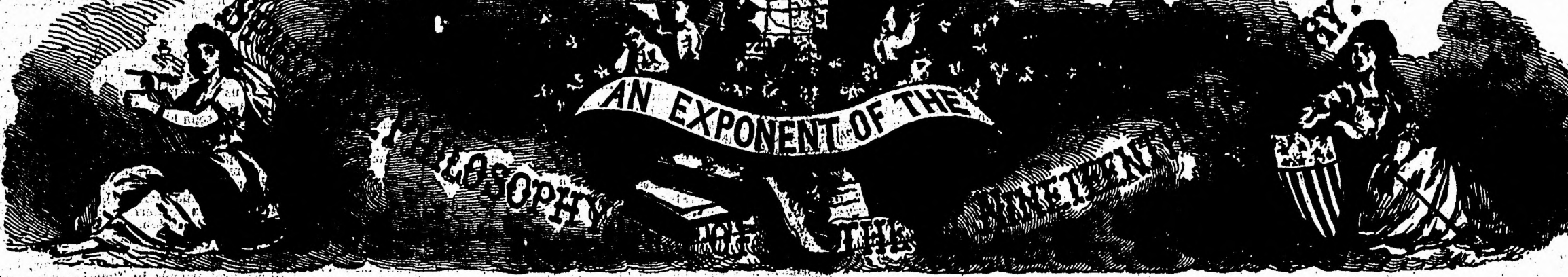


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LVII.

COLLEY & BISH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1885.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 22.

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Literary Department.

LITTLE MINEA: A PRE-HISTORIC EGYPTIAN SKETCH.

BY KUNOA, AN ANCIENT SPIRIT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am of opinion that the following narrative will interest some of your readers. The circumstances under which it was written are these: You are aware that under the guidance of ancient spirits (as it is claimed and believed) I have for the year past held frequent sittings with a finely organized medium, chiefly for the development of her rare medial gifts; but more recently the tables have turned, and those of the circle are being developed by a clearer understanding of those subtle laws and elements which lie for the most part beyond the reach of ordinary scientific observation and experiment.

In addition to other remarkable evidences of spirit-control, "our little medium" is used for chirographic communications, sometimes by means of ancient and unused characters, but more frequently in plain English.

We are informed by the spirits who control these sittings that the purpose is to make the way clear for imparting to mankind a knowledge of many useful things which have been buried in the decay of ancient civilizations; that as soon as their control over the medium shall become so thoroughly independent as to take no coloring of her individual mentality, this contemplated work will be seriously entered upon and proceeded with to the end.

The narrative in question was begun about the middle of January of the present year, and concluded February 7th. Kunoa, the spirit author, on first controlling, was able to use the medium by writing only a few words at a time, pausing in the midst of a sentence and resuming, sometimes after the lapse of several days, when most unexpectedly the pencil would be taken in hand and the thread of the story continued with apt sequences and orderly unity.

Another remarkable fact connected with this writing is, that every sheet of paper used was first infused with magnetism and became in itself a magnet, which would adhere to any substance that it was brought in contact with, as, for instance, a chair, the mantle or the wall; and the sheets thus magnetized would attract each other, and cling together in foliated order, or extend successively downward from the point of primal contact, with all the characteristics of ordinary fixed magnets.

After the narrative in question was written the spirit-author requested that it be carefully read to her, whilst the medium, under influence, was induced to make some slight additions and changes of phraseology with the exactitude and particularity of an expert proof-reader.

Inasmuch as the names of places and personages and the recounted events are, with a single exception, prehistoric, I know of no ordinary way of verifying them, but whatever views your readers may hold relative to this singular production as a whole, of one thing they may rest assured: that it is word for word and line for line the composition of the spirit-author, who gives her name as "Kunoa," and states, moreover, that all the circumstances of the story were familiar to her in her lifetime.

New York, February 24th, 1885.

About five thousand years ago, when Memphis was in its glory, there lived in the beautiful village of Asoebe, on the outskirts of that metropolis, Little Minea, the daughter of an embalmer, at the time of my story about eleven years of age.

One day she was seated outside the rude cottage or hut in which she lived, entwining some leaves into a wreath, when suddenly a rose, fresh and beautiful, in full bloom, fell into her lap.

Minea was naturally astonished, for it was the first time she had ever held a rose in her hand, roses then being so very rare and choice that only the nobles could afford these beautiful productions of nature.

There was no possible way for any person to have thrown this flower into her lap, and therefore it was considered as a gift from the Gods to the fair angelic creature.

After inhaling the sweet perfume of the rose, she plucked the leaves off and found inside on one leaf, written apparently in white chalk, the words: "THOU SHALT LIVE."

This greatly astonished Minea, and created quite a sensation in the neighborhood in which she lived. It was the first incident of the kind that had ever been known there, and the rose was sent to the high priest to be interpreted. A great waiting anxiously for about a week, she was sent the following day to have been interpreted by the high priest, "Thou shalt live."

Being pure and fair, this would pass to the

spirit of Osiris, where dwell the happy and great.

Minea was very much pleased to receive such an interpretation from the Gods, and after a great many days of preparation she was admitted into the school attached to the House of Saolt, at Memphis, where she was to be taught many wonderful things. She continued at the school for about a year, when she was taken very ill. Lying one day on a couch, attended by a leech, voices were heard overhead. Listening carefully, they heard some discussion as to whether it were better to let Minea live or die. After some time it was concluded by saying she should live, and a rose similar to the one that had fallen into her hand a year previous fell into her lap, with the same words on one of the leaves. This created quite a sensation among the priests, and after considerable discussion as to what should be done with the girl, it was concluded that she should be confined by herself in one part of the school. After some consideration as to whether it would be wise to inform the pupils of the school as to the cause of the removal and confinement of Minea, it was deemed prudent to keep it secret for a while and observe what further developments might occur.

When Minea was informed of the resolution of the priests she was very indignant and rebelled strongly against it, but their determination was not to be shaken. After due preparation Minea was installed in her new apartments, which were furnished very handsomely. Elaborate curtains were hung in her room, beautiful beds of flowers were to be seen—everything for her comfort. The priests took particular care that all things should be arranged in exquisite order, for they considered Minea superior to most mortals, having had these manifestations through her.

The high priest, Bera, informed Minea that from the God Horus he had received information that she was to be confined by herself for a short time. This had a better effect upon the sensitive girl, and she went to her new apartments with quite a contented mind. One morning, after having been in her new quarters for about two days, the priest, Curea, went into her room for the usual morning prayer, and found that she had not retired for the night, but was apparently asleep in her chair, with her black hair streaming down her back. Thinking that she had fallen asleep, he gently touched her on the shoulder to awake her, but all his efforts to arouse her were in vain. Becoming frightened, on finding that she was stiff and cold, he summoned the high priest, Bera, and both applied themselves to the utmost to restore the girl to consciousness, but to no avail. As they were thus busily engaged in applying restoratives a voice from the girl's mouth was heard, requesting them to leave the room. Thoroughly amazed, they left, and after consulting with one another as to what was best to be done, it was concluded that they should return to her room in an hour. They did so, and found, to their astonishment, that the girl had disappeared. They carefully searched the room, but Minea was nowhere to be found. After inquiring of the slaves in attendance outside on the porch if they had seen any one pass, and receiving a negative reply, they returned to Minea's chamber and found the room saturated with an essence, the odor of which was new and strange to them. Not knowing what to do or say, they seated themselves on a couch and conversed in whispers with one another. As they were thus seated, Minea entered the room and seated herself in the same chair in which they left her. Then the high priest, Bera, questioned her as to where she had been, but, receiving no answer, waited, for she was still unconscious. It seemed to the priests that the room was alive with invisible powers which they could neither understand nor account for.

It being now time for certain requests of the priests to be answered, Bera left, and instructed the priest, Curea, who was aged and experienced, to carefully watch Minea.

