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## Original Essay.

### The Spiritual Facts of the Ages.

A Series by Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

NO. V.—CHALDEA AND PERSIA.

Chaldea, that magnificent state with its proud capital, Babylon, boasted of being the oldest of nations. When Alexander the Great conquered the city of Babylon, the Chaldean priests, proudly assured the Greek philosophers that they had continued their astronomical observations through the succession of priests for forty thousand years, and records were found reaching back two thousand two hundred and thirty-four years before the commencement of the Christian Era.

The Chaldeans, like the Egyptians, had their order of priestly men and their religious rites and ceremonies. The priests cured diseases by the laying on of hands, as did the Egyptian and Hebrew priests.

Abraham was born in Chaldea, and many of his ideas bear a close resemblance to the prevailing Chaldean ideas. The sacredness of groves is one. We are told that he planted a grove at Beersheba, and called there upon the name of the Lord. His faith in angels and spirits was very marked, and seems never to have been shaken. His sacrifices and propitiations and communings with spiritual beings he unquestionably brought with him from Chaldea, for they harmonize with and corroborate what we know of the religious rites and the spiritual life of the priesthood of Chaldea.

The ancient historian, Diodorus, tells us that: "The Chaldeans being the most ancient Babylonians, held the same station and dignity in the commonwealth as the Egyptian priests do in Egypt; for being deputed to divine offices, they spend all their time in the study of philosophy, and are especially famous for the art of astrology. They are mightily given to divination and foretell future events, and employ themselves either by purifications, sacrifices or other enchantments to avert evils or procure good fortunes or success. They are skillful likewise in the art of divination by the flying of birds and interpreting of dreams and prodigies, and are reputed true oracles in declaring what will come to pass by their exact and diligent viewing of the entrails of the sacrifices. But they do not attain this knowledge in the same manner that the Grecians do; for the Chaldeans learn it by tradition from their ancestry, the son from the father, who are all, in the meantime, free from all other public offices and attendances; and because their parents are their tutors, they both learn every thing without envy, and rely with more confidence on the truth of what is taught them; and being trained up in this learning from their childhood, they become most famous philosophers."

"As they foretold things to come to other kings formerly, so they did to Alexander, who conquered Darius, and to his successors, Antigonus and Seleucus Nicator; and accordingly things fell out as they declared. They likewise tell private men their fortunes so certainly that those who have found the things true by experience have esteemed it a miracle, and above the reach of man to perform."

It is during the proud glory of the Babylonian empire, under the reign of King Nebuchadnezzar, that we have the best, the most complete view of the Spiritualism of this ancient people. Mediums abounded, and they were not treated as they are in the present day. They were regarded as Heaven's best gift to mortals. They were cherished and honored by the people, and looked upon with reverence and awe; and under the titles of magicians and soothsayers, they were regarded as revelators of Heaven's will and interpreters of its commands. They were a distinct body, and held high in honor by the nation, and as in Egypt, so in Chaldea, Spiritualism was made the means of national prestige and renown.

Says Bröhmer: "The magic of the Chaldeans is not to be confounded with witchcraft or a supposed intercourse with evil spirits; it consisted in the performance of certain religious ceremonies, which were supposed, through the interposition of good demons, to produce 'supernatural effects.'"

Afterward this was known as white or sacred magic.

And we have the mystic vision of those old Chaldean seers, who traced the rise and fall of empires, the destiny of nations and of individuals in shining characters on the glorious tablets of the skies, what grand, prophetic glimpses might we too obtain of the events hid-

den in the womb of that mighty future, so erroneously thought to be veiled in inscrutable mystery by a stern, unalterable decree of the deific power of the universe.

They had three orders of priests for the cultivation of mediumship. One class gave themselves to the exorcism of evil influences, another devoted themselves to the development of phenomenal manifestations, or wonder-working, while a third devoted themselves wholly to prophecy by the movements and position of the heavenly bodies. All of them healed disease by the laying on of hands, and worked the marvels of physical mediumship, and they were held in reverence, and the belief was universal that they were masters of the art of communicating with spirits.

Although the religion of Persians bears not the ancient date of forty thousand years B. C., yet it is hoary with age. Their religious ceremonies were conducted with the greatest simplicity. They eschewed temples and altars, and considered it impious to make images of the Divine Beings. Wordsworth says of them:

"The Persian, zealous to reject  
Altar and image, and the inclusive walls  
And roofs of temples built by human hands,  
Presented sacrifice to Moon and Stars,  
And the whole circle of the heavens; for him  
A sensitive existence and a God."

They ascended mountains, and offered sacrifices, hymns and prayers to the whole expanse of heaven, or rather we should say to the Deity, whom they regard as the centre and source of universal light, whose residence they believed was the boundless expanse of the radiant ether above them. The original name of their country was Inan, or the Land of Light.

Zoroaster was the great prophet of the Persians. Aristotle and Pliny assert that he lived six thousand years before Christ. He was the great religious teacher and reformer of the Persian nation. He was a prophet and a seer, and his whole system was an exalted Spiritualism. He hurled down and destroyed the sensual deities of his nation, and placed the worship of spiritual and divine essences above that of visible objects.

He was rescued from evil spirits by a good angel before his birth. He retired to a mountain to gain wisdom from contemplation, and while there he received the Holy Word, or Zend Avesta, most undoubtedly a spiritual communication, and came down through flames that surrounded the mountain as with fire.

We quote from the Zend Avesta:

"Worship God, the giver of all blessings and of all the spirits."

"Avoid licentiousness, because it is the readiest means to give evil spirits power over body and soul."

"He who by truth ruleth in purity, abideth according to the will of the Lord."

"The Lord All-Wise is the giver of gifts to men for the works which men in the world shall do in the truth of the Lord."

"He who protecteth the poor giveth the kingdom to God."

"Best of all earthly goods is truth."

"Glory, glory on high forever to him who is best in heaven and truest in truth on earth."

In all the prayers and religious formulas we find a constant recognition of spirit-presence and spirit-communication. A child at birth was washed three times to keep it from the power of evil spirits.

The religious ceremonies enjoined all referred to the idea of either preventing or aiding the evil or good influences of beings that inhabit the regions of spiritual power.

This divinely-inspired man, this wonderful medium of past ages, took a marvelous step or stride, rather—beyond the crude materialism, the dense superstition and idolatry of his nation. Through his own wonderful psychical development he obtained a power over his people that lifted them out of the horrid slough of licentiousness and idolatry into which, in common with other pagan nations, they had fallen. He instituted a grand spiritual dynasty, and gave to his people a wonderfully pure spiritual philosophy. An adept in the profound occult knowledge of the Chaldean philosophers and mystics, attained by a life of rigid ascetic practice, he had arrived at an intuitive comprehension and understanding of natural laws and natural forces not to be grasped by the senses alone. In a word, the key to the mystery and power of his life is to be found in Spiritualism alone. That it was the result of direct spiritual agency operating through him, is self-evident. Aside from such agency, we hesitate not to affirm that there is nothing in the universe that can produce such results.

You may search the history of the race, and you will invariably find that every great religious reformer, or innovator, from Buddha down, presents in his life and his teachings most positive proofs that he is a medium of spirit-power, acted upon and impelled by spirit influence and control. This may be affirmed of all the founders of religious sects. They were all exceptional individuals, mediums subject to a spiritual energy acting from a spiritual world, and the quality of their influence is soon manifest in the system established. The system introduced by Zoroaster into Persia was based upon spiritual manifestations. No system was ever more spiritual.

Thus Chaldea and Persia have added their testimony in proof of the grand fact we are seeking to establish, viz.: that these spiritual perceptions and spiritual powers are universally inherent in the human soul; that they are not and cannot be exceptional or dependent upon the past, and can by no possibility be cut off from similar manifestations in the present, but are shining portions of a universal law all-endorsing and all-embracing in its operations.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### A Remarkable Phenomenon.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Permit me, as briefly as possible, to give the particulars of a most remarkable materialization which I witnessed at a séance given by Mrs. Hattie C. Stafford, at 55 Rutland street, May 10th. Arriving at the house, I entered the parlor in advance of the others and seated myself at the end of the room furthest from the cabinet, and immediately in front of the sofa which plays such an important part in my story. At the request of Mr. Albion, the manager, I examined this article of furniture. It was a common plush-covered sofa, standing a short distance from the wall. I sat upon it, I looked under it, I felt of its legs and back. There was absolutely no possibility of a person being concealed either within or under or behind it. I omit any allusion to other manifestations, I have only to do with this particular materialization.

A slight noise behind me attracted my attention. I turned, and instantly my eyes became riveted upon the sofa. Upon it a white spot appeared; the spot grew until it was as large as a pocket handkerchief; it rapidly increased in size and luminosity, but without form or intelligent motion. Suddenly in the midst of this shapeless, writhing mass, the outlines of a human leg appeared, bent at the knee; then two hands were formed, and commenced shaking out and arranging the drapery. The bent knee straightened, the structure began to assume correct proportions; finally the face and eyes came into view, and—too wonderful for belief—before me upon the sofa stood a living, breathing, beautiful girl of perhaps sixteen years! She took my outstretched hand and stepped to the floor. She spoke familiarly to the lady sitting beside me, calling her by name, passed between our chairs and went forward to the cabinet.

My skeptical friend, what am I to do? The light was good, my eyesight is excellent, my every sense was on the alert to discover imposition or fraud. I cannot be mesmerized; my sanity has never been questioned in other things; I simply know that this actually occurred, and I cannot admit the possibility of my being mistaken, or that deception was used. Better, therefore, is a matter of necessity, not of choice.

This experience is at variance with all my preconceived ideas of existence, and opens a vista so new and strange I am almost afraid to go further. But truth, in whatever guise it comes, must be our leader, and we know "there is nothing on earth or in heaven above save God and man."

We stand agast at the mysteries of nature, and are only beginning to realize the extent of our ignorance. Yet time and scientific research will finally solve much that at present is inexplicable, and I trust this communication may induce some thoughtful, candid, unprejudiced mind to investigate in this rich field where all is not fraud, as many suppose.

O. M. PARKER.

Charlestown, Mass., May 25th, 1889.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### SPIRIT VOICES.

Tune—"Hold the Fort."

Hark! the sound of spirit voices;  
Do not you hear their cry?  
Shout for glory! man's immortal,  
And will never die!

CHORUS.

Hallelulah, shout for glory!  
Make the welkin ring;  
Blend your voices with the spirits;  
Truth immortal sing.

Deem it not an idle purpose  
Brings them back again:  
'Tis a work for human progress;  
Be it not in vain.

CHORUS.

Oh, how precious! dearly loved ones,  
Ever near us still,  
Ready, willing now to guide us,  
And we know they will.

CHORUS.

Dear departed, to your watchword  
We will faithful be,  
'Till beneath the spirit banner  
All on earth are free.

CHORUS.

Wlichta, Kan. CORTLAND BALL.

### Entombed Three Thousand Years Ago.

While some repairs were lately being made under a house belonging to Baron di Donato, which is situated in the northern quarter of the city, toward the slope of the hill of Cape di Monte, where already many ancient catacombs have been found, a doorway (over which there is a marble relief of the head of Medusa) was discovered, leading into a subterranean chamber. Along the centre of this chamber runs a mosaic pavement, and on each side there is a double row of sepulchres hewn in the rock, the fronts of which are stuccoed and painted, and decorated with terra-cotta and marble reliefs. Within the tombs were perfect skeletons, vases and other objects, the antique lamps being in such good condition that on April 18th, when this new find was inspected by a party of German archaeologists, the workmen made use of them to light up the vaults. The many well-preserved inscriptions are chiefly in Greek, with some in Latin, and prove that the epoch of these tombs was about 1000 B. C. Other tombs in a second chamber have not yet been excavated. It is probable that this subterranean dwelling of the dead may extend some distance, and prove to be a portion of a large necropolis.—*London News* Naples Letter.

Bibbs—Money! he's got now money that he knows what to do with. Bibbs—He might—aw—pay his debts then. Bibbs—Haw! and what's the use of having money, ba Jawvel! if you aw gawing to pay your debts, ba Jawvel—Lies.

## Literary Department.

### WILBRAM'S WEALTH.

Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY J. J. MORSE,

Author of "Righted by the Dead," "O'er Sea and Land," "Cursed by the Angels," "A Curious Courtship," "Two Lives and their Work," "Ione: the Fatal Statue," Etc., Etc.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WE MEET WELGOOD WILBRAM, AND LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT POLITICS, COMMERCE, WEALTH, DEATH AND OTHER MATTERS.

Once more the busy hum of life ashore. Feet on firm ground, the dangers of the deep forgotten, alone, as many another lad has landed, stood our hero gazing curiously at the novel and varied scene around him. The New World at last. A fair city, water-washed on all sides, girded by the tides, guarded by her two outstretched arms of sand; and dancing on her waters, sheltered at her wharves, craft bearing the flags of many nations. A fair greensward on which one stands gazing seaward thinking of the Old World three thousand miles away. A bay dotted with green isles, whose verdure slopes even to the rippling waters that wash their shores—in truth a noble gateway from the waste of waters to the works of man. Surely, Hendrick Hudson did never dream the miracles man would work close where he landed near three hundred years ago.

