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THE NEW SOUTH.

The past is dead, yet from its grave,
Frequent with deathless memories,
A newer life hath risen to save
A race made milder by the ties
Uniting sons with slaves.
And thou, remembrance, that attendest low,
Bathing thy feet in summer seas,
Mantling thy brow in summer snow,
Kindling with new-born ardors,
Thy blood-quenched altar-dre:
Rising o'er worn-out loves and hates,
Bury'd beneath God's all-wise decrees,
Unto the nobler life that waits
Thy progress down the centuries,
Thy triumph down the centuries,
Thine open hand is grasped by hands
That clutch thee here on the field;
From throats that hushed the stern command
Down hostile lines, kind accents yield
The welcome thou hast sought.
Through all thine upward march I see
Divine monitions of a hand
Molding the germ of things to be
From out the debris of things that spanned
Thine earlier days;
Preserving to thy sons the fame
Of all thy past inviolate;
Blending by children's future name
With all that makes a nation great
In love and liberty. —Atlanta Constitution.

FREE NON-SECTARIAN SCHOOLS.

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

I want to call the attention of the numerous readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT to the August issue of the *North American Review*, with special reference to a significant and memorable article, pregnant with meaning, from the pen of Rev. Father Edward McGlynn, D. D. The views of this representative man with reference to matters of public policy that tend to a higher social state, are in such marked contrast to those usually advocated by his class, are so candidly stated, and pervaded by such a liberal spirit, that while they have been maintained for years by intelligent Spiritualists and others who are not bound by ecclesiastical apron-strings, it is a cause for encouragement to find that this distinguished friend of the people, who has the ear of the public to a greater extent than most men, not only holds such pronounced and progressive views of civil and religious liberty, but that he insists upon voicing these views on every appropriate occasion. Liberal thought finds in Father McGlynn a powerful ally whose work from this time on will be to so help create and mold public opinion that the rights of the people shall be everywhere recognized and their just demands willingly acknowledged and reciprocally shared by those who are now disposed to ignore them.

Dr. McGlynn, forced by existing conditions of society into active reform work, brings with him new aids and fresh allies from earth and heaven. It may be a modern Luther has entered the ranks, commissioned to valiantly battle in behalf of the social and civil rights of humanity in these times, as did his great religious prototype more than three hundred years ago.

As some of your readers, Mr. Editor, may not see the Review, I will for their benefit here append several extracts from the article in question.

Contrasting the old Know-Nothingism with that of the new, the assumptions of the former with the realities of the latter, the growth of the demands and the gradual ascent to the claims of the Catholic Hierarchy of to-day, he says:

"There is now an avowed determination, as shown in the last Council of Baltimore, to establish all over the country a great system of parochial schools in opposition to the public schools, and it is made the most urgent duty of priests everywhere, under threat of expulsion, to found such schools. The hope is not concealed that, when the so-called 'Catholic vote' shall become larger, the politicians may be induced to appropriate, through State legislatures or local governments, all the funds necessary for the support of these schools. This has already been accomplished in Poughkeepsie, New Haven and elsewhere, and for a brief period during the offensive and defensive alliance between a certain set of priests and the Tammany ring of the days of Tweed, Connolly and Sweeney, an appropriation procured by legislative trial and fraud, awarded several hundred thousand dollars to the parochial schools of New York City. What would the old-time Know-Nothings have thought of this?"

It should be noted that these parochial schools, which it is the design to multiply, are exempt from taxation, and that thus the public in some cases pay a premium upon a system of schools hostile to its own, and so encourages the laying of an enormous, additional burden upon the poor Catholic people, who have already paid, directly or indirectly, their full share of the taxes for the support of the public schools, which it is now the growing tendency to forbid them to use, under penalty of the loss of the sacraments of the church. (The *North American Review*, August, 1887, pp. 100-101.)

Another thing which was known, and which was a great secret, was the fact that the

In anything like its present extent, would then have caused the gravest civil disturbances, is the appropriation of valuable public lands and millions of dollars of public money, to the support of all manner of sectarian institutions under the control of churches, and especially of the Roman Catholic Church. It may be sufficient, by way of illustration, to refer to the Catholic Protector, in Winchester, to the House of the Sisters of Mercy in 81st street, and to the Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity, in 68th street. Immense institutions supported by the City Treasury of New York at an expense of from half a million to a million of dollars a year, and the two latter built upon blocks of ground given by the city through the favor of the Tammany ring, and worth hundreds of thousands each. Would it not be enough to make the older Know-Nothing blush in their graves, could they hear that vast amounts of great public properties are thus turned over to irresponsible private and sectarian institutions, especially if they could learn that the priests and monks and nuns, whose institutions are thus benefited by the public, are but the mere emblems to announce our schools and other public institutions in a very common experience shows that they have but little qualification beyond their professional stamp and garb.

