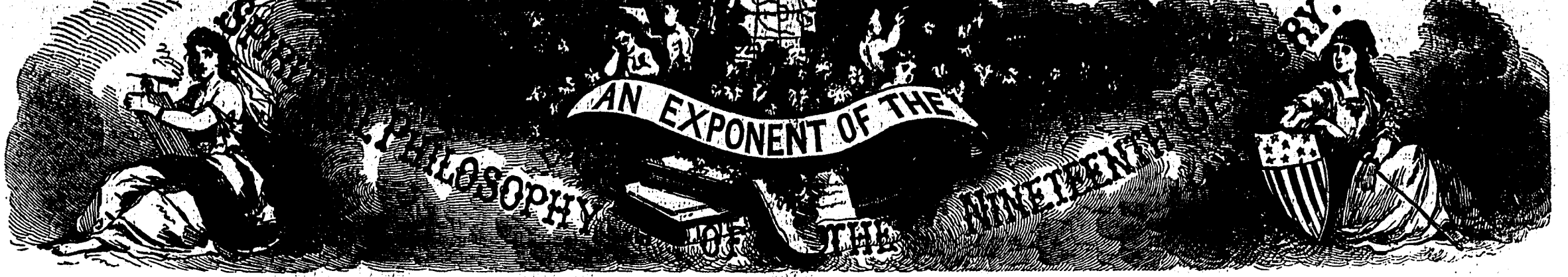


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 71.

COLBY & RICH,
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1892.

(\$2.50 Per Annum,
Postage Free.)

NO. 8.

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Easter Spiritualized!

IMMORTALITY FOR THE RACE!

The Morning Has Broken on the Shores of the Occident.

A Discourse Delivered in Berkeley Hall on Easter Sunday, April 17th, 1892, before the Boston Spiritual Temple,
BY HON. SIDNEY DEAN.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.)

BECAUSE of its beauty and appropriateness I have copied Horace Smith's "HYMN TO THE FLOWERS" for our Easter lesson:

Day-stars! that open your flawless eyes to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation;

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high;

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's temple tessellate;
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awe'd by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, oh, flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliness nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
'Weep without weal and blush without a crime,"
Oh may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours!
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist!
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure;
Blooming o'er fields and waving by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope!
Each fading calyx a memento mori,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitude remaining,
Far from all voices of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of God's ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

The past of history is full of glad Easter mornings. There has been and is a constant resurrection unto life, a springtide of life bursting rotting cements and blossoming into beauty, vigor and healthfulness, the token and the promise of fruitfulness in reproduction. Then all nature turns vocal, for the night of her tomb has been dissipated by the splendor of the sun mounting to its meridian, and shedding warmth and light into nature's cold wintry grave. All nature puts on her beautiful apparel, and comes forth a queen in her fresh, new coronation robes. For Easter signifies resurrection; and while the pulses of nature ebb and flow, there will always be the recurring resurrection after the winter of silence and rest. For such is the wise economy builded into the universe, and it is marked by a steady, rhythmic progress which we define as law.

We do not seem to comprehend the universality of these great recurring movements. Their sweep is only comprehended by the patient observer; and even the wisest have not become so much like gods in their mental and intuitional stature as to grasp all the details of this wonderful process of death in life, and life springing out of death at the opportune hour, when the forces call and the time is ripe for the resurrection. But nature is no halting, doubting, uncertain interger in the recurring phenomena of the great universe; for whether it be the regular, rhythmic movements of all the vast stellar universe, or the birth and blossoming of a new, fresh Easter lily, dripping from its morning bath of dew, or the birth of a man-child out of a pregnant womb to take up the career of life, all move with the regularity and the certainty of the footsteps of God upon his own footstool.

But the orbit of the earth, its place and po-

sition among its sister planets, its revolutions—the greater and the lesser—its atmospheric belting, its concentric yet regular movements in aphelion and perihelion, are all essential to the blooming of an Easter lily, as they are to the birth of man, or to the perfection of the vast granary of nature by which food and drink and clothing and warmth and sleep are provided for his physical nourishment and recuperation. Move all these from their prepared place and no resurrection unto life will ever dawn upon this globe, neither for man nor beast, for fowl or fish, for insect or plant, but a common grave of silence and death, with its long, resurrectionless sleep, would cover all forms from which the life has fled, and cover them with a measureless forever.

Who sees not an infinite design in this night and morning, this winter and springtime, this plane of death constantly melting into the morning of the resurrection? Who looks into the variegated and beautiful cup of the Easter lily and says, "Chance designed you, fashioned you in beauty, awoke you from your slumbers in the tuber buried in the deep night-darkness of the soil, and bade you rise into a fresh, new morning of life, and Chance is God?" Who takes his telescope and stands under the great arch at night, watching the glow and sparkle of a myriad diamond points in the deep, measureless blue, finds them to be worlds, and parts of vast universes and systems of worlds, all moving in regular order, each in its own orbit, and then says, "Chance brought all these out of chaos, and Chance is God?"

Who stands at the portal of birth, an assistant of nature in her processes of accouchement, and aids in ushering into being a human child; listens to hear the music of a new heart's beatings; notes the unaided play of the new lungs; listens to the new voice untaught of man; sees the lids open and a new intelligence announce its presence through the eyes, and sees it begin its evolutionary life up into man or womanhood, and says: "Chance formed, fashioned, adjusted and set in motion this wonderful piece of human mechanism, and Chance is the creative God!"

And who, when the leaves fall, the grass withers, the lilies die and nature spreads a white, frosty mantle of snow and ice over field and mountain, over babbling brook and river; when nature's reproductive forces seem dead, inert, powerless, and the sun has gone away, apparently, into the frozen regions of the North; when the wise ant hides itself in its dark pantry among its stored provisions, and the squirrel and those of his genus seek in the recesses and darkness of decayed tree-trunks—dead or dying—a place to curl himself up, seal the portals of his stomach and commence his winter of hibernation—the symbol of death; who stands by icy brook, or sealed river; on the snowy mantle of earth; looks up to the cold, cheerless sun hurrying down the west; peeps in upon the hibernating roll of fur in the decayed tree-trunk, and says: "Chance did all this; and Chance plays with death as with life. All of life is lost, for Chance is God!"

And who, more foolish than all the others, walks out into the glad, warm springtide of nature's movements, sees the white snow-mantle change to the green of the velvet sward; sees the buds swell and break into tiny flowers of beauty upon tree and bush; dabbles in the splashing waters of unbound brook and river; sees the antics of the furry rodent who has shaken off his hibernating repose; catches the long bright rays of the warm sun as it steadily mounts its increasing way to the zenith, and lingers long and lovingly on its decline; hears the new opera of the birds; smells the sweet perfume, fresh brewed from nature's restored alembic; and exults in the sensuous delights of an Easter morning, a resurrection of gladness in all his being, and says: "Chance did all this, and Chance is God!" Are there among the evolved brains of the world to-day any such fools, who have survived the dreary winter of the dark ages of ignorance, agnosticism and credulity?

To believe in chance or happening, in a universe without design, or order, or in the possession of vital forces sufficient to keep death, disintegration, decay and subsequent annihilation of form at bay, might be pardoned because of ignorance and non-observation when the winter of death has sealed the earth like a grave. But in the glad Easter resurrection into life, with the whole conscious nature absorbing these fresh tides of life and thrilling with the ecstasy which they produce; to pause in the midst of these vitalizing glories—ever recurring in their order of return—to crown a meaningless thing, a theory which is emblazoned over its every part with the word falsehood, as a God, the God Chance, is to write against one's name the appropriate title of a pessimist fool.

And why should so broad, so general, and so regularly recurring a drama, whose play was set as soon as the stage of life was prepared, dating backward beyond the antiquities of human history—why should this grand recurring scene in nature, vouching both the wisdom and love of creation's architect, be localized and made subservient to a creedal philosophy, or the mere adjunct of a human, churchly or ganization? And why, out of the many stages of this grand drama of awakening life, should one day of it all be selected and localized to symbolize a creedal theory which is false to nature as it is false to fact, to wit, the reconstruction and resurrection of the particles of matter belonging to a dead body; the reinstatement of its old life; its possession by its former spirit intelligence, and its eternal continuance in the same identical form?

Nature never taught or illustrated such a

subversion of her fundamental laws and processes. Nature's processes are as regular as the multitudes of the celestial chronometers which blazon the heavens, and mark the regularity of the law's forces. Her Easters are bounded by no time, race, or creed.

Neither does she perform an act of resurrecting that which in matter would be the equivalent of the old dogma of metempsychosis, or the return of a spirit to develop again into an earthly maturity after it had once lived and been released from its mortal form. The Easters of nature, and her laws, bring a fresh, new flower out of an old matrix which has slumbered in its wintry bed. It is nature's evolutionary process, coeval with her very existence. The type and the blossoming, under the law of culture, give to the new a grander beauty and perfection than the old ever disclosed. The old rose, lily, pink or jasmine, are never reconstructed, never resurrected. You pull leaf and petal in pieces, and fill your rose-jars with them. They give forth their odor until they are odorless, "dying in a sweet perfume," but they never have a resurrection into material life. You may see and cultivate their children, or succession, but their earth-mission is accomplished for themselves forever.

Why, then, should it be asserted as a dogma, a faith, that man, as an animal, under material laws shall do what no other department of the material universe can or ever shall be permitted to do, to wit, bring the dead particles of his earth-body, scattered through every element of nature, and becoming a part of every zone of matter, into the same form and use, and continue to exist in immaterial life, the same physical person? This is called the resurrection of the body, and as taught by the credulism of the past, is based upon the alleged resurrection of the material body of the great spiritual humanitarian of Nazareth and Calvary. And all the Easters of nature, back thousands of years before his birth on earth, are sought to be made tributary to the alleged event.

Nay, the selection of the time of his material resurrection has been chosen in the springtime of earth, in order to make it tributary to this false creed and false faith. There is no warrant in historic fact for this assumption of date. A true chronology of dates requires that a fair intelligence, with means of making the records of that intelligence impervious to the assaults of time, shall have continuously existed. We have no such reliable data as to the months or days of that great tragedy of which the Son of Man was the chief figure. History may have recorded the age, the epoch, the decade, and possibly the year, but we have no authoritative closer record of time.

And if we had, the assertion that our brother, the son of Joseph and Mary, descendants of the Jewish priesthood, rose physically, a sound, living body, the same matter which had found entombment in the rocky sarcophagus of Joseph of Arimathea, and that it still lives in supernatural realms, the same body, the law of whose particles has been suspended for two thousand years, and will continue to be forever suspended, cannot be accepted. The laws of God, as continuously voiced in nature, working uniformly down the historic ages, are not to be abrogated or set aside for the record of an alleged miracle, when the alleged miracle itself was and is unnecessary to the completeness of the system of theology of which it forms a part.

Nay, the plain teachings of this wise philosopher, and the writings of his apostles, have to be tortured out of their legitimate meaning in order to give place to this anomaly—this suspension and reversal of all the known or observed laws and orderly processes of the universe. There are no Easter mornings for dead matter, never have been and never will be while nature performs her assigned functions. Graveyards will not yawn to give up the moldered dead, or to flaunt their rotting ceremonies on a tainted air. It is life, recurring life, according to the laws of nature and spirit, which has its recurring Easters or resurrections.

Not, then, for the Easter day of the church, but for the glad Easters of nature, in her ever-recurring processes, do we lift our jubilant hearts and voices. The creative God speaks continuous life for man, the spirit, through these ever-recurring deaths of the old and births of the new. The grave is not the end-all of the race. There is a springtime of new, vigorous life after the bleak winter of age, decrepitude and death. The spirit-intelligence is more than its material housing. The beauty and fragrance and life in the rose or the Easter lily, come forth from the grave of winter and live still in the new creation, clothed in all the modest but regal beauty of their rose and lily parentage. But the old rose and lily return to mortal gardens nevermore.

Is there an Easter for man, a constantly recurring Easter for the race? What is its place in the economy of creation? How are we as individual parts of the human whole to be affected by it? What lesson or lessons can we, living in the material form, learn from the constantly recurring movements of this illimitable ocean of life? Shall we examine, formulate, confess to her laws, and then crown them with a dark veil of mystery, as something too sacred to be discussed or applied? Or shall we accept law and fact, and in the use of enlightened reason and a glad, hopeful heart, see for ourselves the bright, approaching Easter morning of eternal life for ourselves, for all men, spring up out of the winter and darkness of earth's sorrows, pains, death and sealed graves?

Man is a spiritual being, with a spiritual as well as a material organism. The man Christ

(Continued on second page.)

Prophetic: Electricity.

A Visit to Benjamin Franklin in Spirit-Life.

[EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.]

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "The Discarded Country," "Oceanides," a Psychical Novel, Etc., Etc.

After we had builded our home among the angels, we desired to visit some of those beautiful temples of wisdom which we had passed on entering in at the gate of the shining city.

As we were now a completed angel, our thoughts and desires were one; although we bore two forms, yet, like the two hemispheres of a human brain acting simultaneously for the elimination of thought, our two spiritual bodies, the positive and the negative, or male and female, acted in like manner, in perfect unison and harmony for the elimination of thoughts and desires on a greater, grander scale than is possible for a spirit or a man or woman singly.

An earthly man's thought, at best, is an imperfect half-thought, although forceful and positive; a woman's thought is an imperfect half-thought, although a shade more spiritual, more interior and less positive, but when the true union of the right positive and negative takes place, as it invariably must before an angel can be formed, then the thoughts which are eliminated from the blending become round, full, perfect, harmonious in all their parts, and may be compared to beautiful, lovely and perfect children, which they represent....

The great, unchangeable, natural law is, that until the true union takes place an angel cannot be the result; they are yet but wandering spirits, seeking to become angels—desiring to enter the angelic cities. Such had been Mary, such had been Solon—such nevermore to be: The angel was perfected, their thoughts and desires were one; and thus our thoughts went forth as one thought, our desires as one desire.

