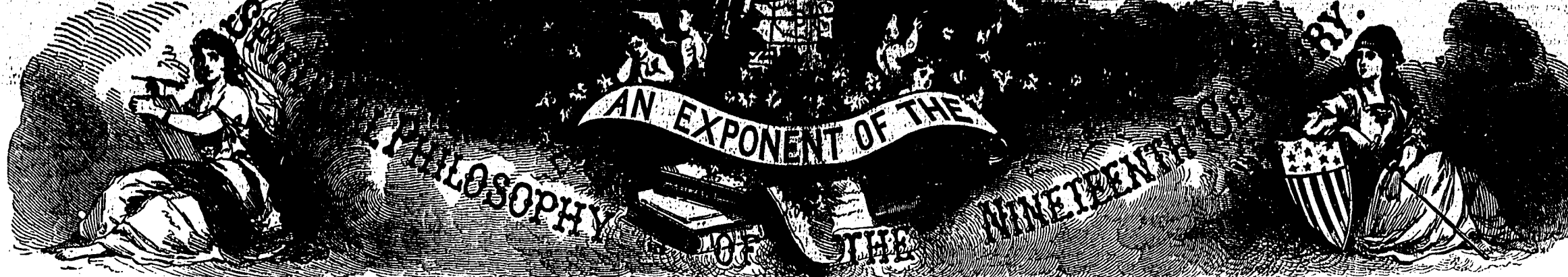


## BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 5.

## THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

BY JOHN ROYLE O'REILLY.

I am tired of planning and toiling  
In the crowded hive of men;  
Heart-sick of hunting and spouting,  
And spouting and hunting again,  
And I long for the dear old river,  
Where I dream'd my youth away;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming  
Of a life that is half a lie;  
On the faces that I see smiling  
In the throng that hurries by,  
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,  
I would go where the children play;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity  
For the burdened life I endure;  
There is nothing sweet in the city  
But the patient lives of the poor.  
Oh! the little hands too skillful,  
And the child mind choked with weeds,  
The daughter's heart grown willful,  
And the father's heart that bleeds!  
No, not from the street's rude bustle,  
From trophies of war and stage,  
I would fly to the woods' low rustle,  
And the meadows' kindly play.  
Let me dream as of old by the river,  
A dreamer lives forever,  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

## Biographical.

## MRS. A. LEAH FOX-UNDERHILL.

BY J. JAY WATSON.

Among the many bright and beautiful gems that God has given of his perfect workmanship, it must be admitted that woman in her purity and loveliness is the most perfect. As the poet Lowell has so gracefully and touchingly expressed it:

"Earth's noblest being is a woman perfected";  
and Thackeray, with all of his cool, collected philosophy, has called woman "the sweetest flower that blooms under heaven." If ever a woman deserved the above-mentioned encomiums, that woman was and is MRS. LEAH FOX-UNDERHILL.

I am aware that the majority of the readers of the dear BANNER OF LIGHT are not unacquainted with the name and pedigree of this pure soul, whom all delight to honor. For more than a quarter of a century the family of Mr. and Mrs. Underhill and our own family preserved the most happy social relations. Unless absent from the city, scarcely a week elapsed that a pleasant evening was not enjoyed by some reunion in the parlors of the Underhills or our own. We often spent weeks and even months under the hospitable roof of the Underhills' home, No. 232 West 37th street, where for thirty-two years the most generous hospitality was dispensed with a liberal hand; for Mrs. Underhill's grand and noble-hearted husband invariably seconded all of his wife's "sweet charities." It always seemed to me that Mrs. Underhill's sole object in life was to secure the greatest happiness to the greatest number; in fact she was the happiest when making others happy. Her table (and it was a large one) rarely showed a vacant chair around it, and it would require a volume of no small dimensions to delineate the many wonders which I have witnessed in connection with my friends and family around that table. Often in bidding our warm-hearted host and hostess good night have I remarked to my own loved ones, "these hours are among the happiest in our lives"; and this remark was echoed back from hearts that beat in unison with the dear ones from whom we had just separated.

Remarkable as it may seem, the Underhills' home, while being most constantly occupied by friends and visitors, gave one the impression of delightful seclusion from the rough and more worldly elements. Mr. and Mrs. Underhill and their sweet, gentle-faced and gentlemanly daughter Lillie, seemed to vie with each other in making the atmosphere of their beautiful home fragrant with kind words and kinder acts. It may not be generally known that probably more of the world's celebrated men and women made a pilgrimage to this delightful spot than to any other private residence on the American Continent. Hundreds and even thousands of celebrated names could be mentioned in this connection. I will, however, give a few of those best known in our own country: George Baport (the historian), Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, William Lloyd Garrison, Edwin Forrest, James Freeman Clarke, Peter Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, Judge John W. Edmonds, James A. Garfield, Robert Dale Owen, Robert Chambers, Rev. John Pierpont, Gov. N. P. Tallmadge, Alvin Adams, Prof. Horsford, William M. Thackeray, Prof. S. B. Brittan, Simeon Draper, Isaac T. Hopper, Prof. Agassiz, Prof. Mapes, Olé Bull (the famous violinist), Jacob G. Cuyler, Dr. John F. Gray, Dr. A. D. Wilson, E. W. Capron (the well-known veteran writer on Spiritualism), J. Fenimore Cooper, Dr. H. F. Gardner, and last, but not least, I have sat at Mrs. Underhill's table with the celebrated Siamese Twins, who were confirmed believers in the beautiful theory of spirit return.

In the thousands upon thousands of wonderful proofs of existence of the soul after death, which the dear good woman constantly demonstrated to her friends as well as hundreds of strangers (who had not the slightest claim upon her), no remuneration of any description was ever received by this generous-hearted and wonderful medium after settling in her home upon her marriage with Mr. Daniel Underhill. Among the hundreds of days and evenings which myself and family have sojourned at Mrs. Underhill's home, I can scarcely recall one that did not record some good deed for the weary and friendless by this God-

blessed woman. Even the day previous to her passing on to her glorious reward, one of her last acts (which my wife has this moment mentioned to me) was to relieve the necessities of a poor creature in distress. It mattered not whether it was friend or foe, stranger or acquaintance, rich or poor, her kind heart was always ready to respond.

I will here relate one of the many touching acts of kindness by herself and husband which came under my personal notice during our long and intimate acquaintance: Her familiar salutation to her husband was "DAN." As they were one day passing through an up-town street leading out of Eighth Avenue, unusually loud screams of distress from a child attracted the sympathetic ears of this grand couple. Mrs. Underhill was the first to speak. "DAN!" said she, in a somewhat excited tone, "Dan! do you hear that poor child screaming so dreadfully?" "Yes, Leah," he replied. "Well, Dan," said Leah, just as they came opposite the building from which the screams proceeded, "wait right here until I go and see what is the matter with that poor child."

Suiting the action to the word she rapidly ascended the steps of the dwelling, while her husband patiently awaited the result. In a few moments Leah returned with the intelligence that a poor little boy had just been run over by an Eighth Avenue car, breaking one of his limbs and sadly lacerating his poor little body. Hastily explaining the situation to "Dan," the two of them started in double-quick time for their own physician, who happened to be at home, and immediately repaired to the scene of distress accompanied by the good man and his wife.

By their orders everything that kind hearts and a generous purse could supply was cheerfully ordered for the little sufferer, who belonged to a poverty-stricken family. The child soon became convalescent, and in due time was again running the risk of breaking its little limbs upon the Avenue.

This little episode cost the noble-hearted "Dan" more than one hundred dollars; but, as he frequently remarked to me, it did him and Leah more real good, and gave them more satisfaction, than a thousand dollars in cash could have done.

It is such people as these, Bro. Colby, whom the world misses in the flesh; and I must add, at the risk of being personal, your own kind heart will be equally missed, even "after the clouds have rolled away." You know I have a perfect right to make this remark, whether Luther approves of it or not, for I know personally of more of his good deeds than he himself wots of.

Among the many thoughtful acts of goodness performed by Mrs. Underhill during the last year or two of her dwelling among us, was her invitation to that good woman and universal favorite, Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, to accompany her to her old home at Newark, Wayne County, N. Y., and inducing Mrs. Brigham to deliver two eloquent lectures on the beautiful Spiritual Philosophy, before hundreds of dear friends and acquaintances near the old home-stead, and well did Mrs. Brigham discharge her sweet mission. One of these lectures was published, but I do not recollect whether it appeared in the columns of THE BANNER. If it did not, I shall be most happy to forward a copy of No. 1 for publication at once, as this discourse ought to be read by every Spiritualist and earnest inquirer after the soul's welfare throughout Christendom. No. 2 I have no record of. It is not for me here to eulogize Mrs. Helen T. Brigham. Her rare gifts and gentle ways have made her name a household word throughout the land. Although "the one is taken and the other left," two rarer specimens of gentle and noble womanhood will not soon be met with on this mundane sphere.

The last visit which myself and family made at the home of the Underhills was shortly after the soul's departure of my beautiful boy, who was an almost constant visitor and a great favorite at the Underhills'. At the Anniversary gathering of the "First Society of Spiritualists" at Apollo Hall, in the spring of 1889, Mrs. A. Leah Fox-Underhill, Carlos Florentine, the exquisite and gifted singer, my daughter Annie, my darling boy Emmans, Miss Lillie Runnels, I. G. Withers, and your correspondent, including others whose names I cannot now recollect, took part. The occasion was a very impressive one, and the opening remarks by the worthy President of the Society, Mr. Henry J. Newton, and Mrs. M. E. Williams, the world-famed medium, were listened to with rapt attention by the large audience present. Mrs. Underhill was kind enough to permit the magnificent portrait of her sainted mother to be placed conspicuously where her loved features could be easily seen by the whole audience. Mrs. Underhill herself made some very touching remarks at this time, which drew tears from the eyes of her hearers. My beautiful boy upon this occasion played upon the piano, violin and guitar. Upon the latter instrument his performance of a gem from the opera of "Ermeline" was so sweetly rendered, and his appearance was so angelic and ethereal, that his early joining of the angel band was sadly predicted by many sensitive present. After the exercises myself and my family returned to Mrs. Underhill's, at her urgent desire, where a bountiful repast awaited us. Immediately after dinner we took a carriage, generously furnished by the Underhills, and all wended our way to "Conservatory Hall," Brooklyn, to repeat the exercises in which we had just assisted in New York. We were all received by the vast audience with great enthusiasm, and the evening passed as sweetly as had the afternoon at Apollo Hall.

The late Col. Bundy, and the Hon. M. M. (Brick) Pomeroy, were present at the Brooklyn gathering, and made pertinent remarks.

The last time Mrs. Underhill appeared upon the public platform was at Apollo Hall, at the anniversary in 1890. At the time my whole family were so prostrated by the transition of my beloved son that we could not take part in the exercises, and we were absent at the time in New England. We returned to New York, however, in time to enjoy once more the "feast of reason and flow of soul" with our dear departed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Underhill. Upon this occasion we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, the well-known author, and our esteemed friend, the recently departed E. W. Capron, Esq. Several of our most enjoyable evenings at Mr. and Mrs. Underhill's were during the visit to them of that wonderful old negress, "SOJOURNER TRUTH." Mrs. Underhill's own daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Blauvelt, was then living. "Old Sojourner," who was then nearing her one hundred and fourth year, remained at Mrs. Underhill's several months. During her stay a reception was given to her in the parlors of Mrs. Underhill, myself, daughter and son furnishing the music. The reception resulted in a plethoric pocket book for the good old "Sojourner Truth," who sang several of her old songs which she had learned nearly one hundred years previous. Several of these melodies I took down at the time, and may in the near future write them out for the readers of THE BANNER. "Sojourner's" last handshaking with me was a moment after I had placed my violin in the case. As she kissed my hand over and over again she ended by saying: "I shall probably reach heaven before you, my good friend, and if I do I will prepare a glorious reception for you upon your arrival in that beautiful land of the blest."

Mrs. Underhill was passionately fond of music, and the piano, organ, violin, voice or guitar were almost constantly heard at her house. Perhaps the most curious if not wonderful test of spirit-communion that ever took place was the striking out upon the piano of that sweet and immortal melody entitled "The Haunted Ground." Mrs. Underhill, in her book entitled "The Missing Link," thus describes this wonderful musical visitation. She says: "The following is a beautiful and curious experience which came one evening at Rochester in the early days of our mediumship. My sister Maggie and I were sitting alone in my little parlor in Troup street, enjoying ourselves by a warm fire, while the pouring rain outside assured us that we should not be interrupted by callers. I was reading 'Memoirs of the Wesley Family,' when the alphabet was called for by the usual signals. I repeated the letters as they came through the alphabet, and wrote them as designated successively by the spirit, viz: 'G, A, G, C, B, A, G, A, G, E, F, E, F, A, G, F, E, F, G, F, E, D, A, G, G, C, E, D, G, G, C, B, A, G, C, C, D, B, C.' These letters could not, of course, be construed into words, and I cast them aside, saying: 'This must be the spirit of Johnny Story,' a simple boy whom we had known when he was living, who could never be taught to read. The alphabet was again called for, and the message given by the spirits was: 'Apply the letters to your piano.' On doing so, I recognized in them, to my surprise and delight, a sweet and tender melody. I was then told to set this melody to 'Haunted Ground' in Mrs. Hemans's poems, but with the variation of changing the word 'Haunted' to 'Hallowed' in the last verse. Prof. J. Jay Watson (she continues) has kindly arranged the accompaniment for the organ and piano for my book. I have always considered this one of the most beautiful tests I have ever received. It certainly was not mind-reading. The letters given had, of course, conveyed no sense to me, nor any idea of musical notes." She then gives the words and music in her book upon pages 416, 417, 418 and 419.

I hope the public will read this epistle with as much pleasure as I have dictated it through the nimble fingers and dear heart of my precious daughter Annie.  
255 West 43d street, New York City.

## Mental Telegraphy.

"I write no letters to my wife when I am away and I get none from her," said Walter Kipling, a commercial traveler now at the Lindell House. "Correspondence by mail is too slow and telegraphing costs too much money. We have hit upon a plan that saves stamps and telegraph tolls and is much more satisfactory. No matter what part of the world I am in, I go home every night at ten o'clock and remain half an hour, sometimes longer. How do I manage it? Easy enough. At that hour my wife goes into the sitting-room, closes the doors, places two easy chairs vis-a-vis, sits down in one, closes her eyes and concentrates her thoughts upon me. I go to my room at the hotel, turn out the light, close my eyes, concentrate my thoughts upon my home, and especially upon my wife, and presto! I occupy the easy chair in our little sitting-room directly in front of her. A perfectly intelligible conversation ensues between us, although not a word is spoken. She tells me how things are going on at home, whether the children are well about her own health, which has been delicate for years, her trials, hopes and fears. We have had this mental telegraph in successful operation for two years past, and the service is constantly growing better and more satisfactory. We have verified its accuracy a thousand times, and rely upon it as implicitly as others do on the written page."—*Baltimore Ledger*.

It is announced that the Virginia Exposition Board intends to reproduce at the World's Fair, Mount Vernon, the famous home and last resting-place of George Washington. If this is done, a large and interesting collection of Washington relics will be exhibited in the structure.

