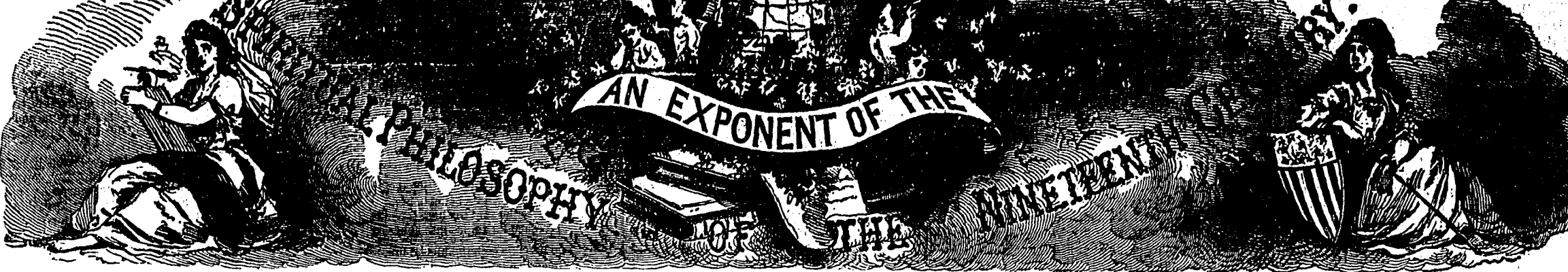


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Free Thought.

THE NEW THEOLOGY—ITS ESSENTIAL CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR.

BY JACOB EDSON.

The age demands a new theology, a system of religion that shall be simple, comprehensive, explicit and effective; that shall include, comprehend and demonstrate all the truths that have sought expression in the systems of the past in such a manner as to unfold, harmonize and bless the race. Believing that such a system of religion exists in the divine mind and is about to be made known, we feel it to be our privilege as well as duty to do what little we can to prepare the way for its unfoldment. With this object, this aim in view, this paper has been prepared.

Is not the essential Christ, the spiritual manifestation of the divine principle of love, implanted in the human soul? Does it not involve the knowledge of good and evil, its flaming sword, temptation, sorrow and persistent endeavor to unfold, and finally to attain unto and enjoy eternal life? Does not true religion, as distinguished from old theology, consist in goodness, wholeness, real piety, and Christ-like brotherly love in every day's life? Is it not virtue and morality demonstrated as the soul of substance, the unfolding principle of divine life? Is there not now dawning within us the so-called new theology, which so embodies the elements of true religion that it cannot be bound by any church creed, canon or so-called literal word of God? Does it not bespeak perfection, around which all the exact sciences may revolve as one harmonious body, with it, the new theology, its essential Christ, as their unrestrained soul?

Is not this new theology, which we are pleased to call the soul of science, involved in the perfect cause of all causation that is implanted within us, and is seeking through spiritual evolution to evolve and express itself, its infinite love, will and wisdom; and in proportion as obtains, is it not our Saviour and the Saviour of the race?

From what is it desirable we should be saved? Is it from temptation—being tempted? Is it from sin—the transgression of the law? Or is it from the pain—the penalty that now transgression is? Is it rather from our external animal, selfish self, we should desire to be saved? Consider the matter for one moment; does it not require three things to constitute a temptation? namely: some knowledge, in conjunction with desire, and opportunity to gratify it? Is it not by and through our spiritual enlargement of capacity and progressive improvement in motive, purity of life and deputed spiritual power, to enforce and control, that we are saved from ignorance, the occasion of sin, sorrow and discord, and enabled through persistent resistance and soul-growth to attain eternal life?

Our infinite Father, the perfect Cause, cannot be tempted. He is perfect in knowledge; has no occasion for temptation; there is nothing unpossessed to tempt Him with. We, finite outbursts of the infinite, with inherent spiritual capacity not yet awakened into consciousness, afford through our animal nature sufficient knowledge to constitute a need, an occasion for temptation. If we had not been tempted, we should not have gone astray, and our spiritual nature might not have obtained a conscious individual entity. Was it not better that we were tempted and fell, if it could be called, into a spiritual consciousness of sin and its effects, than to have lived on and on as embryonic substance in the unconscious consciousness of the uncreated Cause, unindividualized particles in the ocean of all good? Is it not better to go to hades (heartrending discord) through the execution of infinite law with its compensating effects, and sometime be somebody that will be of some use to others, than not to go anywhere nor be anything?

The sentiment of the Lord's Prayer, *leave us not in temptation*, but deliver us from its evil. Was not the so-called fall the essential feature, the basis of spiritual evolution? Was not the so-called death the change which was made in the Adamite man, when he, in obedience to the lower law, the law of his animal nature, discovered through transgression the higher law, the law of his spiritual nature? Was not the act good, glorious and divine in its effect? Did it not unfold the basic principle through which the perfect Cause rests his personality, and proceeds through the execution of law to evolve the same, in his offspring through temptation, sin and sorrow, persistent repentance and soul-growth, that must ultimately through regenerative transformation of the so-called fallen man from the animal through the human into the divine department of spiritual life? Is not temptation required all along the spiral stairway of soul-growth? Are there not discrete degrees of good in use, all along through the unfolding soulship of God in man, in which progressive souls are receptive instrumentalities in the hands of Providence, to be inspired from the Infinite to do his will, in their inspired spheres of spiritual activity? And is it not because of these finite instrumentalities that the Infinite is rendered omnipotent and all-controlling? Is not each individual agent or entity, from the lowest up to the so progressed in soul-growth that naught remains unknown to tempt, or nothing unattained to tempt with, liable to temptation? How is it with the poor unfortunate soul that was damned before he was born, as far as damnation was possible through heredity in the mother who bore him? Is there no compensation for his apparently unmitigated ignorance

and depravity? Has he no friend in whom the essential Christ has obtained, to meet and uplift him, if he will be uplifted, either in this world or in the next? Has not the essential Christ that obtained in the humble Nazarene, obtained in other conscious entities, and may not some among all these differentiated Christs be enabled to reach and bring the desponding unfortunate to a knowledge of the truth, that not only the Christ of God, but God himself, is within him, waiting to be awakened, and to come forth? Because the Christ of history, literally preached by professionals whose teachings and practices are as different from the teachings and practice of the Christ, as daylight is different from darkness, has not reached the soul in this life, is it quite right to conclude that there is no Christ among all the differentiated to enlighten and bring him forth as a brand rescued from the burning?

Possibly some devout Christian may feel that we would degrade and debase, if possible, their Lord and Master by supposing there may be other Christs among the differentiated sons of God, possibly better adapted to various, in some special cases and conditions of humanity, than the Jesus Christ, or God-man of Judea. We would not impugn the motive or honest belief of any one, or degrade their ideal Saviour. We would endeavor to render their salvation more effective, we would honor and respect, but not worship or adore, their Jesus. It is the spiritual truth he taught, rather than the individual teacher who taught it, that is our master. It is the higher law, its law giver, that we accept as master and would obey, worship and adore, believing that by so doing the Christ of God, its Christ our Saviour, may obtain in ourselves, and that the kingdom of heaven, with its King enthroned, may be evolved within us.

We believe in the Jesus Christ of Nazareth, in the statement made, that to as many as believed on him, the Christ, to them gave he power to become the sons of God. But if the power given is not utilized, if the law by and through which the gift was obtained is not further unfolded, the sonship of God in the believer is not evolved; consequently the believer remains unprogressed, and his growth and soul growth necessarily ultimate through the perfection of the sonship of God in man, in the acquisition and exercise of the spirituality and attributes of God himself. Such a literal belief as may remain unprogressed, partakes of the intellectual rather than the emotional nature; it may be brutal on the animal plane, rather than spiritual on the divine. The ignorance that is to be deplored is not the ignorance of the head, the intellectual nature that gives the animal man capacity to dominate and control his brother in the inferiorly material world, but the ignorance of the heart, the affectional nature, in which, through spiritual illumination, is to be opened up the kingdom of heaven.

We believe in the essential Christ as our Saviour, not alone because it obtained in the humble Nazarene, but because it is the manifestation of an eternal principle that inheres in the spiritual fitness of things, and has sought to evolve, express and perfect itself in all the religions that have ever obtained on earth. The Christ of Christianity, considered separate and distinct from the doctrine, a pantheistic and theological patchwork that have been made and still cling to and enshroud it, is in harmony with itself, its uncreated Cause and all things known. The new theology, with its essential Christ as the soul of substance, challenges investigations, and especially pleading, no supercilious priest, no professional, because it is written in every human soul, so that all may read and apprehend.

Our literal Christians, who are endeavoring to convert the world to their peculiar ideas of God, man and the devil, and the duty of salvation as it is in Jesus Christ; that we must believe in him as they teach him, or be damned; no probation hereafter, no matter how moral and upright our lives have been, how much we have sought to benefit and bless others; they tell us Jesus Christ died for all in this material world; that he made atonement for our sins, paid the debt, paid it all; salvation is free! Come to Jesus and be saved!

Some years since, an eminent divine said in Park-street Church, in our presence, speaking of the Bible: "It is a picture of the expression of truth; if we read it as poetry it is beautifully expressive, adapted to all conceivable conditions of life the human soul can be placed in; but if we read it as prose we materially injure or entirely destroy its meaning." So also in regard to the Christian religion, its Christ, spiritually considered, pure and simple, free from dogma, is the most beautiful, soul-inspiring expression of eternal truth—its uncreated principle of life—that can be conceived; it is adapted to all religions, countries, states and conditions of life in which human souls can be found; all that is needed is to eliminate literalisms and creeds, and evolve in the stead thereof the new theology, its perfect Cause through spiritual evolution.