We desired first to visit a shining temple which we had observed on our way hither. As all the temples which we had seen differed from each other, we had no difficulty in remembering the appearance of the one we wished to enter first.

This temple had dazzled us with its beauty and brightness; it had appeared to our sight something as the sun appears to the eyes of man, or, rather, as a rising sun when but half its disk appears above the horizon. It was in the form of a great rising sun, shooting forth innumerable rays of dazzling light, each ray penciled in all the exquisite colors of the rainbow, and yet a thousand times more beautiful and refined than the heavier, coarser colors of the earthly rainbow.

The temple was in the form of a perfect half-globe, its base resting on a bank of rosy clouds; for the earth of the angelic city was not more dense than the clouds of earth, and these clouds were piled up like an earthly high hill or mountain—terrace upon terrace, cloud upon cloud, and the door of the temple was reached by many, very many steps of palest shining gold. We observed, as we approached, a beautiful banner flying from the apex of the temple, formed like a kite, and as we inspected it more closely, we saw that the long golden string of the beautiful kite was held in the hands of a tiny statue, appearing like pale bronze, the face upturned, the eyes looking earnestly at the flying, floating, wavering kite, as it pitched and tossed about. Upon the shining white surface of the kite were the following words: "THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE US FREE!"

Over the arched, amber entrance to the interior of this beautiful temple was the name, written in words of flaming light: "BENJAMIN FRANKLIN!" and upon the door: "Electrical Institute"; and in a half-circle, over a small white button, the following words: "Whosoever desires to enter, touch this button." Touching the button, the door at once opened wide, and we entered immediately, finding ourselves within a vast space, for the half-globe, forming the temple, was very large—so large indeed that it appeared very much as the domed heavens of earth appear, the interior being of a pale blue.

We looked around with eager curiosity. There being no vestibule, the thought entered our mind that Franklin's economy would not admit of anything which could be called superfluous. That which met our gaze was wonderful indeed. In the centre of this vast circular room was a raised dais or throne, and standing upon it were two forms which we recognized at once as those belonging to [the angel] Benjamin Franklin....

The dais was revolving slowly around, so that Franklin's eyes could successively take in all the details of this vast workshop, as we may call it, and no part escape his scrutinizing glance—for he was personally directing all this intricate business....

Immediately there flashed out on the blue walls of the temple, in letters of flaming gold, the following sentences:

"Electricity is the motive-power which revolves this dais. All harbor lights, as well as revolving lights, will yet be lighted and worked by the aid of electricity. Electric cable wires will be run to all shoals, dangerous reefs, rocks and small islands—and groups of the same together will be instantly lighted by the touch of a finger; this appertains to the earth below."

... Again, other sentences flashed out on the blue vault:

"All signaling will yet be done after the manner of this writing—it will be projected by electrical apparatus from some high tower against the atmosphere for even hundreds of miles out over the sea. Towers will yet be erected all over the habitable earthly globe, and messages of various import will be projected into the atmosphere to be read by thousands of people at once.

"Immense electrical flash-lights will, at some future period, reach the moon and the inhabitants of Mars; pictorial representations will be hurled into their atmospheres, and responses from the inhabitants of Mars will be obtained. The moon is not inhabited by man—nothing as yet but a few of the lower reptiles."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Franklin now descended from the dais, and with welcoming eyes and smiling lips approached us; our hands met in sympathetic clasp:

"We feel honored," he said, "that this institute should be the first to be visited by a new-made angel. Will you come with us and take seats upon the dais? It will be to you as an observatory."

We gladly consented, and soon found ourselves, together with Franklin, slowly revolving as the dais swung around.

"Electricity," he said, "is the pivot or motive power on which all worlds swing within their orbits. Electricity will yet be the motive power of all machinery that will move on earth, and the earth will soon be circumnavigated entirely by means of electricity. Behold! all cars will be run by electricity; all ships which plow the oceans and seas; vehicles of all kinds will be moved by its power; all printing will be done by its aid; everywhere where fire is needed, there will it be called into requisition, and the whole world will be lighted by it. We are now speaking of the earth on which we once lived."

"Every ray which shoots forth from all suns is purely electrical, and electricity is the principle, or moving power, of all life and growth wherever found. Electricity will yet carry air-ships swiftly around the earthly globe, and transport its inhabitants from one point to another; and 'poor crazy Ben,' as he used sometimes to be called by cavaliers at his experiments, will receive his just meed of recognition....

"My dear Solon, you will readily understand that if the electrical rays from the sun can paint the clouds in all imaginable colors, likewise an electrical light may be so arranged that it can at first paint the clouds by the projecting of colored rays arranged in the form of letters or pictures, and, as people grow wiser still, they can thus paint the evening sky, and, last of all, the clear blue dome of the heavens."

"Think not, my Solon, that Franklin is idle, or ever has been since he left the earth; for as fast as he could think out or discover a new method for the use of the electrical current, immediately he put himself en rapport with some person yet on the earth who had a brain fitted to receive the impressions conveyed, work them out and give them to the world. What did he care whether such person bore the name of Thomas Edison, or any other? What is in a name, after all? It is light and truth which the people on the earth want. The man who gives it is but the medium between the heavens and the earth; names are of little account."

"Well," we asked, "how about the air-ships?"

"Look!" he replied, and we looked.

Ah, yes; it was all clear at once!

"Powerful magnets placed on high eminences will draw the electrical current as straight as the needle to the pole. Manage your air-ships in that way, and they will soon become a success. A powerful magnet placed on the highest eminence in New York will draw an electrical air-ship in a straight line from Boston, and so on from place to place around the globe," and the pictorial representation of this was what we were looking at as he pointed.

"Now we come to pictures," continued Franklin; "we paint all our thoughts as pictures, on the brain of sensitive still on the earth. They say that they see such and such scenes, or that they are impressed with this and that; many laugh and sneer at them."

"Oh! ye thick-heads—whose brains are, in comparison, as coarse, brown paper, to the finely-prepared sensitive paper of the photographer—laugh not, neither sneer, for such acts but proclaim your own obtuseness. Look in a mirror, laugh and sneer at the reflection it gives you, and you will have a boon companion; for what gives you back your own reflection or picture? *Electrical rays!* nothing more, nothing less. Electrical rays, which you call light, strike first your sneering face, from thence dart straight on their course: where? Oh! sneering face?—straight for the great magnetic globe, the counterpart of the sun; they cannot get through the mirror, for some cunning hand has placed an impenetrable shield at the back of the glass; they cannot get through that way, therefore they bend or are deflected from their straight course, and throw the picture of your sneering face back on your own obtuse brain, through the camera of your haughty eyes; the rays do not stop there, but; once more deflect after leaving the picture or impression; they

The shape of the thoughts of the human heart as to death and after has varied with varying civilization, but it has been held everywhere. In the main, the common ideas of death have been shrouded in gloom;

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of personal free opinion, but we do not endorse the varied shades of thought to which correspondents give utterance. No notice will be taken of any letter or communication which does not come authenticated by the name and address of the writer.

For the purpose of sending to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1892.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.)

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, No. 9 Newbury Street, corner Province Street, (Lower Floor.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS: THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, 14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER. LUTHER COLBY, EDITORS. JOHN W. DAY, EDITORS.

Communications for publication must be addressed to the Editors. All business letters should be addressed to the BUSINESS MANAGER, in order to receive prompt attention.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have decided to offer those of our patrons, who feel disposed to labor for the extension of the circulation of THE BANNER, a pecuniary incentive, namely: **until further notice we will accept Clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00.** We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists in its and our behalf.

Specimen copies will be furnished gratuitously to canvassers and to those who wish to utilize this paper.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers.

The Duty of the Hour.

The almost universal celebration of the recent Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, besides impressing its immediate and direct lesson on all minds that either sympathized with or participated in the proceedings, provokes a number of practical inquiries as well, and such as really deserve a practical answer.

Among them is this one: Is the outcome of it all to be an increased and stimulated activity on the part of Spiritualists? If not, then it all subsides into a mere matter of form, comparatively speaking, in which friendly congratulations end within their own restricted limits, and the current feeling of satisfaction fails to pass over into the realm of action, of development and of visible and permanent progress.

Shall we stand still or shall we go forward? Shall we act on the strength of our great encouragement, or shall we rest on what many might complacently regard their laurels? What would the spirit-world itself answer? Can we even maintain our present position without its ever-present activity and assistance? The invisibles best teach us our duty. Without them Spiritualism would not have attained to its existing status. They continually and in all ways excite us to the most earnest cooperation. They seek to inspire us to unceasing activity. They point out to us the way and the methods. They prepare for us the opportune occasions.

When they decline from their interest in humanity, it will be time enough for us to intermit our endeavors. When they manifest an unwelcome, even if it were a possible, indifference to the welfare of mortals, we may well conclude that our own day for inaction has come. But will they ever do so? Such an event is not now a supposable one. Happily the spirit-world works according to divine rule, and therefore works right on. It neither slumbers nor sleeps after it has entered upon the execution of its designs. Therefore we on the mortal side may not only repose confidently in its inspiring guidance, but we must become filled with a resolution to perform the tasks it is all the time imposing on us.

We are called upon at this time, if we will listen to the voices that appeal, to use all our capacities and opportunities, in private and in public, to make known THE TRUTH as it illumines our own souls; to be faithful to our convictions on every occasion and before all faces; and to testify by our daily lives to the high character of the knowledge that possesses our spirits.

This done by every individual Spiritualist throughout the world, an active, practical, and even aggressive dissemination among men of a knowledge of the New Dispensation and its eternal verities will have been triumphantly inaugurated!

Read the announcement made on our fifth page concerning the work "ROY AND ROMA," the price of which has been reduced.

The Vivisection Doctors Shown Up.

We find in the *Buffalo (N. Y.) Enquirer* a very just and timely criticism of the vivisectionist doctors by Caroline Earle White of Philadelphia, the corresponding secretary of the American Anti-Vivisection Society, in which she pointedly takes up the declarations of certain doctors in an article editorially published in the *Enquirer*. The reply of the Philadelphia lady is as late as April 13th. To Dr. Hewitt, the *post mortem* examiner who asserts that "without vivisection we could never have found out what the gastric juice was, and what action it had on food placed in the stomach," she replies by pointing to the well-known case of Alexis St. Martin, whose open wound disclosed to physicians the process of digestion for all kinds of food, both solid and liquid, and showed just how long it took for the gastric juice to act upon every article of food that he ate. She insists, and rightly, that this case—occurring in the human form—was of a hundred times more value than any experiments upon animals could be, as vivisectionists themselves have oftentimes admitted.

She expresses also the suspicion that if Dr. Hewitt would go to the medical colleges and see some of the experiments performed there, he would greatly modify his statement. Animals, she says, are kept alive for weeks, and sometimes for months, after an experiment, in great suffering, and occasionally in absolute agony, in order to test the effect of what has been tried upon them, and watch its results. Anesthesia is not kept up even during the operation in many cases. In one case which was recorded, that of cutting out a dog's stomach and substituting for it the bladder of a pig, the anesthesia passed away some time before the operation was concluded, and the cries of the unfortunate dog were most painful to hear. Dr. Hewitt is further reminded by his critic that in all experiments upon the nervous system, which form a large proportion of those that are performed upon animals, it is impossible to administer any anesthetic whatever, since it is essential that sensibility remain uninfluenced and intact in order to note the effect of what the physiologist is doing. He ought to be able to easily infer what dreadful suffering is consequent upon having the nerves touched and irritated in every possible way, as is done in these cruel experiments, and that, too, without the action of any kindly anesthetic.

Dr. Fell is referred to as saying that by means of vivisection the action of morphine and opium on the lungs and heart could be discovered. To this it is effectively replied that if the discovery were made once, it would serve for all time, and there would be no need of repeating the experiment. If, says this most capable critic and censor, Dr. Fell had by experiment found that belladonna tried upon rabbits was innocuous, and afterward found, on administering it to a number of human beings, that it killed them, he probably would not have mentioned that trifling circumstance to the reporter on whose interview the editorial article in question was based.

But it remained for Dr. Dunham to cap the climax of all these doctors' statements in favor of vivisection. To him belongs the distinction of openly advocating physiological experiments in schools, before classes of girls and boys, and of declaring that it could not be carried too far in the short space of time allowed for the study of physiology in our high schools and academies. Well may his critic ask, can anything be imagined more monstrous than this? She remarks with terrible truthfulness that he would familiarize children with bloodshed and cruelty in one of its worst forms, stifling all humane and merciful tendencies in their youthful hearts, training them up for murderers, jail and gallows-birds, letting loose upon the world a host of devils, and turning this fair earth into a pandemonium.

The Worn-Out Dogmas.

Liberal as the tendency is for the pulpit at this day, it is not often that one encounters such very broad and liberal utterances as those of Rev. Dr. Harcourt, pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore, which we find reported in the *Baltimore Sun*. He was preaching on "Old Theological Dogmas in the Light of a New Civilization." And he said, among other true things, that the curse of the ages has been a religion based upon superstitions. He said that a little more common sense in religious matters, even in our day, would not be hurtful. Reason has had too small a place in many of our creeds. The spirit of bigotry is more dangerous to the church than the so-called heresy of independent thinkers.

In his opinion, the day for blind belief in creed or dogma has passed away, never to return. By the ancient belief in kingly power from God men suffered themselves to be harassed to the cruellest bondage—bondage of mind and spirit, soul and body. All great revolutions have been preceded by a season of questioning. These tempests of thought are the voice of the Almighty calling man up from the lowlands of sluggish receptiveness to the mountain heights of prophetic vision. Alluding to the ferment in the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Harcourt asked, Shall we reject the dogma concerning God, made in the ignorance and superstition of the seventeenth century, which we would not publish in our pulpits because of its horrorfulness, or shall we retain it as the expression of our belief now in the nineteenth century, and ask our sons and daughters to subscribe to doctrines which make God to be a monster?