## Literary Department.

## LED.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. EMMA MINER,

Author of "Bars and Thresholds."

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## CHAPTER IX—CONTINUED.

At last she became sufficiently calm to inform them that there was soon to be an unfolding of wonderful spiritual phenomena.

"The day of small things is passing. A great light is about to dawn upon the world. Whoop!"

She ran a most unearthly chromatic scale. "Sho—sho now!" exclaimed Mr. Haskins, much in the same tone he would have used toward a refractory animal.

Millie felt very much disturbed. Mrs. Haskins, trying to make peace, said coaxingly and suggestively:

"See here, now; can't somebody else come, somebody who can give us a good message? This is kind of disturbing!"

Presently, as if in obedience to her request, there came a more gentle influence.

Eunice arose from her chair. She stood by Mr. Chase. She stroked his hair affectionately. She clung to his hands, and bending toward him whispered one word—"Alida!"

Mr. Chase sprang to his feet: He turned deathly white. He shook off her hands as if they had been serpents, and muttered hoarsely: "My God! Who told you about her?"

Eunice did not reply. Mr. Chase sank back in his chair, pale and nerveless. He wiped the perspiration from his brow with trembling hands. And still no word from Eunice.

"I cannot bear this; I must go!" he said to Mrs. Haskins.

"If you will wait a little, perhaps Eunice can give you something concerning it," said Mrs. Haskins.

He sat for a few moments, like one who wishes yet fears to hear something; then, as if overcome with fear, seized his hat and rushed from the room, without uttering the customary good night. The result was to break up the meeting. After Eunice recovered from her trance the scene was described to her. She repeated the name of Alida several times, as if fearful she might forget it. She meant to talk with Mr. Chase about Alida.

"There seems to be something a little strange about this to me," said Mrs. Haskins to her husband when they were alone. "It would not be any common thing that would make Mr. Chase look like that. When he went out of the door he looked scared to death!"

"I feel some misgivings about it myself," he replied. "Of course I don't want to imagine any harm of him, but I really feel as though it wouldn't be well to ask him in to these meetings."

"That's the way I feel. And then, again, you know salvation is free. I suppose we ought not to keep all the good to ourselves."

"Surely not!" responded Mr. Haskins. "I am quite willing he should have all the good he can get from it an' us. All I am afraid of is the serpent's trail behind him; and Mr. Haskins placed his chair down rather hard by way of emphasis."

"Well, I guess I had better watch as well as pray," said Mrs. Haskins, "and I am going to watch Burton Chase. If he has a notion of working any mischief here, I'll know something about it. Millie is like a daughter to me, and I should feel powerful bad to have any harm come to her."

Mr. Haskins turned quietly about and faced his wife, and said slowly:

"Hannah, I'm of the opinion that Millie will keep herself an' be kept; I hate to say it, but if I must, I must. Keep your eye on Eunice!" For a moment Mrs. Haskins stood as if bewildered. The lines about her mouth were compressed; then she said:

"I guess you are on the right track, Rufus. No harm shall come to her if I can help it."

Mrs. Haskins retired, and fell asleep with the thought of her promise to Harvey in her mind.

Disturbed as were the members of the Haskins family over the occurrences of the evening, it could not compare with the excitement which thrilled every nerve of the frame of Burton Chase as he rushed from the door. He hurried into the light carriage standing by the gate, and drove rapidly toward his hotel. Twice he turned and looked behind him, as if he thought he heard a voice calling to him.

The mention of the name Alida had awakened a fresh and with a terrible might scenes of the past which he was daily striving to banish from his memory. None but himself knew the story, and yet—how could Eunice know of that terrible chapter in his life? He tried to reassure himself. No one knew, he thought. The dead could not speak. He was safe. But Alida! Again the repetition of that familiar name forced itself upon him with a horrible distinctness.

He thought, "I will compose myself as soon as possible. To-morrow I will see Mrs. Mayne, and I will learn what she knows about it."

That she whom he called dead had spoken to him he could not for a moment believe.

That night he drank heavily—something unusual for him—and fell asleep only to hear repeated again and again the name which had aroused in him such terror and remorse.

## CHAPTER X.

## Barred Out.

Several days passed before Mr. Chase was able to see Eunice alone. He felt that Mrs. Haskins was suspicious of something.

One morning soon after the circle meeting Mrs. Haskins saw Eunice putting on her wraps to go out. As she was far from well, Mrs. Haskins was extremely solicitous about her health. On this particular morning the air was heavy and damp, with signs of rain to fall shortly.

"Going out this morning, Eunice?" she questioned, meeting her at the foot of the stairs; "I am a little fearful with that cough of yours. Don't you think you are rather risky?"

"Oh! no; I don't think I shall mind it!"

"But it looks every minute as if it would rain. If it is something special can't Ned go?" Mrs. Haskins passed a window as she spoke, and, glancing up, saw Mr. Chase standing beside his carriage, evidently waiting for some one. She thought in all probability Ned would not be a desirable substitute.

"Going out with Mr. Chase?" she inquired. "Yes, I promised him yesterday I would ride a while with him this morning. You know I promised Harvey I would keep in the air a great deal."

"But, Eunice, this is not a pleasant day. It is very damp and chilly. Think of your cough."

"Yes, I thought of it, but my guides said I might go."

Mrs. Haskins knew that remonstrance would be useless.

Eunice drove away with Mr. Chase even as the first drops of the threatened rain began to fall.

Mrs. Haskins turned away from the window with mingled feelings of perplexity and sorrow. It was not so much that she had gone with Mr. Chase, as that she had gone in such weather; and remembering the assertion about the permission of the "guides," she began to question very seriously whether Eunice might not become involved in many difficulties in future if she allowed herself to be led in unreasonable ways.

Mr. Haskins, coming in out of the storm, saw the expression on her face, and inquired the cause.

"What is it, Hannah? You look as if something had come across you!"

"Perhaps it's none of my concern, but Eunice has gone off to ride with Mr. Chase, and it don't seem quite prudent such a day as this."

"I should say not! Blast that Chase! I wish his work may be soon over here!" After a little pause, he added, "Shouldn't have thought those guides of hers would have told her to stay in doors to day, coughing as she does!"

"She says her guides told her to go," replied Mrs. Haskins.

"I don't want to be on just, but I guess that is about what she wanted her guides to say."

He gave the blazing sticks of wood a vigorous poke, for although it was a June day there was so much dampness a fire had been built in the old fire-place in the sitting-room.

Mr. Haskins sat there musingly, with the tongs in his hand. At last he said, decidedly:

"See here, Hannah, it ain't best to have any such fooling going on here. If Eunice don't stop it, I shall. It's no use letting things go too far first, either!"

"Do you mean to speak to Eunice about it, pa?"

He hesitated a little. "Yes, I will; an' if she will take my advice kindly she will keep pretty clear of that Chase. It will give her a chance to get away from the trouble that is sure to follow if she gets too much under his influence."

Mrs. Haskins looked forward to the result with some trepidation. She felt that Eunice would not be interfered with.

"And nobody would want to interfere with her but for her good," he said.

Eunice was absent a couple of hours. Mrs. Haskins's fears were verified, for during the night Eunice became so ill that Ned was sent for Dr. Brownlow. For several days she remained in a critical condition. She begged so hard that Harvey should not be sent for, that they concluded to yield to her wish in the matter.

"My guides say I shall get well, and Harvey need not be troubled," she said.

"I don't care a whit about your guides," said Mr. Haskins, indignantly. "If they had guided you into a warm, comfortable room that stormy day, I guess you'd have been better off. I guess you will pull through, all right; only you will have to take better care of yourself in future," and he left her to her reflections.



Eunice was again about the rooms, when Mr. Haskins said one lovely morning: "Eunice, had not you an' Millie better take a ride this morning? You can have Bess, an' Millie is a good driver. I have fixed matters so you women folks can have her every day if you want to. The sweet air from our woods an' fields will do you a powerful sight of good."

Eunice hesitated. She knew the good old man had been obliged to sacrifice something in order to do this, and felt a degree of pleasure for his kindness.

"I think not to day; perhaps to-morrow I will go," she replied.

Two hours afterward, Mr. Haskins, walking slowly beside his ox team a couple of miles from home, was passed by a jaunty carriage containing Eunice and Mr. Chase.

A smothered exclamation of disgust escaped him. He climbed slowly to a seat in the cart, now that the long, steep hill had been climbed, and muttered:

"It's too bad—after I fixed it so she could ride with Bess, to go canterin' off with that critter! But I must find a way to put a stop to it somehow!" and he was considering ways and means all the way home.

During the ride, Mr. Chase was trying to learn how much Eunice knew of Alida. Of herself, she knew nothing; but passing into an entranced condition, she replied to his questions in such a way that he was thoroughly alarmed.

If it were really Eunice herself speaking, then by some means she knew all—all. If it were the spirit of Alida—but no! That must be impossible! It could not be that the dead could speak! and he again questioned her anxiously.

Suddenly Eunice came out of her trance, a fact which was not noticed by Mr. Chase. His next question, to which Eunice listened in her normal state, filled her with a vague alarm. He was looking straight forward, but with a face darkened by anger and vexation. She could not bear that he should be angry with her.

"Indeed," she half sobbed, "who is Alida? I'm sure I have not meant to trouble you!"

"For heaven's sake, don't speak her name again!" he exclaimed, giving his horse the whip with such force that Eunice felt half inclined to take it from his hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, a moment after. "I was so disturbed I forgot myself. I did not mean to be rude to you."

"If it disturbs you I will never speak of her again—of myself, I mean; but if I should be controlled I cannot answer for what I may say."

Mr. Chase wished that he dared tell her just what she had said, and ask her to explain why she said it; but he feared to do so. He thought if she were really ignorant of any facts concerning her he wished her to remain so. But what was this fearful, accusing presence? Could the dead come to him? Was there a future in which he must face an accuser? He grew pale with fear.

On account of Eunice's illness, the meeting on the Thursday following Mr. Chase's call had been omitted. The next week, as the evening was drawing near, to the surprise of all Mr. Chase presented himself.

"Perhaps I ought not to have come, but I couldn't stay away," he said, glancing from one to the other. His face was pale and haggard. He looked as if he had been ill.

"No—not ill," he replied in answer to Millie's question.

Mrs. Haskins entered at that moment. Her course was instantly resolved upon.

"Really, Mr. Chase, 'this is our meeting night. I do not like to omit it. I do hope you will excuse me, but I do not think it best you should be one of us."

Mrs. Haskins was hardly conscious of her rambling manner of speech.

Mr. Chase gazed from one to the other in blank amazement.

"I declare," she continued, "it does seem as if I were turning you straight out of doors; I'm sorry, but I have to act in accordance with what seems best to me under the circumstances."

Mrs. Haskins had strongly emphasized the three last words. Mr. Chase flushed. He rose instantly.

"You certainly have the right to conduct your meetings according to your own pleasure. I hope you will have a pleasant evening," he said courteously, and passed out.

Millie dared not look up. Eunice colored angrily, and said:

"If Mr. Chase cannot come, I shall not be a member here, either. My guides have just impressed me that I need not."

Mrs. Haskins was at a loss for words. Mr. Haskins broke the embarrassing silence by saying:

"Well, Eunice, as to the need, I don't suppose there is any compulsion about it, one way or the other. Seems to me your guides are very much interested in Mr. Chase. Tell ye what, Eunice, if you will stop to reason on this matter a little, you will see there is a hitch somewhere, so to speak. Understand, now, I don't want to find fault with you. I only speak as I would wish a man to speak to my own darter if she was in your place. I'm a little afraid your guides don't really understand the bearing of the case. I don't want to see you get into any trouble. 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' ye know."

Eunice had a great respect for Mr. Haskins. He had been very kind to her. She paused quite a while before replying. All were silent.

"Do you think that Mr. Chase is a bad man?" she asked finally, without lifting her head.

Mr. Haskins turned slowly toward her.

"Well, I have made up my mind there is that in his past which he wishes to cover."

"Isn't that the case with a great many men?" she asked.

"I s'pose so; an' women, too, for that matter. I'm not the man to be down on him for his past. I'd be willing to give him a helping hand if he wanted it."

"Then why wasn't you willing he should stay here this evening? Don't you think we might have done him some good?"

"No, I don't think we can. It is my opinion he is trying to play a double game. Fact is, the man is weak—weak. He can't stand up against the temptation to amuse himself, even if he knows it will work somebody else harm, an' I don't like such deception."

"Why, Father Haskins, I thought you were a very charitable man!"

Eunice looked at him closely to note the effect of her words.

"So I hope I am," he responded instantly.

"I allus make it a p'int to be so. But I ain't one of the sort to be so charitable that I can deliberately open the way for a man to repeat his offenses. There's such a thing as justice.

I mean to be just; an' if I'm just, I shall be charitable an' merciful, an' all the rest of it. If I was going blindly into intimate relations with Chase in my family, an' harm should come by an innocent mistake on my part, I don't know as I could blame myself so much; but I have got my impressions in this matter, an' I feel that Chase will work us harm; consequently I feel to ward him off if I can."

"But you don't really know anything against him, do you?" asked Eunice anxiously.

"No, only, as I said, I mistrust the man. I would not want to run my chances with him."

"Very well," said Eunice, with an expression of displeasure on her face, "I shall stand by Mr. Chase. My guides tell me to."

"Then I hope your guides know enough to keep mischief from your door an' mine." And with a mental resolve to keep a close watch of his door himself, he arose to leave the room.

Noticing that a draught was blowing slightly on Mrs. Haskins from an open window, he moved toward it to close it, and, to his surprise, saw Mr. Chase standing close beside a large lilac bush near the window.

Mr. Haskins gave no token of recognition, but quietly closed the window and came away; yet stepping toward another, he saw Mr. Chase, apparently startled by the noise, move hastily away, and disappear in the shade of the adjoining orchard.

There was no meeting that night, and each retired early.

"There need n't anybody tell me there's no harm in Chase, Hannah," said Mr. Haskins, telling her of what he had seen at the window.

"No honest man will dodge around like that!" "That is so, Rufus. I declare I do feel most concerned. I suppose likely he heard all there was said?"

"I don't see how he could help hearing. There's one thing about it: if he has gone wrong in times past, he heard enough to know he can get help if he wants it. He also heard enough to know we don't mean to put up with any fooling round here," and Mr. Haskins jerked his boots off in a very emphatic way.

"All is, we will do the best we can," said Mrs. Haskins with a sigh.

[To be continued.]

## Banner Correspondence.

### Michigan.

DETROIT.—Hallett D. Edson writes: "I wish to give you my personal experience with Mr. Augustus Day of this city, commencing with last winter. I was taken very ill. My family summoned our physician, who was unable to diagnose my case further than to say he thought me very nervous. During the next two weeks I could see no improvement, and had his visits discontinued, thinking I would allow nature to perform the cure if it would.