It is not risking much to say that if there were no public schools there would be very few parochial schools, and the Catholic children, for all the obnoxious would do for them, would grow up in brutish ignorance of letters. It is a remarkable fact that in Italy, France and other so-called Catholic countries, in spite of the hostility to the government schools, the clergy do not establish parochial schools. From this cursory view of the situation, then, and now, it would seem that the fear of the alleged evils, dangers of which were dreaded, predicted and denounced with so much vehemence by the older Know-Nothings, would find to-day a hundred-fold greater justification. And yet we witness the extraordinary spectacle of the whole Catholic population, one language, enjoying equal laws, its members living together in perfect peace and fraternity and accomplishing for humanity greater wonders of civilization than the world has yet ventured to hope for. These lines are not new lines, but old and safe ones, marked out by Jefferson and the other great statesmen to whom we owe the Great Declaration and the foundation of our government. They are:

Respect for the rights of conscience; separation of Church and State in that sense which is really the best union of Church and State, namely, the perfect respect of each for the rights of the other and the mutual abstention from interference by either in the affairs of the other.

The making of our country for all time to come what it has been in the past—a beacon of liberty and a refuge to the oppressed of all the nations of the world.

The abolishing of all privileges granted by public authority to individuals or corporations, whether civil or religious, and the equal taxation of the property of all such corporations, without exemption or exception in favor of any church, charity or school, or of any institution that is not the property of the people and controlled for some public and common use by public officials;—absolutely for the public—never for an individual or a class.

Washington, D. C.

Lemon and Hot Water.

A fellow faced young man stood at the prescription counter of an up town drug store the other day and surveyed the clerk with heavy, yellow eyes.

"Not feeling well?" observed the latter, pleasantly.

"Should say I wasn't," responded the other, gruffly.

"What's the matter?"

"Headache, liver out of order, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't even drink. Life's a gloomy, dismal, dyspeptic fraud, and I don't know what to do. I believe I'd die to-day if I didn't have a business card in my pocket."

"I'll tell you what to take," observed the clerk, suavely. "It will do you good. If it doesn't I don't know what will."

"What is it? I don't want any old medical chemicals. My stomach is educated up to appreciate novelties."

"It is a simple remedy and efficacious," returned the clerk. "It is merely lemon juice squeezed into a glass of hot water, without sugar or a stick. Drink a glass of this night and morning, and see what the effect will be. I recommended it to a friend of mine the other day who was much sicker than you. He tried it, and found himself better almost immediately. His daily headaches, which medicine had failed to cure, left him, his appetite improved and he gained several pounds in weight within a few weeks. After a while he omitted the drink, either at night or in the morning, and now at times does without either of them. I am satisfied from experiment that there is no better medicine for persons who are troubled with biliousness and liver complaints than the simple remedy I have given. It is far better than quinine or any other drug, and it is devoid of their injurious consequences. It excites the liver, stimulates the digestive organs and tones up the system generally. It is not unpleasant to take either. Indeed, one who gets to liking it." —*New York Mail and Express*.

A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD. Who was the most present man?" asked a teacher, in one of Pittsburgh's Sunday-schools yesterday. One of the small boys, named John, said: "A little boy who had been a brown study for a while, and who had been a great deal of trouble to the teacher."

What was his name?" "It was the name of the school," said the teacher.

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Phenomenal.

SEEING WITHOUT PHYSICAL SIGHT.

Many instances have been related showing that defect in any one or more of the human senses often results in developing the corresponding inner sense. This has been more frequently observed in persons afflicted with loss of sight and hearing. One of the kind is interestingly described in a late issue of the *Chicago Herald*, which can be safely taken as one of the most remarkable on record.

Mr. Henry Hendrickson, born in Norway forty-three years ago, but who has lived in this country forty years, was deprived of sight when six months old. He was educated at the institution for the blind in Janesville, Wis., and is the author of a book entitled "Out of the Darkness," somewhat in explanation of the mediumship with which he is becoming endowed, although unable to account for it in any manner satisfactory to himself or conformable to the known laws of physical science.

The narrative states that he is well educated, a brilliant conversationalist, and, with glasses which hide his completely closed eyes, one would scarcely recognize him as a blind man. For the last twenty years he has seldom used an escort, except when in great haste, and when going on territory entirely strange to him. Many people who have observed the facility with which he moves from place to place doubt that he is totally blind, but he has been put under the severest tests, and those who have made the investigations are convinced that he cannot see.

