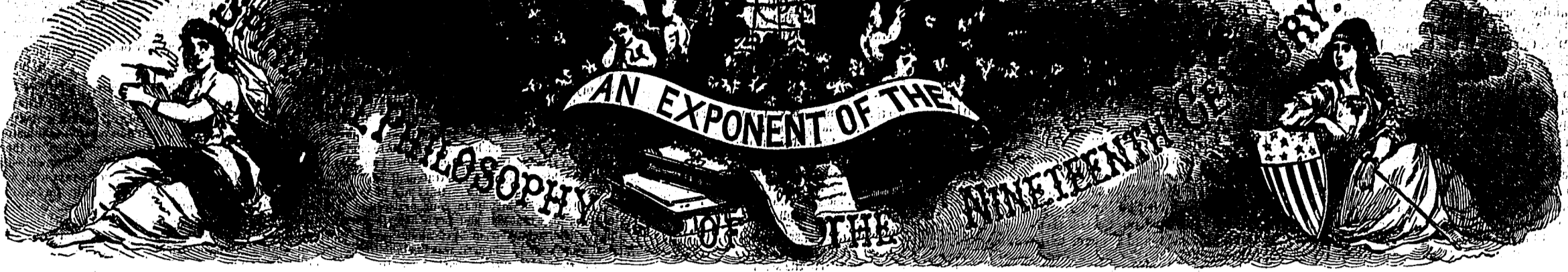


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritual Phenomena.

Independent Slate-Writing, Etc.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The spiritual cause in Denver has received an additional impulse of late by the coming into our midst of that justly celebrated independent slate-writer, Dr. D. J. Stansbury, who is en route to his home in San Francisco. The good reports of the Doctor's mediumship at the Eastern camp-meetings had reached our people and prepared them for a rich treat.

On last Sunday evening, 21st inst., Warren Hall was crowded to the doors, and after the controls of Mrs. E. R. Nickless had answered questions, Dr. Stansbury briefly explained the nature of independent slate-writing, and proceeded to demonstrate it before the audience. Taking up a pair of large slates, he carefully cleaned and held them up before the audience, under a strong electric light; he then called a lady from the audience, who declared she was a perfect stranger to the Doctor. She took a seat upon the platform and held the slates in full view of the audience. Next a gentleman was called up and requested to examine a pair of slates; these he held in plain sight. A third pair was next cleansed and laid by the Doctor upon the shoulders of different ones in the audience, who declared they heard the writing going on; these were finally given to Dr. Nickless, the President of the meeting, to hold. A fourth pair was then exhibited in like manner, and tied together and suspended from the chandelier. The Doctor next went under control and gave some test-messages to persons in the audience, after which he laid his hand on each pair of slates for a few minutes while music was being rendered.

The slates were then opened; some bits of slate-pencil and crayons had been placed between the slates in the beginning. The first pair held by the lady was found to contain a finely-executed colored crayon drawing of a female head and bust, the features of which were declared by the lady to be an excellent likeness of her spirit sister. Accompanying this likeness was a message from that sister, and signed "Hannah," which was the correct name. There was also a message from her son "Eddie," signed in his own handwriting, and corroborated by the mother and the writer of this article, who was personally acquainted with the boy.

The second pair of slates contained a message to the gentleman holding them, from his band, regarding his mediumship, also a fine likeness of his Indian control in all his war-paint and feathers, his name being correctly given.

The third pair of slates contained a long message from "Jennette" to Dr. Nickless, who was personally acquainted with the spirit before her transmigration.

The fourth pair of slates was taken down from the chandelier, and was covered with a long message from spirit Ed. S. Wheeler, to Dr. Hencke, who was present; and who was a personal friend of Mr. Wheeler; also messages from J. W. Edmonds, Wm. Denton, E. V. Wilson, John M. Spear and "Sun Flower."

This is considered the most remarkable public exhibition of independent slate-writing ever given in Denver. The audience was enthusiastic in its applause.

On Tuesday evening, 24th inst., a select circle of twenty-seven persons gathered at the rooms of Dr. Nickless, in Opera House Block, to enjoy a combination séance given by Dr. Stansbury and Mrs. Nickless. During the evening twenty-five messages were written, and twelve spirit-faces were drawn upon the slates by independent spirit-power. Every person present got something; several of the faces were marvels of beauty, and every one recognized as a relative or accepted as a guide. I was especially favored by receiving a very beautiful likeness of one of my controls.

