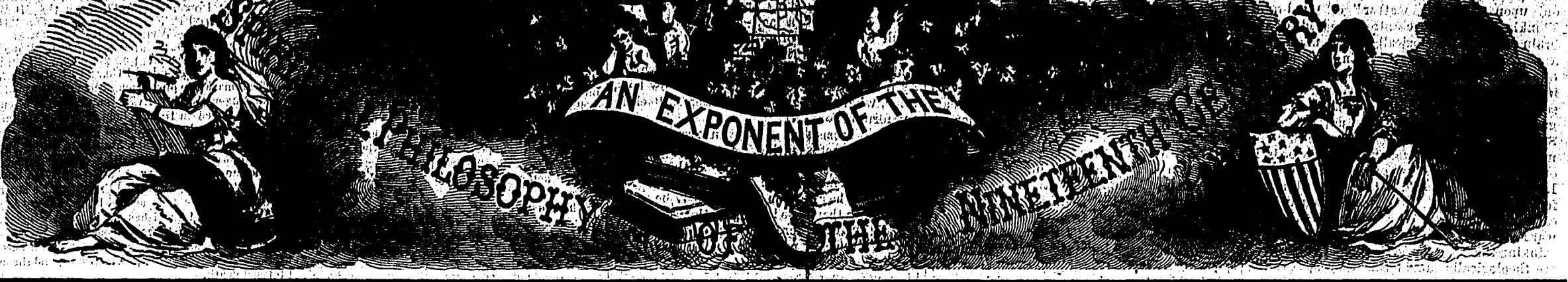


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Original Story.

### MARY ANNE CAREW: WIFE, MOTHER, SPIRIT, ANGEL.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,  
Author of "Ocasities: A Psychological Novel," "The Discovered Country," "Amy Lester," Etc., Etc.  
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#### CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.

"She is, at present, a little child," replied Sigismund to my thought. "This beautiful picture, which Annie has painted for you, is but a forecasting of that which is to be. And as I gazed the picture slowly faded from my sight. "Of that which is to be?" I repeated. "How is it possible to know that which is to be?"

"That which was, is; and that which is, was," said Sigismund; "therefore, to the wise, that which is to be, is. You have been taught in the past that God knoweth all things, all that ever was, all that is, all that ever shall be. Now there is a great eternal truth, or law, hidden within those words, and when once your mind is entirely disabused from the idea of a personal God in the form of a man, and you accept the great truth that the soul of man is the God-soul, you will at once comprehend that all there is to be may be known to the soul of man; and as Annie's soul has been freed from the material for many years, and become more wise and God-like, she is able to see that which was, that which is, and that which is to be; at least, she can comprehend these things through long periods of time, which to your soul, not yet far advanced, might seem impossible."

"But how did Annie make that picture appear upon the wall?" I asked, utterly nonplussed. "It seems to me impossible, incredible!"

"You have been taught, also, that nothing is impossible with God, and you did not think such an assertion strange when you were on the earth. People there generally accept that thought as true. It is true, but not precisely as it is understood by man. I mean, not in the sense that there is a personal God, and to him and him alone are all things possible, but to the soul of man—the eternal God-soul of man—all things are possible; and, for this reason, Annie was able to paint the picture on the wall, as you will also be able to do when you have the requisite wisdom, the knowledge which is required to perform the act."

Annie gave me a bright, sweet smile.

"Sister," she said, "thoughts are real things to the soul. I but projected my thoughts upon the wall, so that you might be able to perceive them like a picture. Earthly paintings are nothing but thoughts transferred or made objective on canvas by the use of a few colors, similar to those of the rainbow bridge, mixed up in oil or water. But we have more knowledge and greater art in painting than the poor, plodding, material artist, who cannot make the picture within his soul visible until he has toiled for months, perhaps, with brush and paints on canvas. Would you not much prefer to paint pictures as you saw me paint them, perfectly, and in a few moments, with little trouble and intense pleasure, than be obliged to plod like an earthly painter?"

"Oh! yes," was my reply. "But your picture vanished away, and that of an earthly painter does not."

"Neither does my picture vanish," she said, "but will remain forever."

"Remain? Why, it is gone! I cannot see it."

"Cannot you?" she said, with a little, quizzical smile. "Look within your own soul, dear Mary, and tell me what you see. My picture is merely transferred to your soul, where it will remain forever."

And instantly within my mind arose the lovely picture, even more beautiful than at first, filling me with sweet hopes and joyful expectations, for to span the gulf had been my first earnest prayer or desire, and the picture was a sure forecasting of its fulfillment.

"The earthly painter's picture can easily be destroyed," said Sigismund, "but both pictures, never. Material things are fleeting and perishable, but spiritual things endure forever."

The picture was so exceedingly beautiful, and I had been so happy in its contemplation, that for the moment I had lost sight of the fact that it must necessarily refer to a period of time very remote from the present. Certainly, very many years must pass before that dear little boy could be a man of mature years. My spirits fell as the thought forced itself home to me.

"Oh! Annie! Annie!" I cried; "you cannot mean that nearly half a century must pass before I shall be able to span the gulf between my darlings and myself?"

"Mary," she replied, "what signifies half a century, or more, to a soul who can never, never die? Have you not half of your precious children here with you now? And, sweet sister, look again upon the wall."

My eyes rapidly turned to the blank place on the wall. Where the first picture had made its appearance another one was slowly outlining itself, and, presently, it glowed distinctly in all its beauty: it appeared to be the restless ocean, without any land visible. At first nothing was visible but a waste of waters. The waves seemed to be rolling in one after another. Soon I caught sight of a little form floating upon the water, and with each wave the child was borne nearer and nearer; until—oh, happiness!—my baby was thrown almost into my arms. I made a sudden spring, as if to catch her, when remembering it was but a picture, I sank back with a gasp.

"Your baby will soon be with you, dear Mary," said Annie, "and then four children will be here, while only two remain below. Those on earth may not be conscious of your loving care for many years, but that will not deter you from watching over and guarding them from harm. Ay, you can do far more for them here than you could there. As soon as you obtain the requisite wisdom, you can nearly shape their course in life; you can daily feed their little souls with the breath of your heavenly love, and silently instill into their minds wisdom and power. Eventually the beautiful bridge spanning the gulf will be thrown across the abyss, and the feet of angels shall walk to and fro upon it."

