

BANNER OF LIGHT.

HARVARD COLLEGE
MAY 25 1893

VOL. 73.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1893.

(\$2.50 Per Annum;
Postage Free.)

NO. 12.

Original Story.

MARY ANNE CAREW:

WIFE, MOTHER, SPIRIT, ANGEL.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

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

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CHAPTER VIII.

URSULA'S HISTORY.

URSULA soon approached the building used as a school-house and home for these little ones. They were all orphans, so their lovely teacher informed me. None of them had either father or mother in this world.

The house was situated near the banks of a beautiful lake. One could see the opposite shore, but quite indistinctly, and all around this exquisite sheet of water were other buildings, all apparently about the same size.

As we drew near, I perceived that the surface of the lake was literally covered with fairy-like boats, glittering and dancing on the waves; one could plainly hear the gleeful shouts of many voices. The little boats all had occupants, and they were playful, happy, cherubic children.

I paused in my surprise, and Ursula—that was the beautiful teacher's name—invited us into an elegant arbor near by, and close to the home. We took seats where we had a clear view of the lake. The children asked if they, too, might go out upon the water. Ursula consented with a playful wave of the hand. My two little girls clamored for a kiss, as they said:

"And we may go, too, may we not, mamma?"

I looked at Ursula, for all this was very surprising to me. It appeared quite dangerous for little girls to go sailing out upon such a great lake by themselves.

Ursula and Annie smiled.

"Run along, darlings," said their teacher, "and I will explain it all to your mamma after you are gone."

The children all scampered off. Presently I saw four or five little boats join the others, and one of them held my little girls. The boat in which they were was in form and color like a half-blown willow rose, and each little girl held a shining, golden paddle.

"Mary," said Annie, "Sigismund and I will leave you with Ursula for a short time; we have other work which we wish to be doing just now. Ursula has much to tell you, and it will be pleasant for you to remain awhile with your children."

She kissed me farewell. Sigismund took my hand, and, bending his stately head, pressed his lips upon it.

"Adieu for a short time, sweet sister," they said, and left the arbor.

I was alone with the lovely Ursula, but the dancing boats and the happy children held my attention, for the sight was so heavenly I could not take my eyes from it.

None of the little girls appeared to be more than seven or eight years of age, and there were hundreds of them. Each little boat contained two and sometimes three occupants; they were singing and dancing about like flying birds. The lake was a dream of beauty.

Dear reader, imagine a sunset in Italy, where the clouds are not so dense and heavy as they are in less favored climes—imagine one of the loveliest of these sunsets, with an expanse of sky all pearl and gold, azure, purple and white—imagine it really in undulating waves, dotted all over with fairy-like boats, these boats in various forms of the most beautiful things that can be imagined; some like lovely-tinted sea-shells, others in the form of roses, lilies, poppies, bluebells, and every beautiful flower that one can think of, beside a hundred other things, which I will not stop to mention; many of the children had little paddles, some like gold, others like silver and ivory; many others were like the stems and petals of flowers; lastly, these beautiful, seraphic children flashing their paddles in the water, swinging their small skiffs around as though keeping time to the strains of a waltz—and, my reader, you will get a faint idea of that which met my astonished eyes.

At length I turned toward Ursula. She was looking at me dreamily, her hands, like two white lilies, resting on her lap.

"Is there any danger of my children being drowned?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "There is no death of any kind in this land; they can sink down through that lake, if they wish to, without injury. I presume many of them will do so before they return; they explore the bottom of the lake equally with the surface."

And now I could see many of these children throwing themselves, as in sport, from the boats, playing awhile on the surface of the water, and then sinking out of sight; again, others were rising in groups to the surface, shaking the sparkling drops from their golden curls, joining their little hands, forming circles, and thus whirling around somewhat as earthly children do when at play; occasionally some lovely little head would rise up out of the water, just in the centre of one of the circles, and then they would whirl faster than before. I could hear them singing sweet, childish songs; at the same time many of the little boats were drawing near the shore in various places; the children would land, and then go dancing, hand-in-hand, up to one of the houses, or, as Ursula said, the houses were all schools and homes for these sweet, little heavenly orphans, whose parents still remained below. Then, as my attention became fixed, first on one house and then another, I caught glimpses of beautiful young ladies coming forth to meet the children; these were their guides or teachers. Each young lady had her own little group or band of children, and each child went to its own teacher and home.

"The heavenly spheres are filled with many thousand beautiful sights like this," said Ursula, "and millions of lovely children are educated in just such homes."

"These children all appear to be girls," I said, "and their teachers young ladies. Where are the boys and young men?"

"They are not far off," replied Ursula, with a smile. "But our heavenly schools are beautifully graded. You may call all you see before you one school, if you please, and each home a class. You may call this a school for little girls, all under ten years of age; none less than three. If you look off to the right of the lake, you will

observe a narrow channel, just where that large sailing vessel appears to be passing through to other parts. There is a twin lake beyond, very much like this, connected with this by that channel, and around that lake is a corresponding school for boys. We will visit it before you leave, if you like. That vessel, which is just now passing through the channel, has on board visitors who have been paying a visit to this school from the other, probably parents who have boys there and girls here."

"Why do not the boys and girls mingle together in schools, as they do on earth?" I asked.

"Higher wisdom orders it otherwise," she answered. "They visit each other, but do not mingle in the schools, and when you understand natural laws better, you will discover a great law regulating these homes."

I now desired to know more about this lovely Ursula—this teacher of innocent babes—this loving guide of my own dear little girls, and so I said:

"Have you been in this world very long? I feel interested to know something of your past life."

"Not very long," she replied. "I will tell you my history if you would like to hear it."

"I should like to hear it very much."

"When in the earth-life," she said, "I knew nothing of my parents whatever. I was a foundling—that is, I was found on the doorsteps of a rich man's house, by his servant, one summer's morning, about eighteen years ago—a little, wailing infant in a basket. The rich man's wife looked at me in horror, for she had suspicions that I was, the offspring of her faithless husband; and her suspicions were true—he was my father, as I have discovered since I came to this world—so she at once sent me to a foundlings' home. It was a Catholic institution, and I was christened Ursula, after St. Ursula. I love the name, and so retain it. I was under strict discipline until ten years of age, when I was sent to a convent. Of my life in the convent it is useless to speak, except to say that I worked hard, leading a very austere and silent life, scarcely ever leaving the convent. When about seventeen years of age I fell into a decline, and thus came to this world a few months ago. I did not take charge of this school at once, but was placed, myself, in a school for young ladies, and after a preparatory education there, was allowed to take charge of this class of little girls. Have you noticed that little girl with the dark hair and large black eyes? Well, that little one is really my half-sister, the daughter of the rich man, my father; the proud lady, his wife, is her mother. I was the first to receive her soul, and give it the love and care which it needed; now, I am her instructor in this school. My own father would not own me for his child, his lady wife sent me to a foundlings' home, knowing full well that I was her husband's child; I pined on earth for love, the natural love which my parents should have bestowed upon me; from austerity and need of that love, I fell into sickness, and what on earth is called death. One of the first offices which I am now called upon to perform is to receive the spirit of the little daughter born in wedlock, petted and acknowledged by my father, give her that love and care which they denied me, and it delights me to be able to do so. But, sweet lady, her wealthy parents, when she fell ill, called in the most skillful doctors who could be found; she was loved, petted and nursed to the amount of thousands of dollars; then, when the body could hold the little soul no longer, it was thrown out as helpless as mine was when I lay in a basket on my father's doorsteps; they sent me to a home for foundlings; I found their helpless little one, and have given her a home, instruction and much love."

"The rich lady had the little body, which was of no further use to her daughter, laid in the costliest casket that could be obtained for money; the funeral expenses were simply enormous, the monument over the grave cost a small fortune; the lady wept and mourned for the child, and would not be comforted, although she said the little one was in heaven, resting in the bosom of Jesus, and she would see her child again at the resurrection. Well, I have taken that little girl nearly every day to see her father and mine, and her weeping mother. We have tried in vain to make them feel our presence, and understand us, but the fashionable mother will not believe that the spirits of the dead can return, simply because it would render her unpopular in the church and among her friends; while my father, in secret, does not believe in a future state at all, but openly professes to think as his wife does, and both belong to the same church."

"My little half-sister is now an orphan, repudiated and cast off by both parents, although they know it not, but she is as sensible of it as I was when at her age I was repudiated and cast off by my parents, finding a home at a foundlings' hospital. My little half-sister died because of too much love and care. I died for want of enough. If she had been permitted to lead a more natural life, to play and romp about, and take less poisonous medicines, she would have lived out her natural life on earth. If I could have been loved and cherished by my parents, as I ought to have been, I should have lived out my natural life on earth. My little sister is nearly ten. I am almost eighteen. We are both orphans, and I am her guide and teacher. Suppose my unnatural father and her proud society mother knew the truth, do you think he would have cast me off, or she would have sent me to a foundlings' home, or now both cast off their most cherished little daughter? Her name is Theresa, mine Ursula, and dear lady, ours is one of the many touching romances of heaven."

Raising my hands and eyes in the earnestness of my desire, I exclaimed:

"Oh! that the gulf between the visible and the life invisible to mortal sight might be spanned!"

"Amen!" echoed my sweet companion, Ursula.

"But mortals must meet us half-way," she said, "before the gulf can be spanned; their minds must be receptive before they can receive our teaching, and their brains sensitive to spiritual things before they can be sensibly inspired with them."

I then related to this lovely girl my own experience—how I had already returned to the earth, but could not make my husband or children understand that I was there with them—how my dear husband's mind was clouded by his unbelief in immortality; but I have received a promise, or rather a prophecy, through my dear sister Annie's mind, that the gulf will be spanned. The prophetic picture was a bow set in the clouds like a bridge, and midway upon it stood a form; dear Annie called this person a medium between heaven and earth."

"Yes," replied Ursula, "I have already been taught, by one who loves me, that the bow set in the clouds is the bridge which will surely connect heaven and earth, and those who stand midway are the keystones in the arch; without them the gulf could never be spanned; those persons with large, sensitive brains, will receive truthful impressions, their souls will be receptive, and being still within mortality while yet they live between the two

worlds, one hand grasping heavenly knowledge, the other extending it to the children of earth."

"Dear Ursula, we are well fitted to work together," I said, "for we both earnestly desire the same thing: that our loved ones on the earth may recognize us."

"And when they do," she replied, "we can tell them of ourselves and the kind of life we lead here. When once this intercourse is fully established, it will change the whole face of the earth and the erroneous opinions of mankind concerning the future life and immortality. All the wrongs and sins that men and women commit they will commit no more. Think you my father would have thus wronged my mother and me, and now his own recognized child, if he knew just how it is here in the heavens? Think you he would have thus wronged his own soul? But he believes that death is the end; that the grave hides all sin and error. He knows that I am dead, for he kept track of me while I lived, although he opened not his lips for fear of detection, and he now thinks the grave has closed over his fault forever, whereas it lives on throughout eternity; it visits him every day; it tries to return good for evil—ay, my poor, unloved father! His gold has been his curse; but his children still live, and he will yet be glad to own his lost-off daughter some day. The grave cannot hide me. I am immortal!"

"And your mother?" I asked. "You have told me nothing of her. What of your mother?"

"Great tears started into Ursula's beautiful eyes. 'My mother! My heart-broken, deserted mother! She is in a convent, hidden from the world behind the veil of a nun; but the veil hides her not from the eyes of her loving Ursula. Ah! my mother knows me not, yet shall she see me shortly, for I shall receive her soul before many months are passed. My mother's fault was the fault of a loving heart that gave all, to her own harm; but her wrongs will all be righted as time goes on. My mother was a beautiful Irish girl. Her parents were staunch Catholics and well-to-do in life, but very strict disciplinarians. My father, at that time, was a young man and unmarried. He loved my mother as much as it was in his nature to love any one; he had asked her to marry him; she had consented, and all the wealth of her affection was lavished upon him. He took advantage of her youth and innocence, and then, shortly before the time set for their marriage, he deserted her, paid his court at another's shrine, where wealth was his sole object and love did not enter into his feelings at all; at the time of my birth he had been married nearly six months—long enough for his wife to lose all confidence in his loyalty to herself. When my mother's parents discovered how their daughter had been wronged, they were filled with rage and despair; upon her head they heaped anathemas and curses. There was but one way, so they thought, to wipe out the sin. As soon as her child should be born, she must enter a convent and take the veil. My father was a Protestant, and my grandfather swore that no Protestant's brat should ever find shelter beneath his roof. At last the hour came in which I was ushered into life—the hour that should have been one of rejoicing that an immortal soul was born; it was, instead, an hour for deep cursing, and as soon as my wailing voice was heard, my grandmother packed me in a basket and my grandfather carried me to the door of my father, rang the bell, and left me on the steps. Sweet lady, you know the rest. When my mother had somewhat recovered from her illness—they had told her the babe was dead; had died shortly after its birth—they forced her to take the veil, and she has been hidden for eighteen years."

"Shortly after coming to this world, I was taken by my guide or teacher to visit my mother in the cloister, and put into rapport with her unhappy mind; there I read all her wrongs, but me she knew not. I was then taken to my father, and here I found a world-serving man, whose aims in life were the getting of money, to reside in a palatial mansion, keep a retinue of servants, at the same time living in slavish fear of the fashionable world; these made up the sum of his life. Love or adaptation between him and his wife there was none; their only bond of union was little Theresa. She was the idol of both."

"When visiting my grandparents, I learned from their minds how they had disposed of me at my birth, and from the others all that I knew of myself previous to the time when memory first asserted itself."

"At the time of my birth my grandfather called me 'The brat of a Protestant!' and cast me on his doorstep as he might have done a young puppy—yes," she continued, "the tears falling down on her lily white hands, 'my grandfather called me a brat, my own father cast me forth with other offscourings, whilst Theresa, at her birth, was welcomed with joy, fondled and cradled in love and luxury, yet her father is my father, and my mother was the daughter of my grandfather.'"

I listened intently to Ursula's story. There she sat before me, more beautiful than a dream; graceful as a swan, pure as a lily; her large azure eyes swimming in tears, her sweet red lips trembling with emotion; her long hair had escaped from its confinement, and was sweeping about her like living threads of gold; and I began to realize that every angel in heaven had a romantic story to tell, either of joy or sorrow, guilt or wrong, but more likely all of the foregoing well mixed in their lives.

"Yes," went on Ursula, "I was a foundling. I am an orphan. My father and mother are both yet within the earthly sphere."

Calling herself and these children orphans struck me rather strangely, and I said:

"Why do you call yourself and your little band orphans?"

"I merely follow earthly teaching in this respect," she replied; "for it must be clear to you that if a child whose father and mother are here, and the child still left on earth is an orphan, the rule holds good that the child who is here and the father and mother on earth must be an orphan also. We often feel ourselves orphaned as much as the corresponding orphan does on earth. As for me, I feel doubly orphaned, for my parents disowned and cast me off even before I knew that I lived."

"But why do you take this thing to heart so sadly?" I asked, "for all the angels in heaven must love you. Certainly, you cannot be unloved. We have been taught on earth that the love of heaven exceeds that of father, mother, brother, sister, relative or friend."

