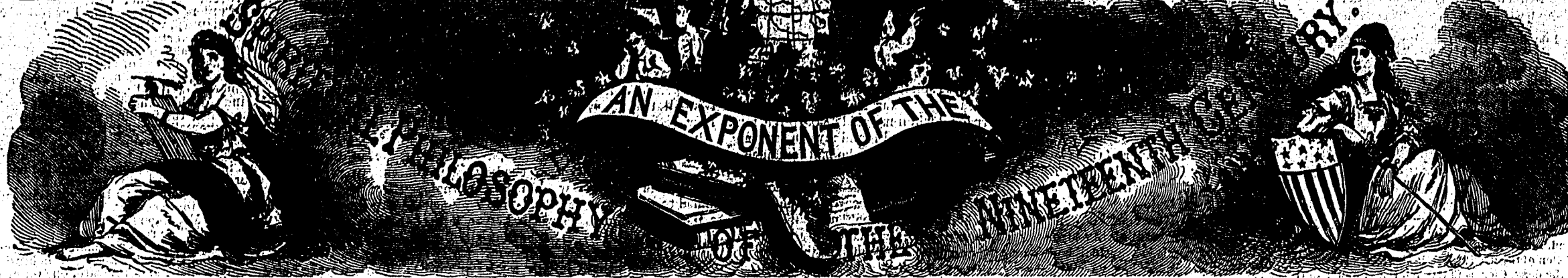


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## Original Story.

### MARY ANNE CAREW.

WIFE, MOTHER, SPIRIT, ANGEL.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "Oceanides: A Psychological Novel," "The Discovered Country," "Amy Lester," Etc., Etc.

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#### CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

We traveled on in this way for a short time longer, and then paused.

"We are now upon the earthly plane," said Sigismund, "and quite near your former home."

He waved his hands gently before my eyes and I awoke, or experienced a sensation as of awaking.

Why, yes! Here we were just at my own door. How strange! But all things had taken on a different meaning to me. To grieve longer was impossible, for death had no sting. There was no death. All was life, beautiful life! Doors now walls were now no obstruction to this living spiritual selfhood, and so we passed directly into the room, where I observed a shrouded body lying on a bier.

"Ah, who is that?" I asked, turning to Annie, for in the fullness of my life I had nearly forgotten that I was dead.

She smiled radiantly as she drew me toward the prostrate form. I glanced at it with sickening horror, and clung to Annie like a child who is frightened, casting furtive glances at the cold, lifeless thing.

"Enough—enough!" I cried. "Take me out of this room. Let us go to my husband and children."

We passed into another room, and here I found my dear husband, together with my mother and other near relatives. The nurse sat with my darling baby in her arms. My man of six was intently looking out of the window, and his little mind was busy wondering about this strange thing which had happened. My little toddling cherub of three was earnestly trying to get himself into mischief.

I rushed impetuously toward the nurse and eagerly caught at my baby, for the moment forgetting that I could not take her into my arms. Oh, bitter disappointment! My arms passed directly through her little body, and try as hard as I might, I could not lift her. I turned to Annie with a sigh of regret. She gave me a bright smile of encouragement.

"Kiss her and throw your desire of love upon her. There are other delights left you besides that of carrying her body in your arms."

Again I turned to my little sleeping darling, kissed her sweet lips, smoothed her soft flaxen hair, throwing all the desire of my mother-love upon her. She moved her little hands slightly, and a soft smile wreathed her baby lips.

The nurse had been wiping her own tearful eyes. Her attention was now caught by the baby's smile, and she said: "Och, look at the darlint! She's laughin', she is. May the howly Virgin watch over the motherless baby!"

"The Lord willing," I replied, "I'll watch over my own child. I do not believe the holy Virgin loves her half so well as her own mother does."

The nurse paid no heed to my words, and Annie smiled as she said:

"Mary, you forget that the nurse cannot hear you."

Well, so I had. Again a sigh escaped me.

"And they cannot see us, either? Oh, it is not all joy, after all!"

"The sweet and bitter waters are mingled at present," she replied.

I softly went to the window, where stood my little man of six, and laid my hand on his curly head. A slight shiver shook his small frame; he turned to his papa, saying, with wide opening eyes:

"I dess it's told here, papa; do n't you fink so? I feel told just as mamma does." And he pointed toward the door of the room where that cold form was lying.

I threw off the force of my desire, which was upon him, that he might turn again toward the bright window, and fill his mind with pleasant thoughts of active life. I smoothed his curls and kissed his little face all over. He laughed softly, and forgot all about being "told"; his little heart was filled with love for mamma. He thought of her as she had been before she was taken sick.

My little cherub, as I was wont to call him, now toddled, with his weak bow legs, up to his brother. Oh! how my mother-heart had yearned over those dear little legs! "The sweetest wee cherub in all the world," so I thought. "If only those dear little legs would, become strong and straight!" My heart yearned more fondly over this child than all the others. Because of his misfortune, my mind had been more deeply agitated, my love drawn out with greater fervor and intensity. Ah! previous to his birth I had known a little sorrow. My husband had been in straightened circumstances, my own health had not been good; his poverty and misfortune had embittered him some what; my condition rendered me very sensitive. My child's bandy legs were not his only misfortune; a birthmark had discolored one of his eyes. This had caused me great sorrow and uneasiness. Now, as he stood by his brother's side, his sweet little mouth pursed up in grief, the tears resting on his chubby cheeks like jewels, for the sorrow and weeping of his elders had affected his little heart as the passing breeze moves a sweet flower, my soul was shaken to its foundations. I turned to Annie, crying:

"Oh, would that I could take this child to be with me and his brother and sisters in heaven!"

Sigismund now went up to my little one, and gently waved his hands above the child's head, then passed them slowly before my eyes. Oh, strange transformation! The little soul was magnified to such an extent that I discovered great powers and gifts hidden there, which the coming years would soon develop—powers and gifts, even that would shake all mankind, and bring joy and gladness to thousands upon thousands of souls dwelling in the darkness of error; yea, sorrowing and grief-stricken souls who could not see the light of truth.

"Dost desire to take your little unfortunate with you now?" asked Sigismund, with a deep and earnest look.

"Oh! No—no! A thousand times no!" I exclaimed, the tears filling my eyes.

"This little one, whom you think so weak, is really the strongest and most gifted of all your children; for true power is not so much of body as of soul. His little limbs

will straighten as he grows older, the birthmark will nearly disappear, and he will yet walk the earth a king among men. All are not kings who wear crowns, but the true kings and princes among men are those who give the most light, truth and happiness to mankind."

My husband sat with bowed head, and weary, desponding countenance. His eyes were dry and feverish with sorrow. He had struggled hard with the world, to keep the wall from the door, and gain a competence, but our fast-coming family, my sickness, and now my death, had entirely disheartened him. He looked around on his little, motherless children, in a helpless, sorrowful way. Hope of a future life he had none, but sincerely believed that the death of the body ended the life of every individual. He did not believe in heaven, hell, or a future spiritual existence. He was a materialist. His wife was dead, and that was the last of her; so he thought.

I approached him, and wound my arms about his neck, kissed his lips, threw the whole desire of my soul upon him, thinking he might be able to feel that I was not dead, but there by his side, conscious of all his thoughts, and, if he would but understand, could still love, comfort and advise him. But his mind was firmly set in its own way of thinking, and I could not make the slightest impression upon him; at least, not one that he would admit into his mind. He had barred and bolted the doors of his soul to keep out all thought or hope of a future state of being, and when my impetuous spirit knocked loudly to be admitted he would not listen, and although he really did sense my presence, would not open the doors of his mind, but was determined to believe that it was imagination knocking so loudly to be heard and admitted; but foolish imagination should find no place or judgment with him. Therefore, he sat there, a bereaved, desolate and heart broken man, with three helpless children on his hands, to whom he must be father and mother in one.

"Oh! hard and wretched fate!" But for the helpless children he would gladly have died there and then. To him death was oblivion, and surcease from all care and sorrow; and here was I, standing by his side, filled with life; new hopes and joys springing up within me. I had found our children—his and mine—not dead, but full of sweet, beautiful life. Oh! how I longed to tell him of those dear children; his children that he believed were dead forevermore! Oh! how I desired to comfort and sustain him in his supposed bereavement; but I was powerless. The portals of his mind were closed against me. How gladly would he have received me if he could have known the truth. But he did not, and so I stood there powerless to aid him; a great gulf fixed between us, yet standing side by side. The gulf was owing entirely to the condition of his mind, which would not and could not see the light of truth.

There is a great gulf between the lower animals and man, yet they may be, and often are, walking or standing side by side; still, the animal cannot understand that which the man does. Something of this relation now existed between myself and my beloved husband. I knew that death did not end life, for I was dead, and yet more alive than ever, while he had not this experience or knowledge. Finding that my presence had not the slightest effect upon him, and that, owing to the condition of his mind, I could not aid him in the least, I turned to Annie dejectedly.

#### CHAPTER V.

A BEREAVED WIDOW.

"Oh! Annie; I am indeed a widow! The husband who was mine but a few hours ago is mine no longer. We are separated—oh! we are separated! And yet how I love him—the husband of my youth—my first and only love, and the father of my six beautiful children."

I covered my face with my hands, and wept as I had never wept before.

"Surely he is bereaved, and I am widowed! He desires oblivion and everlasting death. I desire—oh! what is my desire?"

"That is the real question at issue," said Sigismund. "What is your greatest desire? for all desires or prayers are at length answered. The soul can desire nothing which natural law cannot supply. Do you desire, after what you have seen of heaven, to live within yonder cold form of clay once more?"

"No—no!" I cried, in shuddering horror. "I would as soon be buried alive. It would seem very much like it after having known the meaning of true life."

"Then, dear Mary," said Annie, "try to think, and tell us what you most desire."

Again my soul was agitated, shaken to its depths; again I stood between two worlds, the material and spiritual, and really not of either. I did not desire the material, and scarcely knew what to desire of the spiritual. My mother-heart was equally divided between my three children on earth and my three in heaven: two boys and a girl on earth; two girls and a boy in heaven. My earthly children had their father, my heavenly children now had their mother, of whom they had long been deprived. Thus I stood perplexed and sorrowful. What did I most desire? Really, I could not tell.

"Oh! would to God I could span this great gulf!" I at length cried, "unite earth with heaven, and heaven with earth!"

"Precisely," said Sigismund. "That, then, is the greatest desire of your soul?"

"But that desire can never be realized," I said. "This gulf cannot be crossed. My husband cannot hear or see me. To my children I am cold and dead. To my mother, and other relatives, I am shut up in heaven, purgatory, or, perhaps—alas!—hell, with no power to reach them. How is it possible, then, to unite heaven and earth?"

"How is it possible?" repeated Sigismund. "Precisely! How is it possible? First, you have an earnest desire, and then you ask for the requisite knowledge whereby to obtain that desire. Your desire was created by your great love, and now you wish to unite your love with wisdom, so you desire or pray for knowledge."

I stared at this Sigismund with wide open, surprised eyes. Surely, this husband of Annie's was a very singular being. Annie smiled upon him lovingly, her hands at the same time fondly clasped.

"Sister," said Annie, kissing my brow, "you and my precious Sigismund are both right. It is wisdom or knowledge which we must all obtain, and, united with our love, the great gulf of ignorance is easily spanned."

"But where is one to obtain this knowledge how to unite heaven and earth?"

"At the never-falling fountain of truth," answered Sigismund.

"But where is one to find the fountain of truth?" I asked, rather impatiently, for his words seemed to me ambiguous.

"Search and ye shall surely find," he replied.

"You are repeating the words of Christ," I said, "and here I am, and dead, still have not seen Christ," and I burst into tears.

"Yet, if you had sought earnestly for a bright jewel of truth, and had found it, it would have taught you that the word Christ is only another name for love. It is truth, now, which you are seeking, and not love. Your love, at present, is greater than your wisdom. When you have obtained wisdom enough to balance your love, the gulf will be spanned."

I dried my eyes and looked at him earnestly.

"I understand your meaning at last. You mean that when I have wisdom enough to span the gulf, it will be bridged over, and then my dear husband and children will know that I can cross and be with them whenever they and I desire it. Oh, Sigismund! tell me, if you can, how long it will take to bridge over this abyss, and where and how one is to obtain the necessary wisdom?"

"Before you can do this," replied Sigismund, "you must thoroughly understand the laws appertaining to the immortal spirit and its eternal life within the heavenly spheres."

I sank down in a crouching position, and covered my face with my hands.

"Oh! that will take ages upon ages!" I cried, despairingly.

Annie gently drew my hands away, and, holding them within her own warm clasp, she gave me a sweet, encouraging smile.

"Mary, my dear sister, do you realize that we have ages upon ages in which to gain the required wisdom?"

"Oh, I cannot wait!" I exclaimed, for the impatience of earthly life had not yet left my soul.

"If you cannot wait to gain the wisdom necessary to bridge the gulf, then must it forever remain unbridged, as far as yourself and your husband and children are concerned," said Sigismund, with a grave and rather sorrowful look.

"Would it not be better, dear sister," said Annie, "to commence at once and learn all you possibly can, and as fast as you can. That is the only way in which to construct the bridge. Impatience and despair will never accomplish anything toward it; beside, they are the opposites of true wisdom. Patience is far more beautiful than impatience, and hope is a queen to despair. Impatience and despair are victims of hell, while patience and hope are bright angels of heaven; in other words, when one gives way to impatience and despair, one is in hell, but when one admits hope and patience within one's soul, then one is in heaven, and wisdom is the key with which to unlock all heavenly treasures. Rise up, dear sister, and let us return, for victory is the reward of diligence. Patience, hope and diligence: these three will eventually conquer all things."

"Then must I again leave my darlings?"

"If you remain here forever," replied Sigismund, "the bridge will never be built, and you will not even have wisdom enough to do them any good whatever. Do you not wish to benefit these dear ones? Do you not wish to aid and help your children? Love is not potent without wisdom, and wisdom is of no use without love; the two must equally blend and balance each other. The love you bear your children has no potency because you have not wisdom, but when your wisdom equals your love, then you will be able to bless, aid and teach your children. Come, dear sister, let us go. We can do no good by remaining here."

Ah—true! I had no power, as yet, to help my loved ones; not even the power to comfort them. Once more I kissed my babes, threw my arms about my husband's neck, one lingering, farewell pressure of my spiritual lips to his, and then, with a longing, backward glance, I followed my guides. This time I was not unconscious, but widely, most earnestly awake, eager and anxious to observe and understand everything which I might see or hear. A great determination entered my soul. Wisdom I would have, if earnest seeking and diligence could obtain it. This time my guides did not bear me between them; they told me I must learn to move or walk without aid.

"Mary," said Annie, "if an infant was never allowed to use its little legs it would not be able to walk, but must always be carried in the arms of those who could walk: You would consider such a course a great injustice to the child, would you not? In fact, an irreparable wrong; and if we were to continue to bear you up between us, we should do you a great injustice. You must learn to walk alone or guide yourself, and, like the infant, the only way to do this is to desire and will it. Now, we will lead the way, and you must follow. You will find no trouble if you keep us in view, and earnestly desire to follow us."

Saying this they moved on before me, and I tremblingly followed. At first my unaided motions were slow and faltering, then my sweet guides would look back with encouraging smiles and beckoning of white hands. Thus, upward and onward we went. The scenery was much the same as it had been when we descended, and long before we arrived at Annie's home I became weary, like a child who first tries to walk alone.

When my sweet sister and her noble Sigismund observed my fatigue, they again bore me between them; soon we entered the house and the room from which we had started on our earthly visit. I sank down into the restful chair, closed my eyes, and when I opened them Annie was just placing a dish heaped with fruit on a small table near by. I looked at the fruit in surprise. The thought of eating had not entered my mind since finding myself a spirit; I had not supposed that spirits could eat, but the fruit looked exceedingly tempting; and, really, I was hungry. Annie smiled at my questioning look of surprise.

"You thought, dear Mary, that angels never ate anything; but try these luscious grapes, one or two of those red-ripe strawberries, and you will agree with me that it is better to eat than to starve. This fruit is spiritual, as you are spiritual, also the flowers and all things else here are spiritual; this being the case, they are adapted to your needs."

Annie now wheeled my chair to the table. Sigismund had already taken a seat, and she seated herself opposite him, handing me a small dish of berries, and placing a large bunch of grapes on my plate. Tasting them, their flavor was delicious; still, I was greatly astonished at the thought of eating in heaven, and could not hide my surprise. Sigismund looked at me earnestly.

"Mary," said he, "you were not very much surprised to find flowers in heaven, and you have discovered that there are animals, trees, water and houses. Now it is not reasonable to suppose that fruit alone is left out. If flowers are here, the same law that governs flowers governs fruit. Flowers are but incipient fruit, and fruitage is evolved from them, therefore is a step in advance of them. If anything were left out of heaven it would be the lower and not the higher; consequently, you find fruit here as well as flowers, and pleasant to your taste, is it not?"

"Indeed it is, and very refreshing; it reanimates me and takes away all my weariness."

"Just so," he said. "But you will readily understand that we eat no animal food whatever, as the life of a living creature cannot be taken. It would be impossible to kill yonder little dog, the pony on which Joey rides, or any other animal. Spirits eat bread and fruit only."

I ate the grapes and berries, one after another, but found no seeds within them; they melted away in my mouth without the refuse of skin or seeds.