Dr. Stansbury's methods are beyond suspicion; the slates are held by the sitters and medium above the table, and in full light. Mrs. Nickless gave many excellent tests while the writing was going on. We think this séance one of the most wonderful ever recorded. Dr. Stansbury has rooms at Dr. Barrington's, 1629 California street, where I hear his time is fully occupied by skeptics and investigators, who report his private séances even more marvelous than the public exhibitions.

This phase of spirit-pictures upon the slates

we understand is something new to the Doctor's mediumship, and came to him in response to a request made to his guides while at Onset this summer. The guides have succeeded so well in this that they can guarantee the likeness of some friend to nearly every sitter. I write this in the interest of the phenomena, (rather than the medium,) which are the corner-stone of our philosophy.

W. S. Gray is a new medium lately developed here; he is holding well attended meetings. He lectures under control, and gives very interesting lecture-readings at the close of the lectures.

Dr. F. O. Matthews is also drawing large audiences, and giving excellent tests at the close of each meeting.

Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless of New York City is winning her way to the hearts of all our people. The discourses by her controls are profound and logical, while the tests given by "Sun Flower" are always interesting and convincing. I hope to give you in my next a full report of our newly organized society.

J. D. DAVIS,

Sec'y of the College of Spiritual Philosophy.
Denver, Col., Sept. 28th, 1888.

Benefits Derived from Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Allow me to relate some fine tests of spirit power and guidance or control, which have recently been related to me within a few days, doing thus with the consent of the parties interested, with the understanding that I should not make use of the names of the individuals associated with the facts given. Without question the statements I subjoin are true to the letter, and come from some of the most reliable business men in Boston:

A party of seven gentlemen left Boston a short time since for a fishing excursion in the State of Maine. Some of the company were Spiritualists, also mediums; others did not take any interest in the subject, but looked upon it in a skeptical light. One of the company had a ring, which he valued at \$300 or more, and on examining it discovered that the diamond had fallen out of the setting. He had been on the boat, and also in the woods, and he considered it like "looking for a needle in a haystack" to endeavor to find it. He looked where he thought he might have lost it; but darkness came on, and he was fain to desist. He waited until morning, and commenced early to look for it again, yet in vain.

Later the entire party resumed the search; and after a time one of the company, a medium, in a condition of semi-conscious trance, went to a spot and put his hand upon the valuable jewel, to his own great surprise, and to the others, and especially to the delight of the owner of the ring. The person finding it did not know at first that an influence about him led him in the search, but after he had picked up the lost diamond he felt exhausted, and remained so for some time. The owner considers that his organism was depleted to this extent by the control or influence put upon him for the purpose of finding the treasure.

Those witnessing his movements looked upon him as being ill, as he had such a peculiar and strange look about his eyes. The owner of the ring thinks the finding of the gem very wonderful, and does not question his friend's mediumship in assisting in the process.

The same parties gave me an account of another singular occurrence which took place the year previous, during their annual fishing excursion.

One of the company is a strict temperance man, and highly thought of by the entire community where he dwells; he is a Quaker in religious views. The food they had prepared had a superabundance of salt, which made the party very thirsty. The Quaker would not partake of anything but water to quench his thirst, and that he could not obtain in the woods where they were.

He retired, as related to me, in a thirsty condition, and in his dream or sleep he saw fresh water, as if running from a spring, and declared that he would give a large sum of money for a drink of it. He arose from his bed, dressed himself, took a dipper, went quite a distance, and to his surprise found a spring of water, and quenched his thirst. The existence of the spring was not known by the oldest inhabitants thereabouts, and still this gentleman was led to its discovery. The spring was situated between two decayed logs, and was partially covered with moss. The Quaker at the present time thinks—while not giving in his adhesion to Spiritualism in general—that some invisible intelligence caused him, in this instance, at least, to visit the spring.

A. S. HAYWARD.

Boston, Mass.

"Expectancy" Does Not Explain It.

Magnetsaur Phil W. Kramer mentions, in his book "Helmagnetismus," a curious instance which took place with a girl in Munich in 1884. He had formerly magnetized her, and she usually passed into the magnetic sleep. She had a great pain in her foot, and now came with her mother to be relieved. She was magnetized, and placed in magnetic sleep on a sofa. The idea came to Kramer that he should make a magnetico-interdict line, as he never had spoken either to mother or daughter about such a thing. He consequently drew a line with his finger across the middle of the room, which the daughter could not have seen had she been awake, because her head was turned in such a way that it was impossible.