Describing his habits to the reporter, he said, "When in a train at full speed, I can distinguish and count the telegraph poles easily, and often do it as a pastime, or to determine our speed. Of course I do not see them, but I perceive them. It is perception. Of course my perceptive qualities are not in the least impaired on account of my blindness. I am not able to explain it, but I am never in total darkness. It is the same at midnight as at mid-day. There is always a bright glow of light surrounding me."

A practical test was made. A thick, heavy cloth was thrown over his head as he sat in his chair. This hung down on all sides to his waist. It was impossible for any one to see through it. Then before him or behind him, it mattered not, an ordinary walking cane was held up in various positions, and in answer to the inquiry "In what position am I holding it?" he gave prompt and correct answers, without a single mistake, sometimes describing acute or oblique angles.

"I have never," he said, "by the ordinary sense of sight seen an object in my life, not the faintest glimmer of one. My sight or discernment does not come in that way. This will prove the idea to you: Take me into a strange room, one that I have never been into, and never heard about, and no matter how dark it is I can tell you the dimensions of the room very closely. I do not feel the walls; I will touch nothing; but there is communicated to me by some strange law of perception the size and configuration of the room."

He then related that being in New York in 1871, he walked from Union Square to a friend's house on Forty-first street, a long distance with several turns, and did not make a misstep. He said, "I knew the house when I came to it. I did not see it, and yet I did. I am studying shorthand, and as my hearing is very good, I expect to become an expert. I had a little trouble with my writing at first, but am now able to write very well."

Another remarkable illustration of his power to see without eyes is this: If one make motions in the air like beating the time for a choir, but describing phonetic characters, he tells the characters, and interprets them. What might be termed a "crucial test" of this was given the *Herald* reporter.

Mr. Hendrickson further said: "I'm a very good skater, and can, when gliding over the ice swiftly, see every particle on the ice, every crack and rough spot, no matter how small and indistinct. The faster I go the plainer I can see. Well, I don't mean that I can see, but I perceive, or something. It is light to me, and I discern everything."

WARNINGS FROM THE THITHER SIDE.

The *Gatesville (Texas) Star* has lately published accounts of phenomena that have occurred in the experience of Dr. R. J. Perry, among which are the following:

"On the morning of Dec. 20th, 1882, our daughter, then eleven years of age, while dressing, remarked to her mother: 'Last night I dreamed I caught on fire and burned to death. Her mother made an evasive answer. A message soon called for me to visit a sick patient. While on my way, about two miles from home, I was overtaken and turned back with the sad news of the burning of my daughter. On arriving at her bedside the first word she said to me was: 'Father, you remember I told mother this morning of dreaming I had caught on fire and burned to death. She died at three o'clock that afternoon.'

During the retreat of our army through Georgia, a Mr. S. I. King one morning told his brother and others he had dreamed he would be killed that day. They told him his part of the company would not be on duty that day and he would not be in danger. He still contended that he would be killed, and spent the forenoon in writing to his wife, preparing his will, and distributing keepsakes to his fellow soldiers. After he had finished so as to feel easy about his business, he laid down and was apparently asleep. A ball struck him near the heart. It did not bury itself so far but it was taken out with the fingers. He sprang to his feet, looked around and fell dead without speaking. (The *Star*, 1882, 11th Nov. 1882, p. 1.)

Literary Department.

SOWING AND REAPING; OR, The Harvest of a Life.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light

BY MISS M. T. SHELLHAMER.

Author of "After Many Days," "Crowded Out," "The Spirit of the Storm," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

WAS IT A DREAM?

The harvest had been a bountiful one at Corning farm, and winter found the old barn well stocked with hay and grain for the cattle, while in the cellar of the old house, bins and barrels revealed their store of goodly fruit and vegetables to the satisfied eyes of those who gazed upon them.

Onville possessed but little value to the minds of those who looked upon its insignificant social privileges and its feeble business reputation with critical eye. It was a sparsely populated place, and land within its limits was plentiful and cheap. The old farm embraced a large stretch of land which, before Farmer Corning had purchased it, as he did at a low market price, had been neglected and uncared for; but this thrifty man had set to work to redeem the ground from weeds and stones, to repair broken fences and to otherwise "fix up the place," as he said, until the property began to show unmistakable marks of improvement. He was a careful man, who believed in thoroughly doing a piece of work, and whatever repairs were made under his direction were sure to be done in a finished manner. During the season just passed, the old place seemed determined to repay its master for his care and oversight, and, as we have said, the harvest proved a plentiful one.

In these late autumn days, the old farmer cast about in his mind to find the best method of helping the poor and unfortunate. Many a basket of potatoes and piece of pork he carried from his own supply to some needy family, and not a week passed but it brought some record of benevolent acts which he accomplished.

