yet one of noble fidelity, of self-sacrifice, of usefulness that humanity can but approve. Once, in a leisure moment while she sat for a few moments in her room, waiting for her summons to the night watch, she was startled by an appearance that she could not explain.

It was in the twilight, but the apartment was not dark. The door stood just ajar, and she sat facing it. All at once she observed it move, and expected to see some one of the household upon its threshold. But no; it was none of the nurses or servants that appeared in the wider opening of the moving door, but instead the form of a huge white dog, with a noble face and intelligent eyes. She saw the creature distinctly, a handsome fellow, and she recognized him. It was Staff, dear old Staff; but how did he get there? He stood looking in at her with his great lustrous eyes for at least a minute; then a tall shadow appeared behind him, and the watcher plainly saw the form and well-remembered face of old nurse Betsey, who also looked at her, but with a smile, as if to say, "We know you and we have kept track of you." Then she saw the hand of the nurse take hold of the golden collar of the dog, as if to draw him away, and in an instant both had vanished as they stood. Springing to her feet, Hazel examined the corridor and stairway, but no trace of her visitors could be found, and inquiry elicited the fact that no one had entered the hall. She could not understand it, for she was certain that she had been wide awake, and that her vision had not been an optical illusion; but no explanation of the mystery ever came.

[To be continued.]

A Veteran Speaks.

MR. ISAAC B. RICH: Dear Sir and Brother,—In THE BANNER OF AUG. 13, I was particularly interested in the short editorial headed, "What Do Spiritualists Believe?" Though the editorial was brief, it contained a volume of truth, which, if honestly brought out, would do more for Spiritualism than the vast amount of spiritual literature and platform lectures which have been published since the introduction of Modern Spiritualism. There is a large amount of interesting and valuable knowledge given by the spirit-world and a still larger amount of trash and absurdity; and while the former produces reverence and respect, the latter creates disgust and contempt.

Now I think the time has come for this chaff to be thoroughly sifted from the grain, and the real and positive truths of the spiritual philosophy published for the benefit of all seeking a truthful knowledge of the spiritualistic theology. To bring this about, let there be a commission of Spiritualists appointed to examine, select and condense the facts of Spiritualism, and let such as may be their report be put into book form. It will become the text-book of the real truth of Modern Spiritualism.

JOHN F. WHITNEY.

An Editor Killed by Tobacco.

The sudden death of Wm. M. Singler, editor of the Philadelphia Record, adds another to the countless victims of the deadly cigar. Mr. Singler was an inveterate smoker, and for years had suffered from what is known as a "tobacco heart." His physician forewarned his family that he would die suddenly, but he always laughed at the thought of danger. The rest of the world of smokers, who are so diligent in cultivating the treacherous "tobacco heart," will read this, then light their cigars and pipes and cigarettes and go puffing on their way to death as if nothing had happened. They, like Mr. Singler, only laugh at the warnings of their doctors and friends. They will stop laughing when they are dead.—Enterprise.

Every entity has its own; every conscious being is completed in proportion as the relations are true and the action of the soul-life is harmonious and peaceful.—Enterprise.

LESSON OF THE BUTTERFLY.

BY J. MARION GALE.

Beautiful butterfly, dressed so fine,
Why do you bask in the warm sunshine?
Who taught you to change from an ugly worm
To a creature so gay, in fairy form?
The butterfly answered, with bated breath:
"I am gay for a day, then I change through death.
The power that made me come up higher
Is the fountain of life's eternal fire.
That lives the same in seraph or elf—
The infinite life which you call God.
For a year I toiled and dug and spun;
Now I glory a day, and my race is run.
This lesson I leave to you, my friend:
The glory of worm-life is the day it must end;
In apoplexy at the dawn of dawn,
When worm-life dies and the soul lives on,
So live, while you weave your chrysalis here,
That your soul may be bright in a higher sphere."

The butterfly's lesson was not in vain;
We are all like worms on this earthly plane,
Who toil for a season, then fade and die,
To arise in fairer forms on high.
Who can say that the lowly soul,
From worm to which it had reached its goal?
Was it not a speck of infinite power
That gives us our immortal dower?
What if we find in heaven's glow
All beautiful things we loved below,
All brighter grown, and doubly dear
For having shared our worm-life here?

The Old Harpist.

BY SYLVANUS LYON.

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the rustling of a will;
There's music in all things, if men have ears;
This earth is but an echo of the spheres."

An aged, time-honored player was he, hoary and weary. For many years his melodies of life-acts had most wondrously influenced many hearts and lives. Notes of gladness, songs of praise, joyful, helpful lays of love and encouragement, his harp of life had been playing and breathing o'er and thrilling other lives with the joy of helpfulness and the sweetness of heaven's loving inspiration—to do, dare and to suffer.

Now, alas! he was old and weary, yet struggling bravely, meeting difficulties, having great longings unfulfilled, and overcoming many ills. And thus now the Old Harpist was resting with his harp unstrung—alone and sorrowing—while many evil, dark forebodings came playing o'er his heart-strings. Forgetting how it had so often and long vibrated and thrilled and rejoiced his and many waiting souls, now it only sighed mournfully.

It was not strange or sinful, for at times the player must grow weary, and life's strains forget their joy and sweetness. Stronger and more gifted musicians, whose voices have caught the heavenly strains and their music giving divine melody, have grown heavy and sad, waiting, and, like Israel of old, "hung their harps on the willows, weeping, 'How can we sing the Lord's song in this strange land?'"

It was truly a sad picture, the cold actual for the fair ideal; the good and holy blunder and gloomy, for now the harp's heart-string vibrated only life's miseries. Notes of discord came mournfully uniting with life's jarring harsh sounds. Old, lame, and weary with years and cares, yet beset with life's stern necessities and great loving duties, telling in mournful cadence, "these only for you to make beautiful with living melody, yet now (if commenced) unfinished."

Truly his harp had long resounded with sweet notes, giving forth the loving strains of hope to many. Now, its strings broken, with no tone or tune, how could he call forth triumphant lays or thrill others with celestial harmonies?

And thus laden with disquietude, his heart-strings breaking, how could the spirit sing, rejoicing with the dull earth, in the desert places of age and poverty, how hymn loving harmonies with no heavenly inspirings?

Like so many players he forgot "the angel bands," "the choirs invisible," giving celestial music. In such dark moods how catch the strains of joy and gladness of nature, or hear the anthems of worlds and spheres hymning forever, "the hand that made us is Divine," and all these resounding the grand jubilate notes of God's love.

Was it the sighing of the spirit—the soul's echoing o'er his harp-strings—which brought back the memories and melodies of long ago? Or may it not have been some angel whispering of the rhapsody and joy of life and usefulness? As in dream visions these seemed to swell forth into songs and rejoicings, vibrating o'er his soul, strains of hope and bliss, and again his harp resounded with song melody as of yore.

"Teach the world somewhat of life's poetry, and how to make it beautiful, life's sweet music. So tune your harp to melody, that all must love and bless you; let your life-notes unite with heaven's anthem of praise, yet touch other hearts with tenderest sympathy."

There are lays which only you can render, and chords of affection which await your touch, and heart beats for you to call forth to beauty. Life's music lacks sweetness and harmony. The world is full of discords, the jarring sounds of passion and pride rule too often—and it is sad to see that so few know of Love's holiest symphonies. Oh, then, why a weary harp for your harp must play on now, and all through eternity. But it is better to finish life's notes here, for

"There is in souls a symphony of sounds,
Some chord is touched within, and then the heart responds."

And then the Old Harpist doubted no longer. Rejoicing he took up his harp, valiant for his task, and as his fingers swept the strings "spirit bands" seemed to mingle the sounds with heaven's notes of joyousness. Myriads of young children were blessed—the old and weary rejoiced—and poverty and crime looked up with new hope.

And now once more, with his harp thus tuned, his life song was good and beautiful; the touches and strains seemed grand and wonderful with spirit and soul in union, and many rejoiced and blessed him. And the Old Harpist wisely concluded that he is a poor player who strives to sing or play without heaven's aid and the Father's love, for

"Hands of invisible spirits touched the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul;
And play the prelude of our fate."

Literary Department.

ST. NICHOLAS.—The current issue contains an interesting article on "A Girl Queen," by Jeannette May Fisher, who says: Although the Queen Regent has brought up her daughter as simply as possible, yet there is always a certain amount of ceremony and royal etiquette which must needs be considered. The life of a queen is not all that can be desired. A little story is told which pathetically illustrates the loneliness of this little Queen's early childhood. Wilhelmina, when a small child, was once overheard by her governess while scolding a favorite doll as follows: "Now, be good and quiet; because, if you don't, I will turn you into a queen, and then you'll not have any one to play with at all!" James Cassidy, in a sketch entitled, "Under the Sea," writes the following: Each diver, while under the water, requires a signalman to hold his life-line (that is, the line fastened round his waist, by which he is hauled up) and the air pipe, both of which should be kept just taut, so that any movements of the diver may be felt. The signalman is of the utmost importance to the diver; indeed, to use the words of a diver with whom we recently talked, he is his life. He must exercise the utmost vigilance all the time that the diver is down. Should the attendant give one pull on the life-line, it signifies, "How are you getting on?" If all is well, the diver gives an answering pull to reassure those above. Two pulls on the air pipe, given by the diver, mean, "More air (pump faster); and so on throughout the code of signals.

In addition to the signal-code, modern invention has adapted and utilized the telephone, and a speaking apparatus for men working at a depth of sixty feet or more is frequently used. It has been adopted in Great Britain by the Admiralty, the War Office and the School of Military Engineering. The electric light also is now employed by divers working at a depth beyond twenty feet.—The Century Co., Union Sq., New York.

THERE IS A FORCE in American life whose persistence and whose unquestioned awe does honor to the American people. We refer to the force of education. Mr. Bryce once said with truth that the most respected and influential men in America were the college presidents. Not one Englishman in a thousand knows who is at the head of Oxford or Cambridge; but the great mass of American people not only know who is at the head of Harvard or Columbia—they honor him as they honor no other man save the President of the Republic. When President Eliot of Harvard went over to the Democratic party, it was treated as a national event, and a hall in Boston was large enough to contain the crowds who went to hear him make a campaign speech. The candidature of President Low for the majority of Greater New York could scarcely have happened elsewhere in the world. When the president of Brown University declared for Mr. Bryan and the silver cause, columns were devoted to the event in the newspapers, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The influence of not a few of the leading Harvard professors was exerted on New England against the Spanish-American war, and it is a factor recognized at once and everywhere. As with the university, so with the common school; it is a great and powerful institution, far greater than in England. In these elements of her life, indeed, America more closely resembles Scotland and the Scandinavian countries than any other part of Europe. If you want to find any genuine aristocracy in New England, in Ohio, in Minnesota, you find it in the college class, in the teachers and officers of the universities and colleges. This is a good omen for the future. Closely joined with this class is the religious class, which yields an immense influence. . . . The utterances of leading preachers, reproduced by the newspapers, are read by millions. To be connected with a church is a sign of social distinction which even politicians value, and which is apt to degenerate into hypocrisy.

The church goes practice on the one hand, and the coarse life of the "saloon" on the other, often seem to a stranger to divide America into obviously pious and reprobate classes, for the shadings of English life are not so palpable there. But when it comes to a crisis the spiritual heirs of English Puritanism contrive to win, and thus one finds that Puritanism, stripped of its impossible dogmas, humanized, and—may add—moralized, is one of the supreme forces of American life, underlying all the "sensual and avaricious" tendencies on which Matthew Arnold spoke so freely to the American people. The schoolmaster and moral teacher are, in short, the two factors held in highest esteem, and these, when America "finds her soul," will always be found to most in her social fabric, the real unacknowledged aristocracy of American life. So long as this remains true, the vessel of American democracy may be beaten about by the fierce tempests which must come, but she will not go under.—The Spectator (London, Eng.)

THE DAWN.—We find in the July number an article entitled "Is Spiritual Progress Inconsistent with Material Progress?" by Annie Besant. She favors the affirmative side of the question and deals with the subject theoretically and historically. The author says:

"The materialistic basis of society and the making of wealth the standard tends to deteriorate all the best arts. It is notable that all the finest arts belong to the ages that are spoken of as the Dark Ages. The art was dominated by religion, and scarcely anything was produced that had not a religious subject for its ideal. With the loss of the ideal the art becomes mercenary and meretricious in its nature. The idea that dominated the workers of the old age was that they were creating not for the sake of being famous, but for the sake of religion. The present-day art is simply for the sake of gain, and has lost its highest inspiration. You must have great faith to dominate the intellect if the highest artistic qualities are to be brought out. The highest faculties of the intellect slacken with the slackening of spirituality. With this diminution of intellect you get also the diminution of health and national prosperity. If a nation follows the spiritual, it is growing upward; there will be contentment, the discontent arises from the fact that the man is not growing. Let the man feel that he is growing on and he will be content."