Kramer seated himself by a window. After awhile, when the girl came to her normal state, she expressed her gladness over being free from pain, and was preparing to take leave when Mr. Kramer said: "I should like to shake hands with you before you go, Miss Mary." She said: "Certainly, with much pleasure," and walked toward him, but when she came to the magnetico-interdict line she fell to the floor with a piercing scream.

Mr. Kramer, reversing his interdict, ran to her aid, when she said to him in alarm, "What have you done?" He explained his experiment, and asked her to state her feelings when she came to the fancied line. She assured him that she felt as if her head had come in contact with a stone wall. The girl and her mother both being ignorant of this experiment in advance, the fancy or "expectancy" of the patient is entirely excluded from this case. Translated for the Banner of Light from *Spiritualistische Blätter*, Berlin, 2d of Aug. 1888, by C. G. Helberg of Cincinnati.

A LARK'S FLIGHT.

Out in the country the bells were ringing,
Out in the fields was a child at play,
And up to heaven a lark went singing,
Blithe and free on that morn of May.
And the child looked up as she heard the singing,
Watching the lark as it soared away.
"Oh! sweet lark, tell me, heavenward winging,
Shall I go also to heaven one day?"
Deep in the shade of a mighty city
Tolled a woman for daily bread,
Only the lark to see her and pity,
Singing all day in a cage of lead.
And there they dwelt in the gloom together,
Prisoned and pent in the narrow street,
But the bird still sang of the golden weather,
And the woman dreamt of her childhood sweet.

Still in her dreams the bells were ringing,
Still a child in the fields was she,
And she opened the cage as the lark was singing,
Kissed him gently and set him free.
And up and on as the bird went singing,
Down came a voice that seemed to say,
"Thou shalt go also to heaven one day."
—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Original Essay.

THE SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA OF THE BIBLE.

BY JAMES M. ROGERS.

I find such a multiplicity of opinions—such a wide divergence of expression among Spiritualists regarding the Bible, as valuable or valueless, as an exponent of spiritual phenomena—that I have determined to present some of the most glowing links of what appears to me a wonderful chain of the Spiritualism of the ages. Primitive man, unhampered by books, unfettered by creeds, living amid the splendors of an Oriental atmosphere, and surrounded by the beauty and magnificence of a spontaneous creation, was brought into more direct rapport with breathing, responsive nature than those of a later and more civilized age. To him, the rich diversity of floral adornment, the waves that rolled in music upon the sapphire shores, the deep and mysterious companionship of the night, appealed to his inner sense, and spoke to his soul of the ineffable sweetness of spirit-return, and the glories of immortality. For him the spicy winds that wafted fragrance from grove to grove bore messages from departed loved ones; the solemn environment of the calm eventide was peopled with beings from brighter worlds. Thus fed and illumined by the light and splendor of the universe, rare visions presented themselves as naturally and clearly as the outward pictures of a grosser age. These were the advantages swept away by dogmas—books of man-made religions, and compelled acceptance of stated forms of worship.

I shall now, as nearly as possible in their recorded order—present some of these remarkable manifestations: The forms that appeared to Abraham: "And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo! three men stood by him." This statement is so plain and conclusive that it admits of no other explanation save that of the return of man—the term (men) used fixes the identity beyond controversy. The angels that appeared to Lot show that communication was kept up between the two worlds. The remarkable vision of Jacob is called a dream, but it was so vivid and superhuman in its character that it colored all his after-life. That symbolical ladder, with its procession of spirits, passing and repassing from heaven to earth, seems to me a beautiful embodiment of spiritual belief. In regard to King Saul: "The Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him." This proves that both good and evil spirits have power to visit mortals. The woman of Endor was simply a medium. As many church-members who come to mediums do now, the king concealed his name, yet the medium discovered him at once. "And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and stooped with his face to the ground and bowed himself." That is, he did not see something, but the form of the great man that he knew and yielded reverence to. I have seen it often stated that "the Old Testament affords no proofs of immortality." But here the departed prophet is seen and recognized. "Facts are stubborn things." Again, what was the "still, small voice" heard by Elijah after retirement and fasting? If God spoke to him directly, why were retirement and fasting necessary? What was the outline of a man's hand that wrote upon the festive walls of a barbaric king?

Was it but a common dream that sent Joseph into exile? Does one not see that dream and vision are interconvertible terms? The magnificent spectacle of the Transfiguration was one of the grandest demonstrations of the fact of immortality mortal eyes ever dwelt upon; therein nothing is vague, or doubtful. In the fervor of his enthusiasm Peter cries: "Let us build three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." Will any Christian dare assert that these mighty ones—"not dead, but gone before," were there in person? Will any Spiritualist reject such overwhelming Bible testimony in behalf of spirit return?