After remaining quietly for a few minutes, Curea was induced to leave, not knowing why, but he afterward said he was forced out of the room by some power, he knew not what. Meanwhile in the busy metropolis a great disturbance had arisen between the priests of Choro and those of the House of Saolt, arising from the fact that two years previous to this time a great celebration and sacrifice was held in honor of the god Ceres, in which the priests of the House of Choro refused to take part, maintaining that as their house was the older, they should lead the procession, saying that the God had favored them in many ways in which he had not favored the priests of Saolt. But the latter House being stronger, overruled the arguments of the priests of the House of Choro, and the event was celebrated without their assistance.

This naturally caused a great disturbance in the peace of the whole country, and preparations were made to settle the affair by resorting to arms. As the king sided with the House of Saolt, and that power being ten-fold the stronger of the two, the friends of the House of Choro resolved to end the reign of the king by stratagem.

The school in which Minea was confined being lodged in the House of Saolt, the followers of which were naturally very much excited when the life of the king was threatened.

The high priest, Bera, on leaving Minea's apartment, received from the hands of the king's chief character a note requesting him to come and offer up prayers to the Gods for his personal safety. The king, saying he was not certain who were his friends or allies, was again requested by Bera to make all preparations to go, but before he reached the castle the king had been pierced

by an arrow, and was apparently lying on his death-bed.

Meanwhile the priest Curea was using all his force to restrain Minea from her determination of visiting the king. As he was thus engaged in reasoning with her, saying she was risking her life and would provoke the anger of the Gods, the high priest, Bera, entered, and after assuring her of the uselessness of visiting the castle, inasmuch as the king was dying, he left the apartment.

But Minea was not to be restrained by words, and throwing a robe around her, went into the large hall where the high priest, Bera, was standing, and said she wished to be conducted to the king immediately, as his life must be saved.

Bera was reluctant to accede to Minea's request, but on reflection, thinking that the Gods might probably assist her, conducted her to the king's apartment. On entering, Minea threw off her robe and advanced to the bedside of the king without any formality or manifestation of reverence, and bowed her head closely to his wound, he being unconscious, which greatly annoyed and shocked the priests in attendance.

After a few moments Minea requested the priests to leave the apartment, and return in a short time. This they did, and found, on re-entering, a beautiful rose lying on the couch by the king, with the words:

"THOU SHALT LIVE," written on one of the leaves, and also writing on the wall, saying that the House of Saolt would be victorious in the end.

The king became conscious for the first time in several hours, and perceiving the rose with the inscription on it, he inhaled the perfume, from the effects of which he rapidly and strangely recovered, being able to again enter upon his duties the following day.

The news of the marvelous rescue of the king's life spread rapidly throughout the country, and when it reached the House of Choro, the priests, upon learning further of the prophecy that had been made on the wall, became very much enraged. The contention was renewed with tremendous force, for now great numbers of those who had entered the struggle to assist the House of Choro, turned to aid the king.

The struggle lasted about six months, and ended by the priests of Saolt capturing a golden sphinx representing their God.

Minea, after returning to the school, became her bright self again, and was regarded by all as a wonder—a gift from the Gods or a representative of one in the form of a fair and pure girl.

Peace being restored, the king sent for Minea and richly rewarded her; and, moreover, on learning of the several strange manifestations that had previously occurred through her instrumentality, gave her an honorable position at the castle.

A great many wonderful events occurred during Minea's lifetime. The prophecies she made were fulfilled. She lived to the age of eighty years, unmarried, and passed away in the arms of the princess.

Every important State event that was to occur, as well as the result, was made known to the king long before it happened.

The reason why I have written this little narrative is, first, because it is true; second, to show that we had mediums in our day as you have now; and third, to illustrate that reliable prophecies can be made through mediums properly cared for and surrounded by favorable conditions.

They were not known as mediums or Spiritualists then, but were considered as gifts from the higher powers. We regarded them as sacred, as you all should do now, and not think that they are as ordinary mortals, responsible for many worldly acts, for a true medium is not.

You mortals should have an institution for your mediums, where they may be cared for and not have to struggle for maintenance. You should consider them as a blessing to the world, given to you for a short time to open the eyes and ears of ignorant mortals; ignorant, I say, because they do not understand the fundamental rules of this wonderful truth.

In many ways the ancients understood and appreciated these things, which you do not. Still this is what you call the enlightened era of the world. Oh! if you could for a moment see what we do, you would strive with all your heart and soul to grasp a higher thought; but before you can be ready to receive what the immortals are endeavoring to give you, you must be as a simple child and not seek for popularity on this side alone, but give to others what you know and think to be true, with a clean, honest heart, and a desire to aid and assist them; as well as to assist the spirits.

Then you can expect to reap a reward on your side of life, and a greater and more enduring one on the other side.

Dear friends, be brothers and sisters together in this great work. Strive to progress, and promulgate this wonderful truth and light to many thousands who would be made happy by it. In your own circle you may do a great many things that will assist both your friends and the spirits. Work for humanity: speak a kind word to a poor degraded mortal when you can. It can never be lost, even though the heart be of stone. There are so many who will utter unkind words to a helpless mortal, and so very few who are sympathetic.

Dear friends, may you all be of the few who will aid in this great work; all earnest workers for this cause, and all true, honest mortals have the love and blessings of KUNOA.

Free Thought.

SOME INFERENCES AND CONCLUSIONS.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Modern Spiritualism discovers to us a truth that puts every other discovery in the shade. What is the discovery of the laws of Kepler, the Copernican system, the law of gravitation, or of the continent of America, compared to the discovery of the survival of man beyond the death of his body? Am I overrating it? Hear what the editor of the *Scientific American* says; he does not believe in Modern Spiritualism, but would appreciate the great fact if he was only convinced of its being true; these are his words:

"We can find no words wherewith to adequately express our sense of the magnitude of its importance to science, if it be true. Such words as profound, vast, stupendous, would need to be strengthened a thousand-fold to be fitted for such a use. If true, it will be the one grand event of the world's history; it will give an imperishable lustre of glory to the nineteenth century."

I will say all that without the "if," because it has demonstrated itself to me; not all its vagaries, deductions, imaginings or possibilities, but its central claim—that the man survives consciously the dissolution of his body, and that in that disembodied or post-mortem state he is able to make the fact known to those who are still on this side of the grave. Where one has said that, if true, he has stated an important fact, the most important in which man is or can be interested. I am glad to have the strong endorsement of the editor mentioned, though he has done it with his qualification, "if true." His disbelief in its truth is outside opinion corroborating mine of its importance, for eliminating the "if," we are both like-minded. The "if," from my standpoint, is as much eliminated as it would be were I to say: If sunlight were a fact, it is the greatest factor in developing the earth into a realm of use and beauty that there is, and by the side of it all other factors pale. I am neither blind to the one, nor am I blind to the other.

I am not unmindful of the importance of such a fact as the truth we claim should have upon the affairs of human life necessarily, nor have I any quarrel with those who take the accent off of the simple fact, and deal with the life that results from it; who care little for the "manifestations," considering them of no account, the fact being established, only as they lead to a better life. I think, however, there is much wisdom in the text that reads: "Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all other things shall be added unto you." It applies to our thought as well; that established, all else will be added. If a man having first sought the kingdom of heaven, that is, the primary fact that we survive death, and that while here we are surrounded by such survivals, living witnesses of our incomings and our outgoings, has not added thereto the right life, sympathy for our fellow-men; if he still is selfish and grasping, ambitious of honors at the expense and degradation of others; if he does not let live as well as live, then his deficiencies or shortcomings are the measure of his unbelief in the central fact.