Under the heading, "Have Animals Mind—Consciousness?" the following is related to illustrate the receptive capabilities of ants: A nest of ants was made of many narrow, and to reach a tree they had to cross the rails. They were crushed by the wheels of wagons when passing and repass. They persevered in crossing for some time, but at last set to work and tunneled underneath each rail, and they would not cross the rails again when the tunnels had been stopped, but set to work making new tunnels.

"These facts cannot be ascribed to instinct," says Romanes, "seeing that the tramecars could not have been objects of previous experience to the ancestors of ants; and therefore the degree of receptive intelligence or 'practical' intelligence which was displayed is highly remarkable. Clearly the insects must have apprehended the nature of the repeated catastrophes, and correctly reasoned out the only way by which they could be avoided."

41 Lansdowne Road, Bluanipore, Calcutta.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW OF REVIEWS for October gives special attention to the developments of the past month in international politics and to the lessons of the Spanish-American War. The editor, in the department of "The Progress of the World," discusses the attitude of the Spanish people toward peace conditions, the new relations between Germany and England, the Czar's proposition for disarmament, the Dreyfus case in France, England's reopening of the Soudan, and other serious problems confronting the European powers. Important contributed articles review President McKinley's course in the conduct of the war to a successful close, and the deficiencies in our administrative machinery revealed by the fatal delays and break-downs in the medical and subsistence departments of army management.

In regard to the real weakness of our army supply bureaus, Lieut. John H. Parker says: It has been a notorious fact for many years that promotions to the supply departments of the army were to be largely as a result of "influence." In the last thirty years many appointments in them have been made which have had their origin in "pull." Neither party alone is to be blamed for this, for the same conditions have obtained under both Republican and Democratic administrations. In a country where not a postal clerk, mail-carrier or messenger could be named except for fitness previously determined under competitive examination and civil service rules, the feeding, clothing and transportation of our army has been in the hands of departmental favorites and appointments were often the reward of favorites or put at the disposal of two-party politicians. In the nature of things would an intelligent public expect such departments to exhibit the forthrightness, energy and activity necessary for so great an emergency?

The editor gives a summary of the Dreyfus Case in the following words:

Colonel Henry was a plain, straightforward officer, almost insanely devoted to the army, and apparently without personal motives for his misconduct. It is generally believed, therefore, that in forging the letter he had been the tool of other men of a more designing and corrupt character, and it is also generally believed that his suicide, or murder, in his cell was with

the motive of protecting others more guilty than himself. It is still stoutly maintained by the enemies of Dreyfus and the defenders of the army policy that, quite apart from this particular forged letter, the evidence against Dreyfus was ample. It is not denied, however, that it was entirely secret evidence, and that neither Dreyfus himself nor his legal counsel has ever had an opportunity to know what the testimony against him was, and, much less, an opportunity to refute it. Under the circumstances, the whole world has now abundant reason for revering the ordinary rule, and considering Dreyfus innocent until he is proved guilty, and for considering the whole inner clique of army men at Paris guilty until they can demonstrate their freedom from complicity in the forgeries and crimes that Colonel Henry could not have committed without accomplices.

13 Astor Place, New York.

LADIES HOME JOURNAL.—For the first time, in print, General A. W. Greely tells the fearful experiences of himself and his imprisoned band of explorers as they faced death for two hundred and thirty-four sunless days at the North Pole. Man after man dropped dead at the side of this commander, and the rest simply waited for their turn. It is a wonderful story. Bright in contrast is "The Anecdotal Side of Mark Twain," in the same magazine, in which the humorist's closest friends tell twenty funny new stories of him, one of which is as follows:

When Mark Twain was first introduced to General Grant the latter shook hands in a perfunctory manner and immediately relapsed into his customary attitude of reticence. There was an awkward pause; it grew longer and longer as the humorist tried to think of something bright to say. Finally, as in sheer desperation, Twain looked up with an assumed air of great timidity and said: "Mr. President—I feel a little bit embarrassed. Do you?" The President could not help smiling, and Mark took advantage of the chance the incident presented to give place to others.

Ten years later, when statesman and humorist met again, General Grant, with a twinkle in his eye, said, before Twain had the chance to utter a word: "Mr. Clemens, I don't feel at all embarrassed. Do you?" The story of "How Richard Wagner wrote His Operas" is indeed wonderful, and it will be told by one of the great composer's most intimate friends. Wagner carried an opera in his mind for years before he began to set it down on paper. The work once begun, however, it was performed with lightning-like speed. Even when an old man he wrote down the score for one of his famous operas with such rapidity that two trained amanuenses were unable to keep up with him. So absorbed in his writing did Wagner become that in his chirography was expressed the different emotions of the personages of the opera portrayed by those passages.

In regard to novel-reading Ruth Ashmore says: "No really good novel ever induced a girl or woman to imitate vice or to despise virtue. The novel is the printed panorama of life, and the tears, the smiles and the heart-beats that we, the readers, give to it. It makes the music that now is almost still, again is wild and weird like that of Hungary, and again has all the majesty of one of Mozart's masses. If you want to enjoy yourself, if you want to make life seem better and happier, lose your own personality in a good book."

421-427 Arch street, Philadelphia.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.—The publishers promise a number of attractive features for the issues of the four weeks in October. That of October 6 will contain an article on the Boston Subway. In those of October 13 and 20 Col. Henry Waterson will relate stories of the great orators of the stump. The issue of October 27 will also contain two stories, one by Mrs. Margaret Sangster, the other by Annie Hamilton Donnell. Lord Dufferin will contribute to the issue of October 27 "My First Cruise," the account of a holiday cruise in the Baltic, just at the breaking out of the Crimean War, in the course of which he had a lively adventure on a British frigate, which ran ashore under the guns of a Russian fleet. Perry Mason & Co., Publishers.

The Reviewer.

UNDER "Dewey at Manila, or the War Fortunes of a Castaway," by Edward Stratemeyer, is an interesting, instructive tale, which will be welcomed by the boys, who are ever searching for something new. The story follows the fortunes of Larry Russell, who, after many romantic adventures, is rescued; from the sea by the *Olympia*, and does heroic service in the battle of Manila. The book presents a simple, straightforward statement concerning the several causes of the war with Spain; gives a brief view of the conditions prevailing in Cuba and the Philippines, also a correct account of a real naval battle, showing a boy what he would find on a battleship of today. The sketch of Admiral Dewey is drawn from the narrative of several people who knew him well at his home in Montpelier, Vermont. The hero of the book, while full of life and vigor, is manly and true throughout.

Price, \$1.25. Order through the Banner of Light Publishing Co.

A Few Words from Madison, Me.

BY LUCY W. HOUGHTON.

I am no writer, only a humble worker; but at this time I cannot consistently refrain from voicing my appreciation of the new blossoming of our good old BANNER OF LIGHT. To me it's like a plant which all these years has been developing sturdy roots and grandly noble leaves, but only just beginning to unfold the rarest and purest white blossoms of truth. May it, and all that speak for the spiritual, unfold more and more of the noblest and truest thought-blossoms yet revealed, that each pal may carry the fragrance of that true love which ennobles and refines, ever seeking the good of all, which is the only true savior, touching and inspiring souls with the higher aspirations, till each shall be so filled that there will be no room for so-called evil to abate. Nourishing the good, and thus developing true wisdom, is the only permanent way of uprooting the weeds of human errors and all life's ills.

If every Spiritualist could but read, reflect upon and determine to actualize in his own every-day life the excellent advice of E. W. Wallis on the first page of THE BANNER OF Sept. 24, what a mighty influence for truth and love divine we might carry! not only for non-Spiritualists, but to assist each other upward, nearer that higher spirituality where perfect love casteth out all fear, consequently all evil. For is it not true that all evil is nurtured in fear, doubt or distrust, either of ourselves or others? It has been said, and I think truly, that

"Once read this own heart right,
And thou hast done with fears;
Man gets no other light,
Search he a thousand years."

Long enough already have these higher conceptions of thought been dinned into the ears of a growing humanity; isn't it high time that we, who have the light of the angel-world shining upon our lives, began more fully to actualize them, that the risen, who, through time and suffering, have gained more wisdom, may walk and talk in nearer, closer companionship with us than ever before? Come, then, shall we not rally under the one common banner of unselfish love, and henceforth raise the standard of Spiritualism, so that all the world may see its true beauty actualized, and be led to enlist under its broad, comprehensive, beautiful folds; that the soldiers of the future be workers in love, instead of fighters in hate; with love for banner, sword and shield, for 'tis mightier far than all the varied implements of warfare combined. Love has been talked about, preached about and sung about for ages; but singing, talking or preaching, without its abiding works in the soul, is too much like "dropping buckets into empty wells and growing old in drawing nothing up."

Aug. 27, 1898.

ARMY USES NERVURA.

Maj. Caygle and Maj. Pebbles Cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura.

High Officers of Salvation Army Recommend People to Use Dr. Greene's Nervura, Because it Cured Them. They Know it will Cure the Sick and Suffering Everywhere.

Maj. Rawson Caygle, Trade Secretary of the Salvation Army at National Headquarters, 120 West 14th Street, New York City, says:

"I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy now for some time, and on more than one occasion when suffering from nervousness brought on through over-work, I have found it to act as an immediate cure. I have also found it to be a great relief for neuralgia."

Whenever I hear of any case among our officers of sickness either mental or physical, brought on through the strain of their varied duties, invariably recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura, and I know of several cases in which it has proved the greatest possible benefit. It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to the many others in its favor."

Maj. H. May Pebbles, Commander of Southern Division, Salvation Army, 928 R street, Washington, D. C., says:

"I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for some time past. I was very ill, and quite unable to perform my duties, but with the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura I have been able to perform a great amount of work, which I do not think I should have been able to do in my own strength. I believe Dr. Greene's Nervura has been a help and benefit to me."

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy will cure you if you will use it. Bear in mind, also, that you can consult about your case personally or by letter, without charge, with Dr. Greene, 31 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., acknowledged to be the most successful physician in curing disease.

"The dreamers do not stop dreaming. All the imposing pronouncements as to the impossibility of doing this or that do not disturb them. The probabilities are that they do not hear them. A creature whose ears are full of the song within does not hear the cawing without, whether it be of the religious or the scientific order. Columbus, with his eyes upon the ground, does not see the pointing finger nor hear the whisper, 'Mad.' The dream may be false and foolish—nine dreams in ten are so; but the hope of the world lies in the great tenth dream."

An Argylshire elder was asked how the kirk got along. He said: "Aweel, we had four hundred members. Then we had a division, and there were only two hundred left; then a disruption, and only ten of us left. Then we had a heresy trial; and now there is only me and ma brither Duncan left, and I ha' great doubts of Duncan's orthodoxy."—*Tid-Bits.*

Human progress and happiness are greatly obstructed by too much politics without ethics, too much Sunday religion without charity, love and practice; too much temperance without evenness and intelligent self-control.—*Ex.*

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "BANNER OF LIGHT Establishment" is now an incorporated institution, we give below the form in which a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law, should any one feel impressed to bequeath something to assist us in carrying on the good work in which we have for so many years been engaged:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto the 'BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY,' of Boston, Massachusetts, or its successors [here insert the description of the property to be willed, and the manner in which the donor desires the same to be expended, which request will be faithfully carried out, strictly upon trust, that its officers shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

In order to make life's path as smooth as possible, young men should begin early to cultivate their character, health and money. Without these life loses its attractive features.—*Enterprise.*

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

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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, appears in the Address of General HARRIS, *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 became identified with the Cause in the years ago. All Spiritualists should have a copy. Price 5 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

PHILOSOPHY OF PHENOMENA.

BY GEORGE M. RAMSEY, M.D.

Author of "Cosmology."

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The list of topics under each of the two general heads into which the subject is divided by the author, forms a recital of the profoundest interest and the most comprehensive variety.

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Notices of meetings of local Spiritualist societies in various sections of the United States can be found upon our seventh page.

Truth.