"By a natural law," said Sigismund, "seeds gravitate entirely toward the material and do not enter the spiritual, for seed germs can find no root except in matter. Dear sister, you perceive the harmony of this law at once. Seeds are but the covering of spiritual germs which must develop through matter; therefore, earth attracts and holds all seeds, whatsoever, their kind. The spirits of luscious grapes and fruit ascend, but the seeds of the grapes, berries, and of all other fruit, remain behind on the earth. If this were not so, the earth would be barren, and heaven would have no delicious fruit. Heavens are entirely supplied from the earths."

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE.

AFTER eating as much fruit as was needful, I leaned back in my chair and looked about the room with more interest and curiosity than before. My eyes riveted themselves on the picture hanging just above the foot of the bed, representing my husband and the children left on earth.

Oh! how my heart yearned over them, and how sweet and comforting it was to have such excellent likenesses of them, and I asked: "Who painted that beautiful picture? It is far better than any I ever saw on earth, and must have been the work of a great artist."

"Mary, dear," she replied, "the artist who painted that picture is myself, and it was painted and hung there especially for your pleasure; a present that would be valuable to you, one which you would prize very highly."

"You were right, and very kind. Nothing could give me greater delight; but when and how did you learn to paint so perfectly?"

I found myself talking to her as naturally as people do to each other on earth.

"A few moments sufficed to paint and place that picture there," she replied.

"But a few moments?" and my eyes opened wide in surprise.

"Would you like to see me paint a picture?"

"Oh, very much indeed!" at the same time attempting to arise, thinking of following her to another room where she must employ herself in painting.

"It will not be necessary to leave this room," she said. "It can be done here just as well as anywhere."

She pointed to the wall opposite, saying: "Look steadily at that blank place on the wall, and you will see how quickly and beautifully I can paint."

Following her directions, I fixed my eyes on the wall. At first it appeared to be merely a beautifully-tinted wall of blue-gray; but as I continued to look, forms began to slowly outline themselves, indistinctly at first, growing gradually more perfect until a picture of living beauty appeared to my astonished eyes. The picture represented a wide and dark abyss, with a light and beautiful bridge thrown across. At one end of the bridge appeared a large city, which I recognized as the earthly city where my husband and children resided. At the other end of the bridge appeared a city of heavenly beauty, an angelic or spiritual city. The bridge was raised slightly in the form of an arch; in fact, it looked very much like a beautiful rainbow. On the bridge, in the very centre of it, stood a woman; her face was turned toward me, her eyes apparently looking directly into my own. The picture was so life-like that it seemed to me like real, moving, living things.

The form on the bridge had one hand extended toward me, the other toward the earthly city.

The form of a man now appeared, slowly moving from that city toward the form on the bridge, and as he walked, many other forms appeared near him, earnestly endeavoring to hold him back; entreating him not to venture on that frail support, the rainbow bridge. And now it seemed to me that I could hear what they said.

"Oh!" said one, "the bridge is an illusion; there is really no bridge there; it is but the freak of a rainbow; if you venture on it you will sink into the abyss, and be eternally lost; for the abyss between the two worlds really descends into hell." Others caught at the skirts of his coat, and tried by main strength to hold him back. Still others appeared to jeer and deride him, but he kept his eyes earnestly fixed upon the form on the bridge. And now workings of his mind were made clear to me, and I seemed to hear him say:

"This bridge is no delusion; although it is as light and airy as a rainbow, yet I am certain it leads into the immortal country, and the woman standing there in the middle of it is as substantial as I am. In the bridge will hear her it will me. Let me but shake off these detaining hands, ascend the bridge far enough to grasp her, and I shall learn all about this heavenly country that is now hidden from my sight because I cannot see across this wide and dark abyss; she, standing at the very core of the bridge, and half way between this and the country which is invisible to me, must clearly perceive both; and, whether I sink into the abyss or not, upon the bridge I will surely venture."

Saying this, he shook off the detaining, fearful hands, and with firm step he rapidly made his way up the rainbow bridge. At first he was fearful the bridge might prove treacherous, and let him down into the gulf, but the further he went the stronger the bridge appeared to be. It really was as firm as the eternal rock of ages, and once fairly out upon it the gulf disappeared entirely. The rainbow bridge stretched out in width until it encompassed the whole earth—stretched into eternity, without beginning or end. All this he clearly saw before he reached the woman's side. At length his hand clasped hers.

"Mary," said Annie, "clasp that woman's other hand," and I at once obeyed.

Oh! joy! joy! The gulf was spanned! The bridge complete, for this woman was the medium of communication between the man and myself, whose eyes were opened to the truth at last. But who was the man? I gazed at him in questioning wonderment. Really, I did not recognize him. He was a fine, noble-looking man in the prime of life, and I instinctively knew that he was great and good. A singular mark around one of his eyes attracted my attention. My soul shook like a leaf in the wind. Great heavens! It was my little cherub of earth—my boy of three—grown a man. His little bandy legs, that had caused me so much uneasiness, were now straight and well shaped; his form was erect; the birthmark had not entirely disappeared, but in nowise detracted from his manly beauty. But the woman? Who was the woman? I had not known her on the earth, had never seen her before, to my knowledge.

[To be continued.]



## RE-INCARNATION.

Her trusting eyes, with their southern heat,  
Looked indifference into mine,  
And my pulses race with a fiercer beat  
Than her maddening smile divine!

An icy chill in her sphinx-like glance  
Seals forever my hopeless woe,  
I my future stake on a lover's chance,  
And her only word was "No!"

In some other world, in an age outgrown—  
Say a million of years ago—  
We two must have loved as I now alone,  
While I never then told her so.

—Clarence Milla Boulette, in *Godley's*.

## THE PROBLEM OF THE RESURRECTION.

BY REV. T. E. ALLEN.

"Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen: and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."—1 Cor. xv. 12-14.

While the major part of our Easter discourse will be devoted to the presentation of a view of the resurrection, about which I have as yet said nothing, incidentally I shall criticize the theories to which you have listened the last two Sundays.

You will remember that Prof. Cary maintained that Jesus was only apparently dead when taken from the cross, that he was resuscitated, that he appeared to the women upon Sunday morning, and to his disciples in Galilee in the same body they had always known, and, finally, that the other accounts of his appearances are not historical, but are legends which have attached themselves to the story of his genuine appearances. I can well understand and sympathize with the mental attitude which has made this explanation real and satisfying to my former teacher. And yet, I see objections to this theory. Prof. Cary argues that the revivification of Jesus proved that "what was supposed to be death" was only a fainting spell ("syncope"), and that this is "a conclusion hardly to be avoided unless it shall appear that there was so much that was exceptional in the case of Jesus as to exempt it from the application of the general law. . . . Until modern psycho-physical science," he further says, "revises its verdict with regard to the accounts of the visible appearing of angels or other disembodied spirits among men," the actual appearances of angels to men "must be held to be incapable of conclusive proof." It is in the light of this last statement that the Professor finds in the vanishing of Jesus at Emmaus, and his sudden appearance upon two occasions to the disciples when the doors of the room were closed, indications of the unreal and unhistorical character of most of the narratives.

As long as a theologian is in a state of mind where he believes that everything stated in the Bible must be literally true, so long as all inconsistencies are virtually obliterated by the claim that what is apparently contradictory to human reason may or must be perfectly harmonious to the divine reason, just so long the difficulties which now confront us sink out of sight. But this state of mind results, as it were, from chloroforming reason, and is for each individual a temporary and not a permanent phase of experience. When, therefore, the influence of the anesthetic passes off, the facts that the narratives are divergent and that the so-called supernatural features add a great difficulty, become apparent, and the thinker in trying to comprehend what took place just after the resurrection and the relation of those events to the beliefs and destiny of our race is forced to accept some statements as historical and to reject others. The student of Christianity who would grapple with the fundamentals of his religion at first-hand cannot escape this issue. Precisely what materials are declared historical will depend, to an extent, upon the prepossessions of the student when he enters upon the task of separation. Prof. Cary's attitude is, first, that we are to interpret the Bible in the light of human experience, and second, that since modern psycho-physical science, which is to be taken as the highest authority in its department, does not affirm that angels or spirits appear to men, therefore, we are to reject all accounts in the Bible which involve such appearances as in themselves unhistorical or as invalid inferences from something else that did happen. In his first premise, the Professor is right; the second, I question.

Few, if any, theories have ever been advocated which at one time or another have not been rejected as false by what was recognized as the highest authority at some particular period. The growth of science shows us that the heresy of to-day becomes the orthodoxy of to-morrow. It frequently happens, then, that he who rejects the authority of to-day by affirming what science pronounces heretical, is nearer the truth than another who rests upon orthodox authority. The blood had circulated through the arteries and veins of the human body for ages before Harvey was born. There was an interval, however brief, when he alone knew the truth and the whole world was in error. Then the fight began between the new and the old view, and so it reached the point where it is said that no physician in England over forty years old accepted his discovery. And yet, Harvey's belief was no less true when he shared it with none of his fellows than to-day, when it is universally received. If the modern psycho-physical science to which Prof. Cary appeals is correct, I have no criticism to make of his rejection of all unhistorical accounts of the appearances of Jesus. But is it correct?

My answer to this question will be implied in my own view of the resurrection, which I shall now give. In presenting this explanation to you, I do not claim that it is a finality, that it harmonizes all of the narratives, or that it does not need the support of many more facts, but I do express my belief that it is nearer the truth than any other theory which I have placed before you, and that the progress of knowledge in the immediate future is destined to add to its strength.

First, then, I believe that Jesus died upon the cross, or within a short time, after he was removed from it. I think, however, that Prof. Cary is right in saying that the evidence furnished by certain gospel passages does not conclusively establish death upon the cross. My

\* This is the last of three discourses upon this subject, delivered before the First Congregational Society (Unitarian) of Grafton, Mass. In the first, the theory of Prof. Geo. L. Cary of the Meadville Theological School was expounded, and in the second, the views of the Dutch School of Theologians, and of Meyer, a learned Orthodox German commentator, were given.

† The following are some of the principal reasons cited by Prof. Cary in support of his view: 1. We have no expert testimony to prove that Jesus was really dead, and it is well known that persons be-

lieve in an inference from the nature of some of the later appearances of Jesus. Second, I believe that the body which vanished at Emmaus and appeared to the disciples in the room when the doors were closed was the spiritual body of Jesus, more or less completely clothed with flesh through the operation of universal laws of which we know but little. I do not believe that the physical body of Jesus was re-animated after the crucifixion. I believe that every man has a physical body and a spiritual body, the latter a duplicate of and interpenetrating the former during life. I will cite some testimonies in favor of this view.

Writing in 1865, the seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, said: "I will tell you what I have seen. I will not give descriptions of phenomena from my supposition or imagination. . . . I have had the . . . clairvoyant ability to see through man's iron coating [his physical body] for the past fifteen years. . . . I have stood by the side of many death-beds; but a description of manifestations in one case will suffice for the whole. I found that the physical body grew negative and cold in proportion as the elements of the spiritual body grew warm and positive. Suppose a human being lying in the death-bed before you. Persons present not seeing anything of the beautiful processes of the interior, are grief-stricken and weeping. This departing one is a beloved member of the family. But there, in the corner of the room of sorrow, stands one who sees through the outward phenomena presented by the dying one, and what do you suppose is visible? To the outward senses the feet are there; the head on the pillow; and the hands clasped, outstretched or crossed over the breast. . . .

"Suppose the person is now dying. It is to be a rapid death. The feet first grow cold. The clairvoyant sees right over the head what may be called a magnetic halo—an ethereal emanation, in appearance golden, and throbbing as though conscious. The body is now cold up to the knees and elbows, and the emanation has ascended higher in the air. The legs are cold to the hips, and the arms to the shoulders, and the emanation, although it has not arisen higher in the room, is more expanded. The death-coldness steals over the breast, and around on either side, and the emanation has attained a higher position nearer the ceiling. The person has ceased to breathe, the pulse is still, and the emanation is elongated and fashioned in the outline of the human form! Beneath it is connected the brain. The head of the person is internally throbbing—a slow, deep throb—not painful, but like the beat of the sea. Hence the thinking faculties are rational, while nearly every part of the person is dead! . . .

"The golden emanation, which extends up midway to the ceiling, is connected with the brain by a very fine life-thread. Now the body of the emanation ascends. There appears something white and shining, like a human head; next, in a very few moments, a faint outline of the face divine; then the fair neck and beautiful shoulders; then, in rapid succession, come all parts of the new body down to the feet—a bright, shining image, a little smaller than this physical body, but a perfect prototype or reproduction, in all except its disfigurements. The fine life-thread continues attached to the old brain. The next thing is the withdrawal of the electric principle. When this thread snaps, the spiritual body is free! and prepared to accompany its guardians to the Summer Land. Yes, there is a spiritual body; it is shown in dishonor and raised in brightness. . . . Many are the witnesses," says Mr. Davis, "to these celestial facts."

Quite early in his eventful life, Mr. D. D. Home had an experience which seems to confirm the statement of Mr. Davis. "One evening," he says, "I had been pondering deeply on that change which the world calls death. . . . until, wearied, I found relief in prayer, and then in sleep. It appeared to me that, as I closed my eyes to earthly things, an inner perception was quickened within me, till at last reason was as active as when I was awake. . . . To my amazement, I heard a voice 'which seemed so natural that my heart bounded with joy [evidently that of his mother]. . . . It was the first time I had heard her voice with that nearness and natural tone. She said, 'Fear not, Daniel; I am near you: the vision you are about to have is that of death, yet you will not die.' Memories of the past rushed over me with fearful rapidity. During the whole time I was aware of a benumbing and chilling sensation which stole over my body." I shall not repeat all of the sensations and emotions described by Mr. Home. After a period of unconsciousness, "I felt," he continues, "that thought and action were no longer connected with the earthly tenement, but that they were in a spirit-body in every respect similar to the body which I knew to have been mine, and which I now saw lying motionless before me on the bed. The only link which held the two forms together seemed to be a silvery light, which proceeded from the brain. The same voice said: 'Death is but a second birth; corresponding in every respect to the natural birth; and should the uniting link now be severed, you could never again enter the body. As I told you, however, this will not be. . . . Be very calm, for in a few moments you will see us all; but do not touch us. Be guided by the one who is appointed to go with you, for I must remain near your body.'"

"It now appeared to me that I was waking from a dream of darkness to a sense of light, but such a glorious light! . . . And now I was bathed in light, and about me were those for whom I had sorrowed. One that I had never known on earth then drew near, and said, 'You will come with me, Daniel?' . . . I was wafted upward, until I saw the earth as a vision, far, far below us. Soon I found that we lived to be dead have returned to consciousness. 2. In cases of crucifixion, death results from exposure and the lack of sustenance rather than from the injury of any vital organ. An English physician gives as his opinion that a healthy adult would live thirty-six hours after being crucified. There is a case on record where the man did not expire until the ninth day. There are cases, also, where men have lived after being taken from the cross. Some of the French convulsionists of the last century caused themselves to be crucified not once but many times. 3. The statement in John that a soldier pierced the side of Jesus with a spear, does not by any means afford conclusive evidence that the resulting wound would produce death even if the crucifixion had not already done so, because the Greek word used signifies a touch or a prick, as well as a thrust capable of producing a dangerous wound, because the issue of water does not prove that the spear perforated the pericardium, and because the point of the spear may have come in contact with the body upon either side, and at any point between the shoulder and the thigh. Again, blood does not flow from a corpse, so that the testimony of John relating to the time after Jesus is said to have given up the spirit, goes to show that he was still alive and not that he was already dead. . . .

\* "Death and the After-Life," pp. 14-16.

† "D. D. Home: His Life and Mission," pp. 28-29.

had drawn nearer, and were just hovering over a cottage that I had never seen; and I also saw the inmates, but had never met them in life. The walls of the cottage were not the least obstruction to my sight; they were only as if constructed of a dense body of air, yet perfectly transparent; and the same might be said of every article of furniture. I perceived that the inmates were asleep; and I saw the various spirits who were watching over the sleepers. . . .

"I was most deeply interested in all this, when my guide said, 'We must now return.' When I found myself near my body, I turned to the one who had remained near my bed, and said, 'Why must I return so soon?' . . . She replied, 'It is now many hours since you came to us; . . . I heard no more, but seemed to sink as in a swoon, until consciousness merged into a feeling that earth with its trials lay before me, and that I, as well as every human being, must bear my cross, and when I opened my eyes to material things, I found that the little star I had lain watching had given way to the sun, which had been above the horizon about four hours; making in all some eleven hours that this vision had lasted. My limbs were so dead that at least half an hour elapsed before I could reach the bell rope to bring any one to my assistance, and it was only by continued friction that, at the end of an hour, I had sufficient force to enable me to stand upright. I merely give these facts as they occurred,' concludes Mr. Home, 'let others comment on them as they may. I have only to add that nothing could ever convince me that this was an illusion or a delusion; and the remembrance of those hours is as fresh in my mind now as at the moment they took place.'"

I am well aware that the majority of people are very skeptical about accounts such as those to which you have just listened, that they are disposed to brush them aside as imaginary, or to say that a person, even though most trustworthy when testifying to ordinary matters, is deluded. I suspect, however, that it will be clearly shown within a few years that such persons have been too skeptical, that their mental attitudes involved a reasoning from past experience of an entirely different order in a place where not reasoning but experience must be appealed to, even if that experience be not of the many but of a few. In any event, you will perceive that modern phenomena may throw great light upon the problem of the resurrection.