"I begin to comprehend you at last," I said, starting up. "My love can do very little until I obtain more wisdom. One must understand how to do before one can accomplish anything, and like a growing child I long to begin."

"You began some time ago," said Sigismund. "You have already taken your first steps, and are about to walk alone, or in other words, to seek wisdom for yourself. In dropping error and taking up truth you have advanced quite a distance on the road to wisdom, and you feel some strength within yourself, do you not?"

"Oh, yes," was my reply, as I moved briskly about the room. "But where are the children? Is it not nearly time for them to return from school?" going to the window and looking out.

"The children do not live here," said Annie; "they merely came to welcome you. This is one of my homes, and your children do not reside with me. Now, sweet sister, you shall have your desire between two things; yes, between three. Sigismund and I will take you to visit one of the saints, the school in which your two little girls are placed, or we will take you directly to an educational hall for ladies."

"Am I not, then, to live here with you, and have my children live with me?"

"Such a course would not be the best way to obtain heavenly wisdom," answered Sigismund; "and as you are now in quest of wisdom, if you were to remain in this place you would not even be able to teach the two little girls who are here in the heavens; they are at this time wiser than yourself, and you can learn much from them."

I felt a slight pang of disappointment, and seated myself while deciding which of the three things were preferable. Certainly a visit to one of the saints must be instructive and delightful, an educational hall for ladies would be charming, but my two little daughters rested nearer my heart.

Again my eyes roved around the beautiful room. There stood the white bed, but I was not weary, therefore the bed did not entice me, there being no present need of it. As the foregoing thought arose in my mind, the bed began to grow dim, and at length disappeared entirely. I looked into Annie's eyes with astonishment.

"Why! where has the bed gone?"

"We have nothing here which we do not need," she replied, "and as you have no further use for the bed, we have dispensed with it."

"Dispensed with it? Why, what do you mean?"

"We created that bed especially for you at a time when you needed it. Surely, dear sister, you must perceive that the bed could not have been a bed created like those of earth. Consider, for a moment, all that goes to make up such a bed on the earth. First, an elaborate bedstead. Think of the time and labor of many workmen, which must go to make even that. Think of the years upon years which must pass before the trees can grow that form the wood out of which it is made—especially if it be an oak bedstead—of the art and elaborate carving, of the woodman who felled the trees in the wild old forest, of the saw-mill, of the great wheels and saws used before the rough planks were even formed, of the turning-mills and lathes; then of the mattress stuffed with hair, and the looms; the girls who weave the cloth; the labor that is required in the careful preparation of the hair of animals; then the fine sheets and woolen blankets; the downy pillows plucked from geese, and the labor of making them; and last, but not least, your bed had a white satin quilt. If that were made as they are made on earth, think of the thousands of silkworms and their cocoons; the labor of preparing and weaving the silk; the extra labor of making it into satin, so beautifully white and glossy, besides the making and quilting of the quilt. Ah! sister, it is much better to live in heaven than on earth, for I formed that beautiful bed in a very few minutes within my mind, and like the picture on the wall it became a real object, because of my desire to serve you in your time of need."

Then slowly one by one each object within the room disappeared, and lastly the window, together with the walls.

"The room and all it contained we created for you, Sigismund and myself created them within our minds, because of our desire to do so; and they became real things to your spirit, because they were of the spirit, and you are a spirit, and can perceive and make use of spiritual things, which are thoughts of spiritual beings, thrown from their interior, projected into space according to natural law governing thoughts."

My easy-chair had also disappeared with the rest.

#### CHAPTER VII. VISITING THE SCHOOL.

ANNE, Sigismund and myself were now standing together on what at first appeared to me to be an open plain; and I shall describe to my readers this lovely landscape, as nearly as it can be through a mortal's hand holding the pen to write out my thoughts, the thoughts of my recollections, as they are projected by me upon the sensitive plate of the brain: for the person who writes is like one who stands upon the rainbow bridge, a medium, standing halfway between the two worlds, the connecting link between heaven and earth, one whose hand I now clasp after nearly half a century has passed.

Oh, solemn thought! The mother who has waited all these years, and but just consummated her first earnest desire or prayer; who, all these years, has been earnestly striving to obtain heavenly wisdom that she might be able to teach her loved ones, care for and protect them: for love and wisdom are of no value unless used for the benefit of earth and heaven.

Oh, treat your mediums well! Be kind to them, standing as they do halfway between heaven and earth; too spiritual to do hard battle with earth and material things; not yet freed from the body, therefore often clogged and dragged down by it and their earthly surroundings. Treat them well. Uphold and encourage them: Shield them from inharmonious conditions, for their extremely sensitive natures instantly reflect the conditions around them, and if you drag them down by your own inharmonious states, do not expect they will clearly reflect heaven. The faults are with yourselves more than with the mediums. Do not yourselves destroy the conditions necessary to obtain wisdom, love and happiness.

We stood upon an open plain, and the eyes could roam for long, long distances around. The ground beneath our feet was soft and elastic. For a short time I sprang up and down upon it, somewhat as a child does when first sitting down on springs, more for the pleasure the elastic springing motion gave me. My feet, really, scarcely touched the ground at all.

The most exquisitely beautiful flowers were growing profusely around, more perfect and beautiful than any ever seen on earth, yet of the same species.

"The earth," said Sigismund, "rolls as a nucleus, about five miles beneath us, and we roll with it. We are now within the first Spiritual Sphere which surrounds the earth, and this sphere rests upon the earth's atmosphere. Our

atmosphere is ethereal and our earth spiritual. If you let your gaze rest downward for a short time, Mary, you will be able to see the earth," and he pointed downward.

I looked with eager curiosity, and at length could see the earth for many miles in extent; could distinguish numerous towns and cities, the ocean, forests, hills and mountains; but oh! how dark, coarse and ugly they looked compared with this beautiful, spiritual, ethereal world. They were heavy and gross, while this world was light, airy, refined and exquisite. This spiritual earth did not obstruct our sight in the least. One could look through it as easily as one looks through glass.

"Glass is a very substantial substance," said Sigismund. "It will keep out air and water, yet one can see through it with ease. Our spiritual earth is substantial to us, yet we can see through it, but, unlike glass, we can pass through it as well. The spiritual particles composing it are so rare and transparent that they do not obstruct our sight, neither do they obstruct man's sight on earth, and that is the reason why he does not perceive anything between himself and other planets except his own atmosphere, which he is well aware does not extend very many miles in thickness about the earth. He looks through the spiritual world as one looks through glass, and would not know it was there unless he came in contact with it. A man looking through spectacles would not know they were on his nose if it were not for the rims and weight of the frame. The spiritual world can only be seen by spiritual beings."