Truth is many-sided in outward appearance, yet it is ever the same when it comes to its practical application to life and its duties. A paper has been recently started whose pretended purpose is to tell the truth with regard to mediumship and the frauds practiced in its name. The truth in all things is what the public wants, and it has a perfect right to know the truth concerning mediums and mediumship. Any method that would enable the people to dissociate the true from the false in psychical matters would be a boon to myriads of heart-broken men and women. Every Spiritualist ought to lend a hand in this work in order that the ground facts, the basic truths of Spiritualism may be demonstrated to the world. If the journal in question did this, it would deserve and would receive the hearty support of the best people in all denominations.

But, like many people in and out of journalism, it does not fill the required niche in any essential particular. It tells of the necessity of reform work in the ranks of the Spiritualists, and then calls in the aid of two self-confessed frauds, tricksters of the rankest kind, wholly devoid of moral principle or conscience, to do that reform work. Because they have been unmitigated scoundrels, they assume that all mediums are like themselves, and deliberately attempt to involve them all in their so-called confession. That fraud in the guise of mediumship is frequently practiced, every intelligent Spiritualist will admit; but it is going beyond the limits of reason and common sense to ask the public to believe that all mediums are frauds, because some are. Our position on the fraud question is well-known; we have nothing to retract from what we have said, but will make our utterances against it stronger and stronger, as occasion requires.

One genuine science does not prove that a medium will always give genuine phenomena, but it does show that he possesses psychic power. It may be that some mediums have supplemented their genuine manifestations for the sake of money, but it will take more than the testimony of self-confessed fakirs to make us believe that all of our leading mediums are nothing but frauds and pretenders. We do not mean to say that their every seance results in producing spiritual phenomena, but we do mean to say that many of them can and do give genuine proofs of spirit-return under test conditions. Mediumship is a fact in nature through which spiritual truth is demonstrated to mankind. We appreciate mediums and mediumship, and deeply deplore the evils connected with them. But we must protest against the wholesale indictment of all mediums on the part of any journal or body of people, and feel that we have a right to ask for more reliable proof than can be given by frauds, knaves and perjurers.

Two or three years since one of the prime movers in this new crusade was posing as a medium, and was pronounced a knave by several who detected him in his knavery. At

once the cry of "persecution" was raised by many Spiritualists, some of whom are now cursing this rogue for his duplicity. Those who exposed him were denounced as "medium-baiters" by scores of well-meaning Spiritualists, whose faith in mediumship led them to accept everything offered in its name as literal truth. To-day they are reaping only what they themselves sowed through their refusal to investigate his claims thoroughly. Had they done so, they would have rendered it absolutely impossible for him to turn exposure now by having done as they ought and thoroughly exposed him then. This class should be a little less free with denunciations of those who want the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth made known to the world. Spiritualism can never build upon an unsound basis, hence a half fraudulent, half-genuine mediumship is to be deprecated and denounced whenever necessity requires it.

We feel that the words of these men should be read by all truth-loving Spiritualists for several reasons: first, that their real natures may be known; second, that Spiritualists may become less hasty in endorsing all so-called manifestations as proofs of spirit-power; third, that they may be enabled to formulate some plan by which the wheat may be sifted from the chaff without injury to the good grain; fourth, that they may learn beyond a doubt of the fraud and counterfeiting in mediumship, and be willing to do something to eradicate them; fifth, that they may rally to the defense of honest mediums, and see to it that they are not hereafter obliged to compete with the fakirs and counterfeits who are now disgracing Spiritualism: sixth, that they may ascertain just how much truth there is in what these men say, in order that the public may hereafter be protected from them, as well as from all kinds of imposition on the part of those who are using Spiritualism as they say they used it. If the new journal leads Spiritualists to do what we have just outlined, it will have served the Cause a good purpose. We do not, however, accept all of its statements as facts, nor do we approve of its methods of work. It is "a dirty bird that defouls its own nest." The confessions of the two impostors, so far as they involve people other than themselves, should be taken cum grano satii by every friend of truth.

The National Convention.

The eyes of the Spiritualists of the United States and Canada will be turned upon Washington, D. C., from now until the close of the convention on the 21st inst. The question of changing the place of meeting from Washington to such point as may be determined upon by each convention is a very vital one, and should be thoughtfully considered by every Spiritualist. We do not see, so long as the National Association is incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia, how the place of meeting can be other than Washington, unless the act of incorporation be annulled or amended. The annual meeting of every legally incorporated body is fixed by law at its domicile; the domicile of the National Association is in Washington, hence the above conclusion is the one that naturally follows.

There are many advantages that would accrue in having a movable convention. Contributing memberships could be secured in large numbers, while many liberal donations might also be obtained. Whether these advantages would more than offset those offered by Washington, remains to be proved. Even if the place of the annual meeting is made a matter for each convention to decide, we cannot feel that it would be wise to remove the headquarters of the Association from Washington. Congress meets there every year, and Washington is the place where other denominations are fixing their official headquarters. In order to watch Congress, lest legislation of a religious character be enacted, the Spiritualists should have their headquarters in the Capitol city. They can then circumvent other denominations that are seeking favors from the Government at the expense of the people. If the National Spiritualist Association Charter can be so amended as to continue the headquarters in Washington with the annual conventions movable, we would favor the change—otherwise not.

It is also urged that each officer and trustee should serve three years instead of one, and we learn that an attempt will be made to make this change. While it would be advantageous to have two-thirds of the Board of Trustees change in service, the three years system would keep parties in office even if they were not wanted. We therefore feel that annual elections are decidedly better for the National Spiritualists' Association at the present time. A good officer can be re-elected from year to year, while an objectionable one can be removed when he is found unsatisfactory in one year. It is not difficult to find capable men and women to fill positions on the Board, but they should all be actuated by a desire to serve Spiritualism rather than their own selfish ends.

The financial question, proxy representation, lyceum matters, the Young People's Union, amendments to By-Laws, elections of officers, etc., etc., must also receive attention, while the evening programs will be filled with the most active talent on the Spiritualist platform. In addition to these important business matters and platform lectures and tests, we must not forget the attractions of Washington itself. The Convention means much to Spiritualism, and the cheap excursion rates should induce thousands to visit Washington on the occasion in question. Every Society should be represented by its full quota of delegates, while all Spiritualists who are at all interested in their religion and the progress of the Cause, should fill the hall to overflowing from the opening to the closing of the great convention.

Recent developments go to show that Bismarck was the most unscrupulous and villainous editor that the present century has produced. He subsidized the entire German press, wrote many of its editorials and dictated its policy to suit himself. He would use one class of journals to attack even the Empress Augusta and Queen Victoria, then calmly dictate an editorial defending them both! His villainous attacks would accomplish his ends, while his vigorous defense made his victims believe that he was their friend. Bismarck made modern Germany, yet moral principle was not one of his characteristics.

"When you get the right man, question him close," says Emerson. "When you get the facts of Spiritualism, question them closely, that you may know the truth," add the angels.

Failure.

Whenever a person fails to reach a particular goal, or is unable to perform a certain amount of work, his would-be friends, almost without exception, come forward with the comforting words, "We told you so!" They then go on to tell him why he failed, and how he would have been grandly successful had he but followed their advice. In many cases they do not hesitate to boast of their own success in business, and take occasion to hint sharply at the great lack of business ability on the part of the one who has, perhaps, done ten times the work they did in the same length of time, under conditions such as they never had to encounter in their lives. They also size up the situation in a cold-blooded, philosophical way, by informing the victim of the comforting fact that they had been opposed to his undertaking from the first, and would have criticised him and his plans then, had they not feared they would have been misunderstood and lost patronage thereby.

Had their friend been grandly successful, the English language would have been too poor in its vocabulary to find words of praise worthy of the occasion. To our minds it is the part of a friend to throw out a word of warning when a person is seen to be rushing into danger. It is rather the act of an enemy to wait until he has lost his all, and then strike him when he is down, with the self-laudatory expression, "I did not advise you," even when outwardly there was a pretence of earnest support and warm encouragement. A seeming failure brings condemnation, censure and back-biting, whereas success (so-called) is always applauded, regardless of the methods by which it is attained. The applause of the multitude is rather to be sought by some than the eternal truth itself. Self-glorification may satisfy the individual boaster in this life, but it is very gratifying to know that he will be measured only for his exact worth in the world of souls.

Failures, from a material point of view, often lead to grand successes on the part of the one who met with misfortune. They induce him to redouble his efforts to overcome the obstacles placed before him, and enable him to gauge the promises and fair speeches of those who once claimed to be his friends at their real worth. In this respect alone a so-called failure is of untold value to the one to whom it comes. It tests the metal of his character, and proves the reliability of his friends. It gives him an insight into the real motives of human beings such as no other experience could possibly have done. With these advantages gained, a man is better able to face the world understandingly, and can avoid the pitfalls into which he might have fallen if he were not on his guard.

But there is an ethical side to this question that must be noticed. It is true that man's failures make him richer in experience, but that fact does not lighten the burden those experiences laid upon him. It does not soften the sting of the captious criticisms hurled at him by those who delight in fault finding, nor does it make one whit easier under the running fire of abuse that his former associates pour upon him. Is it ethics to attack and abuse a man when he has been unfortunate? Is it right, or just, or decent to vaunt one's own assumed virtues when another has made a mistake? Is it ethics to declare that because people have made mistakes they should not receive a helping hand in their hour of need? The meanest criminal on earth or in spirit-life is assumed to have within himself possibilities of reformation.

It is only in Spiritualism that those who err in judgment are considered as unworthy of trust and incapable of improvement. It is in Spiritualism that we find the holier-than-thou doctrine lived to its extreme limit, and the fierce denunciation of those who happen to have minds of their own, who have not thought it necessary to bow to the *ipse dixit* of those who knew nothing of the business in hand, nor cared for any one's welfare outside of their own gain. Such Spiritualism as that is the acme of selfishness, and is unworthy of a place in the world. Its manifestation is apparent to every careful student, and no thoughtful person can wonder at the present estimate placed upon our movement by all who are outside of our ranks. Men do make mistakes; men do err; sin is a fact in every human life; none are exempt from any one of these tendencies, but there is, however, the comforting assurance that they can rise above all errors and weaknesses under the leadership of the law of progress, and earn a higher estate in the realms of the soul. It remains for Spiritualists to prove by their actions that they truly believe their own doctrines before they can expect other people to accept them.

Hon. Thomas F. Bayard.

The transition of this eminent gentleman removes the last of a long line of statesmen of that name, who have for many decades reflected credit upon the State of Delaware. Statesmanship and great intellectual ability seemed to descend from father to son for several generations. In 1869 the Legislature of Delaware actually elected Thomas F. Bayard and his father to the United States Senate on the same day. Such an event has never occurred in the history of any other State since the establishment of the republic. Thomas F. Bayard filled the positions of United States Senator, Secretary of State and Minister to England during his eventful public life. To him, perhaps, more than to any other one man, is due the good feeling now existing between England and the United States. While Mr. Bayard was not one of America's greatest statesmen, he was yet a great statesman, and has left an impress for good upon his country's history.

Prof. Arthur Ewell.

As will be seen in another column of this issue, Prof. Ewell has returned to Belvidere, N. J., to accept the position of principal of the Seminary at that place. He gave excellent satisfaction in that position some years ago, and will no doubt do even better now in the same capacity. Belvidere Seminary is the only school in the United States under the control of Spiritualists. It should be liberally patronized by all who believe in the principles of Spiritualism, and desire to have their children liberally educated. With such a teacher as Prof. Ewell at the helm, Spiritualists certainly have no excuse for refusing to send their children to the Belvidere Seminary.

A nobler type of humanity can never be developed so long as the abortionist is permitted to practice his awful deeds without restraint in every city and town on the continent.

The Paris Exposition.

An appropriation of six hundred fifty thousand dollars was made by Congress to provide a suitable exhibition of American manufactures and products at the great Exposition in Paris in 1900. The amount of space assigned the United States was considered too small for practical purposes, and an effort was made to secure larger quarters, but it was impossible to do so without encroaching upon the rights of other nations. "Notwithstanding this fact," United States Commissioner-General Peck, accompanied by a large retinue of clerks, went to Paris, to plead for additional space, in the face of the foregone conclusion that he could not get it," says the *Boston Herald*. General Peck and his clerks lived like kings at the expense of our government, and frittered away quite a portion of the exhibition appropriation.

Such malfeasance in office should be summarily dealt with. In the first place the Exposition appropriation is too small by half. The United States at Paris in 1889 made a miserable showing, and that exhibit placed our country in the fourth or fifth rank of manufacturing or producing nations. This fatal mistake should be remedied in 1900. American wares, American industry and enterprise should be shown at their best—not at their worst, hence the opportunity should not be lost. It now looks as if the culpable extravagance of the American Commissioners would lead to no exhibit at all, if the present policy is legitimately carried out. Gen. Peck should be at once removed, and a competent man put into his place. A large addition should be made to the appropriation, and steps taken to place the highest and very best types of American goods before the public in Paris, that the people of the world may judge our nation from correct premises.