I shall now tax your credulity by giving the details of another case, which stands in close relation to one of the points we are considering. The gentleman from whose lips I received the story is a college graduate and a practicing physician. He has been blind since he was six months old. A number of years ago—ten or twelve, I believe—he came to Boston to study medicine. One evening, after he had been in the city about a month, he returned from a theatre to his room in a boarding-house. While removing his necktie he heard three raps upon the dressing case, before which he stood. Thinking that the noise might have been produced by rats in one of the drawers in which he had a lunch he made an examination, but did not find them. A second time three raps came. Thinking that some student was trying to frighten him, he picked up a revolver and put a percussion cap on it. A lady's hand was laid upon his, with the command, calling his Christian name, to lay down the pistol. She stated that she was his mother, and had important information to give him. At that time his mother had been dead twenty years. Supposing still that some one was trying to play a trick upon him, he seized the woman securely and indignantly. He was then commanded firmly but not unkindly not to interrupt her. She then told him that a near relative, using a forged power of attorney, had that day drawn his money from the bank in — [a city perhaps fifteen hundred miles from Boston] — and had wasted it, remarking that he was now practically penniless. Then, after answering two or three questions, with a light kiss upon his lips, the form, which he still retained a tight hold upon, was suddenly gone from his arms, without a struggle or a quiver.

His visitor, whose form was that of a lady weighing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, gave his mother's full name, which, so far as he knew, was not known to any one in Boston. The next morning he telegraphed to the bank inquiring about his account. They wrote back that his money had been drawn by the relative named at a quarter before two the afternoon before, i. e., upon the afternoon of the very day upon which he had the remarkable experience I have described. He was the only person east of — who knew that he had any money deposited in a bank. To say nothing of the remarkable fact that his visitor told him that the money had been drawn, and the giving of his mother's name, no mortal could have escaped from his grasp in the manner in which this form did. At the time of this event he was an atheist, and had no faith whatever in the genuineness of any such phenomena.

I am satisfied that this story is true, and had it been your privilege, as it has been mine with- in the past month, to hear the gentleman talk, you would have been impressed by his soundness of mind and by that rare love of truth which leads a person to state both sides of a question. If I am not to accept such testimony because I never had a similar experience, or because it is not a common and generally believed occurrence, what is human testimony good for? and why should I believe the New Testament record? In my judgment the testimony of this one gentleman is worth more in the way of establishing as a fact that a spirit can clothe itself with flesh, or what appears to be flesh, than all the gospel narratives of the resurrection taken together! I say this largely because many theologians of good repute feel justified in declaring the later appearances of Jesus legends, while in this case a candid treatment of the testimony leaves no room for such an explanation. It is to be noted, too, that the testimony of the sense of touch is more reliable than that of sight as a means of establishing the objective reality of anything. My reasoning is, then, as I accept this testimony, that it is probable that Jesus did appear to his disciples in a closed room, and that he permitted Thomas to examine his wounds, according to the account given by John.

It surely is true—setting aside certain phenomena claimed by theosophists to be genuine—that the verity of the later appearances of Jesus involves, in the language of the Dutch school, "the return to earth of one already glorified, or the veritable apparition of a spirit." I criticize this school in the first place because it holds that such phenomena transcend "the limits of credibility." This statement is directly opposed to any sound interpretation of the requirements of the scientific method. In the second place, I hold that Christianity itself is too stupendous a phenom-

enon to be explained by the action of the "fervid imagination" of either Paul or all of the apostles. Something more than imagination was needed to make the disciples believe that Jesus had risen and that his followers would also rise, when the common belief "of the Jews, including the apostles," was, as stated by the representatives of this school, that "all who died, without exception, . . . must go down as shades into the realms of the dead in the bowels of the earth."

Paul looked upon the resurrection of Jesus as a fact of tremendous significance, I think we may well say, as the central fact of Christianity, or as the keystone of an arch whose removal would ruin the whole system of Christian teaching. How otherwise can we interpret his words in the 15th chapter of 1 Cor.: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. . . . If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. . . . If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantage it me, if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die."

A writer in the *Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge* says: "The firm belief in the resurrection and the eternal life is one of the products of Christianity, and rests upon the resurrection of Christ." "The resurrection of Christ," according to Smith's Bible Dictionary, "is the grand pivot of the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. . . . Immortality is no longer a dream or a theory, but a practical, tangible fact, a fact both proved and illustrated, and therefore capable of being both confidently believed and distinctly realized. . . . Christ brought life and immortality to light, not by authoritatively asserting the dogma of the immortality of the soul, but by his own resurrection from the dead." The difference in this writer's opinion between heathen philosophy and Christianity in respect to the doctrine of immortality grows out of the resurrection of Christ.

But how came the disciples to know that Jesus arose from the dead? Because they had the evidence of their senses! Rightly or wrongly, through more than eighteen centuries, Christians have relied upon the testimony of a few men and women who reported what they saw and heard and felt. Jesus arose from the dead, therefore he is immortal, therefore I am immortal, that is the thought.

The services throughout Christendom to-day constitute a glad festival in honor of the teaching of immortality, and nothing is more worthy of commemoration than this. But there is what appears to be a dark side to the picture. Before the eyes of many critics, enlightened as they think by modern science, all of the evidence in the New Testament that points to the resurrection of Jesus in a manner that stands in close relation to man's immortality, melts away until nothing is left. We continue to believe in immortality—to hope that we shall live—for the same reasons adduced by the philosophers of Greece and a few added ones, perhaps, but we do not know it, we no longer have anything worthy to be called evidence.

This was not the view of the apostles. They knew that Jesus still lived, and could and did cooperate with them in carrying on the work he started while on earth. Without that belief there would have been, I believe, no Christian movement of any magnitude, no New Testament as we know it, if any at all. To Paul, the resurrection of Jesus was the expression and demonstration of a universal law; Jesus had arisen, therefore all would rise. To-day, as I have pointed out, many maintain that the New Testament does not furnish valid evidence of the resurrection of Jesus. But a crisis is coming in Christian thought; and science, which is chiefly responsible for this decline in faith, and which is apparently so destructive, will rebuild with greater strength than ever man's faith in the immortal life; nay, it will not stop until it puts knowledge in the place of faith. Within a few years the resurrection of many men and women is to be firmly established, and then we shall reason that because all men rise from the dead, therefore Jesus arose. No longer will the words "myth" and "legend" disturb our belief in this beautiful and indispensable doctrine, for modern science will have answered "yes" to that question, now so old, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and religion will be truer and more helpful, and man's life sweeter, because death, the last enemy, has been destroyed by the discovery that the angel of death is one of the best friends of human kind.

[From the St. Louis (Mo.) Globe-Democrat.]

## Robert G. Ingersoll Entertained for Several Hours by the Spirits.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 20th.—Robert G. Ingersoll, years ago, was an interested participant in one of the most wonderful seances ever held in Washington. This is not saying that Mr. Ingersoll is a Spiritualist. He is not. The believers do not claim him as a convert. But Mr. Ingersoll has on various occasions witnessed certain manifestations, and has not attempted to conceal the interest he felt. His later utterances, it is claimed, show a modification of his former views as to what is beyond the grave. Friends of his have told him some of their remarkable experiences, not with a view to convince him, but as a matter of personal concern. Mr. Ingersoll listens with more than polite attention to these revelations. He does not scoff at Spiritualism.

To the social gathering and seance to which allusion is made now, the great agnostic came with the intention of staying "only a few minutes." He had other engagements for the same evening. Mrs. Ingersoll, who accompanied him, was in reception costume. The carriage waited to convey them to other places. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when Mr. Ingersoll entered the parlor. It was nearly midnight when he went away, saying of the lady whom he had met, "She is a genius; she is a genius!"

The lady is a medium, known to Spiritualists all over the country for her marvelous powers. She is now located in Chicago. She possessed the faculty of gliding almost imperceptibly into the trance condition. Only an expert could detect just when the lady left off conversing and the controlling spirit took possession of her senses and began to talk. The eyes did not close, as is often the case, and the voice underwent no change of tone. Mr. Ingersoll sat down beside the lady and entered into a light and general conversation with her. In a few minutes the medium passed into the trance state so gently that Mr. Ingersoll, though looking and talking, did not perceive the change. There was no break in the thread of conversation, but gradually the topics changed. A broader field was entered. Brilliant arguments, flashes of wit, the keenest repartee came from both Mr. Ingersoll and the medium. Stimulated by the challenge to intellectual battle, Mr. Ingersoll put forth his powers. There ensued such a conversation as those who had the fortune to hear have not forgotten. All other conversation ceased. The little party of bright people present listened with delight. Mr. Ingersoll did not realize that he was debating with a spirit mentally. Suddenly, replying to something said through the medium, he exclaimed: "But, my dear lady—"

"Mr. Ingersoll," interrupted the spirit con-

trolling the medium, "you are not talking to this lady. You are conversing with a gentleman. I am simply using her vocal organs for the time being."

The revelation rather dazed Mr. Ingersoll. A smile went round the room. But the conversation continued, with even added brilliancy. Mr. Ingersoll exerted himself. Again he made the same mistake of confusing identities, and again he was reminded of the fact that the lady was not speaking; that a spirit had complete possession of her mind and faculties. Several times, indeed, this kind of an interruption occurred. When the intellectual bout was at an end, Mr. Ingersoll turned to an acquaintance and expressed his astonishment.

The lady being gifted with rare powers of potential improvisation, it was suggested to have her exercise her gifts on this occasion.

"How would you like to have your character read for you in excellent rhyme and rhythm by a spirit?" Mr. Ingersoll was asked.

"Very much," he replied.

He was invited to take a chair in the centre of the room. The medium stood behind the chair and put her hands forward, one on either side of Mr. Ingersoll's head. A finger of each hand was bent inward until it touched lightly the temple. The medium glanced upward and immediately the controlling spirit began the delivery of a poem setting forth a close analysis of Mr. Ingersoll's character.

The language was choice. The meter was perfect. Within the body of the poem the spirit, in accordance with its custom, bestowed upon the sitter a name indicative of his interior or real character. The name given in verse to Mr. Ingersoll was "The Champion of Humanity." A few lines were finished. Mr. Ingersoll sat, and the poetic account of her lovable characteristics was such as to visibly affect all present. A sweet poetic name was fitly interwoven in this reading.

One strange revelation followed another, and, ignoring the engagements elsewhere, Mr. Ingersoll stayed, and listened, and wondered. For hours the gathering lasted. When he went away, Mr. Ingersoll's last comment was not an admission of spirit influence, but a hearty tribute to the gifted lady medium. "She is a genius; she is a genius," he said.

## New Publications.

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Seeing the world through a camera would have been an incomprehensible expression much less than a century ago, but we have it as an accomplished fact in these five hundred photographs of every part of the habitable globe occupied by civilized nations, and of the most famous paintings and statuary in the art galleries of London, Florence, Rome, Dresden and other great cities, including those of our own country. The size of these photographs is one of their chief merits, and with every detail clear, distinct, life-like and real, brings the mind of the person looking at them in such close proximity with the place or object represented, that it requires no effort of the imagination to transfer his personal presence to the spot—in fact it is often found difficult to divest the mind of the impression that it is actually so. This is notably true of street views in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and other cities, and views in China, Japan, India, South America, Mexico, etc.

The letter press of the work consists of an introduction by Gen. Lew Wallace; a paper on "London and Paris," by Hon. Henry Watterson, and one on "American Progress," by Hon. Wm. C. P. Breckenridge. Descriptions of the pictures are given by Edward Everett Hale, D. D., Washington Gladden, D. D., Russell Conwell, D. D., Hamilton W. Mable, L. L. B., S. F. Scovel, D. D., C. H. Payne, D. D., J. H. W. Stuckenberg, D. D., of Berlin, and other talented writers. It is a magnificent portfolio volume, superbly and durably bound, printed on extra heavy enameled paper—a work that no one will fail to find an exhaustless source of instruction and profitable entertainment.

LET HIM FIRST BE A MAN, and Other Essays, Chiefly Relating to Education and Culture. By W. H. Venable, LL. D. 12mo, cloth, pp. 274. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The dominant purpose of this book is to oppose the deadening influence of mere mechanical routine in the training of children in schools, and at their homes. As the author says, "The 'Prussian' method, the 'cramping machine,' the 'conservative groove,' still find place in the generality of schoolhouses, and there is still need of abolitionists to urge their removal." These essays are authoritatively written, and their teaching the same as that of Phillips Brooks, who, at the dedication of a schoolhouse a few months before his decease, urged as of primary importance the cultivation of the affections in preference to intellect, if either must be slighted—choosing, however, that they both receive equal culture; in other words, first be a man.

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To prevent the evil mentioned the author proposes and argues in favor of the establishment, as a part of the national education system, of manual training schools, by means of which individual power may be developed, and thus each man be raised above the competition of the masses.

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—USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. IT'S "THE KIND THAT CURES."

## Passed to Spirit-Life!

From Haverhill, Mass., April 18th, 1893, Joel W. Coburn, aged 47 years and 6 months.

He was of a gentle nature and patient soul—whose qualities were such as to make him a true friend, a true neighbor, and a true citizen.

He was a true friend, a true neighbor, and a true citizen. He was a true friend, a true neighbor, and a true citizen.

He was a true friend, a true neighbor, and a true citizen. He was a true friend, a true neighbor, and a true citizen.

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## Banner of Light.

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

## Spiritual Healing.

Let any one who in his lifetime has been a sufferer from disease answer whether the prompting of a mother's love, a sister's kindness, and the sympathy and charity of those around him, have not proved better than all the formulated methods of healing the sick; showing convincingly that whenever one's heart flows toward humanity to do good, no power of human egotism, no consciousness of the human mind, no effort of human intelligence can keep the powers of the spirit-world from pouring out this gift of healing; nor can we wipe out the intervening powers and go directly to the Source of all healing, and tell God that he shall not employ angels and ministering spirits to heal. The healing may come, but if the veil were to be removed from the spirit-vision the spirits and the angels would be found there also. Nothing is given man from a spiritual source that does not employ spiritual beings in its expression, and those spiritual beings are in exact adaptation to the conditions of humanity which are to be affected; and the blind who will not see, or the deaf who cannot hear, or those who do not understand that all the powers in the universe are not only those of God, but are exercised by the interblending of all the intelligent souls in the universe, will have that lesson to learn hereafter. Meanwhile, the outpouring of the gift continues. This is the substantial conclusion of an address of Mrs. Richmond several years ago; and a repetition of this thought is eminently proper at the present time when the "Regular" powers, medical and theological, are combining all over the country in an effort, through hostile legislation, to close the known avenues for this work on the mortal side—to blind the eye of the clairvoyant, and stay the magnetic healer's hand!

What the light is to the material firmament, moving and vitalizing through its organic processes every atom to the unfoldment of the physical universe, so is the law of love and its all-potent way to spiritual gifts of any kind whatever. The gift of Spiritual Healing has come in various ways, under various conditions, in different degrees, and under various names, but the names have not affected the gift nor created it. Whatever, in the economy of nature, constitute the surroundings of man, are for his use and discipline, and are manifested in time by the experience through which he passes. Whatever is serviceable in the domain of spirit that man is ready for, is given according to his need. The power of spiritual growth comes from within, and that is from the Infinite life flowing through all the intervening powers that are available.

In the days of the Great Teacher, when others healed, but not in his name, he did not deny the fact of the healing. When his disciples were jealous of this power, and said there were others who were casting out devils and healing the sick but not in his name, still he recognized the gift although the healing was not done in his name. The theologians and the "regulars" who want to imitate in our day the jealous example of "the twelve," will do well to remember the lesson! It is not well to be tenacious about names, nor is it well to deny any gift in whatever age it may have come or in whatever form or method. When the gift of Spiritual Healing comes, it is to illustrate its independence of any human formulas or any origins of human thought. It descends not because of the formula or external ap-

pearances or man-made justifications, but notwithstanding these!

Spiritual Healing, which it is now being sought in various quarters to abolish by law, is not a question of schools. It cannot be taught in any sense that the material sciences are taught. That which is a gift must in itself dominate as a gift. As there is that in the universe which can suffer, and as the moment you enter the domain of human suffering you find there the domain of the spirit and its contact with matter, then you are at once elevated into another realm: YOU MUST TRANSCEND ALL HUMAN SCIENCE AND HUMAN THERAPEUTICS TO FIND THE REMEDY!

## Aid for Annie Lord Chamberlain.

While there are in every community, necessarily, veteran Spiritualists and mediums who are suffering from sickness and want, and whom to aid is a worthy and commendable service, yet we desire specially at this time to call the public attention to the needy condition of one who was a pioneer among the spiritual mediums, and has for years been a prime factor in the cause of the Spiritual Philosophy: We allude to Mrs. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Of her work in the past, those who are at all familiar with the history of demonstrated spirit communion must be cognizant. She has been one of the very best of the physical instruments developed to enlighten the inhabitants of earth regarding the supremacy of spirit power over material resistance, but for several years past the hand of sickness has been heavily laid upon her. She has received assistance from THE BANNER, and others, from time to time—in response to which we have on file her grateful acknowledgments. She is still, however, in very needy circumstances, and we have replied to her personal request, by sending her \$5.00 from the "God's Poor Fund." Much more is needed for her immediate use. The benevolently inclined can send funds direct to our care, which will be publicly acknowledged in these columns, and at once forwarded to Mrs. Chamberlain.