I now raised my eyes from the earth, and let my sight reach out as far as possible into the spiritual world, and here also were beautiful cities, towns, forests, mountains, lakes, rivers and ocean, all sparkling like jewels of light. Reader, if you have ever blown up a soap-bubble when a child, imagine something a little like it, but exceeding it by many degrees in beauty; imagine this bubble ten thousand times ten thousand larger, filled with all manner of life, and you have but the faintest outline of that which I wish to convey of the atmosphere and landscape around me, as far as the eye could reach, and the earth as a dark, coarse nucleus. The coloring of this beautiful world was ten thousand times more beautiful than the colors within a soap-bubble or a prism. The colors of the rainbow are even gross compared with the coloring of this lovely land. Truly, it is the land of immortal and glorious beauty.

Earthly writers write romances of earth. Oh! let me write romances—true romances—of this heavenly country, where love never dies or grows weary; where youth is perennial and everlasting; where death or decay never enters; a vast store-house of all things which take root and grow on earth, and then translate themselves here.

"Mary," said Annie, "we are now ready to go wherever you wish."

"I should like to visit all three of the places you mentioned," I replied.

"You can do so if you wish. You have only to decide which place you would like to visit first."

"Then I will visit the school where my little girls are. I greatly desire to know just how children are educated here in this beautiful world."

"Very well," she replied, and we started.

I did not follow after them this time, but was able to keep by Annie's side without much assistance from her. The short journey was so delightful that I must tell my readers about it.

We left the plain, and entered a grove. There were many kinds of trees within this grove, and all so exquisitely perfect that it was intense happiness just to look at them. There they stood in all their immortal beauty: the oak, the maple, the elm, the pine, and many others. A gentle breeze was singing sweet and solemn anthems through their branches, and beautiful birds perched among the green and perfect leaves, joined their musical notes in harmony with the singing wind. Soft moss covered the ground like a carpet. All around were trailing vines and most beautiful woodland flowers. Nothing was crowded. All seemed to have plenty of room, and, of course, there was not a decaying leaf or twig, no prostrate rotting logs, everything was glowing and sparkling with fresh perennial beauty. All seemed to find their places by a natural law which I did not at that time fully understand—and do you, my dear sir, or madam, understand the natural law that causes your oak, elm, pine, or the birds and flowers which are in your earthly groves, to grow and find their natural places, when you are disposed to walk therein? And I did not understand, as I now do, the laws which governed this beautiful spiritual grove. It was enough for me, at that time, to walk through it feeling the joy and happiness which it gave me as a child of earth does when gathering its woodland flowers. The child laughs and sings as naturally as the trees and flowers grow, without questioning how they came there. If one were to ask the child how they came there, it would look at the questioner in surprise, and answer: "Why, they grow here;" it was enough for me to know that all this beauty grew here naturally.

Presently we paused by a rippling, singing brook. There was no hurry. Why should an immortal being hurry? The thought forced itself home to me, that eternity stretched forever before me, and death or decay could never more touch me. I felt a strong desire to sit down on this mossy bank, to rest and dream. Dream of what? Ah! rather to drink in all this beauty, to make it a part of my very life; and so we seated ourselves on the soft turf.

Annie and Sigismund had remained quite silent. Really, conversation was not needed. To breathe in this delightful life, and observe, was enough. As we sat there I saw many wild animals, but it surprised me no longer, for my mind had recognized the truth that all life, of whatever kind, was immortal, and lived here in this heavenly world as naturally as it had lived on the earth. I saw that the chain of analogy ran up into this world; that is, all life and beauty on earth had its root in the earth, and all life and beauty here had its root within the life and beauty which the earth produced.

As we thus sat dreamily gazing, I espied a tent across the brook among the trees, or, rather, as I soon saw, an Indian wigwam. A lovely Indian maiden came tripping down a little footpath, smiling and beckoning to us.

"Shall we let Dancing-Water ferry us across?" asked Annie turning to me, "or would you prefer to float over?"

The Indian maiden attracted me, and I replied:

"Oh! we will let her ferry us across."

Annie waved her hand, and Dancing-Water stepped into a beautiful little canoe that was rising and falling with the mimic waves; a slight movement of her paddle, sent the frail boat across; it touched the shore just at my feet. The lovely girl stood up in the canoe, her beautiful eyes fixed on mine.

"Ah! pale-face squaw, just come to happy hunting-ground?" she asked. "Welcome! welcome! sweet sister!" and she threw a bunch of the most fragrant flowers into

my lap. "Going to little pappoose's school over there?" and she pointed toward the east.

"Yes," answered Annie. "This lady has two little girls at that school, and we are about to pay them a visit. You may ferry us across, Dancing-Water, if you please."

This beautiful Indian girl appeared to be about sixteen years of age. She had an oval face, with soft, lovely features, clear, brown skin, large, flashing, dancing, black eyes. Her thick, shining black hair hung down her back nearly to her feet; her rounded arms and limbs were bare. She was clothed in a single short skirt, of what appeared to be a beautifully spotted leopard skin, together with a little sleeveless blouse waist of white satin. A bunch of red popples rested on her swelling bosom. The canoe was like one of birch bark, lined with soft, white furs; there were two seats, which were like pearl, and the boat was strewn with the brightest and most fragrant of flowers. Her two little hands grasped the paddle, which was of ivory. Once or twice she took one of her hands from the paddle to throw kisses to me, while saying:

"Welcome—welcome! sweet pale-face lady! Welcome to happy hunting-grounds."

We were soon seated in the boat, and with a few dexterous movements she shot it across the stream. Thanking her, we waved farewell, and were soon gliding onward. We had not advanced far when in the distance I espied a little group coming toward us, and as they drew near I perceived a young lady surrounded by eight or ten little ones.

"The children are coming to meet us," said Annie, with a smile.

And presently my two little darlings rushed toward me from out the band. I caught the youngest in my arms and covered her little cherubic face with kisses, while Agnes, the elder, had grasped my hand and was caressing it rapturously. Putting her little sister down, and kneeling, I smoothed Agnes's curly, golden hair, embraced and kissed her fondly.