Immense sums can be voted for war ships and other implements of death for our citizens, but retrenchment, economy and reform must be applied to every proposed exhibit of the arts of peace. The money squandered in purchasing the ship sunk by Lieut. Hobson could better have been devoted to the collection of first-class types of American products for the Paris Exposition. Ours is a great nation, and its marvelous achievements should be made known to the world. So long as public money is wasted in warfare, river and harbor steals and other gigantic swindles at home, a decent showing can probably never be made abroad. Great things can come from the Paris Exhibition that will redound to the good of our country. A niggardly policy will only serve to again make the United States a butt of ridicule, as it was in 1889. A nobler statesmanship should be at the helm, and a truer, broader policy adopted. We do not wish to aggrandize America at the expense of other nations, but we do want the world to see the wonderful achievements of a nation devoted to the principle of peace, and wholly without a standing army or great navy. It is barely possible that the Imperialistic party in the United States is determined to make the showing of American wares poor and small, in order that it may the more successfully work for the adoption of its war-footing measures.

A Just Decision.

Judge Cohen, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, rendered an opinion Oct. 3 that Mrs. Harriet E. Beach-Rogers is incompetent to manage her own affairs. A committee on her personal estate will probably be appointed by the court, the members of which will see to it that her property is not squandered by her present husband. We feel that this is preeminently the right course, and believe that Justice Cohen has done Mrs. Rogers and her children a great service through his just decision. So long as such men as Rogers are permitted by Spiritualists to pose as mediums and fleece unsuspecting people, just so long will such decisions as this one of Judge Cohen's be absolute necessities. Innocent people are entitled to protection from villainy of all kinds. Spiritualists could protect the public from rascality in mediumship if they would but do their duty, and make such criminal odious by exposing every pretender and swindler as soon as they have proof that he is such. Had they followed this course in connection with Rogers, his unfortunate wife and the Beach family would have been spared no end of sorrow, while the public at large would have been freed from the depredations of this man, whose offenses "smell to heaven," and bring the blush of shame to every honest face.

J. J. Morse.

We call our readers' attention to another of Bro. J. J. Morse's chatty "Echoes from England," appearing in this issue. For more than twenty-three years our good friend has contributed these letters to our columns, making them an interesting link between the two countries and our Cause. We are pleased to record the fact that Bro. Morse is held in high esteem in his own land, as is evidenced by his unanimous election to the Presidency of the Spiritualists National Federation in England. It is an honor well bestowed and thoroughly deserved. He has done much for Spiritualism on both sides of the Atlantic, and is entitled to every honor bestowed upon him from the fact that each one has been honestly earned. His references to Sir William Crookes are especially kind, and will be appreciated by every progressive Spiritualist.

It is said that the death rate at the camp at Chickamauga Park is a trifle over two and five-tenths per cent. upon an estimate of thirty-five thousand men encamped at that point. Secretary Alger claims that it is an exceptionally low death rate, yet it is more than double the very high rate prevailing in the British camps in fever-stricken India. Secretary Alger and his defenders will find the American people fully qualified to judge of this matter for themselves, and the sooner they cease their attempts to mislead the public, the better it will be for them in the end.

The Bridgeport, Ct., tragedy has filled the columns of the secular press for the past two or three weeks with startling accounts of the horrible affair. The responsibility of the crime has been brought home to the guilty parties, some of whom are now in custody. The chief culprit for a time eluded the police, but has been recently arrested in London. The public will draw a breath of relief when it is known that the betrayer and murderer of Emma Gill are to be brought to justice.

Spiritual thought can only emanate from spiritual people. The object of Spiritualism is to spiritualize men and women to such an extent as to cause all of their thoughts and efforts to spring from spiritual motives.

The Altruist Community.

The Altruist Community has secured five thousand acres of land near Williamsville, Missouri, upon which to locate the colony bearing the above name. The people are to be practical Communists, and are hoping to establish a better order of things in the social life of man. Like experiments have been tried during the past century, nearly all of which have resulted in failure. Hopedale, Brook Farm, Topolobampo and others, tell the same story. To hold property in common, and to live as members of one family, may be a beautiful ideal, but the brotherhood of the race does not find its best expression through any such methods. The majority of humankind can love their neighbors far better at a distance than they can close at hand.

Mrs. M. T. Longley.

This well-known worker took her many friends in Boston and vicinity by complete surprise through her unexpected arrival in their midst on Wednesday of last week. The speaker for Berkeley Hall having failed to appear, Mrs. Longley was elected to fill his place, much to the pleasure of her numerous friends. She will speak from the same platform Sunday morning and evening, Oct. 9, and will make one of the New England excursion to Washington the following week. Our Boston friends should embrace this opportunity to hear Mrs. Longley next Sunday, as that will probably be her last appearance in the city for some time.

Only a few thousand dollars are now necessary for the fund to erect a monument to Eugene Field, and to place a goodly sum in interest for the benefit of his family. By the sale of books and subscriptions to the fund through "Field Flowers," it is hoped to complete the fund. Eugene Field is worthy of the proposed tribute, and the American people will be doing him simple justice only in thus honoring his memory.

Prohibition wins the day in the Dominion of Canada by a small majority. The vote is something of a surprise to those whose throats were yearning for draughts of the ardent to relieve their thirst. Will prohibition prohibit? With the State of Maine as an object lesson, the answer will be found, and a loud No will undoubtedly be the verdict.

Objection to the peace joutees is made in jingo circles on the ground that the war may not be ended. Query: If the war breaks out again will it be a war for humanity or for conquest?—*Springfield Republican*. Humanity, of course, in outward profession, but at heart probably for the conquest and annexation of Spain itself as a "colony" of the United States! Such a policy would be the legitimate outcome of Imperialism.

Col. John Hay, Ambassador to England, has resigned his position to enter President McKinley's cabinet as Secretary of State. It is cruelly suggested by some newspapers that hard work in Washington is "a sight better business than loafing" around the throne for Col. Hay.

Col. Roosevelt of the "Rough Riders" is to lead the Republican forces in New York in the pending gubernatorial contest. His opponent is Judge Van Wyck, a brother of the present mayor of Greater New York. May the right man, i. e., the man best qualified for the position, be chosen by the people.

Our esteemed friend, John Grayburn of Pittsburgh, Pa., made us a most pleasant call last week. He is the same large-hearted, open-handed and noble-minded man as ever, and is a "true-blue" Spiritualist in all respects. He visits Boston on both business and pleasure.

A Spirit-Photograph—How It was Taken by an Unbeliever.

While in a photographer's establishment not long ago a woman was struck by a curious-looking photograph hanging on the wall. In the centre was the head of an elderly man, while in the background were two other heads, those of an elderly woman and a young girl. Although reasonably clear, the two heads in the background were more shadowy than that in the foreground, and the whole effect was so unusual that the woman asked the photographer just what it represented.

"Well," was the answer, "I must say that there is something queer about that picture, and I don't mind saying that it is not everybody I'd tell it to, either. You know as well as I do, that I'm just a plain, every-day man, with no faith in spooks or anything of that creepy sort. I've never meddled in them, and I don't believe in 'em anyway. Still, this is the way that picture was taken, and if you can account for it it's more than I can, that's all. About six weeks ago Mr. Blank, whom everybody in town knows is a Spiritualist, came in here and said he wanted to make an appointment to have a spirit picture taken. He would bring a medium with him, he said, but all that the medium would do would be to see that the spirits were there. I was to arrange my camera and plate just as I would for an ordinary picture.

Of course I was skeptical about the thing, but I made the appointment, and I made sure that there would be no shenanigan about it if I could help it. I bought a brand new set of plates, and from this set I took a plate from the middle, and upon the plate I put a tiny mark of my own. Upon the day of the appointment I put the plate in the camera before Mr. Blank and the medium got there, so that there could be no tampering that way. When they arrived, the medium told me to get ahead and arrange everything, only making sure that the background was one that would bring out the shadows. The medium did not go near the camera until I had posed Mr. Blank at the proper focus and declared everything to be ready. Then the medium took the bulb of the tube in his hand, and I stationed myself where I could have detected the slightest chicanery. Before this I had made sure that the only human beings in the place were Mr. Blank, the medium and myself.

"The medium held the bulb in his hand a long time, but at length he gave it a quick squeeze and pronounced the photograph taken. The two left at once, the medium's only caution to me being: 'Be sure in developing the negative to bring out all the shadows.' I took the plate into the dark room and began the development, but, if you'll believe it, the thing acted queer from the very start. It would not or could not develop in the ordinary way. I declared it made me creep to look at the thing, with its great white blotches either side of the man's head, but I followed the medium's instructions, and after a while the two white blotches slowly developed into the heads of an elderly woman and a young girl, which I at once recognized as the portraits of Mrs. and Miss Blank, both dead some years since. I finished the picture, and sent it to Mr. Blank, who pronounced it perfectly satisfactory. But unless you enjoy having the creeps, I advise no one, I don't care how skeptical he may be, to have a seance in taking spirit-pictures."—*Evening Sun* (N. Y.)

7. The Spiritual Man; His Powers and Privileges.
Leatherette, price 50 cents.
For sale by **BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.**

SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our 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 errors as much as Truth are 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 Sept. 23, 1898.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Divine Spirit of Truth, again we place ourselves in sweet communion with thee and the host of friends who are gone. Again we open wide the great doors revealing the spirit-world, and thank thee that the cloud of superstition has been rolled away, that reason prevails, and that we are governed thereby. Reason tells us that love can never die, that an infinite love binds us closely together and unites our souls in blessed communion. Oh! give us strength this morning to relieve the sick and comfort the sorrowing. May thy divine love fill the hearts and souls of earth's children and lift them up from the vale of tears into the sunshine of eternal happy ness. Then all will know and rejoice that our loved ones can walk forth in the raiment of immortality and send to earth the glad tidings that there is no death, what seems so is only transition. Direct us and guide us now and forevermore. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Robert Kent.

My name is Robert Kent. I shall be remembered both in Vermont and Massachusetts, but I passed out of the body a great many years ago in Southern California. I left my northern home for California in 1849 to seek a great fortune, as it was in the time of the gold fever. While there I met with a great many adversities and some prosperity. During the many years of my stay in California I visited the northern homes several times. It may seem strange that I should return now, after being silent almost fifteen years, to prove my continued life beyond the grave, for I was not a stranger to spirit power. I knew while in earth-life that those who had departed were often with us; that where the heart goes out the feet will wander; that where the affection and interest are, there the spirit is bound to be. But I have a purpose in my return this morning:—to fulfill a promise made some months ago to my sister Annie, that if possible I would return through this circle and try to take control of this medium, so that she might know it was I. Also I would like to say to her, only a little time and we will all be together, for you are now nearing the end, and I know that when you throw off the mortal you will find us waiting for you one and all.

Charlie, mother and father are with me this morning, and all the loved ones who went before. You may feel that you are the last one left of our family, but there are still others in whom we are interested, for I left two boys and a girl, fighting, as it were, the great battles of life. I have one son in Massachusetts, and I wish all the loved ones to know that I have come to help them, and to try to demonstrate to them that we are still watching over them till the work is completed, when they will be better fitted to take up the work in spirit that is theirs. So just say that I have come in answer to the request. I have done so in a peculiar way, but I was obliged to give it without any further information, for the one who desired me to give it will understand it if others do not.

I thank you for your patience, and for the assistance you have given, and will bid you good-morning.

Mary McKenzie.

My name is Mary McKenzie, and my home in Paterson, N. J. I am so happy because I was informed that I might send forth a few words this morning to the loved ones still in earth-life, and I wish to say to them that I am not only happy because I am out of the environments of the body, but because I can be more useful now to the earth ones than before; for I was a long time sick, and my usefulness was over. I wish them to be reconciled and feel that God doeth all things well. I passed away with what the doctors called dropsy, and so I lingered a long time; but when the time came I went suddenly, and it has been asked if the last operation did not weaken me. I will answer, no; if anything, it gave me strength, so you have nothing to regret, for everything was all right. I am anxious to reach my husband and three darling children, who, I know, need a mother's care and protection. I was not familiar with Spiritualism, so the dread of my going was worse than anything else; but I was not long on the spirit-side before I found I could return to the loved ones, and I found that a mother's love could penetrate the change called death. Now I wish them to become conscious of it. I have impressed them so much that my husband has once or twice gone to a spiritual meeting, and one time when he was in New York I tried to make him understand that his wife and mother were talking to him, but he could not see it that way then. It set him to thinking, however, and now I see he is a little anxious, for changes have come into the home, and influences are at work that perhaps would affect his mind differently than before.