He said that, for himself, he intended to teach that there are no infants in hell, that there is no limit to God's love, that there is salvation open to all mankind, and that no man is punished but for his own actual sin. The world moves, and if the Church does not move with it, it is simply an acknowledgment that it has lost its hold. He appealed to his hearers to join in abolishing the false distinction between "sacred" and "profane," and declaring everything that helps man to be "sacred," and whatever hinders him in his upward progress to be "profane."

This is healthy teaching, and belongs to our present age and time. Anything less broad and large than this will not do. These old dogmas are only formal statements of the conception of certain men regarding the universe and its government. To reject them is nothing more than to refuse to entertain certain other human and fleeting opinions on the same topics.

We shall print next week No. XXI of Dr. F. L. H. WILLIS's sterling series, specially contributed to THE BANNER, concerning "THE SPIRITUAL FACTS OF THE AGES." The topic of this number is "Witchcraft."

All Reform is of the Spirit.

It is no exaggeration to say that no man can be a true reformer without a pure heart, a holy life, and a beneficent purpose. To exhort the ignorant with incendiary words, to mask selfish schemes with professions of liberty and progress, is far from the devoted spirit of reform, and leads to anarchy rather than unity. The genuine reformer is one whose spirit is God's spirit, reformed in love and purity. The reformer is a brother instead of an enemy. He comes to help create a more perfect harmony. He is not a revolutionist, whatever changes may be wrought by the persuasive power of his speech and example. Out of his expressed thoughts must come a transformation of things, but it is in no spirit of hostility or destructiveness that he seeks to induce his fellowmen to bring it about. He would abolish war, crush out vice, banish disease, and make hunger and want impossible, in order that faith and hope and love may reign in every heart.

He comes to bless, not to curse, and his sternest speech is warm with benevolence. Hence he knows better than all others that before we can expect to reform others we must reform ourselves. Our words must be pregnant with sincerity, and our actions must bespeak the character of our thoughts. It is useless for any one who lives in disobedience to nature's supreme laws, to God's highest laws in his daily life, to step forth as a redeemer of the people. He is not the one to teach them that the first and final act of redemption is for each one to laboriously redeem himself. No priest whatever can do it in his stead. No sanctimonious face, no tricks of pulpit oratory, no recital of public prayer or profession of theological creed can act as a substitute for individual effort and individual aspiration. The reformer does not himself assume to perform vicarious service for his fellows; he calls on them to rescue and redeem themselves before they can hope to transform their new lives into new institutions.

It is the moral character of the people of a nation that gives form, life and color to its systems and institutions. The character of those institutions invariably rises or falls as the spirituality and godlikeness of the people themselves expands or contracts. How could it well be otherwise, if it is at all true that there is nothing vital in human institutions but the spirit that animates and operates them? The institutional reformer may be a true man, a courageous man, even a self-sacrificing man, but he is doing only materialistic work while seeking to batter down established institutions without also seeking to persuade people to reform their own lives first. There is where the work must begin, or it inevitably ends nowhere outwardly. All reform is from the spirit of man, not from his intellect; the surest way to change the condition is to change the intention; where the renewed spirit fails to impart new life there can be no new results that are worthy of serious estimation.

If intellectual power, inspired with love and virtue, represents the people, then it will follow that the outward system of life will show the divinity of righteousness. If selfish and sensual power, on the other hand, shall preponderate, it will be found that ignorance, rules, law is injustice, and its execution demoralizing. It is hopeless to look for the visible coming of God's kingdom in a new or reformed political and social order, before it has come invisibly in the individual soul. The outward manifestation is but the proof of the inward life and being. Even yet signs cannot be gathered of thistles, nor fruit of thorns. Men's institutions are not other than their character: They cannot be one thing and their institutions another. The law of correspondence is imperative and unalterable. *If we would have a heaven around us we must first make a heaven within us.*

Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky.

Col. H. S. Olcott, who is known as a leader among the Theosophists, and had been associated with Madame Blavatsky up to the time of her demise, now resigns the Presidency of that Organization, having probably had enough of that sort of experience. We know the Colonel well. He is an honorable man, and was earnestly devoted to the cause he advocated. He still resides in India, where he hopes to continue in retirement the remainder of his days. We met him years ago in New York, when he had an idea of publishing a monthly magazine devoted to Theosophy and kindred subjects, and remember of his asking us whether or not such a publication would pay. Our reply was that if he had \$10,000 to spend on it the first year, it might possibly pay the cost of printing the second year—nothing more. He finally concluded that he had better wait for a more auspicious time to put his own and Blavatsky's views before the public in a monthly.

We visited Madame Blavatsky on several occasions while on a visit to New York, and found her to be an eccentric individual. She claimed to be a Russian by birth. We saw her about the time she was getting out the noted book "Isis," published by Bouton. At the time we last called at her residence, she was making up and continued smoking cigarettes for two hours and a half, while relating her wonderful exploits in the Old World years ago. She showed us two very large albums that contained autographs of many noted people in Europe, saying that she herself was a countess. We examined these books with much curiosity, while a music-box attached to one of them was set in operation.

Mrs. B. unquestionably possessed strong mental powers, which enabled her to write with great facility, as do many of our mediums of to-day. On our bidding her good-day, she remarked:

"Mr. Colby, how old do you take me to be?"

"Well! Madame," we responded, "either forty-five or fifty years of age. However, that may be setting the estimate too high."

Smiling, she responded:

"Oh! I'm eighty-one! You would n't think it, would you? I am continually being rejuvenated by the gods for an important purpose. Do you know what I believe?"

"But very little," was our reply.

"Well, my friend, let me tell you in all honesty: I believe only in the survival of the fittest. Those who possess intellect, who wield the pen and likewise send out embodied thoughts from the rostrum, live through all time, under inspiration of the gods, and are immortal. Those who live by manual labor alone, on the contrary, or are slaves of vice, are annihilated at death, because they are non-immortal."

This ended our very strange interview with a very strange individual.

Edgar W. Emerson is a grand medium and a good man. He will be at the Berkeley Hall, Boston, Sunday, May 1st.

In Re the Late Dr. Henry F. Gardner.

It seems to the senior editor of THE BANNER a little curious—although no doubt there is a sufficient psychological reason therefor—that whenever we attend a session at the Public Circle-Room (which is seldom, as we have so much to do in our sanctum) Spirit Dr. Henry F. Gardner, one of the most active Spiritualists of Boston for many years when in the form, invariably possesses the medium and delivers a characteristic speech, seldom coming at any other time.

We advert to the Doctor's remarks at this time for the reason that he took occasion to refer to us personally. The reader will see, if so disposed, his address on the sixth page of last week's BANNER, clearly showing his marked individuality; but even from his higher standpoint in life he could not resist the temptation thus offered to criticize his old enemy, namely, *Harvard College*, admitting, however, that that institution is becoming more liberal in these "latter days"—very different from what it was in his (the Doctor's) day, i. e., "the days of early Spiritualism." Do n't fail to read what he says. It is clear-out and to the point. We call him a pretty lively spirit without. After reiterating that he is still a Spiritualist, and that he has a standing position in the Banner of Light Circle-Room, he says he was sometimes at loggerheads with his old friend Colby, but that we were good friends after all. The antagonism was principally attributable to our difference of opinion on the subject of reëmbodiment (known as reincarnation by some)—the Doctor disbelieving that an excommunicated spirit could return to earth and take upon itself a new body, maintaining that it was preposterous, etc., etc.; while we believed that under certain conditions spirits could, if they so desired, become rehabilitated in the human form, and reside their allotted time on this planet, or on any other they might choose.

Dr. Pike, Mrs. Conant's earthly physician in that day—who believed in reincarnation, and who resided at The Pavilion on Tremont street with Dr. Gardner—used also to frequently debate the subject with him, seldom, however, coming to any definite conclusion. Now, if possible, we should like to know Dr. G.'s present opinion upon this so important subject—based upon his enlarged views since becoming a resident of the spirit-land.

"Dreams of the Dead."

This is the title of a recent work by Edward Stanton. We do not desire to discuss its positions. It seems like an effort to make more definite the assertions of the Theosophists, and to embody in a new form the Eastern Philosophy in regard to the future advancement of the human spirit. There are some striking passages, one of which we quote:

"Throughout all past ages one fatal thought has visited every attempt of man on this particular planet to establish a civilized state. On some other planets, in this, and in greater systems of worlds, larger truth was earlier given. This destroying thought has been the wrong interpretation of sex. The male has assumed that he was the lord of life, whereas the opposite fact is nearer the truth; for, if there is any distinction, the female element of nature is the higher. Man by this false assumption has brought repeated ruin upon all his attempts to build a lasting civilization."

These words are uttered by one of the higher celestials, termed masters. The same assertions have been made by mediums. Whether true or false, they should claim respectful attention. The masculine mind has surely made a failure in its government of the world, if we consider the present condition of the various nations inhabiting it. In the most civilized nations, progress is slow toward justice and equity.

There seems to be now an awakening of thought in this direction. Woman is gradually taking her position at the right hand of man. Each year gives us illustration of her ability to organize and direct. We ask ourselves often, Why is it that woman has so long been subject to circumstance and masculine domination? It must be because in the physical world man has more strength to combat its crude conditions, and as we gradually emerge from a state of wildness, and nature assumes more order and beauty, and is brought to the service of man, the fierce strength of man is not needed, and the feminine principle of life and of power has a chance to assert itself.

It cannot be from any special allotment that the condition of woman has become what it is, but by the sure law of evolution; and by sooner adapting our legislation and struggles for a true civilization to the progressive tendencies of the day, we shall arrive at better conditions, and at least gain a sight of the promised land of justice.

Important Admission by Senator Dawes.

Senator Dawes, in presenting recently to the United States Senate a petition which represented that the Indians living on reservations were left without the protection of the civilizing and restraining influences of law, and urged upon Congress to provide that law and the means of enforcing it for those living on reservations, made reply that over ten years ago, when Secretary Teller was at the head of the Interior Department, an Indian court had been established on every reservation for trying such offenses as are usually tried in petty police courts. This Indian court, he added, administered justice among the Indians as fairly and justly as it was administered, on the average, among the whites. Nearly \$12,000 had been appropriated to pay the judges for their services. Besides this, an Indian police had been established in all the reservations to maintain the peace and protect the rights of individual Indians, and it had commended itself by its action even to the army.

This is an outright and open admission by the Massachusetts Senator that the Indians are as well protected by law on the reservations and in their tribal existence as they can be under any other circumstances. Still he had to return to his "severalty" dodge at the end of his forced admission, saying that the severalty law gave to the Indians the benefits of the civil and criminal laws in the State or Territory in which they might reside. Therefore he did not think that there could be any further legislation to facilitate the opening of courts to Indians.

No; if the Indians on the reservations already have laws to govern their conduct and police to protect them, they certainly are in no need of State or Territorial courts, we should say. The confession stands good for every purpose. They have all the law they want without going into the severalty experiment, which, practically, only means robbery and pauperism.

Look Out for Them!

Spiritualism has many trials to meet and opposition to overcome in its work for the advancement of Truth; and many of these are caused by its pretended friends and presumptuous followers. Perhaps one of the worst features it has to deal with is the action of those unprincipled perigrinators who—possessing mediumistic elements of a low order, which are used by them solely for commercial purposes—at times pose as spiritualistic workers and genuine mediums, and again appear as exposers and denouncers of Spiritualists and of mediumship.

These traveling mountebanks flourish their sensational white and yellow handbills, and parade themselves in public halls, now claiming to possess the most wonderful of medial powers, and anon deriding the claims of mediumship, and confessing themselves to have been arrant impostors. The worst feature of this case is—as we have above stated—that these sharpers usually do possess some medial qualities, which they occasionally employ in connection with their deceitful practices, thus imposing upon the public in a twofold manner.

We learn that one of this ilk—Anna Eva Fay—has recently appeared in public halls at Philadelphia, and other cities; that her exhibitions were claimed to be genuine spiritualistic manifestations, and she thus succeeded in cleverly deceiving her audiences.

Mediums or no mediums, persons of this class should not be countenanced by Spiritualists; and every public appearance they make—whether as genuine mediums, or as "exposers of mediumship"—should be frowned upon by all who have the good of the cause of Spiritualism at heart.

Modern Spiritualism

Is to become the universal religion of the world. It is only a matter of time when this auspicious event will be inaugurated. The spirit hosts in the supersensuous realm are actively at work to accomplish this beneficent result. They are, by and through the psychologic laws governing the two worlds, rapidly developing true medial instruments in the earthly life whereby they can transmit their progressive views for the benefit of all mankind.

Credism, based on selfishness, which has more or less controlled the masses for hundreds of years, will persistently resist this onward march of progress, as it is already striving to do; but Decay has already marked it for its own. Contentions within the church lines are increasing day by day, and the most thoughtful and intelligent members of the various so-called Christian denominations are withdrawing, one by one, and joining the ranks of Spiritualism, where they find that the natural affections are not warped by the fear of death; where the mythic terrors of a hell of consuming fire are repudiated; where the beneficent teachings of direct spirit-return are inculcated; where the knowledge of immortality is fully demonstrated!

The American Dumping-Ground.

Seven thousand immigrants in six steamers were landed in New York City within three days last week to perchance fill our almshouses and insane asylums, which are already so full of this class of Old-World paupers that, in this State at least, the legislature has been petitioned to build another asylum! It is high time this course of procedure was stopped. We understand that there are so many applications for passage to America that the steamers are to at once add to their already large fleet!

If this thing goes on much longer the American mechanic will be obliged to work at almost starvation prices to sustain himself and family. The general government is endeavoring to stop the influx of the Chinese, when it should at once enact a law more stringent than ever against steamships landing the paupers of Europe on our shores.

Our Foreign Exchanges.

THE BANNER exchanges with quite a number of French, Spanish, Italian and German Spiritualistic Magazines, and other papers devoted to the Cause; besides, we are often in receipt of new books by talented writers upon the subject of MODERN SPIRITUALISM, from which sources we occasionally publish translations of much interest, showing the rapid progress of the Spiritual Cause in the old world.

