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A RAINY DAY.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Safe sheltered in my quiet room,
I watch the dreary rain come down,
And see the ships thro' mists of gloom
Sail out of port beyond the town.

Alone I think of those I love,
Who went across another sea,
And all the sky is dark above,
While rain is falling fast on me!

Concurrence of the World's Scientists and Philosophers

That "Infinite Intelligence" is the
Active Cosmocrat of the Universe.

Reply to Atheistic Assaults on the N. S. A.

"Ignorance is the curse of God. Knowledge
The wing, wherewith we fly to heaven."

BY GEN. W. H. PARSONS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"What in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support,
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence
And vindicate the ways of God to men."
—MILTON.

PREFACE.

"By night an Atheist half believes,
And in sudden danger always calls on God."

"Forth from his dark and lonely hiding place
(Portentous sight) the owl Atheism,
Sailing on obscure wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hoots at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out—'Where is it?'"

These owlish and wise looking philosophers
who refuse to see the refugence of a midday
sun, are as sapient and as philosophic as

TOPSY

when asked by her new mistress from New
England, "Who was your mother?" replied,
"Never had any mother." "Where were you
born?" "Never was born." "Do you know
who made you?" "Nobody as I know on.
Don't think nobody never made me."

"I SPECT I GROWD."

"Nobody," made the atheist and material-
istic evolutionist. Like Topsy, they
"growd."

OUR DEFENCE.

A nestor of modern psychism, one of Cali-
fornia's philosophers recently said:

"The N. S. A. at its last meeting gave
science as square a slap in the face as Chris-
tianity did at the adoption of the Nicene
Creed. Like the Christian Church, it pro-
claimed its belief in an unknowable, undemon-
strable, imaginary, incomprehensible, idealism
... ignorance could go no further!"

To which the great organ of psychism in
New England replies:

"Science, to be worthy of its name, must
account for the Universal Constructive Power
that acts mathematically in the formation of
every organism, and must trace all finite in-
telligence to its fountain-head, and until it
does this it deserves 'a slap in the face' every
time it utters its atheistic dogmatism! We be-
lieve in applying the 'scientific method' to all
of our facts and phenomena, and in the con-
struction of our 'creed,' if you so term it, and,
using its inductive method, we deduce infinite
intelligence from its local manifestation in all
of Nature's works. Can the knowledge and
wisdom of our most erudite philosopher go
further?"

A KNOWABLE AND SCIENTIFICALLY DEMON-
STRABLE SUPREME INTELLIGENCE.

The writer is amused by the arrogant and
audacious repetition of the blatant assumption
of Draper, that none but the "imperfectly edu-
cated" and the "illiterate" believe in a think-
ing, acting, intelligent, "universal constructive
Power." The California philosopher, not to
be outdone by Draper, declares "ignorance
could go no further" in his reflections upon
the intelligence of all the great naturalists
and philosophers, ancient and modern, and
the astronomers, physicians, chemists and
savants of the past four centuries who pro-
claim, as does William Herschel, the well
known astronomical discoverer of eighteen
million nebulous luminaries in the Milky Way
with his powerful telescope, that "the more
science enlarges its domain, the more the dem-
onstrations of the eternal existence of a crea-
tive, all powerful intelligence, become numer-
ous and undeniable."

To this profound reflection, to which Her-
schel was led, by his own observations as the
great astronomic discoverer one century ago,
he added the statement of a fact, which we
specially commend the followers of either
Draper or the Californian philosopher, who
presume to ascribe ignorance and illiteracy, to
those who (as they all do) "proclaimed
God as the principle of order, and as the foun-
dation of all science."

Herschel declared: "Geologists, mathema-
ticians, astronomers and naturalists, all have
contributed their portion to that grand temple
of science elevated to God."

We have heard the declarations of Kepler,
Copernicus, Newton and La Verrier, and now

Herschel among astronomers; to these we
now add on the authority of M. Arago, the
celebrated La Place, who was Arago's pre-
ceptor; and also M. Faye, one of the most
illustrous of actual astronomers, who in 1882
wrote:

"Since our intelligence is not of itself, there
must be a superior intelligence, whence it is
derived; the author of all things, to whom we
ascribe all the splendors of the heavens, which
furnish us matter of contemplation. To deny
the existence of God would be to make the
stars—those marvels of nature—the product
of hazard, and our intelligence the effect of
mere matter (as do all materialists and most
evolutionists), which pretends to the faculty
of thinking."

The principal founders of modern physical
science have left testimonies to the same pro-
found conclusions. Among them Volta, the
inventor of the electric pile; Ampere, the dis-
coverer of electro dynamic action; and the
analysis and reduction to elementary law of
two currents; and a new law of attraction.

In 1870 Jean Dumas of the Academy of
Science of Paris, one of the greatest chemists
of the century, speaking of the noted physi-
cian, Auguste de la Rive, said: "Ampere,
Faraday and La Rive made electricity the
lifelong object of their discoveries. All three
were profoundly religious. They were con-
vinced that the more profound their medita-
tions on this subject of their investigations,
the higher they would rise towards that Su-
preme will, whose direct intervention always
appeared to them, as the Alpha and Omega of
Creation."

Auguste de la Rive of Geneva, the noted
physician, terminated one of his discourses on
physics in 1860 with the remarkable words:

"If I have learned anything during the long
years of study, which forms the charm of my
life, it is that God is continually acting, that
His hand, which created everything, con-
tinues to take care of the Universe."

The most illustrious mathematicians, such
as Euler (whom we have heretofore quoted)
and Hermite, Ampere, Augustin Cauchy,
were full of this spirit of admiration of a
First Great Cause. In 1852 Marshall Vaillant
wrote thus to the Minister of Public Instruc-
tion: "According to the most competent men
of our time, M. Cauchy is the most distin-
guished mathematician in Europe; and I add
that he is a man of singular purity and up-
rightness."

M. Cauchy loudly proclaimed God as the
principle of order and harmony and as the
foundation of all science.

He wrote: "I am a Christian, as were all
the distinguished chemists and geometricians
of past centuries; and if you ask the reason
why, I will give it willingly, so that you may
see that my convictions are the result, not of
prejudice of birth, but of profound study."

Adolphe Hien, celebrated for his discoveries
of thermo dynamics, and who determined the
mechanical equivalent of heat, declared:
"Materialism is condemned to deny all idea of
harmonious finality in nature; but such a ne-
gation shocks so violently the promptings of
the most elementary reason, that it is the
death blow of the doctrine from which it
emanates."

Robert Mayer, also a great discoverer on
electro dynamics, declared: "Without that
harmony established by God, between the
subjective and the objective world, our
thoughts would be sterile."

Oersted, who contributed much to the
science of electricity, uttered a thought which
was analogous. "What," he asked, "is the
cause of that harmony, whose laws are the
same in the creature as in thought, in nature
as in mind? The reason is, that these laws,
whether in nature or intelligence, have a
common cause, a primordial reason which is
at the same time primordial power [mark the
distinction between reason and power], in a
word, God himself."

In 1868, Becquerel, dean of the physical sec-
tion of the Academy of Sciences, repeated
the memorable words of the great Swedish
chemist Berzelius: "We must admit the ex-
istence of a creative power, if for no other
purpose, nor reason, than to perpetuate the
living species. Everything that touches or-
ganic nature shows a wise end and reveals a
superior intelligence."

The most learned naturalists, the most en-
lightened men and greatest geniuses, among
them Lamarek, the founder of the transfor-
mation system; and Raumer, the author of a
great work on insects; St. Hilaire, a cele-
brated naturalist, who styled Atheism "the
most monstrous of opinions," and who pub-
lished a dissertation entitled "A Brilliant
Manifestation of the Spirit of God in the
phenomena of the Universe"; add to these
Linnaeus the Botanist, Cuvier, Agassiz, Biot,
Milne, Edwards, Buffon, Lavoisier; Beau-
mont, Broussais, who occupied for a long time
one of the principal chairs at the School of
Medicine in Paris, and who recanted his ma-
terialism before his death, by the declaration:
"I feel, like many others, that an Intelligence
has disposed and ordered everything"; Cru-
veilhier, one of the first Physiologists of the
age, who wrote in his "Pathological Anat-
omy": "Any Anatomist may well say, with
Galen, that a book on Anatomy is the grand-

est hymn that has been given to man, to sing
in honor of the Creator"; M. Chevreul, dean
of the Section of Chemistry at the Academy
of Sciences, Professor and Director of Nat-
ural History in the Museum of Paris, who, at
a meeting held in 1874, said: "My mind could
not conceive how that double harmony, which
rules the inanimate world and which presides
over living organic creation, as well as human
thought itself, could ever be the product of
mere chance"; the great Chemist, M. Wurtz,
dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Paris,
who declared: "It is vain that science reveals
the structure of the world, and the order of all
its phenomena. The human mind desires to
mount still higher, and is led to subordinate
all things to one first, unique and universal
cause, God himself"; and Dr. Oswald Heer,
the distinguished Naturalist, who said: "Any
man would take him for a fool who would
pretend that the notes of a symphony are only
points thrown or scattered at random on the
paper. Well, it seems to me, that those who
only see chance and hazard in still more ad-
mirable harmony of creation are not less void
of reason and judgment. The more we ad-
vance in the knowledge of creation, the more
profound becomes our conviction in the belief
of an all-potent Creator, and an all-Divine
Wisdom, which created the heavens and the
earth according to the plan, which is at once
eternal and preconceived, and this belief (said
this profound Naturalist) can alone resolve
the enigmas of Nature as well as those of hu-
man life. Nor is it the heart of man alone
that attests the existence of God, all Nature
proclaims it."

We would pause here in this unavoidably
extended Treatise; but there is one argument
first suggested by Aristotle, 400 B. C., which
to our mind absolutely demonstrates the ex-
istence of a "Prime Mover" as the primordial
cause of all motion in the Universe.

No chronometer can mark or equal the ab-
solute precision of the movements of the
sidereal world; the stars in their courses;
the apparent rising and setting of the sun;
the planets, in their orderly march around
the sun; or the three sublime movements of our
own planet, viz., its annual sweep in its orbit,
in precisely 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and
46.07 seconds of mean time; its diurnal rota-
tion on its axis, which produces alternate day,
with its activities throughout the animate
and inanimate world; and night, with its re-
pose, which gives

"Tired nature's
Sweet restorer, balmy sleep";

and that most mysterious of all its motions,
the alternate annual dip of the planet to the
plane of the ecliptic, which, apparently, sends
the sun above and below the equator, thus
producing the precession of the equinoxes;
the seasons of spring, summer and winter in
both the Northern and Southern Hemis-
pheres.

In the Athenium of Geneva, the Savant
Auguste de la Rive, speaking of the origin
and cause of these movements in the world,
said: "Whether the world began to exist thou-
sands or millions of years ago, it does not
matter; eternity does not consist in that. But
what is certain is: motion was not spontane-
ously born of itself; there must have been an
exterior cause, in order to engender that mo-
tion, a cause having will and intelligence;
whence I necessarily conclude the existence
of a supreme and personal God."

Of Newton, Macauley says: "In no other
mind have the demonstrative faculty and the
inductive faculty co-existed in such supreme
excellence and perfect harmony."

"There he few," said Dr. Chalmers, "who
comprehend or follow Newton to that lofty
summit where the whole mystery and mag-
nificence of Nature stood submitted to his
gaze."

"Whichever way we turn our view," says
Sir John Herschel, "we find ourselves com-
pelled to bow before his genius, and to as-
sign to the name of Newton a place in our
veneration which belongs to no other in the
annals of science. He succeeded in applying
to the highest axioms of dynamical science, a
series of inductive arguments, in complete ex-
planation of all the great astronomical phe-
nomena."

In 1692 and 1693 he wrote to Bentley four
celebrated letters on the formation of the sun
and planets, etc., in which he affirms that
"the motions of the planets could not be pro-
duced by any natural cause alone (as gravi-
tation), but were impressed by an intelligent
Agent and Divine Power."

"In the movements of the planets and their
satellites," he says, "in their direction, plane,
and degree of rapidity, there is to be found
the stamp of intelligence—the testimony of an
action which is not blind, nor fortuitous, but,
on the contrary, extremely skillful in mechan-
ics and geometry."

"It is most absurd," he again says, "to im-
agine that a fatal law of necessity presides
over the universe; for a blind necessity being
ever and always the same, could never pro-
duce the extraordinary variety we see in the
things around us. Astronomy finds at every
pace the limit of physical causes, and conse-
quently the trace of God's action throughout
the Universe. It is certain that the actual

movements of the planets cannot be the sole
outcome or product of the action of gravita-
tion [this is said by the discoverer of the law
of gravitation], thus determining their rev-
olution around the sun; it is of all necessity
that a Divine hand should launch them on
the tangent of their orbits, or the right line
touching the curve of their elliptical pathway
in the heavens."

Aristotle, the greatest investigator of na-
ture in Antiquity, was the first to call the at-
tention of the philosophical world to the ex-
istence of a God, from the necessity of

"A PRIME MOVER"

"There are," says he, "movements in the
world, changes, in which beings pass from
possibility to act, from possibility to reality;
there are beings which are simply possible,
and which have come to a state of existence;
there are faculties which are inactive, which
have passed into action, and exert their en-
ergy; but to determine this transition from
mere possibility to act, to a state of being,
there must be a cause, a cause which is in act,
real and acting; and in a series of causes
there must be One First Cause, which is
purely an act, and not a mere possibility, for
if it were not so it could itself be determined
by another superior cause, in which case it
would not be the First Cause. A First Cause,
which is a pure fact—a perfect Being, whose
perfection is real and actual, such is that

PRIME MOVER

the first principle of all the changes and real-
ities that are produced in the Universe.

"This Prime Mover," he explains in the
11th Book of his "Metaphysics," "is the Sov-
ereign good; he has not only life, he is life
itself, the pure act, perfect intelligence." But
the life of intelligence is to think, and Aris-
totle declares:

"The intelligence of him who is the infinite
good must be occupied in the thought of his
own perfection, since he is all that is most ex-
cellent, and consequently the most proper
subject of thought."

Cicero was inspired by the same conception
of a Supreme Mover of worlds.

Said Cicero, in his treatise "De Natura De-
orum": "When we see a machine moving to
indicate the hours, we do not doubt it is the
work of an intelligent artist. When, then, we
behold the celestial movements, so well or-
dered and so constant, can we doubt that
they are ruled and governed by an excellent
and even principle? If art can do nothing
without reason, nature is not deprived of rea-
son. Can we, then, believe that the world,
which comprises all—both artists and works—
can be deprived of reason and intelligence?"

The Greek Philosophers, several centuries
before our era, studied the phenomena of
physical nature and their cause. There were
no problems they left undiscussed.

The schools of philosophy, which sought the
solution of those questions, were founded by
Plato, who boasted of having Socrates for his
master; and by Aristotle—the two great gen-
iuses of the land, of which Sappho sang and to
which Homer tuned his lay, centuries before
their day.

"There are," said Aristotle, in his "Meta-
physics," "movements in the world for which
there must be a cause, and in a series of
causes there must be one First Cause."

Plato, in "Timaeus," 390 B. C., declared:

"We are related to God. Our soul is a par-
ticle of the divine breath. Our soul's divin-
ideas are natural, and are created by the con-
templation of divine things. Before it existed
in the body [we commend this to those who
deny the pre-existence of the soul] it existed
in God. Even now, though enveloped in the
body, it may participate in that divine con-
templation, through the subjection of the pas-
sions, and a contemplative life (Plato in
Phaedrus). We may, therefore, read God
through our soul; may approach and regard
Him; and this contemplation fills us with the
highest and purest pleasure and happiness."

But in the long list of great names, both of
antiquity and the modern era, there are none
whom we have invoked whose personality as a
man, philosopher and logician is more con-
spicuous in history, than Socrates. In the
4th century B. C., by his simple and ingenious
method of interrogation—known as the
Socratic mode of reasoning—he confuted the
subtleties and paradoxes of the skeptics and
sophists of his day, deeply interested himself
in questions which relate to God, and caused
the most sublime truths to shine with re-
doubled lustre. On all hands and in all sub-
sequent ages, although condemned to death,
for teaching of another God than the Theog-
ony of Greece (whose gods—he charged—were
guilty of offences that would discredit a mor-
tal), Socrates has been deemed an apostle of
morality and teacher of virtue and truth.

He was the most profound reasoner of all
antiquity; the venerated master of such dis-
ciples as Plato and Aristotle, and Anaxa-
goras, who was praised by the two former
for having admitted and proved the necessity
of an intelligence, and the principle of order,
which by no means prevented him from ad-
mitting and seeking natural causes and agents
to explain particular phenomena.

The philosophy, elementary ideas and in-
spired truths of Socrates have been preserved

by Plato in his sublime discourses; by Xeno-
phon, the great military hero, whose genius
shone out with such radiance in the retreat
of the ten thousand; and by Cicero in his "De
Divinitas."