From a spiritual standpoint the purity of Mary, the so-called mother of God, the child's conceptive begetment, its spiritual gestation, travail, birth, growth, life, betrayal and cruel crucifixion through thieves at the behest of the literal church, constitutes the most profound tragedy ever enacted in heaven, earth or hell, and the crowning glory of the Christian religion, the Christ's personal resurrection from death and descent into hell to preach to the spirits in prison, that they, through spiritual illumination, might be enabled to break the bonds that bound them and evolve eternal life.

Viewed from the spiritual standpoint, there is no feature in this tragedy which is unreasonable—miraculous in the sense of being opposed to law—not in conformity to a higher law; some incidents may seem to the more literal believers to impinge upon what is called in "Transcendental Pledge" the "outlet" or "outlet" of space—spiritual height and depth—its all in all of law, including the presence and deputed power of the giver. Mary may have been so approached by angelic ministrations—or overshadowed by perfected spirits, holy ghosts—conditioned by environment, that the infinite obtained preeminently a spiritual begetment in the finite conception of the harmonious child. In a sense that spiritual evolution could proceed without going through the ordinary process of conviction, conversion and regenerative transformation, that would have otherwise been required to constitute him a differentiated Christ in the sonship of God. The child Jesus may have been so intuitive as well as spiritual in his nature and perception that though the animal department may have had desires and opportunity to gratify them, and consequently have been tempted like as we are, he may not have transgressed the higher law. Be that as it may, we read and believe that he was perfected as the rest of us are, or expect to be, through suffering.

Truth is authority; perceived truth is authoritative, rather than the book or orator that expresses it. If our professional Christian needs a literal instead of a pictorial or symbolic expression of the living word, let him revise

his last revision of the so-called word of God, and make it read in accordance with perceived truth which is now known to be true, so that it may express and reflect the truth, its essential Christ, in contradistinction to what has been believed to be true in semi-barbarous times. To illustrate, have the text read, "loved" instead of "blood-shed"; the former is spiritual, Godlike, divine; the latter is crude, animal, brutal, unchristian and degrading in its effects.

The name in Bible-making times stood for and was meant to express quality, state, substance, and conditions of the party named—what they were, would do, or be. If we would be true to the literal truth perceived, our revised text should read: "There is no other quality of motive, love or affection, but the quality of love, motive and affection possessed by the humble Nazarene, whereby or through which we may be saved." It saved Jesus from the domination of his Adamite nature, his selfish self, and in accordance with inexorable law evolved in him, the essential Christ, the fruit of the spirit; it was, first, in time and space, the first in quality of love and action, and thus demonstrated by precept and example "the way, the truth, and the life." Was he not human as well as divine? Are we not human with some divinity inhering within us? Is not this divinity the Christ, in an embryonic state, waiting for awakening to come forth and differentiate itself in the sonship of God?

If, then, there be an essential Christ, an unawakened expectancy, that is uncreated and eternal within us, is it not the pearl of great price, and ought it not to be conceived, gestated and born projected into objective life, pure and simple, free as far as possible from dogma or creed?

Is not this new theology the soul of substance? Is it not the gospel of all good? Are not pains, penitence and propitiation there (if unprejudiced) among the millions on earth that would not believe in and seek to obtain this pearl? If it were properly presented to them? Does not belief commence at the point of hearing or conceiving, and end in the condition of belief? Is it not the condition of belief, investigation will decide through the elimination of error, ignorance, superstition and bigotry? Is belief a virtue, or disbelief a crime? Is not an honest doubt in its nature and tendency divine, the basis of infinite evolution? Why, then, teach such creeds, such dogmas or doctrines, "believe or be damned?"

Zoologists tell us that the chambered nautilus while growing vacates successively the lower apartments of its shell. It has been said that creeds are but the skins of truth, should we set up shells to be outgrown, we should we say in the language of the poet:

"Build these more stately mansions, oh! my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell
In life's unresting tides."

The history of civilization and philosophy, as well as the history of science and religion, is a gradual and self-disclosing revelation of the absolute, the perfect cause and providence which we believe in, worship, and call God. No religious belief ever obtained among honest men that had not in it some genuine sustaining element. Every belief which has been earnestly held, has been the result of an effort toward truth. It has attained something, but has come short of much. The way to remedy this deficiency is to give higher truth upon the same line. Instead of wrenching from men's grasp the imperfect belief they hold, we should offer them a nobler; we should not violently uproot error, but plant truth so vital so divine, that it will absorb all feeble expressions unto itself, and thus causatively lift receptive inquirers into higher life.

Whoever would bring men into clearer light must not content himself with a protest against old error; he must get hold of the spiritual truth which gave the error its stronghold, and by getting deeper into the same, supersede the partial truth by eliminating the ignorance that allowed the error to obtain. The correction of any system of theology or religion lies not so much in the denial of the principle involved, as it does in the further unfoldment and harmonious elucidation of the same, its corollaries, and all states and conditions pertaining thereto. The new theology, its essential Christ, will of necessity be received when properly presented, because of the principle involved in its practical adaptation to all conditions of the human race. In a word, the essential Christ is the divine principle within us that shapes our ends, roughs them how we will, in the spirit of the new theology, "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they will."

The religion of the future will not ignore or depreciate any principle involved in the religions of the past; it will not ignore modern or ancient spiritual phenomena, but recognizing them as fundamentally essential, worthy of profound consideration, its promoters, standing upon demonstrated facts, will especially emphasize the nobility of our spiritual nature, its divine origin and destiny, the eternality of law, the perfection of its cause, and our relation to each other as children of the common parent. And while we would not dispute in a dogmatic sense with combative defenders of the literal faith, we would, as best we may, voice the living order of the essential Christ, and receptively seek to apprehend and embody its truth, the substance of all religions; recognizing in each an especial mission as means to an end in opening up and unfolding the divine in the human, so that ultimately all may blend as distinctive colors in the bow of promise, fastened at our moment, within and through which all shall know through a blessed experience that the perfect Cause, our Father, is, and always has been, at the helm; that his law is being written within us, and that it is our privilege as well as duty to read, be receptive, truthful and diligent, and then work out our own salvation in harmony with the infinite that worketh within us, uplifting and saving us as we uplift and bless the race.

The good, the better, and the best, bespeak the perfect. As we may not divide the year into days, or bring a piano to perfect attainment without an occasional leap, a residue unused, so in our idea of the perfect Cause it can never be expressed. No matter what our attainments may be, there can never come to the finite soul a state, a condition, in which there will not be a divine energy, a residue, seeking to further unfold and express itself.

[To be concluded in our next.]

The Model Communitarian (Fort Angeles, Wash. Ter.) announces that the queen of the Gowlitz tribe of Indians died near Freepoint recently, and was buried with appropriate aboriginal rites. She was over one hundred years old. The Communitarian adds: "This is the remnant of what was once a powerful tribe of Indians. There are now only a few left. Some of them are very old."

Literary Department.

STRANGE: ISN'T IT?

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light

BY EBEN COBB.

PART II.

A thundering peal, that seemed to shake the earth to its very centre, started me again to my feet. I opened my eyes.

"Good gracious!" cried Paul Hazleton, who at the same instant sprang up with a livid palor upon his face. "That must have struck somewhere near us! I never heard such a clap; and I am sure I feel the effects of the lightning stroke. But what is the matter?" he inquired, looking anxiously into my face; "you look so wild about the eyes—are you hurt? If you are not, and it is only fear that so moves you, entertain it no further, for we shall have no such shock again at this time. The clouds are now breaking away above us."

I assured my friend that I had sustained no serious injury, although I admitted that I, like himself, felt the effects of the electric fluid upon my nerves.

"Zounds!" exclaimed Paul, as he consulted his watch, "we have been sleeping here for full half an hour; for my part I feel much refreshed. We can now the better enjoy our walk home. Tell me, what is the trouble with you?" he questioned, laying his hand solicitously upon my shoulder. "Something surely is wrong. Speak, for I know you are restraining evidence of pain for fear of alarming me."

"It was nothing but a dream," I answered. "Ask me nothing about it now; I shall be better when we start upon our walk. I will relate it to you then."

I know my answer did not satisfy my friend, but his keen sense of etiquette forbade his questioning further. I stepped out from the shed, and my companion followed me. The clouds over our heads were clearing away, while the dark masses, with their distant intonations of thunder, could be seen spending their force far off to the north. I walked to the left, as I had been led by my strange vision. There was no forest there, and what I saw of buildings in the middle distance were large, stately houses of opulent farmers. Where I had been conducted through the woods by that angel guide, I saw a broad, level field of waving corn; and on either side the land was clean, and nothing but grass and grain met my view.

My answer to my friend had been, "nothing but a dream," but to me the experience from which I seemed to awake savored of no such nature. There are many realities in life that leave no lasting impression upon the mind, and memory would try in vain in after-time to marshal their details. Dreams, too, those phantom frolics of an unguided mentality, leave behind only a vague but sure impression of their unreality. But to me every detail of the adventure I had just passed through was more than a reality—if such a thing can be possible: a new sense, an innate, latent power of soul had been roused in conjunction with the working of my ordinary faculties; so that the intensity of mental assurance left behind as a part of memory's store was tenfold, in this case, to the ordinary occurrences of every day life. I know, as I stood there in a maze of bewilderment, I did not doubt the truthfulness of Nature's laws, nor did I question but what I should sometime know more of the marvelous universe of psychic wonders in which we have our being than I was then informed of.

"Rich farms about here," I remarked carelessly, to my non-metaphysical companion, in order to throw him from the line of my reflection. "Yes; and rich farmers too; they have held these lands from generation to generation, and they are loth to sell even one acre to our company for building purposes."