"Natural laws hold as good here as on the earth," she replied. "One does not dream of saying that the inhabitants of earth love other fathers' and mothers' children better than they love their own. Do you love the children composing my band better than you do your own sweet little girls? You are an inhabitant of heaven now, and are as well able to answer my question as any other resident here."

"Why, surely, her questions were most surprising. 'I love all in a general way, but not at all as I do my own children.'"

"No," she said, "neither does any other spirit. You have also felt your widowhood as much here as you would have done had your husband been the one to come to this life instead of yourself."

"Oh! it seems to me I have felt it more keenly than I should had the case been reversed."

"Then, sweet lady, you have your answer," she said, "and for long periods of time you will be more interested in your own children, and will love them better than you possibly can those of another; therefore, dear lady, I am sadder than most daughters, for I am a double orphan."

"Yet you love your little band," I said, "and they love you."

"True," she replied, "but I love Theresa better than all the others. My own mother, in the convent on earth, is nearer and dearer to me than any other mother who lives, either here or there, and my father is my father always, and I love him accordingly. My love is enduring."

CHAPTER IX.

A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

URSULA'S little band of children now entered the arbor. We had been so deeply engrossed in conversation that we had not been aware of their approach. They had become weary of their play on the lake, and therefore had returned to their sweet guide.

My dear little girls rushed toward me fondly. I embraced Agnes, and then she quietly took a seat by my side, whilst the little one nestled in my arms. Ursula kissed them all affectionately, and Theresa remained near her; the others grouped themselves here and there about the arbor, chatting and laughing gaily.

"Would you now like to enter the house?" said Ursula; "or you may call it schoolhouse, if you prefer."

I assented, and we slowly moved in the direction of the house. And here I would like to pause and describe it—tell my readers just how a house, not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens, looks; yet there are no two precisely alike throughout all the heavens.

This little schoolhouse was the first one that I had examined closely; all the others had appeared somewhat in the distance, and Annie's house had disappeared before I had fully observed it.

This little house was in the form of a circular Chinese pagoda, a light veranda running all round it; the roof was bell-shaped, but instead of a bell an exquisite statue stood, one hand pointing upward, the other outstretched over a group of little children in statuary. The large figure represented a goddess so beautiful that it held me like a spell. The roof of this small structure appeared like shining gold; the statuary looked much more life-like than marble; in fact, the coloring was like the human form, and appeared soft and dainty; the drapery nearly transparent. The group of little ones was much the same.

The roof was supported by eight pillars, apparently of amethyst; each pillar was twined by a living vine; each vine differed from the other, and all were filled with the most exquisite flowers: around one was a lovely trailing rose, around another the dainty canary vine, and still another, the bright convolvulus; the others were vines such as I had never seen, and were beautiful beyond description. Hanging from the roof, midway between each pillar, were what looked like silver bells, and as a gentle breeze would strike them, they tinkled most musically.

The floor of the veranda was slightly raised above the level of the ground, and appeared to be of amber. Beautiful little wicker chairs and settees were arranged about, decorated with knots of pale ribbon of various shades. There were four doors leading from the body of the house, and they were open. Four large oriel windows alternated with the doors, and they were more beautiful than a dream; they appeared like stained glass, but the staining was like that of a brilliant sunset, yet more lovely still. The doors were like pearl, the remaining body of the house like pure garnet of untold value, but one could readily perceive that this beautiful edifice had never been made with hands; it was a heavenly mansion, constructed by angels from their thoughts, or the desires of their love, for these little orphans, wherein the band retired for repose, and to receive instruction in many branches of knowledge.

An elegant garden of the most beautiful flowers surrounded the house, and birds were flitting hither and thither, singing their sweetest songs. I noticed many little canaries that I at once perceived had been pet birds on the earth, but none were confined within cages here; they remained near the house for love of its inmates. There were also trees and flowering shrubs all around.

As we neared the gate, which led into the garden and to the veranda, a large dog rose up, with quiet dignity, to meet us.

"Are you glad to see us, Faithful?" said Ursula, laying her hand upon the dog's head.

He waved his tail slowly from side to side, and then turned his intelligent eyes on me.

"Oh! the strange lady is all right!" said Ursula, with a smile. "He thinks he must guard our doors here the same as he did on earth, and he will not allow a tramp to pass through. So you see we are all safe." Again she laughed with roguish glee.

"A tramp?" I questioned.

"Well, why not?" she asked. "There are thousands of tramps, thieves, murderers, and guilty creatures of all kinds ascending to this world, and one is as liable to meet with them here as there."

"Yet they cannot hurt you?" I said.

"They cannot kill our spiritual bodies, but they might injure the souls of these little ones if left without guardians. If these children were left to associate with low, degraded spirits, error would be instilled into their youthful minds, which must be guarded against. These children are immortal, and might be left without guides, but the angels, in their higher wisdom, know it is not best, and so they are graded into schools and classes, with each a competent teacher or guide."

"How strange it all is," I said, meditatively. "Surely, down on the earth they would not believe that there were schools in heaven."

"No," she replied; "but whoever thinks deeply on the subject, must arrive very near the truth. There are thousands upon thousands of little children coming to this life every year; what can they think becomes of them? These little ones have no knowledge to speak of; they are simple and innocent—little buds and half-blown flowers—destined in time to become wise angels; and if they were not taught, how would they ever obtain wisdom? What would be thought of a father and mother on earth, who were rich or even in good circumstances, if they were to allow their children to remain untaught or in perfect ignorance; do they not rather send their children to the best schools, and often spend thousands of dollars to instruct and educate them in all branches of knowledge, that they may become wise and accomplished? And really, is it not reasonable to think that heaven has higher and better advantages than earth can give? Heaven is not inferior to earth in anything, much less the methods by which children are taught."

[To be continued.]

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE NEW MORNING.

BY MRS. J. M. OSKAL.

Home day our eyes shall open to the light,
And Truth, a raiment of the soul, be white;
Then mused from the unseen realm we'll hear,
Though freighted barks to sunken rocks be near;
The path way from the earth to heaven above
Be smoothed and cleared by bright archangels' love;
For then life's tender ties shall severed be
By His uplifted hand, whose eye shall see
Our hearts laid bare; our simple love, be given,
Our going feet seek rest near Him, at even;
Some day the glad new morning shall be ours,
Its rising splendor, fairer than earth's flowers;
Some day, afar our steps shall reach His gate,
So we, in patience, sweet New Morn, shall wait.
Gloucester, Mass.

The Spiritual Postroom.

RELIGION AND MORALITY.

A Discourse delivered in Bradbury Hall,
Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday Evening,
Feb. 19th, 1893, by

WALTER HOWELL.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Perhaps no word in the English language has caused more controversy than the word religion. Each combatant offers his definition of it, while no one man's interpretation is universally approved. It may be desirable here to give one or two of the most generally accepted meanings of the phrase religion, in order that we may the more clearly perceive the relationship between ethics and the religious systems of the world.

A body of theological doctrine is called religion, as when we say, "The truths of the Christian religion." The ceremony of the church is called religion; for the rites and sacraments of ecclesiasticism are regarded by some as essential to true worship. The recognition of a given cult is regarded as the acceptance of religion; as in the case of nations said to have been converted in a day, which simply meant that the authorities had given power and position to a priesthood while the people still remained of the same faith, at heart, notwithstanding the innovation of the foreign sacerdotalism. Another definition is, a code of rules for priest and laymen; these are made up of moral precepts, churchian observances, such as fasts, penances, sacrifices and the like—a mixture of essential morality and non-essential rules of life. In these modern days of ours, there is a growing class of thinkers who give as their definition of religion the familiar words, "morality touched with emotion."

In addition to having organized the sciences into a coherent body of doctrine, Mr. Herbert Spencer has disrobed the various systems of religious thought for us, and revealed their common foundation, or unity. Religion has two aspects, speculative and practical. The former deals with the inscrutable mystery which underlies all phenomena, the latter recognizes in the manifested, the operation of "the power that makes for righteousness." We cannot avoid speculating about the one side, nor, if we possess any moral insight, can we escape the consciousness of the other.

Man early became aware of the existence of a moral and religious sentiment within him. Living in clans, and having interests in a larger self, awakened the moral sentiment. The consciousness of the presence of a mysterious power behind the phenomenal world excited inquiry into the why of things.

Worship of the ancestor led, no doubt, in a measure, to an avoidance of that which might be displeasing to the departed, and a performance of those things most pleasing to the household deity, or god of the tribe; while experience would generate a predisposition to do that which in the main conserved the welfare of the individual and the race.

There are those who think the feeling of right and wrong incapable of further analysis. But the naturalist sees in the adaptation of the animal to its environment the avoidance of acts which occasion pain and the performance of those acts which give pleasure, the beginnings of that element in us which becomes a moral instinct. I do not mean that the less begets the greater, but that the great manifests itself feebly at first, and from the less perfect expression passes to the more perfect manifestation of the moral power of the universe, which was all the while involved, and continually evolving.

The objection to making pains and pleasures the basis of morality is the fact that many moral actions are painful. It should not be overlooked that the most excruciating bodily pains are sometimes endured in order that spiritual joys may be obtained. We often sacrifice a lower pleasure for a higher one, and postpone a transient immediate gratification for a remote and permanent happiness. The more cultured we are, the more we contemplate remote results, and in these results, either for self or the race, we find our chief delight.

The feeling of right and wrong seems a fixity in us as to quality, but variable as to quantity. The idea of what is right and what is wrong is a progressive one, and depends upon our advancement in knowledge. The performance of the right becomes easy as we establish the habit of doing what we believe to be our duty.

It is not easy for the impenitent man to resist temptation, it is hard for the man of strong passion to withstand the allurements of the flesh, it is difficult for the avaricious man to perform a benevolent action; but the habitual abstainer, the passionless, and the philanthropist find it no hardship to withstand temptation; in fact it is the ruling love of life to be sober, chaste and charitable. If the one abstains or suppresses selfishness it is highly meritorious, while in the other case the merit is not so great but the morality greater. Commandments which in one stage of our development are the thunder of heaven, forbidding us to do what appetite prompts, at another and higher stage of our unfolding become the music of the spheres promising their protection. There is a vast difference between the command, "thou shalt not steal" and the promise of protection in the same words, "thou shalt not steal." The honesty which is only an impulse, and the honesty which is a habit of life, are widely asunder. In the one case the law towers above us, in the other we and the law are one.

James Freeman Clarke points out the dominant characteristics of the Teutonic and Celtic races as being in the one a love of justice, and in the other an appreciation of mercy. The English are lovers of truth, honesty, individual rights, etc. The French are polite, sympathetic, lovers of democratic principles; if ruled by a despot he must treat them as equals. Ethical problems arise where either one or the other of these root principles—justice and

mercy—comes into conflict. Justice is not really justice without mercy, and love is not really love unaccompanied by justice. They must marry, and their progeny will bless the world with all the graces of human loveliness.

If we had opportunities to judge primitive man as he really is, we should no doubt have a very different opinion of him to that generally entertained. We seldom find the love and confidence of the Indians, for instance. Their experiences with white men have taught them to distrust us. We cheat them when we trade, we lie to them if it suits our purpose, we demoralize them with liquor, and deluge their land with blood if we want their territory. Is it any wonder that they manifest at times the deepest hostility, mayhap treachery, toward us in return for this treatment?—When we see these traits of character in the uncivilized, or partially civilized, let us ask how much is a reflection of ourselves, and how much inherent character. For there are evidences of honesty, loyalty and truthfulness among tribes not yet corrupted by contact with immoral civilized people.

It is not easy to ascertain the real condition of primitive men morally, for they left no records behind them save such rude implements and pottery as we discover buried with their remains or find where they may have encamped for a season. Whenever we discover records upon stone or papyrus, we confront the remains of a people who had organized moral sentiments and rules of conduct. Here the echoes of conscience may be heard vibrating in unison with our own love of truth, justice and love. A study of ancient languages will help us greatly, for here we have a monument that though made of modified breath lasts when pyramids have crumbled to dust. We shall learn something of the morality of our forefathers from a study of old words. Then, too, if we come into long and confidential relations with the uncivilized men of to-day, a knowledge of their real character will help us, for though time may have changed them some, it has not effaced those features which characterized the men of prehistoric ages. Of course, we should guard against such errors as are referred to above, or imputing traits which are imitative, and the result of experiences of the uncivilized with the civilized.

In the Zoroastrian religion we see a highly-developed morality. To the Parsee, the universe manifests a duality: light and darkness, good and evil, are in conflict. Ormuzd leads on the soldiers of light to do battle with the powers of darkness and sin. Would you be on the side of victory? Then join the army of light, and win the field with the captain of our salvation. Brahmanism teaches in the laws of Menu the doctrine of metempsychosis, according to which immorality is punished by reëmbodiment into such forms of animal and vegetable life as the nature of the vice requires. A man who steals grain reappears as a rat. The development of any immoral trait which becomes a predominant characteristic, will fashion for itself a body to which the evil appetite corresponds. In the Buddhist faith, the law of Karma is the ethical principle by which nature produces a harvest in harmony with the seed sown in this or in prior states of embodiment. Buddhism emphasizes the Pauline doctrine, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The inscriptions upon the casing slabs of the Egyptian pyramids show most unmistakably that the people of the Nile valley had definite conceptions of right and wrong. They may not have been quite as good as their epitaphs represented them to be, but who is? These inscriptions prove that to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, give water to the thirsty, shelter the unprotected, manifest hospitality to strangers, defend the weak, and abstain from varied forms of vice, were essentials of moral character, without which Osiris and his forty-two assistant judges would not pass the desired sentence which admits the soul into the realms of light and bliss. The remoteness of these rewards and punishments may have occasioned a lack of that vividness requisite to moral improvement, for unless we are highly evolved we look for immediate results, and the more remote opes lose their salutary effect upon us. When we are morally progressed we do the right for the sake of the right, and not through fear of punishment or hope of reward. In fact, the most moral man is he who does the right even though ruin stares him in the face, or eternal suffering be the consequence.

Notwithstanding all this moral sentiment in India, Persia and Egypt, the corrupting influences of priestcraft and Oriental voluptuousness counteracted in great degree such unities of conscience as prompted to chastity, equality, truthfulness, justice and mercy. The Brahmin would think it a grave sin to kill an animal by accident even, but he could treat his brother man with contempt, because he was not of his caste. Buddhists, too, have thought more of priestly ceremonial than of moral culture. They have a code of morals not unlike those of Christianity in many particulars, and their forms of service so resemble those of the Catholic church that when the first missionaries went to carry the gospel of Christianity to India they wrote home saying "the devil had gone before them and had forged the Catholic religion and called it Buddhism." In the time of Augustus the Great fears of the influence of Egyptian superstition were entertained, and not without cause, for the whole empire was afterwards eaten up by it. We can trace Egyptian dogmas and priestly practices in the ritual and doctrine of the Romish and Protestant churches. Our Christian morals came from Judaism; our theology and ceremonial worship, in the main, came from Egypt. If the church be the daughter, and morality the son, then, instead of saying, "Out of Egypt have I called my son," it should be, "Out of Egypt have I brought my daughter." St. Gregory once said: "How strange it is that bull-worshiping Egypt should now be teaching the true doctrine of the Trinity." He thought in his innocence that Egypt had arisen to Christianity! Instead of that, Christianity, or at least the church called by that name, had sunk to the level, in that direction, of Egyptian theology. Priesthoods usually pervert whatever of truth or goodness originally exists in any religion, for when spiritual blindness sets in, and the seer is no more, the priest substitutes visions of the senses for those of the spirit. "They make of non-effect the word, through their traditions."