Xenophon, in the first book (Chap. IV.) of
the "Memorabilia Socrates," has left these
memorable words of his master:

"Here is the conversation," says Xenophon,
"which Socrates one day held with Aristo-
demus, in my presence, on Divinity. He knew
that Aristodemus did not sacrifice to the gods,
and that he even railed at religious observances:

"Aristodemus," said Socrates, 'are there
any men whose wisdom and talent you ad-
mire?' 'Without doubt.' 'Who are they,
then?' 'I admire, above all, Homer in his
epic poetry, Sophocles in tragedy, Polyceletus
in statuary, Zeuxis in painting.'

"What artists do you find most admirable,
those who present figures void of thought and
movement, or those who produce animated
beings endowed with power to think and act?"

"Without doubt, those that create ani-
mated beings; if, however, those beings are
the work of intelligence, and not of chance
and hazard."

"Among those works whose real object
and destination does not appear, and those
whose end and utility are manifest, which do
you regard as being the effect of intelligent
cause, or the product of chance?"

"It is clear we must attribute to intelli-
gence those which have an end and real utility."

"Does it not seem to you that He who cre-
ated men in the beginning, gave them organs
because they were useful, eyes to see and ears
to hear?" 'Would we be able to distinguish
sweet from bitter if we had no tongue?' 'Is
it not an intention of Providence to have fur-
nished our eyes with lids, so that we may
close and open them, to have placed eyelashes
and eyebrows in order to protect those eyes,
so delicate?' 'Is it not again a providential
work that our ear can perceive sounds, that
the front teeth are small to cut and the molars
to grind, etc., etc.' 'Do you attribute all
these dispositions so wisely taken to some
haphazard design or chance?'

"I see well that in considering them that
way they would seem to be the work of an
intelligent artist."

"Again I ask you, do you think a blind
cause would have known how to dispose in
order all those numerous creatures who sur-
round you?"

"Perhaps," says Aristodemus, 'because I
do not see the cause that directs them, while
I do see the author of our works of art.'

"But you do not see the soul that rules
and directs the body; can you, therefore, con-
clude, in consequence, that everything within
you is done by hazard without judgment or
design?"

"Here Aristodemus, pushed to the wall,
tries to evade the question. He hardly dares
to deny the existence of God; but he adds:
'Dear Socrates, I do not despise the Divinity,
but I believe it too far above me to need my
worship.'

"But," said Socrates, 'precisely the more
its greatness deigns to take care of you, the
more you should honor it.'

"I would not dispense myself from obliga-
tion," answered Aristodemus, 'of the thought
that the gods occupied themselves with human
affairs.'

"What! you judge the gods to be indiffer-
ent to our regards; they who have given us
eyes, sight, hearing, and taste, who gave us
speech, etc.?' 'God has not only given to our
bodies a form nobler and more useful than
those of the brute creation, and what is infi-
nitely more, He gives us a soul of great per-
fection, capable of recognizing the author of
these marvels. He gives a soul that can fore-
see the future and provide for its needs, that
can cure evils, acquire knowledge, and keep
it in memory, etc. And with all this you be-
lieve that the gods do not busy themselves
about us?"

"In order to make Aristodemus understand
the action of providence in the world, Socra-
tes added:

"If your eye can take a number of objects
together, cannot God in a single glance em-
brace all things? If your soul can understand
what passes here around you and the events
accomplished in Sicily and Egypt, cannot the
wisdom of God dispense its benefits every-
where at once? And as your soul rules and
governs the movements of your body, so must
you believe that Providence governs every-
thing in the Universe according to his plea-
sure. If you reflect on the nature of the Di-
vinity, you will understand that such is its
grandeur and perfection that it sees all at
once, that it understands everything."

After these remarkable words, Xenophon
added:

"It seems to me, that Socrates, in speaking
in this way, brought his disciples to abstain
from unjust and shameful actions, not only in
the sight of men, but even in the secret coun-
cils of solitude, because they felt persuaded
that none of their actions were hidden from
Divinity."

Such were the sublime conceptions of the
(Continued on second page.)

(Continued from page 1)

Cosmocrat of all worlds, entertained by the Sages of Antiquity, four centuries prior to our era.

The philosophic and the poetic spirit which fills the most ancient Sages of Greece—as Orpheus, Empedocles and Parmenides—show in the highest antiquity—even in a prehistoric age—theology, poetry and philosophy were intimately connected with their existence.

This was peculiarly the case with Socrates, who, according to his personal biographer, Xenophon, and Cicero (de divin. Book 1, Sec. 54), this great teacher of virtue and truth had a guardian spirit, who was his guide and instructor. This divine influence, or daemon and genius, as he was accustomed to call it, showed him beforehand the propriety and impropriety of his actions, and warned him of impending danger, and (he says) "imparted many of their divine warnings to my friends, yet I was never convicted of error." His wisdom and inspirations were enduring, and like Plato's, were a continuous stream, and subject "to single flashes of divine light."

We have already given from Xenophon (Chap. IV, "Memorabilia Socratica") the manner in which this philosopher demonstrated the existence of God and his Providence, in a conversation with Aristodemus, on the Divinity, held in his presence.

That interview, which this great military commander so minutely and faithfully reports, is one of the most striking illustrations of the Socratic mode of interrogative reasoning, peculiar to this remarkable logician; but beyond that, the argument itself is by far the most convincing in any language of the existence of an "Infinite Intelligence"; less by an affirmation of His attributes than an address to reason: that a first great Cause is self-evident and demonstrable, among those works whose real objects do not appear, but especially those whose end and utility are manifest.

But especially in Plato do we find the grandest conception of the God whom all men in their hearts involuntarily recognize, worship and adore.

The God of Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, was proclaimed and announced in "Timaeus," 400 B. C., as: "The Eternal Beauty; beautiful not only in part, not only in time, or in a certain place, but always and ever beautiful; a beauty which does not fail in external creation, but which subsists in itself, always the same, in which all other beauty participates, in such wise that their origin or destruction in no wise alters the first and Primary Beauty, which has no sensible form, nothing corporeal. This prime Mover is the Sovereign good—he is not only life, he is life itself, the pure act, perfect intelligence."

He advances from Beauty in visible nature to Eternal Beauty: not produced, imperishable, exempt alike from increase and diminution.

"If there be anything which lends grace and charm to life, it is the spectacle of this Eternal Beauty. I ask you what would be the bliss of that mortal to whom it would be given to contemplate the infinitely beautiful in all its native simplicity and beauty; not wrapped up in the fading colors and perishable ligaments of mortality and the vain charms that are destined to perish; but under the unique form of divine beauty itself! Do you think he would have any reason to regret his lot, who would give himself entirely up to the contemplation of such an object? And is it not in the contemplation of that Eternal Beauty that he will be capable of begetting and engendering not only the phantoms of nature, but real and solid virtues?"

Hence Plato held: "He who is advanced far in progress by contemplation, will see at once appear before his eyes a marvelous beauty, which is the end of all his preceding efforts." Proclus, the Neo Platonist of the 5th century, in such a sublime contemplation, narrates that on four occasions he beheld the white light of this Eternal Beauty, common to the Yogi and Muni devotees of India.

Plato, as does Swedenborg, held that all there is of beautiful and good in perishable things and beings, are but images and reflections corresponding to the original beauty, whose imperishable reality is the Disposing Cause, eternal in the heavens.

Thus Plato in "Timaeus" clearly teaches that from the contemplation of visible beauty in the floral kingdom, the gorgeous landscape and the bewildering yet orderly hosts of the heavens, man insensibly and involuntarily rises in a spirit of irrepressible devoutness and adoration to the first cause; and from thence to the author of moral and intellectual beauty. "It is but one step in such contemplative moods to that perfect and absolute beauty which necessarily must be perfect good."

A PERFECT GOOD

"So limitless, deep, and broad,
That men have renamed it,
And called it God."

It is therefore evident that, according to Plato, this Beauty, this Supreme Good, which he recognized as the principle of all beauty in nature and all finite goodness, is not an impersonal being without life, but living and intelligent.

"Can we believe," Plato asks, "that he who is absolute being can be without life or thought? that he is deprived of intelligence? Can we say he has life and intelligence, but that he has no soul? All that would be absurd."

SUCH WAS PLATO'S

God; and such Him, whom we adore.
Him proclaim we unto you,—a God neither then, now and never "unknown," but knowable and demonstrable; not imaginary, but comprehensible.

But how knowable? Precisely as the artist is known,—by his works. Neither the sculptor nor the Divine Architect may ever be visible to our vision, yet the exquisite symmetry and beauty in the works of either, render both knowable and visible; as the sight alone of the masterpieces of the painter's easel, or the statues of a Powers, reveals the names of their authors.

He may be invisible to our senses, yet as the euphonious harp and harmonious zither reveal a constructor and the certainty that they will respond to deft and skilful artistic touches, He reveals himself and makes himself understood; as, to again use Emerson's expression, "the atoms march in cadence, they follow the harmonious laws in such wise that the most vulgar substances become in the eyes of our intelligence marvels of beauty."

The exquisite adaptation of means to the evident end of each creature's existence, demonstrates an intelligent cause, a cause which assigns to a common purpose and end all the elements and parts tending to the evident purpose of its being or construction; and it is this knowledge of proportion and adaptation between the end and the means which demonstrates a cause that must be intelligent to make those prodigies where the means and end so marvellously concur.

Said Caro: "To admit that the world is a most marvelous work of art and refuse to admit a supreme artist; to recognize an intelligent workman and deny the intelligent workman—is the height of absurdity."

And yet that is the status of the Californian philosopher and those for whom he speaks and writes, who affirm that "Infinite Intelligence" is "unknown and unknowable."

With whom is the weight of scientific authority? Who, as to numbers, are the "im-

perfectly educated and illiterate"? Where and with whom is ignorance? Certainly not the grand list of Scientists and Savants, ancient and modern, whom we have summoned.

In our next consecutive essay we shall contrast the God whom these Grecian Sages and Prophets thus acclaimed, with the tutelar Deity who was the exclusive divinity of the barbarous and polygamous tribes of Canaan, and at a time when monogamy was the domestic polity of the highly civilized and cultured Greeks.

Were the Hebrews the only people to whom were vouchsafed divine oracles? Is it not true that "God at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in times past unto the fathers by the Prophets" (Heb. 1-1)?

Neither Balaam nor Job were Hebrews, and yet sacred Jewish records recognized both as inspired Seers and Prophets. The former came from "the mountains of the East," the nearest of which were those of Armenia, and the latter from the land of Ur, or Uz, beyond the Euphrates, and yet the wonderful prophecy of the one, forecasting the entire future of Israel, and the oldest world epic of the other, are the most conspicuous features of inspired Hebrew literature; the song of Balaam, "who heard the words of God, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling in a trance, but having his eyes open" (Num. 24-4), surpasses Ossian in the majesty of its poetic rhythm, and the verity of its sublime realized prognostic, that "there shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel."

Thus a prophecy, which was the base of Israel's future, was uttered by a man from the mountains of the East, who was brought to curse and not bless Israel, and thus were divine truths uttered by the inspired Socrates and Plato of the Greeks.

No literature, sacred or profane, can rival the God concepts of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle.

THE N. S. A.

Instead, therefore, of announcing its belief, "in an unknowable, undemonstrable, imaginary and incomprehensible idealism," as superciliously charged by Atheists and Spiritualists, at this day, have proclaimed, and we trust will maintain—as herein proven—a knowable, a demonstrable, and (save—says Plato—he has "no sensible form, and nothing corporeal"), a comprehensible, Cosmical Supreme Divinity.

On the other hand, "can ignorance further go" than a denial of "Infinite Intelligence," in contemplation of man himself, and the

"Suns and Planets
And adamant spheres, wheeling
Unshaken, in the void immense."

"Speak, O Man, if this majestic scene, with half the kindling devoutness, dilates thy strong conception."

As Newton in his terminating of "Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy," who says:

"A God without sovereignty, without providence, and without an end and aim in His works, would be but fate or nature. But from a blind metaphysical necessity always and everywhere the same, no variety can spring. All that diversity of natural things, that variety which constitutes the order and life of the universe, could never have been produced except by the thought and will of a Being who exists by Himself."

The same truth inspired Leibnitz, the most celebrated German mathematician and philosopher of the 17th century, to declare:

"I see we must have recourse to final causes. The supreme wisdom of God has designed to choose the laws of motion, which are best adjusted to metaphysical principles."

Thus this long list of learned naturalists, mathematicians, astronomers, chemists, physicians, physicists and modern savants (which may be extended fourfold) would embrace the vast majority of the founders and teachers of the physical sciences of the world. They concur in recognizing the fact, as a scientific postulate, that all organized beings, plants and animals, present such numerous characters of order and harmony as to exact the consensus of opinion expressed by Lamarck: "Nature does not exist, blind and limited in power as it is, except by the will of a superior power which has no limit. Men have thought that nature was God Himself! How strange! They confound the watch with the watchmaker, the work with its author."

We would now ask the Californian Philosopher—who charges that the N. S. A., at its last meeting, "gave science a square slap in the face," for proclaiming its "belief in Infinite Intelligence,"—we would now ask him, and all such avowed Atheists and Spiritualists, in presence of such a grand jury of scientists as we have summoned, and their true bill found against his bold and utterly unsupported assertions: Who has slapped science in the face? those who affirm, or those who deny the sublime truth that "Infinite Intelligence" is not only believable, but as science has affirmed, in all its schools in Europe and America, that a First Great Cause is knowable, demonstrable and comprehensible in all his works, and that, as the Naturalist Reaumur, at the beginning of his great work on insects, says:

"No demonstration of God's existence is more within the understanding of all than that which Natural History affords us. Natural History is the history of the work of God."

Are we creatures of blind chance,—the fortuitous combination of molecules, of "protoplasmic monads," or atomic attractions and repulsions?

With the Royal Prophet we declare "ceci inerrant gloria Dei!"

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

"The firmament showeth His handiwork," and yet, not the heavens alone.
"There are leaves in the rustling trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and Good (God) in everything."

Courage of Convictions.

Courage of conviction is the ablest of the heroic virtues. Strength of will, reinforced by a belief in the truth and justice of a cause embraced, as reflected by judgment, require a fearlessness of adverse criticism and a fate in ultimate success to maintain confidence and self-poise in the arena of conflict. The union of the best moral and mental qualities brings into play dual forces that wins the respect, if not the love of opponents. Refusal to bow to wrong, however masked, will always enlist the aid and sympathies of every lover of right and justice. Steadfast loyalty to principle mirrors the reflections of honest opinion and stamps conviction with the impress of truth. A wavering mind weakens strength of character and awakens a doubt of ability. If we have no confidence in ourselves we cannot expect others to rely on our assertions, or trust us with the conduct of their affairs. Character is largely judged by an intuitive knowledge of the qualities we know to exist in the nature of our associates, but whose subtleties we are unable to delineate. Its strength is measured by the power of its convictions and the courage to express it. The brightest names on biography's pages—such names as Lloyd Garrison, Whittier, and others, are among those who took up some just but unpopular cause, and, by agitation and exposing its injustice, carried it to a recognition of its evil.—The Prison Mirror.

Reflections on the Late N. S. A. Convention and Its Work.

BY MORSE HULL.

Those who have been long in Spiritualism can remember when Spiritualism was regarded as a kind of "go-as-you-please" religion. Even within the last ten years many good Spiritualists have been heard to say, "Spiritualism is in the hands of the spirit world; there was no need of organization, education, or any such business methods as common sense people use in the every day affairs of life."

When Spiritualists met eight years ago, to form a National Association, they were much like landmen undertaking to navigate the seas; they had everything to learn and no teachers. The honest, earnest men and women who met in Chicago felt that something was needed, but few of them pretended to know just what that something was. They went to work and did the best they could; the result was a National organization. Imperfect though this organization was, it was a start in the right direction.

Hundreds of Spiritualists appeared to think that if we had a National organization we would be fixed. Such an organization would usher in the millennium; it would send speakers everywhere, it would help all the poor mediums and speakers furnish work and pay for every one whose talents were not sufficient to keep them before the public. It was to furnish money to assist every poor speaker or medium in the country; and every society in the land which was either too poor or too stingy to pay its own running expenses was to have help showered down upon them by the N. S. A.

When the N. S. A. was put in running order and it was found that it could neither create wealth nor talent—that it had to, in a measure live off of local societies, then some among those local societies began to get disgusted; and a few of them withdrew from the N. S. A., and others withheld their annual dues. The result was, that had it not been for a few persons—so few that one could count them on his fingers and then, perhaps, have digits to spare, the N. S. A. would have gone the way of former similar efforts.

Every recurring annual meeting contributed its quota toward bringing order out of this chaos. We gradually descended toward terra firma—we learned by both success and failure, until as a result, our last convention was more like a congress of trained parliamentarians than anything else. I would not have felt chagrined in the least to have had teachers of "Rules of Order" and of "Parliamentary Law" watch the proceedings of our late convention.

All went to that convention to work, and all seemed to feel the importance of the work in which we were engaged. Nearly all went away determined to devote their energies systematically to the upbuilding of the Cause. In the past hundreds of us have worked with zeal, and with but little else. There are many even now, who if they had knowledge commensurate with their zeal would be giants in our Cause. In the past, each has, as Paul said, gone "a warfare at his own charges." We have employed ourselves, gone where and when we pleased, and made ourselves believe we were converting the whole world.