This was Paul's utilitarian answer, and I now felt that we were on a sure matter-of-fact footing again. We started upon our return, and I took one longing, farewell look as we left the spot. Not far had we proceeded, when Hazleton, who was a few steps behind me, cried suddenly:

"Halt!"

I obeyed the command, for it was given in true military style, and I was used to its delivery.

"Right-about-face!" came with the same ring of authority.

I did right-about-face, in correct movement, and stood wondering what Paul's jesting freak of mind would concoct for the next order.

"Shoulder satchels!" came with a prompt and forcible utterance, accompanied by a meaningful smile.

I placed my hand quickly to my side to feel for the designated equipment. It was not there! I was sure it was there when I sat down in the old shed, for the last thing I remembered of doing before—before what? well, I will say—that lovely being lured me from my seat, was to clasp its fold, which I had opened to take out a bit of lunch. We returned to the shed. I was searching for the missing equipment among the rubbish upon the floor near where I had rested, being more and more convinced that I had simply slept, and that, during my somnolence, some passing straggler had deftly purloined the stray article, when I heard a significant laugh break from Paul's lips.

"Look up!" and he pointed above my head. I did look up, and there hung my satchel just above where I had been resting. But the man in which it was held there, for the moment, it so appeared to me, caused my heart to cease its beating. It was suspended to a horseshoe that had been nailed to the beam, and then bent out so as to form a hook!

I seemed to hear again the clap of those earnest hands, and the joyous glow of delight that lit up the face of the beauteous creature of my mysterious service again came before me.

There appeared to be the identical beam: then it was newly hewn; now it was rotten with age, and what had held the old, rust eaten horseshoe in its place was the fact that the nails that held it had been driven into a knotty piece of growth which had better withstood the ravages of time. I glanced scrutinizingly to the side of the shed, and there I saw plainly where an opening, in the form of a doorway, had been boarded up. I measured with my eyes' judgment the height of its bottom from the floor of the shed, and decided it to be just two fair steps. Could that be the doorway in which stood that seraphic form? Did I enter that same passage way in my wild and trying experience? I trembled like an aspen leaf, and big drops of perspiration rolled down my face. I grasped Paul Hazleton by the arm and spoke in a tone of heartfelt solemnity:

"Now, my friend, do not deceive me! Do you know how that satchel came to be hung where we now see it?"

He assured me, upon his honor, he did not. One more piece of information I sought, and that was if my friend knew of the spot, or its locality, where the old structure we were in had originally stood. He informed me that there was the remnant of an old cellar but a short distance away, and he had been told by field-hands whom he had met in that vicinity, that the old shed was formerly attached to a primitive farm-house that once stood upon that cellar.

"Enough!" I cried, clapping my hands with rapture, as had my mystic attendant clapped hers. "Come with me at once and show me the cellar, and question me not until I see fit to unfold to you the theme that is now working in my mind."

I have noticed, in my later study of man, that those who are most ready to curl the lip in derision at mention of the occult and recondite, who scoff with the greatest alacrity at the mere hint that there are some hidden forces yet to be learned of in the so-called immaterial realm of mental nature; that those who are foremost in denouncing as dreamers, fools, idiots and lunatics, all who venture to investigate outside of their "thus saith the Lord," with Quixotic heroism sound their trumpet loudest when there is no real danger near. Let that peculiar deviation in the ordinary current of events, called the supernatural, come directly to their apprehension, and they shrink before its approach in abject fear. In this position my friend Hazleton now found himself. He sensed something in the air not born of cubes and squares, and the meek willingness with which he bent to my will showed that he dreaded the approach of what he would have stoutly declared could not exist.

We left the shed to seek the old cellar, and my companion now pointed, rather than led, the way. He managed to keep in the rear, and, by verbal direction, guide me to the desired spot. As we turned by the corner of a stone wall, along the side of which we had been walking, my friend pointed out a slight elevation of the ground a short distance ahead, and informed me that there was the site of the old cellar. I was about to change my course in the direction indicated, when I observed a man approaching us from toward the location where I had seen the stately farmhouses. The new-comer was walking upon a narrow lane which appeared to end at the spot where we stood. His hair was silver-white, and his bent form and tottering step told that time was fast taking away the life-vigor of his once powerful frame.

"A fine shower we have had," I said, salutingly, to the old man, at the same time going toward him.

"Very, very," he replied, "and mighty fortunate it was, too. My boy has been thinking as that 'ere field of corn would be a goner, sure. Bless my soul! what a mighty blast of lightning that was, though. I was looking this way when it came down. That's what I came out here for," he continued, "to see where it struck. It made right down for that big old oak stump. I've an idea that it is hit for sure. See! the old chap is smoking now."

As he spoke he pointed with his cane to the remains of the trunk of a tree which had evidently never been felled by the axe, for its topmost part, which was full twelve feet from the ground, had, that irregular, appearance shown only by the slow operation of decay. That, it must have been a monster in its life was evident from the massiveness of its ruins. We drew near to it, and, running down upon its side was a trail of smoldering fire, making its way through the punky material of the wood.

"Yes, yes," soliloquized the old man, "I

thought this 'ere stump was the mark. Well, I guess she's finished now. When I was a boy there was lots of her lower limbs left, but one after another they've dropped off. We never more of us could make out what on airth blasted that tree. It ought'er lived a thousand years in this soil, with such mighty roots."

I turned and looked toward the old cellar. Just the distance! With my imagination I pictured the house in its place, as I had seen it; its windows in their position; and then I located the one from which I looked. I measured the angle of observation from that window and then turned to the old stump.

"It must have been here that he hitched his horse!" I said to myself, closely examining the wood where I had directed my finger; and there I found what I sought. The bark had long since dropped away, but from the hard, tenuous crust of the old trunk, still holding its own against the ravages of time, protruded the end of what had been a stout piece of iron driven firmly into the tree. It was nearly eaten through by rust, and the outer part, which had in former times made it a thing of utility, had disappeared, but enough remained to bear witness in the awful problem I sought to solve.

"You spoke of the field of corn, my good father, as belonging to your son?" I said questioningly.

"Well, kinder that way. He has the charge on't, though I s'pose I hold the owning on't yet."

"How long have you owned it?" I asked.

"Ever since my good old father died; going on these forty years; and his father gave it to him fifty years back of that. And that was't the first of our getting on't. I tell you, we Newcombs are one of the oldest families hereabouts."

"Then your ancestors have held these lands for many generations back?"

"Yes; ever since the clearing on't. I can't tell you just 'zactly how long 'tis; the old Bible has got it all in."

"Is there, or was there ever, a running spring in that cornfield?" I asked; and I paused with eager interest for his reply.

"There was one once upon a time, but that was afore your father or my father was born. I never should thought on't again, but I do remember hearin' tell that it was dry when the woods was cleared around it. The story goes that it spouted out near this big oak, and the spring died when the tree died."

"Most marvelous!" I exclaimed, for the first time giving way to the expression of my inward thoughts—a resolve I had made to myself not to be guilty of during my then present investigation; but the reflection that my ears had heard the limpid flow of that same spring, and my feet had been guided through the quiet depths of that long-ago forest, forced the exclamation from my lips.

"What is marvelous?" asked both my companions at the same time; moved to earnest curiosity by my strange manner of speaking.

"That a spring, overshadowed by a large tree, should always give out when the tree dies," I answered, evasively.

"Do you know anything of the inhabitants of the house that formerly stood there?" I continued, at the same time pointing to the old cellar.

"No; nor nobody else, as I knows on. The old place has'n't got much history anyhow. All that I know about it is, that there is a grave-stone over in the old burying-ground that tells how the chap who was put under it was killed by lightning. I remember how it reads now: 'Here lies buried ye body of Goshem Sorlier, killed by lightning ye thirty-first of July six-teen hundred and sixty-eight.' The story used to go that he was the man that cleared up and started the place. Let's see," added the old farmer, after reflecting a few moments, "it's just two hundred years ago this very day that the lightning struck him down; that's mighty curious."

"More than that," thought I, for I was then standing upon the very spot where I had every reason to believe he fell.

"Did you ever hear any old people about here in your younger days speak of two persons, a young lady and her lover, who had long before this time suddenly disappeared from this same place?"

I tried to be calm, but I know I turned deadly pale when the old man opened wide his deep-sunken hazel eyes, and bent upon me a look full of wonder and astonishment.

"I am now hard on to ninety," he spoke in a slow, thoughtful tone, "and I have a keener memory by far than any around here; and yet it's like a dream to me; but I have it now."

He worked his wrinkled hands for a short time through his sparse white locks, and then proceeded:

"I heard my good old grandmother tell the story when I was but a little child; bless me! how we do remember the things of those young days. This very Goshem Sorlier lived here with a young gal, and a tarnation handsome young gal she was, too—so the story goes. Whether or no she was any related to him nobody knows; but he tried desperate hard to have her marry him. But there was a real comely young fellow that the lass loved, and she was determined to have him. The young chap loved the girl terribly, but the man Sorlier shut her up in the house and forbid the lover coming near the place. Now a brother of this Goshem Sorlier, who lived not far away, had kind of adopted this same young man when the boy was a little youngster, for he never had any children himself, and his wife had been dead for many years. About this time the brother died, and Goshem laid claim to all his brother's property. But one day the young lover gave out that he had come across a will made in his favor by his foster-father, giving to the adopted son the property claimed by Goshem. Whether he did or no, nobody never knew, for he never showed himself to claim a cent of it. He stole the young girl away from the hard-hearted old chap, and not a soul ever knew where they made off to. Some said they went one way and some another; but nobody ever knew for sartin'."