Two or three days after I found a decided change for the better—so much so that I was able to sit up. One morning, feeling unusually bright, with the prospect of soon being able to attend to business, while sitting by the fire conversing with my wife, holding a long, narrow stick in my hand and carelessly tapping the stove, there was a lull in the conversation and I was about to arise, when the stick I held seemed to tap the stove of its own accord, and to run along its surface, as though trying to write. Never having seen any spirit phenomena, I was at a loss to account for it. I called my wife's attention to it; she was equally mystified as myself. At last she said, 'Perhaps it is done by spirits, when immediately my fingers relaxed their hold of the stick, my head fell back, and I experienced a succession of chills on my back. My wife and Mrs. R. A. Waldron saw my condition, became much alarmed, and, after bathing my head with cold water for some time, restored me to consciousness. I went to my room and to bed, fully convinced that the occurrence was associated with spiritual influence, as were also my wife and Mrs. Waldron, although they were as ignorant as myself of the phenomena, never having attended a séance or given Spiritualism any attention.

The next evening we three were sitting at about the same time and place, and resolved to then sit quietly, with the light turned down, around a small stand, with our hands upon it, and did so; when almost immediately I felt the same sensation as the evening previous, and now became, as before, quite unconscious. My wife and Mrs. Waldron afterward informed me of what transpired. My hand motioned as though wishing to write; they procured pencil and paper, and after first writing to have the light extinguished we were told not to worry; that my health would soon be restored, my spirit-friends having prostrated me to get control, and that I must apply for aid to Mr. Augustus Day, as he was an indispensable factor to me in my development. Having never seen the gentleman, and feeling somewhat afraid to soliciting such aid from a perfect stranger, I was loth to do so for a few days; but after some persuasion from my wife and friends I consented, when I very much regretted not having taken my spirit-friends' advice before, as in him I found not only a very refined gentleman, but a man with such magnetic powers that I could hardly believe a human body could possess such an electric battery within itself as was manifested when he touched my hand.

Mr. Day became very much interested in my development, and came every evening for no other purpose than to help my guides and the grand Cause; and after about four weeks I was advanced so far as to be able to talk while in clairvoyant state. My control, as well as other mediums, told Mr. Day he would become a medium, first as a healer, the truth of which is shown in the fact that he has already effected one great cure, as well as helped others to a degree which doctors have been entirely unable to do.

Two weeks ago I was taken with a high fever and cramps. I was confined to my bed, very sick, with my pulse over one hundred and temperature very high, suffering much, delirious. I sent a message when first taken sick to Mr. Day, thinking his magnetic powers might help me, also wishing his counsel on other matters; he very promptly complied with my request, and sat down beside my head and took my hands. I almost immediately went to sleep, from which I did not wake until the following morning, when I felt much better, with the fever almost entirely abated. He repeated his treatment of the previous evening, and I experienced the same sensation, terminating, as before, in my sleeping most of the day, waking at night feeling better; the medicine before given was repeated, and the next morning found me perfectly free from pain and fever.

A lady, suffering now nearly a year from neuralgia, was given almost instant and permanent relief by his simply placing his hands, one upon her neck, the other on her head. A case of a disordered liver, which the doctors have been unable to help, he has nearly cured by simply giving two glasses of water, which he had magnetized, to the patient to drink.

Developing my mediumship is only one of three he has successfully accomplished in the last few months. I state my case and the others to show what can be and has been done by an unselfish man, who does not make this his business, and who does not do it for self-aggrandizement, his motives being the purest, in relieving the sufferings of his fellow-men and the advancement of that most glorious of beliefs, Modern Spiritualism."

OHESANING.—A correspondent says: "My attention has recently been drawn to the address delivered by Mrs. W. Miller, on the occasion of the Anniversary, particularly to those portions that refer to the existence of what is termed modern in remote periods of human history, and of the work it has done, and will

continue to do, for the advancement and enfranchisement of women. Said the speaker: 'Spiritualism is no new thing. It has always existed in some form; it exists to-day, and always will. It has been as widespread, geographically, as old historically. The oracles of olden times were mediums, the mysterious auguries, rappings, voices, readings of sealed letters, materializations of spirits, these and other kindred manifestations were familiar to the ancients. In your own bible are accounts of mediumship and spiritual manifestations. With the advent of Modern Spiritualism the Woman Suffrage Society was born, and this last summer it celebrated the forty-fourth anniversary of that movement. Spiritualism came to accomplish many things; one is to place woman on an equality with man, as his companion and co-partner in every work of life. The large part of the mediums are little girls. The large part of the mediums are women. It came to give her a helping hand; and not only does it do this for woman, it demands equal rights for the down-trodden and oppressed of both sexes.'

The above passages impressed me with their great truthfulness, and I send them to you, hoping you may give them place in the columns of THE BANNER."

GRAND RAPIDS.—Mrs. Edie F. Josselyn writes, Sept. 26th: "Mrs. Ada Foye has just closed a most satisfactory engagement with the Progressive Spiritualist Society. The last night witnessed most beautiful scene. The hall, newly decorated, was flooded with electric lights that disclosed the large audience with their faces indicative of rapt attention, as they listened to the lecture on 'Mediumship' from Mrs. Foye; and afterward to the messages as they came from loved friends from 'the beyond.' This séance was beautiful and grand, and met with praise from every one. At the close, a resolution of thanks to Mrs. Foye was introduced and passed by a hearty response, signified by a rising vote."

After the benediction had been given, many remained to express their wonderment and gratitude for that which they had received; and the whole talk is of her most marvelous mediumship.

Our speaker for October is Dr. W. D. Thomas."

Another correspondent writes from Grand Rapids: "Frank T. Ripley of Boston, Mass., delivered two fine lectures here for the Spiritual Association, at Kennedy's Hall, Sunday, Sept. 25th and 26th. His lectures were to the close the lectures of a large and representative audiences morning and evening."

Mr. Ripley made a strong plea for the BANNER OF LIGHT, as being the best spiritual paper in the world, also referred specially to the valuable character of its Message Department. He invited all to subscribe for THE BANNER."

Mr. Ripley is doing a good service here. Last month (September) Mrs. Ada Foye did a great work here for the Progressive Society at Elks' Hall. Her organizations are doing much for Spiritualism in this city. Mr. Ripley is engaged for October; then he leaves for Wisconsin."

New York.

WATERTOWN.—A correspondent writes: "Mr. F. A. Wiggins has completed his engagement here. At his last lecture the house was so crowded that extra seats had to be provided. It is unanimously voted that no medium has been here who united in himself so many phases. Mr. Wiggins is an excellent orator and clairvoyant medium. He obtained the raps, so-called, and independent slate writing. He also exhibits the ballot test to perfection."

At his closing service he sent out a number of blank ballots, with instructions that on one-half of them should be written the name of some deceased person, and on the other half the name of some person in this life. The ballots were gathered in a hat and mixed to the confusion of the audience, and then, as he folded, so as to have them all folded alike. Upon receiving them he stood by the side of a table, took one ballot after another from the hat, and without looking at it, told whether the person whose name was written within was in this life or in the other, and in many instances gave spirit-messages in connection with the ballot on which was written the name of some one who had passed away. Nothing like this had ever been witnessed in Watertown."

Toward the close of the meeting a communication was passed up to the medium, which he read, but declined to do so publicly, because of its complimentary nature. It was therefore read by another, and proved to be an offer, signed by a responsible party, to contribute twenty-five dollars toward the expenses, if the trustees of the temple would recall Mr. Wiggins for another month at the earliest practicable moment. Mr. White, Vice-President of the Society, upon stating that Mr. Wiggins had already been engaged for September, his earliest open date. The Society sees the advantage of employing only the very best talent, and will continue to do so."

FLUSHING, L. I.—Richard H. Heusman says of his experience: "About two years ago I was persuaded, for the first time in my life, to call upon a lady who claimed to be a spirit medium, my daughter being the persuading element, and the medium the daughter of a neighbor and friend. To say I was skeptical is putting it very mildly. I had no faith whatever in her claims, and with us through any living being or otherwise, and at the time was of those classed as an infidel or freethought man."

I ridiculed the idea of obtaining any information of importance, and laughed with derision at the confidence my daughter placed in the integrity of the medium, and the truth of her demonstrations, but to please her I accompanied her to the home of the medium, and joined the circle, consisting of four persons, the medium and a sister of hers, my daughter and myself. We were seated around a table, and the medium, a personable fellow of medium height, passed through my arms and body; the medium, closing her eyes, commenced to act in a peculiar manner, as though in pain and distress. I was informed that she was taking the conditions of some person who had died, and asked me if I recognized such a one. I did not, and perhaps at that time would not if I could. My name was used in a very familiar manner, and I would not acknowledge the fact. My daughter inquired if it was her mother, and was told that it was. I asked for a minute description of the person represented, and received it; still I, to test the truth of the demonstration, asked for some incidents known only to myself and my dead wife, and received some very pointed and correct information. Still I would not believe until circumstances were related of such a character that it was impossible for the medium to be possessed of her own knowledge, for they had happened before she was born. Friends and acquaintances were described to me, and their names given, and circumstances related that had happened many years previous, and known only to myself; certainly not to any person present, or within three thousand miles of them. I acknowledged the correctness of the information, and promised to join their circle at a future time for further demonstrations of the truth of Spiritualism. Then I was informed by the medium that I myself was a medium."

Before joining her circle the second time I experienced something very unexpected. I was seized by some unaccountable influence that threw me into a state of trance, and disclosed to those present that the declaration of the medium was true, and I was, in very fact, a medium. I am entirely at sea as to the ways of not being spiritual mediums, never having joined in any of them. Consequently, I do not know whether or not I need any further assistance than is given by my spirit control to develop into a more perfect expounder of the truth."

I have accomplished some (to me) very wonderful things, entirely foreign to my natural accomplishments. I have a number of writings given me under control. I never was a poet, or any thing approaching it. I certainly never was a musician, having never had one lesson of any musical instrument, and certainly it would be rather late in the day to commence at the age of forty-eight. Still I have some very cred-

ible anthems and choruses written expressly for spiritual meetings, circles, etc., and a good selection of hymns and songs for the instruction of children, and for their use, beside a number of others for the older people.

My spirit guides and control wish that I should give my time entirely to them, for educating those seeking the light. To do so my business must suffer, and I am, with all the friends of Spiritualism to remunerate me for my work in this Cause. I would be very glad to communicate with any one who can give me any information on this all-absorbing subject."

Massachusetts.

GREENWICH.—We are informed that the Independent Liberal Church has engaged for the season of 1892 and 1893 the following speakers: Mrs. Juliette Yeaw of Leominster, Mrs. C. H. Banks (Haydenville), Mrs. H. G. Holcomb (Springfield), Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock (Boston), Dr. J. C. Street (Boston), Mrs. Emma Miner (Clinton), Mrs. M. T. Longley (Boston), closing June 23th, 1893.

H. W. Smith is President; Mrs. Juliette Yeaw is Recording Secretary; Helen B. Lochian is Corresponding Secretary; A. O. Parker, Treasurer.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets Sundays at 1:15 P. M., with music, banner march, responses, readings, recitations and addresses in the order of exercises. The public are cordially invited.

HUBBARDSTON.—A correspondent writes: "By the efforts of Mrs. Dr. A. B. Bishop, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock of Boston held two interesting and well-attended meetings, having appreciative audiences. There were many present from Gardner and the surrounding sections. The interest was expressed, and many urged Mrs. Whitlock to return to them at an early day."

At the close of each lecture she gave psychometric readings successfully, which created great interest. The Unitarian society very kindly gave us the use of their church, by request of Mrs. Bishop. Mr. C. R. Bennett accompanied the speaker from Worcester, and took charge of the services. On the whole it was a grand success, and will be long remembered by those present."

BOSTON.—Henry Lacroix writes: "The wise controls of the Banner of Light Circle have often enough defined the difference between soul and spirit, so that the teachers or lecturers ought to be enlightened on that subject, and be able to speak clearly and correctly upon it. The term, progress of the soul, necessarily implies that the soul is imperfect, and requires progress! That is simply a theological view, which lives in our doctrine, and is propagated by ignorant mortals and spirits, who persist in saying that the soul is immortal because they have been taught so by 'divines' who know nothing about it. They also say: 'Wait until you get into eternity'—as if eternity could have a beginning or a place."

I have often maintained that the so-called sin against the Holy Ghost is ignorance, the 'greatest sin.' Notwithstanding the direct and positive teachings of elevated spirits concerning the soul and spirit, and of the difference between them, our brotherhood hold on to past notions, and resolutely confound the soul with the spirit and the spirit with the soul."

Colorado.

DENVER.—A correspondent writes: "Some three months ago I came to Denver, owing to ill health. While here my attention was called to the very remarkable work of Julius Wallace, the Denver Spiritualist. A party of New York friends called upon him, and being informed of his work, I hastened to meet them. They, however, had no promise that I would go and see and hear for myself. I did so, and witnessed the most wonderful work I ever beheld. Mr. Wallace told me of certain matters connected with my past life unknown to every one but myself. I am now a believer in the Cause, and I write you this in the interest of this most wonderful man."

Minnesota.

ST. PAUL.—John Sauer writes: "On Sunday, Sept. 25th, Oscar A. Edgerly concluded the first month of his engagement with the Spiritual Alliance of this city; the work of his guides (both as regards lectures and tests) has proved eminently satisfactory, so much so that our Society will make a strong effort to retain Mr. Edgerly with us during the months of November and December."

We hope the BANNER OF LIGHT may continue to be prospered in its noble work."

Dr. Doddridge's Dream.\*

Singular Mental Experience of the Famous Theologian—A Narrative which made a Great Talk in its Time.

"Dr. Doddridge's Dream" was once a famous topic. An account of it published in Chambers's Journal fifty years ago is here reproduced:

Dr. Doddridge was on very intimate terms of friendship with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and in religious conversation they spent very many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favorite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution it was not introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts, and the splendors around the throne of God. One evening, after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject discussed, and in the "visions of the night" his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form: He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was suddenly taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to himself to grow worse, and he began to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he had exchanged the prison-house of suffering and mortality for a state of liberty and happiness.

Embodied in a slender aerial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or village, the forest or the sea, was visible. There was naught to be seen below save the melancholy group of friends weeping around his lifeless remains. Images of the past, with delight, he gazed upon their tears, and attempted to inform them of his happy change; but by some mysterious power utterance was denied, and he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms became more and more indistinct, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies, with a venerable figure at his side guiding him, and his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he remarked the lineaments of youth and age were blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness.

They traveled through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far-off shadows that flitted athwart their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld was the mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendor, he replied that while on earth he had often heard that the eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God had prepared for those that love him; but, notwithstanding the building to which they were thus rapidly approaching

Dr. Doddridge's experience—while it was in his case colored by his theological thought and tradition—was probably an independent visit of his spirit to the land of souls, while his material body lay quiescent on earth. Many mediums, and some who make no pretensions thereto, have had similar experiences. As for his statement that he had seen the "Him" of his narrative—the Nazarene—it may have been that he encountered that martyr for the truth of his day; or, like St. John the Revelator, he may have met some bright exalted intelligence whom he mistook for the one he sought. For does not John say—Rev. xix. 10—of one whom he encountered:

"And I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not; I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren."

was superior to anything which he had actually before beheld, yet its grandeur had not exceeded the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply. They were already at the door, and entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table, covered with a snow-white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and then said he must now leave him, but that he must remain, for he had received in a short time a visit from the lord of the mansion, and that during the interval before his arrival the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found, to his astonishment, that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvas that angels, though unseen, had ever been his faithful attendants, and, sent by God, they had sometimes preserved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils.

Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and understood, and which he had never before understood, and which he had perplexed him with many doubts and much anxiety. Among others, he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented, as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a sad picture. The Lord of the mansion had arrived. The door opened, and He entered. So powerful and so overwhelming and withal of such singular beauty was his appearance, that he sank down at His feet completely overcome by His majestic presence. His Lord gently raised him from the ground, and, taking his hand, led him forward to the table. He pressed with His fingers the juice of the grapes into the golden cup, and, after having himself drunk, presented it to him, saying, "This is the new wine in my Father's Kingdom. It is sooner had he partaken than all uneasy sensations vanished, perfect love had now cast out fear, and he conversed with his Savior as an intimate friend. Like the silver ripples of a summer sea, he heard fall from His lips the grateful approbation, 'Thy labors are over, thy work is approved, rich and glorious is thy reward.' Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss that glided over his spirit, he said, 'I have very depths of his soul, he suddenly saw the Doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impressions of his charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness."

The "Story of the Girl Who Baffled the Czar" is told in the new number of the Review of Reviews, says a London journal. Miss Bentley at Copenhagen before the golden wedding party broke up, rather surprised His Majesty by some of her experiments. He keenly watched the efforts of the Prince Royal of Greece to push to the ground a billiard cue lightly held by Miss Bentley in her hands, and with considerable alacrity he took his nephew's place after he had failed. The Czar grasped the cue with both hands, and put his enormous strength into the effort to get the point of the cue to the ground. It bent a little, quivered, but all His Majesty's efforts, like those of his predecessor, were in vain.

But a still greater surprise was in store for the Czar. He placed his hands under Miss Bentley's elbows, and lifted; up went the young English girl until her fair hair almost touched the ceiling. Then it was explained that on that occasion Miss Bentley had allowed herself to be lifted, but when His Majesty next tried he would find it impossible to lift her. The Czar smiled. But the smile quickly gave way to a look of perplexity when all his efforts to lift her the hundredth part of an inch from the ground were unavailing. Still more surprised was he when Miss Bentley, lightly resting her fingers against the wall, resisted the efforts of various members of the royal party to push her against the wall.

The experiment with a chair, in which Miss Bentley, by merely placing a hand on each side over the back of a chair, with the thumbs slightly curved, lifted a person seated thereon, excited the Czar's profound interest, and he sat on the chair, and was lifted. Then the Prince Royal of Greece sat upon His Majesty's knees, and up went the chair. To them were added the Crown Prince of Denmark and the Duke of Cumberland—one emperor, two future kings, and a king in posse. Never was there so much royalty upon one single chair before. Their collective weight was certainly not less than sixty stone. The chair was grasped by Miss Bentley, as before, and up it went, emperor, prince and all, three or four inches from the ground. The Czar's first look was one of surprise, his second one of warm congratulation.

Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?

I have received from R. C. Hartman a volume dictated by Mrs. N. C. Maynard, a medium, who has been prostrated by paralysis for many years, and a great sufferer. [Now passed to spirit-life.] Mrs. Maynard, in her book titled "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" gives her experience with President Lincoln in his sittings with her and others at the White House during the war. Since the publication of the book there have appeared statements of many prominent persons who corroborate Mrs. Maynard's statements; among them is Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, who says he attended a séance at the White House, at which Mr. Lincoln was present.

After reading Mrs. Maynard's book, and the evidences she gives, there cannot be much doubt of the fact that Lincoln was a believer that spirits return to earth and make themselves recognized. For myself I know that Mr. Lincoln was a Spiritualist. I had an interview with him at the White House during the last years of the war, and his remarks indicated that he was a believer; and he referred to séances at which he had been present. John B. Conkling, a famous medium, who died in 1870, told me frequently of the many séances he had held alone with the President at the White House. This fact was understood at the time, and Mr. Conkling's many friends were cognizant of the fact of these séances being held. Mr. Conkling told me a short time before his death that he had held over forty private séances with Mr. Lincoln at the White House, and this statement of Mr. Conkling was corroborated by Mrs. Lincoln, who was a guest at my home for over a week during her visit to Florida in 1874.

She (Mrs. Lincoln) often referred to many wonderful manifestations which Mr. Lincoln and herself had witnessed, and said he was a believer in the Spiritual Phenomena. Mrs. Lincoln, during her visit, referred to frequently-held séances with myself and wife, and demonstrated her powers as a medium. I met Mrs. Lincoln afterward at the North, and the subject of Spiritualism was frequently referred to by her, not as a skeptic, but as a firm believer, who recognized herself as having strong mediumistic powers.—John F. Whitney, in St. Augustine (Fla.) Press.

pamphlets Received.—Biographical Sketch of the Distinguished Medium, Dr. J. Schlessinger, of San Francisco, with Portrait. Ymo, pp. 60. San Francisco, Cal.: Gifford Davis Print.



## The Spiritual Posthum.

Infants in the Spirit-World, and How They are Developed.

A Lecture Delivered in Washington Hall, San Francisco, Cal.,  
BY DR. N. F. RAYLIN.

It is conceded to be a fact that a large majority of the human family pass out of the form into the spirit-world before they arrive at the age of five years. Differences of opinion have existed and been entertained concerning the destiny of infants, where they go, what becomes of them, and how they are developed and reach maturity. It has been thought, according to the old teachings, that they go to heaven; that is, a certain number of people hold to the idea that infants are saved, and that they go to heaven when they die. Another class of Christians have held that the infants or children of Christian people are saved, provided they have been baptized before death, otherwise they are lost. Both these classes of people are in error concerning the future destiny of children. Baptism has no more to do with their destiny than the raindrops that fall to-night have to do with the rising sun of to-morrow. Neither do they go to heaven when they die, upon the theory or ground that they are innocent of any transgression. Those are theories simply, illogical, irrational and untenable.

There is another class of people who hold that individuals who pass out of the form in infancy, thus being deprived of experience in the form, cannot be developed out of the body, and that therefore they must return and be reincarnated in the human form in order to receive the experience of mortals upon earth, and thus secure that development we have by our sojourn here. This is one of the cardinal doctrines of the Theosophical School of philosophy. No one life of man in the form will suffice in the line of experience in connection with matter. We must, it says, have every phase, every type and every degree of human experience known in connection with matter, before we are perfected in the spirit-world, and of course if this is true of adults, it is much more true of infants who have passed out of the form before they have been known to do an act of evil or good. They have had no such experience in life as you and I have known in this body; they have never been subjected to its temptations, trials and vicissitudes. No conflicts, no victories that we have experienced, but out off prematurely like unripe fruit dropped from its parent tree when shaken by a mighty wind, or some killing frost nipping the fruit in the bud ere it is permitted to mature.

But we hold that these different classes of people are in error concerning the future of infants, the nature of their development, their relation to the material world, and the varied experiences supposed to be necessary in connection with this mundane state of existence. We do not claim infallibility, and yet we do know that these theories are erroneous. There is no such thing as anybody being admitted into heaven, whether as a baptized adult or a baptized infant. It makes no difference. Here has been the mistake of the theologians of the past in making heaven consist of a place, a location, and the admission to an act of divine clemency. Upon that hypothesis of course you must pass through the theological school; you must pass muster according to theological theories of future destiny, or you cannot enter. You must satisfy the wrath of an offended God; you must become reconciled to inexorable justice; make your peace with God, and then the gates will swing open, and you are admitted to heaven, not because of your worth or merits, or for anything you have done or can do, but simply because in his divine sovereignty he is pleased to admit you within the gates. It is a great mistake. No infant that has ever died went to such a place—ever went direct to any heaven in the universe. It takes something more than innocence to admit one into the higher spheres of spirit. Here is where the Spiritual Philosophy lets light in upon these dark questions, upon dark and insoluble problems. It is utterly impossible for any school of religious thought, or any system of philosophy outside of the Spiritual Philosophy, to account for the origin or destiny of man upon rational principles.

We do not look for any such entrance to the spirit-world for our little ones. We know that they come forth as a flower, and they are attached to the material—so-called—for a very brief space of time. But we call your attention to this fact, that what we call material is not material. What we call matter is not matter. What we call substance is not substance. By all experiments in chemistry, and all the realities of spirit, we deny it. You cannot find the substance in the shadow. That which you call material is the shadow of the spiritual; that which you call matter is but the shadow of the real substance itself, which is spirit. You reason from a false premise, and the conclusions are erroneous. But if the real man is spirit, then spirit is substance; spirit is the material. The only true materiality in the universe is spirit. Now you take gold, silver, precious stones, copper; they are called solids; but they are dissolvable by chemistry into invisible gases, and there is really no solidity to them, not a particle, but they become lost in the invisible elements of the world with which they are surrounded. Therefore the reasoning that children must live in this so-called material body in order to become connected with matter, in order to receive a true humanitarian development, is all false, irrational, illogical and absolutely indefensible. It cannot be demonstrated as a necessity, and the advanced intelligences of the spirit-world know it to be a falsity; hence, whoever teaches the contrary doctrine simply teaches that which is not true. Therefore this being a fact that the real substance is spirit; that these material environments are not the material or matter at all, only its shadow; this being true then, we pass out of the shadow of the flesh; we have no more use for it; we part with it forever at the grave. Now the good Christian people are looking forward to the time of the blast of Gabriel's trumpet, when all these forms great and small come forth at the resurrection of the last day. They seem to think that this physical organism is a necessity, while, in fact, it is no more to the real man than a worn-out suit of clothes is to the body. It serves a temporary purpose; it hides the spirit, and hence in Scripture it is called the "Veil of the flesh," but when light and immortality were brought to light by the teachings of the Nazarene, the way was opened up for spiritual communication with this mundane sphere. It is astonishing that the church has studied the bible for 1800 years, and has not

yet seen the great fundamental opening between the two worlds.

Now with these premises laid down as the basis of our thought, we proceed to apply it to the subject under consideration—our infants, or children, in the spirit-world, and how they are developed. Of course a mother naturally and instinctively asks, "Where are my little ones? Where are my babies?" Let the answer that we gave a few Sunday nights ago as to where your kindred are and their homes apply with equal force to this question. They are in spirit; in the real world, encompassed by realities; in the real form, in their spiritual body, a real human indestructible body that hath substance, though invisible to your physical vision. They have simply passed out of what you call material into spirit, and out of what we call shadow into real or substantial environments. You talk about this solid earth. It isn't so solid but what the internal forces cause it to rock to and fro, ruining the hopes that men have built upon it. These mountains are but clouds of fog, vast ranges of vapor, a reflection of the spiritual reality that is back of them. Spirits do not call your mountain ranges substance; they do not call your so-called material earth solid matter. They call it the shadow, the cloud, the vapor, the veil. They never speak of it as substance, only as transitory, appearing for a day, like a constantly changing light, an ever-changing kaleidoscope, presenting all the grandeur possible to the imagination in the opening vistas of the future.

So that the little ones who have passed out of the shadow-land into the bright sunshine of the spiritual world are in it as little plants, as exotic elements. They are in it as germs, so to speak, a little beginning of a human existence, the real child with a real body, substantial, deathless, immortal. It expands and grows in its spiritual body the same as it was expanded and grown in this ephemeral, fleshly body that we call material here on the earth. In the spiritual world they advance by successive stages of growth. You have the illustration in every household where little ones are. You can remember yourselves how you were once little children upon your mother's knee; you can almost feel that mother's hand as it is laid caressingly upon your head. Many of you can remember the lullaby song that your mother sung and thus composed you to slumber. How have you developed? Is there any act of divine clemency? Has the great God by any special dispensation elevated you into manhood or womanhood from little children at your mother's knee? Not at all. You have not sprung up like a mushroom in the night. You have advanced to manhood and womanhood by successive stages of development; from the tiny infant, from the unborn babe, from the mere conception of human germs, you have advanced step by step, until you have reached the maturity of womanhood and manhood in the fleshly or mortal form. How is it little children advance and progress? They are not exactly in a kindergarten school where they know nothing except what is taught them. Some people have an idea that children are taught everything that they know, and that bands of angels are around them simply to instruct and lead them on. But to a certain extent this idea is erroneous. Infants in the spirit-world are not taught from the exoteric as in this world, but are developed from within. The elements that make men angels and Gods lie within, and development brings them out. Nature proceeds by a uniform harmonious operation from that which is least to that which is greatest, and from the spiritual to the material expression. Whoever heard of Nature producing an oak by beginning at the topmost twigs of the tree and building it down toward the roots? Whoever heard of such a thing as anything in Nature being built the same as you would build a building or rear a monument? That is human, that is art, that is architecture. But Nature operates from the center toward the circumference, from the germ to the consummation of being, from the cosmos to the vast sweep of unseen and eternal destiny. Immortality is wrapped within the child and the child simply grows, under favorable conditions of spirit-life, just as your plants, your sheep and your cattle grow; it is growth and expansion; and as they grow in stature they grow in experience, and as they grow in experience they grow in knowledge.

Herein is the difference between education in the spirit-world and education in this world. Here we are educated as we memorize. That is called education, but to the angels above it is regarded not only as no education at all, but as a positive hindrance to real education. Who is your instructor? and what does he know? And suppose he imparts to you all he knows, and that is all you obtain, where are you? That is the way the people are educated here upon this mundane sphere. They are never educated that way in spirit. For the multitudes of little children who pass into the spirit-world there is not a saloon on every corner opening up ways of temptation to them, and yet there are temptations, there are perils and weaknesses, there are experiences in the spirit-world that correspond to these environments in the earth-world. They are in the real world and you are in the ephemeral world; and you fall into its pitfalls because the real man and the real world are hidden from your view by the fogs of blind ignorance.

Do you think your little children have to come back in order to grow and be developed? Not at all. They will have an experience that will answer the same purpose. All of human experience is not confined within the shadow of the man. It is not pent up in these physical bodies of flesh.

There are environments in the other world that are a mighty safeguard to the spirits of the little ones that pass over, a kind of shelter and protection, a sort of refuge, a kind friend in time of need, to shoulder the trials and care for those who are in need of that tender care, that watchful consideration that children are sometimes bereft of in this existence. While there are devils in spirit, there are angels in spirit. These little ones have angels as their guides; they have angels who take charge over them. Of course the tendency of infants is upward in the spirit-world, especially those who are fitted for it from conception by parental conditions. The good angels attend the gardens of the Lord and nurse these little plants, these little exotics in that world, and it is for these babes that these parks and the children's playground are used. You have a perfect counterpart of it when you visit the playground in Golden Gate Park and see those happy little children engaged in their play and sport, that they are wont to enjoy upon a pleasant day. Now those elements out there in the park remove these children from the influences of a great city. It is just exactly so in the spirit life. These playgrounds have their angel superintendents and guides. These little

ones are allowed to roam and sport themselves among the ambrosial fruits and flowers, to drink in the hallowed fragrance of the ambrosial air. Were it not for these ones planted by angel hands, there would be no sunlight let in upon them, giving them healthy exercise, and bringing them in rapport with heavenly music, human and yet angelic, divine and yet intensely human, not mortal, but immortal. How glorious is the spirit-life! You must put the brakes upon the accursed power of lust that is being transmitted from generation to generation. They say that these dear little children shall be damned because of the inebriation of the father; because of the iniquity of the mother. It is not so. They will purge out those deplorable earth-conditions through the agency of pure atmosphere, celestial parks, angelic driveways and heavenly scenes, that conspire to the one grand consummation so devoutly to be wished. Those playgrounds are Nature's grounds, those parks are Nature's Parks.