Strange names of people, streets, vehicles, and things in general. A rush, mad and hurtful in the main: one great aim—money, to one common end—display. Scarce three days landed, Frank caught this much: that life seemed largely for men, dollars; dress, for women. But he was new to it all yet, and doubtless judged wrongly. At first bewildered and amazed, he paced the city drinking in its marvels. Quant red brick houses, sunshaded at their windows by green, German-looking blinds, standing stolidly by their modern next-door neighbor's built of stone, often iron faced, and raising more stories skyward than often would three houses piled atop at home. Odd-looking docks, in which vessels poked their noses ashore as if anxious to see all that was taken from or brought to them, doubtless fancying the ill-smelling streets a poor exchange for the free airs of the bounding seas. Iron rails lurked in ambush along the streets, viciously wrenching the wheels of carriage and truck, and gave none too smooth a road to the over-crowded "car" that rode upon their surfaces. In one part a very maze of streets, wherein trade, money, stocks and shares and the nation's offices were stowed away, looking, it must be confessed, as if they all felt ashamed of the ill they were made to breed and so sought to hide themselves in labyrinthine that only intimates could penetrate. A city with ferry piers for railroad stations, and to which trains were brought on steamboats. A city of newspapers in abundance. A place to which all quarters of the globe send delegates, where almost every language can be heard. A city that is the ever-open doorway to a land of freedom, liberty, and progress. But a city, that, for itself, partakes but little of the principles of government which makes the land it is the head of a nation marvelous in modern times. Yes, Frank Winfield had reached the New York, and as he felt, so has the pen herein described it.

A scanty store of cash, the remains of Carmer's wages, and the proceeds of clothes and trinkets sold ere sailing, gave little hopes of much sight-seeing; so Frank sought work. Being young, clear-eyed, active and willing, he was a valuable recruit; therefore labor claimed him for her ranks without much difficulty or question—labor in this case being personified by Welgood Wilbram, of the Wilbram Mills at Wilbram City, situated in the western part of Ohio's fertile plains. How it occurred is as follows:

Listlessly wandering along the crowded street, our hero procured a morning paper. On scanning its calls for workers he found one that seemed to strike him as the one he needed. He proceeded to the address appended, finding it to be an office upon the first floor in a street so full of action, life and bustle, some courage and no small skill were alike needed to cross its swiftly-flowing tides of traffic. A long and lofty warehouse; a room filled with huge bundles and bales of printed dress-stuffs—of muslins, calicoes, cotton goods—bales, canvas-covered and iron-hooped, boxes and cases iron-clamped and marked with the names of many cities. But with it all, neatness, cleanliness and order; the workers cheery of face and active of manner; a sort of dignity among them all that seemed to say labor was duty, not mere work. Near the entrance a glazed partition with a door marked "office" gave access to a large apartment containing several subdivisions in which general and special business evidently were transacted—in all an air of comfort that at first seemed curiously out of place for business purposes. Yet why carpets, rugs, comfortable chairs, handsome wall papers, pictures, even—art, in a word—should not mingle its softening influence with commerce is a problem others may debate, for certainly in this case no ill resulted, many, indeed, saying much good came of it. Entering the office, our hero stated, in answer to the clerk in charge, that he had called in concerning the advertisement which he held in his hand. The clerk entering a door at his side evidently stated to some one our hero's errand, for in a few moments a gentleman, elderly in looks, appeared, who scanned Frank sharply from head to foot, but spoke not a word. He then retired, to reappear almost directly, bidding Frank follow him, who, upon so doing, found himself within the inner portion of the office, and face to face with him who was subsequently his employer.

Let us describe this man, by name Welgood Wilbram. He is but of medium height, evenly balanced in his personal form, well made and firmly set, muscular and vital as to temperament, warm-hearted, and somewhat sanguine. A powerful man—in mind as in form; a clean-shaven face, ironline in look, a round chin, in which was the merest dimple, as if nature shyly said there was sweetness in this man, in spite of lips that seem so firm, or face that looks so masterful. Bright, vivacious eyes, that change under every varying emotion in the mind that owned them. A high, well-developed forehead, showing a mind strong to see, grasp and hold, if cranology means aught. A head dome-shaped, and by its correct proportions telling of a life imbued with justice, reverence and dignity—a life of loving goodness, the head of such as bless their kind by acts of purest motive, by deeds of goodness done practically, untinged by cant, fanaticism or pride. A venerable head, surmounted by a mantle of snow-flecked hair, falling from its sides in fullness, strength and silky beauty. Neatly dressed in dark clothes, easy and courteous by nature in his manner,

and with a voice sweet and melodious in its cadences, so that the listener is charmed thereby; a good man, a man to love and trust, a man whose words gave hope, as whose means had given life to thousands of his fellows. A man whom thousands loved, but who himself was solitary and alone. Many called him kind, but none could claim him kin. Rich? Yes, very rich; ay, even more, much more than that, for all he had touched had prospered. Once he had been poor, hungered, homeless, needing help, and that help coming put him on toward the success that in after years was his. And as it grew there grew within him a deep resolve to help his fellows all that in his power he could do. To-day he employed thousands, was universally beloved, for none felt him as their master, since each honored him as friend. Dear soul, good heart, and earnest mind, for such thou art, Welgood Wilbram, thou and thy like are nature's noblemen. All that has been said of thee the stranger heard thee, and many a thankful prayer Frank offered afterward that fate or fortune led him to thee.

The position Frank sought was but that of the clerk in the Western Mills; the remuneration was announced as good, to a suitable man, and all expenses would be paid to the precise locality; this much the advertisement had already informed him; so much was restated as the interview commenced. He was asked what references could he give? Frank confessing he was but newly come, admitted he had none; he knew not a single soul, to which Mr. Wilbram added:

"Come here without knowing any one? Ah! I suppose almost penniless? Yet you look honest," earnestly scrutinizing him. "Yes, you look honest. Have you parents, friends, in England? If so, why have you left them to come here?"

"I have no friends but one," here our hero blushed. "True, I have a father; but, sir, it is through him that I am here; and then he stopped, suddenly feeling his face grow hot.

His questioner then resumed: "Quarrelled, eh?" And Frank made answer: "Well, no, not exactly; he was my father, and I would not quarrel. But he bid me leave his house, and not much caring where I went I determined on coming here. But, sir, it is work I want. If you can give it me so that I can make a new start, I shall be glad; if not, then good day." For Frank was still independent, disliked to be suspected, and was not all subdued by fate as yet. Obeying Mr. Wilbram's request to remain seated, a long and earnest conversation ensued between the two, and little by little the stranger immigrant unburdened himself of the incidents the reader is already aware of—touching lightly and generously, as ever a true son will, on the harsher aspects of his father's nature; modestly, as worth will ever, stating his own desires and intentions, touching daintily on his heart's love, like a chivalric knight of old. Unconsciously eloquent because in earnest, full of pathos because he felt all he said, showing a high purpose in his determination to win fortune at all hazards, small wonder the elder man's heart warmed to the generous Briton who evidently needed but place and opportunity to do good service to the world. So in the end he thus spoke to Frank the words that opened the road to fortune and success:

"Well, well, I will trust you, relying upon your own word, your honor, young man. You shall go with me to-morrow. At first I can but place you in a subordinate position, but be assured if you prove apt, promotion will soon ensue. Now tell me, are you a Christian?" at which question so abruptly put Frank was a little astonished, but he replied:

"I try to live uprightly, deal honestly, shun falsehood and meanness, and feel it is my duty to be helpful to all. If that makes me a Christian, then I am one. I have never been 'converted,' sir, nor have I ever felt such was needful, feeling it is our deeds, not our professions, that make our characters."

"Young man," said Mr. Wilbram, "I am glad to find you so sensible." He then shook our hero by the hand, asking him, while so doing, "Have you any money?" then without pausing for a reply he placed a useful sum in Frank's hand, and bidding him be prepared to start upon his journey westward the next evening, the two men parted.

Frank had unreservedly explained his position to Mr. Wilbram, giving him full particulars as to his past career, and, though as yet he knew it not, every statement he had made but strengthened various opinions his listener entertained, for by many Mr. Wilbram was considered more than a little peculiar in his beliefs. He described himself as a Natural Religionist, others described him as an Atheist; but then how few of us understand our fellows? Certainly he did entertain old-fashioned notions about honesty and truthfulness, but his worst enormity in the eyes of many was the utterly unorthodox manner in which he dealt with his commercial undertakings, and the absurd ideas he entertained about the part the men who labored for him played in the industry that and he were associated with. He was credited with the opinion that the muscle of the worker was as valuable as the money of the master, and fortunes that were built upon the results of work which was underpaid, half fed and badly housed were crimes against the rights of man. For this many a smile and sneer were indulged in at his expense, as also was the case over the efforts he was making at Wilbram City to solve the perplexing social and economic problems that are to be found as readily in the New World as in the Old. Once he had raised quite a tempest about himself by openly proclaiming in the public prints his detestation and disgust at a funeral oration he had listened to, wherein the orator had proclaimed naught but woe and dread, and had taught that men hereafter were either in the throes of eternal pain and woe, never to be alleviated, or else in blissful ignorance of those left behind, and whom he again would they ever see. Welgood Wilbram had dared to say such teachings were atrocious, blasphemous and cruel; that he was conscious, from his own knowledge, that they were untrue, and more to like purpose, all of which created a feeling that no matter how shrewd a man of business he might be, and his ability therein could not be gainsaid, he was, so many insisted, a trifle off his balance on such matters—for ignorance despises wisdom, and ever insults that excellent quality whenever opportunity occurs. Yet the good man held to his text, lived down the sneers and small wit of smaller minds, and keeping



steadily upon his course, was ultimately respected, and left in peace to his opinions.

Now Frank, having fully heeded the instructions given him as to the disposal of his modest trunk, and being free from immediate care of body or mind, sailed forth at evening to once again view the city he leaving it for he knew not how long. He saw poverty, a little drunkenness, some vice, thereby learning that the old sores infect the new world; but not yet being a thinker, he was amused rather than impressed by all he saw. As he sank to sleep that night, confused images chased each other across his mind, and he dreamed that Welgood Wilbram was a draper on the Walworth Road, three thousand miles away, and that somehow he, Frank, was about to marry Mrs. Carmier, which awoke him with a start, whereat, finding he had been dreaming, he congratulated himself, and slept again.

Early the next day Frank presented himself at the Wilbram offices, urging that perhaps he might be of some service, at which Mr. Wilbram seemed pleased, and he was at once entrusted with sundry commissions, which were duly and satisfactorily accomplished. So the day was passed, and as the night settled down, Welgood Wilbram and our hero seated themselves in the train and commenced the long journey toward their distant destination. In those days a far more considerable undertaking than in these times.

The bustle incident to the commencement of their ride having subsided, and the two travelers having composed themselves, the elder one entered into a friendly conversation, endeavoring thereby to obtain a further insight into our hero's character.

"Doubtless everything you have yet seen," said Mr. Wilbram, "seems very strange to you?"

"Yes, it does, indeed. I hear my own tongue, it is true, but in all else I am in a foreign land."

"Do we strike you as a prosperous people? Tell me your impressions concerning us."

"Well, sir, I am afraid what few opinions I have formed are not of much value. Then, again, my arrival is so recent that it would be too rash in me to venture any opinions yet awhile."

"Then let me tell you something of us," said Mr. Wilbram. "We are, or assert we are—which is much the same to many of our minds—the greatest people upon the earth. We are haters of tyranny, lovers of freedom. Our constitution is the finest ever nation had. Political equality is our cardinal doctrine. We can make, sell, or create anything and everything the rest of the world requires. Our government is entirely devoted to the people's good, our legislators are irrevocable, our judges incorruptible, our citizens honest and patriotic. The highest office in the land was a humble citizen yesterday, and will be such again when his term of service has expired. Simplicity, purity and utility are expressed in all our institutions—in short, sir, no people are more patriotic, practical, or progressive, than ourselves."

Frank's face betokened the liveliest astonishment at the foregoing eulogy, but he ventured to ask, "Have you no paupers, criminals? I have seen your police, read of your courts. We have such in England because vice and crime call for them. Are men and masters"—at this point Mr. Wilbram smiled so broadly that Frank was further astonished, looking with inquiring earnestness into his companion's face, whereat Mr. Wilbram said:

"I have put the case upon the theory of our country. For though such were the lofty and noble sentiments which animated our forefathers, it must be admitted the general practice of such virtues could be considerably extended. Many feel that in spite of the temporary eclipse our business morality has experienced, our country will yet, nevertheless, exhibit all the heroic qualities in action that I asserted did prevail."

Frank here inquired what was he to understand was the cause of the moral "eclipse" referred to, and whether it was imperiling the stability of the nation. For, urged our hero, it was vigorously asserted, so he generally understood, that in no other place throughout the world was prosperity so abundant and assured.

To this Mr. Wilbram made answer that of a certain sort of prosperity there was enough, and still untold streams that were sufficient for hundreds of years to come. But he added "mere wealth" and "shallow material prosperity" do not make nations great, or more useful, happy. Vast enterprises, that are but faro-banks to those who manipulate them, do not constitute prosperity. The grandest constitution man ever devised will not ensure a noble nation; it is but the framework upon which such can be reared.

"In our early days," said Mr. Wilbram, "when our wants were simple and our needs were few, we were happier, in the main, than now. It was needful for us to sustain one another. When we released ourselves from the old country, self-preservation, almost, compelled us into close relationship. We were then a peaceful, trading people, and our new-found freedom demanded of us a life and character in accordance with the dignity it conferred upon us. There was then a rough and rugged honesty among us that could be relied upon. Merchants were honest. Goods were what they were represented to be. Gambling in food, money or the people's rights and needs, was comparatively unknown. As time went on, we grew in numbers, and our life and needs became more complex. Then came the gold fever, which engulfed thousands in its vortex. The 'Argonauts of '49' became a power, and, like a wizard's spell, they stirred us and all the world with a mad haste to get rich. This was our first real departure from our lofty ideals of honesty in the nation's life. Then came the 'cattle' you wondered at. Nearly ninety years of our nation's life had rolled away, but each year had carried upon its pages the one great blot upon our past—human slavery. At last we determined that must go; but ere we saw the last of it, as you know, a fierce and awful war was passed through. Then ensued a period of great demoralization in trade. Like the nations of Europe that in war times are preyed upon by army contractors, stock jobbers, merchants and manufacturers, so were we victimized; and the result was a considerable eclipse of commercial morality from which we have not yet recovered. It reestablished among us vices and evils it was hoped were impossible in a republic. In fact it was never contemplated that we should experience a civil war that in the magnitude of its operations, misery, demoralization, equalled, if not excelled, the wars of Europe. Let us hope its consequences may finally be obliterated."