"Oh! my precious darling!" I said. "Mamma has come to see you this time. But where is Joey? Is he not with you?"

"Joey does not belong to this school," replied Agnes, "but we can go to see him whenever we want to, and he comes to see us. Joey is in a school for boys; they are all older than we are, and learn different things."

Annie now introduced me to the guide, or teacher, of this band of little ones. She was a beautiful young lady, perhaps eighteen, clothed in flowing, spotless white, with large, soulful, violet eyes, soft brown hair, coiled smoothly and loosely at the back of her head. Her form was perfect; her movements graceful in the extreme. I noticed a beautiful brooch at her throat, which contained a miniature set with pearls. She gave me her hand in welcome, and a soft smile parted her sweet lips.

"We are very glad to see you, dear madam," she said, "and I hope you will be pleased with the care I have taken of your little ones."

My heart bounded toward her in love and thankfulness.

"Then it is you who have cared for and taught my little babes, who left me weeping and mourning over their cold dead forms. I thought their little souls had gone to be with Jesus. It is you, instead of Jesus, who have cared for them?"

"Yes," she said softly, "it is I who have kept them with me in this little school. There are countless numbers of babes and children here in this world; they could not all be with Jesus. Thousands of young ladies, like myself, take charge of little children, guide and teach them. Each band usually consists of about eight or ten. I have at present ten with me, but two of the older ones will soon go to another guide, or school."

"Surely, I can never thank you enough!" I said, pressing her hand to my heart. "Can you understand the gratitude of a mother's heart toward the one who has cared for her little babes, whom she supposed were lost in the great maelstrom of death, when she finds them blessed, happy, and content with such a beautiful, angelic being as yourself?"

"Yes," she breathed, "I understand, I comprehend your mother-heart, for I have visited you many times before you left the earth. I often took your babes to see their mother, not wishing them to forget you, and if they were lost to you for a time you were not lost to them. They have visited you nearly every day since coming here to live with me."

I now looked at the other little ones composing the band, and recognized two or three of them whom I had known on earth, had wept with their parents at their death, had helped shroud their little bodies for the grave; and here the precious darlings were safe, beautiful and happy. Oh! my soul was singing for joy.

[To be continued.]

## SPIRITUALISM AND MENTAL HEALING.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

There ought to be much in common between Spiritualism and Mental Healing. There certainly cannot be any disagreement between what is true in each, for one part of Truth can never be out of harmony with its counterpart. It is quite a natural inclination to emphasize some particular side of Truth, often, somewhat out of proportion, but perhaps in its general evolution this may not be entirely harmful. The main thing to be guarded against is that in viewing one side too intently, we may not, unwittingly, miss some of its important harmonies and relations. The term "mental healing," as here employed, is used in its broad sense, as distinguished from "Christian Science" of the Eddy school, which is a thing by itself, not here considered.

The fact that mental healing and Spiritualism are two phases of spiritual truth which come together in many highly developed personalities, is good evidence that they are in perfect accord when they are not misapprehended. Seers like W. J. Colville, Dr. J. C. Street and many others, who are experts or adepts in both departments, furnish conclusive evidence that the two are only different sides of one whole. With so much in common, it would seem wise for truth-seekers in both departments to cultivate a more general sympathy, and to give each other a more definite recognition.

Let us note a few points in common. Both are waging a general warfare against materialism. Both are generally ostracized by the press and public and frowned upon by theological and medical systems. Both are opposed to every form of religious and medical monopoly founded upon legal restriction. Both are seeking for the natural lines of spiritual law, while denying, not the divine, but the supernatural. Both aim to aid in the spiritual unfolding of mankind, and to help in the achievement of a victory over animalism and selfishness.

Conventional religious and medical systems have altogether become materialistic, and a united effort of all



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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.

## The First Step Toward a "National Religion."

The American nation (at a time when patriotism and common-sense should at least counsel a union of all for the good of all) presents a sorry spectacle to the peoples of the earth now gathered within its borders—many of whom are fixing eyes of question upon the workings of a free government regarding the rights of the masses. A great Fair, supposed to be devoted to the exhibition of the progress which the various races have thus far made toward the fullest development of mechanical skill, and the consequent mental enlightenment which follows in the train of improved human conditions, has suddenly proved to be more of an exhibition of narrow prejudice and backward-looking theological views. The organized "regular" ministry all over the country are formulating a boycott for the Fair, if it is ever thrown open to the people on Sunday; and we have the singular spectacle (according to press reports) of the representatives of the Government in Chicago actually threatening the local Directors with a call for United States troops to close by brute force—should said Directors (in answer to the demand of the people) open them—the gates of the Columbian Exposition on "the Lord's day." We wonder what He in whose name, virtually, those troops would be ordered out (should such a step be taken) would say to the narrow zealots who claim to bear His banner?

He who fearlessly confronted the Pharisees in defense of human rights—when his hungry disciples plucked "and did eat" Orthodox corn on the Sabbath day—replied to the "gate-closing" element of his time: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath!" But his pretended followers, in the nineteenth century, wish to wrest the grain of the world's gathered knowledge from the hands of the starving people, and to declare, in effect, that their great Leader was in error in his latitudinarian declaration.

Let us not deceive ourselves, fellow countrymen. The closed gates of the Columbian Fair on Sunday mean more than a temporary triumph of bigotry; and if by any means, yielding to the popular pressure of the hour, those gates are opened on Sunday, the spirit of religious intolerance which exists in this land—and which primarily closed them—has clearly shown itself (even if obliged temporarily to recede, from policy) and all may read on its Pharisaic phylactery the blistering legend: "GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION!"

The General Conference of Seventh-Day Baptists have issued an appeal and remonstrance against the action of Congress in closing the World's Fair on Sunday, as deciding a religious controversy, and establishing a religious institution by legislative process—and their protest is valid. The vital point made in the resolutions adopted by the Conference is that this "closing" article is but the first long step taken toward establishing a "national religion." It is, say they, a serious departure from that generous disposition of this government, which, offering an asylum to the persecuted and oppressed of every nation and religion, has made this nation the glory of the ages, and the admiration of the world. But instead of holding forth an asylum to the persecuted, they are themselves a signal of persecution. They (these Sunday-closing legislators) degrade from the equal rank of citizens all whose opinions in religion do not bend to those of the governmental authority. And henceforth, if this legislation is to stand, the magnanimous sufferer from this cruel scourge in foreign regions must view this action of our government as a beacon on our coast to warn him that he may be on earth no haven where he may be secure from religious oppression and persecution. The Conference declared that we have full right to be religious, or not religious, to worship, or not to worship, to observe a day, or not to observe it, according to the dictates of our own consciences, and the convictions of our own minds.