People here try to imitate those natural scenes and produce the artificial; that is just it exactly. The artificial lake, the artificial waterfall, the artificial driveway, the lawn and the artificial arrangement of flowers in these beautiful parks; they are art, but over yonder they are nature. Nature's children in Nature's garden, children unfolding under the most favorable conditions. There you do not hear the dying groan, nor see the funeral pageant, nor hear the hollow, sepulchral sound as the clouds fall heavily upon the coffin-lid. There you lay away the habiliments of mourning and wish that orpae had never been manufactured. There you listen to harmonious and celestial music, and see the angels in their bright array of glory, and cognize the universal beauties that are everywhere present. Thus they are between the two worlds, sympathizing with your struggles as they grow. This is the development of the little ones. Those are the beautiful changes and sights given to us as we see it unfolded, and we see it in its indescribable beauty and sense it in the loving affection of reality. Oh, to sense it as real! Do you think it possible to imagine that change? The pearly gates are swung wide open to your vision. You can almost hear the songs of the angels; catch the notes of the warbling merriment of childhood in the spirit-world. I would say to all bereaved and afflicted parents who have thought of their little ones in heaven, that they are better off than they would be in your own acceptations of heaven. They are in the garden of knowledge, the garden of unfoldment and development, progress and experience and accumulated wisdom. They are in the garden of the gods, where all excellencies exist, all beauties centre. You are blind if you cannot see, deaf if you cannot hear. Oh, that the scales might fall from your eyes! No more would death be to you the king of terrors, no more would its poignant sting be felt within your hearts. The spirits are around you, about you, bringing sweet messages of love, bringing precious ambrosial flowers. Oh! death, where is thy sting? Oh! grave, where is thy victory? You have taken nothing of mine. You have not taken my boys. No, no! you have only disrobed my loved ones.

We have had many infallible proofs that spirit return is not only possible but positive fact. You may have your reincarnations and dogmas, but let me grow in spirit, be as one of Nature's plants in her own ambrosial gardens. You may have your supernatural God, creation, redemption, events, providences, and your supernatural heaven and hell; you may have all and make much of them if you like them, but I will have none of them. I give to you what is given to me; what I see, what I feel by this power of inspiration, that which commends itself to me, a rational and intelligent being, as pure, golden truth. It is all for you if you acquaint yourselves with Nature's laws in the unfoldment of substances. We speak of being in the form and out of it, as though we were disconnected. We have been so accustomed to these false conceptions and erroneous theories that our very thoughts are unconsciously poisoned by them. I have transported you to Nature's delightful gardens, and shown you their beauties and the happy, joyous surroundings under which our little ones are being developed, and by this means have I sought to comfort your hearts and wipe away your bitter tears of sorrow.

Oh! ye mourning fathers and mothers, seek to live in the spirit and unfold your spiritual natures, and so you will come into close relationship with your darlings in the spirit-world, and with great joy they will welcome you by-and-by to their glorious spirit-home, never invaded by sickness, sorrow or death.

When the veil lifts and the obscuring mists are cleared away, among the countless throngs of shining ones you will recognize your darling, glorified babes, and their sweet voices, in merry glee, will fall in strains of heavenly music upon your ears. Then you will realize as never before that the spirit-world is a real world, and that your own dear children, whom you mourned on earth as dead, are alive forevermore, your children still, to be separated from you never again while eternal ages roll. Oh! joyous meeting! Oh! fond embrace! Oh! commendation grand—beyond all conception grand!

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The following communication is from one of our correspondents, Mrs. Carrie E. Martin, a lady well known and highly respected, and who occupies a position of the highest social distinction in West Leyden, Mass. Her experience is of such a nature, and its importance to many is so great and far-reaching, that we give it to our readers in her own words:

"Last summer I was all run down, had chills, no appetite, very little sleep nights and none days, faint spells, trembling feelings, and was so weak I could hardly walk around the room. I continued to run down in health and strength until I feared utter nervous prostration with its untold miseries.

"I sent for our town physician, and he came a good many times. I soon had to give up work entirely; still his medicines did me no good. I tried to ride out one morning, but went only a few rods and had to come home. My husband then went to church, leaving me with the hired help and my children. Such a terrible day as I spent tongue cannot describe. I could scarcely get from the couch to a chair!

"When my husband came in from church I told him I was worse, and that I would die if I did not get help soon; that I would not take any more of the doctor's medicine, but try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy if he thought best.

"He advised me to try it, and went immediately and got a bottle, which I began to take. Up to this time we knew nothing of its value except as we had seen it advertised.



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"In the course of two days our family physician came in, and saying that he found me about the same, finally told me that he had concluded to ask for counsel. He informed me that I might choose any doctor I preferred to meet him in consultation.

"I said to him: 'Then you consider me pretty badly off?'

"He answered: 'Certainly do, and shall not prescribe for you again until some other doctor sees you, as I do not know what to give you next.'

"I then said to him: 'Perhaps you will be offended, but I have not taken any of your medicine for two days, but am taking Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.'

"He answered: 'I am not offended; if it will help you I shall be very glad. You may continue its use a week, and if no better then we will have counsel.'

"But at the end of the week I was better. In two weeks I was a good deal better; no chills, no faint feelings; could eat some and sleep quite well. In three weeks I was around and about the house. In four weeks my hired girl left me and I went to doing my household alone, and have since continued to do so with seven in the family.

"Since that time our family physician has advised its use from time to time, saying that it would keep up my strength better. He has advised others to take it, telling them of the good it did me, and to-day I have reason—yes, great reason—to thank God for my recovery, and through the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I am only too glad to testify to its merits. God bless Dr. Greene and his wonderful medicine."

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Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for publication, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

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

## "Practice" and Wagers Neither Explain Nor Settle.

A correspondent in a distant State sends for our perusal a copy of a blanket-sheet daily published in his vicinity, which devotes two and one-half columns of its space to an interview with a traveling mountebank, who gravely informs the representative of that paper—and through him the general public—that (if his diatribe means anything) mind-reading, clairvoyance, mesmerism and spiritual phenomena are the result of long-continued practice, and contain no "supernatural" element in them whatsoever; further, that he can duplicate any "trick" of this kind by purely natural means—explaining it afterward; and he backs this latter assertion with the usual two thousand dollar wager which is so familiar to those who read the pompous assumptions published ever and anon by the "yellow handbill" fraternity.

The reader who has any knowledge of the matters cited will at once perceive, and so declare, that no one outside the class of mountebanks to which this individual belongs, for an instant makes the claim that anything "supernatural" is involved by the presentation either of the mental or physical phenomena (even "mind reading," so-called). While some, for purposes of their own, may take refuge behind certain words which are high-sounding but not specially valuable when dealing with these theories, the majority of observers prefer to think that these phenomena are the result of natural law, projected outward or inward on its spiritual side—not, certainly, by practical retrogression (by mere continued "practice") to its purely material side.

As a preliminary we would remark that the phenomenon of "mind-reading"—upon which the present-day Church is pinning its faith as the "coming" destroyer of all spiritual claims—has a side which melts away into the unexplainable, and is due, much of it, and especially where it is not the result of practice, (which this self-appointed critic declares openly to be his "stock in trade"), to the action of forces which the "reader" himself or herself cannot explain. Long schooled human ingenuity can do but little to unravel the mystery.

Again: the man who in this day and generation claims mesmerism to be a "trick," is really unworthy of notice, save that an unthinking public may be misled either by his culpable ignorance or his brazen effrontery. Mesmerism has been known to the world certainly a hundred years—it has fought its way to human acceptance as a fact in nature till even the savants and the "Regular" M. Ds. are acknowledging its truth under another name, "hypnotism," and the latter gentry are busy obtaining the passage of laws making it a penal offense for any one other than themselves to exercise it! Does not this boaster know that difficult and painful surgical operations have been and are being performed upon mesmerized subjects (not "adepts," but totally ignorant of the process), while the patients have in no case "sensed" the operation: thus proving that his "trick" hypothesis is futile and vain?

Further: he who from a purely material plane scoffs at what he calls "second sight" (we suppose he means clairvoyance) and intimates that no person is gifted in this direction, but that confederates, "practice," the knowledge of the common habits of thought, etc., will explain what is known by that name, throws the gauntlet of defiance in the face of all Scotch, Welsh and Irish history. Have not Scott, Campbell, and others, crystallized this gift and its results in some of their greatest works? And is it not a matter of record among these people? And if we look at the gift of clairvoyance as a spiritual entity, we shall find that by its exercise it at once lifts itself readily out of the narrow confines of bald negation which this person assigns to it. That this phenomenon may be simulated by an operator and a confederate who have learned a mutual system of cues by which a knowledge of certain written numbers, or specified articles hidden, or otherwise, can be conveyed from the one to the other—even if that other be blindfold—is true, and such this wonderful explainer admits to be the truth in his case; but there is no one who has had a practical and in any way extend-

ed experience of and with clairvoyance, who has not seen direct evidence that the real article will not come under the heading of "trick" or "delusion."

From the very earliest days of the spiritual movement there have been traveling showmen of more or less extended claims, who have declared that the phenomena presented were only the results of "extended practice" on the part of the mediums. But the experience of the first recognized mediums gives a clear denial to this statement. The Fox girls in '48 were children—had had no years for practice, were not always gladdened but sometimes made afraid by the exhibition of the phenomena; and the same has since been shown in the cases of "the Allen Boy," Miss Laura V. Ellis, and other mediums young even to tender years when they first stood before the public.

This claim of "practice" is quite as ridiculous as that other made years ago in Tremont Temple, Boston, by a revivalist, who had once smelled the tan of a circus ring, who declared that he could duplicate all mediumistic "tricks," while at the same time he admitted that he was equipped with \$1,800 or \$2,000 worth of paraphernalia to do it with! And this in the face of the fact that the mediums had no paraphernalia, and were willing to go alone to the houses of respectable strangers and inquirers with only a small handbag, containing perhaps two or three magnetized articles, such mayhap as a horn or triangle, a music box, etc.

Skeptics can charge the balance of this case to suit themselves, and according to the measure of their intelligence; we leave it to them—having italicized the word "magnetized" because of its importance to all who know the necessity of conditions at a spiritual circle—which, of course, this party and his ilk sneer at as only convenient covers to self-apparent "fraud." But surely if a physician has instruments in his case that are his favorites over other instruments in performing an operation, if a soldier had rather wield his own sabre or rifle with which he is acquainted (in case of battle), if a musician would prefer to use his own violin, with which he is familiar, if he found himself called upon to execute a difficult passage at short notice, so the unseen operators (who have to conserve and make the most of the power given them at a seance) prefer to use such instruments as are magnetized and fitted to their use—and the same is true of the conditions preparatory to their use.

As regards his pronouncement, "I'll bet two thousand dollars," etc., this great man is simply informed that betting is neither argument nor proof, and has never settled, nor can it settle, anything.

The many years of experience which have been our own have created in us a sort of pity for those who will blindly receive that which flatters their preconceived notions at whatever cost of truth—and the number of such is yet legion, for the cloud of ignorance is but slowly (if it is surely) uprolling from the mind of the masses; we doubt not there are those who will rise from the perusal of the columns of dreary nonsense we are now reviewing, with a feeling that the whole matter is explained and "done away with" this time to stay—for Spiritualism has been often "exposed," but has never continued so! For the benefit of such (and for this glib-tongued explainer's also, that he may explain it if he can) we would quote in closing just one phenomenon with which we are personally acquainted—that occurs nearly every week at our office—and which as an object-lesson proves the utter falsity of the position taken by the professional exploiters, viz., that there is no special gift in mediumship, no influx of intelligent but ex-car-nated power, but only the employment of "well trained" human capacities. As is well known, THE BANNER was founded, and has since been sustained, on the spiritual side at least, by a band of ex-car-nated intelligences; and from its earliest history it has been the custom of the publishers to hold at least one sitting each week with whomever was for the time serving them as medium for their Free Circles. Mrs. Conant, Mrs. Ridd, and lastly Mrs. M. T. Longley, have been successively used as instruments in these business meetings; and it is of Mrs. Longley that we desire to speak in this instance: Spirit Father Pierpont, who regularly controls this medium, holds her in what may be denominated "a dead trance," her eyes being kept entirely closed during the seance, yet in this condition he frequently reads intelligently (as afterward proved) though silently, letters which are handed to him (or the entranced medium) at the same time that her voice is used to give practical advice, etc., and her right hand is made use of mechanically to write a letter—covering an entirely different line of subjects—to some one else present. Frequently, therefore, she is doing three things at the same time—or, rather, expression is given through her organism to two or three individuals in spirit-life at the same moment, each operating independently of the rest, and as if no other spirit was communicating. The letters answered are wholly unexpected, the questions asked could not of course be foreseen (as they were frequently unknown to ourselves beforehand), and the mechanically-written messages are often the vehicles of surprising tests of some particular spirit's presence and interest in us and our work.

How many years of "practice" and "long continued exercise of well-trained human faculties" would be required to fit a person to afford an example, however meagre, of this extraordinary phenomenon? We pause for a reply!

**The Gift of Healing and the Divine Power.**

None should know better or confess it oftener, that all help comes from the Divine, than he who styles himself a natural healer. Once let him think from a puffed conceit that his healing power comes from himself, and he places himself in advance of the source of all power and the boundless reservoir of all possible help. Every gift which is a bestowal is beyond the receiver, and when existence and the life-tides are set flowing in the direction of humanity, whatever it is within him that accords with that gift must invite the Divine and Perfect Life that is beyond. The spirit is one with this Divine baptism, and hence its restless power for the healing of disease, and the restoration of the health forces.

It is not for a moment to be supposed that spirits interfere in any way with mortals in this mode of their ministrations: Instead of interference it is cooperation, and the contribution of added strength. Mortals who are dear to one another do not suspect that they are trenching on one another's private and personal realm by bringing their presence and the sympathy it is believed to express; much more are loving spirits undesirous of thwarting mortal purposes, or standing in the way of their

preferences and desires. On the contrary, they bring new light with new strength, and show themselves the best of helpers in the not of tending and inspiring. These ministering powers, guided by the light of the highest Love, pour into the hearts of mortals who are ready to receive them according to their needs, not according to the arbitrary methods of human judgment, and as the divine spirit, flowing in and through all spirits, shall give to us what it knows to be our supremest needs.

As to what is called the gift of healing, under certain conditions healing takes place, and under certain conditions it does not. There have been the most remarkable cures, and there have been the most signal failures. This of itself shows that there is nothing in the mind of man that can either create or remove disease. When healing comes, it comes independently of the human will, of human methods and of human formulas. That which brings the gift of healing is a power outside of and independent of the mind of man—still needs material agencies to work through.

The spiritual gift of healing is simply one of the factors in the great demonstration of spirit-life. No matter to whom or how the power comes, the gift is the same. However many the methods of human interpretation concerning it, like the colored glass through which the sunlight may reach us, it is still the sunlight.