It is now hoped that we are at last learning something of the methods of successful warfare, and we may expect not only to build up the Cause, but to know to what extent we are progressing. The report of the convention, I presume, will soon be published, pretty nearly in full, so I need say but little in that line. There were things in that convention, however, which no reporter's pen can tell. The look of satisfaction on the face of Theodore J. Mayer, when he handed the deed to that Washington home to the president of the Association, can never be described, nor can the genial smile which accompanied him after he had seen that that child was born and was doing well, be told by anything short of the artist's brush.

Now that the home is ours, and a fund accompanying it, Mr. Mayer has harnessed himself into another and greater work; of this the world will hear more some day. I do not know all of his plans, nor will I give those away which a little bird revealed to me in confidence; but I would not be in the least surprised to see a fine Spiritualist college in the near future, with the name of Theodore J. Mayer as its president. When I see that I will be ready to say with good old Simon, "Now Lord bestoweth thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." It is a great pleasure to Bro. Mayer to get means by honest effort, but a greater pleasure to spend what he has in the Cause he loves.

Another friend, Alonzo Thompson, of Nebraska, (though a poor man himself, always happens to come around just at the right time, and always has a few hundred dollars which some rich friend has sent in by him, to help in just the enterprise which happens to be up at that moment. If we could all have such friends the Cause would not suffer, but Bro. Thompson is good at keeping secrets, he never reveals the name or locality of his liberal friend. Bro. T.'s friends started an endowment fund at this convention. As it cannot be learned who this friend is, "Father Thompson" will hereafter be known as the father of the endowment fund. It is hoped that that fund will grow until the interest on it will be sufficient to keep a missionary or two in constant work.

Judge Dunn, of Minnesota, is not only generally willing to put his shoulder to the financial wheel every time there is a call for help in that direction, but having filled several offices and spent several years as clerk of the Minnesota Senate, he has parliamentary laws down fine—almost too fine; like the Indian's tree, he is so straight that he leans just a little the other way. He brought several of us up with a round turn. I carried one point against him which when I returned home I found was wrong. In beating him I had beaten myself.

Nobody could have enjoyed more than I did seeing those two men, who occupied the opposite poles in platform work, the venerable Dr. Peebles and the erudite Prof. Lockwood, working so perfectly harmoniously together. They pulled together as if "to the manor born." I was with them in the committee room. Two grander and more noble workers were never yoked together in a committee. Dr. Peebles is eighty years young and growing younger every day. He has no enemies; those who differ from him the most through the press are his warmest personal friends. He and B. B. Hill, of Philadelphia, another veteran worker, though Hill is without God or Christ in the world, and Peebles has enough and to spare of both, and though they knife each other at every opportunity on these questions, are when they meet like Siamese twins. Dr. Peebles and I did not vote differently on but one proposition, and on that I am now persuaded that he was in the right and I in the wrong. Next year we will be together on that.

The missionary cause received a fine boom at the late convention; and I think the Board manifested wisdom in its selection of missionaries. There are many good men and women who belong almost anywhere else rather than in the field of missionary work. I think time will demonstrate that wise selections have been made.

With the fund the N. S. A. now has, and with the talent it now puts into the field, I shall look for a good report when we meet in Washington next October.

One of the best things the N. S. A. did was to adopt a poor little orphan. The National Spiritualist Lyceum has been taken into our National family. Certainly—our children should be instructed in our philosophy. The N. S. A. now sees that, and it is hoped that a few weeks will see a paper that the children can claim as all their own, and that many Lyceums may be formed during the ensuing year.

May angels bless the N. S. A.

News from the N. S. A.

Dear Mr. Editor and Friends:
You have all doubtless learned all about the last N. S. A. Convention at Cleveland, and its grand success, financially, and in point of business and harmony, so there seems to be little more for me to say in this connection. But even at the risk of repetition, I cannot refrain from making special mention of the beautiful and touching gift of the valuable watch and chain of our arisen sister, Mrs. Caroline Hillgoss, who left it to the Mayor Fund of the N. S. A., and which was brought to the convention by Dr. Hillgoss from Indiana, and there disposed of for one hundred dollars in the interest of the N. S. A. Home. The silk quilt donated by Mrs. Nelson of California, brought twenty dollars to the fund. There is no doubt that it was worth a great deal more, but we had so many articles to sell, and as we could not dispose of any by shares, we had to do the best we could with these things. The lovely table cover donated by a Nebraska lady, brought the Association twenty-nine dollars, and the quilt being bid for and secured by a member of our board, also a resident of the 2001 and 1021 State of Nebraska.

Immediately upon the adjournment of the Convention, the N. S. A. Board went into active session, and until midnight of Oct. 19th formulated plans and laid out work for the advancement of the Cause during the coming year. Several special missionaries were appointed, among them Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague of Jamestown, N. Y. These two good workers are to spend much of their time this season in the State of Indiana, and will be engaged in helping to strengthen local societies, organize new ones, advance the Cause of Spiritualism generally, and give teaching and demonstration of its truth and claims. They are authorized to work financially and in every line for the N. S. A. We trust our Indiana friends will give them a hearing, and aid them in their good work in every possible way.

I have also the pleasure of announcing that the president expects to keep in the missionary field this year, and this is proof that the N. S. A. is mindful of the public needs, and will respond to them. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing will serve as a special missionary during a portion of the year, in the South.

A good friend of Comanche, Texas, Mr. J. I. McCarty, writes of the work and needs of the N. S. A., in a most helpful manner. I have mentioned his good work in former letters. This Association, and renews his offer to be one of a thousand Spiritualists to give ten dollars a year to the N. S. A. to aid it to go on with its organizing, missionary and propaganda work in Spiritualism. Who will be the next to fall into this line?

And now for my final and grandest piece of good news. You who have kept track of the Mayer Fund, and my letters, know that Mr. S. I. France of Massachusetts—I do not say what town, as we do not wish the dear old friend overwhelmed with begging letters—gave two former donations, one of a thousand dollars and one of eight hundred dollars to the fund. While we were in Board meeting, Saturday, Oct. 20, I received a letter from this good and noble soul, stating that as he wishes to see the Home well established, he had drawn a check to me for three thousand dollars, for the N. S. A., and would send it to me as soon as I returned to Washington. You may imagine our rejoicing, and the hearty telegram of recognition immediately dispatched to Mr. France. The check is here and we are blessing the donor.

Cordially,
Mary Y. Longley, Sec. N. S. A.

N. S. A. Convention Notes.

There was no trouble about railroad certificates this year. Over one hundred certificate delegate tickets were countersigned at the convention by Mr. Bruner, the agent who came on from Chicago for that purpose. It will be remembered that 100 such tickets are necessary to secure the one-third rate.

Forty-four of Mrs. Twing's "Lisbeth" were sold at the convention, and forty per cent. given to the N. S. A.

Certain members of the jolly party from New England have a particular fondness for the name Henrietta, which will always suggest to them the beauty of forgiveness. Having one empty berth on their special car, they graciously accorded it to a tired couple traveling over the same road. It was soon evident that all was not serene with this couple, but in due time the husband, with a man's cruel disposition to shut out care by slumber, said coaxingly:

"Come, Henrietta, kiss me good-night and let me go to sleep."
Insulted by the knowledge that he could think of sleeping when her heart was so full of grief, Henrietta refused. Again the husband's voice was heard, and this time the tone was plaintively persuasive:

"Please, Henrietta, dear, kiss me so I can go to sleep."

But Henrietta remained obdurate. The other passengers grew restive and troubled. Patiently the husband plead for the forgiving kiss.

The suspense grew unbearable, and Mr. Hatch, dubbed by a friend "Fog-Horn, Jr.," because of his stentorian voice, being mindful of the comfort of his passengers, sang out:

"Henrietta, do give him a kiss, so the rest of us can go to sleep."

And silence reigned supreme.

On Friday a small Lyceum boy of Cleveland, whose father gave \$50 to the National Lyceum Association, took part in the evening program. He was enthusiastically applauded. Turning demurely to Mr. Hatch, who was presiding, he said: "Mr. Chairman, does this mean more time?"

Monday evening at the reception, Mr. Hatch introduced Xilla Barrett, six months old, as the youngest delegate present to attend the National Lyceum Convention.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie, who came from the far Californian coast to be present at the convention, was warmly greeted and proved a valuable worker at the day sessions as well as in the evening exercises in which she participated. Her daughter, Mrs. Clark, is quite ill in Buffalo. Mrs. Lillie will remain with her until she is entirely free from danger, and then return to California.

At the Board meeting Saturday morning Mrs. Longley produced a pledge of \$3000 from Samuel I. France, a gentleman in Massachusetts who had previously given \$1800 to the Mayer Fund.

Mr. John W. Ring represented the state of Texas on the floor. His recent experiences in the Galveston flood made him an object of interest. On the Sunday following the convention, he related these experiences at the First Spiritualist Church, 222 Superior St., Cleveland, Mrs. Prior, present pastor.

Jennie B. H. J. Brown did not arrive until Thursday afternoon, too late to be seated as a delegate, but she took part in the evening programs.

Two special cars were chartered by the secretary of the Business Men's League for the purpose of giving the delegates a free ride about the city. A large party took advantage of the offer and enjoyed a ride in the early morning.

Notes from the Secretary of the National Lyceum Spiritualist Association.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

The N. S. L. A. held an interesting meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 19th ult., immediately on the conclusion of the last business meeting of the N. S. A. Owing to a lack of representation, from the lyceums chartered with the N. S. L. A., we were unable to transact business, consequently there was no election of officers and as a matter of course, the old officers must hold over until the next annual meeting. The National Conductor, Vice Conductor, Secretary and Treasurer, were not a little disappointed that they were compelled to hold the offices another twelve months; but as they had no power to change matters, they re-dedicated themselves to the work, and promised to do everything possible to aid the lyceum movement the ensuing year.

As there were not enough voters to attend to the business of the N. S. L. A., the meeting was called per the President of the N. S. A. On motion of our Treasurer, W. H. Bach, the proceedings of the meeting were included in the work of the N. S. A., and will be so reported.

The necessity, compelling us to hold our meeting, under the ruling of the N. S. A., gave us the opportunity to present the claims of the Lyceum to a much larger audience, than we would have had, if the N. S. A. had adjourned and our meeting had been subsequently called by the Nat. Con. The hour was late. Every day meeting during the session of the N. S. A. had been long and laborious, the delegates were weary, and after the raising of so much money and laying plans for future work, it was not to be supposed that we could arouse much enthusiasm for the N. S. L. A. Contrary to our expectations the remarks of the Conductor and Treasurer and the appeal of the Secretary met with a hearty response from the delegates of the N. S. A. Several of the best workers, and among them some of the most generous, responded with words which aroused enthusiasm, and the dollars were handed to the Secretary until the services of Mrs. Carrie E. Hatch were called into requisition to receive funds that the friends were so generous in giving. Of course the amount received, when compared to the magnificent sums that had rolled into the coffers of the parent of the N. S. L. A. was small, but we could not reasonably have expected more under the circumstances. On behalf of the N. S. L. A. I extend heartfelt thanks for the same.

Previous to the meeting of the N. S. L. A. a good brother—an active lyceum worker—presented the Secretary with a check for fifty dollars, and the money contributed during the meeting swelled the sum to upwards of eighty dollars.

Now I make an appeal on behalf of the N. S. L. A. for certificate memberships. We have a quantity of handsomely printed certificates on hand. We put upon them a gilt seal of the Association; we sell these for fifty cents. We have another certificate printed especially for the young (under fourteen years of age), pretty enough to frame, which we sell for twenty-five cents. All the money paid for these certificates is turned into the general fund for the purpose of furthering the interests of the N. S. L. A. in any way the Board may determine.

It has been suggested that an amendment be made to the Constitution of the N. S. L. A., in order to create a larger voting power. This can be done by creating an individual membership. We have learned by past experience that the voting by delegates of the chartered lyceum will probably always be a small vote, and as we desire to enlist the interest of the Spiritualists in the lyceum cause, we must by some means extend the voting. I hope the officers of the N. S. L. A. and the members of the chartered lyceums will take the matter into consideration and that some action will be taken on the matter at the next annual meeting.

One thing more: There are calls from hundreds of places for a child's paper. We recognize the fact that several of our Spiritualist papers contain a "Children's Department," and that these departments are admirably conducted. This, however, does not fully supply the demand of the children. They want a lyceum paper all their own. We learned by conversing with several who had contributed freely to the N. S. L. A., that they desired we should make an effort to publish a paper suitable for the use of Spiritualist children. On the day following the close of the convention, the National Conductor, Treasurer and Secretary journeyed Eastward on the same train for hundreds of miles. On that journey they held a conference, they discussed the matter of publishing a paper, and after mature deliberation, concluded to make the venture. Probably in the near future, a child's paper will be launched on the sea of Spiritualist journalism, known as "The Lyceum Herald."

If this is done, we must have the financial aid, the literary support and the encouragement of the Spiritualists. We have already received a promise from our good sister, Carrie E. S. Twing, that she will write for its columns. We have the assurance that we shall have literary assistance from a young man in the East who was reared in the Lyceum, and whose talent has already earned him considerable of a reputation. The Secretary has had a long experience in that kind of work and promises to do all in her power to make the enterprise a success. I ask that Spiritualists, whether parents or not, take this matter into consideration, and do all in their power to sustain at least one child's paper in the name of Spiritualism.

Think of the money paid for juvenile literature in the evangelical denominations! The so called orthodox Sunday Schools are considered of primary importance by the managers of the evangelical church work. But what are the Spiritualists doing for the children and youth whose fathers and mothers are in our ranks? Nothing, positively nothing. I appeal as a Spiritualist on behalf of the lyceum movement. I appeal as one who has had a long experience in the children's work, as one who believes in them and understands to some extent, the longings of their nature. I ask you, dear reader, to consider the question in all seriousness, what are we doing for the young? I do not make this appeal that Spiritualism may receive a boom through the lyceum movement, nor that the N. S. L. A. may achieve any special honor under its present administration, but in the name of truth I ask that we may make an abundant place in our hearts, in our societies, and in our work for the rising generation. As you give to this cause, I thoroughly believe you will be blest in your store, and better than all in spiritual things. You and I know that Spiritualism is a fact. Let us not only tell it to our children, but live it in generous deeds, and with a desire to crown them with the glorious heritage the angels have so freely given unto us.

72 York St., Buffalo, N. Y.

HOW WEAK CHILDREN ARE MADE STRONG, VIGOROUS AND WELL



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hallows, of Peckham St., Globe Village, Fall River, Mass., have cause to thank Dr. Greene's Nervura for restoring to health, and probably preserving the life of their little son. Almost from infancy Everett Hallows was troubled with indigestion and nervous troubles, and nothing seemed to help him. Finally Dr. Greene's Nervura was recommended and tried with success. A few bottles were sufficient to effect a cure, and to-day the little one is enjoying the best of health. By the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura the sickly child was transformed into a happy, hearty, robust boy.

Dr. Greene's Nervura for the Blood and Nerves

Thousands of other children can thank Dr. Greene and his wonderful remedy for the strength and health they enjoy. Children to whom it is given have less sickness, better health, better growth, and longer and more vigorous lives. Parents should realize that it is their duty to give it to every child who is not in perfect health. There are no diseases more dreaded by parents than fits, epilepsy, and St. Vitus' dance. Yet no child would be troubled by them if Dr. Greene's Nervura were given when the first symptoms appear.

Charles L. McBay, a highly esteemed police officer, who resides at 14 Myrtle St., New Bedford, Mass., says:

"About two years ago my little daughter became run down in health and suffered from St. Vitus' dance. Soon after she was prostrated by rheumatism, which severely affected her low limbs.

"After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, she began taking Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and experienced immediate benefit. She continued its use, and after taking five bottles her rheumatism was practically cured. Her appetite returned, her pains disappeared, she was again able to walk without lameness, her general health was restored, and she was able to attend school and to play like other children."

Dr. Greene's Nervura, blood and nerve remedy, is the prescription and discovery of the well-known Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who is the most successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic complaints, and he can be consulted in any case, free of charge, personally or by letter.

Children's Spiritualism.

THE CHILD AND THE BROOK.

BY ELAN.

A child was watching with wondering eyes
A wildly rushing mountain brook,
As ever o'er its rocky bed
It seemed in wild pursuit

Of something—and "what can it be?"
He said,—"and where are you going?
I wish I knew,"—a gleam of light came into his
eyes;

"Ah! I will follow you."

"I've heard that you go a long way off,
Clear to the deep, deep sea,
On which the great ships sail away
To another strange country."

And throwing away his gathered flowers,
His little feet at first flew;
'You need not think,' he merrily cried,
'That I can't keep pace with you.'

He stumbled on the rolling stones,
And over a fallen tree,
But he paused not in the eager haste
Of his journey to the sea,

Until his little weary feet
Must needs be stop and rest;
And he threw himself upon the grass
As the sun sank in the west.

'You needn't think you can run away,'
To the rushing brook he cries,
'For I'll soon be up and after you!'
Then closed his weary eyes.

And off to dream-land he quickly went,
And knew not that the night had come,
And that the mother who loved him well
Was weeping for him at home.