"Thou God seeest me," may be a glittering generality and of no account as a factor in a man's life, or his well doing, and probably is not; but if a man really believes in our central truth, believes, knows, not hopes, he believes what the poet only imagined, that

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;" and in the words of Washington Irving, "They are the beings whom I have loved as I never again shall love in the world; who have loved me as I never again shall be loved." Believing thus it must affect one's life; if it does not, then there is certainly a screw loose in what such a one calls knowledge. I am not losing sight of constitutional qualities, the spiritual make-up of a man. It is easier for one man to be good than it is for another. King David would slip where Nathan would not. We do not expect the same results from a man of pine that we do from a man of oak; but in the measure of their constitutional capabilities or biases, the effects of their belief in this truth should be found in their lives. So while I keep the accent on the first syllable, on the fact, I am not softening or toning down the life that follows the fact. Not that I love the philosophical, the intellectual or the ethical less, but I love the phenomenal, the sensual fact more, for the latter has let the light into my soul, set the "gates ajar," and made the other welcome.

From the incoming of this truth in our souls, the knowledge of the perpetuity of our consciousness, the effect varies in different individuals. Many deductions or conclusions follow as a matter of course, some important and some otherwise. Some that appear important to me may not be so to another. Men are as various in their make-up as are the trees in the forest, which from the same earth, air and sunlight give different manifestations, drawing therefrom what they severally need for their development—so in a figurative sense, from the nutriment of truth or in the deductions from a fact there is truth in the proverb "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." I do not mean that there is any poison in our truth, but that many different conclusions may come from the same source, according to our constitutions, as pine, oak, or cedar.

It was once thought the disrobing of the flesh into the undress of the spirit made a perfect angel of the man; human, a supernatural being knowing all things. A word from such a being (and a spirit was such a being) was immaculate.

late. That was natural after all the theological teachings for thousands of years. We soon got grandly over that, and settled down on the fact that spirits are very much like mortals; that the passage "over the river" does not essentially change a man. A man grows here from ignorance to wisdom, if he is open-eyed, and so does the spirit over there; death does not change a Johnny Leapean into a Solon. There is no harm in supposing the spirits have advantages there that are not attainable by us with our human disabilities here. One of the conclusions to which a thoughtful man of understanding will come, is that the spirits are not to do our work for us. To insure us of that fact it seems to me some have thought it necessary to falsify in an extraordinary degree; it would seem as if they saw a virtue in the Jesuitical idea that the end justifies the means; that it was so important to disabuse mortals of the idea that spirits were to do our sums for us, and thus our scale be marked high without our honest endeavors, that they brought us to grief designedly. I have known many instances of men who with us as mortals were perfectly reliable, what they said could be depended upon, but who as spirits were quite the reverse. Now a man is not going to lose his head by becoming a spirit, so I draw this inference from such a fact (and I have proved it also many times) that the unreliable spirit was an alias, assuming the name of a friend to which he had no right.

I think there are disabilities in spirit-communication, particularly when on the material affairs of life, that make them unreliable, and perhaps wisely so, on general principles for human good, at least it seems so to me. In what I say I intend no reflection on the class known as business mediums, for I know a great many who are very excellent, reliable people, and who are under the intelligent influence of spirits, but the spirits have not always been wise advisers. They have known enough of my current private affairs to speak of them intelligently, even to the extent of stimulating me by my finding them like-minded, but they did not prove good prophets, though they were very positive. There are many exceptions to this somewhat general charge of unreliability in worldly or material matters, for there is good evidence that in many cases the spirits even in business matters have judged right, and their advisers have "struck the oil" prognosticated; but after much study and observation I think the blanks have far exceeded the prizes, and that spirits are not, as a rule, as good judges of material matters as mortals are; and the fact to me is a lesson teaching the truth that one had better keep fast hold of his own understanding.

How do any of us know what our own impressions are from spirits in direct communication, that often material successes, the apparent result of our own judgment, are spirit born, and that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," that is of universal application? I think we all live under just that supervision, or in such an intelligent surrounding. It is my intention, with the foregoing remarks as an introduction, to try and make this fact clearer. It is clear to my own mind. Before doing so, I have a word or two more to say on mediumship in its general aspect.

It is not the honesty and the purity of the medium, as M. A. (Oxon) says, that is requisite to insure truthful communications from the spirit-world. Mediumship is one thing, morality quite another and distinct, as much so as poetic genius, or genius in any form, is distinct from morals. Beautiful as they are when blended and requiring no watching, when not found in the same person the fact will not explain the unreliability or deception of which I have spoken. One of the best young women I ever knew was a high-toned and educated relative, and a remarkable medium (but not a public one), having no motive but the truth. Some of the intelligence that has come through her from the spirits has been of such a character as would have settled alone with me not only the truth of our central fact, but the identity of the spirit also; and yet on some occasions, and it would seem (for I can conceive of no other reason) for fear of my relying on them instead of myself, I have had a deliberate lie told me by the spirit—not by mistake, but by design, and where there seemed no possible reason for it but outright diabolism. Now there must be a reason for this, and I can come to no other conclusion than that it is to impress me or us with the importance of self-reliance, and that our own reason is our supreme court of appeal.

The mission of Modern Spiritualism is plain and simple, and is to supply a demand, to satisfy a hunger. The world was growing materialistic and losing its faith; revelation had lost its charm, because not founded on fact. Rachel was mourning for her children, refusing to be comforted because they were not. At a receptive moment a ray of heaven-born light shot into the dark field of human thought and bade Rachel dry her tears, for it was her children, rapping, tipping, writing and, in time, in many other ways, saying, "We are still alive!" There is no question about the intelligence of the manifestations, and the fact of intelligence, if from the once silent majority, is all one wants; to use a homely phrase, "it fills the bill." Of course there are consequences worthy of consideration, for, as Prof. Tyndall says, "There is no discovery so limited as not to illuminate something beyond itself." The discovery that the spirit-world was within hailing distance would naturally lead us to look to it as the attainable home of our elder brothers; logically, then, we would turn into pine; all the hard lumber would be on the other side. That certainly would obstruct human progress. That was not to be, because in the running of

this world's affairs mortals are an essential factor, and the backbone of human life must not be all on the other side. There is fair inference, yes, tolerable proof, that there is an intelligent interest and supervision over mortal affairs by the spirit-world. I do not think it can help it; there is a natural law for it, as there is for everything else. The departed are attracted to the human world as adult life here is attracted to the infantile; the parents' love is inherent, and the child commands protection. Something analogous compels spirit-attention to us. It seems to me the most natural thing in the world, and the teachings of it are rational. I almost know, if I were to pass on now, where I would be found, and there would be a "shadow" in heaven in a double sense if I could not follow my personal attractions; for I expect to be there the same shadow, plus improvements.

A perfect dependence upon the spirit-world as a reliable factor in life's affairs, so that the departed would be as practically reachable as a distant country is on our planet, it seems to me, would be a bad thing for man here, as the earthly life and its schooling is as important to the soul as the soil of the earth is to the tree that grows out of it; and it is no part of the design of the Ruler of the Universe for man to hasten home, or defer his progressive labors until he has got there; the longer he stays in an unimpaired mortal form, the better for him here and hereafter. In the afternoon of life we somewhat loosen our tethers to earth, and hear, as it were, the soft tones of the music of the world that is inviting us, and say to ourselves, in the words of the poet:

"The end of life comes nearer,
Every year;
The friends left become dearer,
Every year;
And the goal of all that's mortal
Opens wider still its portals
To the land of the immortal,
Every year."

I have said if I should die, or, rather, pass on, to-day, I think I know about to where I should gravitate, and tolerably well into whose or what society I should fall, and I can approximately guess now the changing constituents of my band. I should be found near those in the form whom I love. I have no doubt, as a spirit, I would be the friend, the guardian in the band, or be the control of the people that by blood or love attracted me. I would find myself also in company with others in the same duty or pleasure. What I am saying of myself everybody else can say of themselves more or less intelligently. Consequently everybody has his or her guides, guardians, bands or controls. Thus, in a sense, everybody is a medium. The class known as mediums are no exception, except being sensitive to their structure, a little more transparent to their influences, while the mass of humanity is not, only it is growing more so year by year. The class known as mediums are more sensitive to the impressions of their controls. They have been used as factors in our cause, and they furnish the conditions for auspicious and intelligent proof that there is such an environment of spirit-intelligences, and by and through them it has communicated the fact to us mortals, and the spread of it has surpassed everything in human history as to magnitude in the same space of time. Even M. J. Savage does us the justice to say, "It is too big a factor in modern life to be ignored. Thousands and thousands in Europe and America believe in its central claim. There are thousands of silent believers who do not like to be called knave or fool, and so keep quiet about it. Like Nicodemus, they come by night lest they be cast out of the synagogue." He might have said millions instead of thousands, and yet been within the bounds of truth.