Little Fowler, the well-known medium, is at present located at 1107 F street, Washington, D. C. She is kept busily at work; but expects to go to Chicago soon.

## A Parliament of Religions.

Tennyson, it is said, brooded much in his latest days over the oneness of human need and spiritual aspiration after God. Mr. Higginson speaks of the sympathy of religions, which is the spirit that breathes through Tennyson's poem, "Akbar's Dream." The Mogul Emperor, and that was his dream as versified by the late Poet Laureate. The scheme for such a Congress, conceived by a good Eastern ruler, is to be executed at the Chicago World's Fair in September next. Twenty centuries ago just such a congress was held in India by the great Buddhist Emperor, Asoka, in the city whose modern name is Patna, and the noblest lessons of tolerance therein enunciated were embodied in stone records and implanted in the four quarters of his extensive empire. But they left no great impression on the religious thought even of India.

The projected Parliament has received the sincerest endorsement of the most distinguished religious teachers at home and abroad. Professor Huxley is reported as saying that "comprehension is more than half-way to sympathy, and comprehension, not exclusiveness, is the key to the world's progress and enlightenment at the present time." Among the objects of those promoting this Parliament the following are given: To make a full exhibition of the religious institutions and forces under which modern society is having its notable development; to indicate the ground of sympathy and cooperation, and the points of general conviction, among sincere seekers after God the world over; and to discover from each faith, and from the lips of its own teachers, what are deemed the distinctive articles of its own belief. The Parliament is to open on Monday, Sept. 11th, and continue for seventeen days. The program is for different religious bodies to present their history and distinctive doctrines, and more than a score of the leading churches of Christendom have accepted invitations to be present and make such presentations. Over sixteen hundred men, called eminent in religious life and work, and representing, as stated, nearly all the great Christian churches and the leading historic faiths, have accepted places on the advisory council, while others are said to favor it because of the aid it will bring to the study of comparative religions.

The several themes covered in the expected discussions of this unique assemblage are such as the following: God, Man, Religion as the Expression of Man's Relations to God, Systems of Religion, The Sacred Books of the World, The Universal Sense of Sin, The Incarnation Idea, Different Schemes for the Restoration of Fallen or Faulty Man, The Religious Leaders of Mankind, Religion in its Relation to Science, Arts and Letters, Religion and Morals, Religion and the Family, Religion and Woman, Religion and the Poor, the Erring and the Criminal, Religion and Civil Society, The Fraternity of Peoples, The Religious Mission of the English-Speaking Nations, The Present Outlook of Religion, The World's Religious Debt to Asia, Europe and America, The Religious Reunion of Christendom, The Religious Union of the Whole Human Family, The Elements of a Perfect Religion, The Characteristics of the Ultimate Religion.

Now if such a congress of the real representatives of the world's religions included something more substantial than the religions founded on faith merely, it would be something to excite universal gratitude and gladness. But faith as a religious leverage has been worked for about all it is worth. If faith is indeed so precious a thing, why do those who hold fast by it go into such a frenzy of rage when they are assured that their faith is now not only reinforced but supplanted by KNOWLEDGE?

## The Spiritual Phenomena.

The phenomenal truths of Spiritualism have been testified to for forty odd years by many distinguished persons, representing the highest mental capacities in law, letters and science, and in social life, on both continents. The most of them are not only believers in Spiritualism, but nearly all have an absolute, positive knowledge. We have several times published a long list of such names, and it could easily be extended until it would fill several columns of THE BANNER, which is evidence enough to prove that the believers in Spiritualism are not those who are "weak-minded, superstitious or bad," although Christians and Infidels alike frequently call in question the asseveration of the most competent witnesses regarding the phenomena—whose evidence would not be questioned in a court of justice. We could mention John Wesley, the founder of Methodism; Swedenborg, the great philosopher, scientist and seer; Jesus Christ, the great teacher, and his twelve disciples; Confucius, Pythagoras, and many others; yet from year to year (like the slurs against the patriot Thomas Paine) the mediums of to-day are tabooed for no other reason than that they are healers of the sick, as was the humble Nazarene, and who while entranced speak in unknown tongues, "but by the same spirit." The time will most assuredly come, however, when all this will change, and our media instruments will be looked upon as the practical saviors of the race.

In concluding this paragraph we cannot refrain from quoting the following from the pen of Desmond Fitzgerald:

"Spiritualists are the depositaries of a great truth—a truth for the establishment of which they appeal to experimental facts, capable of repeated verification. 'A fact,' says Carlyle, 'is a divine revelation; and he who acts contrary to it acts against God.' A truth confirms one another when read aright. It is a truth through facts, truth free from all controverted dogmas, that Spiritualists aspire to."

## Would Veto It?

Read what Mrs. Belle V. Cushman says—under New York City heading—regarding the recent visit which Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham—delegate representing the Society of Ethical Spiritualists—had recently with Gov. Flower of the Empire State. The report shows that the Governor is "the right man in the right place." THE BANNER was not mistaken when in its recent editorial it claimed him as a brave and steadfast friend of religious freedom for ALL!

A. E. Snell, Esq., Cameron, Ida., writes us of the Bangs Sisters, No. 11 Elizabeth street, Chicago, Ill.: "Too much cannot be said in their praise; I know they are not deceivers, but are pure and beautiful ladies, and excellent mediums. The tests I have received, by slate and otherwise, were unquestionably true!"

Attention is called to the announcement in another column concerning Henry Wood's new work, "Ideal Suggestion," etc. We shall review the volume next week.

## Phenomenal Experiences.

A gentleman residing in Boston—not a spirit-medium—reports the senior editor that he has of late been visited periodically at night by a man who once owned the building in this city in which this informant resides, but who passed on some years ago. The specter is often seen; it often appears before him—in full view—but when questioned it remains silent, and quietly withdraws, his footsteps upon the floor being clearly heard. Sometimes, when this informant has retired for the night, the spirit, in this period of sudden atmospheric changes, will awaken him by closing a window when the weather has become unfavorable, or putting more clothes upon the bed. The narrator of this declares the whole thing is a mystery which he would like to have explained. So certain is he of the verity of what he has witnessed, that he wished the editor (as above) to—if possible—occupy his room with him during some night, being confident that the specter would be seen by both parties at the same time.