Yet, when he gazed around him upon the want and sorrow of certain portions of the town he visited, Farmer Corning groaned in spirit that he could not do more for its relief. Material help was needed, truly, but something else was also required to lift these tolling, spirit-crushed people, out of the rut of discomfort in which they moved, and our friend sighed for the means and the mental power to furnish a spiritual stimulant which would at once inspire, educate and uplift.

So earnest did the good man become over these problems, that he brought them before the "Board of Education" in the town, but the men composing this body were for the most part stolid, money-grubbing individuals, who had themselves weathered the world's tempests without the advantages of a liberal education, and who believed that if a "good common school" was provided the children, and a Sunday religious service open to the elders, that was all one could consistently expect in such a place as Allentown.

One morning the farmer was awakened from a sound sleep, by the wild rush of a November rain against the windows of his room, and as he lay listening to the fury of the storm, which seemed to centre upon the rugged farmhouse as though it would test its strength, a feeling of gratitude welled up in his heart that he and his were sheltered from the blast.

There was no mistake as to his wakefulness, for he not only could hear the rush of rain, attended by the shrill whistle of the wind, but each object in the room was distinctly visible to his sight. Moreover, in a moment, the farmer turned in his bed, and reaching for his old-fashioned watch that rested on a stand close by, he noticed that the hour was just fifty minutes earlier than his accustomed time for rising.

Yet, as he settled back upon his pillow, and while he knew himself to be awake, a change seemed to come upon his surroundings, while a quiet, inactive sensation stole over his body, and he became as one who has no power or will to move. The man no longer lay upon his bed in the low-roofed room, nor could he see any sign of the old farmhouse, while the sound of rain had ceased to beat in his ears. It seemed to him that he stood in the midst of a great green plain, and that beside him was the form of a youth, whose gentle face and unfamiliar features bore the stamp of a high and noble character. The stranger spoke no word, but pointed with his finger to a number of massive white buildings which shone upon the emerald plain.

With an involuntary movement, the dreamer advanced; it was no effort for him to walk, indeed, he was rather a propelled motion than an ordinary step. The youthful-looking stranger gazed by his side, and together they reached the spacious portal of the nearest of those immense, circular structures.

Gleaming within, our friend was surprised to perceive the interior of this building stacked with bundles of unthreshed grain, great golden sheaves of wheat that fairly seemed to nod their plump heads in recognition of his presence. Too amazed for speech, he turned toward his guide, who smiled and pointed to the second structure, toward which he moved without a word.

At the entrance of this building they paused

and gazed in upon great piles of fair and rosy fruit, with which the place was stored. At sight of this ruddy splendor, the old man felt a thrill of delight, but his silent guide motioned him on to where still another storehouse opened its ample doors. Within these walls they found the product of farm and field in plentiful array, and such succulent tubers, sublimed stalks of silky corn, such golden, corpulent pumpkins and other melon-like productions, our farmer friend had never dreamed could grow.

The old man gazed with delighted but bewildered eye, and as he did so, a thought of all the needy, famishing, want-pinched children of earth came across his mind with the blackness of a haunting shadow, and he groaned aloud. Again the youthful attendant smiled, and as he did so a voice, so fine and delicious that it seemed but the tinkle of a golden bell, whispered:

"What would you do with these gifts of the harvest were they yours for the asking?" The visitor scrutinized his guide, who surely must have spoken, though his lips had not parted; what strange being was this, whose thought had sound like speech? He could not tell, but in earnest tones he replied:

"I would open these storehouses to the hungry and faint, I would bid them come in to get their fill of the good things of life; and they should never hunger any more while the supply lasted. Seems like, all the fruits of the earth, and all the harvests that ever were grown, be stacked here. Oh! Lord, if his poor could only get at this place! It might suffer in looks, but they would rejoice."

"You are right," said the mellow voice. "Here are all the harvests, gathered into the granaries of life for the nourishment of the nations when, freed from the passion of greed and of discord, they shall humbly seek our Father's house, asking for the bread of life which feeds the spiritually hungry. Only the loving heart, only the gentle soul who would lay down his all for his fellow-men, can distribute the bounties of this place. You are given a glimpse of it that you may know what is in reserve for humanity. Remember that 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,' and from each recurring season he exacts his own. Those who do not render up his due will gain no portion from the storehouses of the kingdom. But those who recognize his poor, and give to them a portion from their basket by which the starving may be fed and nourished, pay their tithe, and at the same time lay up a harvest for their own future good. We will move on."

Thoughtfully the twain advanced, only to pause at the threshold of another building, white and gleaming, of circular form, but without walls, the dome supported by huge posts, which were elaborately carved. Over the entrance of this immense pavilion was engraved the invitation: "If I all ye who are thirsty, enter in!" and within, a glorious fountain, grand beyond the telling, burnished and beautiful, sent forth sprays of crystal water, which fell in varied forms and with a musical sound into the alabaster basin at its feet. Again the lips of the guide uttered no sound, but from his thought the knowledge was conveyed to his guest that these were the waters of life which should yet refresh every weary, thirsty soul.