Then, in turn, Frank suggested that all he had just heard was quite different to what he had previously understood, for he had been taught that war meant employment, plenty of money, prosperity, and in creased honor for the victors. As he had never himself thought out such matters, small wonder he failed to see, as do many others, the fallacies of such arguments. He said, further, that he had always understood that the gold discoveries had added millions to the world's wealth, and therefore the world was benefited thereby. By this it will be seen he had not considered that the increased wealth might become, as indeed it has, the property of the minority. Yet he delivered these and other opinions manfully, until his fellow-traveler pointed out to him that in this very land huge corporations, with almost unlimited resources, were slowly but surely enveloping the people in their meshes, using their might as against the workers and society in general; how, for instance, the transportation of goods or persons, in town, city, State or Union was directed in the interests of corporations who gave back the least they could to the very people who granted them their privileges; how food was bought and sold ere much of it was sown, reaped, garnered, or manufactured—this, that all-powerful capital might keep up prices, and add to itself thereby, leaving the tiller of the soil and the buyer of the loaf to shift for themselves; how men gambled in the ventures of the community, and by ingenious plans manipulated enterprises so that what meant ruin to the investors might mean fortune to the skillful operators; how, little by little, but quite surely, nevertheless, the worker was being oppressed by the great corporations, which, however, depended upon the workers for their existence and success; and how, as a consequence of all this, life here was becoming as hard, cruel and bitter a fight as ever it had been in the crowded cities across the sea. Mainly, Mr. Wilbram insisted, because a new adjustment between muscle and money, as well as a new relationship between the people and their governors, had not been

attempted; for a new political state founded upon an old commercial basis will rest upon the evils that corrupt morals, undermine national honesty, and which will end in the decline and death of the people's power and freedom. Just the same here as in the lands beyond the sea. "There," said Mr. Wilbram, "I really am ashamed of myself for inflicting such a prosy lecture upon you. But I feel all these matters very keenly. As it is now getting late let us try to make ourselves comfortable during our night's rest, and to-morrow you shall tell me something about your own country."

"Excuse me," said Frank, "but, sir, when speaking of the late war I noticed a shade cross your face. May I ask did you lose any one in that struggle?"

"Yes; I did. No relation, though. I never knew any of my kindred. He I lost, though, was all a brother could be. Some years older than myself, he felt strongly it was his duty to join the Federal forces, and he did so. I was almost heart-broken at his departure. Ere bidding him farewell, a strange fancy entered my mind; I said, 'Gerald, old fellow, promise me if you are killed in this struggle you will come to me, if man has a life after death,' for neither he nor I believed there was. Laughing while he did so promise. Months rolled on, and Gerald's name appeared, with commendation, in various dispatches, and it seemed to me assured that he would return alive. One summer night, though, I was startled to see him in my chamber, standing in the full moonlight. In his well-loved tones he said, 'Here I am, you see, my dear friend. Yes, there is a future life. Go to F—, and learn more,' and then he vanished. I went to F—, whom I had heard of as a man of curious and startling powers, and while with him, my young friend," said Mr. Wilbram, solemnly, "there came to me the certainty that the dead live. I never doubted for a moment, though, that Gerald had appeared to me. However, I learned much more then, and since, and what has come to me changed the tenor of my life, led to what you will ere long see and better understand, and points to more I yet intend."

Then these two retired to rest, the clattering of wheels, the snortings of the locomotive, the crash and roar of the rushing train being the mighty music lulling them to sleep. Rush on, rattling, roaring monster! thou carriest two hearts, at least, whose owners can do their fellow service; two lives that shall bear ripened fruit; hands and brains that shall work and think so that more of happiness and less of misery shall come to many homes; that shall do a thing hereafter that shall be a lasting evidence that muscle, mind and money are joint agents in mutual results; that shall show that political freedom must be counter-balanced by industrial equality.

When next the sun had sank to rest our travelers trod the streets of Wilbram City, in which Frank Winfield saw many strange things, and where Welgood Wilbram had done many wise ones.

#### CHAPTER V.

A MADMAN'S DREAM, FORMING A DRY CHAPTER THAT MAY, IT IS HOPED, INTEREST THE READER.

Twelve months with all their weal and woe had rolled back into the vaults of the past—dark storehouses sometimes of darker deeds. In the year that has now passed, our hero had gained knowledge and experience. Moreover, he had advanced in the esteem and confidence of his employer, as a result occupying now a much improved position; indeed the subordinate desk had been abandoned some three months after he had been seated thereat, and before long now Frank was to become the confidential secretary of his noble-minded employer. How you would have been surprised to have seen our hero at this time. He had changed surprisingly, was no longer the half careless and thoughtless youth of the Carmier period. He had become sobered and tempered, so as to become earnest at times almost gravely so. The old-time spiritfulness had changed into a prompt decisiveness; the mind once so quick to catch the grotesque was now as able to trace the causes of things as they moved around him. Careful in forming opinions, cautious in speech, but more firm in saying and doing than of old, taught by necessity, trained by trials—for his year at Wilbram City had not been altogether free from difficulty—he was advancing in the true manliness he had ever given evidence of possessing. He had found his place at last. Ere long his opportunity would come; then we shall see of what materials he was made.

At first his employer was a curious problem to him. At times Frank thought that worthy man was scarcely sane. One incident occurring amazed him utterly. It was the fact that on the last day of the year the entire army of workers upon the mill's pay-roll were assembled to receive their share of profits for the past year—over and above their stipulated wages during that time! Of course everybody knows that the idea of sharing "profits" with "workmen" is so absurd and unsound that no capitalist or employer in his senses would for a moment entertain it. Then the little speech Mr. Wilbram made to his "friends"—just as if workmen could ever be the "friends" of their masters—was so different in tone to all ideas Frank had been trained in, that at first he really suspected his employer of imbecility, prophesying his speedy bankruptcy. One result of this incident was an interview with Mr. Wilbram, which ended in Frank being raised to the position we have stated he was soon to occupy.

Several days after the distribution of the "profit shares," as the foregoing incident was denominated, Mr. Wilbram invited Frank to call at his residence sometime during the evening, as he desired to speak to him upon some matters of business. Frank duly attending, was taken into the library. The residence of the owner of the Wilbram Mills was a modest, unpretentious sort of house, comfortable in its interior arrangements, displaying a refined taste in its appointments—nothing, however, being in excess or ill taste. There were artistic and literary treasures, as the pictures, books and statuary to be seen clearly testified. Yet while all was rich, substantial, artistic and comfortable, the house might readily have been taken as the home of a refined and prosperous manager of some large corporation instead of the home of one of the wealthiest men of his land.

After disposing themselves in capacious arm chairs, Mr. Wilbram by degrees came to the commencement of a memorable chat with our hero by remarking: "Well, to judge by your looks you seemed considerably astonished that I invited my workers to a share of the profits in the past year's business. I suppose such an idea would be considered preposterous in your country?"

"Yes," answered Frank, "and indeed I am quite at a loss to understand either how you can do it, as well as why you do it. You certainly are giving away, it seems to me, what no one has any right to expect from you; you deprive yourself of what is justly your own. You pay generously," said Frank, "as I have good reason to know, and in so doing you do much more than many others. The houses you build are well constructed, their rent most moderate. Why, the improvements you have made in the methods of work would alone entitle you to be considered generous to a fault; while it occurs to me that this profit-sharing must in time be injurious to the business itself."

"Why so?"

"Because of the depreciation of buildings, plant, etc."

"Suppose that profits were not counted until depreciation, additions, alterations, losses and all such like matters were amply provided for; what then?"

"After that, of course, the true profit would be left."

"No," said Mr. Wilbram, interrupting him—"no; there is another item, my own wages;" hereat Frank looked the picture of astonishment. "Yes, my young friend, my 'wages.' I give time, strength, direction, my name to all you see around you here, and, besides, work like all the rest in the general plan; therefore am, like every other worker, entitled to wages; and whether you call my share 'a return upon my investment' or 'interest upon my capital,' it is merely the wages my services and my money have earned by their employment in this place."

Now Frank, having all the Old-World respect for money as the outward and visible sign of respectability—though knowing next to nothing what "money" really is—felt himself at some disadvantage, for here was his employer talking of himself as a wage-earner, which evidently meant to Frank's ideas that Mr. Wilbram was a superior sort of workman. Also, it

must be remembered that Frank had been brought up to accept that the one great maxim of business was not how much should workers be paid, but how little could they be obtained for; therefore he was bewildered and confused at the aspect of affairs presented by a master, proprietor, capitalist, classing himself as one in the receipt of wages; but he remarked:

"If you continue doing as you have done, sir, you must certainly diminish your own fortune and prevent yourself obtaining that independence your business should secure for you."

"Why should I expect independence and ease," said Mr. Wilbram, "any more than the commonest workman employed here? Have they not the same right and need for rest and ease and competence that I have? Have not the workers here been the agents in building up the industry here? Is it not their muscle, skill, and application that finally fills every bale and case despatched from here? Are we not all concerned in the works? Do they not find us all in clothes, food, shelter? Am I not as much dependent upon the faithful discharge of the duties of the humblest worker as of the most skillful? Do we not all represent a compact and perfectly-balanced machine, each and every part devoted to the accomplishment of a common end? Our profits depend upon many things; at times they fall, again they rise; in my opinion muscle, mind and money are mutual factors in all industrial problems, and are, therefore, entitled to a just and equitable share in the ultimate results of their joint exercise; such share, of course, expanding and contracting as the volume of actual profit increases or diminishes. You know that this has made our people prosperous—for it has had a fair trial here—class for class our workers are greatly in advance over others elsewhere. But instead of all the profits coming to me, as the capitalist, they are equitably disbursed among us all, the disbursement being based upon the actual work done by each recipient. But," continued Mr. Wilbram, "I am not content with this result, for with increasing force it comes to me that as I know the only wealth that will avail me hereafter is in the use I have been and the good I have done my fellows, I feel it is my duty, and the duty of all such as me, to utilize the advantages that what is called 'success' confers upon us, for the amelioration and elevation of the lot of those who have contributed to create the wealth that arbitrary custom says is mine. I want something better than a mere division of profit. I want to see the people here the owners of the place; to be their own masters, their own employers; to conduct the business of the mills and city by themselves; to do for themselves in their combined capacity what they now delegate to others to do for them. I want them to become a grand federation of mutual interests that shall make Wilbram Mills and city a pioneer example for all time to come. But more on these points hereafter. However, Mr. Winfield, you must certainly admit that our people here are prosperous, and live after a fashion not common in your own country."

Frank having become very quiet and thoughtful-looking during Mr. Wilbram's remarks now spoke:

"Yes, sir, that is of course undeniable. Many a workman at home would consider himself more than fortunate if employed here. Until my coming here these matters had not entered my mind to any extent. True, I had at times wondered over the great disparity there existed between masters and men, wondering at times if such would always continue? I have looked about a little, and too often seen the workman ignorant, shiftless, lacking judgment, paying high for low living, having small taste for improvement, huddled in poor houses at close quarters; and while feeling it was all bad, and in some way I could not understand was wrong—yet it had always so been, was continuing, and seemed so likely to last that I had come to look upon it all as quite natural. Since coming here, where everything is almost the opposite of all I have been used to at home, my mind has been set to work thinking upon all these things, and many new ideas have suggested themselves to me. At times I have thought that the hard toil and long hours caused most of the ills our workers endure at home, and that it was wrong to think that men who were workers were a sort of separate class—mostly inferior, to be harried and kept down, for whom no opportunity was needed in which they could unfold their better qualities of heart and mind, until at last it has all looked to me like one of those dreadful problems we can never solve."

"Evidently," said Mr. Wilbram, in his genial voice, "your observations have caused you to think, and I may add that your assiduity while with me has satisfied my first impressions concerning you. For some time past I have been considering the propriety of utilizing your services in a manner that would attach you more intimately to me, personally, and be the means of interesting you closely in the work that lies nearest to my heart. Indeed, my object in requesting your presence here to-night is to offer you the post of private secretary to myself. In that capacity you will be often required to act as my representative. I am quite satisfied I can rely upon your zeal and integrity. Would you be willing to accept my offer?"

"It would be ungrateful of me," replied our hero, "to decline your most kind offer, though I fear you may at times be called upon to exercise your forbearance of my shortcomings. But I will endeavor to do my best to serve you honestly and faithfully."

(Continued in our next issue.)

#### A "PSYCHIC RESEARCH" FABLE.

There once was a Pigeon, as I have heard say,  
Who wished to be wise;  
She thought to herself, "I will go to the Owl,  
Who was built by Father Nature's own hand;  
And if he tells me I carefully do,  
I'll surely get wisdom." Away then she flew.  
When little Miss Pigeon arrived at the barn  
She found the Owl there.  
Most humbly she bowed her head; but the Owl  
Did nothing but stare.  
"Well, well," thought Miss Pigeon, "of course I can  
wait."  
I won't interrupt him; his wisdom is great!"  
She waited and waited. At last the Owl blinked,  
And said to her:  
"You'll never be wise, foolish Pigeon, unless  
You stay in the dark,  
And stretch your small eyes, and fly out in the night,  
And cry 'Hoo-hoo-hoo!' with all of your might."

So little Miss Pigeon to practice began;  
But all she could do  
Her eyes would not stretch, and her voice would not  
change.

Its soft, gentle coo;  
And she caught a cold from the night's damp and  
chill,  
And, lacking the sunshine besides, she fell ill.

Then little Miss Pigeon gave up being wise;  
"For, plainly," said she,  
"Though owls are the wisest of birds, theirs is not  
So I'll be the very best Pigeon I can."

And what do you think? She grew wise on that plan!  
We ask the pardon of Emile Pennesson, who contributes  
these stanzas to the *White Star* for April, under the title of  
"The Pigeon and the Owl," for changing the caption of that  
dainty bit of general satire to one the special and peculiar  
significance of which will be self-evident to our readers.—  
Ed.)