A gentleman from Providence occupied a room at the Crawford House, Boston, on the night of April 22d, next to that of the senior editor. While they were conversing together in the evening, there was a profusion of raps all around them; questions were properly answered, and the spirit (or spirits) seemed to be well pleased at the recognition of their presence.

On a recent Saturday a literary gentleman called at the hotel to see the senior editor on special business; after which he remarked: "Excuse me, but I have three times seen a spirit-lady standing by your side, looking at you very earnestly. I wonder who she is?" Several spirit friends were named by us, but he replied in the negative to each, until that of Mary Davis was mentioned, when he quickly replied, "Yes, it is her." This friend is not "a mercantile medium"—whatever that may mean to the doubting investigators (?) of the day—and isn't even aware that he is a medium at all.

Another very singular experience in the "psychic" line has fallen to the lot of the editor above named, which he presents to the notice of the Psychological Research Society—for explanation—if its members can fathom it, from their standpoint: A business man in a recent city has called upon him three times of late, manifesting great perplexity. He says he has been impressed on several occasions to lay his hands upon the heads of his intimate friends who have complained of being ill, and to his astonishment they rapidly recovered; but he has no idea how or by what process it is accomplished; and is not satisfied with what various mediums have told him in the premises. He does not consider himself a spirit-medium, yet is fully aware he possesses a certain power that speedily removes disease. "What is it?" he asks.

## The Present Number

OF THE BANNER embraces many points which should attract the appreciative attention of its readers.

On our first page PROF. PETERSEN, in his admirable story, "MARY ANNE CARREW: WIFE, MOTHER, SPIRIT, ANGEL," (now receiving continued publication in these columns), has a special word for mediums, and the kind and loving conditions by which mortals should surround them while they tread the necessarily thorny path of their mission to this present age.

HENRY WOOD—author of the new and justly-indulgent work entitled "Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography"—has an article in favor of placing more emphasis on the points of agreement between reformatory methods of healing.

W. A. CHAM contributes an essay, "PERENNIAL SPIRITUALISM," which is eminently suggestive at this spring-tide hour, and should be read in the thoughtful and teachable spirit in which it is written.

BRO. G. W. KATES, in "GHOST REALITIES," makes a strong defense of spirit-communion, and points out the verity of spiritual heredity, as well as physical.

THEODORE F. PRICE sounds a pertinent warning to all friends of freethought and spirit-communion on our second page.

"A MOONLIGHT SEANCE NEAR SIDNEY," and other articles under the heading "Phenomenal," will, on acquaintance, prove interesting in character and conclusive in testimony.

Other matter of diversified interest will be found on perusal.

## Infant Damnation.

Coming exceedingly pat upon the discussion of Rev. Philip S. Moxon's declaration for evolution is the printed report of some statements by Rev. Dr. Dickey of Philadelphia, one of the best-known Presbyterian clergymen of the country. If he is correctly quoted, says the Boston News, he has given vent to sentiments that are a disgrace to the nineteenth century, and to the education and culture which modern civilization is supposed to nourish. The reverend gentleman vigorously asserts his allegiance to the old doctrine of infant damnation, and declares that if the Presbytery were to strike that clause from the creed, and accept the doctrine that infants who died before being baptized are saved, mothers would be justified in killing their babes to save their souls. They would regard infanticide as a service to the Lord! The reader has to rub his eyes before he accepts this as a modern declaration from a noted clergyman. Dr. Dickey has always been considered a representative man in his denomination; but it is sincerely to be hoped that the church will not subscribe to any such atrocious and insulting statements.

A SUMMER HOME at Lake Marandacook, Me., is for sale at a reasonable price. The cottage is well built, contains eight convenient and good-sized rooms, the best of sanitary conveniences, and is partly furnished. It is situated upon the most desirable part of the charming lake—Craig's Point—and adjacent to the summer homes of Mr. Wm. S. Butler, Mr. Isaac B. Rich and other well-known Spiritualists.

The present owner wishes to sell, as he is to leave the East for an indefinite period. For further particulars, address C. P. L., care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

Mr. David Clapp, late of South Boston, passed to spirit-life last week at the ripe age of eighty-seven years. By trade he was a printer. He was the first publisher of the Medical Intelligencer, afterward the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, and his experience in the printing business reaches over a period when a Ramage press, worked by hand, was considered high art, and the modern newspaper presses were undreamed of.

Spiritualists wishing to receive free of cost a copy of the report of the proceedings of the Psychological Science Congress held in Chicago should send their names and address at once to Mrs. A. J. ALLEN, Sec'y, 12 25th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. H. B. Fay will hold her last seance of the season at 17 Appleton street, on Sunday, May 21st. She will be pleased to meet her friends this summer at her cottage, Pleasant Avenue, Onset, Mass.

MARRIED—On Tuesday, May 19th, 1898, Mr. CHARLES J. RICH, son of Mr. Isaac B. Rich, of this city, to Miss GERTRUDE LONG, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Long, of Cambridge, Mass.

## Good-News!

We are gratified to learn from Providence that there is to be no more compulsory vaccination in the State of Rhode Island! May 10th the Legislature passed an act repealing the present law requiring all school children to become vaccinated as a precaution against smallpox.

We received, during the past week, a pleasant call at our office from Mr. Frederick N. Broderick, a leading photographer at Ryde, Isle of Wight, Eng., who is now on his way to the World's Fair, via Canada.

To "A Veteran"—M. S. G.: Your generous gift is received, for which we thank you. We shall place it where it will do much good.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

**The Vaccination Tyranny.**—The mental side of hygiene is too much neglected, as Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell well affirms. In her recently published pamphlet in London, entitled, "Why Hygienic Congresses Fail," so long as we pay regard exclusively to the body, leaving the mind to take care of itself, we cannot expect to attain the "sound mind in a sound body." The neglect of the mental side induces morbid conditions and fears, distortion of facts, fallacious statistics, dangerous theories, and unjust theories tending to cruel panics. As an illustration of the latter, the Contagious Diseases Acts of Parliament in the past, together with the crop of inoculative remedies in the present, are strikingly noted. Dr. Blackwell shows that a great portion of sanitary legislation is practically a failure for the reason that it is out of sympathy with the people, and the people are out of sympathy with it, and demonstrates that such remedies as are urged by the current rage for inoculation are wholly unfitted for legislation.