For this purpose we have secured regularly the services of Mr. W. N. EAYRS, a competent teacher of the above languages in this city.

A race-war between the whites and the blacks seems to be inevitable. The new generation of Southerners who have sprang up since the civil war that destroyed human slavery, seem to be bent upon ignoring the colored man as a citizen. Lynch law, like the witchcraft law of Massachusetts two hundred years ago, is in full blast "down South," and the colored man is in mortal fear of his life every moment. The latest phase of this condition of things comes to us by a dispatch from Fayette, Mo., to the effect that three men and one woman were put upon the block for sale to the highest bidder, reminding us of the days of actual slavery. The woman was put up first, and brought \$10. The men sold for \$10, \$12 and \$15 respectively. The free colored people are alarmed, and asseverate that this state of things must stop or blood will flow!

The splendid EASTER address by HON. SIDNEY DEAY—a full report of which will be found on our first page—should be read by Spiritualists everywhere. It is truly a grand production.

If each subscriber to the Banner of Light will charge himself with getting one new subscriber, the circulation of the paper will be doubled at once, and with little trouble. Let each subscriber try it.

According to an article in the Dayton, O., *Evening News* of April 21st, there are five thousand believers in Spiritualism in that city; seventy-five circles are held there for the development of the phenomena; and two active spiritualistic organizations hold regular meetings. A correspondent writes that Willard J. Hull's recent lecture before The Alliance, in Dayton was much admired.

FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

Translated expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY W. N. EAYNS.

Who Can Explain?

The series of articles which have appeared in the *Psychische Studien* relating to the wonderful works which are reported to be performed by the Mohammedan Fakirs and Indian Jugglers, is continued in the March number by a paper from Mr. Edmund Selons, from which we make this quotation:

"Related to these tricks by the Indian jugglers, although no religious significance is claimed for them, is a class of performances which would be considered as pure inventions of the imagination, or falsehoods, were they reported by one author only, but which seem to deserve a closer attention when they are related by a series of observers, writing independently of one another, and at widely different times and places.

Our first witness is Ibn Batuta. This Arab traveler was once at a banquet at the Court of the Viceroy of Khans. In the evening a juggler, who was one of the Khan's slaves, entered, and the Amir said to him: 'Come, show us some of the wonderful things you can do.' Hereupon the juggler took a wooden bowl in which many holes had been made; through these holes were drawn long leather straps. Grasping one of these straps, he hurled the bowl into the air. It went to such a height that we lost sight of it entirely. It was the warmest day of the year, and we were out in the courtyard of the palace. There remained in the juggler's hand only an end of a strap. He demanded that one of the boys who stood near him should seize the strap and climb it. This was done, and the boy ascended by the leather strap so high that he, too, was lost to our sight. Calling aloud to the boy, but receiving no reply, the juggler caught up a knife, as if he were in a furious rage, and rapidly ascending the strap, soon disappeared. Shortly after he threw down, one after another, one of the boy's hands, then a foot, next the other foot, and last of all, the head. Then came he down himself, his clothing stained with blood, kissed the ground at the Amir's feet, and said something to him in the Chinese language. The Amir returned for answer a command, and our friend thereupon gathered together the limbs of the boy, placed them in proper order, and gave them a push with his foot, and to my unspeakable astonishment up sprang the boy and stood before us."

An account of a similar performance is given by Edward Melton, an English traveler, who says: "I should not dare to report the fact had it not been seen by thousands in my presence."

The interesting and important question is raised: Were these real objective acts, or were the spectators hypnotized by the juggler? Is it possible for one person to place a multitude of people at the same moment in the hypnotic state, and this without any visible effort on his part to do so? The writer suggests that the use of the photographic camera, both in the cases such as have just been mentioned, and also in séances for materialization, is the only means by which all doubt can be removed and absolute proof of the objective reality of the phenomena secured.

A Spiritual Veteran Gone Home.

A note from Nathaniel R. Mills, dated "Chapin Home," No. 151 East 60th street, New York City, April 21st, informs us that Mr. ELIAS W. CAPRON passed to the higher life from that place on Monday, at 10 A. M. The interment was to be at Chester, Pa., on Wednesday P. M.

Mr. Capron will be remembered as having been identified with the earliest phenomena of Modern Spiritualism at Hydesville, and the author of a book of 438 pages, entitled "Modern Spiritualism; Its Facts and Fanaticisms; Its Consistencies and Contradictions," published in this city by Bela Marsh.

When the excitement caused by the phenomena was at its height, and the crisis came whether the unseen workers should be recognized and encouraged as friends, or discarded and forced to retire as enemies of mankind, the youngest of the children, Kate Fox, was removed to the home of Mr. Capron, who was then residing in Auburn. The first public investigation of the claims of Spiritualism was held in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., on the evening of Nov. 14th, 1849. Mr. Capron was selected to deliver the opening address, which he did in a manner, says Mrs. Britten in her "History of Modern Spiritualism," so truthful and interesting that it commanded the respectful attention of a numerous audience. "The profound silence maintained during its delivery was broken only by the clear tones of the speaker, and the distinctly audible, though muffled sounds of the raps, which constantly emphasized the striking passages of the address." The result of the investigation was such that in the office of a Rochester daily an article that had been put in type announcing "the entire explosion of the rapping humbug" was cancelled, and one of a diametrically opposite character published in its place.

In 1850 Mr. Capron formed at his home in Auburn what was known as "The Auburn Circle," of which the youngest of the Fox children (Kate) was the medium. A large number of the best known people attended. Says Mrs. Britten:

"Spirit music was produced, hands were seen, felt, and even examined, forming and melting in the clasp that held them; messages of affection, timely warning and prescient intelligence were constantly spelled out through the raps; the furniture moved, and almost every conceivable phase of intelligent spiritual phenomena exhibited to all who chose to come and witness it."

It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Capron was one of the most active supporters of the Fox children at the most critical and eventful periods in the history of Modern Spiritualism. Because of this fact Spiritualists throughout the world should "keep his memory green" in pure gratitude, realizing that it is largely by his unintermittent efforts they are given palpable proof that their "dead" live; and because of that, they are in possession of a knowledge of inestimable value through life, consolation as they stand at the graves of their friends, and a wealth of content that no one can deprive them of.

The only living son of Old Bull, the renowned violinist, Mr. Alexander Bull, recently returned home to Europe after a visit to this country of several months. At Madison, Wis., he was the recipient of a sincere welcome from the many Norwegian residents of that locality; and at the request of his fellow-countrymen he gave a concert, delighting them with old Norse melodies, which he played upon a famous violin used by his distinguished father in many of his concert tours. While in New York he played at a number of private musicales at the residences of his friends and at Prof. Watson's conservatory. He usually passes the winters in Paris, spending the summers at his old home at Valestrand, near Bergen, Norway. He may possibly return to the United States in the coming autumn, and make a concert tour of this country. He has great command over the violin, his playing oftentimes surprising while delighting his hearers.

Our william spiritualistic friend, W. F. Jamieson, who later switched off on to the materialistic platform, where he leans at present, writes us recently: "We are living in a beautiful valley in Colorado, with the lofty mountains in sight; the valley sixty miles wide, one hundred miles long; I own three hundred and twenty acres of land, a lovely farm, and follow authorship, having tenants to do my farm work." He had, at time of writing, just brought out Part I. of a series of circulars setting forth his views on Liberal topics, and intended soon to follow it with Parts II. and III. Those who desire to know more of his plans can address him Box 33, Mosca, Col.

A communication from Wm. F. Nye of New Bedford, in reference to the life and passing on of Capt. Joseph Dimmick of Pocasset, at the age of seventy-one, which event occurred April 19th, will appear in our columns next week.

Music.

No individual of ordinary intelligence will question the power of music as a means of imparting a beneficial influence upon mankind. It harmonizes, refines and elevates, and serves as a connecting link between the material and the spiritual, blending the two, and making them, for the time being, one. We are impressed with this thought upon reading an article contributed to the New York Herald by our friend, John Jay Watson, the long-experienced and well-known teacher of "the divine art" in that city, in which he says, after quoting the oft-repeated words, "Music is the language of heaven":

"It requires, perhaps, but a little stretch of the imagination to give us faith in this beautiful theory. If music is the language of the celestial home of the future, which all hope to eventually reach, it behooves us to cultivate it with care, according to our best ability and surroundings."

Spiritualists are in a special degree sensible of the benefit derived from music, and séances for communion with friends departed from their sight, but not from a consciousness of their presence, are almost invariably opened with its aid. Of its power on all animated existences, Mr. Watson truthfully says: "It can arrest the movements of the lowest reptile; it can attract the young into dens of infamy, or bear them on wings of love and light to the sublime heights to which the soul of man can climb. It possesses unlimited power, as occasion may draw it out. It is in the breeze; it is in the leaves of the trees; it is in the fibres of the dead wood; it is in the stones that lie over the earth. There is music in all things if there is genius to elicit it. It is that mysterious power to which all must bow—human beings on earth, and spirits in the realms of the unseen world, beyond and above our own. True music is melody, and true melody is music. There is a future for this wonderful art grander than has yet been achieved. Let us be thankful that the civilized world is constantly becoming more interested in the transcendent power of music. Make music a general study among the young, sustained by the American government, and half of our prisons and State reform schools could soon be dispensed with."

We earnestly wish Bro. Watson would favor the visitors at Onset Bay next summer with some of his exquisite music.

Fatal Accident.

The sudden accidental death of Mrs. Blake-Lake of Amesbury, Mass., was a sad event, occasioned by a runaway horse knocking her senseless upon the pavements while she was crossing the street. Although strenuous efforts were made by the physicians in attendance to restore her to consciousness, they proved fruitless, as her skull was fractured, and she passed to spirit-life April 23d. Mrs. Lake was a firm Spiritualist, a very capable business woman, and was highly respected by all who knew her. When we last saw her she said: "I want you to continue sending THE BANNER to me as long as I live on earth; I cannot do without it."

It is said that one of the lady clerks in Mrs. Lake's dry goods store told of a presentment her employer had on the day of the accident, to the effect that something was about to happen to the latter, and she thought she would not go home on the train, but instead would take passage to Newburyport in the electric car; but she changed her mind, and was killed. Being mediumistic, she should have heeded her first impressions.

Verification of Israel Graham's Message.

At the close of the Banner of Light Free Circle, April 19th, a lady in the audience approached Mrs. Longley and stated that she recognized the communication of ISRAEL GRAHAM of Gloucester, which had been received that afternoon. He was lost on the "Grand Banks," as he said, and was a companion of her husband, who perished at the same time. The message she knew to be correct in every particular, through her being well acquainted with Gloucester people.

The Deceit.—The instrument recently placed before the public under the above name, though presented as a toy, is, in reality, for the same purpose as and claimed to be an improvement upon Planchette. It is said to be more readily operated upon, and capable of producing satisfactory results with individuals who, because of some subtle law we are unable to comprehend, cannot work the former, and is one of the best means of convincing skeptical minds of the fact that some one or more of their spirit friends are constantly near them, and ready to communicate, since in whatever occurs no charge of an attempt to deceive can possibly be made.

Dr. Dean Clarke is blowing his trumpet with a good deal of earnestness, and he means well, no doubt; but that "everything will speedily go to wreck and ruin, in the mundane sphere, unless Spiritualists come to the front, sword in hand," is a mistake. We have faith that the beautiful truths of the Spiritual Philosophy—which are now working their way unostentatiously into every department of human life and conviction—will in time rejuvenate the race. Then "peace and good will" will take the place of ignorance, superstition and anarchy.

Hon. Sidney Dean called at THE BANNER office recently, and informed us that by the middle of May he expected to be established as to residence, etc., in Cincinnati, O.—removing thereto from Warren, R. I., with his family at an early period in the month. We previously hinted to our readers that a rumor was afloat concerning Mr. Dean's being about to assume the editorial management of *The Better Way*—and such proves to be the case. Good luck to you, brother, in your new field of labor.

We printed an item recently, stating that Mr. Gladstone of England favored woman suffrage; but the ocean telegraph has that he is opposed to putting women on a level with men in the affairs of life—the result of which statement has stirred up those in favor of the enfranchisement of women in England to an unwonted degree, and public meetings are to be held to ignore "the grand old man's" views, and induce Parliament to further their interests by legal enactments.

The Centennial of the discovery of the Columbia River, by Capt. Robert Gray, of the ship *Columbia*, Boston, Mass., will be celebrated at Astoria, Ore., Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, May 10th, 11th, 12th, 1892. We cordially thank the gentlemen having the matter in charge for a kindly invitation to be present at this public remembrance of the Bay State's maritime pluck in the old days, but must be content to attend in spirit.

Miss Marie Falls, the well-known reader, and Miss Lea Greco, pianist, of Cambridgeport, are to be tendered a Complimentary Testimonial on May 12th, at Association Hall. An excellent program will be offered. Tickets may be obtained of Miss Falls, 4 Wadsworth street, Allston, and Miss Lea Greco, 30 Magazine street, Cambridgeport.

Bro. J. Clegg Wright, who is doing yeoman service for the Cause of Spiritualism, writes to us from New York City: "I send you good wishes and spiritual sympathy. Good luck to the splendid BANNER OF LIGHT." We fully reciprocate the good wishes of our brother.

Kindly notes from correspondents in St. Paul, Minn. (in re Frank T. Ripley); San Francisco, Cal.; Albany, N. Y. (regarding Mrs. Ada Foye, and her recent admirable work there), and other points will appear in our columns next week.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, in its issue for April 21st, gives the intelligence that Hugh O. Pentecost has retired from its editorship, and that the paper has been sold to the Humboldt Publishing Co. of New York City.

A new edition of Dr. A. S. Hayward's pamphlet, "AN EPITOME OF SPIRITUALISM," has just been issued and is on sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore.

The office of *The Watchman* (of which paper Hattie A. Berry is editor and manager) has been removed from Fort Wayne, Ind., to Buffalo, N. Y.