Even as he gazed upon these scenes of plenty and of refreshment, the old man seemed transported to another country. His guide still stood beside him, but where before were the huge buildings he now beheld beautiful dwellings, luxuriant gardens and peaceful retreats. A peculiar atmosphere hung over the spot, soft and rosy, and of delicious sweetness, while the forms of those men, women and little children, who glided to and fro, were illuminated by an indescribably light as from within.

"What place is this?" he questioned, and was told that it was the kingdom of peace, where men had put off their inharmonies and had entered the life of unselfish love.

Suddenly there came over his spirit a sense of his unworthiness to touch such soil as this. The flowers that bloomed at his feet seemed too rich and beautiful for him to reach. He contrasted his own rough hands and homely garb with the refined appearance of the people around him, and realizing that this must be the immortal land, he cried aloud: "Oh! Lord, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

All the hills and the valleys seemed endowed with life at that earnest call. The very trees nodded and beckoned to him, while the flowers lifted their heads and touched his garments as if in blessing. Men and women paused in their walks, and stood with reverent attitude, as out of the air there came the sound of an impressive voice, repeating the injunction: "Feed my lambs! Succor the weary! Give help to the comfortless!"

Overpowered by a sense of awe, the humble man sank to the ground, where the flowers, with clinging fingers, twined around him; and as a breath of their fragrance stole into his heart, bearing new strength to mind and brain,

[illegible]

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We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a pencil or ink line around the article he desires specially to recommend for publication.
When our patrons desire the address of the BANNER changed, they should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not forget to state their present as well as future address.
Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as the BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

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Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to the proper sphere of Knowledge.—Spirit John Pierpont.

The Late Attacks on Mediums.

In glancing over the present condition of public opinion in regard to the different phases of Spiritualism, we find that notwithstanding the brutal attacks made on several mediums, and the absurd report of the Seybert Committee, which claimed to have settled the question of occult manifestations, there never was a time when more interest was felt in the subject, or when mediums were more sought after by the intelligent portion of the community. These attacks, which seem to be ebullitions of passion and self-conceit, and never the result of careful investigation, have failed, and always will fail to accomplish the object for which they were intended, simply because they are made by parties who are totally ignorant of the subject.

Every one who has accepted these manifestations has done so on his own personal experience, and not on the statements of others. He is therefore able to detect at a glance the misrepresentations made by the attacking parties. Confident of his slowly but surely acquired facts, he is not to be moved by statements that are at variance with them.

There is no believer in the phenomena who has not been forced against his will, against his hereditary or preconceived ideas, into the acceptance of these things by the accumulation of irrefutable evidence, acquired by his own observation. Once a believer, he must ever remain one; he cannot, by any possibility, be what he was before. The pretended exposure of seances, the vindictive attacks on mediums by the secular press, the senseless cry of fraud which has been uttered so often that it has become stale (for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there is not sufficient evidence to sustain it), has no weight with him. By this, the BANNER OF LIGHT does not mean that all who claim to be Spiritualists are such in the full sense of the term. There is a wide range in the acceptance and rejection of the different phases of the phenomena; some are only half believers, accepting trance communications, and rejecting all else: All these different degrees are to be expected as the natural outcome of the transition from the old to the new.

The army of progress never moves in solid phalanx; it has its vanguard and its stragglers. Often with divided forces it moves in parallel lines. Only the cowards loiter behind and cry wolf at every rustling leaf.

It has been the habit of some who claim to be Spiritualists, to denounce Materialization, not realizing that by so doing they are siding and abetting those who condemn all phases of the phenomena. There need not and should not be any conflict between those who believe in one and those who accept both forms of communication, for Materialization is but a later development, and as such marks the evolution, the progress of spiritual forces as exhibited on this side of life.

Our own experience warrants the assertion that, in addition to the presentation of the human form, it will yet develop all the intelligence found in the best condition of trance mediumship. But under the present arrangement of the seance this may not occur except where constant association is kept up under favorable conditions with one spirit.

There are some seances where the development of the medium and the surroundings of the cabinet are better fitted for advanced students than to the skeptic. It is to be regretted that some arrangements have not been adopted for the benefit of those who are no longer seeking tests. The constant appeals in the BANNER, urging mediums to arrange their cabinets as far as possible above suspicion, has been heeded by most of them. Mrs. Fay has always shown an excellent spirit in siding skeptics, so far as her own seances were concerned. We learn that Mrs. Cowan has also placed her cabinet in an excellent position to aid investigators, and the consequence is she is obtaining many intelligent visitors.