## Thought-Reading.

Rev. John Page Hopps is giving in London Light, from week to week, the consecutive chapters of his forthcoming book, "Death a Delusion." In a recent installment, after relating experiences with a medium, "a bright, intelligent, but imperfectly educated girl," in his own house, he anticipates the theory of an objector to his own, as follows:

"These are cases of thought-reading," some critic will say. Very well; all I know is that the critic who now cites 'thought reading' as an explanation would have laughed at thought-reading fifteen years ago. It is something to have got the critic into such a region. Personally, I think that if we now admit the possibility of mind reading mind apart from what we know as sight and sound, we may as well get rid of the body altogether, as a necessary factor, and admit what is at once the larger explanation and the larger hope. If the tenant is so independent of the house, and, apparently, so superior to it, is it so very difficult to believe that it may survive the house when it removes from it?"

## Words of Appreciation.

One of the patrons of THE BANNER, who has taken it from the start, writes in this wise: "Your twelve page paper, recently issued, was a daisy. It was a valuable acquisition to our spiritual literature. I especially commend the Anniversary speeches of Luther R. Marsh, Esq., and Hon. Sidney Dean, two of the most competent advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy. By saying this I do not in the least detract from other talented public speakers. Every issue of your journal is excellent, and should bring you in ample returns in the shape of yearly subscriptions."

G. W. Kates also writes: "Your anniversary issues are most excellent. May years of peace on earth and sons of reward in spirit crown your labors and sacrifices. Let us all endeavor not to grow weary in doing good—which is a duty."

The gates were closed at the Columbian Fair at Chicago, Ill., May 7th; the Sunday law was enforced, though over one hundred and fifty thousand people vainly clamored for admission. Credulity bigots threaten to "boycott" the Fair and injure as much as possible its financial prosperity—it is reported—if it ever is opened on Sunday; preferring, evidently, Theology to Patriotism!—The Chicago city council, May 8th, passed unanimously a resolution declaring for an open Sunday at the World's Fair Grounds, and, as representatives of \$5,000,000 stock in the World's Columbian Exposition, criticized the financial management which closed the gates one day out of seven. The real opening of the Fair will be about June 1st. That is, it will be ready then; and it is the general impression, say the press dispatches, whether it is a mistaken belief or not, that the doors will be open on Sundays by that time.

We see by the report of the Veteran Spiritualist Union of this city, published in another column, that the sum of fifty dollars was donated by a member of the Society as a gift, in commemoration of the late Mr. A. E. Newton, etc., the amount to be paid to his widow. We would here state that the senior editor of THE BANNER, who also highly appreciated Bro. Newton, took the principal care of him and his wife financially for several years, expending in their behalf nine hundred dollars and over. Beside this, the firm of Colby & Rich paid Mr. Newton ten dollars a month for several years previous to his demise, with the understanding that he was under no obligations to the firm in consequence.

On the 20th ult. Dr. Henry Slade was in Lawrence, Kan., and was visited by a reporter of The Record, to whom he gave an evidently satisfactory sitting, at which phenomena in his phase of mediumship occurred. Messages were written on closed slates in English, French, German, Spanish and in telegraphic characters, with translations appended.

THE BANNER has just learned that Mrs. H. S. Lake, late of Boston, has been installed pastor of the Cleveland Spiritual Alliance; in consequence of which congratulatory letters, telegrams and floral gifts were received. The reception was very cordial. We have been promised full particulars.

In Boston, Mass., on the 8th inst.—after an illness of some four weeks—Mary Lester, wife of the gifted medium, Wm. C. Tallman, passed to the Higher Life. The funeral services were held at her late residence, 22 Berkeley Park, on Wednesday afternoon, May 10th, at 3 o'clock.

## PASSED THE SENATE!

While the ordinary observer of legislative procedure might have supposed the Connecticut "doctors' bill" would have gone direct, and first, from the Committee to the House, the measure was, on the contrary, pre-empted in the Senate at Hartford, Thursday, May 4th. We are glad to see that the measure was positively opposed by the Senators who favored the broadest liberty of their constituents; and they are entitled to the thanks of all friends of "free medicine and patients' rights" in the State (and elsewhere) for their voices—even though defeated. The bill is now on its way to the House; where we trust it will meet with the defeat it deserves.

The Hartford Times has given extensive and excellent reports of the hearing before the Committee, and the debate in the Senate; and to that able paper we are largely indebted for light as to the points at issue. We have previously noted that marked efforts have been made by the friends of the "medical" bill to draw an assumed line between "the art of healing" and "the practice of medicine," in the operation of this measure, so as to (endeavor to) disarm such public criticism as might favor the continuance (unrestricted) of "the art" addressed; it has been held that there is no intention of attacking those who do not give medicine; but whoever knows anything of clairvoyant practice is aware that a large portion of these gifted men and women recommend, as the result of examination, the necessary remedies, herbal or other; and this right is denied them by the bill; if a person in a clairvoyant or trance state is allowed by this proposed law to see the location of disease, why should such person, while still in the same condition, not be allowed to prescribe the remedies seen to be best in each case? Why should the line be drawn (we repeat) between seeing and prescribing, when both are exercised by the same person, and in the same condition? And where is the justice of this attempt to pass a law which, while recognizing the first, denies in toto the exercise of the second?

The point at issue—as THE BANNER has frequently had occasion to say in its long extended struggle with the Allopathic powers in various States—is the right of individual choice—whether is the constitutional possession of every free citizen of Connecticut—to select any person or system of treatment he or she may choose, wherefrom to obtain remedial aid when attacked by disease.

The bill proposed for Connecticut came up for consideration in the Senate, the Committee, through its Chairman, announcing as a preface, universally assigned by the "Regulars," that "Connecticut" in this case "has become the dumping ground of irregular practitioners," and that "some restrictive measure was needed," etc., etc. The Senators who spoke for the bill were specially pedantic, sarcastic and imaginative in their remarks, but were—as far as argument and fact—met at every point by the defenders of the people's liberty.

Senator Pierce spoke cogently in favor of an amendment—offered by himself (which was, however, lost)—allowing the right of prescribing to clairvoyants; and fired a centre shot when he declared: "There are dangerous quacks among poorly educated doctors of the regular schools, and they are the most dangerous of all." In Bristol, he said, there have been twenty cases, to his personal knowledge, where the highest representatives of the regular schools have failed, and a Hartford woman, practicing under the clairvoyant system, has saved the lives of the persons. Credit, he rightly held, should be given to such cures as these.

Among the "specimen statements" made by the friends of this proscription bill was the claim advanced by Senator Holden (as reported) "that much of the practice of the 'regulars' is devoted to correcting the blunders of clairvoyants, magnetic healers, and such people." Senator Cleveland at once pronounced such a statement as wholly untrue. Senator Root (a lawyer), speaking against the bill, remarked truly that the State had "no right to say the people shall not employ them"—the "irregulars"; they were not irresponsible, but were amenable to the general laws.

Senator Cleveland showed the opposition to the bill among the people by citing the fact that no petitions had been received in its favor, while thousands of persons had protested against it.

After a sharp debate, and the defeat of Senator Pierce's amendment in favor of the clairvoyants' right to prescribe, provisions were added to the bill which defended licensed druggists from its prohibitive provisions, and opened wider the door for the admission of "regular" doctors residing in other States; the measure then passed—as far as the Senate was concerned. We give the official roster furnished by The Times, trusting that the hitherto free people of Connecticut will at elections hereafter carefully remember how the several gentlemen voted:

The bill was then passed, thirteen to four, as follows:

Yeas: Senators Holcomb, Coffey, Holden, Fox, Crandall, Jones, Ferris, Morgan, Houlihan, Brooker, Ensign, Perkins, Phelps.

Nays: Senators Cleveland, Root, Hall, Gross.

Paired: Senators Pierce and Milner (Senator Pierce announcing that he was opposed to the bill).

## New England Helping Hand Society.

The attention of our readers is called to the Home for Working Girls at 119 and 127 Charles Street, Boston. There are now in the Home over thirty girls, who are employed in various ways, but, in the season when many have been out of work for a time, there have been heavy expenses with a diminished income, and funds have become low. The work done for and the help given to needy girls who earn very low wages are too important to become crippled for want of funds. The board of the girls pays nearly all the expenses of the Home except the rent. All who read this are asked to help the society by sending contributions to the Treasurer, W. O. Robson, 407 Shawmut Avenue, Boston.

## Notice in Re Banner of Light Circle.

Those of our patrons who have sent us questions or subjects for the consideration of the Controlling Intelligence at our Public Free Circle will kindly exercise patience, as all such matter must necessarily await its turn for publication.

Mr. Wm. Brice of Oakland, Cal., is here informed that his communication was presented in the circle of May 5th, and the remarks of the Spirit-President upon it will appear in the published report of that session in due time.

## The Margaret Fox-Kane Fund.

Since the report of \$5, which we noted last week, under the heading of Bloomington, Ill., we have received the following sums:

Mrs. Sarah Nichols, \$1.00

W. E. Hurt, 1.00

Columbus Wells, 1.00

THE THEOSOPHIST in its April number gives chapter XIII. of Mr. Olcott's interesting "Old Diary Leaves" in it recording reminiscences of the writing by Mad. Blavatsky of "Isis-Unveiled." Mr. Olcott in this sheds much light on the origin and progress of the production of that remarkable book, which will appear to the reader more so than ever upon a perusal of this narrative. "D. W." contributes an account under the caption, "Reincarnation in Earnest," of singular occurrences in a family well known to himself, for the truthfulness of which he vouches. More "True Welsh Ghost-Stories" are given. Other papers treat upon "Modern Indian Magic and Magicians," "Traces of H. P. B.," and "The Hindu Theory of Vibrations, as the Producers of Sounds, Colors and Forms." Madras, India. For sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Bowditch Street, Boston.

A. E. Carpenter's merited tribute to the efficient work of Mr. A. E. Tisdale in Philadelphia, Pa., will appear next week.

A. E. Giles, Esq., and his estimable lady, of Hyde Park, Mass., have returned home from their Southern trip.

Wm. H. Colby, Manchester, will please receive thanks for a "box of New Hampshire Artichokes" for the Free Circle table.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

**Heredity Exemplified.**—The theory that the stock of criminals is continually reinforced in numbers, if not in intensity likewise, by breeding, is being exemplified all the time by the criminal reports to be found in the public press. Here is a speaking illustration of it right from the criminal's dock! One such at Greenwich, Eng., on the eve of receiving his sentence from the court, made an address, in which he stated that he was taught to steal before he had learned to read or write, and that most of his life having been passed in jail, it was impossible for him now to get even a day's honest work. His statement made an impression on the listeners for its truthfulness, brevity and force; but he was sentenced all the same in accordance with the regular form and custom. A social problem of the gravest character is wrapped up in this single judicial episode. It is a serious question whether any progress is being made, in spite of all the current professions of philanthropy in the rescue and restoration of the class called criminal. Worse than all, however, is the plain consideration that our boasted civilization is responsible for the breeding of a criminal race—a consideration that forces itself more strongly on our attention than that which concerns their reformation. It is a question whether so-called reform really corrects and eradicates evil propensities. The answerer hits the nail exactly on the head in saying that it is a higher birth that is needed for the world. It impressively asserts that "the low, the vicious, the ignorant, and degraded, have too many children, whereas in most instances they should not have any." The surest way to reduce the criminal class is to cut down the number of births among the criminality inclined. Better an empty cradle than one that holds the child of a criminal! It is a serious problem that society is summoned to confront, and its solution cannot be any longer delayed.

**Lectures on Evolution.**—Prof. Henry Drummond, a Scotch minister of deservedly wide distinction, has been giving of late a series of twelve lectures on "Evolution," in the regular Lowell Institute course in Boston. He was born in Scotland in 1851, and educated at Edinburgh University and Tubingen, Germany. He studied theology at the Divinity Hall of the Free Church of Scotland, and was ordained to the ministry. His lectures have drawn crowded and deeply absorbed audiences. His particular doctrine, as he most impressively and eloquently presents it, is that *all truth is one, and all law is one*; and that, while perversions and misrepresentations may be disproved, investigation and the determination of scientific facts can only strengthen and sustain the basic principles of scriptural religion. He holds, and seeks to demonstrate, that the essentials of religion are not imperilled by the demonstration of truth in any of its discovered forms. His attraction further consists in his rare ability to make a clear presentation, readily apprehended of scientific conclusions without employing the often abstruse and involved expressions of the agnostics. Prof. Drummond is widely known by his publication "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," which has been more extensively read than any other work of its class, in which he sustains the proposition that there is but one law governing alike the material and the spiritual universe, by illustrations argumentatively based on the scientific conclusions of Darwin, Wallace, Huxley and Spencer.

**Tax Church Property.**—The New York Independent says it knows "no reason why any property which does not belong to the State should not pay the State for its protection." We note the fact that a bill has been introduced into the Michigan Legislature to subject church property to taxation like all other property. With perfect reason the Boston Weekly Review admits that no sufficient ground for the exemption of churches from taxation is discoverable. It is, comments The Review, a sad commentary on the churches that they strenuously oppose the imposition of their due share of taxation, while cheerfully acquiescing in arrangements which make the burden of the poor workman heavier. By refraining from taking bread out of the mouths of the poor more good would be accomplished than by trying to save the souls of those driven to crime by destitution. Well said and truthful. This exemption of churches from the common burden of taxation was secured at a time when theocracy was the rule and the church was the State, no citizens being recognized or allowed except such as received sacerdotal approval. As those days are long past, their laws and customs should disappear likewise.

## Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's Work in Chicago—Spiritual Consultations.

In response to many importunities, the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond have consented to devote a portion of their medium's time and labor to those seeking spiritual information (not tests) concerning mediumship, spirit controls, and in urgent cases the state of health psychopathically considered by Dr. Rush, one of her spirit band.

She may be seen on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1 to 5 P. M., at No. 40 Loomis Street, Chicago. Letters also on the above matters may be sent to the above address. (Only a small remuneration for time and services will be required.)

Mrs. Richmond speaks for the First Society of Spiritualists every Sunday morning and evening, 10:30 and 7:30, at Washington Hall, corner Ogden Avenue, and Washington Boulevard, Chicago. Her control, "Quina," also takes charge of Band of Harmony every Thursday evening at No. 11 North Adams Street, Lodge Hall.

The Hon. John F. Whitney of St. Augustine, Fla., is now located at his summer home at Rockingham, Vt. Mr. Whitney is a veteran Spiritualist of over forty years; was an associate with Judge Edmonds and others of his day; his investigations and experiences in all the phases of the phenomena have been of the most extended character, particularly as to full form materializing—to which he devoted several years of searching inquiry, with the most satisfactory results.

We are informed that Rev. S. Well, minister of the Jewish Reform congregation at Bradford, Pa., is writing a book entitled, "The Religion of the Future, or, Outlines of Spiritual Philosophy." The work, which is to be a comprehensive one—will be published in the latter part of this summer.

## "CRISP" PARAGRAPHS.

BY LACONIC.

That California woman, who mulcted the Onset Bay folks and Eastern Spiritualists generally last year, under certain pretenses of a quasi philanthropic nature, is now doing the Western Spiritualists, or was lately, as I see by a "put" for her in a late number of The Light of Truth, notwithstanding that The Progressive Thinker of Chicago published a cautionary letter (from Malden, Mass.) last year exposing the true inwardness of the matter.

When individuals, through "policy" alone, put themselves before the public as high-toned moralists, while parading as cunning exalters of themselves, is it not time that good honest Spiritualists totally ignore such pretenders? The good ship Spiritualism has been too long—the hull of it has—barnacled with this sort of incumbrance, and it is high time the scraper should be used.

With some people "the end justifies the means." But repudiate such policy for the reason that there is not a particle of spirituality in it, although several public speakers and writers indicate it. Such "titles" are not spiritual truths, however blandly they may be set forth.

A "CRISP" STANZA.

While Greedy Gain avails the Right,  
Still preaching Liberal Thought,  
It turns Bright Day to Dismal Night,  
As 't is with Evil Fraught.

"Hold fast to that which is good," says an ancient oracle: That's just what we intend to do.

## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

It was thirty-three years ago the 10th of this month that Theodore Parker passed to spirit life from Florence, Italy. During the few days previous to his departure his mind wandered, chiefly to Boston and his friends there. One day he was greatly troubled about his library, because, as he declared, everything there was in confusion. It was subsequently learned that at that "very time," says Rev. John Weiss, "good Mary Drew was busying herself in the study (in Boston) with housewifely intentions." We sent Mr. Abbott (then of The Index of this city) ten dollars toward a call for funds to repair Mr. Parker's tomb in Italy, but never heard whether such funds were utilized or not.

It is said that The Century (magazine) contains "strikingly" illustrated articles. The most strikingly illustrated articles in this century are two brutes in human shape pummeling each other for money and the gratification of corrupt spectators.

## POUR LES DAMES.

(Farmouth Register.)

NO. III.

When hoops went out, by some cracked brain  
Of rustic was said, "The fashion is plain."  
And woman's fashions (it was plain),  
Were getting quite behind.

(To be continued.)

One feature of the Great Fair is the fact that the hotel-keepers are doubling up prices. This alone will keep thousands of people away from "the windy city." What a pity!

During the last few years Professor Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, California, has been engaged in photographing in detail the Milky Way. It is said that when the plates are finished—which will not be for three years—the facts revealed by them will revolutionize the old conceptions of this phenomenon. The text-books declare that the Milky Way probably contains 20,000,000 suns, but Professor Barnard estimates that the camera will record the presence of at least 500,000,000, with the certainty that there must be a still larger number, which are not visible.—Ex.