Our thanks are returned to Mrs. E. M. Shapleigh, Haverhill, Mass., for "Mayflowers" for the Free Circle table.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. Ada Foye, inspirational lecturer and platform test medium, is engaged during May in Cincinnati, O.; June in Topeka, Kan.; July in Kansas City, Mo.; Boston, Mass., for the purpose of giving lectures for the next season will please write and secure dates as soon as possible. Her permanent address is P. O. Box 517, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock speaks at Brooklyn, N. Y., May 1st; Salem, Mass., May 8th; Fitchburg, Mass., May 18th; Worcester, Mass., May 22d and 23d. She would like to correspond with societies in reference to engagements for season of 1892-93. Address Madison Park Hotel, Sterling street, Boston, Mass.

G. W. Kates and wife have made the following camp-meeting dates: Parkland, Pa., July 3d and 10th; Mantoloking, N. J., July 24th and 31st; Ashley, O., Aug. 22d and Sept. 24th. For open dates address them 2234 Frankford Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Societies wishing the services of A. E. Tisdale for October, November and December, '92, may write him at New London, Conn.—which is his new "home address."

Willard J. Hull speaks in Haverhill, Mass., May 1st; Lynn, Mass., May 8th and 15th; can be addressed 71 Trenton street, Melrose, Mass., care John T. Little, Esq.

Prof. Carlisle Petersilea will read from "Oceanides" and "The Discovered Country," combined with his playing, singing and remarks, in Springfield, Mass., May 1st; Newburyport, May 8th; Norwich, Conn., May 15th; Fitchburg, Mass., May 22d; Haverhill, Mass., May 29th. Colby & Rich, 9 Bosworth street, are general agents for the sale of Prof. Petersilea's grand books.

Dr. George A. Fuller will lecture in Worcester, Mass., May 1st and 8th; Salem, May 15th; Providence, R. I., May 20th. Would like an engagement for the 22d, also the 19th and 26th of June. For terms he may be addressed at 8 Houghton street, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. E. Cutler of Philadelphia, Pa., platform test medium and psychometric reader, will finish her Indianapolis, Ind., engagements the first of May. She wishes to make engagements with societies for next season. Address her 1749 North 4th street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Mary A. Charter is, we are informed, having good success in Gardiner, Augusta, Bath, and other points in Maine; she can be addressed for the present at Gardiner.

Edgar W. Emerson has the following engagements for May: Berkeley Hall, Boston, May 1st; Haverhill, Mass., 8th; New Bedford, Mass., 15th and 22d; Fitchburg, Mass., 29th.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter was enthusiastically received in Providence, R. I., on Sunday evening, April 28th, and lectured on Tuesday evening, April 30th, in Marlboro'. On Friday, 29th, he leaves Boston for St. Louis, Mo., (his third visit) where he will minister on the Sundays of May, excepting the last, when he will lecture in Brockton, Mass.

National Base Ball Schedule.

A very neat pocket schedule of the National League Ball games for 1892 has been issued by the proprietors of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment as one of their "Pleasure Series." The schedule is arranged after the plan of the New England League Schedule, published last year by the same firm, for which they own the copyright. It shows a place where each game for any day of the season is to be played. The price of this schedule is ten cents, and ought to be obtainable of any newsdealer. If not, by courtesy of the publishers, J. S. Johnson & Co., Custom House street, Boston, Mass., the readers of this paper can obtain a copy by enclosing five cents in stamps, with their address in an envelope, directed to Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, Boston, Mass. Everybody will want one for daily reference.

"Psychopathy, or Spirit Healing."

My dear Mr. Colby: Reading the editorial headed "Psychopathy, or Spirit Healing," in THE BANNER of March 19th, I realize a portion of it—although I am not personally named—alludes to myself. Wishing to express my sincere thanks to you, I also desire to say you have performed a threefold duty: You, being an instrument in the hands of the higher powers, dictated by divine love and truth, becoming *en rapport* with the spheres of humanitarian thought, responded to a law that awakens an idea of justice to all. And while you have been instrumental in manifesting the desires of the higher intelligences, you have done a noble act in the way of shedding more light upon humanity; also expressed yourself in a very generous and whole-souled manner toward myself. I do not feel that any recognition in the way of thanks is sufficient to express the gratitude I return, both to yourself and the higher intelligences. I must simply say that my greatest desire is to realize the highest conception of truth, and be able to deal justly with all in regard to the curative line that I have successfully adopted. Yours fraternally,
Boston, Mass. MRS. W. P. THAXTER.

To Correspondents.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return cancelled articles.

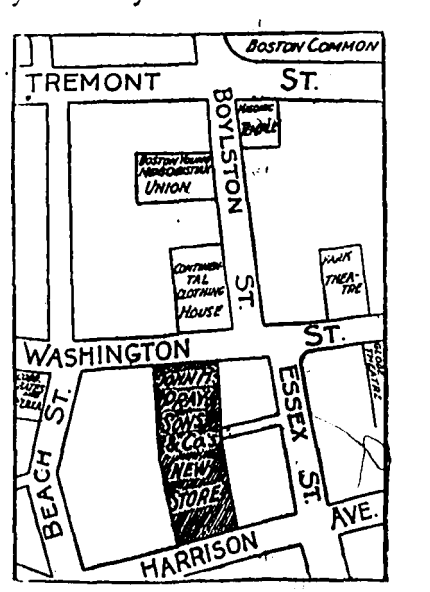
J. H. PLAINFIELD, N. J.—The address of the person you refer to is New York City; her age about fifty-six years. For further information, see a book entitled "The Missing Link," for sale by Colby & Rich, Boston.

S. M. G., BAY CITY, MICH.—We reprinted the paragraph about President Lincoln and "the corporations" from an exchange, where we found it used without credit. We have since seen it published, mainly in the same form, in other papers, but personally we can give you no light as to its authenticity.

Don't Make

The mistake of supposing that you cannot trade to advantage at a large store. Such an establishment as ours, for instance, has bargains almost constantly—goods which for some reason sell slowly, and which must be turned into cash.

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington.—W. J. Colville's work in this city is progressing very favorably indeed. It opened on Sunday, April 17th, at 2 P. M., when an audience of fully five hundred persons assembled in the great hall of the Theosophical Exchange, used on Sundays as the People's Church—a flourishing undenominational society, ministered to by Dr. Kent, who, with the full consent of the entire committee, invited Mr. Colville to occupy the platform on the occasion of his first appearance in Washington.

The subject of the discourse was: "Resurrection," and on that fertile theme the inspired lecturer discoursed with great ease and eloquence, ending with a fine impromptu poem which called forth the earnest applause of the audience.

After the services—which were rendered joyous with sweet music, and beautified by the presence of exquisite flowers and potted plants—Mr. Geo. A. Bacon, who introduced Mr. Colville to the Boston public on the occasion of his first arrival in America, stepped forward and in a few kind, appreciative words recalled the past and spoke hopefully of the future.

On the following Sunday, April 21st, Mr. Colville lectured again in the same hall (report next week); and in the evening, by invitation of the Theosophical Society, at Denison's Hall, 923 F street, N. Y.

On Thursday, April 24th, he addressed a large audience in Baltimore, Md., and was immediately engaged for the Thursday following.

At 519 7th street, N. W., Washington, Mr. Colville is giving two classes of lectures and replies to questions on "Spiritual Science and its Universal Bearings." Fully one hundred people are present in the hall of the Theosophical Exchange, used on Sundays at 8 P. M. A class of about fifty interested students assemble on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M. This arrangement remains in force till the end of June.

On Sunday next, May 1st, Mr. Colville will lecture for the first Association of Spiritualists of Washington in Grand Army Hall, Pennsylvania Avenue, near 14th street, at 11:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; also on Sunday, May 8th, 15th, 22d and 29th. He returns to Boston June 1st. His present address is 619 7th street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE makes an invigorating drink with water and sugar only. Delicious.

Angels' Visits to My Farm in Florida. By Golden Light. 12mo, cloth, pp. 283. New York: United States Book Co., Successors to John W. Lovell Co.

The author, who says he is not a farmer by heredity, relates in the opening chapters matter-of-fact and amusing incidents of his experience while seeking to become one on a farm in Florida, which he claims to be the ideal life of man on earth. While doing so he introduces neighbors and friends who become interested not only in farming experiments, but in philosophical and religious topics, and eventually in Spiritualism, a discussion upon which ends in a séance as the most direct way of settling disputed points and acquiring a knowledge of what Spiritualism really is. The first séance was followed by others, during which the visits of angels to the farm in Florida were not few nor far between. These lead to the main purpose of the book, which is to inform the reader concerning the teachings of Spiritualism as in accordance with those of the Bible, which it does in a very convincing manner, without infringing upon the right of the individual to think for himself and to form his own opinions.

You would not suspect it from the taste; there is cod-liver oil in Scott's Emulsion. It looks like cream; it is like cream. Cream is bits of butter covered with something else—you do not taste the butter. Scott's Emulsion is drops of cod-liver oil covered with glycerine. Cream is an easier food than butter, because it is in bits. Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil made easy; the drops are invisibly fine; they do not resist digestion.

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29	30	31				

For Sale at this Office:

THE TWO WORLDS: A journal devoted to Spiritualism, Occult Science, Ethics, Religion and Reform. Published weekly in Manchester, England. Single copy, 5 cents.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH: A Progressive Family Health Magazine. Published monthly in New York. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE CARRIAGE DOVE: Illustrated. Published monthly in San Francisco, Cal. Single copy, 25 cents.

THE BIZARRE: NOTES AND QUERIES, with Answers in all Departments of Literature. Monthly. Single copy, 10 cents.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Published weekly in Chicago, Ill. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE WATCHMAN: Published monthly in Fort Wayne, Ind. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE Tenth-SEER: Published weekly in New York. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE PHENOMENON OF LIFE: A Monthly Magazine devoted to Spiritual Science and Philosophy, as related to Universal Human Progress. Edited by W. J. Colville. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE THEOSOPHIST: Monthly. Published in India. Single copy, 60 cents.

THE BURTON AT: A Spiritualistic weekly journal. Published in Cincinnati, O. Single copy, 5 cents.

ALCYON: A Semi-Monthly Journal devoted to the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism. Single copy, 6 cents.

THE PATH: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Universal Brotherhood, Theosophy in America, and Aryan Philosophy. Single copy, 20 cents.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER: Published weekly at Chicago, Ill. Single copy, 3 cents.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Physicians. Send to DR. KLINE, 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Apr. 18.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at 46 Avenue B, Viock Park, Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 2.

J. J. Morse, 80 Needham Road, Kensington, Liverpool, will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London, Eng., is agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keeps for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 for six months.

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MAGNETIC Mind and Massage Treatments, also remedial diet furnished. New located at Hotel Adirondack, Broadway street, Boston. Hours 10 to 7. Is May 9.

Sealed Letters Answered.

ADDRESS MRS. ELIZA A. MARTIN, Lock Box 1577, Fitchburg, Mass. Terms \$1.00. 4w* Apr. 30.

ASTROLOGY.—Most fortunate dates for all purposes, life writings, advice, etc., full descriptions of the future. Send date and hour of birth with stamp. A. BEARSE, Astrologer, 172 Washington street, Rooms 12 and 14, Boston, Mass. 1w* Apr. 30.

FURNISHED HOUSE to let near Spiritual Camp-ground. C. A. LAWRENCE, Harwich Port, Mass. Apr. 30.

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Voices from Many Hill-Tops—

—Echoes from Many Valleys;

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Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eoná,

In Earth-Life and Spirit-Spheres;

In Ages Past, In the Long, Long Ago, and

Message Department.

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
Of each week Spiritual Messages will be held at the Hall of the Light Establishment, 100 West 12th St., commencing at 8 o'clock P. M. J. A. Sheehy, Chairman.

Answers to Questions, and the giving of SPIRIT MESSAGES, will occur on the same day, and the results be consecutively published in this Department of THE BANNER.

These are the spiritual guides of Mrs. M. T. Longley occupy the platform for the purpose of answering questions propounded by inquirers, having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor. Questions forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, will be presented to the presiding spirit for consideration.

Mrs. Longley, under the influence of her guides, also gives exhortations to individuals anxious to send messages to their relatives and friends in the earth-life an opportunity to do so.

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 of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport 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-friends will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication.

Natural flowers are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitants, therefore we solicit donations of such flowers to the friends in earth-life who 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 & BROWN.

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages
GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF
Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Séance held Jan. 29th, 1892.
(Continued from Banner of April 10th.)
INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Cora Allen.
My name is Cora Allen, and my friends live in Hartford. I know the streets of Hartford very well, but I do not feel acquainted with Boston. This is a strange place to me.

I try to communicate in this way with my friends at home, but I suppose they do not understand it, and cannot realize that I and others are with them sometimes; and so it seems almost as if the door was shut before us, and we cannot get in. That is the feeling I have sometimes. I try to get hard to have them know that I come. Two or three times I really thought that Nellie understood there was somebody near her, some one not in the form, who was trying to make something known; but just as it seemed as if I should succeed in giving an intelligent message, the door shut again—that is the only way I can express it—and I was not able to do what I wished.

I have been in the spirit-life a good while, and sometimes when I think of the earth, and my life here, it seems almost like a dream, a real dream that I can remember, but yet more like that than the reality which the spirit-world with its associations now is to me. I have many friends on the spirit-side. Some of them passed away before I did, and I was surprised to meet them, for I did not know what kind of a life I should find. Others have come to us since then. They have been just as much astonished as I have when I told them I had become accustomed to that life, but then we enjoy it so much. It seems so full of opportunity and power to spirits who wish to learn, and who are seeking to develop their own resources and energies.

I bring my love to my friends, and tell them I shall keep on trying, because I really think the time will come when the door will be wide open, and we of the spirit-world will come and be able to make ourselves and our wants known to our friends on earth.

Capt. Samuel White.
I send the word of greeting and the token of remembrance to the old town of Biddeford, Me., and to the good folks of near places in that fine old State. You have travelers from all parts, and they come just to give a word that the friends of earth may know they live, and that they may satisfy themselves, too, of their own power to manifest thought through mortal ways.