Or that his father and faithful dog
Were searching the valley wide,
For the little boy lying under the stars,
By the rushing-wild brook's side.

After weary hours of anxious search,
There is joy in the father's heart,
For over the valley there comes the sound
Of the faithful dog's glad bark.

With eager steps he hastens on,
And soon by the brook he finds
His little boy sleeping beneath the stars,
Chilled by the cold night wind.

And clasping him closely to his heart,
He bears him safely home
To the mother anxiously waiting there
To claim her wandering son.

And while she bathed his bruised feet
And gave him his milk and bread,
She looked in the depths of his wistful eyes
And gently to him said:

"My little lamb must stay in the fold
Until he has older grown,
For the path of the little rambling brook
Is with many dangers strewn.

"It dashes wildly down mountain sides,
And falls from the dizzy height,
And oft in caverns dark and deep
Is lost for awhile from sight.

"Then rest content, my little one,
In the home where a mother's love
And a father's care would guard you well
And keep you from longing to rove."

When Tommy Shanter Broke His Record.

His name is Tam O'Shanter, but Little Gold Freckles calls him Tommy Shanter, which suits him very well. He is silver gray all over, and has long, soft hair, and a tail to be proud of. You could tell at first sight that Tommy Shanter came from blue-blooded ancestors.

Little Gold Freckles says he's the "Angriest cat that ever was." But that isn't all—dear me, no!

Tommy Shanter has a "record,"—you've heard of people with "records," and wonderful horses with mysterious figures after their names, like 2:09 or 2:10½? Well, Tommy Shanter's "record" in Little Gold Freckles' notebook reads like this, in fine, big characters:

"Thursday, Tomy Shanter jumped 7:3 (seven feet and three inches). Friday, Tomy Shanter jumped 7:7½. Monday, Tomy Shanter jumped 8 feet."

Little Gold Freckles carries the record around in one of his trousers' pockets, and pulls it out with a flourish to show to everybody he knows.

"Yes, sir," he says, "eight feet this morning, at twenty minutes past ten! Tommy Shanter's a jumper!"—he spells it with a "j" when he says it.

"You don't say eight feet?" the minister exclaims, or the corner grocer, or the soap-fat man, or somebody else.

"Eight feet! Why I'll give you a dollar for that cat, Nicholas—C. O. D."

Then, of course, Nicholas—that's his out-of-doors name—looks indignant at the idea of selling Tommy Shanter even for a dollar.

"Why, he's a trick cat, Tommy Shanter is, and soon he gets so he can jump 8:6—that's eight feet and a half, you know,—then I'm going to charge 'mission to him."

The "record" grew to 8:2, and then to 8:4, and then one day Little Gold Freckles was taken sick, and everybody went around the house on tip-toes, and there was a sweet-faced nurse in a white cap, who carried steaming things upstairs in pretty bowls.

Tommy Shanter went around softly on his little padded toes, but he would not jump. There was no Little Gold Freckles to hold out his hands and call, "Come, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy."

It was plain enough that the great gray cat missed his little master, for by and by he refused to eat much, and spent most of his time near Little Gold Freckles' door.

The day that the white-capped nurse looked gravest, and everybody cried when they ran across any of Little Gold Freckles' battered toys,—that day Tommy Shanter crept up close to the door and lay there quietly all day. But the other day—the next day, when everybody went tip-toeing around the house smiling at each other,—well, Little

Gold Freckles' father thinks Tommy Shanter smiled, too, that day! But he would not jump.

Two weeks afterward, one fine day—oh, what a fine day it was!—Little Gold Freckles' door opened and a procession came out. First there was the sweet-faced nurse, and then the grandmothers and aunts and uncles, and then mamma and papa.

There was something very white and frail and weak in papa's arms. How could it have been Little Gold Freckles, when all the little gold freckles were gone? But Tommy Shanter thought it was. He rubbed and rubbed and rubbed his soft, gray coat against papa's legs, and talked glad, excited purr-language. "Oh, but I'm glad you've come back!" it said. "I was beginning to get discouraged—it was so lonesome!"

And then the little white, frail thing in papa's arms reached out its arms and cried out, in Little Gold Freckles' language,—so it was Little Gold Freckles; you see, Tommy Shanter was right:

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy Shanter, it's you! Put him on the table, papa—I want him to jump. And, oh, Tommy Shanter, please break it all to swashes!"

And Tommy Shanter "broke it,"—his record, I mean. He poised on the edge of the table and measured the distance carefully, then away he darted across the gap to Little Gold Freckles, and landed lightly on papa's empty shoulder.

"There!" cried Little Gold Freckles, proudly, when they had measured the splendid jump and put it down in the grimy little note-book like this—"8:6½." "There! didn't I tell you he could do it?"—Annie Hamilton Donnell in the Household.

Book Reviews.

Reminiscences—John Hooker.

Born to one of Connecticut's old families, married to Isabella, daughter of Lyman Beecher, a lawyer for thirty-six years, reporter of decisions for the supreme bench of his state, the author, by nature endowed and by environment fitted, has given to the world one of the most readable, instructive and pleasing of works.

In it are enough of adventure to please a boy: he tells in the beginning how he was captured by pirates, and later something of his travels. Then for the thinker there is much food in his remarks on the issues of the day. Historically, as connected with the abolition movement and later with woman's struggle for her rights, his reminiscences are of great value, since they deal with the leaders in both movements from personal contact, sympathy for their views and co-operation in their efforts.

Now at the age of eighty-four he keeps in touch with questions of the hour, and it may be of interest to all to know how this man, so well qualified to speak concerning all matters that have to do with legislation and the laws, thinks concerning capital and labor.

In the bitter controversy between laborers and employers, my sympathies have been with the laboring class, who, I think, do not get a fair share of the product of their labor. I have spoken and written on their side, asserting their right to strike where they have any just cause of complaint.

Of taxation he says: "I have come to think favorably of the principle of laying but one tax, and that on real estate, the burden becoming justly distributed over the entire community in the rents they pay and in the cost of the products of the land, while the landowner would be largely relieved by the exemption of his personal property, and there would be no room for the evasions that make the burden of taxation fall so unequally, as well as add seriously to the burden of searching for property and of collecting the taxes."

Judge Hooker does not seem to be of those disposed to quit thinking at sixty, no matter to what age they live.

Note the beginning of his brief article on "Woman Suffrage." "The admission of woman to an absolute political equality with men is so sure to come, and that at a not distant day, that I do not care to use any of my space in its advocacy. . . . Nothing stands in its way but prejudice and the selfish schemes of politicians, and both will yield to the constant pressure of the advancing reform."

Although a life long member of the Congregationalist Church and connected with a family of preachers, our author is an avowed Spiritualist, and the chapter on "Spiritualism" is worth the price of the book. Of it he says in introduction:

"More than twenty years ago I became convinced, upon the fullest and most careful examination, that Modern Spiritualism is based on fact, and is of great importance."

He deals with the subject carefully and logically, as he would a case being tried before him, with a mind schooled to weigh, divide, classify, then group and summarize. He tells why he is a Spiritualist and why he thinks it of value.

The book is filled with cleverly told anecdotes, about men who have helped to mould legislation and make history. The author's vein of wit is a broad one, carrying rich "pay dirt," and well repays any one that seeks for clean, wholesome wealth of laughter.

A few quotations of the many that might as well be made, will show how the judge was ever ready to seize on whatever had a ludicrous side, and elaborate it that all could appreciate its worth.

"Dogs and dog fights, in dogged ways,
To sing my epic muse essays;
Be mine the labor, hers the praise.

"Beneath October's mellow sun,
In Westchester a deed was done;
Oh, deeds of deeds! oh, sight of sights!
One bull-dog with another fights!

"As from the rape of Helen grew
The war which mighty Troy o'erthrew,
So here, a bull-dog shook a pup,
Another bull-dog straight took up
The quarrel; and the two dogs fought
As dogs on such occasions ought.

"Meantime their masters swore and hollar'd;
Then each the other struck and collar'd;
One broken head, one bloody paw,
The parties part, and go to law."

MORAL.

"My tale has this impressive moral
Never back up your dog in quarrel."

A GOOD THING DONE BY A PLUMBER.

"The pipes of the palace got leaky,
And the King for a plumber sent;
The plumber was smart and cheeky
And with ominous smile he went.

"For he kept plumbing, that plumber,
And perhaps he is plumbing still;
But you never saw a man dumber
Than the King when he saw his bill.

"The King was in deadly strife
With another King near by,
At a dreadful cost of life
And drain on the treasury.

"But he forthwith stop't that war;
'Twas the best thing he could do;
For he couldn't raise money for
The war and the plumber too."

Even as a boy at church he could but see the fun that could be had from some of the sayings and doings.

His reminiscences of famous men are candid, pleasing and fair. His morality is of the highest, not of the namby pamby sort, but vigorous, positive and practical. As a book of common reading to take up for a short time, it has no superior, and while taken as a whole, the work may be considered biographical, yet each chapter is complete and readily understood.

Only in the highest terms of praise can I speak justly of the book: its reading has afforded me much pleasure, and whoever peruses its pages can but be attracted by the natural, easy, elegant presentation of whatever subject the author treats.

I subjoin as a finish of close his article on "Spiritualism."

"The fact that Spiritualism has firmly established itself in our skeptical and materialistic age; that it has continuously grown and developed for nearly forty years; that by mere weight of evidence, and in spite of the most powerful prepossessions, it has compelled recognition by an ever-increasing body of men in all classes of society, and has gained adherents in the highest ranks of science and philosophy; and finally, that despite abuse and misrepresentation, the folly of enthusiasts and the knavery of impostors, it has rarely failed to convince those who have made a thorough and painstaking investigation, and has never lost a convert thus made—all this affords a conclusive answer to the objections so commonly urged against it."

A. C. Smith.

WORDS THAT BURN.—Lida Briggs Browne.

Emerson's statement—"Those books of our circulating libraries that circulate are those dealing with the theme of love"—being true, "Words That Burn" should be a most popular and well circulated novel. It has a marriage in its first chapter and four others to enliven the balance of the book.

Because of this frequency of marriage, thus changing or transferring of interest to different persons, one cannot say that there is either hero or heroine in the story; no one man and one woman dominating throughout.

A young American traveler meets in France the family of an English lord. The daughter of the nobleman overhears her father berating the American for daring to ask the privilege of telling the young woman of his love; the girl comes forward, avows her love for the man her father called a "whippersnapper," gets herself disowned, is denied the privilege of saying good-bye to her invalid mother, marries, and sails at once for the New World. Arrived in New York, she finds herself to be the wife of the only son of one of our merchant kings; and that so far as position and condition goes, her husband is the equal of her father.

The husband's family are vegetarians; the mother is interested in charity work, and the father, a devoted husband, gladly furnishes financial aid in the support of the wife's plans. Here the authoress introduces the abused wife of a count, and gives some good wholesome advice to American girls about wedding titled foreigners; but seems to accept Englishmen, as she later marries two fair daughters of America with their millions to two lords.

A brother of the disowned daughter is killed when partially under the influence of liquor; the mother dies; the father threatens to disinherit his only remaining child, a bright young Oxford man, for coming to see his sister.

Into the home of the first married couple comes a little daughter with psychic powers, and her experiences give the story its interest as a spiritualistic book.

The father's threat to disinherit the son was a threat only. The young man becomes possessed of the family estates and the father's title, falls in with a college friend in Colorado, and each carries home to England a wife possessed of fabulous wealth. The one-time lover of the mother of our first-wed, traveling in America, whence he came from military service in India, is attracted by the resemblance of the child medium to his early love and is much affected to learn that she bears the name and is the granddaughter of his love of early days. He comes to spend his last days with the family of his love, and to her leaves his mines and millions.

Throughout, the book is written in a spirit of earnest, cleanly charity; right living is urged, the value of good thoughts is taught as a health measure, the work of the Redston Club is praised, the good growing out of a co-operative society is shown as a result of an effort to help the poor. Charity is the thought of the ladies of the novel; it is more praised by its treatment than I think it deserves. Charity is good, but justice is far better, and would, if enthroned, emancipate mankind from those conditions that make the deeds of charity commendable. Some of the utterances are hardly in touch with the spirit of pure democracy, since they seem to rank English peerage above American citizenship. The dramatic probabilities are not always observed.

"Words That Burn" are heard by the father after his family have been driven from him and he by disease is incapable of mingling with the world, and in the rush of life forgets his real loneliness; then his former associates, now arisen, his wife of the number, visit him to teach and aid. The teachings are headed and he forgives both daughter and son, and dies at peace with the world.—Cloth \$1.50. A. C. Smith.

OSTEOPATHY COMPLETE.—Elmer D. Barber, D. O., Graduate of the American School of Osteopathy.
This is a scientific and entertaining work on the subject of healing the sick without drug medication; a manipulation of the body by the hands alone. Taking the ground that the human body is a finely adjusted machine, it shows that with a proper knowledge of anatomy and symptomatology of disease one can properly adjust the machine so that sickness is banished and the body returned to its normal condition of health and strength. It is a valuable work both in the hands of the osteopathic student and the layman alike. To the masseur and magnetic healer it is invaluable. The more such works are in the homes of the people, the less disease will prevail. All should remember that "The greatest study of mankind is Man." In putting this valuable work in the hands of the people, Dr. Barber has conferred a lasting benefit upon mankind.—C. E. L. Published by Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co., Kansas City, Mo. For sale at this office.

Literary Note.

The radical difference between the spirit of Paganism and that of Christianity has been often insisted upon, as if the doctrines of Christ had essentially changed human nature, but Mr. F. Marion Crawford is of those who think that some of the virtues and qualities which we are apt to consider the direct results of Christian teachings, were in reality developed from a Pagan ideal, imperfect

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

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though that may have been. He has brought this out in a very interesting way in his new book on Sicily, Calabria and Malta which he calls "The Rulers of the South," and which The Macmillan Company have on the press for immediate publication.

A Great College Year.

(From the Saturday Evening Post.)

This will be the greatest college year that the United States or any other country has ever known. The Saturday Evening Post has taken some trouble to collect the returns from the different institutions of the country, and there is scarcely an exception to the report of an unprecedented increase in the number of students. This affects not only the Universities, so called, but all the colleges of every class and size throughout the Union.

During and after all periods of prosperity the private schools and the colleges secure an increased membership, for the evident reason that people are better prepared to pay for the instruction of their children. That the figures have this year gone far beyond anything ever before known is, of course, largely accounted for by the increase in population; but, while allowing fully for all that, it is still true that the number has greatly exceeded any former proportion in the population statistics of the country.

The great thing is that the rush for higher education was never so strong or so general as it is in the present day.

Paragraphs.

The November number of the Review of Reviews marks the culmination of the Presidential campaign of 1900. Its various departments—"The Progress of the World," "Record of Current Events," "Cartoons," and "Leading Articles of the Month"—summarize the things worth remembering in connection with the political contests of the year in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, while contributed articles describe in detail the campaign methods employed in Chicago, New York and London, and the rudimentary party organizations of Porto Rico. Its editorial treatment of current politics has given the Review a unique distinction among American magazines.

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By W. H. BACH. This book is written for the express purpose of instructing mediums, and those who wish to develop mediumship, how to sit to assist the influences in bringing about the desired results. The methods required to bring about the different results are explained, with instructions for preparing any necessary devices. It contains a résumé of the history of Mediumship, and the investigator who is seeking information concerning the different phases of Spirit Manifestations will find them very clearly defined in this work. OBSESSION is treated in a practical way, and complete instructions are given for avoiding the influence of obsessing spirits and for breaking their control. MESMERISM is treated in a clear, concise manner, and complete instructions are given for using this marvelous power to assist the development of mediumship, and, by following it up, to become a first class mesmerist. Pamphlet, 25 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

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The Massachusetts State Association

Will hold a mass meeting in Lynn, Tuesday, Nov. 13, all day and evening, at Cadet Hall, 28 Market Street.

We have arranged for a splendid array of talent. Among those expected are: Mr. H. H. Barrett, Dr. G. A. Fuller, Mrs. C. F. Loring, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mr. J. S. Searlett, Mrs. May S. Pepper, Mrs. E. I. Webster, Mrs. Dr. Caird, Members of Clinton Orchestra and local talent. Be sure and be present. Take the train that leaves the Union Station (Causeway Street) at 9:20 a. m.

Don't forget the day.—Tuesday, Nov. 13,—at Lynn.

Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes in Washington, D. C.

This well-known lady speaker has been filling an engagement with the First Society of Spiritualists in this city during October.

She is a veteran worker—one of the "Old Guard" of whom but a few now remain. Enlisting voluntarily in the Spiritual Cause even in her girlhood, nearly all her life has been devoted to the advocacy of its principles. Ever found at her post, she has been a faithful, consistent, loyal public exponent of the Ministry of Angels, for upwards of forty years.

Her public discourses, while illustrating the distinctive phases of the Spiritual Philosophy, are notable for their practical and humanitarian character. No one can apply or appropriate the truths she preaches, without being personally improved thereby. Her inspirers never lose sight of the fact that those to whom they address themselves, are children of earth, while yet holding eternal relations with life beyond.