Now certain inferences can be drawn from the facts I have stated that are so reasonable, constituted as human beings are, both spirits and mortals, that they amount to demonstrations. One of these inferences is that those whom we are in the habit of calling controls—and I see no objection to it—are in sympathy with their mortal wards, take an interest in them, in their affairs, their happiness and their success. There are differences in controls; some people's are loftier than others. I will not argue why, for I have not the time; any one can see it by their effects or their influences.

In all our actions it is pretty hard to tell what part is our own and what is impression, or influence from our guides or guardian spirits. I speak now of mankind, not of mediums as a class. Unquestionably one of, if not the sole, objects of the spirit-world, is to impress mankind with the fact of its contiguity and the survival of the supposed dead. Next to that, but in a narrower sense, and more or less general, is to benefit the mediums or wards they severally control, making them popular, pleased with their successes, putting money in their pockets. That statement I make broadcast over the world as a natural inference, both from the facts in the case and what every one knows he would be likely to do himself if he was a spirit. I do not except the class known as mediums as free from such selfish influences. I do not use the word selfish in a culpable, but a natural sense; still, in speaking of the class of recognized mediums, neither the class nor the controls, if it be their work, have succeeded very well in a material sense. The former are not often clothed in purple, nor fed sumptuously every day; neither are the controls eminent as successes in making their wards wealthy. The reason may be in the fact that the class is not constitutionally thrifty and careful, and unbalanced organisms seem liable to the sensitiveness that makes one a medium. I am not reflecting on the class; I am only trying to state a fact, and the fact that the light has come into the world through them, which its darkness does not yet comprehend, but is beginning to; they have our profound respect as the bearers of glad tidings—a fact, in my judgment, of more consequence to the world than all its material wealth.

Of course there are grand exceptions; there are successes in a worldly sense, because, as I have said, mediumship is universal. Jay Gould has influences and the requisites that make him what he is, so the spirit-world may have a successful eye on the main chance, and departed Jim Fiske and millionaires may still have a finger in the world's pie. But I must leave these general matters and come to the closing point.

The mission of Modern Spiritualism is to teach the fact of our post-mortem survival. The first inference, after the fact, is that the manifestations, or sensuous phenomena, are not supernatural, but that there is a natural law for them; and that being so, then mediumship is universal; but few, only, are sensitive to these surroundings, but all have impressions, or invisible influences, whether they intelligently realize it or not. Thought is a sea without bottom; a mystery under any circumstances; none know the genesis of thought.

any more than they do the genesis of the earth, or the universe. A thought, an idea comes to us; it may be spontaneous, it may be suggested. No man can tell what is his own or what is an influence, or where our ideas leave off and where spirit impressions begin. Believing, as I do, in an invisible, intelligent environment, I think my impressions are often spirit impressions. If they are, all other people's impressions are more or less spiritual. I think one of the fair inferences from all the facts in the case is that we are all in direct communication with the spirit-world all the time—and we go to a medium for a test; we communicate with the spirit-world; in the former case we communicate with our friends directly; in the latter, indirectly. That is why there is wisdom in being governed by one's own reason. If our good friend George or James comes to us at a sitting with a medium, gives us proof that we are conversing with a spirit, and perhaps with our George or James, and the communication does not commend itself to our judgment, our own reason is our supreme court; if we are wise we follow that; and who knows but the impression we get is the voice of our George or James directly, and that the George or James who has been favoring us with advice is the control of the medium, working in the interest of the medium as well as in the interest of the cause?

"When your heart speaks, listen to its impulses, It is the voice of God."

Says Coleridge, which, being interpreted, means the voice of our spirit friends, or guardian angels, in direct communication with us. I cannot say intelligently so, but that is my impression, and I think Modern Spiritualism is working in that direction, teaching us all that we are more or less under the influence of our own personal spirit-friends, and that our impressions, which are apparently our own, may be, and often are, the "whisperings of the angels."

The Spiritual Rostrum.

What Evidence Exists that Human Soul-Unfoldment Determines the Development of this Material World?

An Address Delivered in England through the Medium Instrumentality of SIMON DE MAIN, Formerly of High Grange, Eng., now of Sherwoodville, Ohio.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by C. G. Oyston.)

In the first place it must be admitted that soul-unfoldment depends, to a great extent, upon conditions, and as these conditions are given, man advances and progresses accordingly. The spiritual world has made many a stern effort to establish on the face of the earth a comprehensive system of revelation in the past ages of the world, and what has been the result? These efforts have been spasmodic in their operations. They have been unable to maintain that life and vitality which was necessary for the purpose in view. How is it that these revelations spiritual could not maintain their position before? Why had the spirit-world to wait until the present age before they could introduce a system of spiritual ethics suitable for the requirements of humanity? Simply because the earth had not attained to that spiritual development and degree of perfection to enable man to become a recipient of such spiritual revelations. If the earth was incapable of advancement, man in proportion would be unable to proceed forward, for man cannot possibly progress unless external conditions subserve his purpose and assist him upward and onward. Man progresses and the earth advances in exact ratio, but he cannot proceed forward unless his surroundings supply him with the necessary conditions. Seeing, then, that this is so, we ask, does not the earth give conditions, and contribute to the unfoldment of the soul's latent powers?

Away back in the far past you find that this earth was incapable of maintaining life of any kind on its bosom, because there was a want of adequate provision to develop life and maintain that life. It would not give animal life nor that of the greater creature, man, but vegetable forms of a low, crude and undeveloped nature. Not even animals of the lowest order could exist on its surface, because there were no conditions for animal life; nay, had animals been transmitted to the earth, they could not have propagated their species by reason of the lack of necessary conditions. It was not until many ages had elapsed that man became a resident on the earth-plane. From that period to the present his career has been characterized by continued soul-unfoldment and progression. Therefore if the earth does not become more refined and spiritualized, and man could not exist thereon in the earlier stages of development, why is it that we find him occupying such an elevated position to-day? Unless the earth advances in proportion to the stimulus imparted by the human soul the same quality of conditions would prevail as existed in times past, and of course man would be deprived of indispensable accessories to spiritual progression.

In tracing, step by step, any careful observer must perceive that the earth gives conditions for man to progress, as he has undoubtedly done. The earth is supposed to be a material body, but there is something more than physical substance; there is the vitalizing activity, producing principle of spirit. If there was no spiritual impetus, the earth would cease at once to revolve on its axis; nay, it would never have commenced its revolutions. There is a spiritual power which gives it motion. This active principle is continually operating upon the material globe. Man is both a physical and a spiritual being. He is continually casting off spiritual refuse or waste substance from his system. This spiritual power that emanates from man goes out and enters into the atmosphere of this earth, and as like attracts like, the spiritual emanations of man are attracted to the world of spiritual emanations, or the great ocean of unindividualized spirit which is continually coming down into the earth in order to enable the functions of nature to be performed. If this spiritual substance were to be cut off entirely, the earth would cease to revolve on its axis; every blade of grass and flower would wear a sickly aspect, and man would cease to exist.