I wish to say that I am satisfied, and you need not be afraid, for I do not only endorse what you have done, but I feel it was for the best for all concerned. Now all I wish to say is that I know when my children are taken care of, and I will try to assist those who have

taken the responsibility of giving a mother's attention to them. I wish them all to know that I am with them and feel reconciled to the change, for it was for the best. I might say I have the little baby in spirit with me that passed away before I did, also my father, mother and one brother of my husband's. Fred is also with me, and joins in sending this message. I hope it will not only strengthen them, but give them to understand that we can communicate one with the other. Thank you very kindly.

George Plummer.

It is a long time since I tried to manifest through your circle room, but many years ago I had the privilege of voicing a few sentiments to the loved ones on earth, and as time has passed many changes have come. Some have joined me on the spirit-side since, and I have also made advancement myself, for I find that on the spirit-side we grow and become educated, hence understand and know things that we would not know in the physical body. Now I have returned this morning not to remind my friends that I have not forgotten them, but to say to them that we have been watching lately over the conditions of earth life, and I have become conscious of a little trouble and shadows in the old home at Newburyport, Mass. I feel that the loved ones will understand it, because my friends are all Spiritualists. They know the spirit returns, and they are conscious of communion with them; but sometimes even those who understand need sympathy as much as those who do not understand anything about it, and as I had an opportunity to come in I gladly accepted it because we are in spirit as we often would be in earth life; we like to let our friends hear from us occasionally. I hardly know what to say this morning, for there are so many things of a personal nature that would be interesting; but as I have heard them sigh and say so many times when they pick up THE BANNER: "Why doesn't George or some of the loved ones come? Why, we have not heard from them for a long time!" I thought I would try to control this instrument and send out a word. That is all I can do this morning, for there are others waiting and anxious to come in to their loved ones who do not understand as our people do.

Now just say that George Plummer was here this morning, and has brought many of the loved ones with him. We will meet in the bye-and-bye, where there will be no parting. My home was in Newburyport, Mass.

Minnie G. Marshall.

I hardly know what to say, but I wish I could make my mother understand that it is the spirit speaking to her this morning and not the medium. That is why the spirits cannot always make their mortal friends understand them. It seems to those in earth-life that there is so much of the personality of the medium that they become doubtful. I have a father and mother in earth-life and I also have two brothers and a sister. I am anxious they should know that Minnie has not left them, that I do sense them often and try to come near to mother and comfort her. Although I have been out of the body some time, I feel that she has never been reconciled nor real well since. I passed out quite suddenly with pneumonia, and since then Grandma Gray has joined me, and there are others with me besides her. Grandma Marshall, Aunt Abby and so many of us are all together that I have not been a bit lonesome; but when I come home to the earth-life and see how dark you all are, and how you question the justice of the spiritual powers, if I could make you understand me I would feel better. I want mother to know that when that woman was talking to her a little while ago, and she said that your little child came in and sat down, oh, how happy I was because she said she saw me; and I knew by that it would set you to thinking. Now if I can make you feel me, I know it will be of great assistance to you. I don't know as I will say much more; but if you will seek me in private or identify this message so as to bring to your own self the consciousness that the spirit can return, I can assist you in many things. My name is Minnie G. Marshall and my home Portland, Me.

Alice Graham.

Well, I would like to come in this morning, and hope that I shall be able to bring consolation to my poor sick mother. Oh! how I wish I was in the body sometimes, that I could do more for those who are left, because while I try to minister unto them and assist them, I cannot do as I wish to, for I cannot make them understand that because I am out of the body, and seem to be away from the physical side, and in a distant place, they can see and feel me, and I can know what is going on in the realm of earth-life. Oh dear! if I could only make them understand that the two worlds are so close one to the other, that the two spheres are always in touch with each other; and although I have been pretty nearly sixteen years out of the body I have grown much, for when I passed away I was only a young girl, seemed to be in the prime of life, when I was taken suddenly ill, and passed on; but now I have seen so many changes, and I have so many of those dear loved ones whom I would like to come in contact with. I have friends interested in Spiritualism, but my own people are not; and I am afraid to say too much, because they may not like it. I am perfectly at home in this city, for my home was in Union Square, Somerville, Mass., where I passed out of the body. I should like to come in contact with all there who will remember me as Alice Graham.

John Henry Grant.

My name is John Henry Grant, and my home in Willimantic, Ct. I left quite a family there some years ago. Some are there now, some are gone, some have joined me; but I have returned this morning to come in closer touch with those in earth life, for I have the privilege of communicating with them; some I can come very close to, and others I cannot get so near to. It is often asked why I cannot do as well with one party as another, and I would like to say, that sometimes I can do better at one time than another, and it is not always the individual, for conditions have everything to do with our manifestations—sometimes the atmosphere, sometimes one thing, and sometimes another; but I wish to say this morning to Caroline, I wish you to have every confidence in spirit-life, and place more reliance in the spirit-voice within than you do, for I find that it is sometimes hard work for us to give you the impressions you wish, because you are inclined to be doubtful, and it is hard for us to draw the line between your own material brain and the impressions of the spirit; so I

thought if I could return through this valuable paper, and make a few suggestions, perhaps I would be better understood, and they could take a better view of things, for I am anxious to see the paper get on; and I wish to say to all sensitives, and those seeking to understand spiritual laws and Spiritualism, you must study the physical; you must study the laws that govern those things, and you must comprehend for yourself. Many times the chief obstacle that keeps the spirit and mortal friends apart, is that the mortal does not know how to receive the spirit. It is nothing at all strange, for we many times see conditions that it is hard for us to recognize even in earth-life, not to speak of recognizing them after death. We are all joined together, and I wish all to understand that there is a work to be completed, and that work must be done honestly, sincerely and carefully, in order to demonstrate the truth beyond all question.

I hope my message will be understood this morning, as I have promised my friends that I would come to this circle room my first opportunity, and say to them, we are with you heart and soul, and you must work cautiously for good results. I think this is enough, as both time and conditions are limited.

Messages to be Published.

Sept. 30.—Walter G. Scott; Robert Monroe; Freddie Brown; Jennie E. Miller; George Little; Martha Matthe.

Answers to Questions

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By J. J. Moore, Palmyra, N. J.] 1. Do you think the "angels" are decaurate human spirits? 2. Have you any evidence of intelligent life on any other world? and if so, does it exist in the human form, where it has attained its highest expression? 3. Is there any probability that there has ever been any communication between decaurate spirits of this and any other world? 4. Are there such beings as "elementals"?

Ans. The term "angel" strictly signifies a minister or messenger, and it is justly employed in two senses, a higher and a lower. In the book of Revelations the angels of the seven churches of Asia are so alluded to that different commentators give the following interpretations of the term: Some insist that the angels of the churches signify unseen spiritual guardians, while others interpret the title as referring to the chief minister of the congregation.

When Edward Irving established what is known as the Catholic Apostolic Church, which has its headquarters in a magnificent edifice situated in Gordon Square in London, he restored the four-fold ministry and insisted that one of the chief officers in the church should be called the angel. The word bishop is sometimes regarded as the synonym of angel when questions relating to ecclesiastical polity are being considered. This use of the word "angel" is strictly etymological and does no violence to its derivation from the Greek *angelos* and Latin *angelus*. There is, of course, a far higher meaning often attached to the word, although that higher meaning is reached by easy ascent from the definition already given; for as in the earthly sense the angel is a high and experienced officer, one who is looked up to as an embodiment of more than ordinary wisdom and learning, so those spiritual messengers who are specially designated angels or looked upon as message bearers from higher spheres than such states as border closely on the material.

If angels are regarded as human spirits exclusively, it should be borne in mind that it is but reasonable presumption to infer that what we can conceive of as human intelligence is confined to any particular planet or even to any special system in the universe. Wise spirits have had great experience here or elsewhere, and no matter from what planet they may have graduated or what the period of their special education, they have advanced through effort, even as we are advancing now.

When angels are said to have appeared to ancient patriarchs (vide numerous Bible incidents) there seems not to be a case on record where they manifested other than human attributes or appeared in other than human form. It is quite rational to use the word angel to designate either a highly advanced person on earth who serves as a gifted messenger from spiritual states, or a spiritual entity who has reached an altitude of attainment far beyond that reached as yet by the majority of communicating intelligences who have not apparently progressed far if at all beyond the state which is intimately connected with average mortal expression. Such terms as "angelic," "an angelic disposition," and many like them, go far to prove the nature of the root whence the word angel originally sprang.

A. 2. There are innumerable evidences of the existence of life on many other planets, and such evidences may be catalogued both as spiritual and astronomical. There is not the slightest reason for supposing that human life is confined to a solitary planet in this or any other solar system. Flammarion and many other renowned astronomers do not hesitate to describe life on other worlds, in their most attractive publications, and there has never been a seer of any eminence who has failed to give some account more or less distinct and accurate of the manner of life enjoyed on other earths than this.

There is no valid reason for expecting that the human form will not continue to be the highest expression of the soul entity, though such modifications and improvements surely take place with increased spiritual development that every crudity and imperfection in form is ultimately vanquished.

We do not undertake to say that there are no other exalted forms in the universe than the human, but we know of no form which transcends it. The globular or spherical form may be the most perfect of all conceivable, but the Apocalyptic expression, "an angel standing in the Sun," expresses the highest spiritual revelation with which we are familiar. When the human aura has reached a high degree of perfectness, it completely encircles the form from which it emanates, giving to that form the appearance of a brightly shining sphere when observed from a distance, while on closer inspection every characteristic human attribute is clearly to be discerned.

A. 3.—Not only is there a probability, but many spiritual revelations of exalted grade furnish accounts of communication between the inhabitants of different planets. It is taught by those who are our teachers that when all the needed experience connected with a certain orb has been fully gained, the highest circle, or "seventh sphere," is reached, in which state communion readily takes place with those who have progressed similarly on other worlds. When the celestial or solar

state is reached, the angels of that plane are from all the planets in the system; and when you can enter into fellowship with entities who are in that degree, you find yourselves in the society of those who are well-informed concerning many planets.

The expression "seven spheres" is often used precisely as you speak of the musical scale and the rainbow arch. The color red and the note A belong together, so do the color violet and the note G. The solar or celestial state is the octave which includes or embraces the whole. Each sphere is a note which is struck and a color which is presented in the chromatic scale of life's ascending expressions.

It cannot be other than reasonable to teach that your means of communing with spirits from other planets than the one with which you are at present directly connected must depend altogether upon your own stage of unfoldment which regulates your ability to perceive and enjoy spiritual ministrations.

A. 4. There certainly are such creatures as elementals belonging to the sub-human kingdoms of earth. We are quite prepared to endorse the descriptions given by the bulk of learned occultists concerning this disputed inquiry, for it is well known to many independent seers, as well as to those who have had practice in ceremonial magic, that elemental spirits abound in all the elements. These entities are not entities in the sense that the human soul is an entity, but are simply fractional expressions wending their way forward to a higher state of development than they have yet reached. Occultists of experience teach that they are at length amalgamated in the animal soul of humanity.

There is also another branch of this study which is not only fascinating but highly important, viz.: that our definite thoughts go forth from us as psychic entities or "things," therefore our own thought creations are frequently the "elementals" with which we have most to do, and as the law of mutual affinity is undeviating and entirely universal, we are constantly in touch with the thought-creations of others besides ourselves which are of similar nature to our own, having proceeded from similar if not identical interior conditions.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER THIRTY-EIGHT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

While sitting last evening for spirit communion and instruction, I was suddenly startled and delighted to see my father's face close to me on my positive side. He looked very bright and earnest, and my mental attitude was as always when directly conscious of his presence, that of "Speak, for your daughter hears."

No more came then, and I spent the rest of the evening doing nothing in particular, and retired early, feeling quite sleepy. When nearly asleep, I began to think on a subject that has not specially engaged my attention. The thoughts came fast, and I will reproduce them in this letter, merely adding that when I see a spirit, followed by an influx of thoughts, I am assured that they come from that spirit, especially when they accord with his line of interest. In general it makes me sleepless to think my own thoughts after retiring. But when a spirit psychologizes me to the extent of giving me thoughts, I at once go to sleep after they have ceased to flow in, and awake in the morning with the same impressions upon my brain.