When the old man ended his story I stood with folded arms, and my eyes were searching amid the brush and bramble that was growing wildly along the front brow of the old cellar. I stepped quickly over to where I had been glancing, and pushing away the brush with my feet I closely examined the ground beneath. Although mostly overgrown with an accumulation of turf and briar, still, in its place, that had served in years ago as a stepping-stone to the front door of the house. The forward edge was plainly visible nearly its entire length.

"That's the old doorstep, I guess," remarked the aged farmer; "but 'tain't been crossed this many a day. What you looking for there, my young man? some piece of old crockery or the like?"

You city chaps are allers trying to find some piece of stuff as belonged to the folks of old."

"You are right," I said, glad to avail myself of the bent of the old man's mind; "and do you know that under that stone is just the place I should expect to find what I seek."

"Be mightily disappointed, my boy, if you expect to find anything there. They puts things under the corner-stones of meeting-houses and the like, but we old farmers never trouble ourselves with burying nick-nacks under our door-steps."

"Whose land does this stone lay on?" I pointedly asked.

"Mine for sure," returned the old man. "Will you give or sell me the privilege of turning it up out of its resting-place?"

"Why, yes; but, for conscience sake—say, you are sober, s'nt you, my young friend?" and the aged questioner peered into my eyes as though to assure himself that I was neither intoxicated nor insane.

I went to a cart-opening in the wall near by, and, taking out two of the stout bar-rails, I returned. With the help of Paul and the old man the stone was lifted from its long resting-place. Paul and the owner of the stone stood there like statues and gazed down upon the picture that was opened up to view. How clean-cut and plain it was to read! There upon a background of dark red sandy loam appeared frescoed an ancient fowling-piece. The flint-lock was sprung, as though it was intended by the artist to represent the gun as having been fired just previous to its transferment to the artist's canvas. By the side of the gun was a light-colored, oblong form, as though the artist had meant to represent an old, time-stained document. A visible crease ran through its center, indicating where the parchment—for such the material seemed to be—had been folded. There were three red seals upon the open document, and so clear was their material that the red wax glistened from the illumination of the declining sun.

The old man was the first to speak. "What is this? what does it mean?" he questioned, as though he asked of the winds.

"I will tell you if you will help me through to the end," I answered in a tone of absolute confidence.

"By mighty! Strange, isn't it? I will help you through if it takes my last breath!" and as he spoke the veteran straightened up his form like a newly-awakened Hercules.

I knew well that the picture before us would lose its harmony the moment we disturbed the pigments with which it was formed. At our touch the distinct wood-work of the gun blended off with the corroding earth about it. The lock and barrel were but little more than so much of the soil in which they were buried. One portion of the deposit was as perfect as when it was laid away for its long seclusion, and that was the three wax seals. The light-colored environment—the parchment substance of the document—was kindred to the dust about it, and dissolved at touch into a thing of air. I lifted what was still coherent of the fowling-piece, and for a moment held it before me, a mere flimsy skeleton of a former stability. My hand went involuntarily to my hip-pocket, and I felt my pistol. It seemed a strange continuity of memory's association that I fancied I had grasped my own deadly instrument to avenge the last fatal shot from the thing of rust and decay then held in my hand.

"One search more," I said, throwing down the rusty relic.

"What now?" responded the old man.

"The well!"

"No! No! don't go near there!" was my hoary assistant's rejoinder.

"There is no well about here," ventured my friend Paul.

"Yes, there is a well; but I dread to speak of it," said the farmer correcting. "I have never known a person to speak of it for the past fifty years. Anything else, my young friend, but do n't go near that well! They used to say that every living thing that drank from it was sure to die soon after. There are lizards and all sorts of venomous snakes about it. Its water is a rank poison; and ivy and dogwood grow thick about the spot."

"I shall go to it," I answered firmly; "and I am going to hold you to your word. You promised that you would help me through if I took your last breath; and I know there is no coward blood flowing in those sturdy veins of yours. Neither ivy nor dogwood ever poison me, nor do I care to drink the water of the well; but I must do my best to reach its bottom. Will you assist me?"

The old man said he would.

I asked no question regarding the location of the dreaded spot, for the eyes of the old man glanced in the direction of mine the moment I spoke of it. There I discovered a wild collection of unpruned growth, as though the ages had been allowed to bestow unmolested their contributions of floral discord and entanglement to entirely hedge away from scrutinizing humanity the least indication of there being anything in their weird embrace worth the seeking. By the now already enthused veteran's directions I proceeded to one of the farm-houses that had drawn my attention as I stepped out from the old shed, and procured such paraphernalia as I deemed would be wanted in the last intensely absorbing exploration. I returned with a long rope, a large basket, such as farmers use in gathering their harvest, and a strong, well-sharpened hatchet.

I soon cleared away an entrance to the well. I got upon my hands and knees, and looked down. At first all was dark, but as my eyes became more adjusted to the change, I could see more distinctly. The well was dry, but there was not light enough at the bottom for me to distinguish any object that might have been there, save I could see that the moss and accumulated dirt that lay there presented an uneven, corrugated surface.

"Can you see the water?" asked the old man.

I answered that the well appeared to be dry, and at the same time I dropped a stone above it. The missive struck the bottom with a dead, sluggish sound, plainly showing that it had found nothing to impede its progress except the waterless sediment below.

"It is n't once in fifty years, my young friend, that you could have found this well dry," remarked the farmer; "this drought has played the deuce with the whole of us on wells."

I removed my shoes, and, bidding my attendant lower the basket at my call, I slowly began to descend. The orb of the well was not large, and I found no difficulty in finding easy footholds upon its rocky sides. I cannot describe my feelings as I was cautiously making my way down. I prayed that I might not find what I sought, and still I felt in my inmost soul that my prayer was a vain one. My feet

soon rested upon the bottom, and they sunk above the ankles in the soft ooze. I stooped down, and pushing aside the damp, dead leaves and moss, I drew forth a human skull! In an instant all the tremor of my nerves had ceased. I seemed to receive from an unseen power a new strength; and instead of abhorrence I felt an unspeakable joy at my discovery. The skull was small and finely shaped. I could not resist drawing my handkerchief and wiping the dirt cleanly away from the teeth. I had never seen but one such cluster of pearly beauty before, and that was when gems like those then before me glistened through that radiant smile of thankfulness that beamed upon me in the out-building, as I suspended my satchel upon the horseshoe hook at this fair owner's bidding.

I called for the basket to be lowered, and when it had descended so that I could easily reach it above my head, I bade my friends hold it poised there until I had finished my task. I worked diligently, and wonderful it was to me then—a fact I could not explain—I was directed more by what I then called intuition than by the direction of my own normal will in the guidance of my muscle force. My hands appeared, as it were, controlled by an intelligence other than my own; and after a while I found its way in quick succession to the basket without so much as a single thought-direction of mine.

The strange influence left me, and I knew my task was completed. The large basket was full, and I gave my companions word to carefully draw it up. I followed slowly after the charge, and was soon safe above ground. We bore the basket to the old shed, and one after another of the pieces that made up its contents I laid out carefully upon the floor. I was well schooled in anatomy, it being one of the main branches of study I had mastered in my lessons pertaining to the human form. When the last bone was in place, I had two complete human skeletons upon the shed floor. One was slight and delicately molded; its anatomy told that its once indwelling soul must have been a female of tender years. The other was that of a male, and its structure indicated that it had moved in a form of manly strength and beauty. When I had placed them all together, so thorough had been my search, not one bone was missing, and they were all perfect, except that in the back of the male skull there was a round hole; and as I turned it to lay it in its place a leaden bullet dropped out and rolled down through a large crack in the floor.

We sat down, and I told my friends the story of my dream—"dream" I called it to them, but to myself I knew it to be a living reality.

The setting sun was casting its last evening rays into the shed as I finished my recital; and as I was resolved to stay there and keep vigil over those bones through the coming night, I prevailed upon my friend Paul to return without me and excuse my absence to his good wife.

The old farmer left, and in a short time returned, riding up to the shed in a light wagon. Good old soul! he appeared to take as much interest in the matter as I did myself. He had brought a mattress, quilts and pillow, and a good supply of tea and eatables. As he left he promised to be with me in the morning to give all needed assistance.

Morning came, and the good old farmer was there with his horse and wagon. More than that: he had procured two neat coffins, which he had brought with him. We placed the two skeletons in their respective caskets, and by the old man's guidance the sexton of the graveyard was soon one of our party.

Two graves were dug in a retired spot, beneath the shade of a weeping willow. At the close of the day a goodly group stood within the precincts of that ancient resting place of the dead, listening to the utterances of a benign and warm-hearted minister as he spoke words of true inspiration over two newly-made graves.

The old farmer, the sexton and myself were the last left upon the spot. I lingered for a moment over the shorter grave. I know I dropped a tear upon it; but I quickly brushed the gathering drops from my cheeks.

The sun was again low in the west. A solemn, subdued light relieved the thick, embowering shrubbery about the spot with a mellowness of shade such as Claude might summon from his pallet to delineate the land of holy rest.

I turned away reluctantly, nor had I more than turned when I felt that same soft hand laid gently but restrainingly upon my shoulder. I yielded to the delicate touch, and again my attitude was before the shorter grave. I will not strive with the poor, meagre force of earth's gross language to describe the scene that was unfolded before me. There may be, deep down in the hidden mine of every soul, a germ that has the latent power to grasp the fullness of its comprehension; but, be the germ there, some other breath, else than that known of the infinite here below, must fan it to its awakening. That same face was there before me! not now pale and terror-stricken, but illuminated with a heavenly light. Those eyes again, zones of other blue, flooded me with their rays; and the lips, now coral-red, breathed an earnest blessing upon me. Those two rows of pearly beauty beneath them sent forth a language of their own, as though to tell me that every atom in the universe hath a thankfulness of its own. An angelic form, clothed in transparent white, and of a texture so fine that it seemed as though the absolute silence of earth might mar it! The two hands took mine, and those warm lips met mine with a kiss—a kiss such as a sister, all pure of heart, might bestow upon a loving brother. Those hands were not withdrawn from mine; they melted away in my gentle hold, and the whole seraphic presence mingled with the evening sweetness of the dewy air.