On the evening of Oct. 12, Mrs. Byrnes was tendered a reception at the hospitable home of Mrs. Chapman, where, supplementing her own words, pertinent remarks were made by Mr. Wood, the President, and by Mr. Bacon, together with recitations from Mrs. Dr. Brannon, Mrs. Williams and Mr. S. K. Hall.

Mrs. Byrnes has been engaged to return here next season.

Miss Lucy C. McGee, Vice-Pres. of "The Order of the White Rose," comes in November.

G. A. B.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 29.

Spiritualism and Socialism.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I stayed four Sundays in Williamsport, Pa., being re-engaged after the first two Sundays' service. Our last meeting was well attended, and good feeling ruled. The society has engaged Reno Post—Grand Army Hall—for six months; and it is something to count on, as it is the first time that building has been let to any class for Sunday meetings. It is really a church; but now owned by the G. A. R., and pleasantly situated on Third street, with the present outlook, it ought to double the membership of the Spiritual Society in six months. Several joined the Society during my stay.

The newly elected President, Mr. Hess, is a capable man, and brings a pleasing presence into all he touches. The Vice-President, Mrs. Dinick, is a new recruit from the Church. After her almost miraculous cure of an "incurable" malady of twenty-five years' standing, by Mrs. R. W. Barton, she came out a pronounced Spiritualist, and is the wonder of all who knew her during her years of suffering. From one hundred pounds weight she has grown to one hundred and fifty within the short year since her restoration to health.

Mrs. Titus, the Secretary, is another recruit from the Church, and full of the light of the new Gospel and active in its service. No wonder the churches are jealous of Spiritualism and want to fence their victims in, and hold them by force and fear. Forty years ago they did that quite successfully, but it is no longer practical.

Spiritualism is in all the churches, and the clergy share liberally in its revelations and benedictions. But those still under the old eclipse cannot get the full measure of Spiritual light and truth, nor share largely in its blessings. But when the light melts away the horrors of a lifetime, and the angels touch with their magic wand the sick and suffering and lift them into glad and glorious liberty and health, they realize that Spiritualism has virtues not to be realized in the church. Nevertheless, the Church has done and is doing much for the world, and many of its lessons might be studied with profit by Spiritualists. As a religious system it has a growth, steady, natural, and full of promise. If they fall short of much that we enjoy, it is their loss, temporarily, and we should not scold, or blame them for not being born out of time.

The religious sentiment and spiritual ideals of life here and hereafter have been nourished by the Church, in spite of all its crudities, dogmas, and unchristian intolerance and persecutions. If they are jealous of our encroachments and influence to draw their support away, we need not entertain any resentment if they seem to act unjustly or unkindly towards us. They are evolving and must have time to grow, and we can help them by showing interest in their work and a fair spirit towards all their conflicting dogmas and inconsistencies, remembering that we, too, may be inconsistent and unreasonable to them, and also in reality. A well-developed Spiritualist is a typical liberal, and shows a generous toleration of all differences of opinion, with all varieties of cults.

Williamsport has a large sprinkling—if not a downpouring—of Socialism. But those who do not try to understand what Socialism is, are likely to entertain prejudice against the name, and all that is associated with it. It is, in its proper interpretation, the gospel of fellowship, human equality, universal justice, and government predicated upon the nature, needs and rights of all men—and some women! Socialism would have the government truly represent the people—not the nabobs, titled nobility, ruling combines, personal wills of fortune's favorites, and recipients of a thousand years of accumulated riches, lux-

uries, idleness, and debauchery, but the whole people locally and justly represented; and these to own and conduct all public affairs. Not alone the schools, post-offices, and great fighting armies, but the railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and all other public enterprises that are for the general good of the whole people.

Is there anything grotesque or unnatural in this? This idea is growing everywhere and will probably become the real issue in political campaigns in the near future. The Socialists have, just now, a singular theory. They do not like the Republican rule. They regard it as favoring trusts, monopolies, and the rule of gold, to the enslaving of men. But they will not vote against it! Why? They reason that another four years of Republican rule will bring such a pressure of iron-clad authority and gold aristocracy, that it will force a revolution and thus more quickly emancipate the working millions, and establish a "Government of the people, for the people, by the people."

They think that the election of Bryan at this juncture would so modify and palliate the growing despotism, that the people would acquiesce and continue to submit to much wrong in the hope that further improvements in the same direction would peacefully settle all difficulties and establish a righteous government "in the sweet by and by." But all of this had no part in our Spiritual work, except that Spiritualism always touches the vital cords of civilization with appeals for more love, justice, and humanity in all our lives; and this thoroughly developed in the people will evolve a righteous government, as fast as the changes can grow, and statutes be modified to meet the divine ideal.

A Vision.

BY G. W. KATES.

"As I sat reading the report of the National Spiritualist Association, a lovely vision was given me.

"The blue heavens seemed to open and let down a galaxy of stars linked together in the form of a great star. The stars shone bright like the brightest of silver, with three golden links attaching each star to the center one that sparkled and glowed like a beautiful diamond.

"This immense star hanging like a great pendant, sparkling and glowing, came slowly down to the lately acquired home in the lovely city of the East. The people of earth seemed to receive this star (representing Spiritual Association), with great joy, holding aloft silvery banners and singing.

"A voice said to me: 'Keep this star ever in its resplendent beauty.'

"The links at the point of each star were in readiness for another band of stars that will soon encircle and enlarge the parent star. Shining faces were above the scene, peering out of the blue dome of the heavens. The guardian of all seemed to be a woman. A halo of brightness was around the picture."

The above was sent to me by a medium in Winona, Minn., and is a prophecy of good for the N. S. A., that I feel is to be realized. We are now adding the new missionary stars, and hope this year that new clusters will be created by state associations. We need every corner of the earth to enter the galaxy of truth, and trust that the N. S. A. shall gather in every fair state of our nation.

Eightieth Anniversary Celebration at Parkland.

BY ELIZABETH FISH.

On the evening of Sept. 24, friends and neighbors of Mrs. Mary J. Fife, met at her home at Parkland, Pa., to celebrate the eightieth anniversary of her birth. Mrs. Fife has long been a Spiritualist, and through the mediumship of her dear friend and companion, Mrs. Mary J. Jennings, very often receives assurance of the presence of dear ones that have left her mortal shell.

Beautiful thoughts suitable to the occasion were voiced by the Hon. Thomas M. Locke, Mrs. Mary J. Jennings, Mrs. Alloway, Mrs. E. Cutler and others. Refreshments were served to all. Fragrance of lovely flowers filled the rooms, and all felt it good to be there; that they had indeed enjoyed a feast of Spiritual food. The following original poem was given by Elizabeth Fish:

Eighty years ago tonight
To a mother's heart thou didst bring delight.
A father, too, rejoiced in another to love;
To him thou wast as a little dove.

Thy footsteps they guided so tenderly
Each day glided away all too swiftly.
Then changes came as for all;
From the Higher Life to them came a call.

Not Death, but change; for we know
The souls of mortals do grow;
They can not die, nor in the cold earth lie,
But take their flight to their abode on high.

New ties were formed, then, these two,
Seemed broken.
Yet thou dost receive many a token
Of thy continued love and thoughtful care.
This happiness from the realm of Light is thine share.

When to every earthly care thou dost bid adieu,
Those that greet thee will be more than a few.
In love and joy they'll give good cheer,
And soothe away all trace of every fear.

Into thy life sorrows and trials have come,
Yet thine has been more peaceful than some.
We come together here tonight
That all for thee may be more bright.

With unseen friends we'll unite
In good thoughts for thee tonight.
For thoughts are things that do our bidding true;
From the little acorn a great oak grew.
Sept. 30, 1900.

Col. Henry J. Horn.

Henry J. Horn, a respected citizen and a Spiritualist of the old school, for many years a resident of Washington, D. C., and Saratoga Springs, N. Y., passed into spirit life from the latter place, Oct. 23, at the advanced age of 83 years. Mr. Horn was a man of refinement and culture. His early life was devoted to art, studying many years in Europe; he was well known to New York artists. His spiritual philosophy was of the highest order. He had the good fortune to be one of the witnesses at the famous seances held in New York in 1847 where Andrew Jackson Davis gave to the world that wonderful address known as "Nature's Divine Revelations." M. B. Little of Glens Falls, N. Y., delivered an address at his funeral on the 25th ult.

There is a great deal of genuine rascality in this world that is wearing the colors of respectability because it has the cunning to pose as being legitimate. But if the law would cease throwing sand in the eyes of justice, this same legitimacy would be declared common, every-day grand larceny.—Prison Mirror.

The Vision Beautiful.

BY M. J. WOODWARD KEATHEKRE.

What a world of vision opens up to us every waking hour of the day, and how like blind leaders of the blind we see the vision and straightway forget it we have indeed seen anything. It is Saturday night, of all times when I would be at home and out of the turbid stream of living men that from under the shewway of shops and offices and business centers have come to the surface of their miserable lives.

Suddenly I hear a salutation, and as quickly a familiar face is frowning me. Like a piece of drifting wood again it is the form of one I met floating helplessly amid storm six months and more ago. "How do you do?" I said. "Oh, I don't do at all; I don't try to do any more; I'm tired of the whole business of trying to live. I get so discouraged. How can one live with the whole world against him?" and in the half light between day and dark, I recognized the Magdalene. Half rebellious at her fate, one confession of helplessness followed another, as if she sought in me the Saviour of Men. "You remember the jerseys that used to be worn. Well, do you know I must have something to keep me from the cold, and I'm going to get me something like this black cotton stuff, and by using it on the bias, I think I can make a proper fit for myself. Oh! but it's so hard pulling one's self through so many distresses."

I, so slow of speech, but thinking much, sought to comfort her. What I said I scarcely know. I had but a little while before gathered up what clothes I could for the pitiable Galveston few who had not been washed into the sea. My last winter's cloak I had parted with, for one who needed it more than I; a warm winter suit I had just given to a poor minister's wife, and scarcely a thing seemed left to me but what was absolutely needful for my own comfort. Tired of life, almost rebellious at what seemed God's forgetfulness of her, she looked to me seemingly for help. I tried to advise; to pour the balm of healing, like the Samaritan that I would be, and this was but one of the dry leaves that the autumn winds had blown from their summer heights of freshness and beauty. Just for a few autumn days they rustle at our feet, and broken by the winds of adversity, they are whirled out of sight and forgotten, and we "wash our hands in innocence," though our streets are full of these hungry, discouraged, tolling people.

Only a few hours away, the morning breaks. It is Sunday, and the chime of the church bells calls out the worshipful. I look for the last night's throng, but they are not there. The great procession moves on, with the tolling of the bells. Ladies of fashion, men of rank, women of taste and culture, people of character and worth of all sorts and conditions of life are pressing on "to enter his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise," or, to go through a perfunctory service in his name. But the common people, they of low degree, the sinners for whom the Christ came, where are they? One is doing her general cooking for the week to come, for the hours in the shops leave small time for such necessities. The mother who has been off all the week, doing other people's washing and cleaning and sewing, has this one day of rest for reunion with her little family. This day the laboring father and the tolling mother reckon up their little gains; they fly up the home for the week to come and linger over the tea-cups. Even the poor minister who has for the time being become unseated from his parish, falls into the category of these waiting for hire, and the little wife who has bravely turned maid of all work, smiles a little sad smile as her little girls hasten down the street to Sunday school in their dainty but belated summer gowns, laundered late of Saturday night. Which of all these, I ask, are the consecrated lives, for all cannot go up to the temple to worship?

I called to mind the little thread that is passed from hand to hand among the brethren, and how, within the circle, is the Ark of the Covenant, the Holy of Holies, and how in the silence they meet God and talk with Him face to face. Who knows, I said to myself, but what in this Brotherhood of consecrated lives there may not be many of those whom the world calls sinners, and some ex-cluded that are reputed saints? for to work in that sphere to which we are called, to help one another to work for the highest good in simplicity and honesty and truth, is the vision beautiful, so

I saw what seemed foretaste of Heaven.
The vision beautiful,
Where high and low and rich and poor
Were one in heart and life,
Who sought no more for place and power
But the good in place of strife.

Miss Lilian Whiting's Faith.

In a recent issue of the New York World, in an article on "Babists," a new Oriental sect, the statement was made that Miss Lilian Whiting, the author of "The World Beautiful," is a believer in "Babism," and one of the latest to return from Syria. As the publishers of Miss Whiting's books, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. desire to state that this assertion is absolutely unfounded. Miss Whiting had never even heard the name of "Babism" until her return from Paris, and she has never been to Egypt or Syria, but divided last winter between Rome and Florence. She was born and bred in the Episcopal Communion, to whose faith she is unfalteringly allied.

"The 'open door' regime that Bro. Wiggin has instituted at Berkeley Hall Sunday meetings, is a decided improvement on the ten-cent door fee. Compulsory taxation is always distasteful to 'free-speech' loving people, and as our worthy co-worker is not engaged in 'a dime show' business, it was a good thing to abolish the entrance fee, and rely upon a long-tried religious custom of selling seats, and taking voluntary contributions. Salvation may be free, but somebody must pay rent, preacher, and singer, and all who have secured salvation gratis, can afford to give as freely as they have received, to pay for incidentals.

Dean Clarke still stays and holds the fort, while the editors are at work of another sort.

Just as we go to press, we learn of the transition to a more glorious life of Giles B. Stebbins, one of the oldest and most prominent Spiritualists in America. Next week we will speak of him more at length.

Those sources of enjoyment should be developed which never die. The test is, your measurement when human restraints are no more.—Ex.

For Nervous Women.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. J. B. Alexander, Charlotte, N. C., says: "It is pleasant to the taste, and ranks among the best of nerve tonics for nervous females."



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Dr. J. M. Peebles, the great scientist, who has given to the world his psychic science, which places in mankind a tremendous vital and MAGNETIC FORCE, and which not only DISPELS DISEASE of every nature from man and woman, but at the same time so STRENGTHENS and FORTIFIES the constitution that DISEASE CANNOT EXIST.

This grand benefactor to the sick and weak has been honored as has no other scientist known to man; for his life-long service in behalf of suffering humanity he has been made a Fellow of the Anthropological Society of London, Eng., and Honorary Member of the Academy of Art and Science of Naples, Italy, and a Fellow of the Academy of Science, New Orleans, La., and also in recognition of his superior accomplishments, was appointed by the National Arbitration League to the International Peace Commission in Europe. But what he prizes above all is to live with the knowledge that after fifty years of scientific researches he is at last able to place a science before the world where diseases can be cured, no matter how hopeless the case may seem, for there is no doubt but that treatment through his science, which does away with DRASTIC and POISONOUS DRUGS, will bring you within the SUNSHINE of HOPE and HEALTH. In addition to treatment of psychic force, the patients receive a mild medicine, which is prepared in Dr. Peebles' laboratory, and which is made of roots and herbs, prepared by the most scientific processes. It is this combination of PHYSICAL and PSYCHIC treatment which has brought about cures that have AS TOUNDED the medical profession on TWO CONTINENTS. You may take his treatment in the PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME, as it is absolutely a home treatment and DISTANCE IS NO BAR. Mrs. J. W. Henderson, of St. Johns, Washington, who suffered for years with pain in the ovaries and uterine weakness, was entirely cured by the Peebles treatment. Mrs. C. Harris, Mariouville, Pa., says she cannot express too much gratitude for the results received through Dr. Peebles' treatment. She suffered for years from falling of the womb. Francis Waverling, Seattle, Washington, suffered for twenty years with a severe case of Catarrh; was completely cured through the Psychio treatment. L. A. Lord, Blaworth, Wis., was permanently cured of dyspepsia and nervousness. George H. Weeks, of 53 Minerva street, Cleveland, Ohio, sends heartfelt thanks for restoration of health after suffering from nervous prostration and insomnia; says he now enjoys restfulness and sleeps sound every night. Mrs. Mary A. Clair, Lexington, Ky., after thirty years' continual suffering from epilepsy and trying to be cured by eminent physicians, writes: "Two months of your treatment has made earth almost a heaven to me." Hundreds upon hundreds of testimonials like the above have been received. Dr. Peebles' psychic phenomena is the GRANDEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. If you will send your name and address, also leading symptoms, to Dr. J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek, Mich., you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE a complete DIAGNOSIS of your case, also advice and the Doctor's different booklets, which should be in the hands of all who prize HEALTH and HAPPINESS.

At the earnest request of hundreds of my friends and former patients, I have prepared a Course of Lessons on the Psychio Science. This Course of Lessons includes Psychic Healing, Vital and Personal Magnetism, Intuition, and like occult subjects. In its wide scope it not only teaches its pupils how to cure themselves, but at the same time teaches them how to heal others of disease and how to be successful in their every venture, be it for Political, Commercial, or Social ascendancy.

The course is so plain that any one who will take it up as a profession and give his time and attention to it can make a grand success in its practice. These lessons not only teach you how to heal disease, but they also teach Personal Magnetism, through which you can silently influence those about you, so as to acquire influence, friends, prosperity, success in business, in fact, anything that you want. The course will be worth many times the price you pay for it, simply to cure yourself and increase your ability and eliminate any bad habits, such as the drink habit, tobacco habit, sexual excesses, etc. The entire course of instructions is taught by mail, and you can master every point in this science in the seclusion of your own home without loss of time in attending to your business. For further information, address

DR. J. M. PEEBLES, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Oct. 6.