Unless the body politic of Spiritualists do more to protect their mediums, they will find themselves minus an advocate. — *New Thought, Chicago.*

#### The Wonderful Carlsbad Springs.

At the Ninth International Medical Congress, Dr. A. L. A. Taboldt, of the University of Pennsylvania, read a paper stating that out of thirty cases treated with the genuine imported Powdered Carlsbad Sprudel Salt for chronic constipation, hypochondria, distension of the liver and kidneys, jaundice, adipsia, diabetes, dropsy, valvular heart disease, dyspepsia, catarrhal inflammation of the stomach, ulcer of the stomach or spleen, children with marasmus, gout, rheumatism of the joints, gravel, etc., twenty-six were entirely cured, three much improved, and one not treated long enough. Average time of treatment, four weeks.

The Carlsbad Sprudel Salt (powder form) is an excellent *Aperient and Laxative and Diuretic*. It clears the complexion, purifies the blood. It is easily soluble; pleasant to take as permanent in action. The genuine product of the Carlsbad Springs is exported in round bottles. Each bottle comes in a light blue paper carton, and has the signature "Eisner & Mendelson Co." sole agents, 6 Barclay Street, New York on every bottle. One bottle of Carlsbad's salt upon receipt of One Dollar. One bottle's lectures mailed free upon application. Mention this paper.

## The Reviewer.

**MATERIALIENFREI ERSCHEINUNGEN:** Wenn sie nicht Wesen aus einer anderen Welt sind, was sind sie sonst? Von E. A. Brackett. Aus dem Englischen ins Deutsche übersetzt von Bernhard Forsboom und Karl du Prel. 8vo, cloth, pp. 115. München. In Kommission bei R. Oldenbourg.

This German edition of Mr. E. A. Brackett's interesting and instructive volume, "Materialized Apparitions," has recently been published in Munich. The translation has been made by Bernhard Forsboom and Karl du Prel, with great faithfulness to the original, a literal transcript, in fact, of the well-authenticated statements and well-founded conclusions of Mr. Brackett. The book must be of much value to investigators in a locality where the special phenomenon that is its subject is comparatively but little known, and we are pleased to learn that it is meeting with a large sale.

Mr. Forsboom introduces the work with a preface, in which he says that upon first reading the book he was surprised by the similarity of the facts it describes, even to minute details, with those of his own experience during investigations followed many years with various mediums, private and professional, all of whom were friends of his, in whom he had the most implicit confidence. Upon this course of investigation he entered with many doubts of the verity of the phenomenon termed materialization, but these all in due time vanished by means of tests privately made by himself, and others voluntarily proffered by the mediums during his long-continued confidential and friendly intercourse with them. He says:

"The cooperation of assistants in my investigations was absolutely excluded, and the sittings, with but few exceptions, were held in my own rooms, or those of my most intimate friends, and I desired to draw with myself in ascertaining the truth, and where the intrusion of outsiders and the aid of confederates was impossible. I myself constructed the cabinet, and knew that no one but the medium could enter it without detection. Before entering, the medium was closely inspected by every member of our circle. Under these conditions spirit-forms made their appearance, often a number of them at the same time. Seated near the cabinet, I was enabled to see the medium at the same moment I did the forms, which were of both sexes, various in size and features, from those of child to adult."

Mr. F. mentions having, by permission of a spirit-child, cut from its apparel a piece of the fabric of which it was composed, the dress immediately appearing whole as at first. This clipping he carried to several dealers in laces and similar productions, all of whom declared it was entirely new to them, and they knew not where any fabric like it could be obtained. The close resemblance of Mr. Brackett's investigations and their results with his own—conducted, as they were, thousands of miles apart, and each ignorant of the doings of the other—impressed Mr. F. with great force, and served to confirm the conclusions both had arrived at.

Mr. Forsboom agrees perfectly with Mr. Brackett upon the importance of harmonious conditions to satisfactory results. This was especially noticeable by him when the small circle held regular sances, all the party, including the medium, being friendly disposed and equally desirous of complying with the requisitions of the spirit-operators, who, they wisely concluded, being the experimenters, were better informed of what was wanted than the spectators. Mr. Forsboom closes by complimenting Mr. Brackett very highly upon the fairness and thoroughness of his work, and expresses the hope that his translation may contribute to awaken in Germany an interest that shall result in "an unbiased investigation of so important and portentous a truth as Materialization."

#### A Friend of Humanity.

The press of all civilized countries has of late vied in words of appreciation for the labors of a Catholic priest—Father Damien—whose memory is worthy of remembrance among those who have in the past counted self as nothing in their efforts to benefit their fellowmen.

Father Damien was, some sixteen years ago, a young man, with life before him; talented, and having a brilliant future in the ecclesiastical system of which he formed a part; but his sympathies as a man rose supreme, and learning of the awful condition of the unfortunate victims of leprosy, called to self-defense by the Sandwich Island authorities, to the Island of Molokai, he at once gave up everything, went to the island—from which he could never return—and devoted his life to efforts to see that the sick were cared for and the population was comfortably housed and properly fed (all of which was unknown before his advent); also that such education was given the young as might afford a little comfort, through a widening of mental horizon, to their stricken lives.

For years he lived among them untouched by the scourge, but finally fell a victim to it, expiring at Molokai, April 10th of the present year. Well says *The Christian Union*, (Congregationalist, of New York.) Such men as Father Damien belong to no ecclesiastical polity, but to the universal church of humanity.

The following, regarding his work and his aspirations in the body—appears in an account furnished by a writer in *The Nineteenth Century*: "Father Damien's life was almost entirely unselfish; he lived up stairs, and his comrades, Father Conrad, a man of considerable refinement and of warm affections, lives on the ground floor. They take their meals in separate rooms, as a precaution against contagion. Father Damien's life was almost entirely unselfish; he lived up stairs, and his comrades, Father Conrad, a man of considerable refinement and of warm affections, lives on the ground floor. They take their meals in separate rooms, as a precaution against contagion. Father Damien's life was almost entirely unselfish; he lived up stairs, and his comrades, Father Conrad, a man of considerable refinement and of warm affections, lives on the ground floor. They take their meals in separate rooms, as a precaution against contagion."

After living about ten years, Father Damien began to suspect that he was a leper. The doctors assured him that this was not the case; but anaesthesia began in his foot, and other fatal signs appeared. One day he asked Dr. Arning to give him a thorough examination.

"I cannot bear to tell you," said Dr. Arning, "but what you say is true."

"It is no shock to me," said Joseph, "for I have long felt sure."

And he worked on with the same cheerful, sturdy fortitude, expressing the will of God with gladness.

He said to me, "I would not be cured if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work."

A lady wrote to him: "You have given up all earthly things to serve God, to help others, and I believe that you must have now that joy that nothing can take from you, and a great reward hereafter." Tell her, he said, with a quiet smile, "that it is true; I do have that joy now."

As our ship weighed anchor the sombre purple cliffs were crowned with white clouds. Down their sides leaped the cataraacts. The little village with its three churches, lying in the bay, lay by their bases. Father Damien stood with his people on the rocks till we slowly passed from their sight. The sun was setting, low in the heavens, the beams of light were slanting down the mountain-sides, and then I saw the last of Molokai in a golden veil of mist."

#### Memorial Service at Lowell, Mass.

The First Spiritualist Society of this city held memorial services on the afternoon of May 20th, in remembrance of those who, associated with the society in past time, have passed to the life here.

The speakers were N. S. Greenleaf and Mrs. Juliette Yow. Mr. Greenleaf commenced the services by stating that he had been a Spiritualist thirty years, and his experiences and the knowledge he had acquired had confirmed and strengthened his belief. He then passed into the trance state, and spoke briefly of those who had passed from our midst, and of the spiritual principles of Spiritualism and the grandeur of its religion and philosophy. After his golden discourse as above related, there appeared a marked change in his manner, and he spoke in a low, solemn voice, saying that he was not one of the society while in the mortal form, but would ask the privilege of speaking for a brief space. Assent being cordially given, he said:

"I was a resident of this city several years, and in that time I met many of you, and I have learned much from you for the moral and spiritual welfare of our citizens. I now wish to report myself and make a confession. Since my entrance into spirit-life I have learned many things, and acquired knowledge which I could not have gained while in the mortal form. I have learned that the doctrines of the evangelical church are not the real issues of religion, especially vicious atonement, sacrifice, grace, the origin and destiny of the human soul, which I have learned to believe and taught, are not realities."

He then gave a brief and plain review of what he now believes to be the real means of man's salvation, coinciding with the spiritual teachings of the present age. He spoke of the cordial welcome to spirit-life he

received from many of his former parishioners, the aid they extended to him while acquiring a knowledge of his new home, and announced himself as Owen Street, where he lived in a house owned by the First Spiritualist Society. Owen Street was the pastor of the Fifth Street Congregational church for many years. He was a cultured, Christian gentleman, honored by the citizens, and loved and revered by his parishioners. He was a student of the "old sciences," and a student of the "new sciences," and was an excellent representative of what all the learning and research of the past centuries has accumulated upon the origin, life and destiny of the human race, and considered an acknowledged authority by his associates.

In addition to the above, another correspondent writes as follows: "The services opened with an organ prelude by Miss Lillian Magoon, followed by singing and a recital of 'The Lifting of the Veil' by the writer. Nathan S. Greenleaf, of this city, brother of J. P. Greenleaf, was the principal speaker. Mrs. Juliette Yow, of Leominster, followed Mr. Greenleaf in a sweet and thoughtful remembrance of thought and bygone experiences, during which she gave the names of several of the 'old sciences' and 'new sciences' once she sensed or saw. She also alluded to the beautiful flowers before her as emblematic of the purity and bloom of that brighter world above."

In the evening the significance and mission of the Grand Army of the Republic were discussed upon by Mrs. Yow. Post 185 G. A. R. was present. Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Pope, of Leominster, gave readings. At both services the exercises were interspersed with excellent music by the chorus choir, under the elegant management of Mr. N. B. Wardwell. The soldiers present were cordially welcomed by Chairman Thomas Shurtlett. The arrangement of guns and flags was tasty, while the floral display was profuse.

ED. S. VARNNEY.

#### June Magazines.

THE CENTURY.—Geo. Kennan commences his account of the most important of his hazardous investigations of the Russian Exile System—his visit to the Convict Mines of Kara. The narrative is fully illustrated, two impressive engravings being those of Convicts at Work in the Gold Placers and their "Returning at Night from the Mines." An interesting article upon "The Bloodhound," illustrated by an English artist, shows that famous dog to be altogether different from what the name of his species would indicate, and that his intelligence is absolutely marvelous. Mr. DeKay continues his series of Irish history with a minutely illustrated paper on "Early Heroes of Ireland." In "Certain Forms of Work for Woman," Mrs. Campbell offers many suggestions of great value; several fine illustrations accompany her remarks. The Lincoln history, by Nicolay and Hay, treats upon "The Pomeroy Circular," "The Cleveland Convention," and "The Resignation of Chase." The frontispiece of this number is a portrait of Corot, the French artist, an account of whom is given by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, accompanied by another portrait, "Corot at Work," and reproductions of several of his paintings. In the Departments at the close excellent reading will be found, and a number of choice poems are contributed to the general contents. New York: The Century Co. Boston: Dammell & Upham, 283 Washington Street.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.—This June number opens with an excellent article upon "Garden Roses," and the frontispiece, showing a cluster of three species, is a gem of beauty, and so like their originals as to be almost odorous with their perfume. The remaining contents are such as all lovers of flowers will appreciate. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

SIDEREAL MESSENGER.—The general articles treat upon "The Wave Length of Light as a Practicable and Feasible Standard of Length," "Double Stars," "Variable Stars," "Errors in Astronomical Text-Books," etc. A large number of current celestial phenomena are described, and a variety of topics editorially alluded to complete the contents. Northfield, Minn.: W. W. Payne.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.—The frontispiece represents "A Senior Reception at Ann Arbor," and with other spirited engravings illustrates an article upon "Student Life in the University of Michigan," by Edith L. Sheffield. "Joseph Jefferson at Home," is the subject of an illustrated paper by W. H. Balou, and "The Player's Club," of New York, that of one by George E. Montgomery. This number includes in its contents ten illustrated articles. New York: 363 Fifth Avenue.

HERALD OF HEALTH.—"Religion and Disease," "Sleeplessness and Its Remedy," "Common Sense About the Body," etc. New York: P. O. Box 2141.

THE PATH.—Theosophical. New York: W. Q. Judge.

#### Spiritualist Meetings.

ALBANY, N. Y.—First Spiritualist Society meets in Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street (first floor), every Sunday at 10 a. m. and 8 p. m. Admission free. The Ladies Aid meets same place every Friday at 3 p. m.; supper served at 6 p. m. J. D. Chism, Jr., Secretary.

ANDERSON, IND.—The Society of Spiritualists meets regularly in Westchester Hall.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—The Spiritualist Union. Issue 1. Moore, Secretary.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—First Society of Spiritualists—A. O. N. W. Hall, corner Main and Court streets. Regular lecture session Sunday at 7 1/2 p. m. Willard J. Hall, President. Strangers welcome.

BANGOR, ME.—Meetings are regularly held by the Spiritualist Association. C. L. Coffin, Secretary.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mrs







## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## NOTICE TO PURCHASERS OF BOOKS.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Booksellers, 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Philosophical, Mystical and Miscellaneous Books, of which a list is sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid C. O. D. Orders for books, to be sent by mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—one and two preferred. All business orders looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

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## SPECIAL NOTICES.

In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of independent free thought, but we decline to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. No notice is taken of anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts not used. When newspapers are forwarded containing matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a pencil or ink line around the article.

When the post-office address of THE BANNER is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state in full their present as well as future address.

Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as THE BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

## Banner of Light.

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JOHN W. DAY,.....ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Business Letters must be addressed to Isaac B. Rich. All other letters and communications must be forwarded to the Editor.