We will now turn our attention to Greece. In the poetry of Homer and Hesiod we have ultra-human ideas of the gods presented. Zeus is said to have kicked Hephalos out of heaven for having tried to defend his mother. The loves and lusts of the gods are portrayed in glowing colors. Plato disapproves of these representations of the gods, and says, "such stories should be suppressed by law." Since that time many and prolonged have been the efforts to

put down heceny by law. Reason, not the civil law, should abolish superstition! The first question is, does Zeus exist? If he exists, did he do what Homer reports of him? Let us know the truth, however bad! Then, if these acts of immorality were really done by him, he is unworthy our respect, and we will not worship a god who does bad actions! Can we wonder that such stories about the gods of Greece should generate the skepticism of the sophists? Here a moral teacher like Socrates finds a large field in which to labor for ethical culture. We need fables for children and uncultured folk, says Plato, "but they must inspire to virtuous action." Any doctrine that does not represent the gods as performing what we know to be good, and being even better than ourselves, ought not to be revered. The redeeming representation of the Greek deities was given by the sculptors in their masterly works of genius.

The priestly influence of Greece, whatever it may have done toward the aesthetic culture of the people by its love of external display, most certainly did not minister very largely to the moral development of the Greeks. Socrates, Plato and the stoics did what ethical teaching was done. The morality of these schools stirs our very life to-day. In a very important sense, Socrates was the John the Baptist of Greece, and the stoics in a narrow way, it is true, anticipated the Christian faith in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. If religion is morality touched with emotion, then these men were truly religious! One would like to linger among these inspirers of mankind, but we must pass on.

Rome possessed her grand moral heroes like Seneca, Cato, Brutus and others. Her avenues and squares were graced by splendid statues of the gods, but there were defiled crimes and devoted worshippers at their shrines. At the time when the gods of Rome had lost their hold upon the Roman mind and heart, Christianity was breaking the Jewish fetters that made it a merely national religion, and it began to open its door to the Pagan world without passing through Judaism as a preliminary step. This was Paul's departure. Judaism was unattractive to the Pagan, because it had no works of art in its temple, it "made no graven image in the likeness of anything in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath." To the Roman, Jewish worship was oppressive because it appealed not to the senses. Christianity being inclusive instead of exclusive, won some degree of favor. The disciples being Jews, had not cultivated the fine arts, and when they first commenced their worship, it was as sombre, if not more so, as Judaism. By-and-by the statues of the Pagan gods were rechristened and stood for Jesus and his apostles, and from that time Paganism and Christianity were more or less united. Rome supplied statuary, the emperor some cast-off robes, Egypt yielded ceremony and dogmas, and amidst marble figures, priestly pomp, Egyptian ceremonial and superstition, the ethics of Jesus were concealed. So that to-day we know well the Christ of dogma, but the Jesus of history is hidden from view. Nevertheless, in company with all this myth and ritual the Sermon on the Mount has come down to us, and the teachings of Rabbi Hillel are preserved, showing that whoever and whatever Jesus was, the Christ-idea was born out of the depths of that struggling people's heart who through suffering had learned the lesson of self-sacrifice in the cause of national redemption notwithstanding repeated defeat.

From the time of priestly supremacy down to the Reformation, the influence of the priesthood has been detrimental, in great measure, to human progress. If a Galilee discovered a truth, he must be silenced. If a Bruno dared to contradict the philosophy of Aristotle, and refused to recant, he must be treated mercifully, there must be no blood shed, but a Christian flame of heavenly love may fire the fagot and he is sent to glory in a chariot of amber! And after that, through threats or the death of the learned at the hands of the church, they succeeded in somewhat silencing the voice of free thought, we are told that the Church gave us the learning of the Middle Ages; in effect, one writer says: "After burning a mansion, they build us a hut, and then tell us we receive our only dwelling place from their hands."

Can there be any morality of the intellect where freedom of thought is not permissible? And can there be any high degree of morality where a priest stands between man and his God, or between man and his conscience? Supposing there were an infallible revelation of duty, would that not retard rather than aid moral advancement? We attain truth by seeking it, we gain moral sensibility and insight through experience. Friendly counsel and advice from one who has had a wide experience may be and is invaluable, for such an one can help me to see what is right. But an authoritative priest who rules the conscience of men, is a stumbling-block in the way of ethical culture. My conscience must instinctively judge priests and gods! They who have the interest of mankind at heart will withdraw their support from any priesthood claiming to govern the conscience.

I would not be understood as implying that priests are intentionally the enemies of the State, or that they consciously desire to retard human progress—for as individuals they are kind, sympathetic, charitable, earnest and self-sacrificing. They are a product of social conditions, and are not to blame as individuals.

There is something in the manner and matter of religious belief which bears directly and indirectly upon morality. To believe without sufficient evidence, for fear we may come under condemnation, will lead us to accept on insufficient evidence a body of doctrine which outrages human reason, or a worthy religious faith. To "prove all things" is an excellent discipline for the intellect and conducive to the morals of the mind.

Then, too, we must see how our beliefs affect our ethical ideas. If we believe in original sin, vicarious punishment, and eternal damnation, and then ask ourselves if these doctrines do not impeach the character of our God, we shall either refuse to worship the being who fashions us all in sin because of Adam, visits the iniquity of the guilty upon the innocent, and inflicts infinite punishment for finite offenses; or we shall seek to discover that he does nothing of the kind, and is, therefore, infinitely better than we have imagined.

Punishment is not inflicted for the doing of wrong but in the doing of the wrong. Therefore, if the sin has been committed, no one can stand between the guilty and the consequences of his guilt. It is not the consequences of the evil we should wish removed, but the evil itself.

There is a point of Christian doctrine in which Catholics and Protestants both agree—or, at least, most sects of Protestantism. I re-

for first to eternal punishment. Now, the tendencies of an ideal of duty that involves cruelty, if that duty be reverence, is to make humanity appear more tolerable in the sight of man. Next, the dogma of vicarious atonement makes justice a mere capricious thing in the hands of God. Now what we want is an ideal of justice, truth and love, which shall not be justice, truth or love because God does thus, or says so, or appreciates love. We yearn for a conception of truth, justice and love to which God himself conforms; and though God should die—were that possible—or universal reason go insane, truth and justice would remain when these had passed away or the world dissolved into nothingness! I do not wish to be lacking in reverence, but I want to be sure that I have a right to reverence; and if, in the manifestations of the great unknown, I find goodness, justice, truth and love, I love him for the possession of these qualities—I do not love them as expressions of caprice, if such they were. You may tell me that God's thoughts are above my thoughts and his ways "higher than my ways." Yes, if what I do know of him is above my thought and in harmony, too, with my thought, and not below it; if his ways are good as I understand goodness, and even better than I do comprehend, and never worse, then I adore him, because he manifests what I know to be true and good, and does not exhibit that which is bad or false. But in order to intelligently worship we need to pass in spirit from a world of appearances to a realm of more real substance.

Some one may say: "But these doctrines of the church have an esoteric meaning." They may, but the poor souls that are tortured by them know nothing about their refined interpretations; they see the fires of hell; they take your statements in concrete form; your trinity is not for the masses, the fathomless abyss, the platonic logos incarnated in the world, and the comfort, or God's presence in man—it is tri-personalism to them, and the Church does not seem to educate the people out of materialistic ideas! To the untought, the vicarious atonement means that punishment for all one's lifelong sins is to be removed; and yet, posterity suffers for the parent's wrongdoing, and he is not what he might have been had he "walked uprightly."

Fables and myths are adapted for children, but we should see to it that the allegories we countenance inspire the heart with love and the imagination with graceful forms of imagery. Any dogma that degrades the idea of God or tends to lower the morality of man should be confronted by reason, and banished—weighed in ethical balances, and if found wanting should forever be looked upon with disfavor.

There has always been a conflict between priest and prophet. In the prophet moral insight is clear, and he discerns between the spirit which giveth life, and the letter that killeth. He says, "your new moons and your feasts are an abomination unto me, saith the Lord." "Cease to do evil, and learn to do well." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." "If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments." Essentials are emphasized, and non-essentials discarded. The seer and prophet have aided moral advancement, but in so far as the priest has made churchian observance usurp moral obligation he has hindered moral development.

I have heard of clergymen who used their influence to prevent a public library being erected, because it was feared that the people would read Mr. Darwin's works. It is reported that some time ago the Young Men's Christian Association of New York City would not allow the *Science Monthly Magazine* to lay upon the table of their reading-room, because they feared the effects on the minds of young men. Such misgivings indicate a lack of real living faith in the truths of their religion, for if they heartily believed—intelligently believed, instead of believing that they believe—they would not fear, for the light of truth will dispel error.

It is because our religious codes have been such an admixture of moral precepts and non-moral rules of life that our conscience has been developed so that its voice is an uncertain guide. Instinct is quicker than reason, but it is not to be chosen in preference to reason. Where conscience prompts on the side of the right it is more authoritative than our hasty or individual reason, because it is the voice of the race within us. In its efforts to account for the existence of this monitor of the soul, the church has come to the conclusion that it is the voice of God within the breast. Now, in a sense the church is right, perhaps, but in another and very important sense she is wrong. If conscience were the very voice of God in man, it would not tell so many different stories. In one country conscience condemns eating pork, and seems to commend or raise no objection to plundering; it lashes a man if he kills a fly, but says never a word if he lies like the father of fals! In one place it sanctions polygamy, and in another it condemns plurality of wives. Among ourselves it is wonderful to see what tongues this oracle of God speaks. "The lawyer has a conscience that condemns him if he fails to obtain every advantage for his client, even if that client is a known defaulter. The politician has a party conscience. The clergyman has a theological conscience that approves when he defends the creed of his church, when he perhaps is not quite satisfied with it in secret. Thunder used to be thought the voice of God, until we learned something of the laws of electricity and explosion. It is no less the voice of to-day mediately, but we do not regard it as God's immediate voice: Conscience is the voice of God still, but mediately through our father man.

When we have cast off the crude speculations of theology and outgrown the formulas of the Church—which are but shadows after all—and rise to the spiritual realities they were intended to symbolize, then we may hope to hear more clearly the voice of God through conscience. We shall stand with bowed heads and reverent hearts in the presence of the world's great mystery, while we joyously cooperate with "the power that makes for righteousness." Our religion will then be "morality touched with emotion." It will be a religion of humanity that makes more human. In vain we may strain our vision to behold an infinite personality in human shape, but as we look heavenward we shall see throbbing about us that "cloud of witnesses," in whose immortal youth and beauty we shall perceive God manifest through angelhood! In the harmony of their song, in the loveliness of their character, contemplating the order of their society and the unselfishness of their devotion to each other's welfare, we shall catch a vision of the ought to be; and with heart, with intellect and will, we shall say, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in the heavens."

The day is not far distant when the powerful demand of the pulpit the loftiest ethical ideal; and the clergy shall lift the cloud of an untenable theology from their brows; then religion and morality shall be one. The teacher shall be a seer of truth instead of being "a pall-bearer in the funeral procession of antiquity." We want light-bringers, not outer-darkness preachers; we need the gospel of life, not the dreary dirge of death; living principles, not dead forms; a present inspiration, not the record merely of what other men have inspired as an apology for lack of capacity in the soul of the preacher. Love so united with wisdom, truth so blended with goodness, faith wedded to charity, justice joined with mercy, will bring about a realization of the long ideally cherished brotherhood of mankind. Then religion, fair child of heaven, shall so clothe morality with the garment of beauty that all men shall love and live the life of virtue for its own sake; finding therein eternal joy and peace.

In conclusion, let us briefly recapitulate, so as to take in at a glance the subject-matter we have been considering. We viewed the different aspects of religion, and distinguished between the purely speculative and practical sides of religion. We traced somewhat the evolution of the moral sentiment. It was overtly stated that *noumenon* underlying moral phenomena must itself be a "power that makes for righteousness." This power involves the good which is evolved. Life is not the child of the non-living, morality is not an offering of the non-moral, intelligence is unintelligible apart from a universal mind.

Some souls are more highly evolved morally than those of their time and country, and, leaping over the limitations of the less spiritually gifted, they utter universal truths, proclaim the law of the right, and are called seers or prophets. After the prophet comes the priest. The latter, while preserving the precepts of the former, usually perverts the truths uttered by the seer, and retrogression follows. There is one service the priest rendered in olden time which we must not forget, and for which we must ever feel grateful. In the days before sounds could be symbolized in written form, the priests taught the precepts of the wise to the young. They also transmitted orally their superstitions.

Hastily we ran over the emphasis of ethical principles taught by Zoroaster, Buddha, Menu, the moral sentiments known to the Egyptians, as shown by inscriptions on pyramids and contained in the book of the dead. Coming to Greece and Rome we found ethics raised to a higher level by Socrates, Plato, the stoics, Seneca and Cato, while it was observed that in these countries the priests were not the leaders in morality. We found Christian ethics to originate in Judea, while the dogmas of Christendom and the priestly spirit came from Egypt. In viewing the history of the priesthood during the past nineteen centuries, whatever of aid it has given to the development of art, and through this to morality, the claims of the priest and dogmas of the Church have in many particulars hindered ethical progress. The confusion of essential moral precepts with sacerdotal rights thought to be a means of salvation, has most seriously befogged the conscience. Although that moral instinct was not regarded as infallible, it was seen to act much quicker than moral reasoning.

Anticipating future development, we saw religion stripped of non-essentials of faith and practice. In presence of the Infinite the soul stands in silent reverence. Before the manifestation of the Supreme Goodness as seen in an ideal moral world, or partially revealed in the sphere of human conduct, we rejoiced to know that after all there is a standard of right by which men and gods are judged.

Right is stronger than might. Truth is eternal, error is ephemeral. The everlasting good triumphs over the time-life of evil. Love shines in the heaven of immortal splendor, while lust, being mortal, vanishes before the all conquering spirit of progress. In the religion of the future there shall be no priest. The eye of the spirit being open, a world of truth shall be revealed. The voice of conscience uttering no uncertain sound and a divinely human ideal animating the soul, we shall find within us our prophet and priest. Instead of temples made with hands being called the house of God, our bodies shall be temples of the Holy Spirit; our every act, word, thought, desire and volition a prayer and a blessing. Every day shall be too sacred to do a mean action in, and every place too holy for self-love to enter. Pity finds its longing satisfied when it pours out the wealth it possesses on the altar of humanity—and in humility receives from the Eternal Fount of Being its inspiration and life.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Final Arrangements for the Sale of Tickets via the B. & O. R. R.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the World's Fair the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell Excursion tickets to Chicago and return, at all stations on its line at low rates. Tickets will be on sale until November 1st, and will be valid for return journey until November 15th, 1893. They provide for a reduction of 20 per cent. below regular rates for first class fares, and are valid only for continuous journey. Tickets at higher rates will be sold that will permit holders to stop over at Baltimore, Washington, or any other point, going and returning.