In Re the Convention of the N. S. A. at Cleveland, Ohio.

BY ELIZABETH F. KURTH.

No doubt many or nearly all the members and friends of the local societies connected or interested in the National, have read the full and complete report of the recent convention in last week's Banner. Yet there are many pleasant incidents connected with this convention, its surroundings, its happenings, who were present, the good feeling maintained from beginning to end, to imbue the mind of every delegate, and cast upon them a lasting impression, long after they have returned to their respective homes, and said good bye and an adieu to each other.

As a most pleasant reminder we recall the beautiful hall of the Chamber of Commerce, the appearance of the platform, adorned with potted plants, ferns, palms, and beautiful flowers, upon the centre of which stood both of the Editors of our prominent spiritual papers, Harrison D. Barrett, and Willard J. Hull, the latter assisting in a most becoming and gracious manner, the president of the National Association.

At the side table were seated the faithful companion of our President, Mrs. Marguerite Barrett, and that indefatigable worker, Mr. T. C. L. Evans. At the reporter's table we find Mr. Theodore J. Mayer, the great philanthropist of Washington, D. C., Mrs. M. T. Longley, Mrs. Carrie Twing, Mr. W. C. Hodge, Mrs. Carrie Hatch, and last, but not least, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader.

On the floor of the convention, among those who took the most active part in all the debates, we recognize Professor Lockwood, Dr. Peebles, Moses and Mattie Hull, Mrs. R. S. Little of California, Mrs. Stewart of Wisconsin, Mr. Locke, Mr. Stevens, Miss Maggie Gaulle of New York, Mr. Bach, Judge Dunn, and many others too numerous to mention. The debates and sharp yet timely replies of Judge Dunn, kept the whole convention on the qui vive, and were much enjoyed by every one present. The debates, pro and con, regarding the publishing of the reports, free of charge to the Association, were enjoyed hugely, and we can safely say, a convention held without the presence of Judge Dunn, would be like playing on an instrument with one or more of the keys missing.

The attendance at the evening meetings was indeed a grand sight, the hall packed to the very doors with a refined and intelligent audience, that not only appreciated all the speakers and mediums, but helped to raise inside of twenty minutes, the sum of eleven hundred dollars for an endowment fund.

At the day meeting, while the convention was in session, the sum of seven hundred dollars was raised to complete the ten thousand dollars of the Mayer fund, this collection being started and carried through with a vim by that grand and noble hearted man, Alonzo Thompson of Nebraska, after which Mr. Theodore Mayer presented the deed of the Spiritual headquarters at Washington, D. C., to the President of the Association.

The Hatch family still maintain the reputation, and deserve it too, of bringing to every convention the largest Eastern delegation, and it was expressed by many present, that if the Hatches laid down their work, there would certainly be a vacancy felt all through the convention. It may be remarked right here, that we never before had more beautiful badges than at this convention, something we also owe to Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., of Boston, Mass.

And now that the convention is over, all officers elected again, Mr. Locke and Mr. Stevens, two of the best workers in our Cause, filling vacancies occurring, let us remember that the next convention will be at Washington, D. C., and will, after all, be the most interesting one on record, inasmuch as it will mean the dedication of the Spiritual headquarters. Let us hope that we may all meet again in 1901, and be able to bring many members and friends with us from our local societies, to make this the grandest effort of our lives, and to continue our work in the future, a comfort to all, and a blessing to mankind.

Brooklyn, Oct. 29.

You may not believe it, nevertheless it is gospel truth, that a marriage has just taken place between Miss Sarah Ann Love and Mr. William Joseph Dearlove. This most obvious remark is, of course, this was a love match and the union will prove blissful.—Ex.

No doubt, if the woman is honest, their children will be "love children;" and if the name is not a misnomer, man and wife will have a perpetual "love-feast." May Mr. Dearlove ever husband the love of Sarah Ann—then all will be lovely.

PAINT TALKS XXXIV.

Concerning Linseed Oil.

It may be possible that in time something superior to linseed oil for painting purposes will be discovered; it may be that even now something better is known—but for practical, every-day needs, strictly pure linseed oil is the most important item that goes to the making of good paint. Probably half the defects of modern paints of the better grades is traceable to impure linseed oil.

Linseed oil dries by oxidation, while of the common adulterants, the vegetable oils do not dry at all, while the mineral oils and rosin oils dry very slowly, by evaporation. With adulterants of the first class the paint remains soft and with the decay of the oil crumbles away; while the evaporation of the second class of adulterants leaves the paint spongy and absorbent.

No matter how good the pigment, adulterated oil will convert it into poor paint. Therefore it behooves the consumer to see, first that he buys his oil of a dealer whom he can trust, and secondly, that the oil supplied comes from a legitimate crusher of flaxseed.

Linseed oil being so important as a factor in making good paint, it follows that the pigments, generally speaking, that absorb the most of it, make the most durable paint. Lamp black, which requires many times its own weight of oil to fit it for application with a brush, is known to be unsurpassed in this respect, and zinc white, which takes seventy-five per cent. of its weight of linseed oil to fit it for use, owes its great durability largely to this fact.

Where linseed oil can be obtained without risk of adulteration, probably the most satisfactory results are obtained by buying combination paste paints based on zinc white, and thinning for use with raw oil; but where this assurance cannot be had, it is perhaps generally safer to buy one of the pure oil ready mixed brands of known quality.

Stanton Dudley.

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MRS. M. H. BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1312, Chicago, Ill. Oct. 29.

Mrs. N. E. Colby.

MENTAL HEALER, Point Shirley Winthrop, Mass. Aug. 4.

E. A. BLACKDEN—Magnetic Healer, Writ- ing Medium and Psychometrist; translates ancient languages; readings by mail, or sittings, \$1. 616 Tremont st. Oct. 27.

ASTROLOGER BEARSE—Editor (Astrological Journal), oldest in America, 172 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Horoscope, consultation, writings or advice free to new subscribers. Oct. 27.

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BY HARRY HUGHES

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SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and are given in the presence of other members of THE BANNER staff.

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the BANNER OF LIGHT as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight whenever it is made known to the world.

In the cause of Truth, will you kindly assist us in finding those to whom the following messages are addressed? Many of them are not Spiritualists, or subscribers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, hence we ask each of you to be a missionary for your particular locality.

Report of Seance held Oct. 11, 1900, S. E. 53.

Invocation.

O Father, Spirit of love and truth in whom we abide, in whom we trust, from whom we came and to whom we go, we stand this hour realizing our dependence on Thee. Whatever may have come to us to give us pride in our own strength, our own attainments, at this hour we feel the dependence of a child upon a parent and ask that the loving care, the spiritual light may be given to us as we ask and as we can receive. Help us to understand more fully our kinship with all men; help us to be more patient with their shortcomings; help us to look with kinder thought and with more courage on the sin and sorrow in the world, and may we, when these things are made plain to us, stand ever ready and strong with the same support for them that Thou hast given unto us. We should not be lifted out of our sorrows or our misconceptions, but we would strive ever to grow to the Light, and as we need the strength of love and tenderness and understanding made manifest unto us, so we would give unto these, Thy children, wherever they may be, under whatever flag they may be marching, however dark or lowly they may seem; we would lighten their pathway with the love of our sympathy.—Amen.

MESSAGES.

Hattie Tibbets.

The first spirit that I see is a young lady about twenty years old. She is medium height and rather slender. Her hair is dark brown, her eyes are blue with dark lashes and brows. She has a thin face and small mouth and such a pitiful expression on her face as though she were seeking to do something she didn't quite understand. As she comes to me, she says: "Oh, will you please say that my name is Hattie Tibbets and that I came from Saco, Me." She desires very much to get to her mother, whose name is Lucy, and who still lives in the place where she passed out. "Sometimes," she says, "I go there and find my mother going to church and trying to get a comfort from that for the tribulations through which she is passing. It seems as if one thing after another of trouble has come into her life for the past five years, until now she doesn't understand what it all means, but I can tell her that I have seen Fred and he will be home before long and will brighten up her life quite a little. My father is in the spirit with me, and he is as anxious to come as I am, and says, 'Tell Lucy that he is sorry so much of the burden that he ought to have been bearing is laid on her shoulders, but that he hopes to be able through his influence to come near enough to her so that she will be sustained and strengthened even though she may not realize from what source her strength comes.'"

Henry Angell.

There comes now a man about fifty years old. He is short and stout, with short gray beard, blue eyes, and gray hair, with a bald spot on top. He is very plain spoken, and comes here in a matter of fact way; seems to understand more or less of this subject. He says: "Please say first that I came from Kansas City and that I had been looking into this matter some time before I came to the spirit. I haven't been over here very long. My name is Henry Angell, and I always made up my mind that if there was anything that I found was true, whether it coincided with my past conceptions or not, that was the thing for me to stand by, and although I hadn't gotten to the end of my investigations, or hadn't quite settled in my mind how much of the manifestations were of the spirit, I find here an answer to my questionings and would like to give this word to my own people that they may see that I am still alive and interested in the things that interested me before I came away. I found, first, my little boy who passed away many years ago, and, strange as it may seem, I felt that I should before I came. When he stepped up to me and told me who he was, it seemed as if all time had been annihilated, that I knew nothing but that he was my boy. His name is Fred, and he stands by me today, giving expression to his more spiritual thought while I send my word back into the midst of material things. I want most to reach Lizzie. She needs me, and many times when I see her struggling to make the most of her conditions, I feel like stepping up to her and saying, 'Lizzie, you are a brave woman, and I appreciate every effort you are making, but I do not want you to go to my grave so often or to think so much about the body which was put away, but rather to know that I am conscious of the things that you do and the needs that you have.'"

Freeman Webber.

Now I see a man six feet tall. His hair is very gray, he has a gray mustache and a strong looking face, and as he stands up here opposite me he gives a little smile and says:

"Ha, ha, it is my turn now, and I want to say that this is the happiest moment of my life that I am able to come back at all. I have been watching for a long time for this opportunity to speak, and it seemed that it would never come, and now while it is here and I understand how many things I can say, it seems almost impossible for me to be as explicit as I desire to. My name is Freeman Webber, and I came from Laconia, N. H. I would, if I could, go back into those conditions and tell the people what I think of this life and how closely it is bound to theirs. Josephine is the name of the woman I would speak to, and she often wonders what has become of me and why I do not make some sign to her. I know she wants to move away, but I think it would be better for her to stay where she is for the present. She could not make her conditions better by moving, but can better them where she is if she tries hard."

Mabel Palmer.

The next spirit is a girl not over sixteen years old. She is quite fair, with blue eyes, light brown hair, and a round, pretty face. She is not very tall, but rather plump, and as she comes up to me she has a cunning way of looking me all over as if she wonders if she can trust a message of so much importance to me; when she is told that she not only can trust it to me, but to others, who will try to send it where she wants it to go, she looks very much relieved and she says, "If you were over here where I am and had the same desire to get to your mother and father that I have, you would wonder, too, if the message could be carried right. I want to say that my name is Mabel Palmer, and that I used to live in Wheeling, Va., and when there I didn't know anything about this work, nor did my people, but when I came over to the spirit and saw so plainly all that was going on and how they just put me out of their lives as if that was the end, I couldn't stand it, and so I made up my mind I would try to speak. My father is a business man and he would be glad enough to hear from me, but he put it out of his mind as one of the impossible things, so if you will tell him that if he will make an effort to go somewhere where I can come to him, I will make it as plain as day that I am the child he loved. Oh, how I thank him for the flowers he brought me. I remember them although I was too sick to pay any attention to what he did. I would like to thank him now for them, and to tell him that if I only could I would give him more beautiful ones from this side of life where I live."

Mary Jenkins.

Here is a woman whom I should think was about fifty-five years old. She is rather stout, has blue eyes, gray hair, and a full, pleasant-looking face. She has such a motherly manner, and comes up to me so gracefully and looks at me as if she thanked me beforehand for the message that she knew she would be able to give. Her name is Mary Jenkins, and she comes from Dorchester, Mass. She says: "Many and many a time I have said that I would come down and send a word to my people, and yet every time I came there were so many who seemed to need it more than I that I stepped back and let them have the chance; even today I feel a little as if I have usurped the place of a more needy one in my desire to get here, and if it were solely for my own benefit, I am sure I should be kept back for a long time to come; but it is not. I want to go to my son, whose name is Charles, to tell him that I am striving to help him and to bring conditions to him of peace and comfort. I am afraid that his impatience defeats his own best plans, and while I cannot urge him to stand still any longer, I do feel like urging him to go with patience into his new undertakings. There have been so many changes since I went away that it would seem I may have overlooked some when I speak plainly to him of being slow, but it is not so. The spirit looking on is conscious of the changes, but often sees that patience and a longer time used in bringing about results is vastly more important than hastening to some point which is not the point you want at all, and which you find only after you have made the mistake of hastening to get there. I want to send my love, too, because that is a feature I couldn't leave out."

Theodore B. Huey.

I see a very dark man, dark brown eyes, brown hair and a long, thin face, with dark mustache. He is quite tall, but thin, and as he stands beside me he is so weak that I have to give him of my strength to make him able to say what he wants to. Before he went away he suffered so much that he is worn almost to pieces. He says: "It was a relief not only to me, but to everybody else, when I finally passed away. I knew I could not get well for a long time, and it seemed so hard to be under sentence of Death and wait and wait for it to come. I lost my courage at last, and when that was gone there was nothing left but to just let the angels close mine eyes and lead me out into the spirit. My name is Theodore Huey, and I lived in South Acton, Mass. I have many friends there who would be glad to know that I am content now and have no anxiety except to reach my own people. I wish I was stronger, to tell all I want to, but this is as far as I can go this time."

Abbie Parsons.

A woman comes now whom I should think was about thirty-five years old. She is dark, with dark eyes and dark hair, about the medium height, and plump, with full, fair forehead and rather small features. She comes quickly, as though she was in a haste all the time. She says: "If I hadn't trusted round so much I suppose I should still have been here, but I used to think that everything that needed to be done must be done right on the minute, or else it was of no use. I didn't live in the city and it was hard to get about and do all that needed to be done, so I overdid and was taken sick and came to the spirit. My name is Abbie Parsons, and I came from Plainville, N. J. The people will remember

me, because everybody knew me. I left children, and it is to my children that I desire to say that I know they have a lot to put up with, but it doesn't do a bit of good to talk about it or fret over it; it would please me much more if they just stood up bravely and did what they had to do without the talk. I know that Balth gets discouraged more easily than Franky, because she is more sensitive, but I don't see, just because she is, why she should cry so much. Don't go down to the other house so often and you won't find yourself dwelling on the things you don't like quite so much. The more you talk about the things that are, the worse they seem, but by and by you will be able to go away and get new conditions and do more as you want to. This is from your mother."

Ruth Burnham.

"I see now a dear old lady. She is short, stout, and has a round, full face. Her hair is just as dark as it can be and smooth and shiny like satin, and is combed right down over her forehead. She wears a white cap that looks like a nightcap because it is drawn down over her ears, with the strings tied under her chin. She has such a kindly way of coming up to me as if she were just ready to say good-bye or good-night and had put this cap on. I think she died in the night because I see her as if the last recollection that her friends had of her alive is with this white cap tied under her chin. She hasn't any teeth, her mouth just slips together, so it is hard for me to understand her. Her name is Ruth Burnham, and she belongs in Bath, Me. She says: "Oh, I'm so glad I went as easy as I did. I was afraid I would be a bother to my friends, and it did me good to know that it was all over without much fussing. I look back over my life and think I might well have gone some time before I did, but then I know even the last years I was able to do something for my friends. I can get around so much better now. I can walk, I can see, and I can work better than I could, and those who knew me best will know that I was always anxious to do all I could, so that it is a comfort to me now to be able to work so much."

Sarah Allen.

Now I see a woman about forty. She is slim and straight and strong looking; very dark blue eyes and light hair, and a thin-looking face, almost sharpened—not from sickness, but as if from suffering and still being able to keep about the work. She steps up to me in a quick little way, and says: "I always tried to do so much more than I was able that I think I really put myself into the other life a good deal quicker than I need have. I have often thought that a little care of my body and a little leaving till tomorrow of some things, instead of striving to do everything in one day, would have made a well woman of me, able to accomplish for many years the things that I now see need my hand. I have children in the earth life and it is for them that I desire to get back. It isn't that they are going astray or that they so much need my help as I want them to know how I love them and how proud I am of them, and I want them to understand the devotion of a mother. My name is Sarah Allen and I come from Stamford, Conn., and the ones I want to go to are Susie, Ernest, and Edith. Oh, how glad they would be if they could only understand fully that I am still with them and still interested in whatever they do, and when this message reaches them I want to go with it, that their little happy hearts may find response in mine and I in theirs."

Will Drinkwater.