I stood alone!

The soft tones of the winged choristers stole over the serene atmosphere of the embosomed spot. Blended in balmy union with the perfume from bush and vine, rose the incense of the humble herbage at my feet—fit orison to the soul that had seemed to draw its radiant form from their own loveliness.

"What inscription shall I have chiseled upon their headstones?" asked the sexton, as we were about to part company.

I wrote on a slip of paper, and handed to him:

"DIED JULY SIX, 1668.
THE FIRST NOW HATH REST."

"On both?"

"Yes; the same on both."

We have received from Colby & Rich, of the BANNER OF LIGHT, a few copies of Richmond's admirable "Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report," just out, a book of 244 pages. Price, \$1.25. We can heartily commend this book to all who know how to enjoy a good thing.—Golden Gate.

Written for the Banner of Light. DREAMS—NOT WORDS.

BY JAMES M. MOORE.

Not martyr cross nor saintly crown
Can reach divinest heights of bliss,
Or draw celestial glory down
To harmonize a world like this;

But perfume of each day well spent,
The music of each hour sublime,
Will sweeten all a life thus lent,
And fill with song all after-time.

The angel ones are ever near
To those who listen to their prayer;
And he who seeks his duties here,
Will find immortal guardian there.

Not empty words, but fitting deeds,
The aid to all its being needs,
Will give the soul the help it needs
To round its angles into spheres.

The harp's cell, the bigot's fire,
Lead to a land of barren thorns—
The flowery clime our hopes desire
The path of kindly love adorns.

Love wins where hate forever fails,
To those who give still more is given;
And he who lists when sorrow calls,
Begins on earth the life of heaven!

Fall River, Mass.

The Reviewer.

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM: A Course of Lectures through the Trance Mediumship of J. J. Morse. With a Preface by William Emmette Coleman. San Francisco, Cal.: "Carrier Done" Publishing House. For sale by Colby & Rich. Mr. Morse, the medium author of this work, is well known throughout this country and England as an able and generally acceptable exponent of Modern Spiritualism. The title, "Practical Occultism," appears to be employed as the equivalent of Spiritualism, probably in accommodation to a somewhat popular fancy which seems to desire some new or different term by which to designate the unfolding Spiritual Philosophy of the present age. And the term "Practical Occultism" appears furthermore to be used in antithesis to the mystical or speculative Occultism, imported mainly from Oriental and ancient sources, which is captivating so many minds at the present time.

Parenthetically, it seems to us that this substitution of the word "Occult" and its derivatives for *Spiritual* and *Spiritualism*, is being pushed to the verge of absurdity in some quarters. "Occult" means, to quote the dictionary, "secret, hidden, concealed, unknown, latent, abstruse;" "undiscovered, undetected." Yet we have "Occult Societies," and "Occult Publishing Houses," which terms properly mean societies and publishing houses that are either secret, or for the promotion of secrecy, concealment, darkness. And we have "Occultists," who should be believers in concealment, or obscurity; and "Occultism," which really is obscurity itself. Is not the only rational purpose of associated investigation to obtain light, and that of publication to diffuse light, and not darkness? If so, are not the above designations palpable misnomers? That which is occult, when explained, ceases to be occultism.

At all events, Mr. Morse's lectures are in fact, as strongly stated in the preface, expositions of "a common-sense, scientific, non-mystical Spiritualism—free at all times from the extravagances and perversions, the metaphysical idealisms, and the rhapsodical moonshine with which in some quarters the Spiritual Philosophy has been heavily burdened, to its sore detriment and disgrace."

The topic first discussed is "The Trance as the Doorway to the Occult"—meaning that through the condition called trance (from the Latin *trans*, over) the soul may be an actual *passing over* of the spirit, or the real personality into the domain of the spiritual, which is the occult, or that which is hidden from outward consciousness. This passing over is as real as in the case of death, only the separation from the body is not completed as in that case; and through it means something can be learned of that world or state into which death will sometime introduce us.

It hardly needs to be said that by trance the author here means something different from what is popularly understood by that term—namely, a condition of unconsciousness in which one is controlled to speak or write as from a disembodied spirit. This sort of trance is often merely a closing of the external senses without any corresponding opening of the internal perceptions; and consequently there is no conscious *passing over* into another or higher state, and nothing is apparently learned of such a state by the subject. This distinction is hardly made as clear as desirable by our author; nevertheless it is implied in his delineation.

He proceeds to point out the three ways by which the trance may be induced—first, by self-induction, which is called the "natural" method; second, by magnetic or mesmeric processes; third, by spiritual influence. Whether either of these is available in any particular case depends upon certain constitutional aptitudes in the individual. The physiology of the process is described at some length, and the proper prerequisites for entering upon it, to useful ends, are pointed out—namely, health, harmony and cleanliness of body, accompanied equally by mental, moral and spiritual cleanliness in the individual subject. The counter theory that the mental and moral character of a trance-subject has nothing to do with the phenomena presented through that subject is rightly pronounced "a most dangerous and damaging doctrine, which hinders all psychological progress or spiritual development."

While the trance, induced under proper conditions and for useful ends, is presented as a most valuable means of obtaining knowledge, yet proper cautions are given against its unwisdom or inducement. The use of narcotics to induce the state is always dangerous. Reliance upon mesmerization leads to dependence on the will of others which is unfavorable to the best growth; while a too frequent or continued exercise of the subjective powers in the trance leads to a debilitation of the external faculties which is not desirable.

In the second lecture the subject of "Mediumship—its Physical, Mental and Spiritual Conditions," is lucidly and sensibly considered. The author does not regard mediumship as an undisciplined blessing, to be sought for by all individuals and to be cultivated by hot-house processes; but on the contrary it is of very questionable benefit, if not a positive injury, to many, depending on natural aptitude, physical health, and the uses to which it is applied. The sound opinion is expressed that "When mediumship comes or expresses itself spontaneously, manifesting itself of its own inherent power, then there can be no question that, rightly used and with proper, rational limits, the exercise of mediumship can be made a means of great blessing to the individual; not only to the individual but to the community as well." But the persistent effort to cultivate mediumship, or to force it into activity, should always be discouraged and discontinued.

The physiological effects of different forms of mediumship are delineated, and the opinion given that, properly exercised, mediumship should always be conducive to physical as well as mental and moral health, and where it is not so it should be discontinued. The mental and spiritual results of a proper cultivation of mediumship are declared to be the development of one's own spiritual powers, so that they may be exercised independently of control. This is real "adeptship." "Where the individual is always the subject of a dominant and controlling power, the day of tutelage is indefinitely prolonged, and no real advantage to the individual accrues."

The third lecture discusses the foundation, development, dangers and advantages of mediumship. It is regarded as the indication of superior powers latent in humanity while living in this world, and has nothing miraculous or special about it, but is a legitimate unfolding of innate possibilities. But these possibilities should not be cultivated to the neglect of duties due to this world, which has the primary claim on

all. Some of the methods in vogue for developing mediumship—such as sitting in circles where all sorts of psychological influences are absorbed, until one becomes so filled with conflicting forces as to be in a state of psychological fever all the time, or so exhausted as to become limp and useless; these methods are strongly disapproved. Mediumship which comes spontaneously is likely to be most satisfactory, and when it so comes, its unseen directors can generally be depended upon to give needed instruction for its development. "Personal moral responsibility must enter into the development of all forms of mediumship." It should be the development of the body, mind and soul of the individual, with due and proper attention to every law of health, of mental culture, and of spiritual unfoldment.

The dangers of mediumship are strongly set forth, namely, that of "being imposed upon by spiritual vagaries, who may come just for the purpose of amusing themselves and bewildering you;" also, dangers to the health, to the mind, and to the nervous system, arising from the inordinate practice of mediumship, which causes a drain upon the most refined forces of the system, and may result in muscular and nervous paralysis—in "a drying up of the vital forces of the being, causing premature aging, and destroying health of body and vigor of mind." What is urged under this head may be profitably studied by all who have any inclination to cultivate mediumship as a source of amusement, or of pecuniary gain, or from love of notoriety. On the other hand, the advantages and blessings of mediumship, when rightly and orderly developed for its nobler uses, are justly portrayed as indeed great.

The fourth lecture deals with Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft, in which it is claimed that the alleged extraordinary marvels of Oriental magic, sorcery, etc., have been very much exaggerated, and that all that is really valuable or potential in the arts of magicians, adepts, etc., is involved in the psychological and spiritual laws which Modern Spiritualism has brought to our knowledge. This knowledge, instead of being wrapped in mystery, veiled under symbols, and reserved to a privileged few, is to be usefully applied for the benefit of our fellows, and the cultivation of our own natures.

The remaining three lectures treat of the Three Planes of the Second State, the Natural, Spiritual and Celestial; the Soul-World, its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions; and Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land. We have not space for an analysis of what is presented in these interesting lectures, but can say that the views presented, or rather deductions given (for the spirit-lecturer appears to portray what he has actually witnessed), of the after-life, though somewhat novel at least in their form of statement, are eminently rational and intrinsically probable, as well as highly practical in tendency—albeit they differ widely alike from the popular conceptions of Christendom and the vaticinations of Oriental Theosophy, or Speculative Occultism.