Besides the opportunity of visiting Washington, a privilege afforded by no other route, tourists via the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will traverse the historic Potomac Valley, the theatre of the war between the States. At Cumberland, Md., they are offered a choice of routes, via Pittsburgh, across the Allegheny mountains, 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and via Deer Park and Oakland, the famous summer resorts. The scenery along the Baltimore & Ohio route is the most picturesque in America. Human accommodations may be reserved in advance of departure. For rates and information apply to nearest B. & O. ticket agent, or Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Canaan, Yt., May 20, 1893, Ellen Griffin Harriman, beloved wife of Gilbert Harriman.

Born, while quite young, of her parents, her early years were a struggle against adverse circumstances. In 1854 she found in a harmonious marriage a true love and rest. She faithfully performed every duty which, as mother of a young and tender family, devolved upon her, never allowing an opportunity to pass unimproved. In a symphony with the afflicted to pass unimproved. One of her three children, a daughter, died young, and her bereaved parents, sorely stricken, turned to her for comfort and support. She found a consolation and refuge of strength which kept her true and true, and she lived to see her children all grown and settled in life. Her husband, Mr. Harriman, died in 1888, and she was left a widow, and she lived to see her children all grown and settled in life. Her husband, Mr. Harriman, died in 1888, and she was left a widow, and she lived to see her children all grown and settled in life.

Obituary Notice not over twenty lines in length are published free of charge. When exceeding this limit, the charge for each additional line will be charged. The words on an obituary make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.

AGAIN IN GRAND REVIEW.

Lol! In a vision I seemed to stand
In the lovely Capitol. On each hand
Far stretched the portico; dim and grand
Its columns ranged, like a martial band
Of chieftain spears, with whom some command
Had come to fight, and reviewing them
And the streets of the city were white and bare,
No footfall echoed across the square;
But out of the misty midnight air
I heard the banner above them blow,
And the wondering night wind seemed to bear
The sound of a far tattooing.
Then I held my breath with fear and dread;
For into the square, with a brazen tread,
There came a figure, whose stately head
Overlooked the review that morning;
That never bowed from his firm set seat
When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode steadily up the street
To the phantom bugle's warning.
Till it reached the Capitol square, and wheeled,
And there, in the moonlight, stood revealed
A well known form, that in state and field
Had led our patriot sires;
Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,
Afar through the river's fog and damp,
That showed no flicker nor waning lamp,
Nor wasted bivouac fires.
And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of file or drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
Of waving banners and of drum;
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the Nation.
And there came the nameless dead—the men
Who perished in fever swamp and fen,
The slowly-starving of prison pen;
And, marching beside the others,
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright;
I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as phantoms to their brothers!
And so all night marched the Nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished;
No mark—save the bare, uncovered head
Of the silent bronze Reviewer;
With never an arch save the vaulted sky;
With never a flower save those that lie
On the distant graves—for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.
So all night long swept the strange array;
So all night long, till the morning gray,
I watched for one who had passed away,
With a reverent awe and wonder—
Till a blue eagle in the lengthening line,
And I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come; and I spoke—and lo! that sign
Awakened me from my slumber.
—Bret Harte.

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—L. F. Weismann writes:
"One night a few months since I retired early,
and after falling asleep a young girl appeared
to me, and said: 'Will you not go with me to
see my medium? We live at No. 46 Clinton
Place.' I made no answer to this strange ques-
tion, but was impressed to regard the girl criti-
cally; she appeared to be about fifteen years
of age, and I noticed particularly that she had
two long braids of hair down her back. On
awakening in the morning, as the vision seemed
so clear to me, I carefully noted down the facts,
and made special mention of the long braids of
hair which had so attracted my attention.
A few weeks after this I noticed an account
in THE BANNER of a remarkable medium by
the name of Dora Hahn, residing at No. 46 Clin-
ton Place. This number seemed strangely fa-
miliar to me, and upon referring to my memo-
randa regarding spiritual matters, I found to
my surprise that the number and street corre-
sponded exactly with my notes. This being a
somewhat unusual occurrence, I concluded to
call upon the lady, and the next day found me
at No. 46 Clinton Place. I was very pleasantly
received by Miss Hahn's mother, and made an
appointment for a sitting at a future time.
The appointed morning came, and I repaired
to No. 46 Clinton Place, and was ushered in;
I was affably received by Miss Dora Hahn her-
self, who is short, plump and pretty, and ap-
pears to enjoy the best of health. I consider
her (from my experience) as a remarkably good,
if not the best test and business medium in the
country.
During the sitting, which lasted an hour, I
received some twenty-four tests; there were no
errors whatever. Miss Hahn appears to have
pure surroundings, and is carefully guarded by
her father, mother and sister—the result of this
being uninterrupted success for the past four
years.
During this sitting my dream was interpreted
—the explanation being that the young girl I
saw was Miss Hahn's 'Indian guide' 'Lark',
and that I was the first sitting who had ever
identified 'Lark' before sitting with her me-
dium. 'Lark', the guide, is very proud of her
long braids of hair, and frequently makes men-
tion of this fact to sitters.
During this session, and after having found
out who my nocturnal visitor was, I said:
'Now, Lark, will you tell me how it was that
you happened to come to my house?' Oh!
she answered, 'a gentleman came to me, and
said, "Come, Lark, and I will show you
a nice little home." Well, said I, 'what
is the gentleman's name?' She replied, 'You
know him well enough; his name is Henry.'
'Henry what?' I said. 'Why, Henry Kiddle,
of course,' she returned. 'Thank you, Lark,'
I said; 'I will tell this story in the BANNER OF
LIGHT, and perhaps Mr. Kiddle may be able to
introduce you into some other home in the
same way.'
The entire sitting was most satisfactory—
test after test being given apparently without
the least effort.
I cordially recommend Miss Hahn to anybody
seeking information from friends on the 'other
side,' and hope that they may meet with the
same success as myself."

BUFFALO.—J. W. Dennis writes: "Buffalo
yet holds its own in every manner pertaining
to the good work of spreading the truths from
the higher life. We have a Woman's Progress-
ive Union, the members of which are striving
hard to accumulate funds enough to build a
Temple for Spiritualists to worship in. A lot
has been purchased in the finest part of the
residence portion of the city, and animals and
all kinds of attractive entertainments are held
each week for the benefit of the building fund;
our regular speakers, generally give one or two
socials per month for the same work. The
present officers are Mrs. N. Hunt, Presi-
dent; Mrs. Laur, Treasurer; Miss M. Davis,
Secretary. Mrs. Hunt is a faithful, go-ahead,
business lady, who never fails to defend the
right, and she works with concentrated en-
ergies for the one object, i. e., a Temple for our
own."
Mrs. J. H. R. Mathison is a prime-mover in
this temple work, and contributes liberally to
the building fund whenever the occasion de-
mands it.
We have not less than five good clairvoyant
mediums here who are reliable ones, and we
also have a score of successful magnetic heal-
ers.
Dr. Mathison is a veteran in spiritual work;
yet she is not much over forty years of age.
She is a clairvoyant doctor, and of course the
three or four hundred M. D.'s of our great and
flourishing city have not let her work in peace
for the last few years by any means. She has
been arrested in days gone by and carried
to the police station at night—her persecutors
hoping to hold her in a prison cell over night,
but her friends have always rallied around her
and saved her this annoyance. She has been
brought before the grand jury, and the jury
has failed to indict her, and the local authori-
ties have not been successful in putting her
down. She, by the advice of her lawyers, falls
back upon her rights as given her by the Con-
stitution of the United States, and to be held,
old, gallant M. D.'s of the Old School now
decline to annoy and persecute a woman with
a large family to support and care for. Mrs.
Dr. Mathison's parlors are often filled from
morning until night with patients, while the
poor M. D.'s are looking for them in vain! She
has been known to diagnose one hundred and
five cases within twenty-four hours. When
she was requested to subscribe to our society
fund, she replied that she would give one day's

work, and when she was called upon for the
cash, she handed out fifty-two dollars. She
now openly defies the State laws forbidding
her to practice, and stands ready to appeal
her case to the Supreme Court of the United
States, and claim her right to live and support
her family by any honest means within her
reach; this right is guaranteed to each and
every individual by the laws and words of
the Constitution.

If every healer, every magnetic doctor, and
all our mediums would appeal from the uncon-
stitutional State Laws, under which they are
persecuted, to the rights which we all hold
under the United States Laws, I think they
would soon gain a victory.

In all probability there will be held in Chi-
cago, during the month of October, 1893, a con-
vention of the friends and advocates of our
knowledge and beliefs who will formulate some
plan for a united action, a concentrated force
to be used in our defense in this regard. Nine-
tenths of our State Legislators do not know
what rights our citizens have and hold under
the higher law of the Constitution, and so they
go on and construct laws to satisfy the de-
mands of a class of people who hope to live
themselves by depriving others, in society, of a
right to make a livelihood.

Maryland.

BALTIMORE.—"Daestru" writes: "There
seems to be a great awakening here, and there
are the following meetings being held: The so-
ciety which Mrs. Rachel Walcott has been serv-
ing so acceptably for some years keeps up
its work, as also the Religio-Philosophical at
Raine's Hall; both are well attended. Mr.
Oscar Edgerly spoke for the latter society dur-
ing last month, and made such an impression
that he has been reengaged for December.
There are several good test mediums here,
and Miss Maggie Gaulle, who holds meetings in
Sarotoga Street Hall every Monday evening,
has met with such success, and the crowds have
been so great, that she has been requested by
many to hold meetings also Sunday nights,
which she has done for the past month, and
has had crowds at every meeting. She also
holds meetings in Washington, D. C., every
Friday night, and often has calls for Thursdays
and Fridays there. In addition to giving these
meetings, and daily tests at her residence, it
has become something of a fashion to have her
meet private parties at their residences, and
for the past few weeks she has been kept busy.
I was present at one of these gatherings, held
at a private residence last week; some twenty-
five persons were in attendance; many had
never witnessed the phenomena, and knew
nothing of the philosophy, but for two and a
half hours Miss Gaulle gave test after test, and
it was marvelous to view the range and defi-
niteness of them all; full descriptions, full
names, accurate dates, etc., clearly satisfying
the most skeptical of our guests. There was
also the prophetic phase (that which is igno-
rantly confounded with 'fortune telling'), and
the prophecy of a death was verified the next
day.

By those who have watched mental develop-
ment in studies, it was remarked that no such
progress has ever been made as Miss Gaulle
has achieved in the past two years; and it is
wonderful what heights she can reach when
surrounded by a company of harmonious people.
There were present at the time I mention
ladies and gentlemen of every degree of enlight-
enment, and it was unanimously decided that
it could secure her services for one night in
which could during next winter we would do so,
to see the effects of continuous harmony under
such clear and well defined mediumship."

Ohio.

DAYTON.—J. C. Cox, Corresponding Secre-
tary and Librarian, writes: "We have organized
a new society here, called the Spiritualists' Li-
brary Association, that meets in a hall in Cen-
tral Block (second floor), and holds regular
meetings every Sunday evening. We have in
the past three months had three series of meet-
ings—the first two by Mrs. A. E. Kibby of Cin-
cinnati, and the third by Mrs. Maggie Stewart
of Piqua.
We have about three hundred volumes do-
nated thus far, and think it a good move, for
our own people need to read more of our litera-
ture, and learn what Spiritualism and its phe-
nomena mean. We want more books; we have
no money yet to buy, and hope those not
needing their books will let us reach the public
with them by donating such volumes to our
society.
We have a room suited for circles, and intend
making it a 'mediums' home, and we invite
mediums of a strictly reliable character to
come here, and they shall have our society's
protection and influence. Our hall is in the
centre of this city, which has a population of
about 75,000.
Judge Thompson recently entertained a full
house with his lecture on 'Noah's Flood' (?).
Mrs. Stewart is giving tests and readings (well
attended), and nearly all are recognized as true
and correct in details.
We invite correspondence with speakers and
mediums."

Missouri.

ST. LOUIS.—E. Kant writes, on renewing
subscription: "Its high literary merit, elevated
character of its selections, communications
and editorials, absolute freedom from person-
ality, faithfulness to the great cause it advo-
cates, makes the BANNER OF LIGHT a most
valuable periodical. I wish you increased and
continued prosperity."

London's Utopia.

Bellamy's Idea Partially Realized Among the
Lovers of the English Capital.
To those who think Edward Bellamy's dream
of the future of mankind, when all will live as
one vast household and for the common good,
as outlined in his book, is nothing but a Utopi-
an theory, the explanation of Percy Alden, of
the University Settlement in London, is a revela-
tion. The work being done by the young
English collegians in uplifting the poor and
needy classes in the most equal district of the
greatest metropolis in the world shows that
the initial step at least toward carrying out
Bellamy's idea has been successfully taken.
"Our University Settlement, the Mansfield
House," said Mr. Alden to a reporter recently,
"is located in the poorest district of East Lon-
don, where at least 2,000,000 people do not know
where their next meal is to come from, and
where 100,000 children go to school in the morning
without their breakfast. The heads of the
households here, when they have employment,
earn from \$3.50 to \$4.50 per week. Those who
have employment all the time are in rare luck,
the majority not having work more than half
or two-thirds of the time. These are the people
we are working among."
"We have 2,000 of these men as active mem-
bers of our Society, 5,000 affiliated members
and 700 in our University Club. The latter pay
twelve cents for an initiation fee and two cents
dues per week. This entitles the members to
all the privileges of the club-house, where we
give them a loose rein in the way of amuse-
ments. There is a library, smoking room, bill-
iard-room, gymnasium and all sorts of other
diversions found in first-class clubs. We give
concerts and other entertainments, including
lectures on all sorts of instructive topics. Mem-
bers of the University, outside of the club, are
restricted in their privileges of the house, but
are not obliged to pay for those they enjoy."
"The most interesting feature of our work
is the class instruction, wherein these men are
given all the benefits of the collegiate educa-
tion their instructors received at Oxford, Cam-
bridge, Eton and other universities. There is
little use for classes in elementary instruction,
as the Compulsory Education law has provided
almost all the men with that.
"For the children, who go to school break-
fastless, the university serves a daily dinner of
wholesome food and some delicacies. The chil-
dren are given all they can eat, and the dinner
is good enough for any one. For this meal a
charge of a halfpenny, equivalent to one cent
in this country, is made. For adults provision
is made for lodging in a large house, where good
beds and the use of lavatories, literary, smoking
and lounging rooms, a kitchen and utensils can
be had for eight pence a day. This place is par-

ticularly designed for dock laborers, coal-heav-
ers and others in like lines of employment. The
food, which they prepare themselves, is fur-
nished by shops in the neighborhood at a rate
in keeping with the cost of lodging.

The work is not confined to men and chil-
dren, a woman's adjunct caring for the wants
of the sick and needy women of the community.
In this adjunct are trained nurses, expert cooks
and housekeepers."

The Reviewer.