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

## Trial Subscriptions.

For the purpose of inducing parties who are non-subscribers to obtain an experimental knowledge of its practical value as an exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy in all its various phases,

## THE BANNER OF LIGHT

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## Sidney Dean on Spiritualism.

The lecture delivered by Hon. Sidney Dean before the Spiritual Temple Society in Berkeley Hall, in this city, on "Spiritualism a Science, a Philosophy, and a Religion," is issued in complete and convenient pamphlet form, in which it will not fail to commend itself as well to those who did as those who did not personally listen to the distinguished speaker. It was an effort of consummate ability, and invites repeated perusal. The speaker, on the threshold of his subject, sought to discover what fundamental law of life this broad faith antagonized. First, he pursued the inquiry whether it is in conflict with true science, and conclusively demonstrated that it is not. Next, he proceeded to show that Spiritualism is a philosophy, which strictly means the love of, or search after, wisdom. Jesus dominated all the philosophers who preceded him in that his system was more spiritual, elevating, purifying and ennobling to the nature of man. Spiritualism takes hold of the very fundamentals of the Nazarene's teachings, and advances in the disclosure of laws, powers and processes.

It shows continuity of human life, as taught by him, to be a fact and not a faith; that spirit is superior to matter; that spirit dominates matter; that not only emotion, but pure intelligence, survives the grave, and the spirit of man, undisturbed by the rupture of its material relations, continues to grow, acquire and expand; and it discovers and acknowledges the true standard of character for both existences, and welcomes those who have learned the law of return, and with noiseless tread enter into our lives. Both the unimpassioned scientist and the logical philosopher have in Spiritualism room and work; and some of each class are brushing away the cobwebbed dogmas and speculative creeds which hide the harmonious laws of life, material and spiritual, from the minds of honest but untrained investigators. Doors long shut are being opened. The prophecy of the Nazarene is in process of fulfillment: "And the truth shall make you free."

But, again, is Spiritualism a religion? The speaker answered that if it were not, then it becomes a mere plaything of philosophic science, and is of no practical utility to immortal man. Religion can actively exist in the human soul without creed or church, theology or ordinance, sacrament or ordination, or any outward symbol and show of worship. It is a personal matter, and involves man's moral sense; it is his spiritual acknowledgment of subordination to the All-Father as revealed to him. The empire of science and philosophy is the mind; the empire of religion is the soul. The former includes the reasoning forces of the intellect; the latter is the domain of the emotions, the choice and the will.

One of the best mediums of the twelve who became apostles of the Nazarene defined religion after this wise: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." That is to say, religion is a personal, interior matter, dwelling in and moving the soul-nature, and finding manifestation in a pure, unselfish, benevolent and helpful outward life. Is Spiritualism a religion according to this definition? Ay, verily it is. It accepts all revelations from God as truth and authority. Spiritualism, declared the speaker, will win

its place over the hearts of men in the world of the future more from its religious than its scientific or philosophic side. It is preeminently a heart-religion. It gathers up all the pure love-forces of a human life, finds them unweaved by the partings which material death creates, and, like a magnet, the soul is drawn to the communion of the unseen and the eternal, and the unseen of the mortal responds. It is destined to be a universal, all-conquering religion in the hearts of men.

Well may he ask why the Christian church will not accept the harmonious truth as thus set forth in its own acknowledged scriptures. And well may he add that to the whole race of sensitive hearts continually passing under the baptism of sorrow to the gate of their release and crowning is this gospel sent; and to them, their descendants, and sorrowful successors, will this gospel of continuous life and spiritual union and helpfulness be ever welcome.

## The Press and the Doctors.

The deliberations of the Congress assembled in New York last week for the purpose of discussing medical jurisprudence, led Howard in his letter to last Sunday's *Globe* (of Boston) to suggest a few thoughts in reference to the duty of the press to the learned professions, in the course of which he said: "A man who deals with my body can be judged by the immediate consequences of his act. Such are doctors of medicine, and, therefore, they are fit subjects for criticism, so far as their public acts are concerned."

The writer must have had in mind the past and recent efforts of the medical fraternity to obtain, step by step, legal control of the health and lives of the entire nation when he wrote that the difficulty the press finds in dealing with physicians is that as a body they are dogmatic, prejudiced, bitter, conceited.

"Now, we all know (he continues) that in a sick room there must be, as in all other places of emergency, one unquestioned mastery, and that in the hands of the physician. It stands to reason that a man who through all his life is looked to for advice, for guidance, and whose mastery is conceded, whose right to say 'go' and 'come' is unquestioned, becomes sooner or later in his own estimation a little god. Having once made up his mind that such and such a course is correct, nothing under heaven can swerve him; nothing can move him; he is hide-bound not only, but he is steel-bound; and why not?"

No better illustration, continues Howard, "can be asked concerning the self-confidence of many of our doctors than the action of Dr. Irwin in the case of W. Irving Bishop. Bishop was not his patient. He was his friend and comrade for the evening. He saw Bishop die, as he believed, and in less than four hours caused an autopsy to be made upon the body. He asked no permission, he sought no advice, he disobeyed the strict letter of the law, and all because he was self-sufficient. He did what he wished to do. The subject of the autopsy was a dead man. As between a dead man and the doctor there could be no discussion, the doctor was master of the situation, and the autopsy proceeded. If Bishop had been an ordinary man there would have been no notice taken of the event, but being a public character who died under peculiar circumstances, the press instantly took hold of it and brought matters to such a focus as forced Dr. Irwin and his associates to explain and to apologize and to face a coroner's jury." Did the press do its duty, or did it interfere improperly? asks this journalist, and he answers by saying that "there can be no question in the mind of a candid man that the press at once converted itself into a bulwark, protecting for all time the bodies of the public from premature dissection, and converted itself at the same moment into a severe rebuker of indecency and of autocratic self-sufficiency which Dr. Irwin and his friends will heed so long as they shall last."

Since the undue, if not criminal, haste to exercise the prerogative awarded by the State of New York to its diplomated corps of medics was made by Dr. Irwin and his associates, reports of several cases have been published in the daily press, wherein, had a similar course been followed, no doubt would exist but that death would have ensued at the hands of those who consider themselves so all-sufficient in their own knowledge and skill, that by sanction of law in several States they debar all others from doing better than themselves in their profession. Such cases are getting to be quite frequent of late, and are likely to become even more so; and from our point of view those who the regulars condemn as "quacks," the clairvoyants and mediumistic practitioners, are the only ones who can give reliable directions as to how to act at such times.

The latest of the cases we have alluded to is reported in a telegram from Harrisburg, Pa., to the *Boston Herald*, under date of June 10th. A man by the name of Lafayette Rensard for a number of months suffered with inflammatory rheumatism, which soon developed heart-trouble. On the morning of the 6th inst. his physicians left him, saying he would die that day. In the evening he was supposed to do so. Though his wife notified his friends, and made preparations for the funeral, she thought it possible he might be in a trance, and said the burial would not take place for a week. The very next day he gave signs of life, and has since fully recovered. He stated that he was inwardly conscious all the time, and was aware of the preparations for his burial, etc., but could not move a muscle to prevent it.

It gives us, as a friend of humanity, sincere pleasure to be able to record that the grand jury in New York on June 10th filed in the court of general sessions indictments for violation of the sanitary code against Drs. Irwin, Ferguson and Hance, the physicians who made the hasty autopsy on the body of Mr. Bishop. We trust this matter will be pushed to the extreme of the law.

## Is It of Satan, or of God?

We shall print next week an admirable reply—titled as above—from the pen of Prof. Henry Kiddle, of New York, to the attack of Rev. W. W. Andrews on Spiritualism. The *Hartford* (Ct.) *Daily Times* has shown commendable fairness and bravery in already giving this trenchant article to its readers.

It will be seen by the letter in another column, from Helen Stuart-Robings, dated Pittsburgh, June 2d, that the Spiritualists of that city were not slow in aiding the Johnstown sufferers by flood and fire, as she says, they were the very first to respond. We have just dropped fifty dollars into the contribution box.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid of Providence, R. I., will continue to hold its afternoon social and evening meetings through the month of June, every Thursday, as usual, in Slade's Hall.

## Theodore Parker's Influence.

It is very nearly a half-century ago that Theodore Parker preached that famous sermon of his, entitled "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity," and it is just fifty years ago that individuals formed themselves into an association which was incorporated as the "Benevolent Fraternity of Churches," having for its professed object "the moral and religious instruction of the poor in the city of Boston." Mr. Monro D. Conway memorializes the two foregoing events in an essay in a late issue of *The Open Court*, saying of the Benevolent Fraternity, that, regarded as a gesture, it was prophetic of a movement now general, and that one of its prophets, however unrecognized, was Theodore Parker. He made the observation in an early sermon that it was esteemed a reproach in Boston to be a minister to the poor, the ecclesiastical title of such a minister being "a preacher to the rabble." The instruction of the Fraternity was not to be ecclesiastical or doctrinal, but simply moral and religious.

Mr. Conway throws a humorous little episode into his remarks, *apropos* of the two Boston Fraternities "now amicably adjusting possessions bequeathed by that maternal liberalism of which they were offspring." Two members of a German peasant family, named Klein, emigrated at different times to this country. One translated his name *Small*, and the other translated his *Little*. Small and Little lived in the same street for fifty years, and never found out that they were brothers until their old mother in Germany left a little money to be divided between them, if they could be found. The two Boston Fraternities are, in the same way, ready to acknowledge the Brotherhood when it becomes necessary to do it in order to come into possession of property.

The theme of the discourse on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," as stated by Mr. Conway, was that the spirit of truth and righteousness which Christianity represented, naturally took its garb from the age in which it was born or the ages through which it passed; that it became invested with the legends, rites and speculations rife among those who successively had charge of it; and that these investitures of it must necessarily be as transient as other speculations of the uncritical times in which they were woven. New sciences, races and aims must weave new raiment for it. But through all changes Christianity, summing up as it did the religion of love to God and man, and belief in the All-perfect and immortality, must prove to be the absolute religion which would never pass away.

In discarding belief in miracles, Parker was only destroying the historical evidence, while he was still a believer in Christian truths. He denied that the truth of the message depended on the authority of the messenger. The truth of geometry does not depend on the authority of Euclid. His mind was not skeptical, but it was essentially constructive. This was realized after he was dead. He rejected traditional conceptions which to him showed God heartless. And he fearlessly spoke out what he believed. He was a great believer. Had he been adapted to our time, he could not have been so adequate to his own. He was a herald of the voice which shall announce the New World religion.

## A Dead Doctors' Plot Law.

The people of Massachusetts are to be sincerely congratulated on their escape from the consequences of the "Doctors' Monopoly Bill," whose utter defeat in the Senate, after having made the passage of the House, was effected at the very close of the session. But one of the influential dailies of Boston, openly and vigorously opposed this high-handed and persistent attempt to strangle the personal liberty of the citizen, and that paper was *The Globe*. Its course in relation to the measure was candid, courageous, and consistent from the first, and its arguments were such as invariably commended themselves to the public intelligence and favor. This is the only real and open coadjutor which *THE BANNER* has had in its long campaign of hostility to this meanest and most selfish of plots against personal liberty and the welfare of the individual; and we hereby extend to that paper the assurances of our most grateful consideration. The Senate finally threw out the bill by the exemplary vote of eighteen to five.

Less than one hundred persons could be found in the State to sign a petition for any kind of medical legislation, while ten thousand put their names to a petition protesting against such legislation altogether, and leaving the people unrestrained in their choice of medical methods and advisers. In the face of the opposition made to the bill, it was subjected to a number of modifications since it was first suggested; it was hoped by its friends to keep the measure in the dark till the close of the session, and then smuggle it through, in the midst of the general confusion, with certain amendments which would have virtually reproduced some of its most objectionable features; indeed, had certain of these amendments found acceptance, the mischievous and hateful features of the bill would have been restored in their full vigor and force. This of itself is sufficient proof that the projectors and instigators of the medical-monopoly law have nothing like the public good in view before all else, but are actuated by motives of the purest selfishness only.

We of Massachusetts are free to live without medical manacles for at least another year, and during that time the opportunities for the formation of still firmer public opinion will have been very greatly enlarged. Meantime *THE BANNER* extends its congratulations on the victory won.

Mrs. Ada Foye commenced on the 2d inst. her work in Chicago for the month of June—speaking for the "Young People's Progressive Society," with the excellent success which always attends her labors. As will be seen by a notice under the "movement" head, Mrs. Foye will remain in the East for another year, before returning to her home in San Francisco.

We are pained to note the announcement in a recent issue of that paper that the directors of *La Lumiere* of Paris, France, have decided to suspend its publication, the pecuniary returns not being sufficient to sustain it independently.

The marriage of Miss-Gustie F. Howe, of Onset, to Capt. H. R. Tripp, of Boston, took place June 3d at the bride's summer residence, J. H. Young inclining. The wedding was private, only a few intimate friends of both parties being present. Mrs. Tripp has canceled her engagement at the Onset headquarters this season, and resigned her position as Secretary of the Ladies' Industrial Union. She will, however, continue her contributions to the Spiritualistic press, as in the past.

## International Congress of the Works of Women.

A circular reaches us from Paris couched in the French language, the purport of which we give to our readers, adding for our own part that the enterprise is worthy the attention of all who believe in the equality of the sexes. The assembling of such a thoughtful and practical convention in the gay capital of France, and amid the excitements of the grand Exposition, is indeed a cheering sign of progress.

In organizing the Congress of the Universal Exposition (says this circular), the French Government has been desirous to give officially a place to the works and institutions of women.

It is an act of justice and of reparation. For a century, thanks to the spread of liberal ideas, and to the principles of humanity which have been accepted in the modern world, the social position of woman has been brought to light, and made of considerable more importance.

She is placed in the first rank in works of benevolence; in education she has conquered a position almost equal to that of man, and the number of enterprises undertaken and carried out by women and in the interest of women show what may be expected from woman's mind and woman's heart.