The work, as a whole, despite the occultness of its title, is a very valuable contribution to the literature of Modern Spiritualism, and deserves the careful study of all who would master the underlying principles of this great movement of the age, or understand its true practical bearing on the present life.

A. E. N.

March Magazines.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—The finely executed photographic plate that forms the frontispiece has for its subject the lofty ideal of love and purity embodied in the story of Paul and Virginia, the scene being the lifeless body of Virginia, as it was found upon the beach after the wrecking of the ship upon which she had embarked. To it the artist, James Bertrand, brings to our realization the spirit of the storm, the engrossing interest of the situation, and the purity and beauty of the sentiment the story involves. The pages of "Current Art" are illustrated with engravings of "Your Little Bill, Sir," "A Priestess of Bacchus" (full page), etc. In "Some Plain Words on American Taste in Art," the text does not baffle the title, especially not when the writer, after saying that in this country a rabid taste for French paintings is in the ascendant, remarks that until coming to America he "never knew where the sweepings of Parisian studios eventually congregated." He seems not to have had sufficient opportunity to point to a painting and say, "It's English, you know." Three very pleasing pictures are given in illustration of "Irish Types and Traits"; "Matchmaking"; "A Present for his Reverence" (full page), and "The Young Squireen," all by Helmick. A charming piece of scenery is "Alone by the Broad" (full page), by Parsons. The entire contents of this number are highly meritorious. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY introduces its table of contents for March with a pathetic sketch of New England life: "Miss Tempy's Watchers," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "The Aspen Tapers," by Henry James, are commenced; James B. Thayer treats of "The Dawes Bill and the Indians," in the course of his article giving the reader cause to believe that while he considers it a necessity, he feels that it fails to meet the just and full requirements of the case as far as the Indians themselves are concerned; and Oliver Wendell Holmes begins in "Over the Tea Cups" a series of supper "Autobiographies" to match those of the whilom "breakfast stamp." The present installment of "Yone Sano" is a prose poem in itself, replete with the sublime beauty of womanly innocence; Frank Gaylord Cook writes of "The Marriage Celebration in the Colonies"; "Virginia's Woe," by Olive Thorne Miller, is a charming story of bird life; by N. S. Shaler, "The Despot," etc., by Charles Egbert Courtis, is full of interest; "The Law of Fashion," by B. S. Shaler, will find many perusers; the "Beginnings of the American Revolution" is a finished and thoughtful paper—as are all which proceed from the scholarly pen of John Fiske. The usual departments will be found this month of marked attractiveness. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston.

ST. NICHOLAS.—"An Ancient Haunt of Pirates" is the title of the very interesting opening article, in which Mr. E. V. Smalley recounts the experiences of a week's cruise on the Louisiana coast, among bays, islands and bayous that nearly a century ago were the haunts of the two pirate brothers, Pierre and Jean Lafitte. Thirteen engravings illustrate it. Very entertaining and instructive is Ernest R. Thompson's "Tracks in the Snow," in which the wonderful feats common to hunting and woodcraft life, of tracking and trailing, and the still more marvelous powers of that kind in the dog and fox, are considered and illustrated with engravings. Frank R. Stockton, with the aid of the artist, describes "The People We Meet" in foreign travel. Roy McAvish commences a story, "Edward Athor," that promises to give an insight of mining life in the Lefthigh regions. Helen Campbell contributes a short story, complete, "The Hobart Treasure," and Marion Douglas a poem, "The Bronze Kid Shoes." Many other stories, sketches and poems, fine engravings and the ever-welcome "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" serve to make an attractive number. New York: The Century Co. Boston: Dammell & Upham, 283 Washington street.

WIDE AWAKE.—Young readers who delight in descriptions of far-away places will find much to interest them in "A Coaching Party in Java," one of Olive R. Seward's "Around the World Stories." Harriet Taylor Upton continues her "Children of the White House," in an interesting narrative of "The Family of Thomas Jefferson," with fifteen illustrations. In "A Boston Experiment" is given some account of the Children's Prize Flower Exhibition, instituted by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. "An Indian Lesson" of the Piegans, a roving tribe in Montana, is shown in an engraving, and a description of it given by B. T. Newman. The several serial stories are continued, and much else of interest, instruction and amusement supplied. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—In addition to new installments of the serials "Monks" and "By Misadventure," this number contains a short, complete story, "Mysterious Miss Alister," by the author of "A Willful Young Woman," and new chapters of the story of adventure, "What the Coral Reefs Gave Me." Of "A Family of Boys, and How They Were Started in Life," we are given the first paper. A variety of other matter, including practical advice on daily home life, constitute the remaining contents. New York: Cassell & Co.

✎ The Berry Sisters' séances in the street, are well attended, and very satisfactory sitters, we understand.

Fortieth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

Berkeley Hall, Boston.

The Fortieth Anniversary will be celebrated in Berkeley Hall, corner of Tremont and Berkeley streets, on Saturday and Sunday, March 31st and April 1st, 1888, under the auspices of

THE BOSTON SPIRITUALIST TEMPLE SOCIETY.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Mrs. A. H. Colby-Luther, Mr. J. Wm. Fletcher, Dr. J. C. Street and other talented speakers will participate in the exercises. Superior musical and literary talent, also reliable test-mediums, have been engaged, thereby rendering the attractions of the entertainment second to none.

On Saturday, as one feature of the entertainment, Mr. Fletcher will give his popular lecture, illustrated with dissolving views.

Tremont Temple and Paine Memorial Hall.

A grand Union Celebration of the Fortieth Anniversary will take place on March 31st and April 1st, under the auspices of the

FIRST SPIRITUALIST LADIES' AID SOCIETY AND CHILDREN'S LYCEUM NO. 1. OF BOSTON.

The official notice of which appears on our eighth page.

Paine Hall.

A grand celebration of the Fortieth Anniversary will be held March 25th, afternoon and evening, at this place, under the auspices of the Spiritual Phenomena Association. See notice on eighth page.

Cincinnati, O.

On our eighth page will be found the statement made by the Committee of Invitation, in the name of the Spiritualists of Cincinnati, regarding the convocations to be held in that city Sunday, April 1st, to Thursday, April 5th, and the important character of the work sought to be inaugurated thereat.

Hartford, Ct.

By reference to our eighth page it will be seen that the Spiritualists of Connecticut will remember the Fortieth Anniversary by a mass convention at Unity Hall, in the capital of the State.

Moline, Ill.

See eighth page for an announcement of Anniversary services to be held March 30th, 31st and April 1st, at Library Hall, under the auspices of the Mount Pleasant Park and Mississippi Valley Associations.

Spirit Art.

A fine picture was brought to THE BANNER office on Monday last for our inspection by the mother of the celebrated medium artist Dr. Henry Rogers, who is now in San Diego, Cal., with his wife.

This limning in oil is delicate in execution, and beautiful in that which is portrayed, and was executed in their usual manner by the invisible artists in presence of Dr. and Mrs. Rogers in the surprisingly brief period of one hour—the picture having been forwarded to his mother some four weeks since from San Francisco by Dr. R., through the mail.

It represents a young lady with chestnut hair and blue eyes, whose look is bent calmly on a white star which shines in the air before her. She is recognized by the mother as being her only daughter, who passed to spirit-life fifteen years ago at the age of twenty-five—a recognition which is shared by others; while many non-Spiritualists have already expressed wonder at the excellence of the work when the short time devoted to its production is considered.

Informed by Spirits.

A Manchester (Eng.) secular paper of recent date contains the following:

"Catherine Gibbons, a servant girl, who appeared before the county stipendiary at Manchester last Saturday on a charge of having stolen £16, the property of a guest staying in the house in which she lived as servant, will, in future, have a lively horror of Spiritualism. Professional eyes soon discovered that the robbery had been committed by some one inside the house. The girl, however, firmly adhered to her story of denial, till one of her fellow-servants, a believer in Spiritualism, told her that it was useless to deny taking the money, as 'he had been informed by the spirits that she had done so, and had hidden it.' The girl was so completely thunderstruck by this remark that she immediately made a full confession of the theft. It appeared that she had gained possession of the money when she heard a footstep on the stairs, and, knowing that her presence in the room would lead to her being suspected, she hastily disarranged the room, threw open the window, and concocted a burglary story. Spiritualism has to be thanked for having been the principal agent by which an improvised mystery was quickly elucidated."

The 31st of March.

As notices are coming in for publication regarding the Fortieth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism, from various sections of the country, THE BANNER desires the friends to send reports to it for publication, and have them prepared as briefly as is consistent with the matter given.

We regret to learn that our old friend, Mr. Robert Cooper, of Eastbourne, Eng., is in needy circumstances. He has been a consistent Spiritualist for many years, and is unquestionably deserving the pecuniary aid his friends in this country—where he labored in behalf of the Cause—may contribute. An Appeal in his behalf appears in the last number of *London Medium and Daybreak*, with a request that THE BANNER copy it, which we shall do in our next issue. We met Bro. Cooper in New York, we remember, when he was homeward bound, and handed him twenty dollars, for which he was very thankful. He did not forget the favor rendered, as sometime afterward he wrote to us that he should keep that good piece as a reminder of our kindness in many ways, until absolute necessity compelled him to part with it.

Wanted, a copy each of Crookes's "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism," "Art Magic" and "Ghost Land," the last named work either in paper or cloth covers. Address, stating price for either one or all of them, F. G. T., care BANNER OF LIGHT.

Chinese Immigration.