Is organization desirable? The answer to this question depends wholly on what organization really is, and whether the thing alluded to accords with the true meaning. What it really is to be found in our invaluable companion, the unabridged dictionary.

An organ is an instrument by which an action is performed. An organized body is made up of several different organs, which cohere into a whole, while each one of them performs its own function. Organization is the act of organizing, or the state of being organized. Coleridge said, "What is organization but the connection of parts in and for a whole, so that each part is at once end and means?" We accept these definitions, illustrated as they are by the poet-philosopher, "S. T. C."

According to this, if an organ has its own function, and if one man can do his part well only when all his organs work diligently and harmoniously, then it is only by organization that many men can work effectually toward a common end. This being so *prima facie*, it only remains for us Spiritualists to organize truly, so that we may accomplish the end that we desire.

To illustrate a great error and a great truth in the mode of procedure, we will speak of the organization of the Society of Jesus and of the government of the United States.

In the former case organization exists, for from the general down to the lowest postulant each member knows where he belongs, and has his own work to do. The general presides over four classes of members, and each class has its own department of work. The professed have been through all the stages, have taken all the vows, and are able to elect a new general, if needed, but only from their own grade. The coadjutors assist the professed. The scholastics devote themselves to study and to teaching. The novices are preparing for higher work. The work designed is accomplished. The flaws are that the system works like a wheel within a wheel, excluding new and fresh blood; and that absolute obedience is enforced on each inferior by the one next superior to him.

It is said that the inferior need not obey when the superior commands what is sinful. But as it is the general alone who decides what is sinful, and as the inferior who objects runs great risks, we see that the Society of Jesus is really a small papacy.

Such a kind of organization Spiritualists do not want. The situation of the United States is ideally gotten up, and only needs to be lived up to to work out perfection. The three departments—the legislative, judicial and executive—have their own functions, and yet they play into each other just enough to prevent each one from becoming too rigid. The members of all the departments, from the President down, are chosen, directly or indirectly, by all the people, with the exception of minors, the insane, paupers, women and idiots. With the exception of the disability of women, the government is planned to be truly representative. To be so, each officer is actually elected by those who are proved to be competent to elect him. It would not do for any smart man who had a number of devoted friends to say, "Well, let us send a representative to the House in Washington, to work for our interests." No, no: our representatives

must be actually chosen, each by the proper quota of the population of his own State. If otherwise, the representative character of the government of our country would be flawed.

We, as Spiritualists, in organizing nationally for the Cause we hold so dear, need to be guided by the principles and the example (when constitutional) of our own country. To give the acts of this body weight, it should be truly representative. To make it actually representative, each delegate should be chosen by an actually existing, chartered and organized body in the section from which he comes. Just as no representative can sit in Congress unless he has been actually elected in the ways provided by the Constitution, so no delegate should be allowed to sit in the deliberative sittings of the N. S. A. unless he has been actually chosen by an actually organized society. Just as no representative to the United States Government can be sent by any chance association of individuals, so should no delegate be sent to represent anything but a bona fide organized body.

If our National Association be made up of properly elected delegates, the question then becomes, "Who are bound to be guided by the acts of this representative body?" Are all the Spiritualists in the United States thus bound?"

It is clear that only those Spiritualists are thus bound, and especially assisted in their local work, who belong to a local, organized body, a majority of whom have elected a delegate to the National Assembly.

Many Spiritualist meetings are carried on by one medium. He hires a hall, and appoints a doorman, who sells our papers, and takes the dime admission fee. This fee is called a "silver collection" in some places. As our smallest silver coin is a dime, those who come know that is the admission fee. The medium takes care of the platform, and asks whom he chooses to assist him, or does all the work, if he so prefer. He appoints circles during the week. All the money cleared goes into his own pocket. He is responsible to no one, as he hires the hall himself.

There were many such meetings held last winter. They are not societies, they have no right to a charter, nor to membership with the N. S. A., nor to send delegates to it. Those who got charters got them by chicanery and subterfuge.

To uphold our Cause, Spiritualists should organize for work everywhere, and not leave it all to a medium, whether test or speaker, who does it for a living. They should organize, whether they hold Sunday meetings in a hall or not. They can organize as Spiritualists, have their officers and by-laws, and meet regularly in a hall or in each others' houses. Such associations would be entitled to charters, membership that the N. S. A., and to send a delegate. They could work in any direction they chose: Sunday evening meetings, aiding the poor, humane work, a free reading-room, or for social purposes. Conducted by earnest Spiritualists, who work to advance humanity and spirituality, and not for the money in it, they would become influential in the community, and thus unite with many grand spiritualistic societies in the country to strengthen the hands of the N. S. A., and to further the extension of our glorious, our angelic Cause.

This letter will probably appear in THE BANNER on Oct. 8, and is appropriate to our National Convention in the latter part of the month. It never occurred to me to write on the subject, but my father kept the run of the dates, and when the right time came he inspired me to write it. The church knows but little of the work he is doing, and believes less. He is still a missionary, but he reaches now a broader field than Burnham, and he preaches a truer gospel than that he sacrificed so much to preach. My father is my guide, and I can truly say, in the spirit of humility, that "my father and I are one."

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

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY CHOICE.

BY MISS MARY WARREN.

Others may sing of the gladdening spring;
I turn my ways to the autumn days
And the ripening fields of grain.
There's many a tune for the early June,
With roses and kisses and sweet little misses
And the moonlit strolls in the lane.

Give me the night with its moonlight bright,
And each little star like a lantern afar,
When the autumn breezes blow
The scent of the hay at the close of day—
Like a sweet perfume, in a darkened room—
To you wandering to and fro.

The autumn's the time when life's sublime,
For, give me the walk and the low sweet talk
When the leaves are commencing to fall.
Then the heart beats fast, there's no 'tho't of the past,
But the eyes are aglow and with joy overflow,
And love is the end of it all.

Prates we hear of the dawn of the year;
They tell us of June, as the year's glad noon,
And sing of the lover's May.
But give me the fall, with its goldenrod tall,
With its asters white, and its colors bright,
And the love that will last for aye.
Ida Grove, Iowa.

Medical Murderers.

In the Boston Transcript of recent date is a stirring letter by Dr. Albert Leffingwell, commenting on the deeds of the Italian scientist, Sanarelli, who lately poisoned to death with yellow fever germs several persons at the island of Flores. It concludes: "For myself, I have no language at command sufficiently strong to phrase my opinion of a man, who, in the garb of a physician, could be guilty of such a crime. I believe that such experiments would be equally condemned by the majority of the medical profession in the United States—not connected with laboratory work. But private disapproval is not enough; and at no distant day I venture to hope that the Massachusetts Medical Society, which has so strenuously opposed all legislation regulating the vivisection of animals, may, by formal resolution, set the seal of its equal disapproval upon murder as a method of scientific discovery."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home in Haverhill, Mass., Wednesday, Sept. 21, Mrs. SUSIE F. ALLEN, wife of Mr. E. W. Allen, a well-known shoe manufacturer of that city, at the age of 61 years. The deceased was a devoted Spiritualist; a faithful, loving wife, a friend to the helpless and the lowly; was interested in the practical reform movements of the day, and a consistent advocate of dietary reform. The funeral was held on Saturday, Sept. 24, the services, by special request of the deceased, being conducted by Dr. C. W. Hidden of Newburyport, Mass., the Doctor being assisted by his sister, Miss Florence A. Hidden, who sang the favorite songs of the departed, as arranged for prior to her transition.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1898.

Correspondents Take Notice!!

In order to insure the publication of your reports, you should write only on one side of the paper, make your accounts brief and to the point, refrain from too much flattery, and sign your name in full to all reports. You will also take notice that the management of the BANNER OF LIGHT will not be responsible for the misspelling of names of speakers and mediums. Strict observance of the above will be necessary, otherwise no attention will be paid to your reports.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

THE BOSTON SPIRITUAL TEMPLE—the Secretary writes—opened regular meetings for the season of '98 and '99 at Berkeley Hall Sunday, Oct. 2, with a good-sized audience. President Allen welcomed the Spiritualists of Boston and members of the Society with a few well-chosen words, after which Mr. Geo. E. Schaller rendered a piano solo; he was followed with a beautiful selection by Miss Gertrude E. Laidlaw, the celebrated soprano of Boston. Mrs.



M. T. Longley of California gave the invocation, and Miss Laidlaw most beautifully rendered Prof. Longley's song, "Open those Heavenly Gates." On account of the non-appearance of Mr. W. C. Bowman, from whom no word had been received that he would not be with the Society, Mrs. M. T. Longley was the speaker of the morning. This Society feels well pleased to have such a speaker as Mrs. Longley to fill the engagement that was to have been filled by Mr. Bowman, and the Spiritualists of Boston are to be congratulated on being privileged to listen once more to that able speaker on her return to Boston en route to Washington, D. C., where she is to make her home.

Mr. Longley said in part: "Mr. President and dear friends—It gives me the greatest pleasure to return to this good old city of Boston. We feel as disappointed as you do not to be able to listen to that noble speaker, W. C. Bowman. He is a gentleman, a scholar and a grand speaker. But it gives me pleasure to stand in his place and give you greeting in his stead."

"We bring to you," she said, "the kind greetings of thousands of hearts, which feel that they are united with you."

Mrs. Longley took for her subject, "The Growth of Spiritualism," and gave a splendid address, much to the satisfaction of her audience. She said in part:

"Spiritualism has had a mighty growth, although it may not be apparent to all. Spiritualism is not understood by all Spiritualists alike. There are Spiritualists and Spiritualists. The Spiritualist has a broader mind than the Spiritist; has grown to a higher conception of the grand truth which makes better men and women. It is not so necessary that a man should be educated as it is that he should become spiritual. Spiritualism is here to make mankind better. It came here to show mankind that he can be hopeful of another life beyond. It came to bring immortal life and progress to the human mind."

Spiritualism has laid the corner-stones of love, wisdom, justice and truth. Since its advent Spiritualism has extended its influence over all the land. It has made its way into the editorial sanctum and has made literature more liberal. It has entered the pulpit and compelled the clergy to accept its inspiration. Spiritualism is to make people more humane. It is doing as great a silent work as it is upon our platform. It is strange how much is expected of Spiritualism in a half-century. We demand much of it because it is great. We do not demand much from small things. We demand that Spiritualists should live in accordance with what they teach. We have a right to expect this."

We do not think man should speak evil of his neighbor. We do not ask any one to condone or overlook the sin of his neighbor, but we should make our brother man as good as he can be, and if this is done by the Spiritualist he will find that the world will grow better. We find no fault with the growth of Spiritualism, but we do find fault with the Spiritualists. We hope to drop a seed into your minds that will grow to a better thought."

Spiritualism is not perfect. You cannot give to the world any thought that is perfect. Spiritualism can be improved and developed to a broader power. Spiritualism never did teach that you can cheat your brother man, live a selfish life and then go to heaven when you step out of this body. Spiritualists who advocate this are not Spiritualists. This is the difference between a true Spiritualist and those who have accepted it in part. Spiritualism never said that there was no punishment in the spirit-world. Spiritualism is found in the home of the poor and of the rich; it is found in the halls of the Senate; it reaches out into the darkest corner of human life."

But Spiritualism must get rid of the barnacles attached to it; it must be cleansed. Spiritualism has done everything that could be expected from any movement. You must not think that it will decay."

There will be but one religion by-and-by, and in that religion will be embodied the truths of Spiritualism."

After a solo by Prof. Geo. E. Schaller, Mrs. Longley dismissed the meeting with a benediction.

In the evening Mr. Schaller opened the meeting with a piano solo, after which Miss Laidlaw sang; Mrs. Longley offered an invocation, and after another song by Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. Longley took for her subject, "The Mighty Power of Spirit," and gave a masterly address. She will speak for this Society next Sunday, and all her Boston friends should take this opportunity to hear her, as this will be her last engagement before going to Washington, D. C., where she will reside.

Miss Gertrude C. Laidlaw has been engaged as the singer by this Society, and its patrons can look forward to hearing some beautiful music. Miss Laidlaw has a fine voice. Prof. Geo. E. Schaller has been engaged as pianist. He needs no word of praise. He and his music are too well known."

The Committee on Speakers has engaged H. D. Barrett to speak last Sunday in October, in place of W. C. Bowman. The announcement for the open dates will be given.

as soon as engagements are made. It is unfortunate that our speaker for the opening month should not appear, but the time will be filled with good speakers.

The BANNER OF LIGHT can be found for sale at this hall during the season.