Nevertheless, continues this well-digested document, in the social organization as in public opinion there still exists much carping prejudice and unjust distrust. The Congress of 1889 proposes to demonstrate that women have proven their position, and that they have a right to the confidence and protection which have been refused them hitherto.

Our work of pacification and universal goodwill (it further sets forth) is conceived in a spirit of tolerance and liberty. Our platform is open to all—questions concerning sect and dogma, and those dealing with the struggles of politics and of classes, are alone excluded. Our desire is to render justice to every woman, to every one of her enterprises and associations; and, provided she is inspired with the spirit of justice and fraternity, and by forgetfulness of herself in her devotion to suffering humanity (the necessary condition of all true progress), we care not what opinion she may hold, or to what confession of faith she may belong.

The Congress will open at Paris, July 12th, and will continue one week.

The programme will embrace expositions and discussions upon philanthropy and morality, pedagogy, arts, sciences and letters, and civil legislation, as bearing upon woman's work and woman's interest.

The fee for membership in this Congress is ten francs. Foreign representatives and works will receive appreciative attention.

## A Spleen Philippic.

The New York *Herald* of last Sunday in a leading editorial goes out of its way to throw dust in the eyes of its readers in regard to Modern Spiritualism. The article on the face of it conclusively shows that the writer has not the least idea of the subject-matter treated. In the first place the article says: "Modern Spiritualism is moribund," etc., etc.; and further on it states that "the subject, however, is not dead and never will die. It has its base in human grief and hopefulness, and until these are abolished eager hearts will try to penetrate the mystery after death." Splendid reasoning, this! Dead and yet alive! The article needs no reply by Spiritualists; but the *Boston Globe* of Tuesday last, which is a very liberally inclined secular journal, "raps" the Gothamite paper over the knuckles in a very handsome manner. We have room only for the last paragraph, as follows:

"The fact cannot be lightly brushed aside that many millions of people, probably as intelligent on an average as any other millions, believe that these phenomena indicate the immortality of the soul and the possibility of intercommunication. It is claimed that there are more than 10,000 of these in Boston. We cannot easily suppose that these people are all fools and dupes of mere vulgar trickery. Granting that they are deceived, may it not be because they have got hold of the projecting end of some kind of a half-truth which might deceive any intelligent person? It is proverbial that half truths are more difficult to straighten out than pure fabrications."

## Human Recklessness.

The theme of the Rev. R. Heber Newton's sermon at All Souls' Episcopal Church, New York City, last Sunday, was "Thoughts from the Canebrake Valley."

"It will not do to attribute such an appalling calamity to Providence. Providence is not at fault in the matter. It is man's easy way of shoddering upon Providence the responsibility for his own ignorance, heedlessness and selfishness, and then to stand aloof from the calamity which he has called up and to throw off the blame upon Providence. There are many catastrophes in history which raise a serious question concerning Providence. These purely natural disorders in which human lives are engulfed in a moment stand on a level with the calamities which are the result of man's own ignorance and heedlessness concerning fundamental sanitary laws. It is not time to saddle Providence with the responsibility of this suffering until man has roused himself to see how much of the evil he could do away with."

The horrible catastrophe with which our ears have been ringing during the past week is plainly the fault of man, not of God. Providence never built that dam across the head of Canebrake Valley nor located those towns in the very bed of the valley below such an impending doom. When Providence builds such dams and locates such settlements it will be time enough to lose faith in Providence. Let us clear our minds of cant in this matter. It is too early as yet for the public to determine where the fault lies for such a gigantic horror, but this much we can clearly show, that the heedlessness of our American spirit is largely responsible for this horrible catastrophe. We are not as a nation ready to heed the voice of our common sense as to take risks and then trust that we shall escape them."

## The Old Ladies' Rest Association.

The organization bearing the above name was chartered at the opening of the present year, for the purpose of providing a home for aged, indigent women. It is non-sectarian in character, all being welcome without reference to their profession of religious belief. It numbers among its members persons of all ages, who pay for its support an annual fee of one dollar each, and as much more as they may feel able and are disposed to give. On these receipts and donations voluntarily proffered, the Home relies for its support. The beneficiaries of the Institution are expected to pay their board if possessing means to do so, but if without means, so long as there is a place to offer, they are admitted and treated with the same kindness as those who are in more affluent circumstances.

Contributions, large or small, in any form—money, clothing, farm products, or otherwise—are solicited. The Institution is under the supervision of Mrs. Hattie A. Young, its founder and President, who may be addressed at her office, 22 Winter street, Boston, or residence, 72 Williams street, Chelsea, Mass.

## Notice.

As will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, O. P. Longley wishes to engage the services of agents to canvass for the sale of his book of songs and music, and those published in sheets. One need not necessarily play and sing to do this; all who are energetic and enterprising can serve in this capacity, and do well, with the liberal inducements which the author offers them.

On June 17th is a legal holiday, this friends are hereby notified that the counting-room of the BANNER OF LIGHT will be closed on that occasion.

Parties having advertisements for the seventh page which they wish to renew in THE BANNER for June 22d must make application by Friday afternoon, June 14th, or they will be too late, as our first forms go to press one day in advance for that issue.

## Mrs. H. W. Cushman's Birthday Remembered.

The recurrence of the birthday of the well-known medium, Mrs. H. W. Cushman, was observed by a large number of her friends, who upon the date thereof tendered her a reception. The exercises began with singing, followed by an invocation by Mrs. Logan. The opening address was made by Mrs. Loring. During the evening remarks were made by Mrs. Waterhouse, who spoke very highly of Mrs. Cushman's mediumship, the great service she had rendered the cause thereby, and the satisfaction she had given hosts of individuals who, through its instrumentality, had been convinced of the fact of a future life, and held sweet communion with their departed loved ones. Remarks were also made by Mrs. Colyer, under control, closing with a poem, and Mrs. Shackley, with tests. Miss Willis gave excellent readings, Mr. Howlett a poem and recitation; Emma Belle Huse read a birthday poem. The exercises, pleasing and profitable throughout, were interspersed with singing by the company.

Mrs. Cushman very feelingly thanked her friends for this testimony of their kind appreciation of her labors in the field of spiritual truth, and their sympathy for her in the many trials she had been called upon to experience, and expressed her thanks to the BANNER OF LIGHT for its timely contribution of pecuniary aid. Mrs. Luther made the closing address.

## Dr. Henry Slade in Concord, N. H.

A representative of the Concord, N. H., *Patriot* accepted an invitation of Dr. Slade to witness phenomena produced through his mediumship, and in that paper of June 4th gives a lengthy account of what he beheld, which he says "was not the clap-net work of a cheap conjurer, but an exhibition of power that is marvelous beyond all account, and except upon the theory of an influence accredited by the doctor, apparently unexplainable."

Among various demonstrations of the presence of spirits and their ability to control material objects, writing was produced upon a single slate held partially under the edge of the table, the pencil being seen to move and lift itself some inches in the air before the writing began. When completed the fragment of pencil was lying at the extreme end of the terminal stroke of the last letter. During one of the experiments the slate disappeared from view under the table, wrenched, seemingly, and as the operator claimed, from his hands. After a short interval it rose up in plain view above the opposite corner of the table, far beyond the reach of either the hands or feet of the doctor. Again it disappeared, and almost immediately came into view starting contact with the visitor's stomach. "All this," says the account, "transpired with no movement on the part of Dr. Slade."

## Satire with an Edge.

The incomparable Burdette thus "touches up" the "Regular" contempt for human rights in a paragraph entitled "In the Interest of Science":

"Dyspeptic Patient—Good heavens, doctor, what are you taking all those murderous things out for? Zealous Physician, who worships his profession—For the autopsy? I am going to find out just what is the matter with you. Alarmed Patient, who is unduly sensitive—But I am not dead yet. Calm Physician—No, but you might die sometime when I would be otherwise engaged, and it is not well to delay the autopsy until decay seizes upon the more delicate tissues. Hold your breath while I take out your lungs, please!"

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY in its June number contains an article by Joshua F. Bailey, which the editor deems it his duty to apologetically explain why it appears. Its title is, "Is Christian Science a 'Craze'?" The writer argues that it is not; and the editor argues that whatever it may be, it is not a science, and that Mr. Bailey proves it far from being one. In his criticism upon Mr. B.'s article, the editor takes occasion to exhibit his bitter hostility to Spiritualism by referring to "Spiritualistic healers," who "have paraded their alleged cures," yet "have never gained any scientific standing," and terms their practice "absurd quackery." Jesus is widely recognized by all classes as a "Spiritualistic healer" of extraordinary power; and though, like mediums similarly gifted in this age, he has "never gained any scientific standing," and though when on earth his "alleged cures" may have been styled by the "Popular Science Monthly" of his time the outcome of "absurd quackery," his life and works are probably as well known and appreciated on earth to-day as those of our valiant New York editor who sacrifices truth to a pet theory that he calls "Science." When "Science" can produce a hundredth part as many proofs of its usefulness in the way of alleviating the sufferings of mankind, restoring health to the sick and life to the dying, as "Spiritualistic healers" easily can, it may venture with some show of consistency to fling derogatory epithets at those who are at least its peers in the estimation of all honorable men.

That chief, among the celebrated cases, of America, the long-drawn legal contest with the city of New Orleans by Myra Clark, or Mrs. Gaines, as she became by her second marriage, has at last resulted in victory for this persevering woman—or her representatives, rather, for she has passed to the world where litigation is unknown. Mrs. Gaines is dead, most of the family are dead, but the Supreme Court has decided that the city of New Orleans must pay half a million dollars for the use of the property that was sold to it fraudulently, and held by it from the rightful owner for so many years. It has taken seventy-six years to right the wrong done a fatherless orphan child in New Orleans in 1813; but that wrong has finally been righted by the highest tribunal of the land against every effort of the wealthiest and most powerful city of the South.

Rev. Herman Snow, one of the earliest laborers in the field of Modern Spiritualism, has been deprived of the visible presence of his wife, Mary Frances Snow, whose departure took place suddenly from the residence of her brother in this city, on the morning of Wednesday, June 6th, the immediate cause assigned being an affection of the heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Snow were many years residents of San Francisco, Cal., where they held prominent positions in Spiritualistic circles, and constantly manifested an active interest for the advancement of truth. Many friends, both here and on the Pacific coast, will sympathize with Mr. S. in this bereavement, and rejoice with Mrs. S., who for thirty-five years walked by his side, upon her enfranchisement from earthly limitations.

Arbitration rather than war should be the keynote of American policy. Just at this transition period in the affairs of the modern world we need a firm hand and a steady head at the helm. Instead of courting trouble, we need to avoid and repel it. Not, of course, by concessions in the least unworthy of our character and strength, but rather by the open and fearless exhibition of conduct that will, most surely provoke the emulation of other nations by the greatness of our example.

In Clay County, Indiana, there are nine thousand people on the verge of starvation; and this, too, in a land of great plenty! This sad state of affairs is owing to the parsimony of monopolizing mine owners. Men with families have been paid for years only 85 a week for their services, and they very properly, at last, struck for higher wages. The mine operators still persistently refuse to listen to arbitration to settle their differences with their employers, and now starvation intervenes.

The amount of the losses, incurred by the great fire at Seattle aggregates \$2,304,000.







## Message Department.

### FREE SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

These highly interesting meetings, to which the public is cordially invited, are held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment,  
ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS,  
AT 10 O'CLOCK P. M.

The Hall (which is used exclusively for these meetings) will be open at 10 o'clock; the services commencing at 10:30 o'clock precisely.

Mrs. M. T. SHELLHAMER-LONGLEY will occupy the platform on Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of allowing her spirit guides to answer questions that may be propounded by inquirers. The medium will have the benefit of the aid of her spirit guides in the departments of thought or labor. Questions can be forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, who will present them to the presiding spirit for consideration.

Mrs. B. F. SMITH, the excellent test medium, will on Friday afternoon under the influence of her guides give to each individual an opportunity to receive a message from their earthly friends. These messages are reported at considerable expense and published each week in THE BANNER.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether for good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere to a higher state of existence, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the earnest reader to note that the Messages published in this Department do not conform with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest desire that those who recognize the messages of their spirit guides will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication.

Natural flowers for our table are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitors. Therefore we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to COLBY & RICH, proprietors of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and not, in any case, to the mediums.

## QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Shellhamer-Longley.

Report of Public Séance held March 26th, 1889.

### Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Infinite Spirit, thou Supreme and Divine Intelligence, who art the parent of all life, the author of all being, we recognize thy power and thy supremacy, and we would feel deeply within our souls our relationship to thee, and understand, as we have never before, that thou art indeed our Father and our Friend. We know that thou art the law of goodness and of wisdom; we recognize the hand of justice and of design displayed on every side; we believe that thou art omnipotent, that all power is thine; that thou art omnipresent, for we can conceive thee atom in space, no point in the universe, but thou art there. We would feel thy presence within our own hearts, and thrill beneath the consciousness of thy divine protection and thy ever-present sustaining power. We would have our souls united with thee, and earnest recognition of thy law and thy love, and we would receive from above such ministrations and such power as thou hast bestowed, through thy angel ministrants, who delight to do thy will, to send forth everywhere the tidings of thy love, and to reveal the immortal truth. Oh! we ask that benisons of good be vouchsafed to us through such returning spirits. To-day we ask that an influence of peace and harmony may descend into our lives, uplifting us with new strength, bearing us onward with new courage, to take up our trials from day to day. We ask that we may receive and understand, that our souls may be enlarged and grow sufficiently to realize thy goodness and thy grandeur in setting the gates of eternal life wide open, and admit the children of men to return in person to their friends on earth.

Oh! we thank thee for the gifts that are ours, for the experiences and the discipline of life, and we return to thee and thy angel helpers praise, now and forevermore. Amen.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now attend to your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—[By J. C., Boston Mass.] Will the intelligence controlling at this circle, please give his views on the spiritual nature of man, and that spirituality which is to be the salvation of the human race?