[To the Chairman:] If I were in the body now, my friend, I would be a very old man; but in the spirit-world I am strong and active, and not bowed down with years. I feel over there as fresh and full of life as any of those that I see moving about full of business and energy, and I do not come back here as an infirm old man. I come as one who has sailed the voyage of life over the waters of mortality, and who has entered the haven not of inactive rest, but of tranquil peace on the spirit-side. I found its shores green and fertile, its people full of hospitality, its homes beautiful, and I have cast my anchor there and settled down to life and work. I do not war with any one, I do not lead any other soul to battle; but I keep my own spirit strong to battle for right, for I may use my influences like weapons of strength against that which is wrong.

Well, sir, I will not pause to preach here, for I only come to give a few words that it may be known that those who sink out of sight in this temporal world rise again into new life and power in the spiritual kingdom of light. Many who look on this side have come to the other, and they have brought with them a greeting. My companion stayed a long time after me, getting experiences on this shore and rounding out a full term of years, much greater than many gain, but she has entered the spirit-world and found rest and satisfaction there, gaining a new body and youthfulness of appearance through the change. I am Capt. Samuel White.

Controlling Spirit, for Theodore Howell.

Mr. Chairman: There is present a young spirit who, it appears, has not been an inhabitant of the Summer-Land for many months. He stands here anxious to send a message of love or an influence of peace and affection to parents and friends on earth. He would like to have it known by the dear ones here that he is at his best in this spirit-life, that he has entered upon studies which are helpful to him, and which bring to his nature new forces and a knowledge of new abilities within him.

This young person seems to be about seventeen or eighteen years of age. His thought has been directed very strongly to his home on earth and to the dear ones there. It seems to us that a dear mother calls his attention and draws upon his spiritual affection. It seems to us also that if he could make his father know that he is strong and well, and that perhaps it is all for the best that he has been permitted to pass to the higher life, it would make him happier and even stronger in his study and in his work in the spiritual department. Perhaps the friends of earth will give him the opportunity of reaching them through private channels.

We are informed that this young man's home was on Washington street, Newark, N. J. He would like to have this notice of his presence forwarded to his father, Samuel O. Howell, and we get that his name is Theodore.

Alice Wentworth.
A young woman stands here patiently waiting, as we have seen her in times past, for the moment when she can give a message to her friends. Her name is Alice Wentworth. It seems as if she almost feared that she would be rejected or denied by her friends of earth, because they do not comprehend the truths of Spirituality. Oh! if mortals could realize how longingly their angel-friends come to them, seeking to give only a word of love, or some little token of their presence, they would not meet them with coldness and distrust. This young spirit has been in the other life, we should judge, for several years, and has not been able to reach her friends. We have seen her at this Circle a number of times, and to-day we are pleased to take her name and whatever we may get from her sphere for the friends of earth. It seems that they are in New Orleans, La.

The spirit has gained most of her experience and knowledge of life in the spirit-world, having been limited while in the body. She sends her love and hopes in time to be able to control our medium to speak for herself, as there are some things that she would like to say concerning matters that belonged to her when on earth.

Lizzie French.
Another young spirit we will speak for before we close, Mr. Chairman. She tells us that she was familiar in East Boston, and that she has friends in this city. She, too, has been out of the body for some years, and was a young girl when she passed away. She calls herself Lizzie French.

She brings her love to her relatives and friends. She says when she was away her mother was not well, and the bereavement had quite a lasting effect upon her, so that she was delicate for years. This spirit tried in every way to bring strength and comfort to that dear parent, and to make an influence felt which would be beneficial in material affairs. Now she desires to have it known to her friends that she feels she has succeeded in accomplishing some things that she long tried to do; that, really, a better, stronger condition of life has come to some dear to her ministrations, and last two years, and that she has been one of the agents in bringing this about.

Perhaps this will be understood, Mr. Chairman, by those for whom it is intended. The spirit says that she has several times partially materialized in circles of Boston, although she has not been recognized, because her friends were not present; but she was allowed to experiment by the guides at the various séances for a purpose of her own. She believes that the time will come when she will be able to manifest herself in that way so strongly as to have it understood who she is, and for what purpose she comes.

Report of Public Séance held Feb. 2d, 1892.
Spirit Invocation.
Oh! thou Supreme Spirit, thou who art tender and divine, let us feel thine influence this hour; may we be uplifted in thought and aspiration nearer to thy great spiritual atmosphere of purity and freedom, of thought and action, of thy holy angels; we desire to be born into thy life that we may receive from thee something elevating, something that shall tend to spiritualize our natures and make us more lovely and sweet.

We thank thee for the privileges that life affords to us. We return praises that we live in this nineteenth century, when so much freedom of liberty of thought and sentiment are vouchsafed to the world. We are grateful that in this day so much of human advancement is known, and that man is free to follow the path of truth, and to escape from ignorance and superstition and to send forth his best abilities toward that which is higher, more glorious and great. We return thanks to thee for all things by way of experience that have come into our lives; we praise thee for the past with its discipline; we are thankful for the present with all that it unravels before us by way of instruction; we bless thee that there is a future for humanity through which it may gain higher knowledge and unfold grander individual powers.

Life this time would receive the ministrations of the angels who through back from the immortal world that our souls may be touched upon, drawing forth higher aspirations and deeper thoughts, and thus we may be able to bring to us and the inspirations which they pour upon us prove in this darkened world as bright and beautiful as are the heavenly worlds. We return thanks to thee for the kindly hearts that sympathize with us, for the friendly hands that placed the flowers here, and for all the sweet tokens of affection which up to now we have received on earth toward that larger, greater humanity in the spirit-world.

Question and Answer.
CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—You may now present your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—[By Louis P. De Turk, Martinsville, Ind.] Is not marriage one of the true purposes of our being, so ordained by natural law? What effect, if any, has the marriage relation on the spirit after leaving the material body? Is there a spiritual advantage or disadvantage in the relation?

Ans.—Where two souls, male and female, are joined together on earth in true companionship, union of love and sympathy, there is a blending of the soul-forces, or the magnetic atmosphere of the two, which practically makes them one. It is not necessary that these two should always think alike, have the same opinions upon every question which may arise, or that the individuality of one should be merged into that of the other; but if there is harmony of association and a desire to unite for the good of each other, as well as for the best possible results in outward associative life with which they may mingle on earth, then will these two souls grow so closely together as to become one.

Such a union will indeed bless the spirit after it has passed from the mortal life. Two who are united here, who have gained experience and knowledge in company with each other, who have developed their spiritual qualities through the discipline which has come to them in their mortal life, who, as the years have rolled by, have gained more true wisdom, will certainly be united in the spirit-world, and find a blessing there in the union; for there will be harmony of soul life, there will be a spiritual companionship, each will be able to give unto the other that which is best adapted to the soul-development, and, therefore, the association or the union in that higher life will be for the mutual advantage and unfoldment of both.

There are marriages and marriages upon this earthly plane. Some of the so-called unions are anything but a blending of the spiritual elements and forces of the two contracting parties, while others are all that can be required in this respect. Those who are united by physical bonds alone, and by the mandate of the law, but who have no true soul-affinity, will not be compelled to remain with each other in the spirit-world. Each will gravitate to that condition to which the spirit is best fitted and adapted, will gather its own associations, and gain its own experiences, such as are required for its best unfoldment; but those who are really married in spirit as well as in the outward life, will most certainly find the union a blessed one on the other side.

Henry B. Luce.

I have not got a great deal to say, but I thought I would like to come here and tell the good people in Auburn, Me., that I am alive and ready to stand by my post and fight in the battle if I am called on to do that. I do not want them to think that I have gone away off and know nothing of this world's affairs.

You can call me a veteran, I suppose, because I took my place in the great army in the time when the service of each man was needed, and I do not feel sorry that I did that. If I was back in the body and had strength, and the country called on me to battle for its rights, I would be very glad to take hold and do my part. We do not have that kind of warfare on the other side, but then, it is not all peace and quiet either. We have to open fire along the lines sometimes and do pretty good sharp-shooting in our own peculiar way. We find we have enemies aside to fight, and also foes of error and wrong outside to battle with. I have been learning some things since I went over. I think I am a little wiser on these points than I was when here.

I want to report to my friends that I am doing well, and have no wish to come back to take up the old life again. I left a wife on this side and dear ones, and I hope no one will think I have forgotten him or her because I went over the great river.

I am Henry B. Luce.

Earle Alexander.

[To the Chairman:] Good afternoon, sir. [Good afternoon, sir.] I feel a pleasure to step forward here and send a few words to my friends. I would like them to know that I am strong and active in the spirit-world and gaining my experiences in various ways. I went away when comparatively young from the mortal body. I had plans and ambitions and hopes in my mind that I wished to live to see fulfilled. This was denied me on the mortal side, but I found them still alive in the spirit, and have been then up and tried to live them out in my own way.

Tell my dear friends that I am seeking a musical education that will be of the greatest use to me, for although I felt that I understood something of music when here, and knew that I gained more knowledge of it after I left the body, yet, as I listen to the strains of harmony that skillful souls evoke and send forth in the spirit-world to bless mankind, I

feel that my knowledge is limited and my experience small. I am one of the band who send out their music for the benefit of others. I wish to say to my friends—for perhaps they will be interested to know it—that the band to which I belong are engaged in a sort of antislavery in the spirit-world, where we utilize our musical powers for the benefit, or treatment, of those poor warped, distorted minds who come to that place from earth, and who were unbalanced here. We know that this music has an invigorating power, that it stimulates the mind into new notions of thought, and that it is of more service to them than any amount of treatment such as the doctors of this life could possibly give.

My father wishes me to give his love and greetings to the dear ones at home. Tell them he is well situated in the spirit-world, and has found his own place and occupation; but while he is satisfied with that condition, he does not by any means forget the loved ones who were left in the body, but he tries to use his influence for their best good also with another brave, good soul Benjamin Franklin Lewis, who wishes me to give his love to a dear one in Fitchburg. He says that though many years have gone by through which she has gained strange experiences, yet he has never, since the day he passed to the spirit-world, forgot to visit her, and to bring his spiritual influence and peace.

I thought, Mr. Chairman, that it would do me good and perhaps bring pleasure to some of your friends to bring pleasant news to some of your old friends. I could come to your Circle and say a few words. I am Earle Alexander.

Mary P. Warren.
I went from Newton, Mass., to the spirit-world, that beautiful city of light which I entered in passing from the body.

There was no darkness to me after I severed the connection with the mortal form, but there came new life and courage and strength such as I had not felt for a long time. When I roused to my condition, and realized that I was in a new home, filled with familiar faces long missed from my earth-life, but found again on that beautiful side; when I learned that I could come and watch any one that I was interested in on earth, I felt it my duty to try to speak in some such way as this.

Quite a time has passed by since I went from the body. I have not been here before, but I am so glad to speak to-day. How strange it seemed to me, a gray-haired woman, to hear myself say: "Child, I have come home. Here you will find those who were long ago missed out of the earth-places. Here you will find rest after the strife and turmoil of many years." It was rest to me to hear such words, and to feel the welcome and the atmosphere of sympathy and peace that came all about me from these loving ones, like a garment of warmth and light.

I say to my friends on earth: This is a grand truth, that we live on after the body dies, and that we are really on our way to a sign or mourn, because they shall find their loved ones again. I am Mary P. Warren.

John Moxson.
I come, speaking after the way of earth, from across the deep waters. I was not a native of your country. I do not know its cities or its towns, for I lived in London, and there I made my home, and there I loved my friends. Years have gone by since I went out from their lives, years of experience and study to me and of discipline to them. Some have joined me in the spirit-world, and others still remain on this side, knowing little of the great existence beyond and above them.

[To the Chairman:] I have many times, sir, visited your meeting place and wished to say a word, thinking it might, mayhap, reach the mind of some one who has known me, some one who has thought me dead, some one who has said it was a pity that I was called out from this life at an early age and had not tarried to take part in its events, for I knew that my friends would miss me, and that I had come home. I do not feel that I have been away from so much as has come to me in the other world that I could not have had here, so much of insight into the conditions of things and into human life, and so much that I can never express through mortal lips.

If by chance any should see my words who have known me, let them understand that I regard them still with great feeling and affection, and that I bring to them my word of greeting, for I have loved them here, and I am a living man. If none should learn of my return, I feel that the experience will do me good, and perhaps it will fit me to help some other spirit to reach its friends on earth, so the time will not be lost.

My name, sir, is John Moxson. I may say that I was interested, or beginning to interest myself, in the study of civil engineering, and I hope to perfect myself in that line. I had to give it up on this side, but the ambition and energy that I had here have served me well on the spirit-side, and I have tried to make use of them for good results.

Joe Hunt.

[To the Chairman:] Well, stranger, you call it a long run from Alabama to this point, but I've made it in time, and I'm proper glad to get here. I don't expect to say much, for I don't understand this thing at all. It's all new to me, and then the spirit-life itself is strange to me, so I don't feel that I'm fitted to talk upon these things; but a chap in Birmingham told me of these places, and that I'd better come here, and he said I'd find a help me a bit, and that's why I'm here. After a little I reckon I'll do better, but just about now I'm doing the best I can.

Tell them Joe Hunt's got around on time and hopes to make himself heard in other ways, for I'd like the boys to know that it's life, and not death. I went out in a hurry, and feel as if I'd come back in a hurry, but that's all right.

I was looking around up at Exmore while ago, but I couldn't get close enough to see as well as I wanted to, and I was told if I came to a place like this I'd see through the mists clearer and get a better idea of things in life. I'm Joe Hunt.

Marion Scott.

I love to look at the beautiful flowers. They seem to bring me strength. The flowers in my California home brought me strength many times when I was weak and full of pain. They seemed alive to me, and as if they were speaking of bright and beautiful things, lifting the thought higher from this outward life to something that is broad and grand beyond. In the spirit-world, too, I have choice flowers that I love, sweet, white lilies and fragrant roses, and these sometimes I bring to my friends in the earth-life, hoping they will catch something of their fragrance and beauty that will make their days more bright.