There is a man walks right up to me now and he seems rather rough. It is more a manner than it is he himself. He says: "I want to know if a man from St. Paul, Minn., who was more or less interested in the affairs of the city and the State, can get in here and give a little message to suit himself. I don't care a cent how it is done or whether the thing is just what it ought to be, is I can only send a word to my wife. My wife's name is Isabel Drinkwater, and my name is Will. It seems a funny name and many a pun was made on it. 'I will Drinkwater or I will not Drinkwater,' etc., but it never affected me much. I didn't care much what people said about me, nor do I now; but I do desire to speak my mind and tell Belle that I wish to goodness it were possible for me to keep her back from many of the things she is going to do. I don't want to see her get desperate, I don't want to see her get foolish. I want to see her keep along in the same line when she and I were together."

Jennie Higgins.

There is a little girl comes now about eight years old. She is fair, with dark eyes and light brown hair. She puts her hand on my knee, and says: "Please, I want to speak myself. My name is Jennie Higgins and I want to send a word to my mother. My mother lives in Seabrook, N. H., and I want her to know that I come there and help her so much, and that I have seen the changes that have come, but I haven't been able to do all that I wanted to. Tell her not to be discouraged; keep her faith in the spirit and many brighter things than she has had yet will come. She isn't very lonesome because she keeps busy with the spirit, but I want her to go out more; it will be better for her every way."

The Sun of Home.

The "Whys" and "Wherefores" of life, justly propounded and truly answered, not only give one's bearings, to or from, the development of home glories, but they reach to the roots of generation, where all that would make better men, sooner or later, begin. Vain and foolish is it, to waste energy in trying to make clear the stream, while the fountain continues to issue muddy water. Great, very great, is the waste of energy in regeneration, while generation constantly issues discordant elements on the stream of life. It is from better generation that better men and better women must come. Regeneration may be good, but generation is far better. The key has never been found, save by the opening light of true, harmonious homes. Only from the truly centralized sun of home can individualized life, which opens into consciousness, justly begin.—Ex.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY SEVEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Wednesday afternoon, October 17, I went up to the post-office for my mail. Among them was a letter from a staunch Spiritualist in Dunfermline, Scotland, who has written to me before. Within the letter I found a lovely spray of the purple Scottish heather. There were five stems to it, each loaded with the tiny bell-shaped flower. I noted that their tint was that of the violet light by which my mother manifests herself to me.

On returning, I passed by a little tin and gas-fitting shop, and saw that it had a card on it. It bore the legend, "Closed on Account of Death." My first thought was that some one in Mr. McGregor's family had died. I could not think that it was he that had gone. On inquiry, I learned that William McGregor was at work that morning at some private house, apparently as well as usual, when he suddenly sank to the ground, and without a groan or a struggle had left the physical body. With many other persons in town, I felt a deep personal sorrow, in the first place, that I should miss his kind and cheerful presence, and in the second place there was no one to replace him in the work he did so faithfully. As was remarked at the funeral, there are few homes in Arlington where he has not worked, and probably no one's work was ever less circumscribed.

There was a close connection between my letter from Dunfermline and William McGregor's transition, for he was a Scotchman, though the connection did not become apparent to my mind till I was preparing to attend the funeral the following Saturday.

He lived with his brother and sister, and none of the three had ever married. Though I knew him well, I had never met the others, but I had an irresistible impulse to give them that sprig of Scottish heather, and have it laid on his breast. On arriving at the house, I sent it upstairs to them, with the request that it be placed with him in the coffin, "because it grew and bloomed in the land of his birth."

When at the close of the services, we went to look upon his peaceful countenance, I was glad to see the heather lying upon his breast. For I know that he liked to have it there. I felt that it also made a link between his spirit and mine, that he can influence me for good more easily on this account, and that we shall recall it with pleasure when we talk over earthly matters in the happy spirit land.

I have since learned that after his transition, his brother and sister wanted to place a bit of heather with him, but when they found their treasured piece, it was so dry that it crumbled in the hand. So they were much pleased to have this fresh sprig so newly gathered in the dear old land they love so well. This circumstance with all the others makes it seem more than likely that his spirit friends who knew that he was soon to join them impressed the lady in Dunfermline to write at just that time and enclose a bit of heather to one of his personal friends in Arlington. The world would say that its arrival on the day of his transition was a fortunate coincidence, but we who realize that future events which are hidden to mortals are sometimes plain to those who are not hampered by a fleshly body, will see in this a natural occurrence, to be accounted for in a natural way. Those who loved him on the other side of life were glad to give him pleasure, to give his brother and sister what they desired, to impress the lady in Scotland to send it, and me to give it to them, and they were happy in making it arrive at the very time that they knew it would be needed.

"In each event of life, how dear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee."

For it is the guidance of an infinite intelligence that allows such events to take place according to its own natural laws.

On hearing of the death of this man, the natural enquiry in this church-going community was, "Where did he go to church?" and as the answer came, "To the Presbyterian," the anxious thought regarding his present well-being at once subsided into the pleasing consciousness that it is all right with him then. For even those who attend other churches are fair to admit that one who "goes to the Presbyterian," is sure to have an entering wedge to the celestial city. As to those erratic and dangerous characters who do not go to any church, like your present correspondent, Mr. Editor, we surmise that there would be a grave shake of the head, should it be announced some day that she had "died." But just as she feels no anxiety about herself in that regard, so is her present assurance that all is now well with the soul of William McGregor not founded on the fact that he went to the Presbyterian Church.

That it is now well with him is a certainty that is founded on the character that he built up for himself during his earth life of fifty-six years. Its component parts are a faithfulness that led him to do all his work in the best possible way, a generosity that made him apportion the charges for the work he did according to the principle laid down in the Golden Rule, a steady integrity that made him keep every engagement unless he made a timely statement of the reason why not, a kindly spirit which led him to speak evil of no one, and made him the accessible friend to all who were in need, a tolerant nature which enabled him to be gentle with those who differed with himself, a cheerful temperament that made it a pleasure to meet him, and which must make him sadly missed by the bereaved brother and sister, a patience that was tried by moments of physical weakness, and a steadfast purpose to do everything right that accompanied every act of his life.

A character like the one delineated above is a sure passport to the celestial city, whatever church one may attend, or whether one go to none. We heard it stated, however, at the funeral, that he attended church services but seldom, preferring to rest. This may have been due to physical weakness, and premonitions

of the malady which at last so suddenly looked the silver cord of life.

When we go to the funeral of a little child, or a husband or wife, a father or mother, and see the anguish of those bereft, deep sorrow fills the heart, and the tears come like those sympathetic ones that Jesus shed for Mary and Martha. But as I went to this house, so lately tenanted by this steadfast and buoyant spirit, I was rejoicing in his liberation from the cares and toils of earth, and my sympathy with his brother and sister was tempered by their consciousness that he had gone into the bright beyond by a very easy door, and that another one had now joined the large family already united in the heavenly home. Filled with these thoughts, it seemed a time for happy memories and for exultant hopes. It did not seem to me so much an occasion for gloom as for triumph, as I recalled the noble and attractive character of the departed one, and the "calm" nature of his "home-coming."

But I soon saw that others looked on the occasion in a different light, and that solemn gloom was to be the order of the day. Many faces looked anxious, timorous, and awe-stricken, and it seemed as if they were reflecting on how dreadful it is to be dead, and thinking with shuddering fear of the time when other persons would come to their own funeral.

The officiating clergyman is a man whom I like for his mental ability, his public spirit, his ready sympathy, and his command of the language and thought that he deems appropriate to an occasion. I soon saw that his present aim was to make his audience feel that death is a very solemn thing, and is shrouded in a mystery that no human eye can penetrate. He said it was an event that was apportioned sooner or later to every human being by the divine ruler, and that is on that account to be accepted with submission and godly fear. He claimed that it is impossible for us to know anything at all of the life beyond the grave, except the very little that the Bible tells us. He expressed the opinion that if we did know what our friends are doing who have passed through the gates of death, that the knowledge would paralyze our activities here.

It seemed to me that his aim was to imbue the minds of those present with awe and fear and abject submission, and as I stole glances at the countenances near me, I saw that with them he was succeeding in his aim. But nothing that he said would affect me, nor alter the new view of what is called death that has come to me with Spiritualism.

Instead of going down into the grave, we never go there at all. Our survivors place our discarded body in the grave, but we already have a better one, that is fitted to the activities of spirit life. Instead of being a time for mourning, it is a time for rejoicing that the soul is liberated from flesh conditions and pains, and that those beyond, who have waited so long, receive the departed one with exultant joy. Instead of thinking that death is sent as a punishment for sin, we think it is a boon, for it is a door that as it swings on its hinges ushers us into a freer, gladder life—a life that is just as natural as this, where love and consciousness and memory and hope are even more intense than here, and not saddened by the failure and decay that are often met on the present plane of life. As Tennyson nobly sang:

"The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens earth: his truer name
Is 'Onward,' no discordance in the roll
And march of that eternal harmony
Where the worlds beat time, though faintly heard
Until the great Hereafter."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

Abby A. Judson, Arlington, N. J.
Oct. 25, 1900.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From his home in Taunton, Mass., Oct. 19, Mr. Emerson C. Strane, in his 69th year. Mr. Strane was born and always resided in Taunton. He was possessed of wonderful insight into all kinds of machinery, and he patented many useful machines. He was a charter member of Sabatias Lodge, Odd Fellows, and also a member of Elizabeth Peabody Rebekah Lodge. He took a deep interest in Spiritualism; in the years gone by, he was instrumental in bringing many speakers and mediums to Taunton. For years he was a regular attendant at the summer meetings at Onset. As a man and citizen he was loved and respected by the whole community. He leaves a wife, son, daughter, and numerous other relatives, besides a great host of friends to mourn his departure to the Higher Life.

The funeral services were held at his late residence, 21 Washington street. The floral decorations, gifts of many friends and lodges, were very elaborate. The house was crowded to overflowing with people of all religious denominations. Prayer was offered by Rev. A. A. Ross, of the Universalist denomination. Appropriate musical selections were most beautifully rendered by Mr. Shedd, and the remainder of the service was in charge of the writer.

It may truly be said a good man has gone to his reward. Our wish and hope is that the wife and children may be sustained and supported by the knowledge that he has not left them alone, but in spirit will often be with them to comfort and bless.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D.

Onset, Mass., Oct. 30, 1900.

Ups and Downs.

The "Ups and Downs" of organized life are multiform; but the Ups are positive, the Downs are negative. So, too, the Ups are more, the Downs less. The Downs are as necessary under the divine economy, as the Ups, and are simply reminders and spurs to better conditions. The Downs have their roots in bad generation. They exist in discordant home relations. Fred and nursed in the homes, they reach out to ecclesiastical bodies, in reform organizations, showing themselves in strifes and contentions, and burdening the masses of the people in bad government policy. By knowledge the Downs are traced to their causes, and the generation inaugurated which makes more and more general more Ups and higher planes.—Marion (N. Y.) Enterprise.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1900.

Spiritualist Societies.

We desire this list to be as accurate as possible. Will secretaries or conductors please notify us of any errors or omissions. Notices for this column should reach this office by 12 o'clock noon, of the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Boston Spiritualist Temple meets in Berkeley Hall, Berkeley street, every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. E. A. Wiggins, speaker and psychic. E. A. Wiggins, President; Geo. S. Lang, Secretary, 115 Oakland street, Mattapan, Mass.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie M. 8016, Pastor, Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue, Sunday evenings at 7:45. Discourses and Evidences through the mediumship of the pastor.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday at 20 Tremont street. Business meeting at 4. Evening sessions at 7:45. Discourses and Evidences through the mediumship of the pastor.

Boston Spiritualist Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. in Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue. Seats free. J. B. Hatch, Conductor; A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk. 17 Leroy street, Dorchester, Mass.

Hollis Hall, 789 Washington Street—Sundays at 11 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Good talent and music. Mrs. Nutter Conductor.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society meets in Dwight Hall, 41 Tremont street, every Thursday. Business meeting at 5:30 P. M.; evening meeting, 7:45 P. M. Hattie L. Eaton, Sec'y.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street—Sundays at 11:20 and 7:30; Thursdays at 2:30. Hattie M. Deery, President; M. Adeline Wilkinson, Conductor.

Old Ladies' Hall, 440 Tremont Street—Bible Spiritual Meetings Sundays, 11 A. M., 2:30 and 7 P. M.

Somerville Spiritualist Society, 55 Cross Street—Ella M. La Roche, President. Meetings Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7:30. Developing circle, Thursdays, 7:30.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Woman's Fraternity of Brooklyn holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at 1 and 8 o'clock. Lyceum Sundays at 2, at their hall, 423 Nassau Ave., between Lexington Ave. and Quincy st. Elizabeth F. Kurth, President.

Boston.

Berkeley Hall, Nov. 4.—A large audience gathered here in the morning to hear F. A. Wiggins in an address that appealed to every one of his listeners, and sent them home the better for having heard it. The seance which followed was of unusual merit. The Ladies' Schubert Quartette, as usual, rendered several vocal numbers grand to listen to.

The new order of things in regard to reserving certain seats to subscribers for the season went into effect for the first time this morning, and operated with a pleasing lack of friction. There has been a gratifying promptness in the response to the call for subscribers.

The main hall was not large enough to accommodate the vast throng that assembled at the evening session, and the doors of the small adjoining hall or annex at the rear were thrown open at an early hour.

Mr. Wiggins announced an innovation at the evening meetings in the shape of a question box. That is, any interested person is to be invited to hand in at any time during the week, or at the meeting itself, previous to the time for the speaker to begin his address, a written topic of general interest and of appropriate character, that he or she would like to have discussed by Mr. Wiggins, and he would deliver a brief address on same. The subject of his remarks this evening was concerning the reason so many Spiritualistic seances are held in the dark; the topic came from a non-believer. The theme was handled satisfactorily by the speaker. He opened by saying that the undoubted reason for a certain class of seances being held in the dark was because those conducting them did not care to have them held in the light. He soon passed from this to a discussion of the scientific reasons, and made it plain that there were good, substantial causes why seances to be productive of results should be held in darkness. He expressed his confident conviction, however, that the time would come when conditions would be altered, when the guide of the entranced medium would be seen standing side by side to the one it was influencing, this time being when clairvoyance and intuition, natural senses as much as hearing and seeing, although slumbering from want of cultivation, should be possessed by every man. The meeting closed as is the custom, with a seance. The week-day social meetings of this society open in Pierce Hall, 12 Huntington avenue, Monday evening, Nov. 5, and will be held for the present on the first and third Mondays of each month.

Banner of Light on sale at all our Sunday sessions. George Sanborn Lang, Sec. 115 Oakland Street, Mattapan.

241 Tremont Street, Friday, Nov. 2.—The Ladies' Aid Society held its business meeting as usual, with the President, Mrs. E. A. Albie, in the chair. In the evening, Mrs. Waterhouse presided in the absence of the President. The following talent took part: Music was furnished by Messrs. E. W. and C. L. C. Hatch; Mr. John R. Snow of Malden read an instructive essay upon "Modern Spiritualism"; he was followed by Mrs. McDonald of Washington, D. C., who spoke briefly, telling of her experiences. She gave many communications that were all recognized. Mr. Parker of California told of his experiences and gave delineations. Mr. J. S. Scarlett spoke briefly to the point, and was received with much applause. On Friday, Nov. 9, we are to have a novelty supper at the usual price, 15 cents. We advise all to come, as you will receive full value for same. Take elevator. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1. Meeting was held as usual at Red Men's Hall, Nov. 4. The lesson for the "Silver Chain" series was very interesting; Dr. Hale leader. The little folks had verses on the "Promises of God" from the Bible. The following program was then rendered: Mary Dunn, Willie Sharp, Harry Green, Eldon Bowman, Iona Stillings, Ethel Cook, recitations; songs, Esther Botts, Clara Weston, Dr. Hale, Rebecca Golditz. Mrs. Butler made some very interesting remarks.

H. Howe, Sec'y.

Hollis Hall, 789 Washington Street.—Mrs. Nutter, President. Invocation and prayer by the President; song service before each session; those taking part: Messrs. Howe, Slight, Marston, Baker, Krasinski, Blackden, Arthur, McDonald, Nutter, Mesdames Carbee, Nutter, Dade, Smith, Fernald, Alexander, Howe, Woods, Mosher. Mrs. Cameron, pianist.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society met in Dwight Hall, Thursday, Nov. 1. The president, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, opened the meeting. Singing, Mrs. Boyd, Mr. E. W. Sprague of Haverhill, Mass., related instances of spirit power used in his behalf. Mrs. McDonald of Washington gave some very accurate messages. Mrs. Bertha Packard Miner gave readings, which were duly appreciated. Mr. Barker, a healing medium from California, spoke and gave messages. Mrs. M. G. Carbee gave some astrological points concerning the present political outlook. Mrs. Shirley read a poem in her usual feeling manner. Dr. E. A. Blackden spoke, showing himself an earnest worker for the Cause of Spiritualism.

The interest in the meetings is increasing, several names having been added to the list of members. Thursday, Nov. 8, we had with us Mrs. Effie I. Webster of Lynn and other talent. Supper at 6:30. Evening meeting, 7:45.