Ans.—The spiritual nature of man is a subject vast and profound, but one which might well challenge the attention of every thinking mind. Man is a dual being. We see before us in physical life the organic form, composed of fibre and tissue, of bones and ligaments, of muscles and blood, and of various other parts; and this, we say, is the man; but yet no physicist, no scientist on earth can tell what it is that fires with intelligence this organic form of man, which gives it animation, consciousness and power. We are told that it is the mind, or the mental nature. There is a large and growing class of intelligent thinkers constantly seeking to understand more and more of man himself as an entity, as an intelligent being, independent of the organic structure which we call the corporeal frame. We affirm that man is a dual being, composed of this outer, external nature, and also of the spiritual, inner life. Two closely allied, and in a measure, dependent upon each other for their manifestation and even for the maintenance of their existence here upon this mortal plane. But we further declare that the spiritual nature of man so far transcends in power the outward, that it survives the dissolution of the physical form, and maintains its existence, its consciousness and activity, even though the external frame has gone to dust.

The spiritual nature, what is it? Your correspondent inquires. Why, it is the man, the human itself, reaching out for recognition and for expression.

The spiritual nature of man possesses those higher qualities and attributes which we call the virtues, the graces. When man is unfolded in spirituality, he will have arisen above a purely sensual existence, one that depends upon the exercise and gratification of the senses alone; he will have put aside that selfishness which looks only to the gratification of the senses, and to the indulgence of personal tastes and inclinations, and will look rather through his efforts, through the direction of his thought and aspiration, to the welfare of others. Spirituality proves itself in such natures as are heroic, as are self-sacrificing, as put forth effort to accomplish results for other lives, rather than for their own.

We find the spiritual nature largely alive in the maternal breast. We find the mother of a household looking after the needs of her children and nights in toil and in thoughtful planning for those whom she loves; we find her entire life one of abnegation, one of extreme and beautiful heroism, and through such an experience that mother's life is growing in spiritual culture, it is unfolding in spiritual beauty, it is putting forth this loveliness that belongs to the spirit itself.

We find the spiritual nature of man expressing itself through a multiplicity of ways, and as the race advances, the power of the soul, year, even though it be through struggle and turmoil, through discord and strife, we behold man constantly reaching out for more light, for more guidance, reaching out in desire to learn of justice and truth; and as we find him doing this, the golden rule, so beautifully taught and exemplified by the man of Nazareth, doing unto others as you would be done by, becomes a living precept in the heart, and man finds that returns in blessing to his life, for this is the law of justice, and justice and love alone should reign in the heart, as they will do when true spirituality has become fully operative in the human breast.

This is what shall save the world from discord and warfare; this is what shall redeem mankind from the bondage of injustice and of oppression; for when man becomes fully spiritualized, and strength of character, moral beauty, sweetness of spirit put themselves forth, and are expressed through the deeds and thoughts and aspirations of his life, then shall we find in reality that man is but a little lower than the angels, and that he has reached his height of progression and of unfoldment through glorious means of aspiration toward a perfect end.

Q.—"Seeker" writes: It is generally taught by Spiritualists that if a medium is honest and pure, no harm will come to her from the spirit-world. I have a friend who is a wonderfully gifted medium; she is a person who is lovely in mind and pure in character. Her mediumship began suddenly, when she was only sixteen years of age, and she has since been using it without limit or restriction. For twelve years this lovely and blameless medium has been the victim of an intelligent but selfish spirit, and has served him until her health and happiness are nearly wrecked.

Now, why are not such spirits prevented by the wise and good of the other life from working such harm?

A.—We must look for the cause of this state of affairs in the life-experience of the medium mentioned, and we may trace this in reviewing the work and development of the mediumship. We find the cause hidden in that little sentence which your correspondent has written, that the medium was developed as the multiple use of the instrument of the spirit-world when but fourteen years old, and had her powers drawn upon without restraint by friends under no wise direction, and without proper guidance. That, to our mind, explains it entirely. These friends, on earth, looking for the unfoldment of the mediumship, and seeking for that which might be expressed through her organism, were selfish—extremely so, since they taxed the powers of their medium early and late, and without judiciousness. Is it to be wondered, then, that these should have attracted to them a sensitive organism a spirit also selfish, seeking for his own gratification in whatever line it might be expressed, without regard to the health and welfare and happiness of the instrument he employed? Now, if this medium of whom it is written had been tenderly cared for and guarded by friends on earth, if they had supplied her with congenial, healthful influences, protecting her from the encroachments of selfish spirits, and not having her powers used for every possible communication or sign of spiritual presence she could afford to them, undoubtedly they would have attracted to themselves and to their medium a band of wise spirits, who would have taken her in charge, kindly attended to the unfoldment of her powers, and protected her from those other influences of which your correspondent speaks.

We are asked: Why do not wise and good spirits prevent such an experience as this in the life of a medium? We answer: There are good spirits on every hand. We are glad to say that the good, the true and the honorable, in spirit-life as on earth, are in the ascendancy; they have the balance of power; but nevertheless there are occasions on earth where the good and true and law-abiding cannot always control and regulate certain affairs and events that come up in human life. So it may be in the spirit-world. It may be that a medium is so circumstanced and environed on earth that it is impossible for such a band of spirits as that desired to come and take charge of the instrument who is employed for the spirit-world. Very much depends upon the outward association and influences on the earth, and if, as we have said, a medium is surrounded by selfish, exacting natures here, she will undoubtedly become the prey of selfish, exacting spirits. There are many intelligent minds on the other side of life that do not mean to be particularly selfish; they are good and true, and they see the rights and privileges of others where these rights and privileges come in conflict with their own desires. Possibly this spirit spoken of as taking such a firm possession of the medium as to exhaust her vital force and prey upon her happiness may have had some end in view. Undoubtedly he is of a positive mind, bent only upon the end which is before him. He may desire to reach the world at large through his medium, hoping thus to console many of the bereaved, and to reveal the truths of spirit-reform. He may have thought he could get more from his instrument than that instrument was able to supply, and so have overtaxed the system. Being intelligent, he may not have been wise enough to understand how to apply his intelligence when coming in contact with mortals and with physical life. We should, however, judge that if the medium and her friends would sit quietly, and in a sincere and earnest spirit, invoking the aid of wise and good friends from the other life, and praying for their assistance, such wise and helpful intelligences will be attracted to her. One must not exercise his mediumship altogether for a selfish purpose, because if this is done he will undoubtedly be attended by spirits who are of a like selfish nature.

Your correspondent says the medium is lovely and blameless in her own life; therefore, certainly she has not attracted unhappy and selfish spirits by her own nature. We must look, then, to others, and must blame others for this result. Let them see to it that they are right in the way that has been done, by earnestly aspiring for that which is high and true, and which shall be for the best interest and welfare of the medium as well as of the cause, even though for a time the exercise of that mediumship must be suspended in order to work such a result.

Q.—[By R. A. D., Cynthia, Ky.] Can the life-line be followed to a finality? Does the spirit, after its high unfoldment, merge into the Great Spirit, losing its personal identity?

A.—Through all the world's history it has only been here and there, until within half a century of time, that humanity has been able to follow the career, or line of life, of any individual beyond the grave; but in the new era of the nineteenth century, when spiritual truth and knowledge are coming from worlds beyond, those who understand and who have investigated know that it is possible to follow, in a measure, something of the line of life—of the career of their friends who have laid down their bodies of clay in the life-line, and are enabled to follow the life-line and career of our friends and of those who challenge our attention, in a degree, just as far as our own spiritual unfoldment will permit. Some spirits cannot follow the line of their friends as far as can other intelligences, because not sufficiently advanced in knowledge and power to do this. We behold spirits who have advanced, who have lived many long years in the other life, and who are able to say that many centuries have passed, since they gained their experience in contact with this planet; but they have reaped their experience and have passed onward, leaving their records and their marks of intelligence and growth and achievement behind them for others to study and to emulate. These spirits have passed onward; but we can hear of their progress, of their attainments in higher departments of life.

We may not be able to follow the life-line of those early spirits, who gained their knowledge and experience thousands of years ago, and have passed on far beyond that line of existence which we can now scan, because they are continually growing toward infinity, continually ascending to higher scales of unfoldment and existence. Those spirits who are beneath them, who are more finite, more dependent upon their environments for the gaining of knowledge, as well as for the accomplishment of work, cannot readily or even at all follow the life-line of those advanced souls. And yet, from what we know of spiritual progress, we do not believe that those souls have been swallowed up in the great immensity of space, or been absorbed into any sea of spiritual light; we believe that they are still individualized, still entities, evolving their own thoughts and performing their own works, for, so far as we know anything of the advancement of humanity in the spiritual world, we find that man, through effort, through struggle, through his aspirational nature putting forth its powers to know and to learn more, becomes more vitally individualized, more thoroughly an entity, distinct and apart from all other souls; that, as he achieves, he becomes more electrified with power, stimulated into making new effort, and as the new effort becomes successful in its results to his life, he is only more thoroughly enlarged in conception and in understanding, and able thus to gain more of power, and to put it forth for higher achievement; consequently we reason from this state of things that as the spirit presses on and on, it will only enlarge, it will gain greater capacity for holding and for understanding spiritual truths, and therefore it can never become absorbed and lost in any sea of light or power, but it may grow more and more near to the Infinite, until it becomes so strong and vigorous in mentality and in spirituality as to seem almost like the Infinite himself.

This is not blasphemous talk; it is said with all due reverence, for we remember that we are parts of the Infinite, that we are the children of God, that we must sometimes show our likeness unto the Father of all.

Q.—[By "An Old Subscriber," Woodstock, Ct.] A friend of mine, an old lady, has unfortunately been led into the morphine habit, which she is desirous to break up. (She would like to know whether this habit will prove to have had an evil effect on the spirit-body when she reaches the other life, and how she should escape from the practice while in this world, since every effort she has thus far made to do so results in her being promptly seized by sickness.)

A.—We have a profound compassion for any person who is afflicted as your correspondent states. It is to us a sad and spectacle to behold a human being struggling in the clutches of such a terrible habit and power as that which the use of opium creates in the human system. We know that the experience is terrible to the sufferer, as well as to those who behold it. It seems to us that the best method to pursue in breaking the bonds of the opium or morphine habit is to place one's self under the strong psychological and healing power of some sympathetic, honest, healthy operator, who understands the psychology, and who also possesses in his or her own system elements of health and of positive will-power. Such an individual will undoubtedly be highly mediumistic, and will draw spirits of intelligence and kindly power to his side, and these intelligences will be able to operate through his system upon the patients whom he may approach, if he is assimilative with them, if he is sympathetic, and gives out his soul unto them. In the hour of crisis, under the care of such an operator, and the attention of his band of spirits, the patient will undoubtedly be able to yield up in a measure something of her own force, and the nervous system will be quieted, and even supplied with nutriment under such a regimen.

It is a matter of experiment, however, whether this will succeed or not, but it is the course we should adopt in our own case. Again, we should have our patient live as largely as possible in the open air, and partake of fruits and cereals, or of vegetable substances, of milk and of such mild food. We would recommend frequent bathing of the entire body, which should be well rubbed in the morning, and at night, if necessary; then we would also insist that the patient should be removed from anxiety and personal care, so that nature itself might find opportunity and power to recuperate her forces and to restore a proper equilibrium throughout the entire system.

Your correspondent wishes to know how the spirit will be affected when she passes from the body. That depends very much upon the nature of the spirit itself. If it is clinging to outside things, if it cares more for the earth and its physical conditions than for the spiritual, then will she be unhappily situated in the other life. But we should suppose that your correspondent's friend aspires, that she sends forth her spiritual nature in advance of the physical life, and therefore that when she discards the physical it will only be a matter of a brief time before she will be released from contact with these material conditions, and rise superior to their laws. It is true that many times when an appetite or habit is contracted which is deleterious to the health of the physical system, as well as the normal workings of the brain, the spirit suffers intensely after it has loosened its hold of the body; it feels the old craving, there is something in its nature demanding those elements which cannot be supplied by the spirit-world, and there is an intense longing for that which it denied itself in spite of war, and the will-power of man can rise superior to every outward circumstance and law. If the spirit struggles to rise, cries out for assistance, determines to put the shackles under its feet, so to speak, this will be accomplished, for it will not only find a supremacy of power awakening within its own depths, but it will receive the assistance of wise and helpful spirits who understand how to minister to spirits or minds diseased.

Q.—Would it not be better that doctors should be more thoroughly taught the importance of a knowledge of diet, in treating the sick, rather than such importance be given, as now, to mere drug medication?

A.—We should answer decidedly, Yes to this question. We think it of the utmost importance that every physician should study the requirements of his patient to such a degree as to thoroughly inform himself what elements of nutrition are demanded by the diseased organism, and to supply them through the dietary system, principally that he orders for his patient. We believe that there are articles of food, natural products of the earth, which will supply every element necessary for the growth, and to repair the waste, of this organism which you possess; therefore, if physicians would study the elements and the component parts of your various foods, especially of your grains and fruits and other substances springing from the earth and its atmosphere, they would be able to learn how to supply the systems of their patients with proper nutriment for the rebuilding of the depleted forces.

Materia medica has depended entirely upon the application and administration of drugs and poisons, many of which have contained elements severe upon, and even poisonous to, the human system. We can concede that the organism may sometimes fall into such a state of disorganization as to require certain elements which, perhaps, in a condition of health would prove poisonous to the system, but which, under conditions of disease, may prove of benefit. We think this is the exception instead of the rule, and what nature requires, when it becomes exhausted or devitalized, is new elements, new nutrition—something that will supply what has been wasted; it only needs repair, and the machinery will go on doing its own work.

The time is undoubtedly coming when physicians will be able to understand the organization of their patients; will seek to understand their habits, tastes, tendencies and general mode of life of those whom they are called to attend; and in doing this they will learn how to apply specially curative agencies to each case brought under their observation.

Q.—Do all the facts of a person's earthly life impress themselves upon what we call the memory in the order of their occurrence?