I did not know of spirit-return, and I had to learn about it after I passed away. I did not have such bright anticipations of the higher life as you people who know of it, and who believe that your friends can come back and communicate with you, must have. It seemed rather dark and chilly to think about, but after I had passed on the darkness was all gone, and everything was beautiful and fair.

I sometimes come back to the localities in this earth-life that I have been familiar with in the past, trying to make those whom I meet feel my presence, and to tell them something of what the spirit is. Sometimes they do think of me when I am there, and it makes me glad, because I feel that perhaps I have succeeded in drawing their thought to me, and that they may catch an influence from my presence.

Not very long ago I was in Livermore, and I saw a friend of mine there who seemed to be in a condition to catch inspirations from the spirit-world. I hope that she may be so situated in the future that she may then perhaps we in the spirit-world can come and make ourselves known to our friends in Alameda County through her instrumentality.

I am not familiar with this way of communicating, but I hope to do better sometime. Please give my love to any one who may care for it, and say that I am still alive. Marion Scott.

Robert Anderson.

[To the Chairman:] How do you do? [I am

pretty well.] I am well, too, and I want to say so to my friends, for it is a good while since I came back to the Banner Circle, and I feel that I have a right to say a word through our medium to my friends on earth.

[To the organist, seated upon the platform:] Bro. Longley, I am glad to see you. Your sweet good songs have done me a power of good. They seem to help me when I come into the earth-atmosphere. Last Sunday week rounded out the ten years of my spirit-life experience, and I would like my friends to know that in those ten years I have been a busy body. I have not been idle and asleep. I could not be that anyhow, because there is always something prodding me to go ahead, and find out what the world contains. I keep good track of the years that go by, and I am alive to the events of this physical life, especially of this good country of yours, because I hold that a man, if he is out of the flesh, ought to keep himself informed of what is passing with human beings, so as to be up to the times.

Now I thought it was about right to come here to-day, and to bring my greeting to all my old friends. Tell them I am happy, and I hope they are. If they can find the real soul-satisfaction in the contemplation of spiritual life that I have found, I'll not ask anything more for them, for they'll be happy enough with that. But I can tell you what it is, we have all got a work to do. It is not sitting down idly over there and thrumming harp strings; it is not staidly making and exchanging notes with your neighbor and "good-mornings"; it is not lying round on mossy banks and drinking in the beauty of the summer sky and atmosphere. We have all the beautiful things of nature to make our lives more gratifying; but we cannot enjoy them unless we go to work and do something for our fellows, and when we are working for others, we somehow or other are working for ourselves, for we develop our own natures through that same labor.

I am not going to preach. I did not come in to do that this time, but just to give my greeting to the folks at home. Tell the girls that I'm all right, and mother's all right in the spirit-world. The little ones that went over are safe and sound in the beautiful city beyond, and by-and-by, when their work is done, they'll meet them in the spirit-land. I know there are many here on this side who cannot understand what the spirit-world is like, and until they grow up to a comprehension of it, it is no use trying to tell them about it; but if they can only keep the hope alive and the belief in a future state, and in a reunion with their friends who have passed on, and at the same time will try day by day to live in accordance with the Golden Rule, they will be pretty well prepared to find the beautiful country when they pass from this physical plane.

Give my greetings to my friends: I do not want to neglect one. Tell them I hold a warm place in my heart for them all. Give my greetings to Brother Colby. Tell him I am glad he has weathered the storms as long as he has, and hope he will stay to do a good and useful work for Spirituality and for mankind on both sides of life for a good while to come. Robert Anderson.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.
Feb. 3.—Simon Cameron; Wm. C. Ball; John Wheeler; Lizzie Smith; Mary Marshall; Arthur Barr. Feb. 9.—Florence C. Tuttle; Levi Davis; Sarah Kennedy; Katie A. Kinsey (Spirit Violet); Dr. Thos. Bolton; Samuel Clark.

Messages here noticed as having been given will appear in due course according to routine date.

April 15.—J. M. E. Kenney; John A. Squire; Fannie M. Chaplin; Henry Sampson; Jane Elliott; O. R. Lane; Walter Say. April 16.—Margaret Fuller D'Ossoli; Israel Graham; Solomon Jones; Susan Crosby; Charles Ehlers; L. B. Wilson.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "BANNER OF LIGHT Establishment" is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name, we give below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, [here insert the description of the property to be willed] strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

New Publications.

BEYOND THE BOULEVARD. Reports of a Traveler Returned from "The Undiscovered Country." Submitted to the World by Amos K. Fiske, author of "Midnight Talks at the Club." 16mo, cloth, pp. 222. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

We have here what purports to be the experience of a man who, after a railway accident, lay three days seemingly dead, but was at the end of that time—witnessed, it appears, was passed in the spirit-world—resuscitated, and felt himself to be a temporary exile in this. He is introduced in the opening chapter as a "mysterious stranger," who confides to the editor of this volume a manuscript in which he relates his experience during those three days in spiritual realms, conversing with their inhabitants, and learning of their wisdom, their daily life and occupations. This experience, in all its bearings, constitutes the book, which many will read with satisfying interest, and in the reading acquire much that will be of great value to them upon their entrance into the life beyond. The subjects of a few of its chapters are: "The Life Indeed," "The Secret of Growth," "The Higher Moral and Religious," "Spirit Relationship and Achievement."

SOCIOLOGY. Popular Lectures and Discussions Before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. 12mo, cloth, pp. 403. Boston: James H. West, 193 Summer street.

Sociology is based on evolution; it is the science, yet in the making, of social evolution. We are indebted to Auguste Comte for the name, and to Herbert Spencer for the formulation of its laws. It affirms no dogmas; has no authoritative priesthood; presents no panaceas for social ills. It indicates the natural trend of society's evolution, and thus affords wise suggestions for our guidance in practical affairs. There are seventeen essays in this volume, each of remarkable strength of thought and force of argument; clear, concise and comprehensive. All who would become well informed upon the doctrine of evolution should possess a copy.

THE NEW WORLD AND THE NEW BOOK; With Kindred Essays. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, pp. 239. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The address which supplies the title of this book was delivered before the Nineteenth Century Club of New York in January of last year. The twenty-seven essays that follow, though they have appeared in the leading magazines, have been revised, and will be new to most readers. They treat largely upon the literary and patriotic capital of the American people, and are characterized by a bright and attractive style. Mr. Higginson disclaims all desire to pander to any petty national vanity, his sole aim being to assist in creating a modest and reasonable self-respect.

THE MOUNTAINS OF OREGON. By W. G. Steel, Fellow of the American Geographical Society. 8vo, cloth, emb., pp. 112. Portland, Oregon: David Steel. The contents of this volume were originally prepared in response to numerous requests for descriptions of Mt. Hood and Crater Lake. It may be inferred from this that its subject matter relates to localities of which the general public know but little, if anything. Indeed, upon reading its thrilling descriptions of the daring adventures amid snow and ice at midsummer, one can scarcely realize that such arctic scenes are within the limits of the United States. Crater Lake is alluded to as being "one of the grandest points of interest on earth." The explorations were made by the Oregon Alpine Club, of whose members portraits are given.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From 10 Wellington street, Worcester, Mass., April 16th, 1892.

At the funeral service, there were representatives from Morning Star Lodge of Masons, Worcester County Commandery of Knights Templar, Stiller Chapter Order of the Eastern Star, Worcester Royal Arch Chapter of Masons, Worcester Lodge and Wachusetts Encampment of Odd Fellows.

Mr. Richardson had been for many years a staunch supporter of the cause of Spirituality, and until his illness a regular attendant of Spiritualist meetings. He was a man of sterling worth—loved by all who knew him. He leaves a wife and children in mourning his loss. May he be sustained and supported by the knowledge of spirit-communication.

At the funeral Rev. Dr. Almon Gunnison of the First Universalist Church read selections from the Bible and offered prayer; the address was delivered by Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, the Schumann quartet rendered several beautiful selections. There were many very beautiful floral tributes.

Geo. A. FULLER, M. D.

From Warren, Ill., April 2d, 1892, Mrs. Mary E. Morrill, beloved wife of J. S. Morrill, aged 60 years.

A husband and one son are left to mourn her loss, a little daughter having passed into spirit-life some twenty years before.

In her religion Mrs. Morrill was a Spiritualist—firm and unwavering; not obtrusive, but ever ready to give good reasons for her faith. She anticipated the change, and freely conversed with her husband about it, leaving full directions for her obsequies.

Rev. Mr. Wilkinson of the Methodist Church officiated at the funeral, which was largely attended. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's beautiful poem, "The Soul's Farewell to the Body," was read, as she had requested. A faithful wife, a loving mother and true friend has passed away, and she will long be remembered by all who knew her—who held her in high esteem. E. L. V.

From Weir City, Kan., April 4th, 1892, Esther Williams, wife of Ira Williams, aged 58 years and 17 days.

She was born in Stamford, Conn., daughter of Wm. H. Cragg; she was married in 1834 at Fishkill, N. Y. Her wedding day of fifty-six years was very happy. Six children were born of them, two a son and daughter, preceded their mother and welcomed her to their bright home above.

Herself and husband embraced Spirituality early in its history, and were earnest advocates and consistent exemplars of its teachings. Her husband was a Spiritualist in character she was dignified, self-sacrificing, gentle. In every path of life she fulfilled her mission nobly. The memory of her life and influence will ever be cherished by those who knew her. Funeral services by the undersigned. J. MADISON ALLEN.

From Haverhill, Mass., April 17th, Mrs. Susan Trow, aged 64 years 8 months and 13 days.

She was well known to many Spiritualists—having for several years passed her summers at Onset—and was an earnest and faithful worker for the cause of Spirituality. The burial was in Nahant, N. H.

Mrs. H. L. Sheldon also writes of the decease of Mrs. Trow as follows:

"Truly her spirit has arisen, and she has gone to join her sister, whose body is now lying in the tomb awaiting burial—she having passed on from her home in Onset only a few months ago."

Memorial services were held at Britton Hall—the Eastern session being entirely dedicated to their memory. Floral tributes, of Eastern lilies and other beautiful flowers adorned the platform. The Controlling Intelligence (through Mrs. Gladding) made the exercises of marked interest and spiritual beauty.

Dr. Orville H. Conger left his earthly home in Pasadena, Cal., for the Higher Life, on the afternoon of April 2d.

For many years he had suffered from gastritis, which, with the fatal *E. coli*, caused his dissolution. He was born in Wyoming County, N. Y., in 1827; was a graduate of Rush Medical College, and had resided at different times in New York City, Chicago, Dakota, Salt Lake, and elsewhere. His last place of residence was where he was first known to Spirituality.

Outspoken and fearless in the expression of his opinions, he did not hesitate to oppose error and to champion truth, nor to advocate what he believed to be right. To him the science and philosophy of Spirituality became as familiar as letters, and he was ever ready to advocate it at all times and places. It was his knowledge that gave him courage through three months of lingering illness. Firm and conscious to the last moment, he carefully adjusted his business as best he could. Saving to himself, "I'm almost there," he asked to be raised into the arms of his son; to his wife and two young daughters, and other relatives, he said a loving good-bye, and whispering, "My mother has come for me," stepped out into the light—not unknown country to join those who had often returned to love and cheer him.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1892.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

Around our pathway griefs and trials gather,
Till every gladness is an airy nothing,
But when all seems lost, come the assurance,
"This is not all."
Oh, there are more with us than are against us.
From opening heavens, when in faith we've prayed,
Angels legion bend the mighty answer:
"This is not all."
Speaking of the demand now being made by the
bigots outside of Chicago for the closing of the World's
Fair on Sundays, the *Gardiner* (Me.) *Home Journal*
remarks:

"We think it ought to be kept open. Chicago is
said to be an awful wicked city, and if the Fair is
closed Sunday there is no knowing what wickedness
the innocent visitors may be enticed into. Of course
the good people who want to go to church on God just
the same whether the Fair is open or not; it is the
other kind who will not go that need to be provided
for, and the Fair ought to be kept open for their
benefit."

"MUD-SLINGING" EXTRAORDINARY.—A feature
of the series of recent storms in the West, says an ex-
change, was a shower of mud along the line of the
Union Pacific railroad, in the vicinity of Onago, Kan.
The south and east sides of houses were plastered
with mud, and a Union Pacific train was so covered
that its headlights were invisible. The phenomenon
has not been explained.

Colby Academy at New London, Ct., has been de-
stroyed by fire.

HE ASKS THE SPIRITS TO AID HIM.—Dr. Parker
is reported to have said in his sermon referring to the
death of the Duke of Clarence and Princess May's
bereavement: "By saying they knew not of the Prince
must come to her listening and yearning heart with
words she alone could hear and understand. *Per-
sonally he near prayed to the dead. He asked them
to come very near him and to help him to carry the
load which is too much for his falling strength, and
he knew in very deed that the prayer was never lost.*
—The Two Worlds, Eng.

A violent hail-storm, accompanied by terrific light-
ning, has just occurred in Berlin, Germany, and vicinity.
The hailstones were enormous, and created great
havoc, and the wind blew with frightful velocity.
Boats were capsized, buildings struck by lightning,
and a church at Liebenburg was set on fire and consumed.

TRUTH SHALL TRIUMPH.

The hope of truth grows stronger day by day.
I hear the soul of man around me waking,
Like a great sea, the broken waters breaking,
And flinging up to heaven its sunlit spray;
Tossing huge continents in scornful play,
And crushing them with din of grinding thunder,
That makes old empires stare in wonder;
The mighty of the earth are hurrying,
Lingers in every heart, as in the shell
Resounds the bygone freedom of the sea.
And every hour new signs of promise tell
That the great soul shall once again be free;
For high and yet more high the murmur swell
Of inward strife for truth and liberty.
—James Russell Lowell.

The United States army now carries on its retired
list thirty-two brigadier-generals and four major gen-
erals. The quartette of major-generals is composed
of John Pope, S. S. Carroll, J. C. Robinson and Daniel
E. Sickles.