THE BOSTON SPIRITUAL LYCEUM—A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk, writes—re-opened in Berkeley Hall Sunday, Oct. 2, with a large attendance. "What lessons have our vacations taught us this summer?" was the question considered, and several interesting answers were given. Mrs. Ada L. Pratt read an interesting essay on "Self-Control," as the most important lesson learned during the vacation. After the grand march, Mr. A. P. Blinn was called upon for remarks; Little Maud Armstrong and Harry Gilmore Greene gave recitations; Esther Mabel Bots sang; Master Willie Sheldon recited; Floyd Sibley sang; Mr. E. P. Packard made remarks; song, Miss Gertrude Laidlaw; Mrs. M. T. Longley spoke to the children of the pleasure it gave her to again be in Boston and to speak from a lyceum platform; Prof. Geo. C. Schaller, piano solo; Mr. H. H. Warner of Everett was the next speaker; subject for next Sunday, "Is Education Necessary for the Growth of Spiritualism?"

LADIES' LYCEUM UNION—Abbie F. Thompson, Sec'y, writes—met in Dwight Hall Wednesday afternoon and evening, Sept. 28. After supper the meeting was called to order, Mrs. Brown, President, opening with appropriate remarks. Mrs. W. S. Butler made some very interesting remarks, suggesting ways and means to conduct our meetings for the ensuing year. Mr. Willis gave a lengthy address upon Lyceum work, promising that in the near future he will give one evening to the children, which will be greatly appreciated. There were recitations by the children. Mr. Jackson and Mrs. L. A. Collins gave tests, also Mrs. Florence White, which were all recognized. The evening exercises closed with a song, words composed by one of our Lyceum boys, Walter Ambrose, and music by George Mulford.

Next Wednesday is the election of officers. Every member be present. Supper at 6:30. The evening entertainment will be a whist party. Come all.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, No. 1—C. B. Yeaton, Sec'y, writes—held its first session of the season, Sunday, Oct. 2. The large attendance was very encouraging, sixty-five members and about half as many visitors present. The opening exercises were led by Conductor Mrs. M. A. Brown. The lesson of the older groups was "What is the Foundation of Spiritualism"; the younger groups, "Goodness." The execution of the banner march was a credit to the pupils, also the interest in the lessons proved that all were glad the Lyceum season had returned. The last hour was devoted to an instructive and entertaining concert, the following program being rendered: Song, "Papa's Gone Away," Eva Lee; recitation, "Sunbeams," Winnie Jameson; song, Clara Weston; recitations, Francis Peters and Silas Jameson; song, Esther Butts; recitation, "Poor Old Horse," Iona Stillings. President Hale delivered an address of welcome, asking the earnest cooperation of all interested. A song, "The Drunkard's Child," was finely rendered by Floyd Sibley; recitation, "Have You Seen My Kittie," Ethel Weaver; recitation, "The Faithful Engineer," Annie Jameson. A piano duet was finely rendered by Lottie Weston and Mr. Milligan; recitations were given by Harry Green and Mabel Emmons. Mr. Abbott addressed the school in his usual interesting manner, giving the children much food for thought. The Lyceum will begin sharp at 10:45 A.M. every Sunday. The first business meeting and election of officers will be held at Mrs. W. S. Butler's office, 175 Tremont street, Tuesday evening, Oct. 11, 1898.

FIRST SPIRITUAL CHURCH, 694 Washington St.—M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor, writes: Sunday, Oct. 2, morning service opened with singing, led by Mrs. Nellie Carlton, after which an interesting conference and developing circle was participated in by Mrs. Nutter, Nevhall, Mr. Moss from Ohio, Prof. Proctor and others. Afternoon, scripture reading and invocation by Mrs. Bishop; remarks and tests by Messames Bishop, Peabody, McKenna, Welch, Branch, Baxter and Mr. Tuttle. Evening found a crowded house. After the inspiring music of the Jubilee Singers, reading and prayer by Prof. Proctor, Mrs. Nutter gave readings; all proved correct. Mrs. Mabel Witham gave proofs of spirit-presence in her impressive manner. Mrs. Carbee and Mr. Thayer also gave tests, after a solo by Mrs. Strong. The music is a very enjoyable feature of these meetings.

Meetings Thursday afternoon, as usual. A grand benefit is to be tendered Mrs. Wilkinson in the near future, of which due notice will be given. BANNER OF LIGHT always on sale.

ECHO HALL, 1 JOHNSON AVE., CHARLESTOWN DIST.—A correspondent writes: Sunday, Oct. 2, spiritual meeting opened at 7:30 with a large audience. Service of song, led by F. W. Peak, assisted by Prof. Rimbach, cornetist. Invocation by Mrs. E. J. Peak, after which the subject of opening a Lyceum for children was talked upon, and an invitation extended to all parents to send their children to our hall Sunday, Oct. 16, at 11 A.M. All persons so interested are invited to join with us. Mrs. Peak (under control of May Clapp) occupied the evening with very interesting proofs of the return of the spirit. We cordially invite mediums to assist.

ODD LADIES' HALL, 446 TREMONT STREET.—Mrs. Gutierrez, President, writes: Sunday, Oct. 2, circle opened with Scripture reading by Mr. Haynes; Messrs. Demby and Graham made remarks; Mr. Demby closed the meeting with a benediction. Afternoon opened by Mr. Demby with Scripture-reading and prayer; remarks by Messames Bird, Merriner, Lewis, Akerman, Thorne, Selvester, Butler, Gutierrez, and Mr. Cohen. Evening meeting opened by Mrs. Lewis reading Scripture; Mr. Merriner, prayer. Those who took part in the evening were: Mrs. Dixon, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. Fisher, Miss Lamb, Messrs. Hersey, Woods, Nelke, Clark. Meetings were well attended all day.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

HOLLIS HALL, 789 Washington street.—Geo. B. Cutter, Chairman, writes: Sunday, Oct. 2, Morning circle was very interesting, Mrs. Maggie K. Cutter giving excellent tests. Remarks by H. H. Warner; tests and music, G. B. Cutter.

The afternoon services opened with music and tests by G. B. Cutter, the position of Chairman being very acceptably filled by another; accurate tests, Mrs. Cutter and Mrs. Weltz.

Evening service opened with music; tests, Mr. Cutter, also Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, and a reading from Mrs. Piper. Meeting closed with a poem and benediction.

SUNLIGHT HALL (21 Soley street, Charlestown).—A correspondent writes: Sunday, Oct. 2, opening address by Mr. Barber, of Malden. Those taking part: Mrs. Woodbury, Prof. G. F. Ryder, Mrs. Clara Fagan. Singing conducted by Prof. Ryder, of Boston.

For Indigestion

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. GREGORY DOYLE, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed it in cases of indigestion and nervous prostration, and find the result so satisfactory that I shall continue it."

Notice.

The friends in Philadelphia will please notice that the First Association of Spiritualists meets in Casino Hall, 13th street and Girard avenue, and the hours of Sunday meetings are: Lyceum, 2 P.M.; lectures, 3 and 7:45 P.M.; lectures, W. J. Colville.

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

LOWELL.—Thos. W. Pickup, Sec'y, writes: Sunday, Oct. 2, we had for our speaker Mrs. Annie Jones of Lowell, through whose instrumentality we were given able and instructive lectures, afternoon and evening. "Mynette" gave a large number of psychometric readings, which were clear, and all recognized. Our meetings are being made more interesting to outsiders, under the influence of our new choir, which is doing much good work. The Lyceum met at 1 P.M., and although the first of the season, it was an interesting one. We expect a larger attendance this year than for many years previous, as so many young people are becoming interested in the meetings. At the close of the evening lecture we called a meeting of the ladies to make arrangements for the coming State Association Convention in November. Committees were appointed, etc. Mrs. Jackson was elected general manager. We expect to make the meeting a grand success.

Our Ladies' Aid Society is working hard making preparations for a grand fair, to be held Nov. 16 and 17.

Mrs. Dr. Caird is to be our speaker next Sunday.

SPRINGFIELD.—M. W. L. writes: A meeting was held in Ladies' Aid Hall, Monday evening, Sept. 26, in the interest of Medical Freedom, or Protection of Our Rights. A good audience was present, called to order by Mr. Holcombe. G. V. Lovely was elected Chairman and T. M. Holcombe Secretary. H. A. Badington made remarks, followed by Dr. Wm. Seaver, Christian Scientist. Several others spoke, and a number of men not Spiritualists declared that they should vote for Protection. A permanent organization was effected with G. V. Lovely President, Mr. Cummings Treasurer, and G. H. Johnson Secretary. A "working" committee was also elected.

Thursday sociable, Sept. 29. Entertainment, Mrs. H. G. Holcombe, President of the Ladies' Aid, in the chair. Overture by "Full Orchestra"; recitation, Allen Leach; reading, Mrs. Sumner Clark; piano solo, Mabel Kelsey; readings, Miss Palmer and Mr. Leach; violin solo, Mr. Rogers; readings, Mrs. Leach, Miss French and Mrs. Kelsey; song, Miss Mabel Kelsey.

Harrison D. Barrett was the speaker Oct. 2, afternoon and evening, and will again occupy the platform Oct. 9.

BROCKTON.—Emma Boomer, Sec'y, (28 Rosseter street), writes: The first session of the Brockton Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 was held in Good Templars' Hall, corner Main and Center streets, Sunday, Oct. 2, at 2 o'clock. Exercises opened with a song of welcome, silver chain recitation, grand march, and recitations by Florence Cooley, Etta May Shean, Edna Andrews, Harold Brand of New York and Baby Merrill. The subject "Vacation" was discussed, and some original ideas expressed by the children; remarks by the guardian, Miss Susie R. Bicknell, Mrs. M. Louise French, Mrs. Boomer and Winona. There were visitors from Abington, Taunton and New York. We are greatly encouraged and stimulated to persevere in the Lyceum work by our large and interesting audience on this our opening session.

WORCESTER.—Mrs. D. M. Lowe, Cor. Sec'y, writes: Good audiences gathered in Grand Army Hall, Sunday, Oct. 2, to listen to Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn. Subjects for lectures were taken from the audience and handled in a skilful manner. Her improvisations were especially fine. She will be our speaker for Oct. 9 and 16. The Woman's Auxiliary will meet on Friday afternoon and evening of this week in the New U. V. L. Hall, 531 Main street, directly opposite Chatham street. This hall has been engaged for the first and third Friday of each month through the entire season. We hope all who are interested in the Cause will feel to take an interest in these gatherings. Supper will be served at the usual hour. Social for the evening, and occasionally an entertainment from the platform. All are cordially invited.

BANNER OF LIGHT always for sale at door.

LYNN SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION.—J. M. Kelly, President, Cadet Hall.—A. A. Averill, Sec'y, writes: The course of lectures for the winter opened on Oct. 2, with Miss Blanche Brainerd, medium. Large audiences were present all day, and were much pleased with the many communications given. Thomas' Orchestra rendered beautiful selections, with Mrs. Cross at the organ. Supper was served in the banquet hall to over one hundred. Our meetings open this season under most favorable auspices, with a large amount of interest manifested. Miss Brainerd will be with us again next Sunday.

ARTHUR HODGES SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, LYNN.—T. H. B. James writes: This Society resumed public services Sunday, Oct. 2, at Templars Hall, 36 Market street. An appreciative audience greeted Prof. J. W. Kenyon, who was the speaker and medium. Fine selections were rendered by Mrs. S. J. Watson. At 7:30 P.M. Kenyon gave an address on "Changes and Development of Human Life," followed by excellent readings and tests. At 7:30 he spoke on "The Religions of the World in regard to a Future Life." His lecture was listened to with the closest attention. He will be with us next Sunday. He and his able wife will settle in Lynn.

THE MALDEN PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—Mrs. Rebecca Morton, Sec'y, writes—held their meeting at Deliberative Hall at 2:30 P.M., Sunday, Oct. 2. Mrs. Whittier of Melrose, President; Mrs. M. A. Moody, Associate President. Musical selections by Prof. G. F. Ryder; Mrs. Armstrong, vocal and instrumental; violinists, Mr. C. A. Abbott of Charlestown; violinists, Mr. Barber and Mr. Allen, both of Malden; addresses, Bros. C. A. Abbott, J. R. Snow, H. H. Warner, G. F. Ryder and Bro. Barber; original poem, Mr. Thompson of Charlestown; psychic phenomena, Mrs. Clara L. Fagan and Mrs. M. A. Moody. All mediums and advocates of Progressive Spiritualism are cordially invited to the platform.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the hall.