What has the seer, A. J. Davis, to say to this?

Has anybody ever called attention to the fact that when Diogenes set out with his lantern to see if he could find an honest man he didn't go at once and stand before a looking-glass?—There were too many women round!

"It must be said of Swellington that he never loses his head," said one actor to another. "Yes," was the reply, "his head has gotten so big that he could not lose it if he tried!"—Washington Star.

It is rather strange, by the way, that so alert and agile an advocate as Wm. F. Howe (says a New York paper) has not by this time seized on the point against the legality of execution by electricity presented by the declarations submitted by Prof. D'Arsonval and M. Francis Beraud, those very highest scientific authorities, to the Biological Society of France, that condemned persons as now electrocuted in New York are invariably killed not by the electric discharge but by the autopsy and the knives of the surgeons.

Jack—"Why are you so cold and indifferent to me, Amy? And only a few weeks ago you told me that I was the sunshine of your life." Amy—"But remember, Jack, that this is the season when the sunshine loses its power."—Judge.

Rev. E. A. Titus addressed the Lynn Spiritualists in Cadet Hall recently. Previous to becoming a Spiritualist he was for twenty-eight years a Methodist clergyman.

Men may come  
And men may go,  
But still remains  
The chronicle caw!

Caw! caw! caw!

Miss Florence Maryatt, daughter of the willow famous writer, has always made literature a profession. She lives alone, attended by two servants, at a pretty little house in West Kensington, Eng., where she has a remarkable collection of "pets"—dogs, birds and flowers.

One of the May magazines publishes a real live poem, says a daily print: "They will take advantage of the editor's absence sometimes." This sharp hit reminds us of an episode that occurred many years ago in the town of Amesbury, Mass. John Caldwell at the time published The Chronicle, a weekly sheet; himself and Joseph E. Hood (boys in that day) were the type-setters on the paper. The editor and publisher took occasion to visit Saratoga with his wife one summer, leaving "the boys" to get out the paper the best they might. But to be sure he made no mistake in so doing, however, he set up a long primer full-face line, prefaced by a list, in this wise: "EDITOR ABSENT." The boys did not like this reflection on their intelligence, so they put their heads together and wrote up five columns of editorials! The Haverhill Gazette, an opposition journal, took occasion to remark that The Chronicle was never so well edited before, and that "the editor had better stay away all the time!" Our brother apprentice, Hood, was afterwards the leading editor for years of the Springfield Republican.

The death-rate in Paris is 50 per cent. above the normal.

Perhaps some of our Amesbury, Mass., patrons would like to know that our old personal mediumist friend, the late Mrs. Mary Webster, has just reported at our Public Free Circle Room, and the spirit known as Elizabeth Blake-Lake, as well as Fred Brown of Newburyport. The reports of these messages will appear on our sixth page in due time.

## The Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:  
The Union held its regular monthly meeting the first Tuesday of this month, May 2d, Dr. H. B. Storer presiding, at the Banner of Light Hall. The record of the previous meeting was read and accepted. Mr. Jacob Edson announced the decease and obsequies of Mrs. A. E. Newton, the latter having been conducted by our President. It may be here mentioned that on Dec. 14th, 1897, there was paid into the treasury of the V. S. U. the sum of \$80, the donor stating that the gift was in commemoration of Mr. A. E. Newton, his character and writings; that the amount was to be paid to his widow in ten annual installments of \$8.00 each, every Christmas, commencing Dec. 25th, 1897. As is the rule of the V. S. U. in honoring donors in perpetuity, the balance reverts to the Union on the day of the donee, unless otherwise provided for at the time the gift is received by our Treasurer from the donor.

Mrs. M. T. Longley, for the committee to nominate officers to be voted for at our next annual meeting on Monday, May 15th, at 7:30 at the Banner of Light Hall, reported as follows:

President, Dr. H. B. Storer; Vice President, 1st, Christopher O. Shaw, 2d, Mrs. Abby A. Woods, 3d, Eben Cobb; Clerk, Wm. H. Banks; Cor. Secretary, Mrs. M. T. Longley, with the privilege of appointing an assistant; Treasurer, Moses T. Jones; Auditors, E. D. Edwards; Trustees, Jacob Edson, William Boyer, Wm. D. Crockett, Hebron Libbey, Dr. A. H. Richardson; Historian, John S. Adams; Director, James H. Lewis. These fifteen officers constitute the Board of Directors.

The committee to procure speakers, test-mediums, singers and musicians for our second anniversary to be held at Berkeley Hall, on Sunday next (May 14th), at 2:30 P. M., reported encouraging progress, and a successful entertainment is assured.

Remarks for the good of our Cause followed. Speakers, Rev. E. A. Titus, Mrs. Nickless, Thos. Grimsshaw, F. W. Jones, Mr. J. A. Lempster, Eben Cobb, Dr. Magoon, Byron I. Haskell.

At this meeting the sum of \$5.00 was paid into our Home Fund by Mrs. Dr. A. S. Hayward, and eleven members received, including Mr. Titus and Mrs. Grimsshaw. Wm. H. Banks, Clerk.

No. 71 State Street, Boston.

Mrs. Colville began his present short engagement in Boston, Sunday, May 7th. On Sunday next, May 14th, he will speak in Berkeley Hall at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., and in the Temple (Newbury and Exeter Streets) at 2:45 P. M. His special courses of lectures on Anthropology and Psychology are in progress at Suite 4, 18 Huntington Avenue, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2:30 P. M.; also Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 7:45 P. M. He is at liberty to make an engagement for Sunday evening, May 21st, and can be engaged for Monday, May 22d.

Address all communications to 112 Dartmouth Street until further notice.

## For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winklow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wild colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



## The Grand May Festival,

Given under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston in Music Hall, Saturday, May 13th—afternoon and evening—proved to be a great success.

Over twenty-five hundred persons assembled at both sessions to observe the gala dancing, marching and costumes of the talented participants in the festival. The performances were under the direction of Mrs. Ella Viles Wyman, and Conductor Hatch of the School.

The Committee of Arrangements consisted of Mrs. W. S. Butler, J. B. Hatch, Jr., C. T. Wood, Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Mrs. C. T. Wood, Mrs. C. P. Longley and Dr. J. A. Shillamer.

The program was as follows—made up one of the grandest affairs this city has ever known: Spring Dance by Juliet Caze, Helen Higgins, Annie Barber, Ina Stephenson, Gracie Soles, Zola Pratt; Sword Dance, with bagpipe accompaniment, by Mr. Purdie (evening only); Louisa Horner, Dance, selected, (afternoon only); Louisa Horner; Dance, original; Baby Lou, May Polo Dance, by Nettie Dudley, Adele Kellough, Morgan Jordan, George Lang, Gracie Dudley, Edward Morgan, Alice Barnes, Walter Hovey, Gene Bowen, Ernest Porter, Blanche Huston, Daniel McNulty, Lottie Davidson, Shuhei Foster, Savitri Wixon, Willie Cotton, William Green, by Joe Jenkins; La Gitanita, Millie Smith, pupil of Prof. Anderson; Highland Fling, (afternoon only) Annie Barber.

Summer Dance, by Florence Fraughton, Gertrude Heger, Winifred Ives, Justine McNaughton, Alice Ireland, Alice Atherton, Ethel Foster, Violet Glass, Alexandra Barber, Pearl Watson, Lulu Smith, Clara Robinson, Alice Wetherbee, Amy Daisley, Clara Martin, Maud Smith, Dora Hurlford, Bess Thompson, Mabel Hall, Susan Hovey, Mary Longley, Mary, Quite Contrary, "Alice Devot," Dances, Oriental, Alice Barnes; French Dance, by Stella Churchill, Juliet Caze; Ballroom Dance, by Lena Paris, Herbert Durgin, Elsie Hartmann, Edith Hall, Gertrude Cook, Dora Wood, Hattie Forsyth, Gene Bowen, Ernest Stephenson, George Sawyer, May Smith, Alphonse Calmes, Annie Barber, Charlie Hall, Nellie Kuriz, Willie Marden; Hornpipe, Gabriel Barber; Castanet Dance, Mattie Morpille.

Grand March of all Nations—arranged by J. B. Hatch, Jr.—which occurred in the evening only: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., represented America; Mr. C. T. Wood, Mrs. W. S. Butler, England; the Autumn Dance, Scotland; Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Ireland, Henry Myers, Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., France; Dr. and Mrs. J. Root, Spain; Dr. Toothacher, Mrs. Jordan; the May Pole Dance, Indiana; Dr. J. A. Shillamer, Mrs. M. T. Longley, Turkey; J. Weigel, Mrs. A. Frost; the Sator Dance, Mexico; Arthur Barnes, Mrs. Barnes, Germany; C. P. Longley, Mrs. M. S. Hatch; the Spring Dance, Japan; Emma Corbett, Mr. Cohen, China; W. E. Potter, Mrs. L. Burroughs; the Summer Dance, Greece; J. H. Madison, Alice Torrey, Italy; Irvin and Corabelle Pratt, the Autumn Dance, Aden; Keweenaw, Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Denmark; Edward Morgan, Millie Smith, Daniel McNulty, Stella Churchill, Frank Kellogg, Bertie Felton, Sam Watson and George Watson; Dance, selected (evening only), Annie Barber; Skit Dance, Marion, Dances, selected, (afternoon only), Baby Bates; the Gown Dance, "Christmas Day at the Quarters," Willie Sheldon, Carl Leo Root, Justin Barber, Ralph Ransom, Edith Ransom, Ernest Chase, Frank Whipple, Joe Forsyth, Gene Bowen, number, Roy Chadwick, Harold Frost, Geo. Remby, "Dinah," Joe Jenkins; the Winter Dance, Louise Horner, Mabel Jenks, Pauline Abrams, Elsie Miller, Angle Jordan, Alice Wale (Snowflakes), Ethel Chadwick, Maud Bourne (Whirlwinds), Maud Porter, Alice Barnes, Jennie Dudley, Edith Goss, Lottie Tompkins (Icebergs).

Invited Guests—His Excellency W. E. Russell, Col. C. H. Taylor, Luther Colby, Esq., His Honor Nathan Matthews, Jr., W. S. Butler, Esq., Isaac B. Rich, Esq.

A feature not on the program occurred in the evening, when Miss Louise Horner, in a costume of snowy white, was drawn in upon a white-draped gun-carriage by the sailor lads of the occasion, the young lady standing in graceful poise, clasping a sword, and rode to her breast. When the young escort had reached the center of the hall they halted, and Miss Horner sang "Oh! Fly, Sweet Bird," with charming effect, loosening her hold upon the dove at an appropriate moment, which flew to a balcony just outside the door. As an encore Miss Horner gave another charming song, and amid a burst of applause was withdrawn from the hall by her sailor steeds.

Letters of regret at their enforced absence—addressed to Mrs. C. T. Wood—were from His Excellency, Gov. Wm. E. Russell, and His Honor, Mayor Matthews, were read during the evening by Mr. C. T. Wood.

Mrs. Wm. S. Butler was presented with a beautiful tribute of flowers, and each of the solo dancers were liberally remembered with sweet floral gifts.

The decorations of the spacious hall—which were furnished by Col. Wm. Beals—extended from the rafters to the first balcony (inclusive), and were pronounced by the decorator himself to be the handsomest ever arranged in that time-honored building, consisting of many colored streamers, national flags, banners, designs, and draperies of snowy lace.

The platform with its entire background from floor to ceiling presented a solid mass of tri-colored bunting, overlaid with white and other designs, including the inscription "Children's Progressive Lyceum" in massive letters; while the entire hall seemed a veritable bower of beauty, especially when the calcium lights shed their soft hues upon the scene.

The Boston Sunday Globe of May 7th contained a column and a half descriptive of this wonderful and fairy-like festival, paying high compliments to the picturesque dancers, and setting forth with minute detail the dainty green robes, hats and parasols of the quietest spring maidens, with Mistress Mary watering her posies; the rose-colored and yellow gowns, and flower garlands of the summer girls; the trim riding habits and scarlet coats of the youths and maidens of the autumn dance; the sparkling snowy garments of the winter sporters; the costumes of the sailor lads and boating lasses; the quaint and patched clothing of the little negroes in the eon dance—concluding with a burst of praise for the Children's Lyceum and its talented members.

The managers of the affair, also Mrs. Wyman, who trained the dancers of the seasons, have reason to feel proud of their efforts and of their success in this direction.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union Will hold its Second Annual Anniversary exercises at Berkeley Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Sunday, May 14th. A lengthy and interesting program will be presented.

The list of speakers on that occasion will embrace many of the most prominent workers upon the platform; among them may be mentioned: Mr. Thomas Grimshaw of England, Dr. E. B. Storer, N. S. Longley, W. J. Colville, Mrs. Townsend Wood, Mrs. M. T. Longley, Eben Cobb, Mrs. E. R. Nickless and others. The Hon. Sidney Dean, and Mrs. B. F. Smith (test medium) have signified their intention to take part in the health permit, and the help of Lyceum fame, also Assistant Conductor C. T. Wood of the Boston Lyceum, will be present and make remarks. Messrs. Edson, Twitcheell and Lemon of the Veteran Spiritualist Union will probably be heard from.

The brilliant vocalist, Miss Louise Horner, will render choice selections, and singing will also be furnished by Mr. J. T. Lillie and by the Longley Quartet, and Mrs. C. P. Longley and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., and Miss George Watson, pianist; Mr. Alice Barker, violinist and a fine cornetist, will provide the best of music for the exercises.

There will be no admission fee at this service, and all are cordially invited to attend. Contributions of flowers or potted plants for this occasion from friends and members of the Union will be thankfully received, and may be left at the hall on that date. M. T. L.

If your blood is vitiated, cleanse it without delay by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

That Virginia Well—Explanation.

PETERSBURG, VA., 2d May, 1893.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sirs—At my request a friend of Mr. John J. Deyer, the proprietor of the celebrated well in Southampton County, Va., sent him a copy of THE BANNER containing your last article relating to the well.

Mr. Deyer's response is now before me. He complains very much of the report of Prof. Dolbear of the Psychical Research Society as to the result of his visit of investigation. The Professor's theory that the phenomena happening at the well were due to the emanations from the rotten timbers surrounding the well was suggested, Mr. Deyer says, by himself with the object of drawing out the "learned Theban" from Boston. At the time the Professor discredited the theory, remarking that such an explanation was without an antecedent.

Mr. Deyer asserts that the Professor's report in no way explains the phenomena. He (D.) is no Spiritualist; he says, but is fully convinced of the truth of Hamlet's remark (liberally rendered), "That there are more things in heaven and earth than we have dreamed of in our philosophy."

Respectfully,  
J. CAMPBELL KEMP.  
(An Old Subscriber.)

A Sensational Story

Has attracted attention lately, but as a matter of fact the public has also devoted time to this substantial, judging by the unprecedented sales of the "Inequalis" brand of English Brand, sold by grocers and druggists.

## MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Greenwich.—The platform of the Independent Liberal Church was occupied April 30th by Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock (Boston). She spoke upon the "Sun, shine of Spiritualism"; the lecture was followed by a large number of psychometric readings, all of which were convincing. In the evening about thirty people assembled to meet Mrs. Whitlock in the hospitable parlors of Mr. H. W. Smith.

May 7th the writer was with the society. A noticeable feature of the Lyceum was the great improvement in the "March," in the increased precision of all the movements.

Mrs. Mary Munson, formerly of Amherst, has recently published a beautiful poem, given inspirationally during the year 1873, through the mediumship of the late lamented Susan H. Blanchard of Worcester. The title is "The Journey of Immortality." Mrs. Munson has evinced her interest in the Society at Greenwich by presenting to it one hundred copies of the above poem, the proceeds of the sale of which will be a welcome addition to its funds.

Another lady (Mrs. Ira Wilt of North Dana), for years in delicate health, has presented the Society with a beautiful quilt, every stitch of which her feeble hands have wrought, guided by patient love.

In this connection I should like to say to the many friends of Ell W. Smith, now residing in Greenwich, that symptoms of improvement are noted in his condition of health, and although still very feeble, he looks hopefully toward the future of material life.

JULIETTE YEAW.

Lynn.—Sunday, May 7th, at Cadet Hall, services were opened with a song by Mr. George N. Churchill, who furnished accompaniment through the day and evening. Mrs. Cella M. Nickerson gave an invocation, then her controls took "The Dawn of Peace" for a subject. Their ideas were grand and not one was lost upon her attentive hearers; she closed with an original poem.

Evening, at 7:30, invocation by Mrs. Nickerson; the audience gave for poem "Angels' Voices," and for lecture "The Origin of Spirit." Mrs. Nickerson was treated in an intelligent manner. She then gave a large number of tests and messages, all correct.

Next Sunday at 2:30 Rev. E. Falles, Mrs. M. C. Chase, Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland and others; at 7:30 Hon. Sidney Dean will occupy the platform.

T. H. B. JAMES.

Haverhill and Bradford.—Last Sunday evening Mr. W. J. Colville spoke to a large audience in Brittan Hall, chiefly upon the Columbian Fair, and, in addition, upon subjects proposed. Among these were "Evolution," "The Influence of Public Circles," "Theosophy," "Initiation and Referendum in Municipal Government," "The Columbian Fair and its results" were brilliantly presented, and a woman, in particular, was highly praised for her position. Mr. Colville spoke an hour and a half to a delighted audience.