**The Custom of Burning the Dead.**

The Annual Register for the year 1761, printed in London, on which Dr. Samuel Johnson depended for a long course of years for his maintenance by writing for its pages, contained a scholarly and historic article on the custom of burning the dead, which has been reproduced in *Medical Classics*. One general feeling seems to have been that by such a precipitate dissolution the ethereal flame, or soul of man, was purified by its disunion from the gross and servile bondage of matter. Heracitus was the first expositor of this doctrine, by whose means the practice became general in every region of Greece. He held that fire was the predominant principle in the human fabric, and that therefore by reducing the body to its first principles, the purity and incorruptibility of its magisterial parts were by such means better preserved. The poet Euripides is to the same purpose.

The article proceeds to consider first the antiquity, and next the intention of this custom. Its antiquity rises as high as the Theban war, in which we are told of the great solemnity accompanying this ceremony at the pyre of Memecus and Archemorus, who were contemporary with Jair, the eighth judge of Israel. Homer abounds with funeral obsequies of this nature. Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, underwent this fiery dissolution. The practice was of very ancient date in the inward regions of Asia, and continued for a long period. We are told that in the reign of Julian, the king of Chionia burned his son's body, and reposed the ashes in a silver urn. Almost coeval with the first instances of this kind in the East was the practice in the western parts of the world. The Herulians, the Getae and the Thracians had all along observed it, and its antiquity was as great with the Celts, Sarmatians and other neighboring nations.

The custom has its foundation deep laid in nature. An anxious fondness to preserve the memory of the great and good, the dear friend and the near relation, was the sole motive that prevailed in the institution of this solemnity. We see this confirmed in Homer. At Hector's funeral, the preservation of the ashes was the principal concern of the friends and relations that attended. The text of the Iliad of Homer is quoted in verification. The ashes, when collected and reposed in an urn, were preserved as a memorial of the goodness or greatness of the party deceased, as an example to excite the same ardor in the minds of those who survived. These were kept in some convenient place in the house of the next relation or friend. Achilles had the remains of his beloved Patroclus in his tent.

It thus appears that the reduction of the body to ashes, the urnal incineration of those ashes, and the frequent contemplation of them in the urn, were thought good expedients to keep alive the memory of those who were, in their lives, most conspicuous in the walk of fame. These were the springs from which this custom issued. In the celebrated instance of Artemisia, the fondness extended almost to a deification. Not entirely unlike what we experience in our own times when a lock of hair, a ring, a seal, which belonged to a deceased friend, and which we have in our possession, is looked upon with reverence and with a peculiar pleasure in the contemplation.

**The Murder of Baroness Dellart.**

Some days after the crime committed at No. 24 Boulevard du Temple, says *La Chaine Magique*, the editor of *La Lanterne* went to the house of Mme. Auffinger, taking with him a piece of cloth that had been on the neck of Mlle. Delphine Houbert, whom the assassin had also attempted to kill.

As soon as Mme. Auffinger had gone into the trance she said that the murderer was a friend of the Dellart family; that he had recently left Paris, and that he would be arrested in Christmas week.

The next day, at ten o'clock in the evening, she repeated this declaration to the members of the family, and said, further, that the assassin was a young man, who had but a short time before left the military service; that he was armed with two knives—one a very long one, the other a pocket-knife; that after the crime he did not leave the neighborhood, but even had passed the night there; that he went toward the Bastille to wash himself and remove the stains of blood that were upon his clothing; that, on the next morning, he returned to the place where the crime had been committed, and, accompanied by a person who resembled him very much, had walked before the house for a long time; that he was at the time a soldier, and before the commission of the crime he had changed his clothing; that he stole some papers, but no money.

These revelations from Mme. Auffinger were proved to be true by the confession of the murderer.

Under the caption "WHO IS PEEBLES?" the *San Antonio (Tex.) Daily Express* devotes over two columns of one of its issues to a complimentary "interview" regarding the life, travels and general doings of Dr. J. M. Peebles, who has established a thriving sanitarium in that city. Early Spiritualists will remember Dr. Peebles as the "Spiritual Pilgrim," interesting accounts of whose repeated journeys around the globe, as well as other points concerning him, have often appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

There is a spirit we would like to see more of in existing relations between men and what are termed the "lower orders of life," in the following from *The Theosophist*, Madras, India, for September: A FAITHFUL SERVANT GONE.—There has been mourning at Headquarters over the death of one whom we all loved and who was closely associated with the memories of the past—Nawab, our lovely Arab horse. He was bought for Rs. 200 and presented by Damodar to H. F. B. in 1881, together with a phaeton, and since then has, at Bombay and Madras, drawn every one of us, in all weathers, without having given us the slightest trouble. So gentle, so kind, so faithful, so affectionate—where shall we find another so loyal and willing a friend! H. F. B.

## Psychic Influences Dominate.

With perfect truth it has been observed that the prevailing expectation of an approaching crisis in social and industrial matters is a fact of the most profound significance. Men are pretty generally agreed that there is a cataclysm ahead, without being able perhaps to comprehend the causes which are leading up to it, or to suggest the cures which may avail to avert it. The *New Nation*, always on the alert to discover the secrets of the new and untried, says that a general expectation of this sort has in itself not only a prophetic value as the consensus of many minds, but that it exercises an unquestionable *psychical potency* in hastening the crisis itself. There can be no question about it. While this expectant state of the general mind may seem to be passive, it is nevertheless true that what we expect, be it good or ill, we unconsciously tend to bring about. Dread a fight, and we are pretty sure to have one. Expect harmony, and it is all the more likely to come. It is so individually, and much more so in the case of the multitude.

## Madam Valesca Topfer.

Who was recently condemned by a local German court to two years' imprisonment, and five years loss of civil rights, for exercising her mediumship for the public, is to have a new trial, it is stated, before a higher court, the Berlin Landgericht, probably, sometime in the present month.

Read on our sixth page what Spirit S. B. Brittan has to say in regard to the progress of Modern Spiritualism. While living in the mortal form he was one of its truest advocates. Also peruse, what Spirit Calvin Hall, who subsequently controlled the medium, has to say in reply from his individual standpoint. Both messages at this very time are highly important to Spiritualists everywhere. We fully agree with Bro. Hall wherein he speaks of the lukewarmness of many who should take a deeper interest in the Cause they have embraced—especially that there is need of a re-awakening, a revitalizing of forces and powers and thoughts and ideas, in order that new light and communication may come from the spirit-world to better the condition of humanity.

We shall print next week an able review and translation combined, which has been specially prepared for the BANNER OF LIGHT by W. N. Eayrs. The work considered by Mr. Eayrs is titled, "La Communion Universelle Des Ames Dans L'Amour Divin," (The Universal Communion of Souls in Love Divine), by Mme. Lucie Grange of Paris.

The interesting discourse, "INFANTS IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD," etc., which will be found on our third page, is from Dr. Ravlin's pamphlet, "Spiritual Lectures," which he has brought before the public, and which also contains his portrait and biography in brief. (Currier Dope Print, San Francisco, Cal.)

Prof. J. Jay Watson has our thanks for his fine tribute to the memory of the late Mrs. A. Leah Underhill, on another page.—Certainly, Professor, send us the lecture by Mrs. Brigham you speak of.

Read the announcement made by Mrs. W. H. Allen of Providence, R. I., which appears on our fifth page.

Our thanks are returned to Friend Gardner and others (of Providence) for floral donations to our Free Circle table.

Read what Wm. Foster, Jr., says about Vaccination, in another column.

## Domestic Science on Exhibition.

The triennial fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association is on this month in Boston—continues till December. The display is always one of the widest attractiveness and value, and the importance of home interests is fully recognized. The space allotted to the display of domestic science is one hundred and fifty by thirty feet. The entrance to this department is through a broad doorway, where the portières, when withdrawn, disclose a long apartment, divided into kitchen and dining-room by artistic lattice screens, while a fine view is had at the extreme end of the dining-room through a highly-ornamental window.

The dining-room is fitted up in Scotch linens, art cloth being used in combination with nothing. Twelve cooks occupy the kitchen, who are graduates of the Boston School of Cooking and the Cooking School of the Boston Young Women's Christian Association. Each cook has her own stove to work with, cooking according to the most approved methods, explaining the chemistry of food, and showing how food should be served. The cooking utensils are of the most approved pattern and superior make, while the cooking apparatus itself covers all the forms to be found in the market at the present day.

**Marine Disasters.**—Through some misunderstanding their signals for passing each other, on the night of September 28th two immense iron steamers (the *Ottoman*, 483 tons, of the English "Warren" line, and the *H. M. Whitney*, 2700 tons, of the "Metropolitan" line) came together with a mighty impact and a noise "like a peal of thunder" in Boston harbor. The *Ottoman* had a hole stove in her bow-plates large enough for a man to crawl into comfortably, while the *Whitney* sank in ten minutes—no lives lost. Legal inquiry is now on the tapis to decide who was to blame.

On the same day in the afternoon the local steamer *Waterdown* (300 tons), running between Boston and Lynn, took fire from alleged ill protection of the wood-work around the boilers, and was burned to the water's edge after being run on shore. The crew and passengers mostly took to the water, and all escaped except a woman, the wife of the steward, who was either killed by blows of the propeller blades or by an internal hemorrhage from fright: Accounts differ.

On one of the windows of the village church at Canton, Minn., (Catholics) there lately appeared—so says the Associated Press—a portrait of a woman and child, which afterward assumed the form of four figures, recognized by the people as representing bible characters, and then melted away, leaving the original 'ole picture to be seen. It was claimed as a "miracle," many people flocked there, and alleged themselves to be cured by looking upon the form or forms. The matter finally attracted such widespread attention that Bishop Otter (of the diocese of Winona) visited the church in company with Father Coyne, of Lanesboro, and Father Perrine, of Brownsville. The window, which is in the north gable of the church, was removed, and the Bishop brought it to Winona, where he is to give it a thorough examination, in company with other prominent Catholic clergymen.

There is a spirit we would like to see more of in existing relations between men and what are termed the "lower orders of life," in the following from *The Theosophist*, Madras, India, for September: A FAITHFUL SERVANT GONE.—There has been mourning at Headquarters over the death of one whom we all loved and who was closely associated with the memories of the past—Nawab, our lovely Arab horse. He was bought for Rs. 200 and presented by Damodar to H. F. B. in 1881, together with a phaeton, and since then has, at Bombay and Madras, drawn every one of us, in all weathers, without having given us the slightest trouble. So gentle, so kind, so faithful, so affectionate—where shall we find another so loyal and willing a friend! H. F. B.

## Spirit Pierpont.

A correspondent writes as follows: "We have grown quite fond of 'Father Pierpont' through reading the communications in the *AWAKENING*, and would like to ask who and what was he when on earth? You call him 'father,' but I can hardly think of him as a Romanist priest. Was he a Spiritualist? Please publish reply in your paper. Some one beside myself may be interested in the subject."

JOHN PIERPONT was born in Litchfield, Conn., in 1785, but passed the larger part of his earthly life in and near Boston, where for many years he labored as a minister in the Unitarian pulpit. He was well-known to his contemporaries as a vigorous preacher, a poet of no ordinary ability, and an uncompromising and outspoken foe to all the degrading shams of the day.

As a temperance reformer and an Abolitionist the name of John Pierpont stands out prominently among his New England associates in the field of reform; and his denunciation of the liquor traffic, in his pulpit, is a matter of history in the church records of this city.

During the latter part of his earth-life Mr. Pierpont became an outspoken Spiritualist—made so, he proclaimed, by the irrefutable evidence of its truth which Spiritualism brought to him through its mediums. This good man passed to the higher life in 1863, at the age of eighty-one. He was never connected with the Roman church. Having come as a spirit to the BANNER OF LIGHT proprietors at their weekly meetings—as a counselor, guide and friend—for a period of thirteen years, through the mediumship of Mrs. Longley, we have given to this noble spirit-intelligence the appellation which has now elicited the inquiry of our correspondent, not as referring to any degree which he had worn on earth, but to signify the filial respect which we hold for this grand man and devoted spirit.

## What is a Liberal?

The English Dean of Winchester explains that he is a Liberal, because churches have to face the difficulties of the time in the development of social life and labor. He is a Liberal because of his hopes for the solution of some of these social questions. We want, says the Dean, the wage-earner to have better provision for his old age; we want a reform in the Poor Law; we want better houses for the laborers to live in, not huts which defy the laws of health and morality; we believe that every man should be unmolested, whatever views he may hold, and be able to give weight to his views without hindrance at the polls; we hold that the vote ought to represent each person's conscience and opinion; that no one should, when of full age and standing, be without it, nor any one have more than one person's share of it.

The Dean rightly says that the peaceful solution of the quarrels of men or nations is the true solution; and that the English Liberals desire to strengthen the bonds of both imperial and international amity. We want, he adds, education to be improved, as well as universal. We desire the religious and moral side of it to be strengthened, and the family life to grow more real and more happy. We are determined to resist the horrible attacks of vice and cruelty on the purity and happiness of our women and children. Lastly—and perhaps this is the most pressing matter of all—we call for a stern and popular control over the deadly drink traffic.

## The Autumn Glory.

The time is at hand to visit the woods and study the fields, as they begin to robe themselves in their annual garments of russet and purple and orange and gold, and all the varied tints with which Nature delights to dress herself in this autumnal season. October in this regard is a month that overflows with a wealth of glories—glories of color and form and atmosphere and light. The departing year gathers its regal robes about itself, and passes, like a queen in a pageant, through this western door. It is the period of farewell, a farewell made in royal state, gorgeously set off to the bewildered vision, and surrounded with every circumstance of pomp and splendor to make the effect more impressive.

It is elysium over the tree-clad hills and slopes and in the illuminated valleys. The birds are gathering in migratory companies. The katydids shrill their plaintive monotone in the high branches of the trees. The moon sheds such a light as it emits in no other month of the twelve that make the year. A holy pause seems to constitute the appropriate interval to the sweep of the chilling winds of November and the biting cold of winter. It is indeed a season of reflection, when the mind looks before and after to foresee and review. No such month comes again for a long year. Make the most of it as it passes, and let it be a golden memory afterwards.

## But they Go Slower.

The story runs that a big boy got a grip on a calf's tail, and the calf started on a run with the boy swinging to the young animal. The boy's father seeing how things were going, cried out, "Stop him, my son! Hold him!" but the calf kept up the pace, and finally got away with his tail. As the boy came up his father said to him: "Well, John, you did not stop him." "No," replied the winded John, "but I made him go lots slower, though!" This will very fairly do as a humorous illustration of what Spiritualism is doing for the churches, and ecclesiastics generally. It does make them "go lots slower." Narrow, bigoted, superstitious, uncharitable and arbitrary, as they still are, especially in the more retired localities, where the light penetrates last, and enlarging ideas circulate sluggishly, they are as a body compelled to go slower, to furnish reasons where they once only issued commands, to give up their cruel dogmas, to relent in their spirit of persecution working in social channels, to revise their declarations of belief, to burn up their old hatreds in the warm fires of human sympathy, and to preach more and more distinctly and generously that Christ's work was not to found conflicting schools of theological doctrine, but to humanize the people of the earth, and unite them in the bonds of family brotherhood.