O. K. Reed, President of the Laundrymen's National Association, and B. W. Eccleston, its Secretary, both of Philadelphia, were at Washington, Feb. 24th, urging senators and representatives, especially the committees on foreign relations and on foreign affairs, to pass Senator Mitchell's bill absolutely prohibiting Chinese immigration. They did this under instructions from their association, which, in a memorial to Congress, signed by President Reed and Secretary Eccleston, together with C. N. Carr, Philadelphia, J. A. Bowden, Columbus, O. H. Jewett, Salem, Mass., C. A. Royce, Springfield, Mass., the executive committee, urges the passage of Mr. Mitchell's bill. In it they say:

"Our own fellow-craftsmen are the more solidly united Chinese immigrants should be entirely excluded because so large a proportion of them gravitate naturally into the laundry business. Of the two hundred and fifty thousand among us ninety-eight thousand and five hundred are laundrymen, and their laundries number twelve thousand nine hundred and seventy-three—nearly double the number of those conducted by Americans. They, of course, employ no American help, and three-fourths of them are controlled by the Chinese syndicate, known as the Six Companies, whose agents are in every Chinese hamlet in the land making weekly collections from each laundry, and reminding this Pagan people wherever they go that they are still the slaves of the Chinese government, as they are of the hideous vices with which that country's effete society is reeking. Of the \$230,540 which they draw annually from this country, giving back no return in taxes or any form of loyalty, many millions are expended in China for the means to indulge their national vices, and to hire what is really slave labor to compete with American laborers. The meagreness of their business expenditures, from which this country could alone realize any benefit in their presence, is indicated by the estimate that their total laundry outfit costs less than \$325,000, while many of their laundries are opium dens of the lowest type. The sixty thousand wage-slaves now employed in American laundries might have their number more than quadrupled if these Chinese seed-beds of leprosy could be closed. But all the arguments against Chinese immigration, drawn from economic or other physical considerations, are really trifling compared with the gross immoralities which everywhere attend them, and the Pagan rites with which they continually insult and tend to debase every Christian sentiment."

Unanswerable Logic.

The grand book, bearing the above title, by THOMAS GAZES FORSTER, late of Washington, D. C., and sold by Colby & Rich, should be in the hands of every true Spiritualist in the land. Here is what the poet, Mr. Warren Sumner Barlow, of New York, says in regard to it:

"I find that the grand lectures of Bro. Forster in the volume before me have the old time ring of those I had the pleasure of hearing delivered by the author. I have often felt the need of such a book, to prove to skeptics that we have a literature worth hearing and reading, and this just meets that important demand, besides giving me the great pleasure of reading them myself. The book ought to be in every library in the land, and especially those of all liberal thinkers. Its logic is unanswerable and convincing, with subjects so varied that it is a fountain of living thought that should flow broadcast throughout the land. I hope it may meet the success it justly deserves."

Mrs. J. M. Carpenter, clairvoyant physician of this city, is one of the oldest and most reliable of our trance mediums. We are in receipt of a private note from our veteran friend, and a sterling Spiritualist, Wm. Foster, Jr., of Providence, R. I., in which he informs us that he has had a sitting with Mrs. Carpenter recently, when Spirits Henry C. Wright, Achsa W. Sprague and Epes Sargent manifested, giving palpable evidence of their individual presence. Mr. Sargent said: "I wish you to send a message to Bro. Colby. Tell him I shall stand by him and the BANNER OF LIGHT with all the power I possess." We cordially thank Bro. Sargent, not only for his willingness but his determination to stand by in the great fight now going on between "Gog and Magog," which seems to have permeated about the whole human race—not excepting Spiritualists, who, of all others, with the grand knowledge they possess of things mundane and supermundane, should be the most harmonious people on the earth. But we suppose the great law of heredity comes in to explain why so many of our people are at times subject to angularity. Therefore we should have great charity for their idiosyncrasies, believing that the time is not far distant when a great influx of spirit-power will cleanse them of their irascibility, and that all will join hands and hearts and purses in promulgating the great truths so recently vouchsafed them from the world of spirits.

MR. CHAS. D. COWAN, whose wife is well-known as a finely developed medium for full-form materialization, has recently, we are informed, given very satisfactory private sittings for independent slate-writing. This phase of mediumship in Mr. C., that has for several years been maturing, has attained a point that warrants him in offering his services to the public in that capacity with every assurance of success.

Richmond's Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report.

The demand for the trenchant Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report, written by A. B. Richmond, of Meadville, Pa., rapidly exhausted the first edition, and a second is now before the public with a prospect of being taken from the publishers' shelves within a very short time. This demand was not wholly unlooked for; it scarcely could fail to arise for a work so entertainingly written, so clear and concise, and as outlining as a Damascus blade in its thrusts at the inconsistencies, incongruities and weakness of the infelicitous attempt of the Commission to prove millions of their fellow-men dupes.

"The Soul."

The recently published volume, bearing the above title, the contents of which were given in a series of lessons by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, is attracting a considerable degree of attention among advanced thinkers, and unquestionably will that of still larger numbers as the development of thought in the direction of the occult enlarges. No one can read it without increasing his stock of wisdom and attaining to elevated spirituality. For details respecting the book see advertisement on fifth page.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN in its current number reprints from Mr. Gurney's recently published book, "Phantasms of the Living," several narratives of much interest. The truth of Psychometry is corroborated by instances related of experiments with Mrs. Buchanan, who has long held the reputation of being one of the best psychometrists living. Among these is one suggested by a prediction made respecting Ireland that was fulfilled. A slip of paper bearing the words, "Ireland in 1889," was placed in her hands. After stating what she was impressed to say, Dr. Buchanan remarks that from it he is led to anticipate a "consummation of political relief (following agitation) in the latter part of 1889, and beginning of prosperity in 1891." The remaining contents include "The Great American Pyramid and Ruined Cities of Arizona and New Mexico." Boston: J. & James Street.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

RAIN UPON THE ROOF.

(In *His Silence*.) STANLEY YOUNG.
Then my darling sister,
With beauteous wavy hair,
And her star-eyed cherub brother—
A serene, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their peaceful, mild reproach,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

What we want most is rapid transit—as we, "the people," have been crowded quite enough and half frozen by the surface horse-railroad monopoly. Push this matter to final success as rapidly as possible—you who have the funds to do it with—and posterity will rise up and call you blessed!

The Sun shines over The World, notwithstanding that the former has labeled us once or twice.

J. Rollin M. Squire, whom we met on Broadway, just after his arrival last fall from Europe, asseverated that they could prove nothing against him while holding the position of Commissioner of Public Works in New York City. This has proved to be a true statement, as the Court has just decided in his favor.

If some one who knows would explain why there is so much more coughing to the square inch in a church congregation than in a theatre, he would solve a much-vexed question of the hour.—Commonwealth.

The liberties of the people are in danger. When Spiritualists cannot worship God in their own way, without self-appointed censors making raids upon them contrary to law, the same as the Quakers were assaulted in the old time, and imprisoned, simply because they were Quakers; and when the ancient town of Beverly is attempted to be divided for the benefit of a few Boston financial aristocrats, who want the seashore of the town for their exclusive use, is it not time for the people to protest with all the energy belonging to a liberty-loving race? We should say so. We fully agree with the Boston Journal to the effect that "it will be a sorry day for the State when such a scheme receives the sanction of a Massachusetts Legislature."

And how it is Lent,
And we're bound to repent,
So we go to the bishop,
And he takes our last cent.

CATHOLIC.

An acquaintance died mysteriously some months ago, after intense suffering. A post mortem examination revealed a cherry stone lodged in his intestines as the cause; a mental scientist would have found an "error in his orbit."—Two cases have occurred very lately in this city where parties blew their gas out on retiring, and nothing but their opportunity to discover the cause. Of course, the Christian or Spiritual Scientist would have been uninjured and woke up bright and hearty next morning.—C. Severance, in the *Des Moines*, Ia., *New Thought*.

Sheet iron is hard to lay on.

A friend of ours is down on Lent, he says, as he lent his overcoat last week to a visitor at his house who "keeps lent," and has not seen it since.

The venerable Amos Bronson Alcott, philosopher, reformer and author, died at the residence of his daughter, Miss Ellen Alcott, No. 10 Louisville Square, Boston, at 11:30, on the morning of March 4th. He was conscious to the last. The cause of his death was a shock of paralysis, received Oct. 24th, 1882, from the effects of which he never recovered. Mr. Alcott was born at Wolcott, Ct., Nov. 29th, 1799.—His daughter, Louisa M. Alcott, the talented author of "Little Women," etc., deceased in Roxbury on the morning of March 6th.

THE "BEAR STORY."

With Modern Trimmings.
Oh! de she be's come when old Liza blow'd his ho'n,
Doan yer laugh at de sarvent o' de Lawd,
An' da grabbed up de chillun like er hawg eatin' co'n,
Doan yer laugh at de sarvent o' de Lawd,
But de b'ars drub him off like er varmint wid a goose,
Doan yer laugh at de sarvent o' de Lawd,
An' dem er b'ars grabbed him wid er mighty broad snail.

Doan yer laugh at de sarvent o' de Lawd,
De po' chile holered an' tried to get loose,
Doan yer laugh at de sarvent o' de Lawd,
But de b'ars drub him off like er varmint wid a goose,
Doan yer laugh at de sarvent o' de Lawd.

An elephant lives 400 years; a whale, 300; a tortoise, 100; a camel, 40; a horse, 25; a bear, 20; a lion, 20; an ox, 25; a cat, 15; a dog, 14; a sheep, 10; a squirrel, 8; a guinea pig, 7.

Irish Student—Don't you ever sweep under the bed, I'd like to know? *Calvin Chamberland*—I always do; I prefer it to a dustpan.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Said the martyr Anne du Bourg, when brought to her execution, "Six feet of earth for my body and an infinite heaven for my soul are what I shall soon have." Death gives liberty and room for more effective living. Mahomet, dying with his head resting upon the bosom of his beloved wife, opened his eyes and looked upward, then smiling said, "I come among you, fellow-citizens on high."