The six "regular" doctors who refused to attend
the William Bates of Northfield street, who had
swallowed a dose of "Rough on Rats" by accident, be-
cause they had no security that they would get any
remuneration, deserve to be shunned by decent peo-
ple. A Boston evening daily considers it despicable,
and adds: "Any human being who refuses to assist
a dying man is a disgrace to his kind, whether he be
a physician, a king, or a pauper."

A very virulent epidemic of cholera is raging in Be-
narès, India. The mortality is very great.

An English paper recently had an article on "Jehu
humor." The writer says that on one occasion he
heard the driver of a broken van, known as the "Black
Maria," distinguish himself. "I would be wit on the
cassaway called him. 'Got any room inside, Robert?'"
"There is room for one," answered the driver. "I
kept it for you." Not entirely disconcerted, the wit
made another shot, and asked: "What is your fare?"
The answer entirely extinguished him. "Bread and
water, same as you had before!" —Ez.

Tonquin news by the way of Paris, France, April
28th, state that an unseaworthy vessel sank in Claire-
hue River, drowning thirty French soldiers, and like-
wise the captain of the vessel.

All that civil law can properly do toward religion
and be just, is to respect every form of religion and
favor none; to be neither hostile nor friendly to any,
but simply be silent on the subject, as a matter lying
outside of its jurisdiction. —American Sentinel.

WHAT IS ELOQUENCE?—John Burroughs in the
Chautauquan for April adds this to the many descrip-
tions of eloquence: "There is something martial
in eloquence, the roll of the drum, the cry of the life,
the wheel and flash of serried ranks. Its end is ac-
tion, it shapes events, it takes captive the reason and
the understanding. Its basis is earnestness, vehemence,
depth of conviction."

A minister who is not always so careful as he ought
to be in making his preaching and practice go together,
was lately telling some friends a story of adventure.
It was a large story, and the minister's little son-
in-law was listening to it very intently. When he
finished, he fastened his eyes upon his father's face
and said, very gravely: "Is that true, or are you
preaching now, papa?" —Ez.

The body of Doorkpeer Edgell of the Massachusetts
Senate has been found floating in the Charles
river.

The Sabbatarians are very much exercised over the
fact that over a quarter of a million of people in Mich-
igan signed the anti-Sunday-law petition to Congress,
many of them being clergymen. There is not a single
Sabbatarian in Michigan. A "Sabbath" association in the
State, nor has a "Sabbath" convention been held in
it for several years. The State of Michigan is to be
congratulated on the unsampled freedom. —Secular
Thought, Toronto, Canada.

In the old days, when "organization" of the *Spiri-
tualist* forces was the watchword, Michigan was called
the Banner State in that work.

Peter Eno, from Canada, residing in Lawrence,
Mass., who shot and killed his wife April 24th—com-
mitted suicide in the county jail April 24th by hang-
ing. This man is a fair specimen of the foreigners
who emigrate to the United States, not only from Can-
ada, but from all over Europe; and then the London
Times twice this country in consequence of the fre-
quency of murders here.

Words of Appreciation.

MESSRS. COLBY & RICH:—
At the regular meeting of the Children's Progressive
Lyceum Association of Boston, a unanimous vote of
thanks was tendered you for your kindness to us on
March 21st—both for donations and printing.

We appreciate your worth, and are happy to ac-
knowledge you our friends. That you may be ever
prosperous in your good work is the heartfelt wish
of the whole Association. CARRIE L. HEATH, Sec'y.

Boston, April 19th, 1892.

MESSRS. COLBY & RICH:—
In behalf of the Religious Philosophical Society of
Baltimore I beg to acknowledge receipt, by express,
of the package of books sent by you as a donation to
the Society and Lyceum.

As the Interpreter of the Society's sentiments, per-
mit me, while returning you our sincere thanks for
this valuable addition to our library, to say that your
generous encouragement does not surprise us—the
liberal policy of THE BANNER and its publishers
toward earnest workers for the Cause is too well
known by all who have studied the history of Modern
Spiritualism.

Trusting that our young Society will ever show
itself worthy of such a noble encouragement, I re-
main, Very truly yours,
F. P. DE GOURNAY, President R. P. S.
38 South Gay street, Baltimore, April 18th, 1892.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Spiritual Meetings are held at the Banner of Light
Hall, 111 Washington Street, on Tuesday and Friday after-
noon, 2 to 4 P. M. Longley occupying the platform. J. A.
Blandford, Chairman. These interesting meetings are free
to all.

First Spiritual Temple, corner Newbury
and Essex Streets.—Spiritualist Brotherhood Lectures
every Sunday at 2 P. M. School at 11 A. M. Wednesday
evening at 7 P. M. All are cordially invited. William Boyce, Presi-
dent; L. O. Clapp, Secretary.

The Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall,
4 Berkeley Street.—Public cordially invited. William Boyce, Presi-
dent; L. O. Clapp, Secretary.

Public meeting at the Boston Spiritual Temple
every Wednesday at 2 P. M. at Wm. Parkman Hall, 3 Boylston
Place. Business meeting at 3 o'clock. Supper at 6. Mrs.
John Woods, President; Mrs. L. O. Clapp, Secretary; Mrs.
O. P. Pratt, Treasurer. All are invited.

Eagle Hall, 610 Washington Street.—Sundays at
11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 3 P. M. F.
W. Matthews, Conductor.

College Hall, 64 Essex Street.—Sundays, at 10 A.
M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M. Eben Cobb, Conductor.

Children's Spiritual Lyceum meets every Sunday
at 10 A. M. in Red Men's Hall, 41 Tremont street, opposite
Berkeley. J. A. Blandford, President; Wm. F. Hall, Con-
ductor.

Veteran Spiritualists' Union.—Public meetings will
be held the first Tuesday of every month in the Banner of
Light Hall, 111 Washington Street, at 7 P. M. Dr. H. B. Storer,
President; Moses T. Dole, Treasurer; Wm. H. Banks, Clerk; No. 78 State street, Boston; Mrs. M. T. Long-
ley, Corresponding Secretary. We cordially invite all interested
in the objects of the Union are invited to attend.

First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society.—Parlor
101 Washington Street. Organized 1887; incorporated 1882.
Business meetings Friday at 8 P. M. Public social meetings
at 7 P. M. Mrs. A. E. Barnes, President; Mrs. A. L. Wood-
bury, Secretary.

Public meetings are held at this place every week. Devel-
oping Circle at 11 A. M.; speaking and tests 2 P. M. and 7 P. M.
J. E. and Mrs. Loomis Hall, Conductors.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street, cor-
ner of Essex and State Streets.—Public social meetings
at 7 P. M. Mrs. A. E. Barnes, President; Mrs. A. L. Wood-
bury, Secretary.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Services
every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M. Every Tuesday
at 2 P. M., meetings for tests, speaking and psychometric read-
ings. Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, Conductor.

Evening meetings at 7 P. M. Public social meetings
at 7 P. M. Mrs. C. A. Smith, Conductor.

Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street.—Meetings
every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M. Public social
meetings at 7 P. M. Mrs. C. A. Smith, Conductor.

K. of P. Hall, 241 Tremont Street.—Sundays
meetings at 10 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; also on Mondays at 10 P.
Washington street. J. Edward Bartlett, Chairman.

The Ladies' Industrial Society meets weekly Thurs-
day afternoon and evening, corner Washington and Dover
streets (up one flight). Ida P. A. Whitlock, President; Mrs.
H. W. Cushman, Secretary; J. Walker Street, Charlestown.

Chelsea, Mass.—The Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society holds
meetings in Pilgrim Hall, Hawthorn street, afternoon and
evening at 7 P. M. Mrs. M. L. Dodge, Secretary.

The Cambridge Spiritual Society holds meetings
Sunday evenings in Old Fellows Hall, 548 Main street. H.
D. Simons, Secretary.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall.—
A large audience convened last Sunday to listen to
the Hon. Sidney Dean's closing lectures. The morning
lecture was scientific and philosophical, and listened
to with marked attention and interest. In the
evening the speaker said: To an inquiring mind,
one which is ever desirous of adding knowledge to
knowledge, and which is ever desirous of adding
truth to truth, the only way to the truth is to
reverse to those which are known, whose laws are ob-
served and acknowledged, there is something sad in
the fact that there is a limit to the acquisition of
knowledge on the earth side of our nature. We would
know all here. With our limited knowledge, we
know the seemingly thin veil or curtain which hides from
us many things now left for the reason to observe,
analyze and conjecture, and for the intuitions of the
soul to absorb and thus become to us a faith,
and the fact remains that we are finite of nature,
and consequently limited. This limitation seems to
surround us like a horizon, and to environ the whole
being. If we are limited in the acquisition of knowl-
edge, so are we in the possession of force. If there is
a limit to our perceptions, so there is a limit to our ma-
terial vision; the former cannot grasp the nature,
laws or variety of pure spirit being and essence, and
the latter cannot penetrate beyond the narrow bound-
aries of the visible. We are finite of nature, and
the imagination adds up of possibilities in both our
reasoning and emotional natures which lift us to the
status of angels if not of lesser gods, believed in by
philosophers of old; but, alas! for us, our conceptions,
aided by our imagination, are finite of nature, and
edge upon which we can safely build. It is best for
us that there is a limit to the finite being. Shall we
ever shed the finite cell and blossom into the infinite?
Never. A stream never rises higher than the foun-
tain, by a fixed law. We are finite of nature, and
higher than the highest possibilities found in its na-
ture. The nature itself being finite, there cannot be
found within it a force which can cause it to blossom
into the infinite at any stage of its existence.

To the speaker, saying that every day some new
law, some new source of supply with which to
replenish our well-nigh exhausted lamp of knowledge;
and these fresh births into our finite horizons are in
fact harmony with the perfect. Castle buildings in the
air, without plan, and without foundation, are the prob-
lems and uncertain phases of the future, was considered
by the speaker to be very unwise and unphilosophical
business. But it is better than day-dreaming when the
future is crystallized into faith, and the future is
existence. Here, the speaker of Miller's and Sec-
ond Adventism, saying there were many waiting with
some impatience for Gabriel to blow the trumpet, and
the grand assize of eternity and time to open. Many
were dead without seeing it, and many more are pre-
sumably will. He only used Miller's name as an ex-
ample. The mental world has been full of like base-
less faiths. To-day a clear unprejudiced reason is ex-
amining the moral sense of the world, finding the root
of every faith, law, and custom, and every day
opponents of any faith, but as honest seekers after
the facts of life. Mr. Dean urged that parents study
their children as God made them, in order to work in
harmony with nature. If a boy shows a disposition
to whistle, or play a violin, or to do anything else, do
not drive him out of doors because it is annoying to you,
and when he is old enough make perhaps a cobbler
of him, because in so doing you may make a mighty
cobbler, and probably spoil what might have
been a Mozart. The boy's nature has been spoiled.
Analyze the gifts of your children, and make them
what they are intended to be.

Some men and women are intuitive by nature, ar-
gued the speaker, while others never rise to an intu-
itional life, but are content on a material plane.
The philosophy of Spiritualism is founded on four
cornerstones. First: It is reasonable, consistent,
harmonious. Second: It is in accord with all known
nature and laws. Third: It is voiced by the higher
intuitions of our inner nature. Fourth: It is affirmed
by the messages which come to us from the living;
from those we knew in their mortal life, but whom
the world calls dead. Mr. Dean closed this highly in-
teresting lecture by reading a brief abstract of his
here given by reading communication from the
spirit-side of life, professedly written by one of earth's
artists.

At the close of the lecture Dr. A. H. Richardson
spoke of the engagement with Sidney Dean having
been successful, and of interest in all his lectures
having been shown by the large audiences and the
close attention paid them, and he felt assured that he
was voicing the sentiments of the audience as well as
his own when he moved that a unanimous vote of
thanks be extended to him for the address he had
presented; and as he had learned an engage-
ment for Jan. 1893, had been offered Dr. Dean by the
Boston Spiritual Temple lecture committee, he sin-
cerely hoped and trusted that he would permit him to come
to us again at that time.

At 2:30 Joseph D. Stiles occupied the platform,
and as every one knows the good work that "Old
Pioneer and Veteran" always does, I need only say
he filled the hall completely and satisfactorily.

Next Sunday Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson will
speak at 10:30 and 7:30. At 2:30 Edgar W. Emerson
will be present and hold his last lecture of this season.

The *Helping Hand Society* met as usual at its
last Wednesday evening, and enjoyed an animated and
interesting discussion was held.

First Spiritual Temple.—The last reading and
recital by Prof. Carlisle Petersen was given Sunday,
April 24th. This popular artist was favored on that
occasion with a bright, sunny day, and an unusually

large and appreciative audience. The applause gen-
erally bestowed by the people present testified to the
highest quality of his performance. A deep and abiding
impression was left upon the minds of all who
read from "THE DISCOVERED COUNTRY," and who
ever delivered these cannot fail to arrest the attention
of all thinkers.

Mr. S. L. Lake returns to next Sunday from
Washington, where she has not met with much
in exchange for the practical spiritual truths
which herself or her intelligences have given that So-
ciety.

Dwight Hall.—The developing circle at 11 A. M.
was addressed by Mrs. L. A. Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Wal-
ter Anderson, S. H. Nelke, and others.

Invocation, Survey of song led by Frank W. Jones;
Invocation by Mrs. Dr. O. Clapp, who also spoke in an-
swer to the question "Where is Heaven?" Several
readings were given and recognized.

Dr. Combs said that all the Christs of past ages
had been in our midst, and that we may do
lives abundantly by using the power we have had
do good to others. Several names of departed friends
were given, and well remembered. Mr. Osgood F.
Stiles also gave several names, among them James
Elliot and Frederick Frankfort, who were well known
to the Society. Capt. Cox and Simon Johnson, who were in-
timately known to your reporter, Mrs. W. H. H. Burt
gave very interesting tests. Miss L. E. Smith,
blindfolded, gave descriptions and messages.

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