Cella M. Nickerson will be the speaker next Sunday. E. P. H.

S. M. Nehemiah, G. Fernald—Janitor of Brittan Hall for the Spiritualist Union—died on Sunday evening, May 7th, at 11:35, from heart failure, at the age of 64 years. He was a comrade of G. A. R.

Worcester.—Mr. F. A. Wiggins gave excellent satisfaction here as a lecturer and test medium May 7th. May 12th, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller lecturer.

May 14th the Woman's Auxiliary will hold a business meeting at 4 P. M. in Union Veteran Legion Hall, Superior St. Dr. E. B. Storer will give a lecture at 8. GEORGIA D. FULLER, Cor. Sec'y.

7 Mason street.

Lawrence.—At Pythian Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, May 7th, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock (Boston) occupied the platform.—Next Sunday F. A. Wiggins (Salem) will be our speaker.

L. E. Goss, Sec'y.

Lowell.—May 7th Mrs. A. E. Cunningham (Boston) lectured and gave tests to good audiences.—Mrs. N. J. Willis (Cambridgeport) will speak for us next Sunday. E. PICKUP, Hon. Sec'y.

Everett.—Mrs. Chase (Boston) occupied the platform at the Everett Spiritualist Association meeting—Sunday evening, April 30th. Good attendance, interesting remarks, excellent tests. G. S. T.

Washington (D. C.) Notes.

[By a Special Correspondent.]

The successful course of lectures which Moses Hull of Chicago has given before the First National Society during April was socially terminated on Saturday evening, April 29th, by a well attended and most enjoyable reception tendered him and Mrs. Mattie Hull by Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, whose guests they have been for the latter half of the month. About fifty friends accepted this invitation to meet Mr. and Mrs. Hull in this delightfully informal manner, to say farewell, and bid them God-speed on their mission of light and hope to other homes and hearts.

The pleasant flow of social converse was interrupted by the host, who gave cordial words of welcome to all, and then invited Mr. George A. Bacon to preside, which he did with his usual and well-known grace and ability, making most fitting introductory remarks, that served as a keynote to many subsequent ones—his line of thought being that the day had forever passed when people of intelligence sneered at the subject of Spiritualism; on the contrary, they showed their knowledge by their attention to, interest in and appreciation of this subject. As a matter of fact, a recognition of what it involved indicated relatively one's degree of intelligence touching the profoundest problems of life. He was followed by Dr. T. A. Bland, whose remarks fully coincided with this thought, and were warmly applauded. Mrs. M. Cora Bland, M. D., alluded to interesting facts of mediumship coming within her personal observation, following with a humorous reading, the comments of a colored brother years ago on a sermon by Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, and given in the peculiar tone and intonation of the fervent African preacher—so well-known and appreciated by her listeners.

The exercises were interspersed with congregational singing, led by Mr. Hull, with Mrs. Hull as organist. A fine whistling solo was effectively rendered by Mr. Winthrop Bacon of Boston, and a duet by Mr. and Mrs. Hull was one of the gems of the evening.

Mr. W. H. Burr also made interesting remarks upon the rise, gratifying and rapid progress which Spiritualism is making everywhere. Mrs. and Mrs. Hull most appropriately responded to the different remarks of the evening—the latter closing hers with an inspirational poem on the subject which had formed the topic of her own address, and suggested by the poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes, "No Friends Like the Old Friends," in which idea she differed from the poet while yet agreeing with him, and expressing the difference of opinion most poetically in the idea that, many times, the "new" friend is as dear as the "old"—dear though that old may be. By request Mr. and Mrs. Hull sang, "Will you come to meet me, Darling?" and in conclusion, Mr. Hull, in the grand language and fervent tone so peculiarly his own, invoked a spirit-blessing upon each and all, which to be appreciated must have been heard.

Sociality again ruled the hour, and it was late when the guests bade a reluctant adieu to the host, and hastes and Mr. and Mrs. Hull, wishing them a speedy return to our city and our society.

Medical Freedom in Rhode Island!

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

GOOD news! Pitch the tune, and sing in the key of "Glory Hallelujah!" The medical practice bills are dead; it is a very cold corpse. It had been before the Senate several weeks; a hearing was had nearly a month ago, but the matter lay dormant in the hands of the committee till recently, when it was reported, was taken up for action the 3d inst., and summarily disposed of. A short discussion ensued, when a motion was made to indefinitely postpone, which was overwhelmingly carried.

The defeated bill was much less stringent than previous ones which have been presented, the intent evidently being to draw it so mildly that it would not be antagonized, and thus become a law; it was to be the entering wedge, to be driven later at the next session of the General Assembly, but the plotters were foiled. Senators were not to be deceived; they were too "level-headed." Their contempt for the measure was manifested in the vote to indefinitely postpone—a mode adopted to ignominiously kick an obnoxious measure out of doors.

I have been too lame to do much active fighting, but quietly put some friends on a track which I was sure would give a blow under the fifth rib. Three weeks ago I was satisfied the "topical" would be a success, and I was sure it would be. So we will wait and see what another year will bring forth.

Providence, May 4th. Wm. FOSTER, JR.  
[All Liberal papers are requested to copy the above.]

## Gov. Flower and the "Edwards" Bill.

As suggested by its venerable senior editor in last week's BANNER OF LIGHT, I mailed a copy, marked, to the Governor of New York, and wrote him as follows:

In addition to the protest sent your Excellency on Monday last, signed by a Committee of seventy-five, representing a number of Liberal Societies of New York City, permit me, in accordance with the suggestion of the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, (a marked copy of which paper I send in accompanying mail), to respectfully request that you will kindly address the Resolution therein published to the Edwards Bill, as a just reflection of the prejudiced and bigoted spirit behind the latter.

When you consider that this bill proposes to include in its penalties atonement on a public scale for "another" life, you will at once see its direct application as well to all ministers of the gospel. Certainly such was not the purpose of its zealous author, whether Catholic or Protestant; and such an attempt as this to suppress our religious freedom of thought and expression, and even the right to exercise whatever peculiar mental gifts may have been conferred by the Creator, is wholly unworthy of all constitutional rights and modern progress in this century and in this country.

It is sincerely hoped and expected, therefore, that our chosen Governor will heed our general appeal, and prove himself worthy of the confidence imposed in him by our political support in the past, and not allow himself to be misled by the religious prejudice and bigotry of others to interfere with his ready recognition of the common justice of our Cause.

The Resolution as published in the last BANNER, and sent to the Governor, and as published verbatim in the Sunday Recorder of April 30th, I intended simply as a slight reflection of the spirit and absurd position of the Edwards Bill. The disposition of the uninformed, the misinformed, and of bigoted ecclesiastics is still to ridicule whatever threatens their pet opinions or religious business profits. The gentleman who offered the bill I think must be a lineal descendant of Jonathan Edwards, and worthy of his narrow-minded father.

The fact that the three bills introduced about the same time into the legislatures of Illinois, Ohio and New York are, either literal copies, or very similar, shows a preconcerted, determined, insidious and united movement on the part of the enemy, and now, it ever, is the time for all lovers of civil and religious freedom to exhibit their true colors without fear or favor, and to fight for truth and right. Imagine the effect of "detectives" in our public and private circles!

J. P. SNIPES.

In Memoriam.

JULIUS CARROLL passed suddenly to spirit life on Tuesday, April 26th.

He was for many years prominently identified with the cause of Spiritualism in Providence, R. I.

The burial service was held in Foxboro, Mass., from his residence, on Friday, April 28th—being conducted by Dr. H. B. Storer of Boston.

Memorial exercises were held at Columbian Hall, Wyobest street, Providence, on Sunday, April 29th, at 2 P. M. His place was appropriately draped with smilax, and a bunch of calla lilies was arranged at the base upon the platform.

The services opened by Mr. and Mrs. Spinning singing "Gates Ajar," Mrs. A. Wiggins, and a poem "There is No Death," and also the burial service. Mr. and Mrs. Spinning sang a chant, "Gathering Home"; invocation; Mrs. Lapham sang, "Come ye Disconsolate."

E. A. Wiggins (trance speaker of Salem, Mass.) then delivered a eulogy, setting forth the characteristics of the deceased, and paying appropriate tribute to his zeal and energy for the Cause, and his devotion to the principles involved therein.

Lapham (by request) sang "Beckoning Hand." The Providence Spiritualists' Association was organized June 3d, 1883; incorporated Feb. 12th, 1893; B. K. Ames, President; Bro. Carroll was an active member thereof, and might be termed the backbone of the society, also of the Ladies' Progressive Aid Society. He was a great worker, and the father of our Progressive School. His translation was a great loss to us all. We shall miss his presence and aid in the mortal, but we know he is receiving in the Better Land the rewards of good actions done on earth.

W. H. WHITTMAN.

A large audience attended the obsequies of DANIEL ALLEN, in the room of the Court of Appeals, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Monday, May 1st, and the closest attention was observed during the delivery by Prof. W. F. Peck of St. Louis of a discourse appropriate to the occasion. After a brief invocation, and the reading of the poem "There is No Death," by Mrs. Peck, the funeral oration was delivered by the deceased's son, until the advent of Modern Spiritualism, had shrouded the event termed death, and continuing, said (among other points):

"Spiritualism gives knowledge where only faith existed before. It claims to demonstrate immortality, to prove it beyond question. Spiritualism comes not to destroy anything that is good in the old faith, but it has eliminated many debasing errors."

At the close, says The Saratogian, in its report, "The noble family of the family of the deceased in a very affecting and encouraging address, congratulating them upon the comfort they derived from their knowledge of Spiritualism, and assuring them that the son, brother and husband was standing in their midst more alive than ever before. He then presented each member of the family with a flower from off the coffin, with an appropriate message as from the departed, and closed with an impressive benediction. Appropriate hymns were sung sweetly by Mrs. Mattie C. Mason and Mr. and Mrs. Morris."

In The Saratogian of May 2d Mrs. Minnie Allen, widow of the deceased, publishes a card of thanks to the Firemen's Benevolent Association, who took charge of the obsequies, to Prof. W. F. Peck of St. Louis, Mr. Peck's kind and generous words of consolation, and to all others who rendered her aid.

JOSHUA SEARS PALMER.—Mrs. Nellie S. Palmer, the well-known medium of Portland, Me., has met with a bereavement which the truths and consolations of the Spiritual Philosophy alone render bearable, in the departure to spirit life April 26th of her husband, Joshua Sears Palmer, an earnest and successful worker in several commercial enterprises in Portland. He was in the Common Council in 1881, an Alderman three years, and Postmaster during President Cleveland's first term. The Argus, in a lengthy notice of his very cordial and successful career, and his extensive business in this country and Europe, and was well-read, and an entertaining and instructive companion. His genial, kindly qualities and uniform good nature made him liked by all who knew him.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 7.

J. J. Morse, 36 Monmouth Road, Bayswater, London, W., will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

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

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

MEDICAL.

If you need a medicine, pay attention to something which will cure you. It is known as

The Water of Life,

And is adapted to curing, more especially, all forms of Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder troubles, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, and all the ailments of the internal organs, such cases as Piles, Typhoid and other fevers, Bowel diseases, Ulcerative and other forms of Female Complaints, It is a powerful blood-purifier, and a remedy for Catarrhs of the Lungs and Throat Inflammations. It will heal the nerves, restore lost vigor of mind and body, creating a god-sent tonic and prodigious strength, and a remedy for all ailments, from the blood by means of the kidneys, and acts mildly upon the bowels, thereby producing bodily habits which are so essential to good health. This

Water of Life

Is sold absolutely pure, as it is pumped from the spring, without the addition of any drug whatever. It is Nature's own medicine, and is the only one that can be trusted. The success it has achieved has come mostly from its friends who have been cured by using it. Send for a pamphlet free, containing full and complete information, and a recommendation from those who have used it, giving a forty-page history and all particulars about this remarkable water, to

J. R. PERRY, Manager,  
34 South Main Street, Wilkesbarre, Pa.  
Mar. 18.

## MARYLAND.

Baltimore.—Oscar A. Ederly has just closed a successful month's work with the Religio-Philosophical Society, during which he has delivered lectures and given tests every Thursday evening, and twice on every Sunday, at Haine's Hall. This young worker, I believe he is the youngest in the lecturing field—has made a very favorable impression here. His earnestness and impressive delivery while under control, and the hard logic of his conclusions, indicate the high order of his guides. The society is more than satisfied, and I understand, has secured Mr. Ederly's services for another month hereafter.

This society was duly incorporated a short time ago, under the laws of the State of Maryland. It has been quite successful so far. The officers are energetic and devoted to their work; the cherished plan of building a temple of their own is no longer a mere wish—it is assuming shape—and I don't think we will meet next year in Haine's Hall, but in some unpretentious, yet suitable building, consecrated to spiritual truth.

The general interest in our Cause continues unabated. Four sances at the same hour on Sunday evenings, and half-a-dozen during week-days—all well attended—are evidences of this. The noble example set by the weekly paper, Every Saturday, has not been lost; all the big dailies have fallen into line; they do not, as yet, admit free discussion of Spiritualism, but they copy Spiritual news.

PAUL FRANCIS.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

R. Andrus Titus would like to engage to speak Sundays, June 11th and 25th. All other dates filled to July. Address South Abington Station, Mass.

Mrs. Julia E. Davis speaks in Cadet Hall, Lynn, April 30th; in Nashua, N. H., May 7th; Worcester, 9th and 10th; Will speak in Taunton May 14th; Fitchburg, 21st; Malden, 29th. Has open dates in June. Address 232 Windsor street, Cambridge, Mass.

W. F. Peck is speaking during May in Springfield, Mass. Address 30 Vernon street. Will attend calls for lectures, weddings or funerals in vicinity.

Societies wishing the services of A. E. Tisdale for the months of November and December, 1893, also for February, March and May of 1894, can address him at 547 Bank street, New London, Conn.

To Correspondents.

S. P. K., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Dr. G. T. H. Benton, Englewood P. O., Chicago, Ill., can perhaps give the information you seek.

THE LOST WORD may be found by looking carefully within. Eden may be regained by wise cultivation of the "garden" of the soul, the Microcosm.

The St. Louis Magazine

Is an humble exponent of principles tending to assist the Neophyte in his present environment. We represent the Occidental Theosophy; publishing valuable articles upon interesting occult themes, rendering the same in such a manner that they may be practically applied to the life of each individual. Our aim is to inspire the reader with the determination to obey that ancient command

KNOW THYSELF.

Then he will know ALL, and have achieved victory not only over mental and physical disease, and all forms of earthly misfortune, but will have conquered man's last enemy as well; he will have become a conscious co-worker with Jehovah. ALL have the Divine Secret within; only prepare your Temple and the Master Statute will surely follow. We want YOU to see a copy of our magazine. Sample 10 cents. Subscription price \$1.00 per year.

ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE, 2819 OLIVE ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.  
May 13.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOSTON SPIRITUAL TEMPLE will be held at No. 32 Rutland Square, at 7:30 P. M., Tuesday, June 6th, to elect officers and to transact any other business that may be legally brought before the meeting.

Per Order, GEO. S. McCRILLIS, SECRETARY.  
May 13.

Buffalo Lithia Water

In Rheumatic Gout--Cold Water against Hot Water in this Malady.

General Colton Greene, President of the State Savings Bank of Memphis, Tenn., Leaves His Crutches at Buffalo Lithia Springs--Value of this Water in Gout, Uric-Acid Diathesis, Etc., Etc.

Colton Thomas F. Goode:

Dear Sir:—It is now four weeks since I reached Buffalo Lithia Springs, suffering from the effects of recurrent attacks of acute articular gout in both feet, which had lasted and confined me to bed for two months. Though I had biennially, sometimes annually, suffered for short periods, the malady on this last occasion was more violent than before, and threatened to take a chronic form. My digestive organs were impaired, my health was shattered, I was crippled, and calcareous deposits were appearing on both feet. Directly on my arrival I copiously used the water of Spring No. 2 conjointly with daily hot baths. A fortnight later I was in condition to walk without the use of crutches, the swelling and inflammation of the parts had measurably subsided, and my health improved. To-day my general health is better than it has been in twelve months, the deposition of uric-acid sediment is dissipated, and my feet, though sensitive to pressure, are restored to their normal condition. Respectfully yours, COLTON GREENE.

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## Message Department.

### ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

Of each week Spiritual Meetings are held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment, at 8 o'clock P. M., J. A. Sholhamer, Chairman.

At these Spiritual Meetings 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. But, extra, 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 that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undisciplined condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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

Natural flowers are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitors, therefore we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth-life who may feel that the placing of them upon the altar of Spirituality is a moral offering.

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

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

#### Report of Public Seance held Feb. 10th, 1893.

**Spirit Invocation.**  
Our souls cry out to thee, Oh! Infinite Spirit, for light and strength. We feel our weakness as the duties and the responsibilities of life press upon us, and we realize that not from the external, not through the avenues of material existence and supply can we gather that vital force and spiritual power which are necessary to the human soul in its search for knowledge and truth and in its pathway of experience; but from that which is eternal, from the great fountain of all wisdom and power must we look for that which will uplift and sustain. So, at this hour, recognizing our needs, feeling that we are faltering along the pathway of discipline, we ask of thee that inspiration and sustenance which shall feed the spiritual portion of our natures and give us new light.