IDEAL SUGGESTION THROUGH MENTAL PHO-
TOGRAPHY. A Restorative System for Home
and Private Use. Preceded by a Study of the
Laws of Mental Healing. By Henry Wood,
author of "God's Image in Man," etc. 8vo,
cloth, pp. 163. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The author maintains that "suggestion of some
kind is the great mental motor. It may enter the hu-
man mind either in thought waves projected by an-
other mind, or through the avenue of an outer sense."
He refers to two forms of suggestion, Hypnotic and
Ideal. The former, he says, stirs the mind on the
sensual plane by the dominant imposition of the
force of another personality. The latter is the pho-
tographing of pure and perfect ideas directly upon the
mind through the medium of the sense of sight. It is
voluntary and free from any admixture of personality
or imperfection. By the cultivated vigor of thought
concentration it develops wonderful power and utility.
The author presents the contents of this work in two
parts. In the first he gives the laws of mental heal-
ing, in a simple manner, free from technicalities and
occult terminology, and reviews the obstacles to its
progress. He treats upon the human body as a holy
temple, the external sanctuary of the soul; that, un-
like temples made with hands, is built from within.
He considers human planes of consciousness, and
closes this portion of his treatise with inferences and
conclusions based upon his own careful and extended
observation of the experiences of scores of persons,
with a study of the literature and philosophy of the
subject, and a personal experience of depth and in-
tensity.

Part II. treats upon ideal suggestion, and embodies
certainly a unique method of procedure as to mental
states and subsequent cure, though in the flexibility
of the attention and in the assuming of a perfectly restful
or negative condition, etc., by the party who proposes
to avail him (or her) self of these suggestions, the
plan much resembles that of those clairvoyants who
gaze fixedly upon a crystal, etc., to centre the out-
ward mental attention while the spiritual faculty is
aroused. These suggestions are twenty-five in num-
ber. On the left-hand page in each case is given a
"meditation" to be used in conjunction with the
"suggestion" on the right hand, which latter is
printed in the form of a full page large-type motto or
legend, such as "I am Part of a Great Whole,"
"Spirit is the only Substance," "There is no more
Death," "I Listen," etc.; a soulful attention to the
motto and the reflections bearing upon it—the crea-
tion of a vivid mental picture, in the premises—under
the directions given in the work, are expected to re-
sult in a cure; not magical, but a natural growth.
The work will be found of interest by students in
the field of mental and spiritual research as applied
to matters remedial. For sale by Colby & Rich, 9
Bowdoin street, Boston.

THE WORLD OF THE UNSEEN. An Essay on
the Relation of Higher Space to Things
Eternal. By Arthur Willink. 16mo, cloth,
pp. 184. New York and London: McMillan
& Co.

The much mooted subject with many, the fourth
dimension, is thoroughly treated upon in this volume,
and those desirous of comprehending its nature and
purpose will find in its perusal much to aid them in a
solution of the vexing problem. The author recog-
nizes the existence of a strong desire to gain some
knowledge of the "Hidden World" and its condi-
tions, and says, "Though from the Christian stand-
point, the Mystery of the Hidden World must be re-
garded as having to do with the most sacred subjects,
still the strongest recognition of this sacredness does
not carry with it a prohibition to investigation, but
only a warning as to the manner of the investigation."
Just why an inquiry into the nature and possibilities
of a future state of human existence should be any
more "sacred" than an inquiry into the nature and
possibilities of this, is not stated, and we judge the
writer would find himself entangled in more intri-
cate than an effort to make clear to an ordinary mind
the theory of a fourth dimension of space involves him-
self, were he to attempt to give a reason. But it is
something of a gain that church folk give us their
consent to investigate these things under any condi-
tions, for it is not many years since "prying into the
mysteries of God" was utterly forbidden. Of course
a writer of such churchly proclivities as this author
evidently is, cannot be expected to condescend to look
otherwise than askant at Modern Spiritualism; if he
does even this he does not make it known, for he
utterly ignores and makes no allusion to it. The term
"Hidden World" indicates the distance the Christian
Church locates itself from the realities of the future
life, and how little of consolation and spiritual knowl-
edge its teachings are capable of imparting to mortals.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from White-Smith,
Music Pub. Co., 62 and 64 Stanhope street, Boston,
Mass., the following: Instrumental—"Follow the
Flag" (grand march), piano forte, Paul Keller; "Chim-
my and I March," D. L. White; "My Girl and I"
(schottische), Frank H. Russell; "Moss Rose Galop-
ade" (two waltzes and guitar), A. D. Coule; "I Love a
Lass" (schottische, piano), Edwin A. Singleton;
"Kirmess Polka," E. W. Berry; "Jolly Fellows Waltz,"
Robert Volstead; "Paragon March," W. J. Nickerson;
"The North Star Waltz," Harrie A. Peck.
Vocal—"Lullaby Song" (soprano), and the same ar-
ranged for baritone, etc., Isidore Luckstone; "I Will
Sing Praise," C. P. Morrison; "Entreaty" (duet), Carl
Bohm; "So Would I" (comic), Dan. Braman; "If
You Were Only Here" (waltz song), and "Save the
Sweetest Kiss for Me," John T. Rutledge; "The Mid-
night March" (song and recitative), Fred. Gilbert;
"Zaulta" (Spanish serenade), Geo. Schirffarth;
"Woman's Love," C. A. White (posthumous), mezzo-
soprano, and the same arranged for contralto, etc.; "Sel-
entlie Kissing" (comic), James M. Glover; "Ave Ve-
rum," contralto, etc., C. C. Stearns.

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Jones. Gentle Words and a Heartier. Your Darling is
Not Sleeping. Vacant Hands for Little Chair. Back from
the Silent Land. What Shall Be My Angel Name? Glad
That We're Living Here to-day. Ever'll I Remember Thee.
Love's Golden Chain, re-arranged. All are Waiting Over
There. Open Those Heavenly Gates of Light. They'll Wel-
come Us Home to-morrow. Mother's Love Purest and Best.
There are Homes Over There. On the Mountains of Light.
The Angel Kisseth Me. I Love to Think of Old Times.
We'll All Be Gathered Home. Only a Thin Veil Between
Us. When the Door Opens, God is Home. Home of My
Beautiful Dreams. Ould of the Golden Sunshine. Beau-
tiful Home of the Soul. Come in thy Beauty, Angel of
Light. An Angel's Home. In Heaven We'll Know
Our Own Love's Golden Chain. Our Beautiful Home Over
There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are
Left Ajar. Two Little Stars and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll
All Meet Again in the Morning. Our Beautiful Home
Above. We're Coming, Sister Mary. Gathering Flowers in
Heaven. Who Shall My Child to Sleep? Oh! Come, for my
Poor Heart is Breaking. Once it was Only Soft Blue Eyes.
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In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open to the expression of personal free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer must be given, and must be guaranteed of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return canceled articles.
 Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for insertion, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1898.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
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 THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
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Matter for publication must be addressed to the EDITORS. All business letters should be forwarded to the BUSINESS MANAGER.

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

The Evolution of Motherhood—and the Soul!

Prof. Henry Drummond's Evolution lecture in this direction was the seventh in the course of twelve. He said, on the occasion of its delivery, that a body and the rudiments of a mind had been found—but man is not mere body and mind. His structure awaits the final tenant, the soul. In order to find this, it is necessary to begin again at the foundation, but higher up. With only body and mind, we see but an inadequate result from creation. With only a body, the animal or the man lives but for a small end; add a mind, and we get an infinite advance. The savage hunting for food evolves into a hunter after truth; animal thirst is replaced by a thirst for learning. But no man lives on life; no thirst is satisfied with learning. The highest circles of mental effort are enjoyed, but man cannot fully live there; he can live fully and wholly only in the warm world of the affections; the full height of life is attained only when love appears; there lies all goodness, happiness, truth, divinity. Poetry, ethics, philosophy and Christianity all give the highest place to love.

Does science recognize love? is the question. In evolution, as it is frequently said, love has no place. The poor naturalist has no occasion to see love. Mr. Darwin's efforts, culminating in his "Origin of Species," are but the tragic side of nature, which has fixed itself in the popular mind. The struggle for food, for life, is but one act in the whole drama. There are really two strivings in life—for food, for love. We have seen the first in the development of mind, from whence comes human invention and the subjection of natural forces to his service; but the web of life is not woven on this set of threads. The two main activities in life are nutrition and reproduction. The discharge of these in the animal sums up the work of life. The first sustains the life of the individual; the second assures the continuance of the species. The first lives for self; the second for the future; but both are in a measure selfish, for both serve only in the struggle for life. The latter, however, has a tendency toward unselfishness, hinting of the higher plane of life. In the organization of the physiological mechanism for reproduction in plants and animals, nature is laying wires for the future evolution of the higher type. From age to age, with faith and patience, with much cultivation and many transplantings, the germ was husbanded until its maturity, when the tree appeared on which humanity and civilization were born.

The evolution of love, asserted Prof. Drummond, is a piece of pure science; few are more wonderful than its birth and origin. Its first chapter is the evolution of sex. Love is no afterthought in creation; neither is it only a word of religion. It began to grow with the first call of life; how old and firm it is in the constitution of the world, science is only just now beginning to perceive. In the humblest and simplest of living things sex appears; from this upward nearly every family of plants is reproduced by spores, and in the higher order of plants sex is most distinct. This is also true in the animal kingdom, from the animalcule upward to the climax of separateness in birds and mammals. The sex distinction is fundamental. It is most remarkable that, so far as we know, sex distinction is not a necessity; it is possible that life might have been kept up in the world without it. There is enough known to indicate that sex has some use aside from reproduction. It is clear that nature does many things with an immediate and an ulterior object, rather than for a single purpose. When sex was first instituted in the physical universe, at the very beginning, sex had its advantages; but with the world at its present higher level, we have a right to expect and to look for its higher significance.

While its physiological side is demonstrated, its other advantages can be clearly seen. From time to time a fresh impulse is needed in nature; and while all minor views are true, the grand function of sex, so stupendous as to throw all these in the shade, is as the source of variety in humanity. Sex is the force that aggregates men into families, tribes, commu-

nities and nations. Few of the higher animals are fully social; to be in pairs is the practical maximum of their social state. So there are human beings that do not even mate! In Terra del Fuego and among the bushmen, solitariness of pairs is a marked feature. It is so difficult to realize that man was once a stranger to man; that one of the tasks of evolution has been to bring these strangers together. It is a paradox of sex that it separates a race into opposite sections that they may be united. In his primitive state, man was controlled by fear and hatred, and was unsocial; but sex is communicating solitariness from the world. Association, combination and mutual help are thus forced upon man. But the elaborateness of the means employed would hardly be justified if sex had done only this; it leads to something more important than a mechanical aggregation.

Quantity gives place to quality. Nature has found in sex a differentiation of the aggregate—how to have different kinds of men, and better men. This is the grand result of sex; the two sexes differentiate the character, influence and effect upon each other. This differentiation, and what it does for the race in the progress of the world, are found in the words maleness and femaleness. Only until recently it has been held that the creation of male and female was by the secret will and ordination of nature; but the latest word of biology tells us important facts. Starting with the function of nutrition, sex is determined by the quantity and quality of the food eaten, and the proportion of males and females can be controlled by varying the diet. An abundance of nutritious food will give a preponderance of females, while a spare diet will increase the proportion of males. This tendency of abundant nutrition to produce females leads up to an organic difference in the life and habit of the sexes; in the males, by the will of nature there is energy, motion, activity, while the females are controlled by gentleness and repose. It is out of physiological characteristics that these words are coined. There is a difference in the constitution of the sexes—robustness and activity on one side, delicacy and womanly disposition on the other; men with their occupations and dispositions on one side, women with their distinctive characteristics on the other; and each made by the reliction of mind, character and disposition, until the type is fixed.

The cleavage which began in the physiological region now extends to the psychological, and gives two great distinctive types of character, which can never possibly, as they were never destined to, play the same rôle in human history. The different organizations travel to their destinations by different routes; they have different ends in view; their evolution is special and unique. Man at first sought only his own; was selfish in all his occupations; would have no neighbors. It was only some subtle alchemy working in him which brought him to others of his kind, tamed and gentled him. This was the influence of the female. It was a colossal task for nature to undertake, that one-half the race should be set apart to redeem the other half. Woman's gentleness, her unselfishness, suggest another of nature's stupendous tasks—the evolution of the mother. The early result of motherhood is the domestic of a new and beautiful social state—family civilization. Man is a wanderer, but woman makes him a home—the first great school-room of the human race; for one day there appeared in it that which is to teach the teachers of the world, when a little child was born. Love has reached us through a little child. It entered into the world through this. The child teaches the mother, and she has taught the whole human race. The evolution of motherhood was the foundation of society, humanity and religion.

Has Faith—No Use for Knowledge!

In noticing editorially a pamphlet on the modern demonstration of immortality, which was sent in answer to one of its previous editorial articles, the *New Bedford Standard* is pleased to remark that "the alleged demonstration consists of the sort of messages from the 'spirit-world' with which the public has been long familiar." Also, that to this writer "they convey no demonstration whatever of immortality." "To us," says the editor of *The Standard*, "the belief in a future state of existence is a matter of faith, not of knowledge." As for spirit messages, he asserts that there is nothing to base them on "but the assertions of certain persons." And he proceeds with the worn-out objections that no new or important truth has been communicated, and that the life described in the spirit-world is neither attractive nor desirable, etc. "We have no desire for such a kind of life as is thus presented," he concludes. He will only pay attention to communications from another world when they are authenticated by evidence on which he is accustomed to rely and which presents something of "real value."

There is an affection of superior discriminating power and judgment, if not indeed of wisdom, in the foregoing statements, which the putter-forth thereof unquestionably considers to be an unanswerable argument; it may please and satisfy the utterer, but it really amounts to nothing. He simply trades in a beaten rut of narrow thought, which is far more prejudice and superstition than it is thought. It is perfectly clear that he has never made any investigation of the subject, and, more than all, that he does not want to make any. He is satisfied with what he knows already, which he admits is nothing whatever, since he expresses a decided preference for faith over knowledge. Why, then, refuse to put "faith" in the testimony of men and women who, to say the least, are fully as competent witnesses as any he now is satisfied to pin his faith to?

Does he presume to charge so large a number of the rarest intellects and purest natures of his own age with being inferior and less trustworthy witnesses than the uneducated, simple fishermen of Galilee and thereabouts? Had the latter keener faculties of perception and superior truth-telling power, to the educated, trained and perfectly equipped minds of the age he lives in? Does he think even Paul and Peter better witnesses than Prof. Wallace and Dr. Hare? The writers of those days clearly looked for the second coming of Christ in glory and power upon earth; is he also a second adventist, and is he looking for an immediate dissolution of all things around him? Faith without knowledge, with the means of knowledge at hand, is a pretty blind conductor, and invariably leads nowhere in particular.

Read the grand and truly spiritual message, given by Rev. JOHN A. MCKINSTRY, on our sixth page.

"The Dawn of Persecution."

"Truth Seeker" is awarded a conspicuous place in his communication to *Every Saturday*, of Baltimore, on the above subject, and he improves his opportunity to the utmost. His opening assertion, that there seems to be a concerted attempt in various parts of the country to "down" Spiritualism, is one well calculated to arrest attention and excite serious reflection. The wire-pullers in this scheme are apparently on the legendary American reverence for law, forgetting that there is such a thing as public opinion, that makes both laws and law-makers.