Paul tells us of a radiance that shone distinctly in the blaze of a noontide sun—he speaks of the bodies celestial and the bodies terrestrial: "But the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another." Is not all this mighty mass of cumulative evidence worth the using? Shall not the spiritual sword, whose edge and temper have withstood the waste of many ages be wielded by fitter hands than those of sectarian gladiators? Is it not better and wiser to use a potent weapon already found than to search for arms not ready to hand?

Hartford, Conn.

The latest cure for rheumatism, according to a Georgia doctor, is to purchase a Mexican hairless dog and make the animal sleep so that the feet of the sufferer can touch the dog's body.

Literary Department.

BARS AND THRESHOLDS.

Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. EMMA MINER.

CHAPTER IV.

LYD.

The morning dawned. If Miss Parker had been a superstitious woman, or one to be deterred from a duty by trifles, she would have remained at home. First of all, it was Friday. Secondly, she accidentally knocked Doris's little hand mirror off the mantel, and broke it. Thirdly, the weather was anything but pleasant. Fourthly, she had a touch of neuralgia in her face. Notwithstanding all these, she started for Mrs. Carroll's.

"But your neuralgia, auntie?" said Doris, doubtfully, looking out into the mist.

"I dread the call more than I do the neuralgia. When that is off my mind, I can bear the other better."

She put on her wraps, and Doris tied a veil carefully over the aching face, and she started with many misgivings. She had frequently passed Mrs. Carroll's house. It was a neat, plain, brick building, and as she walked slowly up the stone steps she wondered that she could have allowed herself to be there on such an errand. She sent in her card by the servant, and sat in the parlor wondering how she should introduce the subject; but she had not long to wait, for Mrs. Carroll entered directly.

Mrs. Carroll was a fine-looking woman. Her dark eyes were much like her son's—keen, bright and magnetic. She was self-possessed and easy in her manner, and Miss Parker felt it would be much easier to deal with her than with some she knew.

"I have heard my son speak of you so often that I feel you are quite an old acquaintance," she said, toying carelessly with Miss Parker's card, which she still held in her hand. "And Miss Doris, also. I hope you are all well."

"Thank you, quite well."

"Now for it," thought she, mentally shaking herself.

"I have called on a matter of some importance. I don't know but you will think I am insane, or idiotic, but I will tell you all the facts, and leave you to judge."

"Then you must have changed very much recently. I remember my son holds you in high estimation."

"Well, I am thankful for that. It may be a little help to me. First of all I want to ask you if you ever heard Dr. Carroll speak of Morris Stuart, Doris's brother?"

"Yes, quite often. He has spoken of him quite recently, in connection with a patient of his—Hugh Scott."

"Dr. Carroll told Doris that if we went to see Hugh he could tell us something about Morris. So of course we went. It was while we were there that I saw this young girl of whom I came to speak. Her name is Lydia Moore. I want to take her away from that place. I feel that she has the making of a noble woman in her."

"Very commendable, I am sure," said Mrs. Carroll quietly.

"I have been advised to apply to you for assistance."

"Of course I shall be glad to help her if I can. Who sent you to me?"

"That is just where I suppose you will think I am mistaken. But I want to ask you a question: Do you believe it possible for spirits to communicate with those living on earth?"

It was an important question. Perhaps on its answer depended the success of Miss Parker's plan.

"I cannot say positively that I do. My son and I have investigated this subject a little. Perhaps he has more than I. There is something very strange about it, and I am trying to learn what it is."

"I am thankful enough!" exclaimed Miss Parker. Then she drew from her pocket the messages from Doris's mother, and explained how they were obtained. Mrs. Carroll was deeply interested.

"I feel impressed there is a purpose in this," she said. "At any rate, it would be a simple act of kindness to the girl to assist her. Life may hold much that is good for her, if she can be put into the right path."

"You see, I left my home to go to live with my sister, Mrs. Mason," explained Miss Parker, "and I shall probably stay there unless there should be some great change. If I had a home of my own I would take her into it; but such works as this would set my sister very much against her. The child would be of very little use at present, but she looks bright and teachable."

Mrs. Carroll sat a few moments in deep thought.

"I am in favor of taking her into my own home," she said at last; "but I should like to consult with my son about it first. I will send you word in a day or two as to my decision."