The attacks on Spiritualism cannot be considered as showing weakness on its part; but, on the contrary, give evidence of its strength. It is a law of nature that when a strong current sets in, in any direction, a counter current is produced, and the opposition which has lately been manifested in so many quarters is the best possible evidence that Modern Spiritualism is irresistibly pushing itself to the front.

The Cost of Armies.

There is no argument which exerts so powerful an appeal on the general understanding as that presented by statistics. Last week we referred, in passing, to the present visit of the English Peace Commission to our shores, and took occasion to endorse to the full the important doctrine its members proclaimed, i. e.: that of arbitration for the settlement of all national differences. Could this be brought about universally, the world would be brought incoherently nearer that golden age foretold, when heaven shall find its locale on earth, and angels shall indeed walk with men.

In following up the same train of thought, we desire at this time to present the following statistics, showing in clear figures the immense cost of the armed establishments of Europe. Who that carefully examines the record can fail to perceive at once the gigantic character of the drain thus established upon the industries of the people, and the certain end of it all—its perils in—viz: revolution and disruption, as stated below? How much better for each and all to seek refuge in a collective agreement by treaty to submit future grievances to impartial arbitration, and thus make disarmament possible.

There is sufficient reason for the poverty in Europe that causes the emigration to this country. According to the recent calculations of a French economist, published in the *Journal des Economistes*, the whole matter is explained by his lucid and impressive statements in regard to the cost of keeping the peace in Europe. It appears that it costs some nine hundred million dollars annually to maintain the European armies and fleets; that upward of three million two hundred thousand men are all the time kept under arms; and that over eighteen hundred ships, most of them of great cost, are exclusively devoted to military purposes. No account is taken, in all this, of the loss caused by the withdrawal of these men, all in the flower of youth, from productive industrial pursuits. Besides this immense annual expense, every country in Europe is now burdened with an enormous debt, contracted either wholly or nearly so for war or for war preparations; and the annual interest on this debt amounts to nearly as much as the annual cost of the armies and fleets. So that the cost as given above is actually doubled.

For example, to give figures somewhat in detail: England's annual expenditure on the army and navy is about one hundred and forty-two million dollars; while she has to raise one hundred and fifty-six millions besides to meet the annual interest on her public debt. Italy spends fifty-two million dollars on her army and navy every year, besides seventy-one millions more for the interest on her public debt. Russia spends one hundred and seventy-eight millions annually on her army and navy, and one hundred and sixty millions on her debt. Austria spends sixty-three millions on her army and navy, and one hundred and thirteen millions on her public debt. France spends one hundred and sixty millions on her army and navy, and one hundred and fifty millions on her public debt. And so it goes on to the end of the chapter. The figures produced show conclusively that the annual cost of the national armies and navies, and the annual cost of the several national debts, are about equal. So that the grand total of cost of war to Europe is in money, one billion eight hundred million dollars; while in industrial losses and sacrifices it is even more than this colossal total. Although the smaller European states, like Denmark, Holland and Sweden, are perfectly well aware that they could not stand up for a single week in the field against any one of the great powers, they nevertheless follow suit subserviently, and keep up their military establishments just as Germany, Russia and France do.

Within the past score of years, according to this same authority, the public debts of Europe have nearly doubled themselves, and the cost of government has risen fifty per cent. Therefore it is natural to apprehend that, in the next fifty years, or even in the next twenty-five, there will occur a widespread social and financial catastrophe. The tolling millions that subdue the soil, and whose steady labor is relied on for the subsistence of these great armies, which destroy or consume as fast as the others can produce, will be unable to make the necessary provision for carrying these gigantic burdens twenty-five or fifty years longer. They will certainly bend and break under their insupportable load.

Suppose the United States were to undertake to keep an army on a similar scale to that of any of the great European powers, in proportion to its present population of fifty-five millions. Instead of the twenty-two or three thousand men now maintained under arms, we should keep a standing army of five hundred thousand men, without counting reserves of any kind. In fact, if we followed with anything like strictness the example of the European countries, we should have more nearly a million men under arms than a half million. But for what purpose, it may well be asked, is this prodigious display of fleets and armies by the nations of Europe? They are not to protect the civilized world against barbarians, or to clear the seas of infesting pirates. There are no longer any Goths and Huns, or Turks and Tartars, to fear. They are, on the contrary, the demonstrations of highly civilized Christian people against other highly civilized Christian people, on the belief that each stands ready at all times to combine against and attack the other. And this is the whole practical product of much boasted Christianity! The Christ is wholly left out of it.