The position justly maintained by the writer in *Every Saturday* is that the phenomena are the bases on which Spiritualism stands, and it is fondly hoped that by sapping the foundations the edifice will topple over. The religious philosophy of Spiritualism is intentionally ignored by those who are interested in its destruction. It could not well be otherwise; to call the phenomena the work of the devil or the result of trickery is an easy way to dispose of them; but to explain how "the devil," controlling the organism of a medium, or the medium himself, often an illiterate person, can teach morality, virtue, the love of God and the neighbor, with an eloquence as persuasive, if not more than that which is heard weekly from the pulpit, is a problem more conveniently ignored than it is easily solved. The writer cites the views of Mr. Stead, who candidly admits that his investigation of the phenomena has so far broadened his opinions, deepened them, and made more real all the beliefs on which he has hitherto stood, especially the conception of this mortal life as a mere fragment of an immensely greater circle of existence, has been rendered more real.

On the whole, concludes this writer, it may be best that these aggressive measures should be welcomed by Spiritualists rather than deprecated by them. While, living in the age of intellect, persecutors no longer shed the blood of their victims, there is a social or legal martyrdom quite as effective in both its immediate and its ultimate consequences. Unprejudiced people, wondering at the cause of so much bitter persecution, will be more apt to look into the mysteries of Spiritualism; and when they find that its doctrine of love rests on the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, that it denounces falsehood and looks upon truth as divine, the tables will be turned, and defection from the great army on which the instigators of persecution rely will ensue.

Fratriicide via Vivisection.

Do the learned men yclept "doctors" who teach and practice cruel experimentation on poor, weak animals in the name of science, truly realize that it is but a step after all in the evolution of pitiless instincts, from the torture of the creature to that of the man?

The glamour of "scientific" pretensions is about all that supplies any ground for still holding to the barbarity of vivisection. In any attempt that is directed to the prevention of cruelty to animals, this refinement of cruelty can no wise be omitted from merited denunciation and prohibition. It cannot be defended on any grounds of humanity. It has justly been called the most infernally ingenious abuse this woful earth has ever known. It is the practice of the most infernal cruelty that trained skill can invent. Why should the medical profession be allowed to show sights to boys called medical students, and shelter the evil under the name of Science, which, if allowed to vagrants, who were to decoy or drag an animal into some cellar and there perform their cruel operations for the amusement of street Arabs, would raise the town to put a stop to the outrage? If civilization is leading to this, in the name of medical science, then by all means let us go back to barbarism!

It is—as another has said—a standing reproach to ministers, teachers and parents that young men coming from respectable and often religious homes to our medical schools can allow both their manhood and their youth to be perverted by this scientific butchery. This could never be if they had been early taught regard for the rights of every living thing and pity for all suffering. If such practices may be excused under the pretense of being useful to humanity, then human selfishness can easily defend every lesser wrong, as ministering to the health or comfort or pleasure of mankind.

The world is filled with violence and unjust suffering, yet there are a few lines that run straight, and there are certain laws, both of nature and of human life, that will serve for working principles. The reaping, as is the sowing, is one of these. Human history is a continued verification of it. Ought we to entrust the precious hopes of human civilization to a handful of men, by whatever name described, who openly indoctrinate the plastic natures of our young men with practices of such indefensible barbarity?

The Mystery Solved.

Spirit George Walker gave a message at our Free Circle on Friday, May 19th—which we publish in this issue of THE BANNER at the request of John Pierpont, the presiding intelligence, as well as of the spirit himself—in explanation of one given by the said spirit Feb. 10th, and printed on our sixth page last week.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. William F. Nye of New Bedford, Mass., celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday on the 20th inst. Our regret is that we could not have been present; for (as reported to us) he is scarcely less gleeful than in his boyhood days, and knowing well the hospitable characteristics of this defender of the Spiritualistic Philosophy, his friends at Onset chartered the fine steamer *Genevieve* and came in numbers to do him honor—all meeting a most cordial reception in looking over his extensive oil manufactory, partaking of a bountiful dinner at the Parker House, and enjoying a drive through the whaling city and the picturesque suburbs of Fairhaven, where the fine residences of himself and son are most pleasantly situated on the shore of the bay.

Read the official report of the Convention of the Connecticut State Spiritualist Association on our eighth page. The resolutions passed thereby carry with them the old-time ring of hearty earnestness.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie left Boston on Tuesday, May 23d, for Osnaburg and other points. She is a fine lecturer, and is always well received wherever she goes. She has promised to report progress for THE BANNER during her absence.

Most everybody who reads THE BANNER is telling us what a magnificent Original Story we are printing, and want it in book form. Be patient, friends, and your wish shall be gratified in due time.

Memorial Day!

May 30th being a legal holiday the BANNER OF LIGHT ESTABLISHMENT will be closed during that date.

Parties having advertisements which they wish to appear on the seventh page of our issue for June 3d, must have them at this office by Friday morning, May 26th, at the outside forms for that number go to press on Friday evening.

THE BANNER will also go to press on Monday, May 29th—one day in advance of the usual time. Correspondents will please take notice.

Pecuniary Aid.

For the invalid medium, Mrs. Anne Lord Chamberlain.

We acknowledge the receipt from friends of the following additional sums since THE BANNER made its call for aid in this direction—for which the donors have the thanks not only of the dependent invalid, but the angel-world beside. Let this good work go on:

L.	\$5.00
S. R. Francis	3.00
Friend	1.00
A. Farnsworth	1.00
Sympathy	5.00
Total	\$15.00

In acknowledgment of previous remittances Mrs. Chamberlain writes:

"I wish to tell you that the Death Angel has got me in charge. Paralysis has set in, and I think the end is near; but I felt it my duty to ask THE BANNER to do all it could for my poor parents; see if a fund could be raised so as to pay them something weekly. All who will help in this hour of affliction I will try to assist from my spirit-home."

The Workers.

It gives us great pleasure to know that one of our oldest and most efficient mental and physical mediums—whom we have known for over thirty-six years—is still laboring in the field of humanitarian reform: We allude to Mrs. ANA FOYE, who is at present lecturing in Colorado to large and enthusiastic audiences. She is so well liked that the local secular papers are publishing favorable editorial notices of her lectures, as will be seen by our report from Colorado published in another column.

A Spiritualist Directory

Is published in the *Medium and Daybreak* (London) of Sunday and weekly meetings in that City and the Provinces, which goes to show that Modern Spiritualism is commanding great interest in many parts of the British Isles. There are over one hundred and sixty public meetings held regularly, besides numerous private seances; and the public interest upon the subject is steadily growing from year to year.

We are in receipt of a new work, double-octavo, containing four hundred and nine pages, titled "THE LAW OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA," which we shall more fully notice when our space permits. It assumes to be "A Working Hypothesis for the Systematic Study of Hypnotism, Spiritism, Mental Therapeutics, etc." By Thomas Jay Hudson.

Father Seth Hinshaw has (in the Message Department) this week a strong appeal for the aid of such of the Spiritualist veteran workers as are being bowed by the weight of years, and sacrificed by the indifference of the present generation. What he says is a fact—whether welcome or not!

A letter from Mrs. Orpha E. Tousey—which we shall print next week—states that she has recently been to Cassadaga (N. Y.) Camp-ground, and finds everything in a flourishing condition. It is her intention to take up her abode there about July 1st.

Mrs. Marshall Flansburgh, 5 Chapel street, Hartford, Conn., wishes it distinctly understood that she is not a conductor of Spiritualist meetings in that city, as announced by a correspondent in a late BANNER. "Let us have peace."

The plan and purpose which eventuated in the establishment of the BANNER OF LIGHT's Message Department are ably stated by the Spirit President (in answer to a question) on our sixth page.

"Profit Sharing"—written for THE BANNER by GEORGE A. BACON, of Washington, D. C.—will appear in our next issue.

Decease of a Spiritualist Worker.

Mr. John S. Adams passed to spirit-life from his home on LaGrange street, West Roxbury, Mass., on Friday, May 19th, having attained the ripe age of seventy years (in his seventy-first). The burial occurred the following Sunday.

For the past half-score of years Mr. Adams has been connected with THE BANNER staff, and rendered good service there. After several weeks of lingering illness, in which he was, however, able to be about, his trouble suddenly assumed the shape of pneumonia, and he rapidly succumbed to the Physical Destroyer—but the Spiritual Liberator!

Mr. Adams had a varied career as a musical expert (in the line of publications), a merchant, a writer on spiritual and other topics, etc., and in all places bore a high repute. We are promised—later—an extended sketch of his life experiences.

Extra Hoar Heywood, editor of *The Word*, passed to the next stage of being from 202 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass., May 22d. He was a man of education—a follower of Garrison and Phillips and Parker in their time; and latterly cherished strong convictions in certain lines of thought, the outcome of the public advocacy of which he bore with undeviating fortitude. In his family and among his friends he bore an excellent character for kindness of disposition. He leaves a widow and four children, two sons and two daughters. His remains were taken to his native place, Princeton, Mass. (where he was born in 1833), for burial in the family lot.

We find it announced in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of May 20th, that "The first number of *New Occasions*, the new Chicago magazine of social and industrial progress, under the editorial management of B. F. Underwood, will be issued this week." It will contain contributions from Dr. Edmund Montgomery, Dr. Lewis G. Jones, George Jacob Holyoake, M. C. O'Brien, M. C. C. Churro, Capt. Robert C. Adams, A. H. Colton and other able writers on subjects of current interest. \$1 a year. G. H. Kerr & Co., 170 Monroe street, publishers.

CLEVELAND AND LAKE BRADY.—It is announced that the subject, on Sunday, May 28th, to be treated before the Spiritual Alliance, by Mrs. H. S. Lake, is "The Mediumship of Joan of Arc." On this occasion an admission fee of twenty-five cents will be taken at the door; the proceeds of which, we are informed, will be used in building his pastor a cottage at Lake Brady Camp Grounds in Ohio.

The Northwestern Spiritualist Association will hold its third annual camp-meeting at Merrimac Island, in the Mississippi River, eight miles from St. Paul, Minn., commencing June 30th and closing July 23d, 1898. E. Bach, Aberdeen, S. D., President; W. H. Bach, St. Paul, Minn., Secretary.

For Woman Suffrage.—Mr. F. W. Smith presents cogent and convincing views on woman suffrage in the *Rockland (Me.) Tribune*, pointing them on the ground that taxation without representation is as good a reason for rebellion on the part of woman as it ever was claimed to be for man. He proceeds to argue that woman is the superior of man in refinement, spirituality and an intuitive sense of right. He declares that wonderful results have been accomplished when the sexes have joined in the prosecution of great undertakings; and that it is fast coming to be believed that no great project can ever reach the culmination of its hopes without the union and the efforts of both the male and female forces. Neither sex can succeed so well alone as when their forces are united. The right of suffrage, he asserts, is based on the eternal principles of justice and equality. Because some women do not want the ballot, is no reason for denying it to those who do. The denial of cooperation with man in the secret societies in the past has led to the organization of innumerable women's clubs in all parts of the land for the study of art, science, medicine, law, household affairs, government, political economy, health, philanthropy, physical development, spiritual growth, science of mind, temperance and other vital subjects. These organizations are bound to spread until they result in placing woman side by side with man in the full enjoyment of all the rights he enjoys. The most excellent satisfaction given by woman suffrage so far is the best argument in its favor. The glorious society of the future will be one in which both sexes unite in harmony on a common basis of equal rights.

A Welding of the Elements.—We have no room in this country, broad as it is, for the existence of foreign colonies of whatever name or nature within our borders. The tendency in certain directions, unfortunately, is to set up little provinces within our common territory, composed of the various races to whom we have extended our hospitality. Each has, or is strongly inclined to have, its autonomy, its members tacitly recognizing and respecting certain men of their number as leaders and legislators, being bound by unwritten pledges and obligations, and attached involuntarily to interests wholly clannish, selfish and un-American. To allow such a condition of affairs to continue, and thus to gain strength, and make headway among our free institutions, is manifestly undesirable in all ways, and dangerous. What we need, and what we absolutely require, is an absolute, unqualified, unabridged Americanism. Nothing less will answer the conditions imposed by a grandly comprehensive nationality. All foreign elements that come in must expect to abrogate and eradicate the vestiges of their former political and social existence, and to adapt themselves to the standard of national character established here. AMERICANIZATION is the watchword for all foreign immigrants to learn from the hour they set foot on our free shores. Christians, Jews, Pagans, natives of every clime—white, black, red, yellow or brown—must consent to be Americanized first of all things. Our destiny as the newest of the earth's peoples depends on complete national unification.

"What do we know About the Dead?" asked Rev. Mr. Woolston of Philadelphia, in the pulpit of the Hancock-street church. "Very much," was his instant answer. He declared the bible to be "a letter from them." First of all, said he, they are alive forevermore. Second, they are not far away; John could see them from Patmos; Stephen could see them from Jerusalem; we read that Moses and Elias visited Christ and spoke to him. It is reasonable to likewise believe, he added, that such great men as Spurgeon, Wesley and Phillips Brooks are not now content with palm and robe; they are still working somewhere, somehow; they are the companions of angels, they do as angels do; angels visit this earth, and watch over their children, and they speak to them, and work for them, as they did for Peter while he was in prison; they speak to us often in dreams. If this be called superstition, he said, then it is superstition that is proof of existing truth. Dreams are one of the avenues of the soul. Angels warned Joseph in a dream, and the preacher affirmed his belief that many a warning comes to the living now through dreams. The dear departed ones are spectators of our lives. They are the cloud of witnesses. At death they stand by our bedside, and with angels wait to conduct us to our heavenly home. They are all about us; the streets are full of them; and at night by faith they illumine heaven with golden lights, and beckon us upward and away.

"The Armada of Peace!"—Navies of late have been specially commended to the public favor as peacemakers. They may well be so considered as they recently appeared in their impressive international review in New York harbor. That was certainly the lesson of the imposing naval spectacle. Those floating forts and grim batteries furnished an unaccustomed sight to the tumultuously-admiring multitude of witnesses. The single sermon they preached was that of peace. All the world of civilization assembled in peaceful waters for the display of their reserved strength. A few decades ago it would have been regarded as the dream of a visionary even to propose it. Now, at last, we have seen it as an accomplished fact. The reflections inevitably begotten of it cannot fail to work in the general mind for the formation of a purpose to establish peace more broadly and firmly than it has ever been accepted by the world, as the fundamental condition of development, progress and increasing happiness.

The Import of the Fair.—The Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman, a liberal-hearted leader among the Jewish people, gave to the New York *Tribune* recently the following stirring sentences (among others) upon "The Ethical Import of the World's Fair at Chicago":

Napoleon sought to awaken the enthusiasm and courage of his soldiers in Egypt when he showed them the Pyramids by pointing to those relics of antiquity and exclaiming: "Thirty centuries look down upon you." The World's Columbian Exposition presents the sublime achievement of not three thousand years but of countless ages which look down upon our race. No wonder that thought is stimulated at the sight, that inventive genius is quickened, that the faculty of discovery suddenly leaps forth full fledged, that the wits of men are sharpened, that competition is enlivened, that commercial and industrial productivity is suddenly increased. No wonder that men who have chained the lightning, harnessed the steam power, girded nations together and almost annihilated time and space, would feel encouraged to pluck more fruit from the tree of knowledge and to aspire even unto the very tree of life. Paradise seems to be again within the grasp of mankind.