A.—That is what we are taught, and it is what we teach inquiring minds. Memory is a power which can never die, for it takes of the spirit's nature. Upon the spiritual universe is recorded every event and circumstance which arises in the life of humanity, for the individual memory records the individual experiences of the man. These may be clouded over, because of fast arising circumstances and experiences, but they are not obliterated, and by-and-by, when the veil of mortality is removed, the clouds will disperse, memory will reassert itself, bringing forward the remembrance of those past events and occurrences which have taken place. It has been told us that the experience of many spirits, that as they came to a full consciousness of their condition and surroundings in the spirit-world, after passing from the mortal form, there arose before them every event and circumstance which had taken place in their lives. These passed before their vision like a series of panoramic views, presenting in detail and even in color what which had long since been forgotten, seemingly, but which had occurred many years in the past, even on earth. Individuals who have been rescued from drowning, or who have escaped from almost the jaws of death, have revealed this experience, that at the moment when they seemed to be losing consciousness of this life, there came before them memories, trains of thought, pictures of events which had passed, and which seemed to come with double force. And this is true, for it is the spirit asserting its power, and showing that it is the spirit, and it is this principle of humanity which brings to the front that direct consciousness of what we have been, what we have done, and how we might have accomplished more and might have been better, which in itself brings the scourge of retribution to those who have failed to do their duty.

Q.—Can any such impressions become obliterated, and be beyond the possibility of being recalled?

A.—We do not know of any circumstance or event in the life of a man that can possibly be so obliterated, that it is impossible to recall, for we repeat, that all the events of time are recorded upon the universe, and all the events of the human life are recorded within the sensorium of the brain; memory faithfully

keeps her vigil, and will bring them into review at the proper time.

Q.—[By G. B., Canada.] History states that the several parts of the authorized version of the New Testament were first declared canonical in the third century, A. D., by the Emperor Constantine, after the rejection of many other epistles and ecclesiastical writings, by over three hundred bishops at the Council of Nice. Can you inform us who were the authors of the several gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John? and when these gospels were written? and how it happened that they were written in Greek, and not in Hebrew, the national language of the Jews, and in which their Bible and old Targums were written?

A.—Well, we do not look upon the New Testament as identical or really belonging especially to the time and age of the Old Testament. We look upon the Old Testament as a history of the political, social and religious life of the Hebrew nation, as far as it could be in those times chronicled, and we have no doubt that it was a very fair historical account of departments of experience in the life of that nation.

On the other hand, the New Testament is, to our mind, not only an historical record of facts and events which occurred in the times to which it refers, but also a code of moral philosophy, outlined for the general instruction of the people, and that it was not intended by its projectors to be received as having a bearing particularly on that which had gone before in the life of the Hebrew nation. It would be useless for us to give our opinion concerning the authors of the four gospels mentioned, because it would bear no particular evidence to minds on earth. We know of no instance that we can point to in the historical records that you could search and understand for yourselves in this relation, and therefore the expression of our individual opinion would count as naught. We do not believe that the four gospels mentioned were written by those individuals whose names they bear, since to our mind these were chronicled long after the apostles, so called, had passed from earth and engaged in higher scenes and other employments; but that they were given forth by those who understood the Greek as well as other ancient languages, is no doubt true. They were not the work of one mind alone, but of many minds, and they really comprise a compilation of thoughts, of events and circumstances which have been handed down in fragmentary form from one line to another of human individuals, and have become crystallized into this shape in which you now behold them. Further than this we shall not say on this subject, because it is impossible for us to bring you evidence of what we claim.

To our mind, the Bible has been of great service to mankind as an historical record of the life of a nation, unfolding to the thinking mind of the student a knowledge of the beauty and of the vigorous power of that intellectual life which has asserted itself in spite of war, of desolation, of the clashing of arms and much of sensual existence, which were rampant at the time. This Hebrew history has undoubtedly enriched the minds of many of its students, but we cannot accept it as the infallible word of God, but rather partly as an historical record, partly as the result of legendary lore, partly as an exhibition of the intellectual life of the people and the times.

The New Testament comes to us with great significance, as a record of the life, the progress, the hopes and desires of the human race, especially those who dwell among the Hebrews and in the ancient East. To our mind man can steadily trace, from the Old to the New, that line of advancement wherein we behold intellectually growing and expressing itself, but grandly merging into the spiritual—becoming more refined in its tastes and in its achievements, more beautiful in its teachings and its hopes; looking more fully to the interior life of mankind, and less voluntarily to the external conditions. We believe that this New Testament outlines a scheme of moral ethics grand and beautiful, which it would be well for all to follow, and which would bring to our hearts new conceptions of life and of duty, of immortality and spirituality beyond any that we have ever possessed, perhaps, if we would only study these beautiful teachings exemplified through the life of the Nazarene, brought to the world through his ministrations and his death, and through those who were faithful unto the truth by higher intelligences, who made use of these instrumentalities to do their work.

## SPIRIT MESSAGES.

THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. B. F. Smith.

Report of Public Séance held March 22d, 1889.

[Continued from last issue.]

Annie Mack.

[To the Chairman:] Can I come in this meeting? [Yes, glad to have you.] I want to thank the people that bring the flowers. Oh! look at the rose-buds! Aint those lovely! [To the Chairman:] You're a good man. Don't you know there's a big man right-side of you, and he comes to help you every day. I send him here one day before. I send your mamma. She's a good mamma. She aint any better than mine.

Oh! those lovely flowers! You could n't paint 'em like that, could you? Sometime you're going to see the flowers what we have where we are. [Aside, to a spirit:] Oh! Annie, don't bring the doggie here. She did n't ought to bring him here.

I want to tell you I have a lovely teacher where I go to school. You don't see her, but I'll bring her to you, when you come where we are. And I'm going to show you all the pretty things.

Oh! the flowers we want to, and we have the dogs and the kitties. Grandma had a little that used to steal in the pantry, but that aint the little I've got. We've got a horse, too. Grandma used to have a horse called "Old Dick," but he aint come where we are. He's coming some day.

And I want to tell you about the children we play with. They're all good children. You was a little boy once, w'n't you? I know you was, 'cause you've grown bigger.

I want to tell you, I want to tell you, I don't forget it. My teacher is a nice lady, but she's a spirit-lady. She used to write verses—poetry, she says it isn't proper to say verses. She is Alice Cary. She tries to teach us all things right. Then sometimes she repeats poetry to us. You went to school once, didn't you, just the same as we do? [Yes.] Only we learn more perfect where we are.

I goin' to tell you my name 'fore I get out. The spirit gentleman says if I wander off so much I'll forget it. I do n't believe it. I never forget my name.

Grandma always used to say if we made much noise it would give folks the headache. I won't talk quite so loud, nor quite so fast, like I did. I goin' to bring you some white flowers sometime, 'cause you're a nice gentleman. Now I want you to put that down: I'll know if you do n't. I'll see when I read it, 'cause I can read. I want to tell you, too, I went to Washington—the capital, you know. I went there, and you ought to have gone when I went, and had a nice time, and seen all the pretty places where I went—not when I was like you are, but since; I could n't go then.

I lived in Duxbury, Vt. I want you to put down my name. It is Annie Mack. That aint a hard name to spell. Good-morning.

Emma Savage.

The children are welcome here. That dear child got a little nervous, as you would say, in mortal life—could hardly hold herself to one subject long enough to speak what she wished to say. I often wonder, as I see so many children gathering here, why it is you in the mortal cannot sense these little spirits that come laden with so much affection to each one. As I look into the audience to-day I find beside so many of you mortals some dear little child with upturned face looking eagerly into yours, asking why you do not speak to it, not old enough to understand and realize that you in the mortal cannot behold its form.

I am happy in my spirit-home. I am happy to be in the company of those loving children. I did not understand, while in mortal life, that we could return and come into communication with the loved ones here. I have learned

much in spirit, and have much more to learn. Oh! how grand, how good it is to feel that in a little while each one will join the happy spirit band. Many yet left in the mortal have placed the doors tightly against us, and say, "No, I cannot feel they come to earth." No, I do not believe they will return in olden times, and they do today. God's laws cannot be broken. I find now many things are made clear that were a mystery to me when on earth. In our homes above we are not when together, but we form companionships outside, and visit and re-visit as you do in the mortal life.

You may ask: Do you have houses and homes like ours? They are similar, yet not material; they are spiritual. We must have what we term an abiding-place, a home; but through the attraction to loved ones, we are often drawn to earth. Often we hear one and another say: "Let us visit such and such ones of the family." But how little do you know of our visits! Frequently we come in the silent hours of the night. I have often stood by the side of the loved ones, hoping I might leave much influence, much strength with them, and that they might feel we were there. It has been some eight or nine years, as near as I can reckon it, since I passed away; but I cannot be sure I am correct, as we fail to keep an account of mortal time. As I entered spirit-life Aunt Mary came, and looking at me earnestly, said: "Come with me. I have much to show you." She took me to her beautiful spirit-home. In a little time others came, who had gone out of the home, and some that I never knew in earth-life only by hearing them spoken of. Uncle Joseph took me by the hand, saying, "Come, there is much for you to learn in spirit-life." And in a little time I learned the meaning of progression.

To-day I cannot say half as much as I would like to; but if they will come to me privately in Buffalo, I shall be very grateful to them. I have wished I might speak of family matters, but I must wait and be patient. I am not going to speak of business affairs here, for, as I look upon one and another, I perceive this is a public place. After passing over, in a little while I learned to might enter earth-life again, and come into communication with my friends, it only provided with an instrument; but when I made the attempt, I found I had no instrument that I could control. I wish, sir, you would be kind enough to record me as Emma, Savage.

George W. Morrill.

I have felt it would be a privilege to step upon this platform and give out a few words, not only to my own, but to kindred and to many friends. I am satisfied to give a short message, for I feel that if I could meet them privately I should have much more to say. I have been asked mentally by friends many times to enter this room and speak a few words, not only for their benefit, but for the benefit of the souls of the world. I did not understand here what I have learned since, although it is but a short period since I threw off the old mantle of clay and put on the bright and beautiful garments of immortality. I have spoken but a few words before this, still I have come into my own home many times.

Dear wife, think not that I am far away from you because of the separation that has come to you in the mortal. I feel that I can be more to you spiritually, and know you will be eager to learn something from where you are coming to in a little while. A few years will soon slip away, and then we shall be together. Yes, I think of the happy reunion that will take place. Many old friends that have crossed the portal were ready to meet me. The hand-shaking, the welcome on our side is grand; it is beautiful! I wish to send greetings home, first, and then also send a few words to the dear old friend far away, Captain Wilson, by whom I know I am not forgotten. I would make some return for the notice he has taken of the few words that have been spoken. Think not, dear friends, I have not been anxious to speak here. I have been, although sometimes I have felt that others might give out more than I could. I wish to say here that on the spirit-side we need no title, and also that I have met many of the old townspeople.

Dear wife, whenever there is a channel open, improve it, that you may come into communication with me, only with me, but with other members of the family. We are together, but not all the time, any more than you would be in mortal life. I have been here in three meetings; in your last gathering I thought perhaps I might control the little lady, but I failed. To-day I started out with a strong determination that I would make them understand that I live, and that I am very anxious for them to know I have a work to do on the spirit-side. I am grateful for the few moments allotted to me. I will not intrude longer, as others are waiting patiently. George W. Morrill, of Amesbury.

Oscar H. Allen.

I have stepped upon this platform several times, hoping I might send a few words to loved ones who have been wishing they might know how I have found it in the life beyond.

Father, dear brother, think not that I am far away. It is only a few moments, I should hardly think it could be one year, but I cannot tell, since they called me up higher. As the spirit was taking its flight, the angels came around me, and dear, loving friends came to me to bid me welcome, as the loving ones in the mortal smoothed the pathway down to the shining river. Oh! how kind they were; but they could not hold the spirit here longer. Father, you felt you could not part with your boy.

What I learned in the mortal in regard to spirit-return was of great help to me as I crossed the portal termed death. But there is no death, only a change, and it seemed so quick I knew not of any time that I did not possess a body. The one I have is fashioned in the same likeness that I wore here. As the guides came they took me by the hand, and led me on and on to beautiful bowers, where flowers were springing up; it seemed like a long lane that I walked through with my angelic help. Oh! how beautiful was that lane—no bower of roses, whose perfume we caught as we passed along. How many times were the sweet flowers of spirit-life brought to me, and I sensed them spiritually in my last sickness. Oh! how hard it was for the dear friends to feel I must leave them, for only twenty-two years did I dwell in the flesh; and now, as I said, it is but a little while since I put on the beautiful garment of immortality.

I am happy in my spirit-home, but I cannot rest here. I want them to know that I come to them. I am with them for that purpose, to make them realize my presence, and feel that I have found it true; yes, more beautiful than ever could be pictured to us. We may come here time after time and try to tell you of the beauties of our spirit-homes, but we fail. When you enter spirit-life you will know for yourselves. I do not feel any of the sensation coming over me of the way we passed out; but many spirits tell me they do in entering earth-life or coming in contact with mortals. I feel well. I feel strong, dear father; and in a little time they call you up higher to join those who have gone before. Grandma sends greetings to you to-day.

Have I found them all? No, not yet; it is such a little time since I left you, and there is much for me to learn. Many dear relatives that I do not know in the mortal, they tell me are dwelling in spirit-life. Oscar H. Allen, of Boston.

Lavinia Goss.

How many stand looking wistfully into the audience, wishing they might give a message; but there is always a reason why some are not able to take control. Mortals may sit before us, thinking it very easy for us to speak a few words here. Now, I have been asked more than one twelvemonth ago if I would sometime give a message, that they might have it to read over and over again; and I said yes, when there was an opportunity for me, or when I was granted the privilege. You know we cannot come and speak just as we wish to at any time.

I know, LeForrest, you will be glad to learn that mother has spirit, and I am happy in doing so, hoping you will say that your father may read what I may say, knowing, as I do,