Hattie L. Eaton, Sec'y.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum, Sunday, Nov. 4, was Band of Mercy day, and the lesson was a very interesting feature. The principal subject talked about was "Dumb Animals." Those taking part in the lesson were Winnie Ireland, Alice Ireland, Grace Tarbell, Chas. L. C. Hatch, Willie Sheldon, Mr. Packard, Mr. Snow, Mr. Harding and Mrs. Pratt, the latter giving an interesting talk about her visit to the "Dog and Cat Cemetery" in Paris. Those taking part in the literary exercises were Winnie Ireland, Grace Tarbell, Willie Sheldon, Mrs. Pratt, and Messrs. Packard and Harding. This Lyceum (that formerly met in Berkeley Hall), meets every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. at 200 Huntington Ave. You are cordially invited to be present and bring your children. The subject for the lesson for next Sunday is, "How Does Nature Punish Transgression of Her Laws?" J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor.

Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport.—Mrs. L. J. Akerman's Spiritual meeting, Sunday evening, Nov. 4, we had a large attendance. The following mediums took part: Belle Robinson, Mrs. Pye, Messrs. Dearborn, Baker, Johnson. L. J. Akerman answered many mental questions. "Peace Council and Entertainment" will be held Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 7:30.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington St. Hattie M. Deery, President; M. Adeline Wilkinson, Conductor. Meeting opened with a song service led by Mrs. Mary Lovering. Subject for conference was "The Condition of a Spirit After Leaving the Mortal Form," opened by Miss Letta Sears, followed by Messrs. de Bos, Griffiths, Hill, Billings, Baxter, Madame Mozia of Providence. (Next Sunday morning a facts and experience meeting at 11.) Afternoon: Scripture reading and prayer, Mr. Hersey; opening remarks, Mr. Proctor; duet, Mr. Baxter and Clara Strong; messages, Dr. Sanders, Mr. Howe, Mrs. Stackpole, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. Hardy; solo, Mr. Howe. Evening: Music, Lyle Orchestra; solo, Miss Lulu Richards, the colored vocalist; Miss Nelly Grover, pianist; Scripture reading and prayer, Mr. de Bos; Messages, Mrs. Chapman, Dr. Ricker, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. McLean and Mrs. McDonald of Washington; readings, Mr. Matlock. Meetings every Thursday at 2:30. Banner of Light for sale.

Massachusetts.

Newburyport.—Report for October. As before noted, we opened the season on Oct. 7, with Mrs. Effie I. Webster of Lynn as our medium.

Oct. 14, we had the pleasure of listening to one of the daughters of our city, now Mrs. Sadie L. Hand of Boston. She was earnest and eloquent in her short addresses, and faithful in her delineations, to which her audiences gave close attention.

Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn was with us on Oct. 21. She seemed to exceed her former successes in giving delineations and messages to those present.

Oct. 28 we were pleased to greet Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Malden, after a long absence from our platform owing to sickness. She fully sustained her reputation as a speaker who gives you something practical to think on during the coming days. She was able to give some fine messages to strangers who were present. One in particular wished it known that his ideas of Spiritualists and their religion had undergone a favorable change during the service. May the good work go on through the united efforts of our honest workers.

Our speakers for November will be Mrs. Hand for the 4th; Mrs. Strong and Mr. Hersey for 11th; Mrs. Butler, the 18th; and Mrs. Pettengill for the 25th.

S. A. Lowell, Sec'y.

Cadet Hall, Lynn, Spiritualists' Association.—Dr. A. Caird, President. Sunday, Nov. 4, the friends turned out in large numbers to welcome Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, who delivered two very instructive addresses, and many most satisfactory communications. Thomas' full orchestra was present and gave an excellent concert before the evening service. Supper was served in the banquet hall to a large number.

Mrs. Twing will be with us next Sunday. See notice in another column of the State Association Mass meeting at this hall.

Secretary.

Pigeon Cove.—Mrs. Juliette Yeaw delivered one of the best lectures on Spiritualism that has been given here in the history of Spiritualism, on Sunday, Oct. 28, at the residence of Mrs. H. L. Story. There was a goodly number present. Among them was a party of six present from Gloucester, all of whom called Mrs. Yeaw a great speaker. She was accompanied by her friend, Miss Helen B. Lochlan of Greenwich. This lady also made some very interesting remarks. While in town these ladies are to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Roberts.

Providence Hall, Lynn.—Progressive Spiritualists' Association, Dr. Anna Quaide, President. Astrological readings by Walcott Brooks at 2:30 p. m. From 4 to 5, messages, healing by Messrs. Quaide, Brooks, Matson, Brown, Fallgren, Snow. At 7:30, stereoscopic exhibition of spiritual views. Cornet solos by Master P. L. Estes. Next Sunday, Nov. 11, Lizzie D. Butler. Subscriptions taken for Banner of Light.

Delia B. Matson, Sec'y.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. C. M. Hartwell, President, held its regular meeting Friday, Nov. 9, at Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Mass. avenue. A fine entertainment was given. The orchestra and Miss Fern Foster, the well-known reader, were among the attractions. Admission, 10 cents. Supper at 6:30, 15 cents.

Miss A. M. Came, Cor. Sec'y.

183 Auburn Street.

Lowell.—Large and enthusiastic meetings are being held by the First Spiritualist Society. Oct. 28 we had Mrs. Effie I. Webster of Lynn, who gave many remarkable demonstrations of spirit return. Nov. 4, Mrs. Annie L. Jones of this city occupied our platform, and gave two interesting lectures followed by many communications. Next Sunday Mrs. L. A. Prentiss of Lynn will occupy our platform.—Last Tuesday evening the society held its regular monthly meeting, followed by a social. Our Goldenrod Dramatic Club gave a fine entertainment, after which we listened to many humorous selections on the graphophone. We are much encouraged by the increased interest which is manifested in our noble Cause. Banner and Thinker for sale at all meetings.

F. H. Coggeshall, Acting President.

Brookton, Nov. 4.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum, Mr. Geo. W. Nutting, Conductor; Mrs. Annie Sheen, Sec'y. The regular session was held in Good Temple's Hall, 80 and 86 Maine St., at 2. Meeting opened with songs by the school, after which the new officers were installed. Lessons were taken from "Thought Gems." The Banner March was well executed. There were many visitors present. Recitations and songs were omitted.

Malden Progressive Spiritualists held their usual interesting service, 76 Pleasant St., Masonic Building, Sunday evening, Nov. 4. President in the chair. Meeting opened with song and praise service. Miss Roubree, pianist. Scripture lesson and invocation by the President. Mediums present, Messrs. Cowan, Quint, Morton and others. Bro.

Quint gave a very interesting talk on "Healing Now and in Bible Times." Bro. Cowan took up the thought and handled it in a very able manner. Messages were given by the guides of Messrs. Cowan and Morton, Buttercup and Morning Dew. All true mediums are heartily welcomed to our platform. We intend having a social and musical feast Nov. 14. Come and help to swell the number. Banner of Light for sale in the hall. R. P. M., Sec'y.

Brookton People's Progressive Spiritual Association held usual services Sunday, Nov. 4. Mrs. M. A. Romney of Weymouth, Mass., was the speaker of the evening, giving a short address, followed by satisfactory psychometric readings. Sunday, Nov. 11, S. L. Beal of Brookton, Mass., will be the speaker.

The Somerville Spiritualist Society held an interesting meeting Sunday, Nov. 4, at 55 Cross St. Mrs. Gilliland-Howe was the medium. Excellent work was done by her guides. We hope to continue these meetings, and invite co-operation of Spiritualists in this vicinity. Sunday, Nov. 11, Mrs. E. E. Mellen, Ella M. La Roche, President.

The First Spiritualist Society of Salem met last Sunday at O. U. A. M. Hall, 175 Essex St. Mrs. Sarah E. Humes of Providence, spoke afternoon and evening. Next Sunday Mr. Arthur S. Howe and Mrs. M. E. Gilliland Howe of Boston, will be with us.

Miss Helen E. R. Libbey, Sec'y.

10 Cherry St.

Fitchburg, Nov. 4.—Full houses greeted Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, speaker for the First Spiritualist Society. The two addresses were presented in a very interesting manner, followed by a large number of convincing messages, all being recognized. The pianist, Miss Howe, finely rendered several selections. Mrs. M. A. Whitehead of Methuen, medium, will be with us next Sunday.

Dr. C. L. Fox, President.

New York.

First Association of Spiritualists, Nov. 4.—Both last Sunday and this, our meetings were well attended, and Miss Gaule's mediumship grows more and more interesting as the Sundays glide by. We are very glad to welcome our singer, Mrs. Jessie Graham, who returns to us after her long rest in better voice than ever. Our president, also, is just home after a fortnight's absence, and presided as usual. Miss Gaule will appear at each session of the society until further notice.

M. J. Fitz-Maurice, Sec'y.

At the Woman's Progressive Union, Brooklyn, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 4th, Professor Lockwood's lecture on "Apollo and Diana" was one of his best, and was highly appreciated by a very intelligent audience. The music was good. Evening subject, "Why Some People Do Not Get Tests," was very instructive to those who think. Some solid truths were given. His classes are interesting some of the best minds in Brooklyn, and we shall all be more familiar with the philosophy of Spiritualism for his coming among us. "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," was beautifully rendered by Mr. Sonnechson and Mrs. Kismet. Our social season is just commencing and we look forward to many pleasant evenings.

Mrs. N. B. Reeves.

Appreciative audiences are greeting Mr. Ira Moore Courlis, the medium serving the Fraternity of Soul Communion on Sunday evenings at the Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn. The service is made up of invocation Bible lesson (from the Spiritualistic standpoint), two selections by the Verdi Quartette, excellent pipe organ solo by Prof. Wm. Ahrens and Mr. Courlis, seance devoted to convincing messages. Sunday evening, Nov. 4th, the service was made especially interesting by the manner in which our medium extended the right hand of fellowship to nine new members. The first Sunday evening in the month is devoted to this work. Last month eighteen were received, among them several young men. We have since formed a Young People's League in connection with our society. The bazaar and fair proved a success. We wish to thank all who so generously donated, and all who helped us in any way connected with it. About \$250.00 were received, and we have enough useful and pretty articles to have a sale at our November church party, to be given soon by the Ladies' Auxiliary. Banner of Light for sale at all seances and spoken of at all meetings.

W. H. Adams, Sec'y.

Other States.

Portland, Me.—Monday evening, Oct. 29, "The First Spiritual Society" gave a baked bean supper, followed by a literary and musical entertainment under the direction of J. Frank Baxter. Mr. Baxter was assisted by Miss Bessie and Lella Broughton on the violin and piano; E. L. Dill, who amused the audience with sleight-of-hand tricks; Miss Millie Higgins and Miss Sadie Dodge, piano duets, and Miss Hattie Mayberry, piano solo. Mr. Baxter assumed the major part of the entertainment, and with laughable recitations and songs, kept the audience highly entertained to the close. All of the talent did themselves credit, and gave us one of the best entertainments we have ever had in our hall. A very large audience was present, and all were delighted with the entertainment. A sung sum was realized for the treasury, and the thanks of the society are extended to Mr. Baxter and the local talent for their efforts in our behalf.

H. C. Berry, Treas.

Providence.

The past two Sundays C. W. Hadden has delivered four very able discourses to our people. We hope to have him again. Next Sunday we shall have Mrs. J. W. Kenyon, afternoon and evening.

D. F. Buffinton, Sec'y.

Minneapolis, Minn.—A reception was given G. W. Kates and wife in the large Unitarian Church Tuesday evening, October 30. The event was to signal the return of the State Association's delegates to the N. S. A. Convention. These worthy workers, also, are active missionaries in this State. A large audience assembled and a good program was given. Mrs. C. D. Pruden presided. A letter from President J. S. Maxwell was read. He said: "Mr. and Mrs. Kates are to be held in Minneapolis most of the present season for local work, and an attempt is to be made to unify the workers into one large society." This met with much applause. Mr. Will J. Erwood made a short address. Mr. Kates gave an interesting report of the N. S. A. Convention. Mrs. Kates gave spirit messages, made earnest remarks upon the prospects for success in our State, and in the nation. Max Hoffman closed the meeting with spirit descriptions. The music was good, flowers beautiful, and the occasion an event for us here.

Wheaton, Minn.—Mr. and Mrs. Kates held a series of meetings here November 1 to 5 in the Spiritualists' Temple, which they have so much helped us to obtain. Their meetings were free and attracted large audiences. Their services were highly appreciated. November 1 Mr. Kates married two of our young workers—here, viz.: Mr. Axel V. Malin-gran and Miss Selma J. Blomquist.



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Deer are plentiful, and the sportsman who goes into the woods and does not bring down at least one deer is hardly entitled to be called a sportsman; in fact, they are so numerous that they are often seen feeding in the pastures along with the cattle.

Of course, the huntsman in search of moose has to penetrate deep into the forests, and oft times the hunt becomes perilous and many hardships are encountered, though in the excitement of the chase the dangers are forgotten.

The narrations of the incidents of a moose hunt are always interesting, so that the following notes may not be out of place:

After a day's wearisome tramp, we pitched camp not far from what is known as a mooseyard. The night air was bitterly cold, and when we awoke we found the ground covered with snow—a fine condition for moose hunting. We plodded along for perhaps two hours when we came suddenly upon the tracks of a moose. These we followed for some time without anything of importance happening, but just as we were about to ascend a slight rise, there appeared before us the form of a moose. He was a fine specimen. His antlers spread out with kingly magnificence, and he hardly seemed to appreciate the nearness of his captors. We moved with great caution, hoping to attain a position where a better shot would be possible, and just as my friend fired the old fellow, evidently scenting trouble, started away at a brisk gait. The shot, however, overtook him, for, immediately there was a snort and tearing about that was something frightful. The battle was then on, and for a short time it was fast and furious. We sought shelter where the operations of "his majesty" could be observed without bodily harm. His thrashings continued for some few minutes, when suddenly he made a start in our direction, and, to tell the truth, I felt a little squirrel; the captain was right at home, and he fired. The shot ploughed into the shoulder of the infuriated monster and impeded his progress; the second and third shots brought him down, and a more pleased party of huntsmen is seldom seen.

The Boston & Maine Railroad and its connections lead direct to the great game regions of Maine and New Hampshire, and the publication which is issued by the Boston & Maine Passenger Department, Boston, known as "Fishing and Hunting," describes how and where to shoot. Send for it; the cost is but a two-cent stamp.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Mrs. Orpha Hammond, from her home in Fredonia, N. Y., Oct. 10, at the age of 77 years, after an illness of only a few hours. A son and daughter survive her.

Mrs. Hammond was a woman of noble qualities of character, and her life was one of self-sacrifice for the good of others.

She was a firm Spiritualist, and possessed of intellectual ability above the average; interested in the higher teachings of Spiritualism, she sought to embody the principles thereof in her every-day life. She was both author and writer, and for many years was a valued correspondent to The Banner of Light, and a contributor to various other periodicals. She was a student in the highest sense, studying not only books of men, but that greater volume—Nature,—including the study of human character. Her ideals were lofty, her endeavors untiring, her aspirations high.

She had supreme confidence in the wisdom of the All Good and recognized that in Spirit Life, as here, she would be within the domain of law and order, and though the summons came quickly, it found her ready.

The final obsequies were conducted by the writer, a personal friend, assisted by Rev. Mr. Cleveland. Clara Watson.

On Oct. 18, 1900, from the home of her son, near Rochester, Minn., Mrs. Eliza S. Dodge, having faithfully served her house of clay for 77 years. Kidney disease and other complications severed body and spirit.

Sister Dodge had good medial powers and had been a Spiritualist for many years, yet her oft-repeated wish to have a Spiritualist speak at her funeral was not granted.

She was a woman of active sympathies for suffering humanity, a loving mother and friend.

We bade good-bye to her house of clay. Knowing that we will meet her some future day. Flora W. Fox.

Herbert W. Stoddard of Newark, Vt., aged forty-six years, having been an invalid most of his life.

He leaves an aged mother, a sister and brother, who feel that their loss is his gain, as he knew he would be met by his father, who had waited for him by request.

Mr. A. P. Brown was called to speak to the friends and neighbors.

T. D. Kayner, of Beverly Hills, Illinois, husband of the well-known medium, Isa Wilson Kayner, Thursday morning, Oct. 25th, after a brief illness of six days. Burial service was conducted by the Odd Fellows, after a brief address by the writer, at the home, Saturday, at 2 p. m.

A delegation from the Englewood Spiritual Union attended the services in a body, furnishing appropriate music for the occasion.

The loving sympathy of many friends will be extended to our faithful medium and co-worker, and to members of the family, in this hour of their bereavement.

Will C. Hodge.

Movements.

The circle at the home of Mrs. Sadie L. Hand will be discontinued until further notice. Sittings given as usual. Friends are more apt to secure the time desired, if the appointment is made one week in advance.

Dec. 23-30 are open for engagements. Also a number of dates in 1901. Address, 721 Tremont Street, Suite 1, Boston, Mass.

The address of G. W. Kates and wife is 58 Royalston Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. J. W. Kenyon has open dates in January and February and two in December. Address 72 Kimball St., Fitchburg, Mass., or Onset, Mass.

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