As this power emanates from man it mixes with the great ocean of unindividualized spiritual substance which enshrouds, enfolds, or passes to and through the earth. The combined substance refines and spiritualizes the earth to subserve the purpose of man's happiness and progression. Man cannot prevent this spiritual operation continually going on. He cannot prevent the emanations passing from his own nature, nor can he prevent the spiritual power from passing into the earth; but, on the other hand, the earth is able to progress by the power of man. As man advances in soul-unfoldment he manifests a deeper penetration, has higher aspirations, loftier ideals, and he desires that his surroundings should be in harmony with his conceptions and ideas. He therefore sets himself to work to bring his surroundings up to the same standard, and he begins to torture Mother Nature in every way and degree. He plows and harrows up the earth. By stern endeavor he entirely changes the aspect of Nature. That which was once a barren waste or a deadly morass, poisoning the atmosphere with its insidious emanations, now blossoms with extraordinary beauty and conduces to the welfare and happiness of man. The earth is compelled to advance side by side with him, for unless the material world supplies requisite conditions man could not become receptive to the spiritual world; advanced ideas could not possibly be entertained, and if he could not bring Nature up to his own standard, Nature would drag him down to her level. This we maintain that man forces the development of the material world.

The refinement and spiritualizing of the earth by soul-unfoldment is a theme hitherto unthought of by

the human race. It has been generally believed that the earth was created perfect; that it gave birth to man and woman in the highest state of perfection. It never entered into the mental calculation of man that the earth has progressed side by side with him, from the first revolution on its axis to the present time, bringing to perfection on her bosom all the products of Nature—that a higher standard and a loftier bearing had characterized its activity. The earth, in an undeveloped condition, could not have given birth and sustenance to the human race; man could not have been so intimately acquainted with the mysteries of Nature, nor could he have such a deep penetration as he displays to-day. Both the floral and animal world have made proportionate advancement with the elevation of mankind. Is there not evidence that the horse, the cow, the dog, and other forms of animal life are nobler in development than in the ages that are past; and how has this been accomplished but by the intelligence of man? If they had been left alone in a state of wilderness they could not have been characterized by such sagacity and docility, and it is by virtue of the soul-unfoldment of man that they have been brought up to this state corresponding with his development. As man advances in soul-unfoldment he compels the animal kingdom to progress with him, and he makes Mother Nature subserve his purpose in his onward march. He has taken the wildness out of its primitive state, and by the application of intelligence and culture has made that sweet offering of Nature to be admired for its beauty and loveliness. This will furnish you with a faint idea of how Nature is embellished and beautified by the soul of man.

Now you must bear in mind that these Isles of yours did not exist in their present form when the earth first commenced its motions. They had not undergone the necessary development to meet the requirements of a civilized human race. There were vast tracts of country existing in times past, and where are they to-day? The world, as you now behold it, is not the old world that came into existence at the beginning. Countries that have attained to the highest state of development at the present period, had to undergo a process of preparation to enable them to perform the grand work assigned them. Vast tracts of land that were on the surface, and bore life, have entirely disappeared by submergence. The land that bore your forefathers on its bosom is now submerged beneath the broad Atlantic. The lands you now behold, during the process of earth's development were gradually upheaved, and amongst the rest were your British Isles, that have advanced to the highest position possible of attainment in consonance with the unfoldment of the human soul. By the process of submergence these Isles were made capable of meeting the requirements of the race that would ultimately inhabit their surface.

The British Isles as they stand to-day are producing some of the noblest-minded men of the race, and they are destined to be the birthplace of many advocates of advancement and reform. Hither in times to come will men of every grade and degree flock in order that they may be made great and famous by coming in contact with superior minds. They will be the birthplace of many a grand and noble enterprise, scientific, in the future. There is a spiritual unfoldment entirely peculiar to the inhabitants of your island home. This is solely due to extraordinary manifestations of activity or will-power which compel nature to do the bidding of man. Will power or soul power is a distinguishing characteristic of the man of mind. The reason why the people of these Isles are more favorably endowed is because Nature makes such a demand upon their energies, eliciting from the soul its latent possibilities. In tropical climates Nature is more generous, consequently there is not such a strain put upon the inhabitants to wrest from her the valuable treasures she possesses. When you behold her writhing in the throes of convulsion, when the fiery volcano belches forth its latent force, and earthquakes, storms and violent storms spread death and destruction around, there are simply presented to your view some of the modes whereby Nature promotes the development of the earth. Of course this state of things will continue until the material world has reached a higher state of development. When that period has arrived earthquakes and violent commotions will cease, because Nature will have attained to a state of harmony, and man will be far ahead on the pathway of progress. Then no engines for the destruction of his fellow-men will be manufactured—he will live in concord and peace with his neighbors, his surroundings of harmony will blend with the higher unfoldments of his soul, and it may then be safely said that the millennium has at last arrived.

We assure you that to-day Nature is making an extra effort to attain to a higher state of development—that man is making mightier exertions to snap the chains that have hitherto bound him, and rise up, higher, superior to the conditions by which he has been enthralled. He is endeavoring to bring his surroundings up with him. This must be obvious to an intelligent observer who will take the trouble to investigate the matter. Follow man in his advancement and you will perceive that he compels the material forces to subserve the purpose of his mighty will. If man had not attained to his present condition of advancement he could never have laid hold of the electric fluid and made it his errand boy to contribute to the happiness of humanity. This is the mightiest feat that Science has ever accomplished. Does not this prove that man compels Nature to satisfy his increasing demands? As he understands Nature better, as he continues to advance, instead of believing that man and Nature are in direct antagonism, he will become cognizant of the fact that the two powers are absolutely necessary to each other, and man's happiness will be determined in proportion to the harmony prevailing between himself and his outward surroundings.

Some people look back and compare the past with the present, fondly picturing visions of happiness possible in ages gone which are denied humanity to-day; but we say that the earth was not capable of producing so much enjoyment in the earlier stages of development as at the present time. Man sometimes gets ahead of his surroundings, but he is obliged to pitch his tent, and he must remain there until the earth has come up to the standard he has arrived at. When the earth has attained to that state of development which will permit him to move forward, he collects his traveling materials and marches forward once more. If you consult the history, and observe the advancement of the world on which you dwell, you will perceive that the activity of humanity has been spasmodic, for man cannot go beyond the development of the earth without being retarded in his movements until he shall be in harmony with his surroundings.

Previous to the present period of great intellectual activity, man had been resting in his tent for many, many weary years; but now, in this your particular day, he has been aroused into unwearied activity, and the vast army of humanity is once more on the march of progress. The leaders of the race, infused with spiritual enthusiasm, press forward in the vanguard; while those less fortunate beings, feeling the divine impulse of superior minds, and the exhilarating impetus of their surroundings, participate in a yearning desire for more light, and eagerly ascend to higher and sublimer conditions of happiness and progress.

Verification of a Spirit-Message.

CAPT. SYDNEY B. SMITH. In your issue of June 6th, 1885, is a communication from CAPT. SYDNEY B. SMITH, of Middleville, Mich., and as I formerly lived there, my attention was directed to it by several persons who remembered, "the line" spoken of by Mr. Smith in his message, and that a man was killed by the falling of the wall, etc. A few days ago a good Baptist lady from that town was visiting me, and I determined to satisfy myself about the matter, and, without telling her why, I asked her if she remembered such a person, and if he was killed under such circumstances. "Oh, yes," she replied, and then proceeded to give me the particulars as they happened at the time, and spoke of Mr. Smith and matters connected with him, at which I was so amazed when I lived there, by virtue of the fact that I had then and there remembered that I had then and there communicated to her, and she verified it as true in every particular, without knowing that she had done the same. I am a firm believer in continued existence after the death of the body, and I am a Spiritualist.