Mrs. C. G. F. Tufts, Fresno, Cal., writes, while forwarding money for her subscription: "For the past year and more I have been unsettled in residence, and really have not seen a new copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT; but I can endure it no longer. I am to remain here for the winter at least, and must see it weekly, or I cannot be contented. We have several good papers in this State devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy, but none can (with me) fill the place of the dear BANNER. I have known it long, long years, and the longer I know it the more I am attached to it. I trust it may not cease to wave so long as I am ignorant of the beautiful philosophy it teaches."

Mrs. M. M. Dunning's residence is now at 25 Tremont street, Boston, as at the address given on our 7th page. The notice of change did not arrive till the forms containing her card had gone to press.

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Dr. Parker freely expressed the opinion that a creed should be revised and reconsidered every five years. It should be repeatedly brought up to the new and enlarged criticism. Men should inquire, he said, what is the state of affairs to-day? what is the value of language? what is the general atmosphere in which we are living? what advancement, if any, has been made in ideas? And, he added, let us make the expression of our own opinion, conviction, or creed, according to the language in which we are now holding communion with one another. It seemed to him to be living backward, to repeat every five years, in the same words, what one signed ten or fifty years ago, paying no heed to the progress of civilization and the advancement of thought. It is contradicting the spirit of the universe, which is a spirit of steady, healthy, honest progress. He thought it might be a beautiful thing if, at the end of five years, the church should say, "There is no need for a change yet; this creed will do with the old words." But he insisted on the church's having the opportunity of saying so. He considered that its members ought not to feel that, as living men, they are bound by obsolete terms.

If a man has signed the creed, said Dr. Parker, he is bound to keep by it. He must not wriggle out of it. If he wants to leave it, he must leave it by the front door, in an open and honorable manner. What is to be done, then? he asked: and his ready answer was, men should stand aside from income and status and social honor, and say they are convinced that this creed is too narrow, or is wrong, or is unworthy of being held any longer, and we solemnly renounce it in the name of God. Men must be great moralists, said he, if they are to be great theologians. That was the sum and substance of his advice to the Andover professors.

In England, he explained, such professors would go to the Court of Chancery and ask for power to reconstruct the trust on which their church is held. But for ourselves, give us even the methods of the revolting Andover professors rather than an English Chancery Court in this country. Aside from this, however, it is encouraging to note this courageously free attitude taken by a popular English preacher in respect to the revision and reconstruction of creeds. It is another unmistakable sign that progress is making in religious belief, according to the enlarging boundaries of human knowledge and consciousness.

The Independent Club.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT readers will of course remember the card published last week regarding the new organization, now in existence in Boston, under the auspices of Mrs. W. S. Butler and others—holding its meetings at 1031 Washington street. Its members aim to "speak no evil," and to promote good feeling in their midst; to become better acquainted with each other, and to gain the culture that alone comes through the unity of agreeable association, and thus extend the element of harmony in the community at large.

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"Remarkable Visions."

(Condensed for the Banner of Light from a pamphlet entitled "Remarkable Visions, Comprising Highly Important Revelations Concerning the Life After Death," from the *Gleaner*, pp. 22, Boston: Jordan & Co., 1884.) Continued from our last issue.)

SIXTH JOURNEY TO VENUS.

"I am this day conducted by my guide to a city called *Sora*. It is still more beautiful than the former; the further I proceed the more wonderful things I behold; I hear music resounding from all sides; but as yet it seems at a distance. The gates and buildings are also more beautiful than those I saw before; indeed so manifold is the magnificence that I am at a loss how to describe its grandeur. The buildings in all the cities are like each other, only with this difference—that they increase in beauty as the felicity rises in degree. It appears as if on one side of the street was but one building, but it is not so; the whole of them are divided, and amply provided with most splendid windows; my guide asks me if I have not observed that the towers always resemble each other in length and breadth; they are all square; each one is a model of the principal city; but only in miniature.

"Now I am led into a splendid edifice without the city; the windows of this building appear as if they were illuminated by the rays of a setting sun, reflecting a yellow, gold-like lustre; by this ray can only receive a very faint idea thereof, for I can by no means fully express myself. I have now to ascend twenty steps, and am introduced into a hall where they are actually singing the hymn composed by *Heller*, from this text:

"Everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

"I have been repeatedly beguiled by the guide that it was consistent with the wisdom of God, my terrestrial frame might be dissolved, and I might be permitted to remain here; but he tells me I am not yet qualified for such a state of bliss; that I must proceed further and use every endeavor to deserve such a felicity; and that this will require the most zealous care and vigilance; but that I may rest assured I shall not have to stay much longer in our world of temptation and sin.

"On Wednesday, the 26th, I shall perform my last journey to *Venus*, when I shall be conducted into a temple where those that attain a higher state of felicity will be consorted by their teachers, and then accompanied by angels to higher mansions prepared for them."