"You have taken a great burden off my mind; and if there's a reward for helping a motherless girl, I am sure you will get it."

Miss Parker went home with her soul lightened. She felt sure there would be a decision in Lydia's favor.

"I am sure Mrs. Carroll must be a good

woman, if she is anything like her son," said Doris.

The answer came much sooner than was expected. Mrs. Carroll called to inform her that she would take Lydia for a time, and do the best she could for her. Fortunately Mrs. Mason was out, so her suspicions were not excited.

Doris walked into church next day carrying a happy soul within her. Morris was safe and well; Lydia was going to have a good home; and she had Aunt Amelia now!

Miss Parker was slowly walking up the aisle behind Mrs. Mason. She sometimes went to church, though she "lacked a proper interest," as Mrs. Mason said. "Church woman" was written all over Mrs. Mason's face, yet Mr. Brooks saw far more of a response in the contented, peaceful face of Miss Parker, and the contented, happy lines in Doris's face.

The next day they went to carry the letter to Hugh. They told Lydia of the plans for her. She was overcome with emotion.

"Now if dad will only let me go! He has allus said I shouldn't, but perhaps he'll change!"

It was a week before they could go to see Hugh again, and then they found "dad" had changed.

The mortal had put on immortality. He had stepped from the threshold of his vile rumsaloon into the mansion he had prepared for himself beyond. He had left his old, carousing companions, to join the great company from whose midst might be extended helping hands to lead him out of the conditions which had made his earth-life so dark and useless. The gates of the celestial city had swung wide for him, as they will swing for us all.

Lydia was free to go where she pleased; and with a thankful soul she walked back with Miss Parker and Doris, and entered Mrs. Carroll's house, no longer friendless or homeless.

Mrs. Carroll came into the hall to meet Lydia, and leading her past the wondering servant, took her to the room henceforth to be her own. Lydia had brushed her hair neatly, but her dress was shabby in the extreme.

"I wonder what Mrs. Carroll is going to do with that bundle of rags?" said Bridget to Michael.

"Same as she does for so many others, I s'pose. Feed 'em, an' clothe 'em, with the doctor to say niver a word agin it."

Lydia remained quiet closely in her room for a week, and at the end of that time emerged a very different-looking girl. She was neatly dressed, and her bright face was lighted by hopeful smiles.

"I must teach her at home for a few months, Sidney," said Mrs. Carroll to the doctor. "She is very sensitive, and would die of mortification if placed among a bevy of ordinary school girls."

"No doubt you are right; but are you sure you are able to undertake it?"

"Yes, I think I shall have no trouble."

And she did not. Lydia received all suggestions as to her manners with perfect good nature, and never forgot a hint once given. She carefully watched Mrs. Carroll's way of speaking and doing little things. It was wonderful what transformation a month of teaching made in her.

She begged to begin at the beginning, and was earnest in her studies.

"I want to know it sure, all the way, as far as I go," she said.

Nobody could be more attentive or diligent, and so her progress was assured.

Miss Parker and Doris were glad to hear this report of Lydia. They frequently called at Mrs. Carroll's, and Doris became quite friendly with her. She was glad she could be of some help to her.

It was indeed necessary for Lydia to "begin at the beginning." She had never learned to write. Mrs. Carroll patiently presided over the first copy-book, upon which Lydia labored with many misgivings. The "pot-hooks and trammels" had scarcely been mastered when one day Lydia was left alone to write. Mrs. Carroll, entering soon after, was surprised to find her in tears. They were the first she had seen her shed. She was surprised.

"Why, Lydia! what is the matter?"

Lydia could scarcely speak for sobs, but finally held out the copy-book to Mrs. Carroll. It was scribbled up and down and across. Her nice work was ruined.

"Lydia! what have you been doing? You have spoiled it!"

"Indeed! indeed! Mrs. Carroll, I couldn't help it! I was writing just as nice as could be, and all of a sudden my hand began to go; and it went, and it went, and I couldn't stop it!"

Mrs. Carroll could not believe Lydia; it seemed such an unlikely story.

"Don't tell me a falsehood, Lydia!" she said, her dark eyes flashing warningly.

"Oh! it's the sober truth! And I am scared because I felt so queer all the time. I was just shaking all over." "Sit down again, and let me see you write," said Mrs. Carroll.

Lydia obeyed instantly. She dipped her pen in the ink, and began on a fresh page. She wrote half a line, when her hand began to trem-

BY WARREN CHASE.

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