## Collection of Columbus Relics.

After a trip to the West Indies extending over twenty months, Mr. Fred A. Ober of Beverly, Mass., acting in the interest of the World's Fair Commission, has returned to Beverly with a valuable collection, which he will arrange for exhibition at Chicago. Through his personal efforts Jamaica has appropriated fifty thousand dollars for an exhibit of tropical plants. He secured a number of memorial relics of great value at San Domingo. He located, too, the city of Isabella, the first one founded by Columbus in the New World, discovered the first bell brought to America, and a number of old swords besides, and also brought home a number of spurs found in the city's ruins, the city having been destroyed in 1595. Mr. Ober likewise brought home with him eight hundred views of historic places and things on the island. It need not be questioned that the collection so industriously made by him will be studied with pleasure and instruction by the great crowds of people that will frequent the notable exhibition.

## An Old-Time "Electrocution."

Arago records the fact that a chieft of a band of brigands was struck down in the courtyard of a prison in Bavaria in the midst of his comrades. He was seated on the pavement, or on a stone, being fastened by an iron chain to a fixed ring or staple, his companions, bound in a similar manner, around him. The electric charge, controlled probably in some degree by the chain and the iron fixture to which it was attached, passed through the body of the chief and instantly killed him. His comrades, knowing nothing of the natural laws by which this powerful agency is controlled, were struck with consternation, believing that the lightning had intelligently selected their ringleader, by the special judgment of heaven, in retribution for his crimes; when in truth his body was only so situated as to form part of a chain of communication well adapted for the electricity to pursue in its passage from the atmosphere to the ground.

Hamburg, devastated by cholera and famine, now has an epidemic of typhoid fever.



## Jack and Jill

Times.

Emperor William of Germany, as a "good luck" offering at the birth of his daughter, has announced that he will pardon all female prisoners serving term for first offenses committed while in distress or fits of anger.

gave Mr. W. I. Frank, President of the Society, moved a vote of thanks to the visiting friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hull, which was unanimously accorded them. Refreshments were served by the young ladies of the Sunday School, and card parties were formed around the hall. Thus was passed a very enjoyable evening. Regular socials will be held the second and fourth Friday of every month.

*Return of and Reception to, Mrs. H. S. Lake.—*Th

To relieve human suffering, I will send free or cheap to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French, English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming the paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

**FLORIDA!**—Two Rooms to rent for winter without board, to Spiritualists, in Daytona. Rooms large. Would take charge of an invalid. Address Box 32.  
Oct. 8. 4w

the student reader and scholar, and of great value to the General Cause of Spiritualism. The inquirer after truth will find much to instruct. They are so written that all minds may find the lessons of practical utility.

Bristol board covers, 10 cents each; \$1.00 per dozen; \$7.50 per hundred.

For sale by COLBY & BICH.



## Message Department.

**ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS**  
Of each week Spiritual Meetings are held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment, free to the public, commencing at 8 o'clock P. M., J. A. Schellhammer, Chairman.

At these séances the spiritual guides of Mrs. M. T. Longley will 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. Resolutions, circulated individuals anxious to send messages to their relatives and friends in the earth-life will have an opportunity to do so.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate spiritual truth, and are not to be taken as 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 expressions 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 the publishers of the fact for publication.

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

Letters of inquiry in regard to COLBY & RICH must be addressed to

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

Report of Public Séance held June 14th, 1892.

### Spirit Invocation.

We thank thee, Almighty Spirit, thou Glorious and Supreme Presence, for the boon of life. We praise thee that we are living, conscious beings, vitalized and filled with the memories of the past, and enabled ever to press forward as progressive souls throughout all the ages of the future. Oh! thou who art the Divine, the All-in-All of intelligence and wisdom, draw near unto our hearts this day, that we may feel thy nearness, and realize that thou dost dwell within the human soul. We reach out in aspiration, longing for light and understanding of spiritual things. Help us in our desire to gain from thee high information and guidance that shall lead us on in our search for truth.

Oh! ye bright and spiritual beings, ye holy ones who come from worlds beyond, seeking to minister unto mankind, give us your influence, baptize us in the atmosphere of your purity and peace, that we, too, may be illuminated with clear light, that we may be elevated, and come to know more of what Spirituality really means. We know there is much work to be done for humanity; we realize that there are sinners to be overcome, and wrongs to be conquered, and that there are sufferings and pains that must be assuaged before our true humanity shall have reached a height of happiness and peace that belongs to it by right of its divine parentage. Help us to do something in this great warfare, to wield some power that shall smite an error or overcome a weakness or folly in the human family. Give unto us, ye bright angels, courage to go forth and dare all things for the truth's sake.

For these things we ask—the gifts of the spirit, such as purity, strength of character, and that love for our kind which shall enable us to see that justice shall be done as far as is in our power, and that shall bring us into sweet concord and harmony with every child of thine, our Father. We ask the blessing of all holy beings to rest upon us all now and forever.

### Dr. S. B. Brittan.

President Pierpont has invited me to preside at your séance this afternoon, and presently, Mr. Chairman, I will consider your questions.

It gives me great satisfaction at ways to avail myself of the privilege of communicating through your medium with the dear friends and co-workers of the mortal sphere. I feel that we are a twofold army; the one battling strongly for truth amid the morasses of physical life, the other, on the right wing of the army, pressing forward and sending out its electrical forces to smite the contending forces of error and superstition, and to give a blow for spiritual truth. We should, then, be in harmony at all times, uniting the forces of the material and spiritual worlds that we may not only conserve our powers, but utilize them for grand results. What have we not accomplished during the history of Modern Spiritualism? How far, indeed, has humanity advanced, not only in its search for truth concerning spiritual things, but also in its outreaching for knowledge in this vast universe of ours, and in its attempt to overcome evil with good, to conquer error and injustice by the light of right and justice?

I bring greeting to friends not only from the depths of my own heart, which is beating warm and true, but from many of our brothers and sisters in the spirit-world. They bid all our co-workers "good cheer" and "God-speed" in their mission of light to humanity. The way is sometimes rugged, and the feet of those who press over it are sore and bleeding; hearts are bowed with anguish because they are misunderstood and misrepresented by the world; but we would have our friends know that their angel-guides and watchers are faithful and true, that they are leading them on over the byways and along the thorny paths, giving them that strength of spirit which the external world does not understand, and which it cannot take away.

I see great hope for the Cause in the coming year. It seems to me, as I watch the trend of events on various sides, that the work is growing. I find manifesting itself in countless homes that formerly had no knowledge of its existence and value. I personally have, within a year or two, become deeply interested in the development of a number of mediums in various parts of this country. Some of those in the South are putting forth signs of medial strength and power that portend strength for the spiritual Cause, and these mediums are coming under the unfolding process in the quiet of their own homes and amid conditions and circumstances where one would suppose no such work could progress; yet I find that the spirit-world is making itself manifest there, and I take great courage from that sign. Others, in the West, in the stronghold of the church, have found their medial powers acted upon by invisible intelligences, until now these qualities are seeking expression through tangible and satisfactory avenues. Thus I take hope, for I know that the great ranks of Spiritualism are holding their own and accomplishing their work along the lines of conflict; and when I realize, as I do from personal experience, that in homes where no thought of seeking the light of Spiritualism has been encouraged, mediums are developing their powers and giving unmistakable signs of the presence of invisible intelligences, I feel that the glorious work is advancing, and that we need have no fear of failure or of retrogression in the mission of Spiritualism.

I will not pause, Mr. Chairman, to expound upon these matters. My friends know that I am heart and soul in sympathy with our glorious Cause, that I ever and that power I gain from my own life along the avenues of medial expression, to inspire a thought or express an idea in the mind of some human being on earth, to give counsel, or in some way to extend an influence that may be of service to our work as we understand it. Therefore I shall not pause to say more, only to give my hearty greeting to friends, and assure them that I am, as ever, their co-worker, one who is seeking for the truth, and ready to extend it to others. S. B. Brittan.

Now, Mr. Chairman, if you have questions I will consider them.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**Ques.**—[An "Inquirer," Boston, writes:] It is alleged that a public speaker recently stated, while under control, that when an individual passes to spirit-life the body he has vacated is at once possessed by a number of spirits who enter in order to hasten the work of its dissolution. What do the BANNER OF LIGHT intelligences say to this?

**Ans.**—I must give you my opinion on this subject, and I claim it only as my own.

As a medical man, and also as one familiar with the processes of spirit control, of mediumship and of matter, it seems to me that this is a strange statement to be made by any intelligent spirit on this side or on the other. The processes of dissolution occur when the spirit which has been vitalizing the organic form is entirely withdrawn. This, I believe,

is granted by all close observers, whether they are Spiritualists or not.

We are informed by your questioner that the spirit states that the body is possessed by a number of spirits to hasten nature's work of disintegrating its various parts and portions. It seems to me that if any spirit, or number of spirits, could take possession of a body, they would utilize it with their own personal magnetism and power, so that the work of dissolution, or decay, would be retarded instead of hastened by any such process. But I do not think it is possible for a spirit, or a number of spirits, to take possession of an organic body from which the spirit that has possessed it in the past has become entirely free.

To my mind the oak that has fallen to the ground, and become subjected to decay, has come into that condition because the life-principle, the vitalizing spirit, which has animated it in the past, has been withdrawn. It has severed its connection with the external, objective form, and therefore disintegration is going on within its parts; a chemical action is taking place which slowly but surely is freeing the various particles of that objective form, and giving them up to the atmosphere or to mother nature for future usefulness in other forms. So with the organic form of man. The spirit is entirely withdrawn. It has severed its connection with the external life through that body, and nature has taken possession of it. The work of disintegration goes on, the various particles and atoms of the body are yielding up their forces to the atmosphere that they may be taken and re-converted into other forms of usefulness and of growth.

**Q.**—[By "Observer," Boston.] Disastrous hurricanes, water-spouts and cyclones have frequently developed in various parts of the country during the last few years. Are not these due to the action of man in using the electrical force of the atmosphere in many ways for mechanical purposes? And if we continue to increase the uses of electricity for such purposes, will not the clouds bursts and other atmospheric disturbances, as well as the prevalence of contagious diseases among human beings, increase in like manner?

**A.**—There is a variance of opinion in the spirit-world concerning the cause of these different atmospheric disturbances with which the earth is afflicted, just as there are various opinions upon the subject on earth. Many individuals in spirit-life, however, unite in the belief that these disturbances are caused by planetary action upon the earth's surface, that the movements of certain planets directly affect the atmosphere of our earth, and thereby the lightning and other electrical forces, thereby showing the results of this action in the various atmospheric disturbances with which you are familiar. It may be that a cyclone suddenly arises, effecting devastation on every side, or perchance a water-spout may be developed, or some other serious convulsive movement of Nature, working disaster in its train.

For myself I cannot say whether all this is directly effected by planetary action or not, but I am inclined to think that planetary movements have much to do with it, and that the existence of electric forces in the atmosphere create disturbances which result in some such manner as mentioned by your questioner. I cannot myself say why these disturbances should occur because man has become sufficiently informed concerning the uses and the nature of electricity as to be able to subject that subtle force to his own will and command, to harness the lightning, so to speak, and make it serve his purposes in mechanical ways, although it may be that this very harnessing of lightning and engaging the electrical forces in utilitarian work has an effect upon the atmosphere. This, however, I do not know, nor have I received any information concerning it from spirits who are studying the laws and the uses of electricity.

I have, however, come in contact with scientific minds in the spirit-world who are interested in studying the various forces and elements with which your earth is charged, and I have been informed by some of those students that there is great danger of the soil of the earth becoming exhausted of certain of the essential elements it requires for the vitalization of the vegetable kingdom through the desire and the work of man to drain the bosom of the earth of certain of its resources, like petroleum, for instance. I am informed that this substance contains within itself certain elements that are necessary to the vitalization of special forms of plant growth, and that if the earth becomes exhausted of these essential qualities, then the various plants and life that draw their sustenance largely from it will become extinct or of little service to mankind. From petroleum may be gathered various essential oils, or aromatics. The flavor of certain berries may be extracted therefrom, and also other forms of food, and it is explained that this very fluid affords to these forms of plant-life certain qualities which they possess, giving them nutritious and rich properties that are healthful to man when he partakes of them. Therefore, one who is engaged in extracting from the atmosphere special properties or forces should have something of a scientific education, that he may know just what he is doing and whether he is exhausting the earth or air of those elements which it requires in order to sustain human and animal life upon the planet.

These are interesting studies that one may follow with profit to himself if not to the world; but it seems to me, Mr. Chairman, in regard to this question concerning electricity, that the entire universe is charged with that subtle force, which is the life itself of the world, and that it may be gathered, or conserved, and utilized for the benefit of mankind without danger to the race or to the planet, as indicated by your correspondent.

### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

#### Calvin Hall.

It has been a long time since I spoke through your medium, and I feel to-day that I must say a few words.

I have been listening to our good friend Brittan in his remarks concerning the progress of our Cause; and while I agree with him on general principles, yet I feel a little discouraged and saddened in regard to the want of action, in special localities, of so-called Spiritualists in giving light and truth concerning the immortal world to mankind.

I have no doubt it is true that mediums are coming forward from unexpected places, and that the spirit-world will be certain not to let itself die out. There has been too much labor expended and too much influence exercised by the spirit-world to have it fade away now, and I know that Spiritualism has taken a grand hold on human life which it will never let go again. I know that the spirits have the work in charge, and that they will go here, there and everywhere, laying new lines and strengthening old ones, and so on with this mighty labor of keeping, the avenues of communication open between the two worlds.

But I feel a little sad, Mr. Chairman, when I come back into the earth-life and see places where I have been and where I have lived becoming so weak in regard to Spiritualism. I see so few giving their life forces to the world; I see so few really interested in having the truth made known and widespread to those who do not understand it, that I feel as if there is need of a re-awakening, a re-vitalization of forces and powers and thumplings, as it were, that new light and animation may come from the spirit-world. I want my friends to know that I am working along that way, hoping to accomplish something. I don't want to see Spiritualism flicker out in Somers and Stafford, but I want the whole Connecticut valley to be alive with its power, to feel its vibrating throughout its length and breadth, so that humanity shall know beyond a doubt there is no death, but that the spirit-world is close by.

I bring my greeting to my friends. Tell them I feel in sympathy with them. I only want them to be awake, filled with the desire to do good in this way, and they will be assisted by friends from the other side. Those from our old neighborhood send their greetings, too. They wish to have it known that they live and have their work in the spirit-world.

The old life of earth is fading away from me. It seems more like a dream than a reality. I

do not lose my memory of the past nor my interest in what has been done, but I am letting go, one by one, of the old earth-life and taking up more of the spirit-world and its employments. I never shall forget, though, the experience I have been through here. I shall never forget that line of life I followed when on earth, for it is a part of my being, only the external, that which is more material, is passing away, and I am glad to let it go.

Tell the good friends that Uncle Calvin will never forget them, and will be most happy to give them a strong and warm greeting when they meet him on the spirit-side. Calvin Hall.