IN THE OLD TIME.
Above the sunset hills now the vanquished clouds are breaking,
And light trails its jewels along the dusty lane;
And a bird at my window the old song awakes,
Adown the meadow-path the well-known way I'm taking.
And I dream, and I dream I am but a child again.
I know where the blossoms of the golden bell are bright,
I know where the fern slips the brooklet's falling spray;
I know of a bank where daisies bloom the brightest,
And a nook in the beeches where shadows fall the sweetest.
And cooling breezes flit over a sultry summer day.
It was there by the brookside we built a tower of rushes,
In the shade of the beeches, in that old, happy time;
We wrought the rustic roof where the purple harebell
And Ben trimmed it o'er with the fir-tree's sombre
brushes.
While our merry voices blended with the water's
rippling chime.
How sweet on the air came the breath of new-mown
clover!
How soft was the whisper of the wind in the tree!
There were Maude's golden curls, with the sunlight
glided over,
There was merry little Carl, and bold Ben; the South-
east
Ah! Ben is sleeping now beneath the Southern
hue!
And fair little Maude in a stately ably is sailing,
Is sailing and sailing to a far foreign shore;
And Carl is at rest where the Northern winds are wait-
ing,
And the Northern sea is moaning, and the Northern
winds are wailing.
And the wild waves thunder round his bed forever
more.
But the song of the bird in the sunlight's quiet beaming,
The sound in the tree-top of the wind's low refrain,
And the voice of the river, with its white waves aliver
gleaming,
Draw me through the years to our youth-time's
happy dreaming,
To the dear olden time that can never come again!

Foreign Correspondence.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Since I last wrote to you I have had many pleasant and interesting experiences, all of which tend to confirm my deep-seated conviction that Spiritualism is rapidly advancing. The prejudice against it is far less, and the interest in it far greater than even a year ago. In London, especially, there have been very noticeable forward strides. I know there are some who feel that London atmosphere is not congenial to the growth of our philosophy. I have always felt otherwise, and this season, especially, evidences abound that my optimistic eyes have been rather pessimistic.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond has scored a decided success at the West End, Kensington Town Hall has been the centre of great interest; and though she frequently has a few friends have done a large part of the work in sustaining the meetings, the public are now coming forward in good numbers, expressing their determination that Mrs. Richmond's meetings shall be resumed in the early autumn and continued indefinitely under hospitable auspices. She is now in the provinces. Arrangements have been made for her reception on a tour of the scale of several places, especially in Leeds, where the Spiritualists are very active. There are two large and flourishing societies in that busy town in Yorkshire. They have united for the summer, and hired a large and attractive hall. Leeds is the first place I spoke in after landing at Liverpool. Though the notice of the meeting was short, we had an excellent attendance and the feeling pervading the assembly was warm, genial and sympathetic. Mr. King and Mrs. Richmond were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lingford, the presiding geniuses of the British Society. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, who are also kind and worthy people, are the leading spirits in the Edinburgh society. The two congregations, that are daily drawing nearer together, participated almost equally in giving a welcome to my inspirers and myself in Brunswick Temple.

We arrived in London after our visit at Leeds, on Friday, July 11th, and went direct to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Webb, 7, Albert Road, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park, N.W. They are both extremely active and earnest Spiritualists, and interested also in every needed reform. Mr. Webb is now on the continent, attending an Anti-Vaccination Conference. At their house I had the pleasure of meeting a great many old friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, who are both looking extremely well, and who were very much pleased to see me. At this delightful house I have on two occasions, been the instrument of my guides in giving spiritual teachings to numerous and most appreciative audiences.

A great amount of interest is at present being taken in healing by spiritual power, and wherever lectures and conversations on such topics are announced, a large concourse of delightful people is almost sure to be the result. I was on an evening at the Church of England, and the Church of Rome, Unitarians and Materialists all appear on such occasions, and usually instead of discord, as might be expected, a great deal of harmony prevails. There is no doubt a considerable amount of truth in the faith and prayer cure theories, but our spirit-friends seem to possess a knowledge of these subjects which enables them to reconcile and unite different schools of thought and modes of practice, instead of, as so many functional doctors, on an opposing one method, and denying the truth or efficacy of all others. On Sundays at Cavendish Rooms we have excellent meetings, and during the week the gatherings in various parts of London and its suburbs are very enjoyable. I have recently had a pleasant chat with Dr. Street, who, though he sometimes since resigned his secretaryship, still continues to take a deep interest in the new spirit-temple in Boston. He wanted to know far more about the Church of England, and he only had, but many others, since an engraving of it appeared in *The Medium*, are very anxious to know all about its present condition and prospects. We can all unite in hoping that whenever opened and however managed, it may be in reality for many generations a living exemplification of the principles in accordance with which it is said to have been built.

Our visit to Paris was a very enjoyable one, though it only extended to five days, as we left London on Monday, and were obliged to get back on the following Saturday to fulfill our Sunday engagements. The 14th of July was celebrated in grand style. The banks of the Seine and all the principal boulevards were brilliantly illuminated; the display of fireworks was amazingly fine. Though there were immense crowds, order and good nature prevailed. Lady Oathlons, Duchess de Pomar, received us at her magnificent residence, 31, Rue de Valenciennes, with extreme cordiality. I had the privilege of speaking four times in her presence; three of them in her own beautiful house, where a choice company of friends were gathered on each occasion. Miss Baldwin, formerly of Boston, well-known as a writer of great talent, cooperated with the Duchess, and did a great deal to make our visit pleasant. In France it is of course not easy to draw together a very large, English-speaking audience, but what is lacking in numbers is often made up in intelligence and interest.

Mr. King's spiritual abilities have been warmly commended wherever we have been together. The London season is now beginning to wane, and when it is over Mr. King will pay a visit to his parents in Germany, and I shall go on a short lecturing tour in the English Provinces, where I hope to find the condition of our cause generally satisfactory. I have found it in London. The disclosures of terrible facts in the metropolis, recently made public in the papers, the prevalence of cholera in Spain, and other distressing instances, seem all to be fulfillments of what our spirit-friends have been telling us must ensue during these extraordinarily disturbed years; but though the powers of darkness attack their forces, and in many quarters misery and distress seem to be spreading, we are an intelligent race, and we

of the times can fall to perceive the operations of the powers of light as the stronger man turning out the strong, though not without a severe struggle. The weather, though not quite settled, is, on the whole, pleasant, and we in London have many blessings to be thankful for, but perhaps not more than my Boston friends in their own delightful city.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is a very welcome visitor. I always read it with especial interest when it has to travel three thousand miles to give me a call. We spent one day in Manchester and called on Dr. and Mrs. Blinton, who received us very kindly and spoke in warm terms of many friends in America. I suppose Mr. Morse will soon be with you; he has been very busy here of late, and has a great many friends who regret his departure. It sometimes seems to me, speaking facetiously, that the guides of public mediums were all interested in trans-Atlantic navigation, as their instruments so constantly cross and recross the ocean. Mr. Morse has remained a wonderfully long time in England for one in his position. No doubt the brethren in America will endeavor to induce him to prolong his stay; equally with them when they have him among them. I must now, bidding all my good friends in America who see your valuable paper au revoir for the present, conclude with the sincere hope that you are all in the best of health and enjoying the prosperity to which your earnest efforts have led you.

W. J. COLVILLE.
16 York Street, Portman Square, London, W.

Foreign Notes.

Le Messager of Liege commenced its fourteenth year with its July 1st number, and under the heading of "Ce que l'on veut a Fourteen Ans," has a salutatory to its readers and subscribers with some pleasant and wise reflections on its past thirteen years which seemingly have so quickly passed, and places its strong accent on the power and influence of the Will. After remarks on mesmerism and magnetism and reference to some of the phenomena of healing, it says, "The Will in time will be the remedy for many maladies reputed incurable."

The address ends as follows: "Sacred Will animates the soul; brings them to the truth, to devotion to the cause, which consoles and strengthens them; teaching them that nothing good in this world can come without some act of the will, submissive to simple and severe reason, and by such acts society in general will prosper, will grow and be intelligent. It is the wish of this paper, though young as *Le Messager*, of the faithful, serious, disinterested friend, that you render homage plausibly to that daughter of all the forces, *The Will*."

Le Messager gives much space to the subject of vaccination for the cholera. Dr. Wahn sends some communications from two of his band who were old doctors when in earth-life, and their letters show an understanding in detail of the subject.