She warns her readers that vaccination must not be confounded with inoculation, although bacteriologists improperly use the word to conceal the alarming practice of injecting the diluted virus of any particular disease, which is inoculation. Vaccination, on the contrary, is solely the injection of matter derived from a disease in the vacca, which disease is neither smallpox nor derived from smallpox, vaccinia in a healthy cow being a mild disease. She asserts that vaccination is not scientific. The generally mild disorder of vaccination, though arbitrarily and even tyrannically enforced on all children, is far from proving to be the prevention of smallpox which it is claimed to be, as is convincingly shown by the recurrence of epidemics of smallpox, by the occurrence of the disease in vaccinated persons, and still further by the demand now made by the French Academy of Medicine for legislative powers to compel repeated re-vaccination!

Dr. Blackwell rigorously condemns that arrogance of false science which presumes to trample on human rights while neglecting hygienic conditions. She believes that reverence and obeying sanitary law, and recognizing that pure air, cleanliness and decent house-room: secured to all the people, form the true prophylaxis of smallpox. But, she adds, the intolerable and degrading tyranny of compelling persons who conscientiously object to submit to this unscientific practice of vaccination, should be at once abolished as a legal obligation.

**Gratuitous Offending.**—The West Virginia Daily Sentinel, published at Parkersburg, West Va., in simply noticing the circular issued by the committee on behalf of the proposed Psychological Congress of the Columbian Exposition, first makes extracts in regard to the purposes of this Congress, proceeds to give the names of a small part of over two hundred names of the people distinguished in letters, science and philosophy who have been and now are contributing to the investigation of psychical phenomena, which he volunteers the information to his readers are "called by the vulgar, Spiritism" (etc). The editor protests at the close that he "expresses no opinion," etc., etc. We should rather say he did express an opinion, although in his own peculiar way. For instance, he patronizingly remarks that "it seems that this strange, and to many delusive, subject is to be finally taken out of the hands of the fakirs and frauds, and, if true [if what is true?] this 'subject' is to be scientifically demonstrated by men and women who are competent to dispose of the claimed facts." "If," he continues—"the facts are put beyond doubt, then the question of the continuity of personal existence beyond the grave is no longer a matter of faith, but of verity." The offense committed by The Sentinel consists, as it ought to know, in speaking of Spiritualism as "this strange and, to many, delusive subject," and in saying that it "is to be finally taken out of the hands of the fakirs and frauds," etc. The editor employs opprobrious epithets virtually to those veteran Spiritualists but for whom "psychical research" never would have been possible. He ought certainly to know better; but it seems he does not.

**Wealth as Its Dangers and Uses.**—It is on the authority of no less a man than Mr. Gladstone that the statement was made in a recent sermon preached by Rev. Charles G. Ames in the Church of the Disciples in this city, that the wealth of the world has increased more in the last century than in all the preceding centuries of the Christian era. The important question is, whether the real happiness of the race has proportionately increased? Why is it that, with the vast increase in wealth, there has not come a corresponding advance in real comfort and contentment? The reason given by Mr. Ames was, because we have mistaken the end of life and have substituted the material for the spiritual, and are given wholly over to a strife for wealth, for riches, for luxury, show and position.

Riches are all right in their place, but everything should be held for the promotion of one's true welfare. There never was more moral peril of over-estimating the material and underestimating the spiritual than there is to-day. We are too ready to hold that a man's life consists in what he possesses. If it is right to get wealth, it is right to save it, and it is impossible to preserve society without making provision for the future; our mistake is in estimating the comparative values of the material and the spiritual. A wealthy man without high motives is a sorry spectacle. The wealth of a nation is its people.

**An Inhuman Enterprise.**—A cruel repetition of the terrible horse-race between German and Austrian military officers, which so shocked the humane sentiment of the civilized world, is threatened to be repeated at the World's Fair. Some three hundred cowboys have arranged to start from Chadron, in Nebraska, on or about the 25th of June, on a similar race of over seven hundred miles to the Nebraska building at the Chicago World's Fair, the first arriving there to receive a purse of fifteen hundred dollars and the second a purse of five hundred dollars. The editor of Our Daily Animals, Mr. George T. Angell, vigorously protests against this semi-barbaric exhibition, and earnestly appeals to the ten thousand editors of the country and all Western Humane Societies, as well as all humane citizens, to prevent, by the power of the press and the enforcement of laws, this disgrace to a American civilization; so that, if this race is begun, no rider shall ever be permitted to enter Chicago having ridden two horses night and day, under whip and spur, over seven hundred miles to win these purses. And Our Daily Animals further asks all humane people in any city or town through which these men may attempt to pass to receive them with hisses and cries of "Shame!" In behalf of the dumb beasts themselves the editor earnestly prays the assistance of all who can to help save them from torture and our country from this disgrace.

**A Genuine "Quack" from a "Regular."**—Everybody knows that the Maine "Medical Bill" has been effectively killed for all time, we hope. A rather related "regular," however, lifts up his querulous voice in a late issue of the Bath Independent, as if to find relief for his bad feelings, declaring with might and main that the Medical Bill has been misrepresented to the people, and that "quacks" only put money in the physicians' pockets. Our mortally-wounded medical friend is specially hurt by the petitions which found such ready signatures by the people against the pretenses of his class. He says he found on one petition from Bath the names of lawyers, ministers, editors, merchants and educated men of all classes, but he patronizingly excuses them by saying they did not understand what the petition meant! All of which—in addition to other suggestions he makes—may be regarded as a very delinquent "quack" to sound from a "regular" source.

He is especially sarcastic in his allusions to the people of Maine, as judges of what they really desire for themselves and families; but the intelligent citizens of that State, and the law-makers thereof, have shown that they are able to "see through" all the specious pretenses of the "regulars," and will meet and squarely defeat all such measures looking toward the establishment of medical monopoly, whenever presented.

## A Spirit's Reply.

A correspondent desiring to get the opinion of the Spirit Intelligence presiding at our Free Circle regarding the Sunday closing of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, addressed to him the appended question, which was duly answered to the following effect, through the trance mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Longley, at the public seance held April 28th:

Ques.—[By H. D. Swett.] "Is the position of our Evangelical Churches in regard to closing the World's Fair on Sunday commendable and justifiable, to the exclusion of the tolling many who cannot lose one day without injury to their families? Will the Controlling Influence give an opinion from a spiritual standpoint?"