Evil-Speaking Its Own Antidote.—An exchange rightly holds that the wholesale condemnation dealt out by some to their fellowmen and their lives "speaks for itself, and its condemnation follows: while the would-be victim of its insatiate malevolence, unscathed by the unanticipated assault, is all the brighter for its atteritions; and the contrast between the assailants and the assailed will not be any less damaging to the former than helpful to the latter wherever true manliness is a charm—its counterpart a sin."

Fund for the Destitute Poor.

DONATION MONIES RECEIVED.
 Contributions: Circle Room, \$5.00; Edward Donnelly, \$1.00; Mrs. L. M. Stimpson, 50 cents; Mrs. Lucy Edson, 75 cents; Mrs. Mary E. McQueston, 50 cents; Eli Pond, \$2.50; Mrs. M. E. Sawyer, 50 cents; A Friend, \$2.00; Wm. Sturges, \$2.50; E. P. C., \$2.50; Miscellaneous contributions from Circle-room, \$5.00; Sympathy, \$5.00. Thanks, kind friends. Our "God's Poor" Fund has done a vast amount of good for many years. It has not only assisted destitute Spiritualists, but has been used in aid of poor and ill Protestants as well as Catholics in deep need.

HEALTH AND POWER—a brochure, devoted to an exposition of the "fine forces"—curative of Nature, has been brought out by E. D. Babbitt, M. D., and is now for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore. (See advertisement.)

There is at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Newworth street, Boston, an oil painting representing the late Phillips Brooks. For sale—\$25.

O. W. Holmes called Emerson an iconoclast without a hammer, who "took down the idols of the people from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship."

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

SPRING HAS COME.
Once more the garden turns the soil
And sows the seeds of life;
Once more he eyes the lawn, and comes
A wiser man and sadder.

Once more he gathers up the truck
That tramped his last year's labor,
And in the night he chuckles it over
The tenacity of his neighbor.

FROZEN FACTS.—Dr. Nansen, who hopes to find the north pole by letting his ship drift (as *la Jeannette*) with the ice for three or four years, is now in London making the final arrangements, and intends to start within a few weeks; while Lieut. Peary, the Greenland explorer, has left for St. Johns to make additional arrangements for his coming expedition to the Polar seas. There will be ten in the party accompanying him, and the start will be made somewhere between June 15th and 30th.

There are 1600 unregistered Chinamen in the State of Massachusetts. There are as many in the city of New York, and in San Francisco there are 35,000. In nearly every city of the United States there is a colony of Chinamen; to remove them, to enforce their expulsion from the country, will be a herculean feat.

Some idea of how steam has revolutionized traffic and travel may be gained in the fact that a steamer from Bergen, Norway, has recently been making her way through the great northern lakes, carrying a cargo of herring to Chicago, to exchange for dried beef for Norway.

Five Admirals in old England's navy are ninety years old or over.

FOUR LES DAMES.

(Tarnished Register.)

And as it suited old young,
It was worn without demerit;
To fashion woman long had clung,
Now fashion clung to her.

(To be continued.)

It is going the rounds among exchanges that a poor man, who less than one year ago had but one suit of clothes, went into the newspaper business, and now has eight suits. Seven of them are for libel.

Gov. Flower, in vetoing a bill authorizing another cemetery in Newtown, Queens County, New York, notes the fact that while the living population of that town is two thousand, its dead are over thirteen hundred and fifty thousand! Could there be a more graphic argument for cremation?—*The Evening Telegram.*

A letter for "Mr. Hutchins, the medium," lies unclaimed at this office.

Unless the World's Fair people get over the idea that the Fair is gotten up for the sole purpose of skinning people, it will not be the howling success anticipated. Railroads make a bill in itself, but above that item the extraordinary charges for hotel accommodations, etc., place the Fair beyond the reach of many people. Could all parties who expect to make money on account of the Fair be made to realize that it is to their interest to not try to make it at all, once it would be far better for all parties concerned.—*Sedgwick (Kan.) Pentagraph.*

According to the best and most recent calculations 100,000,000 tons of water pour over Niagara every hour. This represents 16,000,000 horse power. The total coal production of the world, either daily, weekly, monthly or yearly, would not furnish steam power sufficient to pump it back again.

Audubon was once deterred from taking a Zenaida dove and her nest by a look of reproach from her beautiful eye, her drooping wings, and "tremblings of despair." These beautiful creatures are visitors to this country from the West India Islands.

Soon will the busy little ant
Walk out 'neath sunny skies,
And plan for many a springing match
Through plenteous custard pies.

In *The Century's* June number will appear a most interesting account of "The Death of the Prince Imperial," by Archibald Forbes, who knew the Prince well, and was in Zululand in 1879 at the time of his death, and investigated the tragic circumstances immediately thereafter. A striking full-page portrait of the Prince in the English attire uniform, engraved by T. Johnson, accompanies the article.

A London paper calls Capri "the last nobody of Europe." Herr Bismarck has not stopped his subscription to the paper, according to the last cable.—*Boston News.*

The New Orleans (La.) Picayune is just right in the following squib:
"You shut up," says Sunday to the World's Fair;
and so the poor people are shut out, and the free pass people are let in.

On Sunday last the wage-workers of Chicago, Ill., who cannot now see the Fair without losing a day's pay whenever they go—besieged the closed gates of the great International Exposition for admission, but the Evangelical authorities had their way, and they were not admitted. It is said that over seventy-five thousand disappointed visitors were forced to bow to this Gesteer cap of American bigotry on that day. What next?

An exchange truthfully remarks: "Ohio wants a legislature composed of men who have their ears to the ground, and who have been in the country long enough to know when they are being deceived. They ought certainly to have gone home before they passed the 'anti-medium' law. But it will be repealed, as it was several years ago."

Archibald Forbes is engaged in the preparation of two articles, one on Bismarck and one on Von Moltke, which will portray the moments in their careers when they were at their greatest. Much new and interesting material will be used. The articles will be carefully illustrated, and will appear in *McClure's Magazine*, 743-745 Broadway, New York City.

"CRISP" PARAGRAPHS.

BY LACONIC.

Certain practitioners in this city (and elsewhere) who evidently own all they possess of magnetic power, correctness of diagnosis, etc., to their interior gifts, assume to be "physicians" because thereby they escape—in the estimation of non-Spiritualists—the stigma of being "healing mediums." Of course such may do good to suffering though narrow-minded humanity, and, like Judas of old, get their thirty pieces of silver from the bigots who patronize them; but there are many genuine acknowledged spirit-mediums everywhere, more competent than they, who do not hide their talents under a bushel, and deserve the patronage of the liberal public.

Our latest blizzard 's done great good—
It's cleared the mirror sky;
But soon we'll have another pest—
The buzzing household fly!

How true it is, that while man proposes God disposes. Recent events all over the world go to prove the fact, with individuals as well as nations, that the Supreme Intelligence rules in all things, in the movements of the planets as well as in the affairs of mankind.

Beware, I say,
Of birds on their tip!
With morals in their lip!
They're birds of prey,
As every day
They're looking for a "Up!"

MARYLAND.

Baltimore.—Dr. G. Beck with Ewell of New York conducted the services of the Psychic Spiritualist Society on Sunday evening, May 14th. His lecture was deeply interesting and intellectual, and his tests and psychometric readings were excellent. His manner was pleasing, and in every way he seems a fine instrument, fully capable of the grand work he has undertaken.

The Society desires to thank the BANNER OF LIGHT for its generous encouragement in the past in not closing our work.

M. I. C., Sec'y.

Spirit Message.

(Given at the Banner Public Séance May 10th, 1893, and published in advance of the usual routine for special reasons.)

GEORGE WALKER.

[To the Chairman:] Good afternoon, sir. [Good afternoon.] I am invited to speak to you again, as there seems to have been some sort of misunderstanding in regard to my former message.

I came to your meeting a while ago, and for the first time communicated after a fashion; but I think perhaps not as well as I might have done. My message has aroused some attention, I believe, in quiet ways, or that is what I have been told, and I am asked to come and add something more to it. I am very glad of the opportunity. I would not mind coming frequently if I did not feel that I was taking the place of some poor soul that feels he needs this experience of coming back in contact with this life.

I remember the time I came before I was here, with a crowd of people who had formerly lived in Salem and Lynn. I told you that I would like to send my regards to friends in good old Salem and in other places of this State. Perhaps I should have been more explicit and said in Lynn; and, by the way, in Boston, too, for I have had friends in this city. They may have gone away or forgotten me, but I have had friends here and near by in the city of Lynn, where perhaps I should be better known than in Salem, although I was very well known in Salem.

I was saying that I came with a crowd of spirits from those two places. Among those from Lynn was George Dillingham. He introduced us to come and speak. Then there was W. H. Robinson. He was connected with the post-office, Assistant Postmaster, I believe—a good fellow in all directions. We had quite a laughing time with Robinson, because he thought we should draw lots to see who should come. He said he had been gone so long he thought some of those who had been gone longest ought to come first. Well, Robinson was one of the Grand Army boys, and belonged to Post 6. I know that Dillingham took an interest in him, and tried to help him along, but I was the one to come.

In the Lynn crowd were Franklin Pierce and Lewis I. Whipple. Whipple was in the fire department. He was assistant engineer, or something of that kind. He thought he ought to come because he had many friends here who would be astonished at his coming in this way. So we had quite a good chat before I found that I was the one that could do the speaking on that occasion from that crowd.

Among the friends was Henry P. Upton, the old merchant. He thought, in his characteristic way, that it would be well for each one to take his turn, and come in regular order. Then there was Col. George Peabody and Daniel Potter, with whom I have had more than one talk in the past. Daniel was deputy sheriff for a great many years, and he was connected with other official departments. So I think my memory of that day last winter is very good.

I am very glad to speak of myself. I said I would like to give greeting to my friends—those that are left on this side—and I hope that I shall succeed in reaching them. One thing in particular that puzzled somebody on this side was that I should speak of "Brother Abbott." Well, now, I was in the habit of calling my friends Brother So-and-So, and that habit has deepened with me in spirit-life, because we are all brothers and sisters, and it seems to draw us into closer personal relations by doing that, as if we were of one family circle.

I had a friend, William Abbott. He was in Salem the last I knew of him. He was interested in the Spiritualistic Philosophy, and he held to it, in spite of his friends' protests, for they did not like particularly to have him looking into these things. He thought he saw a truth in it, and it seemed to be the most rational idea of life of anything that he knew. Well, some of his people were strict church-goers, and they did not like it. Brother Abbott tried to make me see this light, but I could not see it as clearly as I have since I went over. So, when I got back here, the clerical people, because he was the one out of many others that really seemed to have the true light and the good faith.

I am very glad to come back and tell of these things, because I like to straighten out anything that gets twisted.

It is very good for me, too, to get another chance to come. I am trying to understand this law of spirit-control, so that I can get into a direct line of communication, through mediums, with many of those who have known me in the past, and it seems to me that by taking hold of such an instrument as this a few times, a spirit can get the best sort of information.

[To the Chairman:] I am plain George Walker. I have no "S," attached to my name. Your Spirit-President, sir, tells me I may have my message advanced for special reasons.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

The annual business meeting of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union was held on the evening of May 15th at the Banner of Light Hall, Vice-President C. C. Shaw presiding. The record of the previous meeting was read and approved.

The annual reports of the treasurer, clerk and quick relief committee were read, after which the auditor made his report, certifying to a thorough examination of the books and accounts of these respective officers, finding them to be correct. The reports were then accepted and placed on file, and the satisfactory conclusion of the meeting was followed by the 20th anniversary membership 234, life membership 23. Total, 257 members. Deceased members during the year, 2.—Mr. Floyd and Mr. Holton; deceased beneficiaries, 2.—Mrs. A. E. Newton and Mr. Phillips.

Mrs. M. T. Longley read a letter from Dr. Jas. M. Peabody of San Antonio, Texas, relating to our second anniversary, and regretting his inability to attend, etc. It was then voted that we proceed to the election of officers for another year, and Messrs. Edwards, Dole and Libbey were appointed to receive, ascertain and count the votes. The following officers were elected, namely: Dr. H. B. Storer, President; C. C. Shaw, Mrs. A. A. Woods, Eben Cobb, Vice-Presidents; W. B. Banks, Clerk; Mrs. M. T. Longley, Corresponding Secretary; Moses T. Dole, Treasurer; F. D. Edwards, Auditor; Jacob Edson, Wm. Boyce, Honorary Librarian; Dr. A. H. Richardson, Wm. D. Crockett, Trustees; James H. Lewis, Director.

Remarks for the good of the Cause followed. Speakers, James H. Lewis, F. D. Edwards, Jacob Edson, Dr. Magoon, M. T. Dole. At this point Mr. W. J. Colville arrived, and addressed us for an hour, closing with a poem on "Divine Justice." A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Colville for his inspirational efforts.

The next meeting of the Union will be held the first Tuesday of June, at 7:30 p. m., at the Banner of Light Hall, No. 77 State Street, Boston, Mass.

May Magazines.

St. Nicholas.—Mrs. C. V. Jamison, who is the author of "Lady Jane," begins a new serial, "Tollette's Philip," a story of New Orleans. An unusually good article on "Columbus at La Rabida" makes a strong point of imagining the explorer as present in spirit at the recent celebration near the historic convent. Two strong hunting and fishing stories for boys—one by Herbert H. Smith, and the other by Tappan Adey—are given; a general survey of "The World's Fair Palaces" is made, illustrated by Tudor Jenks; G. R. O'Reilly, under the title "Secrets of Snake Charming," sets forth a new explanation of the methods by which the Indian magicians proceed; other fine things are given. The number strikes no discordant note after the harmonious chorus of its predecessors. The Century Co., Union Square, New York, publishers.

The Cosmopolitan has a finely illustrated article entitled "In the Footsteps of Dickens," reproducing many of the English scenes made immortal by his pen; easily the most remarkable of its contents is another installment of Camille Flammarion's wonderfully compact and interesting story "Omega; the Last Days of the World"; this novel (in effect, while it is full of scientific thought as well) is elaborately illustrated by Laurens, Baunier, Vogel, Meaulle, Roche, grosse, Gerardin and Chovin. All the illustrations, with which this number of *The Cosmopolitan* fairly teems, are brought out in the highest style of art, and

the managers merit therefore the special thanks of their patrons. Published at 6th Avenue and 11th Street, New York City.

THE WIDE AWAKE has an interesting description of life on a light house island in the China Sea, by Rounseville Widman; Grace Dean McLeod tells a characteristic Nova Scotia story; Joseph Hutton tells of an exciting incident connected with the coin room of the British Museum; Penelope Palmer writes of the poor Welsh boy in the Pennsylvania mines who made marvelous "Underground Music"; Flora Haines Longhead, Berta Littlehead and Edith Perry Estes have bright short stories; other articles of merit are given; the poetry of the number is by Celia Thaxter, Marion Ames Taggart, Sallie Margaret O'Malley and Price Collier. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass., publishers.