After this it was observed that the conversation with her guide, and was peculiarly impressed by what he was saying, and said: "He takes leave of me to-day with these words:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee: The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee his divine peace."

SEVENTH JOURNEY TO VENUS.

On the 28th of November she performed her last journey to *Venus*, in the manner she had predicted. Her guide having joined her, she said to her brother, "Open the house, before this time the house of her parents was closed, so great was the desire of admittance; for a person comes to see me who is worthy our regard," she then mentioned the name of the person, and also of another who had arrived just before. After a pause of some minutes, she continued: "The city I am now passing, and which I shall be permitted to go through on my return, is called *Sora*, like one above mentioned, namely, *Sora*; but in its appearance is more beautiful. It will take four minutes to go to the temple, which in our language is called the *Temple of Consolation*. I hear from a distance sweet music and singing. Now I have passed the outside of the city, and am introduced into a garden; the beauty of the flowers and everything that meets the eye I am unable to express; indeed everything is divinely beautiful. Now I have arrived at the temple; the exterior is magnificent and admirably proportioned. The interior of the building is very high; it appears like a rotunda, with a gallery extending quite round it. In the centre of this temple stands an altar, on both sides of which two happy spirits, who long since left our world of sin, stand as witnesses. These blessed beings who are promoted to a higher state of felicity do not yet leave. Now the doors are opened, and those that are to be consecrated enter with the quickness of light, with their teachers. Now the holy and solemn act begins. Those that are to be consecrated lay their hands upon their breasts, while the teachers lay their hands upon their heads and pronounce a benediction; but what is said I do not understand; my guide tells me it is spoken in a language which as yet I cannot be unteachable to me and cannot be interpreted.

"I am entirely at a loss for words to express what I see and hear. The witnesses, teachers and those that were consecrated have at once disappeared, and music and song have ceased to resound; but I am permitted to stay a few moments longer in order to examine the beauties of the altar, which I can only do in part. It is square, and rather large; each corner is ornamented with a high and round column, of the thickness of a man's leg, and the top of each adorned with a crown; around it there are several smaller columns transparently white and shining; the materials of which they are composed I do not know; the slab is covered with the clearest white silk. I regret exceedingly that I am unable to give more of the particulars, for the beauties which exist here are inexpressible."

She was then asked to what place those who were consecrated had been promoted. She replied: "They were removed to *Jupiter*—to which place I shall perform my first journey to-morrow.

"As soon as any one is qualified for a higher degree of felicity he is promoted thither without delay. I shall perform eight journeys to *Jupiter* in all.

"Now I return to the garden in which the blessed spirits enjoy peculiar delights. Everything with them is childlike and innocent, yet not childish.

"In this garden there are many paths, but all of them very narrow; the angels spirits walk to and fro and vanish so suddenly that I hardly perceive them. The sweet scents exhaled by the flowers and trees are more exquisite and exhilarating than any I have known. Beside the great many splendid flowers and trees there are also herbs, which I am told are very salutary to man in disease."

The 29th of November our somnambulist made her first journey to *Jupiter* in eight minutes; and on her arrival there she said that another minute would be required until she could arrive in the city. When she came to it she could not sufficiently admire the grandeur and height of the gate that formed the entrance. She remarked that it was wide, but that the streets were narrow very beautiful. The city was called *Sora*, surpassing all those in point of size and beauty which had been shown to her in the planets she had previously visited.

"I am now led into a building, situated without the city, in which there is a great hall. This hall is so beautiful that if I had a thousand tongues I could not describe it. The angels here present distinguish themselves from those I have met with in Mercury and Venus by this—they wear crowns on their heads which are not so large as those worn by the teachers, but very handsome; they receive instruction, but I hear no music.

"I am conducted into a garden, the sweet perfume of which fills the air all around me and is indescribable. There are a great many walks; the blessed spirits I do not see, but I and myself guide here quite alone. Beside the great many splendid flowers and trees there are also herbs, which I am told are very salutary to man in disease."

She then said to her brother with whom she conversed: "Go into the garden before the house, and there you will find a small herb, near which lies a small piece of white paper; pluck it; and under the kitchen window you will find another; fetch this also to me."

Having brought the same, her brother laid them on the table. "These are right," she observed; "and in the garden there is another; bring that also to me." This was likewise gathered and laid upon her stomach.

"These are the right ones," she observed. "After I travel to *Uranus* and *Saturn* I shall inform you how to apply them."

Inquiry was then made, by particular request, concerning a teacher not long since deceased, to which she replied: "He is in *Uranus*, and I do not forget him; he has many who are waiting for him, very weak; so many wonderful and extraordinary things have been related to me that I cannot now repeat them."

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