Senator Vest pants for a contest with Senator Gorman. We think he had better button-up, or he will get Gormandized before he is aware of the fact. Later Vest has been digested.

It is comforting to find that the boiling-point of "allylenedichlorobromide" is one hundred and ninety, while that of "methylchlorobromopropylcarbonylchloride" is something between one hundred and forty and one hundred and forty-five.

[THE BANEFUL WIGGLE.]—When a doctor prescribes a dose of morphine, it is a matter of life or death whether the dose makes two wiggles or three. More than one person has succumbed to the baneful effect of a mis-wiggle.—*Springfield Union*.

A sentence in an American novel, "He alighted and tied his horse to a large locust in front of the house," was rendered in a French translation, "He fastened his horse to a huge grasshopper."

Patron—"Give me a piece of pie and a glass of milk." "Water, please!" "Oh look weight and a chalk quarry!"—*Nebraska State Journal*.

A lock that can be easily picked at the divorce court—wedlock.

March 1st, 1888, John W. Dawson, a prominent farmer of Indiana, was married to Miss Emma Messersmith, who becomes his seventh wife. Mr. Dawson is now in his 76th year.

Dr. William A. Hammond claims that it is not a physical necessity that men should die. It is a bad habit that men have got into, however, and a very hard one to overcome, especially when they are so ably assisted by the doctors!

The Christian Science craze had a powerful but brief run in Gratiot County, Mich. One woman, who had used spectacles for fifteen years, had discontinued the use of them after a short course of treatment; but when she was asked why she did not discard her false teeth on the same faith, the "science" took a backward turn.

F. B. Woodbury has purchased the pharmacy located at the corner of Old Heath and Pynchon streets, Roxbury, Mass.

A New England newspaper man has become insane. It is thought he went crazy trying to run his paper in conformity with the suggestions of outsiders.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

The successful completion of a wonderful enterprise was witnessed in California a short time ago. It was only a canal, but it was one of the greatest engineering feats of the decade. It is twenty-seven miles long, one hundred feet wide, and it passes through a tunnel forty-four hundred feet in length. Its source of water supply is primarily the eternal snows of the Sierras. It irrigates three hundred thousand acres of land, and villages and towns are already springing up on its banks.

GOOD CITIZENS.—The yearly immigration of Jews to this country is about 27,000.

The proposed Longfellow statue at Portland, Me., will cost \$10,000. The pedestal will be of New Hampshire granite, twelve feet high.

Spiritualism in the East.

We are advised by dispatches from our Eastern correspondents that Spiritualism was never more popular and useful in that section of the country than it is at the present time. Throughout the New England States our Cause not only holds its ground, but is steadily gaining in recognition and power. We hear of private circles in every quarter; and the number of home mediums who are steadily serving as teachers of immortality and of the new dispensation of truth are far beyond what the world deems possible.

In good old Massachusetts, Spiritualism holds its vintage ground, and there its footing is as solid as the eternal rock of the soil. Boston presents to the world its numerous meetings, its numberless circles, its army of mediumistic workers, its works and journals from the spiritual press, with unceasing regularity; and in that stronghold of spiritual progress any thinking, candid mind that wishes to investigate the claims of Spiritualism, impartially and fairly, finds ample opportunity for so doing.

Occasionally, with the good reports of what our Eastern contemporaries and workers are doing, comes a wave of accusation against some so-called medium, or a report of some one of the advocates of Spiritualism; but the wave soon passes, and the report dies out, while the Cause stands even more erect and firmly, if possible, than before, as if to show the world that it is so securely founded upon the rock of faith that no tidal wave nor sweeping gale can hurl it from its base.

We are satisfied by the accounts that reach our sanctum, and by the unimpeachable evidence of intelligent minds which we receive not only from the East but from elsewhere, that for every seeming exposure of fraud in Spiritualism, and for every uncertain manifestation which occurs in the presence of mediums, there are one hundred cases of direct and unmistakable communication between mortals and their spirit friends, and any quantity of strong and useful manifestations of spirit power through the agency of mediumship.

Taking all these facts in the case into consideration, we are safe in the conclusion that Spiritualism has come to stay as a fixture in the life of humanity. Its work and its purpose cannot be overthrown by priest, demagogue or bigot of any school. Its religion is one of love and tolerance toward mankind; its purpose, to call men out to better effort and nobler living; its object, to relieve the world of its weight of superstition and ignorance; consequently its work must and will result in blessing to the human race.—*The Better Way*, Cincinnati.

THE THEOSOPHIST for February continues its "Travestied Teachings" and "Nature's Finer Forces." A lengthy paper on "Sanskrit Literature" is entertaining and instructive. An account is given of extraordinary feats performed by Pandit Narayan Martand Sukhatie, who has been giving exhibitions of remarkable intellectual skill in various parts of India. At the exhibition reported fifteen abstract questions and intricate problems were read to him. He then engaged in a game of cards with one of the company. While playing he conversed with several persons, and without hesitation answered various questions involving operations in addition, subtraction, etc. The card-playing was over in half an hour, the Pandit winning the game, as he invariably does. He then gave in consecutive order correct answers to fourteen of the fifteen questions read to him before the playing commenced, and selected from a pack of fifty cards one mentally designated by the writer of the account. The questions and answers are given in the *Theosophist*, Madras, India. Boston: Colby & Rich.

Movements of Mediums & Lecturers.

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

A correspondent writes: "Mrs. Lovette Boyden, test medium of Boston, Mass., will occupy the platform of the Newbury Company, the first two Sundays of March, for the Spiritual Philosophical Society."

Mrs. Emma J. Nickerson will accept calls to lecture at any point within fifty miles of Boston. Address her at 506 Columbus Avenue.

Dr. H. F. Merrill's appointments for March are as follows: Tribune Center and Oxford, from the 7th to the 12th; Houlton, Me., and Presque Isle the remainder of the month; lecture in Norwich, Conn.; and on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, March 13th and 14th, in Milford, Mass.

Dr. H. B. Storer is to speak at the Anniversary Exercises at Faneuil Hall April 1st, afternoon and evening. Dr. Dean Clarke will speak in Quincy, Mass., next Sunday, and is open for engagements for the rest of the month. Lecture in April. Terms reasonable. Address BANNER OF LIGHT office.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter is lecturing at present, Sundays, in New York City. The last two Sundays of this month he will lecture in Norwich, Conn.; and on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, March 13th and 14th, in Milford, Mass.

Mr. W. F. Fletcher's lectures crowded Grand Army Hall, Springfield, on Saturday evening, on Sunday last. He will lecture in Providence, R. I., the remaining Sundays of March. Next Wednesday evening, the 14th, he will lecture at the Boston Spiritual Temple (Newbury street) on "Egypt." March 31st he will deliver in Berkeley Hall "Spiritualism Illustrated," with the dissolving views.

For coughs, colds and consumption use the Old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Cutler Bros. & Co.

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Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first and every insertion on the fifth or eighth page, and fifteen cents for each subsequent insertion on the seventh page.
Special Notices forty cents per line, Minton, each insertion.
Business Cards thirty cents per line, *Agate*, each insertion.
Solemn editorial columns, large type, headed matter, fifty cents per line.
Payments in all cases in advance.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

Only small and light cuts will be allowed in the advertising columns. When accepted, the advertiser agrees to pay for the space occupied by the cut will be one-half price in excess of the regular rate.
Electricity and pure type matter will not be accepted.
The publishers reserve the right to reject any and all cuts of type.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT cannot undertake to couch for the benefit of many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns they are at once interdicted.
We request parties to notify us promptly in cases they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform our readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOOM, M.C., 181 Pearl St., New York.
N12 1300w

Dr. Jas. V. Mansfield, at 159 West Canton street, Boston, answers sealed letters. Terms \$3, and 10c. postage. 4w* F25

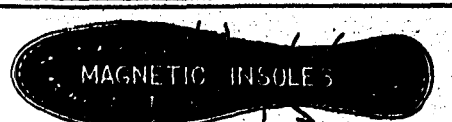
Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed until further notice at 46 Vick Park, Avenue B, Rochester, N. Y. 13w* J47

Andrew Jackson Davis, Seer into the causes and natural cure of disease. Send for information to his office, 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass. 4w* F11

H. A. Kersey, No. 1 Newgate street, New-castle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich during the absence of J. J. Morse.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of THE BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 per six months. It will be sent at the price named above to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union.

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When we apply a powerful Magnetic Shield to a body to eliminate disease, we work in strict harmony with Nature's highest laws, and utilize the most powerful force we can employ next to intelligence to overcome morbid conditions of mind and body. Of all the known curative agents under the control of mortal mind and human will, Magnetism excels all others, and is incomparable in its magical action and quick results.

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To impart magnetic power and potency to a physical body is to give it strength, vitality and renewed youth. The vivifying energy radiated constantly from Magnetic Shields stimulates all the mental forces of the mind and increases all the animal power.

Magnetic Shields constantly feed the blood with warm, rich fibrine, multiply the red corpuscles, polarize the iron, and intensify the vivifying principle of life. Whoever wears these Shields will take on awakened mental and physical energies, which in very truth is to renew one's youth. Every Shield we manufacture is worth its weight in gold to suffering humanity.

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 that I regard Dr. Dumont O. Dako as one of the most
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 merit in regard and diagnosis, as well as spiritual pow-
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(Signed) J. B. BUCHANAN.

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THE VOICE OF NATURE represents God in the light of Reason and Philosophy—in His unchangeable and glorious attributes.
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