ODD FELLOWS HALL, MALDEN.—S. E. W. writes: The First Spiritualist Association opened meetings under favorable conditions. The hall having been thoroughly renovated, presented quite an attractive appearance. An interested audience listened to the well-chosen remarks of Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, after which she gave many delineations; all well received. Oct. 9 we have with us G. E. Huot of Boston.

SALEM—First Spiritualists' Society, A. O. J. W. Hall, Manning Block.—N. B. P. writes—commenced its meetings for the season of 1898 and '99 Sunday, Oct. 2. Mrs. Abby N. Burnham of Malden was speaker and medium. She delivered two beautiful discourses that had the audience spellbound and many regretted when the last word was spoken, they were so deeply interested. She gave many new tests, which were very accurate, and all recognized.

Sunday, Oct. 9, Mrs. Lillian A. Prentiss of Lynn will occupy our platform as speaker and test medium.

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

FITCHBURG.—Dr. C. L. Fox, Pres., writes: Mrs. J. W. Kenyon of Cambridgeport spoke for the First Spiritualist Society, Sunday, Oct. 2, opening the meetings for the season. The audiences gave close attention to her able addresses, and many tests and spirit descriptions. All were fully recognized. Mrs. Kenyon speaks for us again next Sunday.

WALTHAM.—Mrs. Sanger writes: Sunday, Oct. 2, we opened our meetings for the winter. Mrs. A. J. Pettigill was our speaker. A large

audience greeted her, and we feel we have made a good beginning for a successful season. Circles on Wednesday afternoon. Next Sunday our speaker is to be Dr. Charles W. Hildren.

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

WOMAN'S PROGRESSIVE UNION.—Mrs. L. L. Smith, Sec'y, writes: The exercises under the auspices of this society on Sunday evening, Oct. 2, were of unusual interest. Mr. F. A. Wiggin being installed as pastor of the society for the coming season. The platform was beautifully decorated with flowers, the centre-piece being a huge horn of plenty, symbolical to both pastor and society.

The meeting was opened by congregational singing, followed with an invocation by Mrs. F. M. Holmes. Next in order was a charming duet by Miss M. Mott and Miss G. Dikeman. Mrs. E. F. Kurth, our worthy and honored president, then made an address, explaining to the audience at large why the practice of having new speakers every month was to be abandoned and a settled speaker or pastor to be installed for the entire season. The president then addressed the members of the society, appealing most earnestly to each and every one to aid our coming pastor in his new work, to bestow upon him and his family the affection and friendship they had bestowed upon her, and, turning to Mr. Wiggin, extended to him the right hand of fellowship, pledging her loyalty, truthfulness and support, declaring her willingness to be called upon at any hour or moment of the day—never to be found wanting. Clapping hands with the pastor, she asked the guidance, help and strength of the angel band. Mrs. Kurth, in saying amen, met with response from the choir, who chanted the same word, filling the hearts of all present with deep emotion.

Mr. Wiggin made an appropriate response, assuring the President and members of his deep interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the Society, and pledging his untiring efforts in his labor for the good of our Cause.

During the coming season the singing in the evening will be conducted by Mrs. E. K. Sieber, with Miss A. Thornton as accompanist, and the Misses M. Mott and G. Dikeman soloists, from the Italian Conservatory of Music, this city. In the afternoon we will have a volunteer choir of members of the Union, under the leadership of Mrs. E. Morrison, who will also be the leader of the Lyceum, beginning every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Children are invited to remain to the afternoon meeting, beginning at 3 o'clock promptly, which will no doubt prove of interest to the young ladies attending the Lyceum class.

THE FRATERNITY OF DIVINE COMMUNION.—Anna M. Tuttle, Cor. Sec'y, writes—held an especially fine service Sunday evening, Oct. 2, at Aurora Grata Cathedral. Mr. Courlis had promised to take charge of the meeting, and consequently we had a very large and appreciative audience, many strangers being present. After opening hymn by the congregation, scripture reading and invocation by Mr. Jerome H. Fort, our Vice President, Mr. Courlis read a poem, entitled "What am I in the World for?" Prof. Whitelaw gave a beautiful violin solo. The hymn, "I Love to Tell the Story," was sung by the congregation. Prof. Whitelaw followed with Rubenstein's Melody in F on the violin. After singing, Mr. Courlis, in a few well chosen remarks, welcomed back to the Fraternity our worthy President, Mrs. Lucie Janet Weiler, who has recently recovered from a severe illness, and who, though unable to preside, was present. Mr. Courlis then spoke most fervently on the power of Spiritualism, and gave many tests.

THE ADVANCE SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.—Mrs. Tillie Evans writes—met as usual in its pleasant hall Saturday evening, Oct. 1. Every seat was occupied, and many were obliged to stand. Mr. Fort read the opening address, which was the inspired thought of Mrs. Walton. Mr. Lafumee took up the thought, and made pleasing remarks. Miss Terry, as one of the State missionaries, made an excellent address, and presented a pretty collection basket to the society. She also allowed her little control, "Mekew," to improvise a suitable poem. The mediums, Dr. Frank, Miss Terry and Mrs. Evans, gave communications.

THE BANNER, Evolutionist, and other spiritual paper on sale.

BROOKLYN.—E. W. Barber writes: Mrs. L. A. Olmstead opened afternoon meetings at Jackson Hall, 515 Fulton street, Sunday, Oct. 2. These will be continued until further notice. George Delerece, president of Advance Conference, made the opening address.

MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

THE FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, The Tuxedo, Madison avenue and 59th street.—M. J. Fitz Maurice, Sec'y, writes: The opening meeting of the season was held Sunday afternoon, and a large and enthusiastic audience greeted Mrs. Kate R. Stiles of Boston, who delivered a fine inspirational address, followed by spirit-descriptions and tests of a high order.

Dr. J. C. Street was invited to speak by the president, and for some time interested his hearers with remarks upon Oriental philosophy and kindred subjects, closing with the poem, "I Fold my Hands and Wait." Mrs. Simonsun volunteered a solo, "Jerusalem," with excellent effect, and our regular singers, Mrs. Adele Store and R. L. Myers, furnished the usual musical program. Next Sunday Mrs. Stiles will again occupy the platform, and during October afternoon meetings only will be held, commencing at 3 o'clock. Due notice of speakers and mediums engaged will be given each week.

An error occurred in the notice published in last week's issue regarding admission fee. Twenty-five cents is charged only for special occasions.

CONNECTICUT.

NORWICH.—Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Sec'y writes: Sunday, Oct. 2, the First Spiritual Union of Norwich opened its annual lecture course in the Spiritual Academy. The platform was prettily decorated by Mrs. F. H. Spalding with potted plants and cut flowers. Mr. E. W. Wallis of Manchester, England, trance lecturer and editor of The Two Worlds, gave two excellent and timely discourses. That of the afternoon dealt with "The Basis of Spiritualism," which the speaker said was found in the fact that all visible manifestations in nature were the result of spiritual forces. Spiritualism being the science of life, leads into every department in nature. Science, said he, to-day leads into the realm of spirit, bringing the spirit-world closer and closer to the physical side of life. The discourse was highly appreciated by the audience. The evening theme, "Man's Three Curses and Their Cure," was ably treated.

Mr. Wallis will occupy our rostrum all Sundays in October, and we feel assured that a rich intellectual feast awaits his hearers. Mr. Wallis is not only an able and eloquent speaker, but a fine soloist also.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Oct. 1, 1898, CIVILLIA N., wife of J. W. Cowan. She was born at Pleasant Point, Nova Scotia, in 1848. She leaves a large circle of friends, who feel her loss most keenly. She was a great sufferer the last few days she lived, but we are glad that she is now enjoying the blessings of spirit-life.

Children's Progressive Lyceum

Of Marlboro will hold its first session of the season Sunday, Oct. 9, at 1 o'clock, in G. A. R. Hall. All Spiritualists who are interested in the Lyceum work are invited to unite with us. BENJ. W. BELCHER, Con.

LARKIN SOAPS

OUR OFFER FULLY EXPLAINED IN BANNER OF LIGHT SEPT. 24.

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Condensed Milk

HAS NO EQUAL AS AN INFANT FOOD.

"INFANT HEALTH" SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

NEW YORK CONDENSED MILK CO. N.Y.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON.—F. B. W. writes: The past week has been a very interesting one in Washington. Mr. John Slater on Thursday evening gave a séance in Macabee Temple. On Sunday night he secured Masonic Temple, and packed it with an enthusiastic audience. He will remain in Washington the entire month of October.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond opened her season's work last Sunday at Macabee Temple. Her many friends gave her a hearty welcome home.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Homer Altemus resumed his weekly meetings. All his friends were pleased to hear of his success in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Nickless is doing a good work, and is well liked. Mrs. Mary Keeler has returned, and P. L. O. A. Keeler is expected. Mrs. McDonald is conducting meetings at Wonn's Hall. Col. Case, of Chattanooga, Tenn., is in town. Capt. Gould has returned from the camps.

When such audiences as were in attendance on spiritualistic meetings in Washington on a rainy night, as assembled last Sunday evening, it proves, as one clergyman has admitted, that Washington is a storm center of Spiritualism.

NEW YORK.

BUFFALO.—A correspondent writes: The Spiritual Society had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. S. Augusta Armstrong, Sunday, Sept. 25, at the afternoon and evening meetings. Her address, "Keep the Beacon Lights Burning," was a touching and earnest appeal to all for more earnest work. The society is starting out well in its winter labors, and hopes to bring comfort to many along the way.

Mrs. Armstrong received a large and select party of friends at her pleasant home, Tuesday evening, Sept. 27, the guest of honor being Mr. E. W. Wallis of England, who entertained the company with a short address upon the "Philosophy of Spiritual Gifts," followed by psychometric readings, all of which were highly appreciated. With the music, the perfume of potted plants and a profusion of cut flowers, interspersed with the ever beautiful Stars and Stripes, a Cuban flag, the flag of Great Britain, with many others, is it any wonder that inspiration, pure and true, came with ease and eloquence from the speaker's lips? May he ever have such beautiful surroundings along his path of life, is the earnest wish of your correspondent.

SYRACUSE.—Anna M. Armstrong writes: The First Society of Spiritualists held its regular meeting in Clinton Hall, Oct. 2, at 7:30 P.M. Principal features of the meeting, general conference, Mrs. A. E. Underhill opening the discussion, followed by Mr. I. J. Chippinfield, Miss A. M. Armstrong, Mr. E. G. Rielly, Mrs. Maggie Halpin and others. Congregational singing. This society will meet in Clinton Hall Oct. 9, at 7:30 P.M.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA.—A correspondent writes: On Sunday, Oct. 2, the First Association of Spiritualists re-opened regular meetings in a handsome new building, corner of Girard avenue and 13th streets, called Casino Hall. A young people's meeting was held at 2 P.M., and W. J. Colville gave the inaugural address at 8 P.M. Services were also held at 7:45 P.M. Large attendance, excellent music, and beautiful decorations contributed to the complete success of the opening.

On Sunday next, Oct. 9, W. J. Colville will again lecture in the same place at 3 and 7:45 P.M., and give instruction in spiritual science in the class-room on Monday, at 2:30 and 8 P.M.

WASHINGTON.

SEATTLE.—The resignation of Mrs. Frances A. Sheldon as president of the State Spiritualist Association of Washington, under National Spiritualists' Association, has been accepted, and any communication regarding said organization in the future should be addressed to Mrs. Lillian S. Nagell, President, 947 Tacoma Ave., Tacoma, Washington, or Esther Thomas, Secretary, 2003 Second Ave., Seattle, Washington.

ECZEMA FROM BIRTH

Our little daughter had Eczema from birth. The parts afflicted would become terribly inflamed, and water would ooze out like great beads of perspiration, finally this would dry up and the skin would crack and peel off. She suffered terribly. Had to put soft mittens on her hands to keep her from scratching. Two of our leading physicians did not help her. After bathing her with CUTICURA SOAP, I applied CUTICURA (ointment) freely, and gave her CUTICURA RESOLVENT regularly. She improved at once and is now never troubled. The statements I have made are absolutely true and not exaggerated in any way.

ROBERT A. LATHAM,
1114 West Side Square, Springfield, Ill.
Special Cure Treatments for Eczema, Psoriasis, and Skin Diseases, with Loss of Hair—Worms with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle ointments with CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures. Sold throughout the world. PUTT & A. C. CO., Sole Proprietors, Boston. How to Cure Baby's Skin Diseases, free.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Orient Hall.—Mrs. M. A. Brackett, Sec'y, writes: Sunday, Oct. 2, we were favored by our home talent, Mrs. S. E. De Lewis and Mrs. M. A. Redion, and their services were duly appreciated.