We ask that thy ministering spirits, those who are filled with beneficent thoughts for humanity, and who, through willing service, are ever seeking to uplift and bless the fallen, the unfortunate, and those who require aid, may come to us at this time filled with that supply of spiritual influence which we are so sorely in need of. We ask that the spirits of the departed, those who have passed on, which will be instructive to the minds and which, with its penetrating rays, will illuminate our understanding so that we may receive more closely those great, vital truths and questions which are all around us. We know that much of ignorance is ours; we feel that the veil has been but partially lifted, and, though we may perceive the gleams and glimmerings from external and internal sources of truth, yet we realize that all around in the universe, even here in our midst, are certain laws in operation having a vital effect upon human life and happiness, which we do not comprehend. We ask knowledge in the spiritual realm; that we may be able to understand the things we do not understand, and so we ask for light, we seek for knowledge, and would become receptive to the teachings of those who come to us from the higher life.

Give us of your strength, Oh! ministering angels; stimulate our minds with your influence and magnetic force that we may see more clearly, that we may understand more deeply, and, seeing and understanding, may we be willing and ready to press on with the burdens of life, performing our duty and fulfilling our mission as best we can. We ask that all may be blessed, those who seek for light, and those who are content in their ignorance to travel along the road of error and darkness, and that the light which shall come permeating every darkened corner with its rays, and giving grand lessons with its uplifting warmth and strength.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—Your questions are in order, Mr. Chairman.

**Ques.**—[By Mrs. L. J. Fuller, McMinnville, Oregon.] A friend desires me to ask if a father, after having been in spirit-life twenty-five years, would come back and injure the health of his own daughter so that she is insane at times, to get revenge on his wife because she does not believe as they did when he was with her. She has been told by a medium that such is the case, and that her husband carried his Bible under his arm constantly. I would like to hear from Father Pierpont on the subject.

**Ans.**—A father who would thus return from the spirit-world to injure his child must be a very passionate and depraved spirit indeed; but one who has been an excommunicated being for twenty-five years, and who has, undoubtedly, had many opportunities in the other life to see clearly wherein he was wrong in his prejudices and opinions on earth and to have the light of truth brought directly home to his understanding, would not be likely to cherish hard thoughts of his companion, even if she were different from him very essentially in many ways.

We do not very often find spirits of such a character, although it is true that there are thousands in the other life who have been very cred-bound, self-opinionated and filled with prejudices on earth, and who, for a long time after passing from the body, cling to their own ideas and cherish that which belonged to the earth; but they were those who had no desire to be free, to be free from any department of self-culture and improvement. There are other spirits who have been depraved on earth, willfully doing wrong and defrauding or working injuries of a vital character to their neighbors. They are disturbed in the other life, and many times they delight to live in the dense atmosphere of this earth and wreak vengeance upon those whom they may not admire. But these cases do not seem to apply to the one under consideration, and we very much doubt if a father would intentionally injure his child willfully and intentionally because he seems to us that this parent must have had the sentiments of paternal regard and affection for his child on earth, and he certainly could have no less affection for her now after his long sojourn in the spirit-world.

We think that the lady has been misinformed, that the spirit who made such an assertion must have either willfully or unconsciously made a false statement, and we should certainly advise her to use the judgment in regard to this matter to consider what was the general bearing of her husband toward his daughter when in earth-life, and draw her own conclusions. Although of a bigoted nature, perhaps clinging to his theological ideas when here, yet his may have been a character that was open to conviction when the light was brought fairly and clearly home to him. We believe this is so, and we believe the lady has no reason to fear that her spirit husband will direct any injurious influence toward her daughter.

If the latter is affected by some encroaching intelligence from the other world, no doubt it is some one of the earth-bound spirits we have mentioned, who has possibly come into her atmosphere because of some inharmonious condition or association in earth-life, or perhaps her nervous organism is not altogether strong and well-balanced, and therefore the obsessing spirit has found the opportunity of reaching her life; but if she can be surrounded by harmonious conditions and friends, be given sympathy and magnetic assistance from this side of life, and if she herself has the aspiration to call to her aid only those spirit-intelligences who are wise and pure-minded, she will be freed from the undesirable influence, and find herself in a more healthy and powerful condition of mind and body.

**Q.**—[By Charles H. Starr, Preston, O.] When Sir John Franklin, Dr. Kane, and many others who explored for the North Pole, perished in their efforts for their after-effects, did they go on and discover the object of their search when freed from the physical body?

**A.**—Sir John Franklin, Dr. Kane and many others of a scientific bent of mind who have been called North Pole, have continued their investigations in the spirit-world, although they have not had at all times the instrumentalities on the mortal side for making such a thorough search as they have desired. Yet most of these minds, we think, have become satisfied of the

existence of an open sea, and many of them are busy trying to impress minds who are interested in these investigations to respond to their thought by making other journeys in the direction of the North Pole.

We believe that the time will come when the opportunities and facilities for making these voyages of discovery toward the north will be much better for those on earth than they have been or are at the present time. We believe that climatic conditions will arise causing changes which will be beneficial in this line, and which will aid the explorer in making further discoveries.

If we could come and say to you that there is an open polar sea, and that there is a fair boat beyond the region already explored, we could give you no evidence of the truth of our statement; so we refrain from saying anything of the sort, although we do predict that the time will come, probably not in this century, but before another shall close, when explorers will succeed in traveling much further North than they have ever done in the past. Indeed, we think that every voyage of discovery in that direction reveals some new and interesting fact to the minds of those whose study is directed in this line, and that there is something worth searching for and investigating beyond the North seas.

### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

#### Sadie Coffin.

[To the Chairman:] How do you do? I was a little girl when I lived here. I was not eight years old when I passed to the lovely Summer-land, with its sweet flowers, green meadows, and its happy people. I found so many of our family and home friends that we seemed to form a circle of our own in that other life. Now, I am over thirty, so you see I have been in the spirit-life many years.

I know more of the spirit world and its conditions than I do of this earth-world, although I have many times come back into contact with it and the dear ones that I left on this mortal side. I had a mother and a father here, and they loved to think of the spirit-friends being with them. Sometimes all the children would come from the other life, and there would be such a home-feeling and influence right here that mother would know we were there.

We have our family now in the spirit-world, and I do not know why I should come back here after all these years, only that I thought perhaps it would interest some who still live on this side to know that the little ones grow in the spirit-world, that they do not remain as children, but that they gather strength and knowledge as the years go by. I can remember some things—quite a good many—of my earth-life, and I like to do so. I like to feel that I belonged to this world as well as to the spiritual life.

All the dear relatives and friends who are there send greeting to any one here who remembers them, and who would like to hear from their spirit-friends.

My father was Alexander Coffin. I lived in New Bedford, Mass., and have always felt ever since I was old enough to understand the value of the Spiritual Philosophy and the communication between the two worlds, that there were those in our city who were interested enough in this Cause to try to have its truths given to those who did not understand them, by holding meetings and circles where light could be brought from the spirit-world, and sometimes I and others of our family have tried to bring some little influence to help along in the good work.

There is a nice-old colored gentleman that came from your place, and I am going to help him come to speak, because I know it would please him very much.

My name is Sadie Coffin.

#### John H. Jennifer.

[To the Chairman:] Good-day, sir. Do you allow any one of your color to come in? [Certainly; anybody is welcome.] You are kind. In the spirit-world we do not pay much attention to the hue of the skin; we look more to the life and thought within.

I, sir, lived a good many years in the body. I had an extended experience, and I feel that I can say I was an old citizen of New Bedford who was well known.

I have been getting very interested in this line of work, and I have been studying it up pretty closely. I'd like my people to know about this, and to open ways, if they can, to get knowledge of the spirit-world through such means as this.

I lived a good many years. I had many things to try my mind and life at times, but take it altogether I was pretty successful, and I got along very well. I don't want to come back and take up the old body again. I'd rather stay right in the spirit-world, where all is good and helpful, and full of power for those that want to grow and get strong in the spiritual work.

There is a good soul from our place that seemed to know a great deal about this spirit return—more than a great deal of the rest of us did—and he just helped me along this way. He said it would do me good, and it might do some of the folks down in our town good. If I say I'd seen Mr. James. He was a Spiritualist, and he has been giving me some good advice. Perhaps you know him. [I have heard of him.] I find it helps me along to understand these things of the spirit-life very much indeed.

I thank you, sir. I hope I can do something for you sometime; I'd like to very much. You'd like my name, I suppose? [Yes.] It is John H. Jennifer.

#### Mary Eliza Beals.

[To the Chairman:] How do you do, Anthony? You don't know me, do you? [I don't know whether I do or not.] Well, I've come here to-day with my mother, and she wants me to give her love to you and all the rest of the children, too.

I like to come here, though I don't speak only once in a while. I liked to look into the Banner of Light Circle when I was here. It was held down on Washington street in those days. We didn't have so much of Spiritualism as you have now, and so such circles as this were thought to be a big thing—an open way from the spirit-world to the earth. The spirits could talk and tell their full story, and that was the reason, and those were the days when we had a great deal to do to make people know there was a truth in spirit-return.

Well, I've come back here to-day because we thought it would be a good time for me to speak. I remember when this little girl was first controlled as a medium in my circle, and your mother says it is twenty-five years ago today. I remember very well when she was taken by a spirit and made to pronounce the characteristics of another, and I thought that was good, for we needed new mediums, and it was well for the children to be developed by the spirit-world to take the places and do the work of the older ones who were passing away.

That was twenty-five years ago, and I look back to the little girl that was controlled by a spirit, and I see that a great many changes have taken place in mediumship since that time. Why, soon after that I went to California. [To the Chairman:] You know what I am now? [Yes.] I did my work of mediumship there, not as well as in Boston, not so much as I did here; but I did my work as it came, and then, over twenty-one years ago, I went to the spirit-world. They buried my body from a hall there in San Francisco, Dashiaway, I think they called it.

I did not know at first that I was a spirit gone out of the body, everything seemed so natural, until I saw some of the things that used to control me. There were my guides, the old Doctor and Rosedale, waiting to tell me I was a spirit; but then I used to see them just as plain as I saw any one in the form, and so I could not tell at first whether I was in the body or out. I found out pretty soon, and I've been going a long way since those times.

I am glad that Spiritualism is alive here and everywhere, that it is growing, and that your mediums are doing a good work. Now I'll say to George Morrill that I'm glad he has got back into the spiritual ranks; but he need not be letting on that he is a new convert, for if he does I'll come and tell him better. He was more of a Spiritualist thirty years ago than he is to-day. I'm glad that he is try-

ing to get along into line with you who have grown up in it, because the spirit-world can do a great deal through his mediumship, and I always told him so.

Well, now, if there are persons here in Boston, out in California, or anywhere else, who want to hear from me, I am just ready to give them my regards, and say I am glad to come back to give a few words. But a good many that were my friends when I was here are on our side of life, and I have my associations there.

There is one medium in Boston, a young man, that I come very closely to, and sometimes I sit by him and use his organism pretty constantly. I have come near to the good old places in his atmosphere; and sometimes I seem to be living my life over again. Well, he is a good medium, and doing a grand work, and I don't think I do him any harm.

[To the Chairman:] Give my love to Theresa and the friends. I don't know as I'll ever come again, but I thought I must come this time. I was known in Boston as Mary Eliza Beals.

#### L. Judd Pardee.

It seems only natural, Mr. Chairman, that I should follow one of Boston's old-time mediums, because I feel in a measure that I belong to the old times of work and usefulness in the Spiritual Cause. I feel myself identified also with the present current of events along the lines of human progress, and I shall move on as I go, holding the reins of the harrow as long as there are human hearts to be dug up and planted with new seeds of truth, and old thorns and tares of error and superstition to be weeded out.

I, too, have been attracted here because it is a sort of anniversary to your medium, for years ago I had the privilege and the pleasure, in company with other spirits, of making use of his mediumship in order to reach the public with words of truth and warning from the spirit-world. My good friend Denmore is with me to-day, sending his greeting to his friends here and all through the country; for he, like myself, feels that he has friends in many places. When I established the "Voice of Angels" through his agency, which bore such sweet tidings of joy to many, I felt that we traveled in good company, for we had the assistance of many bright souls on both sides of life. Although long since our work was suspended, and though that passing change has not altogether given up, we still travel along with those associates, and are seeking to plan a new growth of thought and of truth which will sometime spring into the bloom, the beauty and sweetness of spirituality.

It always gives me a great deal of pleasure to reach out through this channel or any other and touch the lives of my friends on earth with my influence and magnetic force, for I feel that we are brothers and sisters, and that as we journey along each one doing his own work according to his best light and information, we can afford to let little differences of thought go by, to ignore the little peculiarities and personalities of each other in the light of the larger truth that we have to disseminate, and in view of the sweetness we may gather from associating harmoniously one with the other. For my part I am willing that any other man who believes differently from what I do, as long as he cannot see the light as I see it, should hold his own opinion in any department of human thought or action. Now, but what I would combat his errors and bring all the logic at my command and all the batteries of truth that I could muster to beat down his prejudices or his bigotry; but at the same time I should not ostracize him and try to get society to kick him out because he did not believe just as I did, for I think there is room enough upon this footstool for every man. I have no regard for plutocracy or that grasping monopoly which gathers up millions of dollars, representing the sweat of the masses, but I have a genuine respect for honest labor well exercised and conscientiously expended, whether it is the capital of the hod-carrier in the street or whether it belongs to the most brilliant thinker in our scientific circles of investigation.

Mr. Chairman, I bring my greeting to my spiritualist friends, and tell them to hold fast to that which is good. I believe that they will give up a brighter day for their encouragement. I know the lines have been rather hard of late, the roads rather steep, but I think they will gather up a reward for their well-doing in the thought that many an old shackle has been stricken from human limbs, many an error banished from darkened minds, many a tear brushed from eyes dim with weeping, and many a sorrow removed from heavy hearts by work which the angels have done.

L. Judd Pardee.

#### Ella Haskell.

My name is Ella Haskell. I have friends on the mortal side. I have not been away in the spirit-world as long as those who have spoken to you, or most of them, but I have been a few years out of the body, and the affairs of life have gone on with my friends just the same as if I had been here. Still I do not think they have forgotten me wholly; I believe they sometimes give a thought to my memory, and feel that they would like to have me stay with them.

I am now only a memory to my friends, but I would like to have them realize I am a living being, something more than a fading memory, and that I bring them my love, tender thoughts and care, and would like to assist them in their daily duties; I would be so pleased to brighten the way for them, and drive some of the shadows from their lives and hearts. Sometimes I do bring a little strength. Even though they do not know whence it comes, the work is accomplished just the same, and I am made happy thereby.

Louise sends her love with mine, and Charlie from the spirit-world wants his friends to know that he is none of a musician, and he was on this side. He loved music, and tried so much to give expression to the inspirations that were brought by spirit-friends, and partly drawn out under their influence from his interior life. Now in the spirit-world he has the opportunity of gaining more knowledge, and giving greater expression to music than he would had he remained on this side for many years.

My friends live in Philadelphia, and some of them being interested in little in Spiritualism, will, I think, hear of our return, because I have been helped to come by a lady who lived there once. A long time ago she was a medium by the name of Robinson. One of our relatives had a sitting with her, and got some very interesting things from the spirit side. Since then the lady has been more or less familiar with spirit communication, and I think through her I may be able to reach others of my family.

#### George Walker.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman. [Good afternoon.] I have taken a fancy to come to your Circle Room and say a few words possible to my friends in old Salem, Mass., and to those in other parts of the State also who might be interested in learning something of spirit-return.

It is a good thing to know about it, it is a very good thing to study, and if at first it does not bring all the satisfaction you would like, it is all right to keep along with the investigation, because it is sure to bring forward something lovely, something quickening to the spirit, and something that will call out the faculties of the mind and the thinking, and I tell my friends to look into it and get all the light they can in regard to its claims.

I am doing very well in the spirit-world, and I have many a kind and warm thought for the dear ones on this side of life. There are near and dear ones in the other world with whom I spend many happy hours, but I am not an idle man. I like to be busy doing something that will sell for future usefulness. I have heard of a man named Mr. Abbott, and I am glad he holds fast to the faith; I am glad he stands by the old Cause of Spiritual Truth as a fearless soul, and I know that when he comes to the spirit-world his reception will be a good one.

Over beyond were things a little more clearly than we do on earth. The mist and clouds were not so dark before our eyes so thickly, and we understood each other better. On the whole we have a little the advantage of you people on this side, in the same way that the college youth has the advantage, if he profits by his opportunities in gaining information and knowledge, of the little one who is plodding along in the primary department and trying to get his A, B, C's and his first ideas of education. We have just that advantage of you: You are plodding along amid the mists and cobwebs, and we are like the college youth, a little more advanced in our classes and studies. If we take advantage of our opportunities there, of course we can get a little more light and knowledge than the scholar does who is down in the lower grade, but the lower grade is necessary before we can take up the branches of the higher department. I am George Walker.

#### Emma Hersey.

I will not take much of your time. I was so afraid I could not get in to-day, for I have been here a good many times to try to speak a few words.

I am Emma Hersey. I have a father somewhere here on this side, as well as friends, that I would like to reach. I think that he is in Springfield, Ill., for he was a while ago. I thought if I could only get to him in some such way as this it might be a consolation to him, for poor father has gone through many trials, and has had much to break him down in spirit as well as body. He feels that he has been deprived of much that makes life worth living, for he does not know that we of the spirit-world, who have been taken from the mortal, still live and care for him, and try all we can to brighten his way and lighten his burdens. We bring our love to him every time that we can come anywhere near to his life. Sometimes we have been able to come very close, and then again the shadows have grown dark, the material conditions have been so dense we could not get through the atmosphere which seemed like a wall to us. Perhaps if we understood this way of coming better we could overcome these things, and I am trying to learn in regard to them.