Ans.—[It is the united opinion, as far as we can learn, of all progressive spirits, that the attitude of the nation has officially taken—through its Congress—in regard to the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday is one to be condemned; because we of the spirit-life look upon this Fair (and its exhibits) as an educational process, a means of instructing the people of this country, as well as your foreign visitors, upon innumerable subjects and in relation to other lands, which will broaden their minds and give them an enlarged view of life and of human ability.]

Consequently anything which will deprive the people, especially that large class of individuals who, of all persons, are the ones that need this information and these educational advantages, of the opportunity of gaining this instruction is certainly to be deplored.

The Sabbath Day, so-called, was set apart for man, that he might have the opportunity to rest and recuperate his forces; that he might not be subjected to continual drudgery and toil, but that there might come to him one day out of seven in which he could "fill his material organism as well as his mental nature with new vitality, new thought and new motive power; and we affirm that to close the gates of the World's Fair upon the great industrial classes on that day of all the week in which alone they can visit it, would be to deprive them of their rights and privileges.

Some assert that by keeping open the gates many would be obliged to work upon the Sabbath day, and thus be deprived of their time of rest or change; but we believe this is not the motive of those who have been active in this movement, which is evidently made in the interests of Ecclesiasticism and of Old Theology. We believe that this matter could be easily adjusted by obtaining a new force of employes to take the place, at least for a part of the Sabbath day, of those who will be obliged to be in attendance upon the other six days of the week.

A religion that is so conservative, so bigoted in its action and expression as to deprive human beings of the advantages which would afford to them the means of expanding their minds and of gaining information and instruction, is certainly behind this progressive age.

We believe the time is not far distant when Theology will lose its hold upon the minds of the masses. Indeed, it has been fast losing its grip upon the people during the last half century; and, feeling this loss of power, it is putting forth every effort possible to at least keep what grasp it has upon the minds and liberties of the people of the present era.

We are not quite sure, Mr. Chairman, that the gates of the World's Fair will be closed all the Sundays during its progress. We would not be surprised if public sentiment had become so strong before mid-summer arrives that those who will try their utmost to keep the gates barred against the public on that day will be forced to make concessions to the public mind. We believe this not only because we see a trend in that direction on the mortal side, but also because we see a strong spiritual force brought to bear upon mortals who are connected with this affair from the mortal side of life, and we have no doubt the influence will be felt, and submitted to in a measure, at least.

**"A Citizen of the Universe."**—With the closest adherence to truth, does Charles F. Dole remark in the North American Review: "Take the highest type of man and see what is left after removing the present environment and the knowledge fitting it. Certain moral, mental and spiritual qualities give a man the citizenship of the world; and moral and spiritual qualities must give man the citizenship of the universe. He who has a pure heart, who abides by principle, who loves justice and mercy, would be at home anywhere in the universe." Spiritualism, we would add, demonstrates this mental conclusion to be a fact!

The recital of a straightforward evidence of spirit return will be found on our eighth page, under the heading "Maryland."

The Controlling Intelligence gives his thought concerning Bishop Brooks and his work in the spheres on our sixth page.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop is alive and well at—84! He will reside at Nahant during the heated term.

## Death of Dr. George W. Musso.

The Onset Bay Advertiser thus comments upon the demise of this prominent resident of that camp-ground:

"Dr. Geo. W. Musso passed to the higher life Thursday evening, May 11th. The remains will be taken to his birthplace for interment, and the funeral will be private, at his personal request. Dr. Musso was born in Newburyport, and was seventy-one years two months and eighteen days old. He leaves a widow daughter and two sons, both the latter noble and striking examples of their progenitor's virility. Dr. Musso was a remarkable man. Onset has had many such among her warm advocates, but none more so than he."

When a big-hearted man, with a strong predilection for scientific research and an iron will, sets out to travel the rocky road of metaphysics, and day by day grows firmer in his belief in the sham of conventional Christianity, something must break. When a unique character like this, whom a Victor Hugo would have immortalized for all time, refuses to accept other people's standards, but sets up his own, and has the consistency to stick to them—such a life leaves an astonishing effect behind. Such an effect does Dr. Musso leave upon many minds in Onset and elsewhere. Rock-ribbed in faith of immortality, with rare promises of aid and enlightenment to come to his earthly friends, which only they can understand and appreciate, George Musso has gone down to the Jordan.

Funeral services were conducted at the Cemetery Chapel in Lynn on the 13th inst., Dr. H. B. Storor officiating, by desire of the deceased.

## Conclusive Testimony.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Having, during the past ten months of investigation of the facts and phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, been favored with the ministrations of a large number of most excellent test mediums—all of whom have rendered me valuable assistance—I am led to say that none have excelled the guides of Mrs. A. J. WENSTER, of 84 Bowditch Street, Room 7, Banner of Light Building.

The clearness, directness, variety and breadth of information characterizing their work is especially marked. The test work also is ever accompanied by intelligent discourse of the most spiritual as well as instructive nature.

Earnest seekers after the light and truth of Spiritualism, or those desiring guidance in matters of private life, beyond the ken of the mortal vision, will not, I am sure, regret having sought their advice.

Yours truly, E. ANDRUS TITUS, South Abington Station, Mass., May 10th, 1898.

**Lake Placid, Mass.**—A correspondent writes: "Hattie M. Reed, of Brattleboro, Vt., is building a new residence 30x32, with wing 18x20, two stories, with French roof, all to be lathed and plastered. Judge Daley's cottage on the bluff and Mr. Fales' black on Montague street are completed—built by Mr. N. W. Henry and son. They are working on Mrs. Brown's cottage. Some of the streets are being cleared up, and there are already several new arrivals of residents for the season."

The Fulham cottage of fifteen rooms, with a large dining hall, is now ready for guests."

SAMUEL H. JONES passed to the higher life from his home in Needham, Mass., May 18, aged seventy-one years one month and three days. He was an earnest and consistent Spiritualist; was one of the founders of the First Lyceum of Boston; also a subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT from its earliest publication. A. L. JONES.



**MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE; or, The**  
**Force Question. Should Legislation Admit**  
**More Grounds of Divorce? Which Shall**  
**Married Partners, or Statesmanship, or Church-Reg-**  
**ALFRED E. GILES, author of "The Sabbath**  
**considered by a Layman," "Civil and Medical L-**  
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