#### Gen. John Hammond.

[To the Chairman:] I shall crave your indulgence, sir, if I do not manifest according to your rules. I am a stranger here, and may not understand just what is expected of those who enter, but I am gratified to come, and to inform you of my feelings. I am a living intelligence, filled with activity, and I feel stronger to-day, and more active, than I have for years. I feel more ready to buckle on my armor and stand firm by the post of duty than I could when dealing with the fading things of earth; not that I confess to having ever faltered at the post, for I was an old soldier, and knew what it was to work my way up from the ranks. I ever felt stirring within the ardor of a patriot, and I felt proud to be a son of this great and glorious North, in its service, and in the cause of liberty and right.

I have done with the material body and its limitations, and I feel like a free man out on the broad plain, ready for action. So I come back willing to take up this experience, which seems very strange to me, in order, if possible, to express a thought to my friends, and tell them all is well.

I find that the spirit-world affords many lines of thought, study and occupation to the thinking mind, but I am not interested in the manufacture of iron, or anything of that sort, on that side, because the two lives, although seemingly united, are distinctly different to my observation. There are many lines of employment there not known on this side, and there are many on this side not needed at all on the spirit-side. I have entered into a pursuit which is pleasant to me. It calls for my best thought, and draws out the calculating energies of my mind; and so, while engaging in this, I find the days passing rapidly away, and I feel thankful that I am a member of the immortal life, and a participant in eternity.

I do not know, sir, as I need prolong my visit. If I shall succeed in awakening the attention of any dear soul on this side of life I shall be satisfied, or if any old friend or associate will learn of my return, and become sufficiently interested to know more of this, if I am invited to come and communicate in some private way, I will do my best to respond, and thank the friends who extend the invitation to me.

#### Gen. John Hammond.

My name is Ida Clapp. My friends live in Brooklyn, and I hope to reach them by coming here.

I passed away early in life, just as the years seemed to be coming with promise and beauty to me, just as I was beginning to realize some feeling of life and its responsibilities. I had plans for my future work. I wanted to develop my powers in some way that would make them useful to me and to those near me. But I grew weak, and the body could not hold the spirit, so I passed away to the higher life.

I did not know that I could come back and see my friends. I did not know what kind of a world I should find, and it was so strange and uncertain to me at first; but just as soon as I really got away from the body, I found myself in a country home that was sweet with flowers and bright with sunshine. Aunt Maria came with a loving welcome to make me feel really at home, so I was satisfied, and did not feel sad that I had to give up the things of earth. I wish my friends to know this, and to realize that the pain and weakness have all passed away forever.

Soon I was admitted to a school of art in the higher life, where I saw so many lines of study that I never dreamed of here that I thought I could never make anything of myself, but I have been trying since then, and I feel pleased with my work, and I am growing happier and happier all the time.

I bring my love to Nellie, and to all dear friends, and wish them to know how happy I am. I want them to be happy, too, and I will try to help them do their work. I know that sometimes they feel as if they could not get along as fast as they wish, because of lack of opportunity and means on this side. I sympathize with them, and I would, if I could, give them every advantage that I have in the spirit-world; but I can tell them that when they join me, they will find so much beauty and joy that they will only regret the sadness of the past as something that is gone, and need not be sorrowed over.

I am hoping sometime to come to my friends in their own homes in this manner, and give them tokens of my presence. I think some of them are mediumistic, and if I can learn here how spirits operate in controlling mediums perhaps it will help me to come to them there.

#### Samuel Cooper.

[To the Chairman:] Will you put me down as Samuel Cooper? I lived over in East Somers, Conn., and I think some will remember me, not that I was a great man, but I was a member here, and I think I have come back. I am sure a good many remember Samuel Cooper, who had his place at Lincoln street and Broadway, Somerville; and it may do them some good to know that a spirit has got back that went out of the body.

This has been a queer thing for me to understand. I have been a good while coming around with spirits on the other side, learning the letters and getting acquainted. I have been over to Emma and Mary and there, and have seen many who went out long ago, but who in spirit are strong and well. I have been very happy renewing old associations, and getting acquainted with the life that I am to live for a good while, I suppose.

Now I come here to tell my people that I am feeling well, and do not feel bad because I went away from the body. It is all right just as it is. I would not come back to live on this side if I could, but I come once in a while to see the friends and learn how they are getting on. I have nothing more to say, only that if any one who has known me will come to Boston, and hunt up some one that talks for those who have gone out of the body, I will come around and do the best I can.

#### Julia Foster.

I am a mother seeking her children, for I left a family of dear ones on this side. They live in Providence, R. I., and my heart goes out to them to-day from this place, as it has gone out many times from the spirit-world with love and sympathy, and so I have a great desire to reach them and do them good.

I am anxious to have my dear ones know that spirit-life is real and earnest, and that the grave is not the end of all things; for though they may vaguely believe that there is some life somewhere beyond, I do not believe they have any strong-rooted idea of the truth. Ever since I found it, after passing from the body, I have been anxious to have my dear ones share it with me.

I have never communicated in this way before; but many times I have wished to do so. I have been seeking for a medium, Jane and Henry, and give them tidings of the other life. John is with me, and sends his greeting and love with mine. We are working together, and we want our dear ones to live that they will find a pleasant home in the spirit-world. We have beautiful homes there of light and comfort, where harmony reigns, but all have to make or complete their homes by living pure lives on earth. There would be no harmony unless we were all as good, and the more goodly and sympathetic we are here, the more harmonious our spirit-homes is.

I want to impress this upon the minds of my dear ones, that they may understand what is beyond, and live for that. I would help them in their material perplexities if I could. Sometimes the experiences are hard. They have to work for their living, and do not always get

the good things they would like. We try to bring an influence of peace to soothe their weary spirits and give them rest; and I want them to know the dear ones who passed away still live, and that there is light around those who are left which they can receive if they will put themselves into a receptive state. I am Julia Foster.

#### Joseph T. Wood.

Speaking from this side of the river, I come from Middleboro, Mass., and I feel that I am still a part of that town. I was identified with it in a strong manner, and expressed my individuality in its interests the best I knew how; and so when I went from the body I seemed to take a part of the old place with me; and I hold it still. I come back feeling that I belong to it, and must send an influence there that I hope will be felt.

I shall not, over the various offices I was connected with, served a good deal on the different boards of the commission, and felt at home in the county. Well, I feel at home now. I come back and visit old friends, look into old familiar places, and realize that I have not changed very much only in regard to the outward, for the real man is about the same that he was, perhaps a little smarter, a little younger, and growing to know more of the affairs of life on both sides; but that is all.

I come to give a brotherly and fatherly greeting to all those who have known me. Tell them I am one with them, bringing my love and remembrance from the spirit-world, and assuring them that that world is a bright one. I suppose there are a good many that come here who think it is a dark world. I see spirits that feel sad and unhappy, but I have been finding sunshine on the way, and getting brightened up a little, instead of letting my mind become enveloped in darkness. I feel that it is all good, for as we go along we can see something still brighter ahead.

I am Joseph T. Wood, and I hope I shall be recognized and welcomed, because I do not like to make a journey and turn back, having been denied. If they can accept this as a truth and believe in it, I know it will do them lots of good, and make them blossom out in the other world. It seems to me that we cannot have too much truth and knowledge concerning life on either side, and I want to get a little of that regarding the other world to those who are groping along in this world.

### INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES.

#### TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

June 24.—Fannie A. Conant; H. S. Finn; George L. Breed; George Kenney; Emily Chase; Levi K. Conoley; Naota, to her medium; Closing remarks by John Pierpont.

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

Sept. 23.—Joseph Wood; James Fisher; Rear-Admiral Charles Steadman; Belle F. Pratt; J. B. Faulkner; Samuel S. Marston; Julia Clapp.

Sept. 27.—Mrs. J. C. Wood; Frank Helleberg; Josiah Horrick; Elizabeth Parker; Mervin R. Pitman; Nancy Williams; John I. Brown.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### Convincing Materializations.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

A few friends of Mrs. W. H. Allen of 496 Washington street, Providence, R. I., have met one evening of each week to learn what results would follow Mrs. Allen's sitting outside the cabinet without being entranced.

Soon after the circle was formed a white light appeared upon the carpet, at the feet of the sitters, wavering and circling until it arose to a full form, bowing and saluting those present. More than thirty forms appeared, the features of some so perfect that they were readily recognized.

The writer's mother materialized, holding a slate with a pencil attached. I requested her to write something, and she wrote plainly, "Be of good courage." This, to us, new phase of mediumship is intensely interesting to all Spiritualists, as well as convincing to those who have doubts, and think the forms may be personations by the medium. These ethereal forms dispel the last doubt in the mind of the skeptic.

Another frequent attendant at the séances of Mrs. Allen writes additional to the above as follows:

"I have seen forms outside her cabinet, and forms building up in it at the same time. I have taken several of my friends to her séances, and they have had friends and relatives come to them whom they have recognized. They have been taken by these forms into the cabinet, and there found the medium in her seat. At one séance the wife of one of my friends came to him and took him into another room, where there was a full light, to convince him, then led him into the cabinet, placed his hands on the medium, and said to him, 'There is the medium, and I am your wife.' The party was convinced; it made a great change in him, and he is a happy man today. My mother, two daughters and two sons come very naturally to me. I think it is a grand thing that we can speak to our so-called dead loved ones and know they still live. I have proof of this in my own home, my wife being mediumistic. On one occasion there were eight present, Mrs. Allen included; she was not entranced, and we formed a circle to see what we could get. Sixteen forms appeared, some from the floor and some from the cabinet. Of the number were my mother and two daughters, one five years old.

I am glad I began to investigate Spiritualism; it has been a grand thing for me, and has made our home happy. I also speak for your valuable paper. THE BANNER finds its way into our home every week, and will continue to us as long as I live. I know Spiritualism to be true, and all the world can never deprive me of that knowledge. JAMES WILSON.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 25th, 1892.

### New Phenomena in Nebraska.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

I write to inform readers of THE BANNER of what we Spiritualists of Lincoln, Nebraska, are doing.

Mrs. Cora Devors—the spirits call her an independent-voiced medium—does not have to be entranced for us to talk to the dear ones passed to the higher life; the voice is independent of her own. One might think the speaking was done through a telephone. It is a hollow whisper; but the words are plain and distinct, and the spirits take on none of the medium's condition. We recognize them almost as soon as they speak. Our best people are being convinced of the worth of our blessed religion, that takes away the fear of death. This lady has a little eight-year-old brother who has the voices; they talk to him in his school-room and help him in his lessons. He can see the spirits, and so clearly describe them that they are promptly recognized by their friends. The spirits came to him and talked when he was only four years old. The first to come was the old family doctor, who passed to spirit-life when the boy was about three years old. He saw the doctor and knew him, but his appearing frightened him very much. He exclaimed, "Mamma! See him; 'tis Dr. Willburger." He thought it strange his mamma could not see him too. The spirit spoke to him and said, "Do not be afraid, Clyde; I won't hurt you. I am the doctor you

used to like so well. I want to be your guide, Clyde, and help you." The child said, "Go away, Dr. Willburger; you have got a white dress on, and you scare me so!" The boy was so frightened he clung to his mother and cried; but he is not afraid now.

We had another little boy here that was a medium for the voices. They came to him very suddenly one morning. He called his little sister, and said, "Hettie, listen to them things talk." She asked him: "What things?" He said: "They look like people to me, but they are all dressed in white; and, Hettie, one is little Harry" (a little brother who had passed to spirit-life two years before). His mother heard them talking about the voices three or four times; so one morning she called him to her and said: "Rachie, what do you mean by talking this way?" He told her what they told him. She made him close his mouth, thinking he was doing it all himself, but still they talked; nothing could stop them. She came for my sister (Mrs. Peebles) to come over and see what she thought. He told her there were as many as fifty present, all of whom were clothed in white, and gave names of several who passed to spirit-life years ago. We can blindfold him, hide any small article, and he will find it. This little fellow is truth itself, only eight years old, and lives now in Battle Creek, Mich. His parents keep him very quiet.

The Spiritualists here are like a flock of sheep without a leader. We have no society; once in a great while a travelling medium comes this way, but we have never obtained much satisfaction from such. Our medium has always given such perfect satisfaction we are hard to please, I fear. I write this because I want this good medium's name (Mrs. Devors) in your paper, for she is worthy of note, as also are the dear little boy mediums. I will close by saying that Mrs. Devors is but eighteen years old, and seems destined to become a very useful medium. MRS. EVA BAIRD.

P. O. Box 276, Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 24th, 1892.

### 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.

THE SCIENCE OF THE MAGI: Its Applications, Theoretical and Practical. By Papius. 18mo. of 63 pages, with four plates engraved by Delosse. Price 50 centimes. Chamuel, editor, 29 Rue de Trévise, Paris.

For some time a demand has been made for an epitome, short, condensed and clear, of Occultism. The larger part of the attacks made upon this subject arises in fact from an imperfect understanding of the Science of the Magi, and its transmission to our times.

Papius, in this new publication, clearly defines the teaching of the Occult Science in reference to Man, the Universe and God, as well as to the Astral, Death, Occult Phenomena, and the Practice of Magic.

Moreover, the author has devoted himself to a work of research very curious, and very creditable to his erudition, and gives, as authority for each of his principal statements, a citation from an accepted authority, selected from the writers of the twenty-four centuries which comprise the historical period of the philosophy in the West.

These citations prove the immutability of the esoteric tradition in all important points through the ages, and are a complete answer to the objections made to Occultism by writers who have but little knowledge of the subject.

THE IDEA OF RE-BIRTH. By Francesca Arundale, including A Translation of an Essay on Reincarnation, by Karl Heckel, with a Preface by A. P. Sinnett, author of "Esoteric Buddhism." 12mo, cloth, pp. 155. London: Kegan Paul, French, Trübner & Co.

A work which cannot fail to attract the attention of every thoughtful student of the mysteries of life, religion and death. In the preface Mr. Sinnett speaks of the work as one of more than ordinary importance. He claims that a recognition of the truth upon which it treats will bring the essential principles of religion into line with our scientific appreciation of other natural laws, and rescue the spiritual aspirations of cultivated minds from the deadly burden of incredible dogmas, with which they have been encumbered during the growth of modern religious systems. Whatever opinion the reader may entertain of the subject, the book is worthy of a careful and studious reading.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM IN THEOLOGY AND RELIGION, Contrasted with Ancient Myths and Miracles as Factors in Human Evolution, and Other Essays on Reform. By Thomas Ellwood Longshore, Member of the Society of Friends. 12mo, paper, pp. 553. New York: Truth Seeker Co.

A series of essays written by the author in his eightieth year, for the purpose of broadening the horizon of human thought and promoting universal brotherhood among men.

A DAUGHTER OF THE DRUIDS. By A. K. H. 12mo, cloth, pp. 297. Boston.

The story of a young girl bearing the ancient name of Kymber—Alice DeKymber—living with her father in the old baronial mansion among the mountains of ancient Cumbria. Her thoughts are turned to the marvels of astrology, at a very early age, and with some facility for study her life is practically devoted to investigating its mysteries. The purpose of the book appears to be to simplify and develop the hidden meanings of the old-time Druidic and astrological symbols, to shed some light on the zodiacal origin of Christianity and other religious systems, and to evolve from them practical and philanthropic suggestions.