My father's name is William. I send my love to all my friends who are on this side, and hope they will feel that death does not end all for the conscious spirit, but that it opens a way for that spirit to pass to another life, where there is everything to live and work for.

#### Report of Public Seance held Feb. 14th, 1893.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**Ques.**—[By a Subscriber.] Why do some spirits give a name, and others will not? Surely a father controlling a medium to speak to his child would not object to give his name as a means of identification. Yet such was the case only a few weeks ago in my experience. Can the intelligence explain this and give some general information with regard to such cases?

**Ans.**—Does the correspondent understand that it is not the intelligence of the intelligence who manifests that is under control at that time a message is delivered? Does he understand that a spirit is not only returning in thought to the arbitrary conditions of the earth-life and its associations through which he has passed, but that he must also bring a brain foreign to his own, entirely different, machinery, in construction from his own mental machinery, under his control, and positively make that brain respond to every vibration of thought from his own mind?

This may seem a very simple thing to accomplish to a casual observer, but to a deep thinker, to one who investigates closely the operation of psychic laws, it does not appear so easy. It is not that the spirit does not choose or desire to give his name to his earthly friends, nor is it because he has forgotten the cognomen by which he was known when on earth; but it is perhaps because the medium is not adapted altogether to his will-forces and magnetic power. It may be that the medium he handles is very well adapted to certain uses for that spirit, and perchance the controlling intelligence may be able to present his characteristics through the sensitive or be able to refer in part to events which have taken place in former years which will assist in identifying him to his mortal friends; but that organ of the brain termed "memory" may be so deficient in the medium that the spirit will be unable to touch it with his forces and so bring a record of that which has belonged to him from his flashing through the mental organism of the susceptible instrument.

Then, again, names are very arbitrary things, as also are dates, and while many spirits are capable of communicating sufficiently clear through various mediums to give certain matters which will serve to identify them, to exhibit certain characteristics which belong to them, and which are not at all like those of the medium, they are unable to impress upon the brain of the instrument the name of the place where they lived, the name which they bore on earth, or the date of their birth, death, or anything of that kind, because many of our mediums are partly conscious even though they may not be aware that they are not altogether oblivious to the conditions of earth.

We know it to be a fact that most of our spirit mediums are extremely sensitive in the direction of wishing to have whatever is given to them from the spirit side of life accurate, infallible, and true. There may be no possibility of mistake, and that none who come in contact with the communications given can criticize them adversely. Consequently the mind of the medium is on the alert, and if a sifter requests in a most positive manner, or demands to know the name of the spirit who has taken control, in nine cases out of ten the sensitive brain of the medium will begin to quiver, fear will be aroused lest the name be not given correctly, anxiety is caused, and the placid surface of the mind is before responding to the action of spirit power, reflecting that which was impressed upon it as a clear sheet of water reflects its shores, becomes so disturbed that the spirit is unable to communicate that which he would be very glad to give.

Therefore there are many reasons why these positive facts may not be given to an investigator; but if one pursues his inquiry for a length of time, and continues to give the opportunity for all the advantages they require, he will at last be able to receive enough from his unseen friends to convince him of their identity, and of their desire to communicate with him, and to give him what he may wish.

You must remember, also, in this connection that names are not to the spirits what they are to you. Here one man is called John Brown. After a while he grows to manhood, forms domestic ties, and a son is born to him, who becomes John Brown, Jr. In a long family line there come to be a number of John Browns, but that fact does not make any confusion in this life, because the older ones have passed away, and there may be but one or two of that name at one time on this planet. In the spirit-world, however, if there is enough sympathy existing between the members of the family of Browns to cause them to associate together in works and conditions in the spirit-world, you can see at once what a confusion would result were there a dozen or two John Browns in one locality or on one home.

Therefore names are not to the spirit what they are to you. In the spirit-world a spirit's friends and guardians give him a cognomen characteristic of himself, of his own peculiarities and personality, and it may not be anything at all like what he has borne on earth. Suppose a spirit who has been an inhabitant of the spirit-world for twenty-five or thirty years, passing under the name that was given him when he became associated with progressive souls in the other world, were to come in contact with earth again and into the atmosphere of a medium. The magnetic environment of his children or friends here will attract him. He comes to them in sympathy and love, seeking to aid and instruct them. Perhaps his whole soul is bent upon this purpose, and also that of giving them evidence of immortal life. But suddenly he may be startled by his work by a demand for his name. That by which he has been known so long in the spirit-world would not be recognized by his friends, and it may not be possible for him to at once give the name by which he was formerly known through a brain with which he is

not familiar. So, perhaps, he is sent back disheartened into the spirit-world to gather up more positive force to use in his errands to earth because he has been unable to give that which was required of him, even though he may have given sufficient evidence of the truth of spirit-return in what he has communicated to at least create an interest in the subject in the minds of those to whom he came with the desire to be of use.

**Q.**—[By Mark Degneth, Beverly, Mass.] Do intelligent, progressive spirits, after leaving the mortal body, have the privilege and power of visiting and enjoying the scenery of places they have not beheld while in the mortal body? For instance, will some of our friends who have been promoted to the other life be likely to enjoy the Columbian Exposition next summer?

**A.**—No doubt thousands of spirits will accompany their friends on earth who will journey to Chicago to enjoy the Exposition there to be held next summer, and there will be hosts of invisible intelligences interested in the great exhibits who will also be attracted there even though they are not to accompany mortal friends.

Spirits who are not earth-bound, held to any physical environment on account of the weighty elements of selfishness, greed and other undesirable qualities which they have taken with them to the other life, are not confined to any one locality or situation. Progressive spirits who wish to understand and learn all that they can of their own inherent powers that they may be more useful, and who also desire to gain all the knowledge they can of life and its possibilities, from the wise and exalted souls who are willing to serve them as teachers and guides, may very soon learn, after passing to the other life, to traverse space and visit one locality and another either here or in the world of spirits.

There is many a soul who was tethered to the body and its immediate surroundings on earth, but who had a great longing to visit distant shores, to explore various scenes and localities, to pass from palace to palace of art and science, and to roam through the different countries of the world. That same desire now with the spirit to the spiritual life, where it becomes intensified, and after a while he finds himself enabled to gratify the wish and to visit the localities whither his thought has gone so many times.

Perchance an artistic soul right here in Boston who is chained by the force of circumstances to deive in certain ruts, and never leave the city's environments, may long with all his heart for the privilege of visiting Rome, and Naples, and Venice, and other places where works of art abound, and when he passes to the spirit-world the time will come when he will be able to go and view the glorious architectural structures, the temples of science, and the various beautiful creations of artists and sculptors that he has longed to see. Not but what the spirit-world has its palaces of art and its beautiful creations far surpassing those of earth; but the strong desire that has possessed the soul for years will not be satisfied until he has expression and fulfillment through such changes as it has longed to see, and such souls will find many mediumistic individuals on earth in the localities toward which they are attracted, through whose atmosphere they will be able to see, to hear and to learn that which they have desired to do in ways that we have mentioned.

### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

#### Austin Leathan.

It is somewhere about three years, good friends, since I went to the spirit-world. I cannot say I was prepared to go, or that I anticipated passing out of the body at such a time as I did, for the cause of my going out was an accident, as we call those things on this side of life. I do not know whether it was foreordained that I should go in that manner or not, but this accident occurred on the road at Oswego, N. Y.

I have been busy since then. Part of the time I have been with my dear ones of the family and my friends on earth, but not altogether. I have been with many friends and relatives in the spirit-world, seeking to know of its conditions and forms of law and labor, and I have also traveled about somewhat, as your speaker has been telling of, visiting one place and another in both worlds, and finding my time well occupied.

I was a man of business, and my energies were employed in bringing the most successful results to my business enterprises. I was interested not only in the shoe manufacture, but also in other lines of utility, and I feel that I am not deficient in that energetic force which I felt when here, and which is a part of me as a living man to-day.

My people and interests lie in East Bridgewater, Mass. I send my greeting to my friends who will care to hear from me, not only to those in the old place, but to those at other points, for I take an interest in all my friends and dear ones, and I wish them to know I am not a dead man. I am alive, and I feel that I am still one who can think and plan and work, and press on to greater achievements, not satisfied with that which he has accomplished, but looking forward to something more. In a spiritual way it helps me very much to have this compensation or desire, because when I have gained some truth and mastered one subject that comes before me for study, I find myself springing up at that time to be more easily convinced. So I try to keep pace with the friends who have been in the spirit-world before me, but who are kind enough to try to give me the encouragement and the hope that they have received in the spiritual world.

[To the Chairman:] My name, sir, is Austin Leathan.

#### Nellie Potter.

The gentleman said he had been gone three years, and I thought "What a little while that seems!" for I have been in the spirit-world somewhere about twenty-four years, and so beautiful the life of that world has been to me, so enlarging, so full of strength and power! I do not feel any of the weakness and the pain that came to me on earth. My body, although as real and tangible as was the earthly one, has never felt any of that feebleness which came to me here, and I have enjoyed the years in the "passage."

I have not been far away from the dear ones on the mortal side. I have seen them pass through strange experiences; I have known changes to come; I have welcomed the dear ones to the spirit-world, and I have gone with friends sometimes through the shadows that fell upon them on this side, and tried to give them influences of light that would help them. Even amid the shadows and the changes I have seen the sun shining ever, and heard the music laughing out from the bright spheres of the happy life, and I have seen that only had cause to rejoice indeed in the beautiful world that I entered when I passed from the weary form.

I was in one sense glad to go from earth, because I felt it was best. I did not wish to leave my husband and friends on the mortal side, but I knew that the dear spirit-ones were waiting to give me greeting, and I often felt their influence before I went to join them in their happy home. I saw the beautiful light and the sweet peace that came about me, and I had no fear. I felt that it all would be well, and I could look the fact in the face, and I was near by without a shadow or thought of pain. Yes, I saw the loving angels coming



Will Welden; George W. Freeman; Mrs. Julia A. Allen; Emily H. Hyder.

Messages here noticed as having been given will appear in due course according to routine dates.  
April 21.—Angela Currier; Capt. Robert Boyd, U. S. N.; Rufus D. Smith; Mrs. W. H. Worthington; Charlotte Anderson; John Remington.  
April 22.—Daniel P. Wood; William Morley; H. H. McCallum; Amy Seymour; Mary Julia Benton; Tom Haggerty; Joseph Martin.  
April 23.—Benjamin Morrill; J. V. Warner; Capt. Martin Lincoln; Margaret Harris; Elizabeth Gordon; Franklin Jagger; Susan Crane.  
May 2.—Mary Webster; Elizabeth Blake Lake; Fred Brown; Andrew Horton; Charles Penhody; William B. Allen; Annie Clancy; Susan Stone; Mary Ann Rogers.

### BORROW OR GLADNESS.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:  
The following poem formed a part of the services held over the mortal remains of Miss Hannah Hussey, who passed to spirit-life Jan. 19th, 1893, in the ninety-fifth year of her age. For many years she has been a sincere believer in the Spiritual Philosophy:

Smiles or tears, which shall it be?  
Sighs of grief and hymns of sadness,  
Sorrow's hollow mockery,  
Or sweeter tones of joy and gladness?  
Bands of craps or blooming flowers  
For our dear and worthless friend,  
Leaving to these hands of ours  
Only this—her earthly prison?

What's the loss and what's the gain?  
Let us note this angel's mission  
With no throb of selfish pain,  
Of fear and superstition.  
Lost, this garment of flesh and old  
By the years about it pressing,  
Bearing in each tattered fold  
To the weaver naught of blessing.

Lost, this temple of our care,  
Worn by time's exultant marches  
Till unit that one so fair  
Dwell beneath its crumbling arches.  
Loved by us because, grown old,  
Just within its lighted portal  
We never failed to meet the smile  
Of the spirit grown immortal.

Now the curtains have been drawn,  
And the light no longer swelling,  
Shows us that the inmate's gone  
From the poor and worthless dwelling.  
Gone, but where, and what the change?  
Let us strive to read the meaning—  
Pierce the gloom that ever shrouds  
'Tween here and there is intervening.

Gone from age to golden youth,  
From helplessness to strength and beauty;  
Gone to learn a higher truth,  
And follow out a higher duty.  
Gone to know the friends of yore;  
Too dim our eyes to trace the meeting  
At the ever open door;  
Too dear our ears to catch the greeting.

Gone to wear a robe more new  
Than this poor and worn before us;  
Gone to learn a way more true  
Than our gaze has glimmered o'er us.  
Gone to a temple fairer far  
Than could here on earth be builded,  
Just "beyond the happy border,"  
By worthy deeds adorned and glided.

Gone from winter chill and bare  
To summer lands forever vernal;  
Gone from wear and pain and care,  
To that sweet home of love eternal.  
Dead? Oh, no! she is not dead,  
She whose smile was ever winning,  
But in a fuller life she stands,  
Her true trust is just beginning.

"Gone," did we say?—She is not this,  
'Tis but our mortal loss expressing,  
And we may feel her angel kiss  
And yet receive her angel blessing.  
Hers is the joy that shall endure,  
And ours the change that but is brief;  
We ought to bless the angel pure  
Who brought so much and took so little.

If tears we shed, oh! let them fall  
For our own poor mortal blindness,  
That hides beneath a funeral pall  
God's purest law of love and kindness.  
Smiles and joy and flowers for thee,  
Our angel-sister higher risen;  
Thine is all eternity,  
This thy worn-out, earthly prison.

We will gently put away  
What upon this earthly mission  
Served thee for a little day,  
Useless now to thy condition.  
From those who would be light  
We would never seek to hold thee;  
Fitted is thy spirit bright  
For the glories that enfold thee.

But we'll keep for thee a place,  
And, when free from higher duty,  
Bring us with thine angel grace  
Glimpses of that holy beauty.  
Let us hear thy voice once more,  
Telling o'er the sacred story  
Through the ever open door  
Whence you passed to scenes of glory.

This same way we, too, shall go  
Just a little further only;  
And the water's solemn flow  
Will not seem so half so lonely  
Since thy hand will reach across,  
Clasping ours to aid the landing,  
And teaching all the gain and loss  
To our darkened understanding.

So we bring but smiles and flowers,  
From whose fragrance we can borrow  
Promises of that better power  
Out beyond the reach of sorrow.  
There's no cause to weep for thee,  
Angel-sister higher risen;  
Thine is glad eternity,  
Ours the clouded earthly prison!

EMMA TRAIN.

### May Magazines.

THE ARCHA.—Wm. Ordway Partridge, a sculptor whose *Madonna* on exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts last autumn won unstinted praise as a type of womanhood, contributes the opening paper. It is, from many points of view, a remarkable one in its treatment of "An American School of Sculpture" in perspective, and a valuable addition to the constructive literature of this new era of thought and action. Louise Chandler Moulton, whose portrait is given as the frontispiece, and who has had the reputation many years of being a Spiritualist, writes "Four Strange Stories," which, though they may be new to some, are not "strange" to any one familiar with the facts of Spiritualism. Fred L. Hoffman deals with "Sutelo and Modern Civilization," in a manner that will attract to the subject all readers interested in vital social problems. Liberal views on subjects of popular discussion are presented by various able writers; Kate Buffington Davis on "Practical Theosophy," and Prof. Cone on "Evolution of Christianity Prior to Dr. Abbott." Gerald Massey contributes a poem, and the editor an earnest and able plea: "Room for the Soul of Man." Boston: Arena Pub. Co.

THE CENTURY.—The illustrations of the opening article, "At the Fair," are a marked feature of this number, and have never been excelled in this monthly. They consist of early morning and evening views of the buildings of the Exposition, which, half concealed by the rising mists, appear as structures of another and more ethereal world. Mr. J. A. Symonds gives "Recollections of Lord Tennyson," followed by a sonnet "To Alfred Tennyson" by Aubrey de Vere. "Personal Impressions of Nicaragua," illustrated, are contributed by Gilbert Gaul. The third of the series of "Leaves from the Autobiography of Salvini," will be read with interest. "Relics of Artemas Ward," is the title of an entertaining paper by Don C. Seitz. Its illustrations are a portrait and *fac simile*. The serial stories are continued, and Part I. of a two-part story, "The Legends of Jekyll Island," by Pietro Mascagni, stories, poems, and the contents of the "OmniBus," Boston: The Century Co.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—Phillips Brooks and Harvard University, is the subject of the leading article. It is given an account of the relations of Mr. Brooks with the university as a student and a teacher, the frontispiece being his portrait when the former, and the illustrations that follow many and of much interest. The phenomenal growth of American cities is vividly shown in an illustrated account of "The City of Seattle," by J. W. Pratt. The routine, study and social life at the Naval Academy are described by W. G. Richardson, U. S. N., with illustrations. A résumé of the exhibit of New England Art at the World's Fair, illustrated, is given by W. H. Downes, art critic of *The Transcript*. Other papers of interest are "Old Ship-Building Days at Duxbury," "The Legends of Jekyll Island," by Pietro Mascagni, stories, poems, and the contents of the "OmniBus," Boston: The Century Co.

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May 13.

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Apr. 23.

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