Dr. Renee Serfaty announces the formation of the "Societe de Psychologie Physique et de la Parole," stating that the new society is for the study of psychical phenomena in the normal and abnormal state by the method of observation and experiment.

The article in a late BANNER by R. D. J. of Rochester, "Our Ammunition Never Exhausted," giving an account of independent state-writing, and other manifestations among the students of Liege, who have very properly given to the memory of the illustrious dead, and their letters show an understanding in detail of the subject.

Mr. Edmond Permet in the name of the family of Victor Hugo, to thank you and your friends for the testimonies of sorrow that you have very properly given to the memory of the illustrious dead. You have reason to say that your country was also his country, and I hope that the wish he has expressed for the indissoluble union of all free nations will ere long be realized.

Receive, I pray you, the assurance of my unalterable sympathy.
EDMOND LOCKROY.
Deputé de Paris.

It is worthy of notice that among the mass of comments made by the French secular and religious papers regarding Victor Hugo, and his funeral, no one to any extent questions his belief in Modern Spiritualism.

Le Messager in recording the subscriptions for the erection of a monument in memory of Cabagnet, adds the following note: "Our brothers in Spiritualism in sending their farthings for the erection of a monument to Alphonse Cabagnet must not forget that he was the forerunner of Spiritualism in 1851. He was a man of great recognition, for he was all the time a worker, very meritorious from the first hour, and a philosophic, honest man."

College of Therapeutics.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As the post-graduate course of this institution will be resumed on Tuesday, December 1st (continuing five weeks), its importance to the public at large, and to the liberal medical profession should be made known extensively.

This is the only institution, or course of instruction, in which the science of life is presented in a scientific manner with a full recognition of the great truth that life is a spiritual and not a material phenomenon. The healing art is thus brought into accord with spiritual philosophy and the most advanced science.

Very few have any idea of the vast progress and discoveries in the healing art which have been made in the present century outside of medical colleges. The discoveries of Hahnemann have been adopted in a new order of medical colleges. The discoveries of American physicians organized by Dr. Beach have been adopted by the colleges called Eclectic, but my own discoveries, which revolutionize physiology and establish new methods of practice, are not at present taught in any college, and the amount of useful therapeutic knowledge neglected or rejected by the old style medical colleges is greater than all the therapeutic knowledge embraced in their curriculum.

To young men who are entering the medical profession and to those who have acquired the best education the colleges can give, it is highly important to complete their education by acquiring in a post-graduate course, the knowledge which will place them in a higher rank above competition. For this purpose, post-graduate courses here will give them a better knowledge of the healing art than all foreign colleges.

Therapeutic Physiology, which is the anatomy of the vital functions, and far more important than physical anatomy, as life is more important than death, is taught only in the College of Therapeutics. This science renders magnetic practice scientific and successful, and changes electric practice from an empirical to a scientific character.

Psychometry is the immediate basis of all good medical practice, as it gives the command of a correct diagnosis, and enables the physician to treat patients successfully at any distance.

Obviously, therefore, the physician who is trained in psychometry and sarcognomy will have a vast advantage over all competitors, and in illustration of this I need only refer to the brilliant success of Dr. B. J. Damon, guided by psychometry and sarcognomy, and to the fact that the most extensive practitioner in Boston owes his success entirely to his great skill in psychometry.

Psychometry and sarcognomy will be taught in the College of Therapeutics, and the proper method of treating disease by the application of electricity combined with external remedies, by the application of the hands, by manual treatment, by the psychic force of the operator, which has been called spirit cure and mind cure, will be taught in the College of Therapeutics.

This course of instruction is not limited to the medical profession. It is especially adapted to the general public, every intelligent person is entitled to possess. Every father and mother ought to be instructed in psychometry, and the time is not distant when it will be considered an indispensable portion of a liberal education, and will enable every parent to protect the family circle from the influence of impostors. By attending this course of instruction, more than any other, a person can be assured that he will be able to protect his family from the influence of impostors, and that he will be able to protect his family from the influence of impostors, and that he will be able to protect his family from the influence of impostors.

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When you have those distressed feelings incident to Heart Disease, no remedy can give you such relief as DR. GRAVE'S HEART-REGULATOR. Thirty years' record. Free pamphlet of F. B. Ingalls, Cambridge, Mass. \$1.00 per bottle. In England, 4d. In Australia, 2/6 per bottle.

Message Department.

The Messages published under the above heading indicate the life of the spirit world, whether good or evil; that those who pass from the earthly sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to higher conditions. It is the duty of the reader to read these messages with a view to the improvement of his own life, and to the improvement of the lives of those who are connected with him. Let us of inquiry in regard to this department of the BANNER should not be addressed to the medium in any case.

L. W. B. WILSON, Chairman.

The Free-Circle Meetings

At this office has been suspended for the summer. They will be resumed, as usual, in September; due notice of the time will be given hereafter.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
Miss H. T. Sheikhan.

Report of Public Séance held May 1st, 1885.

(Continued from our last issue.)

Horace B. Wooster.

Strange what creatures we are, brightened or saddened by the events of time, swayed here and there by the circumstances of a moment. I doubt if many of us understand how they are enervated by influences moved upon by them. I did not realize anything of this subject when here—it was not a study to me; but since passing out of the body these laws pertaining to the soul, to psychological conditions, have appeared to my thought, and I have given them much attention.

I do not propose to speak of my studies now, for my friends, perhaps, would not realize their import, and might think I had not returned; that some other was claiming my name, or perhaps that I had become greatly changed through the experience of death. I do come here hoping to reach my friends, and appeal to them to give me an opportunity of speaking in private. I have matters I would like to discuss with them, many of which concern their own material interests and affairs, others which relate to mine when on earth. I think I could give them evidence of my identity; at least, I am working to that end, and have come here as a preparatory step toward the purpose; yet I feel hampered in trying to speak, and that is what caused me to say at first, What strange creatures we are.

I passed out very suddenly. I was attending to my duty, supervising a certain piece of work, when I was knocked down by falling lumber, and was so crushed that my spirit passed from the body. I am not affected by that occurrence in the spirit world; there I feel as strong as I did in my body on earth; but in coming here, feeling most anxious to speak clearly, so that it may reach my friends, I felt the sensation which suddenly swept over me at the time of that accident. It was a strange feeling—I cannot define it. I was startled; there was a sudden rush, I hardly knew what, and then all was a blur. I could not regain my thought. And that is somewhat as I feel now in trying to speak to you, so I am afraid I shall not accomplish my object as I had hoped to.

I was connected with the Seymour Manufacturing Company, of Seymour, Conn. I would rather communicate in that place than in Boston, but I found this way open, and took advantage of it. I want my friends to know I send them regards and love, and cordial words of greeting. I cannot express them as I would wish, but they are heartfelt. I am very anxious to give something strong and clear, that they may know I am not far from them in the affairs of material life, but am satisfied to part with them.

It will be two years in the summer-time since I parted from the body. I have an avocation in the other life which is congenial to me. I find myself possessed of the same energies and impulses that were mine here, and I am not deprived of the power of expression. We all have our lines of work, and can manifest ourselves in various ways, achieving results that are of practical use to mankind.

I do not want my friends to think that this world contains all there is of objective effort and labor; man is no less a man after the death of the body than he is before; he still has his wants, his aspirations, his ambitions, and continues to hold within himself powers and activities which may be manifested; therefore, there are various occupations in the spirit world, there are lines of activity through which one may work and accomplish grand results. I wish my friends to learn of these things, and I hope sometime to be able to more fully inform them. I am Horace B. Wooster.

Julia Smart.

I am Julia Smart. I have friends in New Brunswick. I have a brother Ned, in St. John. I bring my love to all my friends. I want to tell them of the home I have above. It is a bright one; it is pleasant; it is filled with all those pretty things which I admired here—many of which I did not possess, but longed to have. There are kind friends, and we are happy together; we have beautiful flowers, and singing birds, and running waters, around our homes, and trees and lawns—all things beautiful. I do not want to leave a thing of my other life as a vague, misty place, where it is uncertain whether one finds those they loved or not, nor to think of it as a barren, dark, forbidding country, because I have found it delightful, and all whom I know tell the same story.

I come here, asking my friends to believe what I say; that if they are true and good here, and try to do the best they can, are kind to their fellow-creatures, and do not seek to over-reach them in any way, that they will have a home when they go from earth, and will be pleased and satisfied with what comes to them. I come especially to reach my brother Ned. He is a young man, and full of enthusiasm over his plans in life. I am in sympathy with him, and often wish I could make him know I am by his side, and trying to help him. He is thinking of making a journey by-and-by. If his plans are fulfilled as he hopes they will be, early next winter he intends to go to England, and visit Manchester and Liverpool, where we have relatives and friends whom he does not remember because he has not seen them since he was a little child, but hopes to meet and know. I want to tell him that I can help him to do this and go with him. I remember these friends, although I was quite a child when I parted from them, and I would be glad to see them again. Some of our relatives have gone to the spirit-world, and I have met them. I think I will tell you that I love and go with him; it will interest him. I want him to learn something of Spiritualism, and teach it to those around him; I want him to know that those who die can come back and visit their friends, bringing their love, and can watch over them. I think it will do him good if he can understand this. He is impulsive; sometimes he acts on the spur of the moment and then wishes he had not; but if we can bring him under our strong influence we can help him, because he is meditative. I hope to accomplish something by coming here in this way.

Sarah Thayer.

Like many other eager souls I press in here to-day, hoping to find my friends, and convey to them my love and remembrance. I have not spoken through mortal lips before. I have been in the spirit-world several years, and have tried through my friends to say something, or give a little token that I could return to my friends. They live in New York City. My name is Sarah Thayer. I have a brother John, whom I would like to see and speak with. I have a sister who does not know of spiritual things, who is an attendant upon the church. Perhaps if I should come to her she would say, "Oh! it cannot be that spirit; she is permitted to come back; it is a delusion." But I think my brother will listen to what I have to say, for he is not a confirmed skeptic, nor has he any particular bias in religious things. He was nearest my own age, and we were com-

panions for many years. We talked over our plans, and understood each other, perhaps, better than any of the family. I think I may accomplish something by coming to him. I want all my friends to know, however, that there is a truth in this thing.

I was ill for some time before I passed away. I was much upon religious matters, and could not accept the belief my sister had gained, although she visited me, and I also desired to; somehow her doctrine would not enter my soul. I was obliged to say I did not know; perhaps there was a future, perhaps not. I hoped there would be, and that we should meet and know each other in another life; but all seemed vague and mystical to me. I often thought if there could only come some revelation, some truth from the higher life, if such there were, how thankful I would be; if there was a continuous life, how beautiful to know it. Still I felt if this life of the body was all that man could claim, I should not shrink from it. I had done my part as best I could; failing powers and bodily weakness prevented me from doing that which I desired, so I preferred to go rather than to live on, a helpless invalid, a care and a burden to my friends; therefore I did not tremble at the thought of death. I only wanted to know something that was beyond it.

I speak of these things because my family know just what my mind was concerning them; and I wish to say that just before I passed away, when my brother stood by my side and laid his hand upon my head and said, "Sarah, do you know me?" I heard his words, but could not respond. He saw a smile flicker over my countenance, and he thought it possible I recognized him. That was true, but only dimly. I did not smile so much at those around me in the mortal form as at what I saw opening before me. It was a bright and beautiful light which shone around the room, so bright that it made the figures in the mortal form seem like dim shadows instead of like human beings, and through the brightness came other beautiful forms that smiled upon me. I saw my mother and others whom I had known, and I had the power of thought also, for I remember thinking that there must be another life, something beautiful beyond this, and I was only stepping out of the shadow into the clear sunshine; and how grand it would be to know that death is not the end! I wanted to speak these ideas to my friends, but could not, so I will speak of it here, thinking perhaps it may comfort them to know that there is a life after death, where those who love meet again in a higher condition of being.

James Patterson.

It is good to step in here and know that you are approaching earth-life, yet not feeling old and worn out of gear. If I were in the body now, I should be very glad to be comfortable, but being in the spirit, I feel strong and able to perform the duties of life. That don't mean that I find any fault with the earth-life and its conditions; it means that I am satisfied with things as they are, and to have let the long life of earth go, and to have made way for some one else, and taken up that which is on the other side.

I have been gone some time. I don't know that many will care to hear from me, yet perhaps they will. I am glad to hear from one of my family who has passed on to other conditions. She is pleased with the change; it is good for her; she feels at rest, and wants all who are here to know of it, and so I speak for her. One by one they are passing over, one by one they come to our side and we greet them. We are glad to see them coming home, for it seems like a reunion; and they look around, perhaps with astonishment, but with pleasure, to see and hear how they have been waited for and are gladly welcomed.

I am losing interest in earthly things, not in those who are near to me who remain here, but in the things that belong to the material. I am told that spirits are working constantly; are coming back and doing many strange things to startle the people and call their attention to this life of ours, and I am glad to know it. I hope that they will have the power to go on and on, and that they will be able to help in the midst of those who are in doubt and in ignorance, and convince them of the reality of the spirit-world, and of the power of its inhabitants to come back and speak to mortals. I would be happy to take up with such a work, but as for material things I don't care much about them.

Perhaps you will say, "Well, you are in a world of spirits, but it is just as real and as full of getting a beautiful home, brightening it up and putting handsome things into it as we are. I don't know as there is much difference between the two." And I don't know as there is, only I find, on the other side, if we have a beautiful home and lovely surroundings, we have to earn it by doing good, by helping others, and not so much by looking after ourselves. The more we want something beautiful and lovely, and speed on in the work of helping and neglecting other people, the less we get of it; but when we go to work and think nothing about what we want ourselves, but try to help some poor fellow who is most miserable and surrounded by shadows, the first thing we know we are in a bright spot where there is a comfortable home and surroundings, and we are quite well off; so there seems to be a difference, after all, though I am rather a poor hand at explaining.

I was familiar with Boston. I lived in Roxbury. I have friends there, and I want them all to know I have come back. It is a good journey to take, when you go out of the body, but it is pleasant to come back again and let your friends know how you are getting along, and that you have the power of coming back to them.

I believe I have nothing more now to say. I think that this thing will grow and spread, and that sometime the world will be in truth as we know anything about it will have manifestations of the spirit right in their own homes. But they have got to work for it, to do their part, as well as those who stand waiting on the other side to accomplish theirs. James Patterson.

Report of Public Séance held May 8th, 1885.

Invocation.

Oh! thou Omnipotent and Eternal Spirit, thou whom man calls God, because he instinctively feels thy goodness, and thy power, and thy love, and thy wisdom, and thy grace, and thy glory, and thy majesty, and thy holiness, and thy truth, and thy life, and thy love, and thy peace, and thy joy, and thy hope, and thy faith, and thy charity, and thy kindness, and thy gentleness, and thy meekness, and thy lowliness, and thy patience, and thy long-suffering, and thy forbearance, and thy clemency, and thy mercy, and thy grace, and thy love, and thy peace, and thy joy, and thy hope, and thy faith, and thy charity, and thy kindness, and thy gentleness, and thy meekness, and thy lowliness, and thy patience, and thy long-suffering, and thy forbearance, and thy clemency, and thy mercy, and thy grace, and thy love, and thy peace, and thy joy, and thy hope, and thy faith, and thy charity, and thy kindness, and thy gentleness, and thy meekness, and thy lowliness, and thy patience, and thy 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Friends of the family were told that the man was taken to a camp in northern Iran where he would be held until his relatives could be located. The man's name was said to be "John Doe," a common name used by the CIA to identify sources who are not to be named.