JENNIES MILLER ILLUSTRATED. The usual variety of fiction is accompanied by articles of practical value, among them "The Care of Kid Gloves," "Cooking Beefsteak," "Luncheon and Small Suppers," "The Housekeeper's Alphabet," and "Items for Busy Women." New York: 927 Broadway.

Domestic Art Work.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

A beautiful silk quilt, containing six hundred and ten pieces—no two alike—handsomely embroidered, and painted in colors and design—making a very artistic piece of work, that has been valued at three hundred dollars at the State Fair in Newbury, Mass.—is the work of Mrs. M. A. Leyon, now of 9 Vernon Street, Newburyport.

Mrs. Leyon is a veteran medium, who in former years has wrought splendid service for the Spiritual Cause, and who was a co-worker in all helpful labors for humanity with Dr. Gardner, Dr. A. C. Chubb, Bela Marsh and others of Boston, in the early days of Spiritualism. She has been very ill during the past winter, and having incurred heavy expenses, would like to dispose of her silk quilt at a fair price, if some wealthy Spiritualist could be induced to purchase it.

The *Haverhill Gazette* published a description of the quilt some time ago, and its editor, who visited Mrs. Leyon to inspect the work, considered it a marvelous piece of art. One of the squares of the quilt represents a lady and gentleman with candles, dancing, and contains eight hundred and eighty-seven stitches of embroidery. Any one wishing to learn more of this remarkable piece of work can do so by addressing the lady as above.

M. T. LONGLEY.

Cleveland (O.) Notes.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

As reported in your latest issue the installation of Mrs. H. S. Lake (on the 7th) as pastor of the Cleveland Spiritual Alliance was a marked success, and the audiences since have been exceedingly large at Army and Navy Hall, attracting general public attention. To interest the public in the philosophy of Spiritualism without phenomenal demonstrations is one of the hardest difficulties to overcome.

Weekly Informal Receptions.—In order to bring the people into closer contact with the Spiritual Cause, Mrs. E. Spaulding and the two ladies have held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Black, and the next is to occur at Mrs. Mülhause's. These social gatherings are entertaining and instructive to those attending them, and profitable to the advancement of the Cause. The *Evening Telegram* has given them a commendable mention in its literary and social columns. The next entertainment at Weber's Hall, 483 Pearl Street, next Friday evening (20th), assisted by six young ladies of Lyceum No. 1, repeating, by request, the club held the 15th of the month at the club rooms of the Lyceum, was such a marked success that the Anniversary exhibition, arranged by Conductor Collier.

Lyceum Fair and Entertainment. which has been for some time in preparation, under the direction of Mrs. E. Spaulding, Assistant Conductor, will take place Friday afternoon and evening, June 2d, in Royal League Hall. The ladies of the Good Samaritan Society have very kindly consented to aid in this benevolent work; will serve a six o'clock tea and light refreshments, and will conduct the Societies. The fair, fostered and rendered great aid to the Lyceum in the past, and is a valuable auxiliary to it. It is now presided over by Tillie H. Lees and Vice-President Mrs. Maggie Russell.

Memorial Sunday.—This annual sacred service in memory of our friends and co-workers in spirit-life, will, in all probability, be more generally observed this year than ever, on Sunday morning, June 4th, by the Children's Progressive Lyceum in Royal League Hall. In the afternoon, the Women's Spiritual Lyceum, and a union meeting in the evening under the auspices of the Cleveland Spiritual Alliance in Army and Navy Hall.

Spiritual Pioneer Truth.—Presided over by Mrs. Nellie Smith, a trance medium, holds regular Sunday evening meetings in Bland and Heller's Hall, 374 Ontario Street, to which the friends and public are cordially invited.

Lake View Camp Grounds.—This beautiful summer resort, thirty-five miles south of Cleveland, now owned by an Association of Spiritualists, will be open the 1st of June for picnics, and a month later, Sunday, July 2d, the formal opening of the Spiritualist Camp-ground, taking place at the residence of Mrs. L. V. McDonald and Lyman C. Howe as speakers.

Prof. Sheridan P. Watt, the able Principal of "The Summer School of Philosophy" at Fort Edwards, on Lake George, N. Y., is now in the city instructing a class in the metaphysics of the mind. He is the author of the Euclid Light Infantry, corner Euclid and Wilson Avenues. It is a pity this young scholar does not come more before the general public, and let his light shine for all, when it is now only utilized for a few.

Off Broadway.—By invitation, we regret to write, sensing the return of his former malady, took a hasty departure for the baths near Basil. Mr. M. being one of Cleveland's most prominent business men, has done more for the Cause by the energetic and successful management of his business than any other Spiritualist, than any other man in it, and his genial presence will be greatly missed until his return.

Wanted.—A good, smart, active, live young man to take the Conductorship of the oldest Lyceum in the city. He must be a man of good character, and be able to give a good address, salary, providing it is payable in "The Street, By and By." Apply to Charles Collier, retiring officer.

T. L.

To retain an abundant head of hair of a natural color to a good old age, the hygiene of the scalp must be observed. Apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Lynn.—At Cadet Hall, afternoon services, May 21st, opened with a song by Mr. George N. Churchill. Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock of Boston was the speaker. Her control took for a subject "Emanation and Reason," which they treated in a brilliant manner. She then gave a large number of tests and messages—after which, at the request of Mr. Churchill, Mrs. Whitlock's theme was "The Inspiration of Sunday for the Christian and Laborer," from which she gave a beautiful discourse, followed by a number of tests and communications.

Evening services were given by Mr. Churchill, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller (Worcester, Mass.) will occupy the platform at 7:30 and 9:30 p. m. T. H. B. JAMES.

Haverhill and Bradford.—Mr. F. A. Wiggin spoke before the Spiritual Union in Brittan Hall last Sunday, afternoon and evening. In the afternoon he answered questions from the audience, and in the evening spoke of the good that Modern Spiritualism had achieved in the world, supplementing the address with very fine exercises in mediumship, nearly all of which were recognized.

It is not known who the speaker will be next Sunday, it being the closing one of the present course. The state will soon be opened for the next course in 1893-94. E. P. H.

Brockton.—The Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society has elected these officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. M. H. Fletcher; Vice-President, Mrs. Lizette Beal; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Ellen E. Bird; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Lucy B. Keith; Treasurer, Mrs. D. H. Gilbert. Mrs. Fletcher has just completed her tenth year as President of the Society.

Worcester.—Dr. Geo. A. Fuller occupied our platform May 21st. Our speaker for May 28th will be Rev. E. Andrus Titus.

The Woman's Auxiliary will meet at the residence of Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, 7 Mason Street, on Friday afternoon, May 26th. GEORGIA D. FULLER, Cor. Sec'y.

Malden.—Lyceum opened at 8 o'clock—Mr. Potter in the chair; singing, invocation, classes take up lesson, march; remarks by Mrs. Allen; regitations by Olive Smith, Gustie Potter, Allen Fagan, Berta Willard, Hugh Garter; piano solo, M. C. Chubb, Sec'y.

E. M. DODGE, Sec'y.

Lovell.—May 21st, Dr. Willis Edwards occupied our platform afternoon and evening, and delighted good audiences with his lectures and convincing tests. He is again with us next Sunday.

E. PICKUP, Hon. Sec'y.

Malden.—Mary E. Thompson spoke before the Spiritual Association on the 21st. She will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity. Dr. Drisko is expected May 28th.

Geo. Andrews of Lowell, with ulcers over half his body, cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

COLORADO.

Aspen.—Mrs. Ada Foye's lectures in Colorado have awakened unusual interest, the hall in Aspen being crowded with eager listeners. We find a full report of her address on "Life in the Spirit-World" in the *Aspen Daily Times*, and a favorable editorial notice in the *Denver Post*. Mrs. Foye said the spirit world had been mystified to us; we have had no idea hitherto of what the spirit-life is. Spiritualism brings to us ideas progressive. Death does not suddenly change the individual. The other life is one of activity, of usefulness, of labor. In the spirit-life we have our work to do. It is a labor of love, and we are never idle on our errands of mercy. If we were to be perfectly idle and at rest, all progression would cease. Our mind and spirit being active here, through our bodies are at rest, allows to us that we must have a life over there. The regulations of the past have held the human spirit down; but Spiritualism sets us free, and tells us there is nothing in the universe that we may not try to find out. Its only creed is that we should do to others as we would have them do to us. It looks only at the spirit of man. The criminal is reclaimed in spirit-life by the operation of the right influences. We are to meet and recognize our friends over there. Those whom we do not wish to meet will be in other realms, but in a state of progression. A relation of a blinding nature will be purely spirit relations. The way to be an angel is to commence angelhood here, by living right, doing right, leading a noble, upright life. To be properly developed there, we must begin here, working in the spirit world as we do in the material world. We are to befriend departed friends necessarily partake of their characteristics.

Denver.—Spiritualism is gaining a very strong foothold in Denver—adding to its ranks former church members, materialists and agnostics; for no matter what their former belief or unbelief, when they come out to listen or investigate, through the noble instructions that the Women's Association of Progressive Workers (Spiritualists) have been fortunate enough to secure, they have to accept the facts as presented. In March Mrs. Ada Foye confounded the skeptics and placed the next in line came Dr. J. C. Chubb, John Slater, who interested all who came, and proved that he had powers not possessed by all. Before he left the city Mrs. Flora A. Brown of Portland, Ore., ready to do his place, she deals out both philosophy and phenomena in such a logical, convincing way that all are impressed with her earnestness and sincerity.

Harlow Davis, the phenomenal platform test medium of San Francisco, Cal., is also paying our city a visit, and is adding much to the interest of our meetings.

Our Thursday evening disc socials are well attended, and present a varied program of music, recitations, tests and refreshments.

D. O. WILHELM, Sec'y.

MISSOURI.

Kansas City.—Mr. J. Frank Baxter continues his work here with much success, his lectures and séances having aroused a great degree of interest. Sunday, May 14th, large audiences convened, and in the evening the hall was crowded. On Monday the *Kansas City Journal* published a commendable notice of the evening lecture, and gave a report of the closing séance, which it denominated as remarkable, and accorded to Mr. Baxter the possession of wonderful medial powers. It alluded to Mr. Baxter personally in flattering terms, and considered him an orator of merit, and a scholar—thoroughly imbued with his subject, and worthy the attention of all thoughtful people.

It is a fact that he has succeeded in calling out not only large audiences, but many citizens of culture and refinement, and that he has attracted the attention of Theosophists, Mental Scientists and Materialists. The number of lawyers and physicians is quite marked, not to add two court judges and several ex-clergymen. It is pleasing to find the general regard, and especially to the friends of Mr. Baxter in the East, that none go away from his meetings here except with profound respect for the man, filled with thought for reflection, in happy frame of mind, and resolved to know more of Spiritualism.

Mr. Baxter is numerous congratulated at the close of his sessions, and is the recipient of many invitations among prominent liberal-minded people to special attention and entertainment.

After a week's recuperation at the Grand Hotel, recovering from a two weeks' indisposition, and is receiving of about to receive, investigators. Mrs. Carrie Sawyer, too, is holding séances in the city.

The society closes its season with Mr. Baxter on the 15th of June. It is announced that Dr. Slade will continue meetings in same hall through the Sundays of June.

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

Mrs. Maggie Walte is serving the Society in Washington, D. C., during the months of May and June; will be at Sunset Bay Camp, Mass., in September and October in Grand Rapids, Mich.; open for November to societies, also prepared to make dates for '94. Address 1108 G Street, N. W., Washington.

G. V. Cordingley, the well known trance-medium, of St. Louis, Mo., during the months of May and June, will be at Sunset Bay Camp, Mass., in September and October in Grand Rapids, Mich.; open for November to societies, also prepared to make dates for '94. Address 1108 G Street, N. W., Washington.

We are in receipt of another letter of travel (which we shall give hereafter) from Mrs. Kate H. Stiles of Boston, and the present writing, she is in San Diego, Cal., having left San Francisco on the 27th of April. Her address will be, until June 1st, at San Diego; after that for two weeks, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mediums and lecturers contemplating a trip South, and desirous of information, can obtain the same by writing to Mrs. Wm. F. Anderson, 150 Julia Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

Dr. Willis Edwards—formerly of Lynn, now of Lowell—is doing a good work, both as a physician and as medium—so writes a correspondent.

Mrs. A. Wilkins can be found for the present at 36 Hudson Street, Lynn, Mass., where she will be pleased to see friends.

Prof. W. W. Keyser spoke Sunday, May 21st, afternoon and evening, for the Society of Ethical and Spiritual Culture in Park Square Hall, Boston; he lectures in the same place on the 28th. He is making up his engagements for the season of 1893-94. Society can address him for lectures and tests at Sunset Bay Camp, Mass.

Edgar W. Emerson has the following engagements for May and June: New Bedford, Mass., May 28th; Springfield, May 30th; South Deerfield, May 31st; Greenfield, June 1st; West Winster, Ct., June 4th; Haverhill, June 5th; State Convention, Newburyport, June 6th, 10th and 11th; Stowe, Vt., June 13th and 14th; Worcester, Mass., June 15th and 26th; Danielsonville, Ct., June 20th.

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

To Correspondents.

PROF. W. ST. PAUL, MINN.—We cannot accept the assertion that the spirits named are seeking to reach the public through the organism of the writer who forwards us a letter citing your address. But even if it is so, THE BANNER cannot give space for their publication. We therefore respectfully decline the proposition.

"HENRY" is informed that the address of Mr. "A. L. H." is now at Grand Lake, Vt.

Mrs. D. L. SALISBURY P. T., MASS.—The details you speak of are not at hand at this office—though the facts are scattered along the history of our times.

We will be much obliged to our friends everywhere if they will send us the names and full addresses of such Spiritualists in their immediate localities as are not regular subscribers to THE BANNER.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

J. J. Morse, 30 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 publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$5.00 per year, or \$1.50 per month, to any foreign country excepted in the United States, and to all other countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 for six months.

Send for our Free Catalogue of Spiritual Books—it contains the finest assortment of spiritualistic works in the world.

If each subscriber to the Banner of Light will charge himself with getting one new subscriber,

Message Department.

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

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

At these Spiritual Meetings of Mrs. M. T. Longley will occupy the platform for the purpose of answering questions propounded by the audience, and of holding forth upon the life beyond the grave, and the spiritual world. Questions forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, will be presented to the platform for consideration. Besides, occasional individuals are invited to send messages to their relatives and friends in the earth-life who 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 grave the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who have been diligent in the pursuit of knowledge and virtue in this life, will progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express 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 publisher of the fact of 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 they can place upon the altar of spirituality the floral offerings.

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. 21st, 1893.

Spirit Invocation.

Once again, oh! thou Beneficent Power, thou Supreme Intelligence, we send forth our aspirations unto thee, seeking for further revelations of truth and grander illuminations from the spiritual realm. Once again our thoughts rise toward that which is of the eternal, and we would have our minds quickened with your conceptions of the divine, that which is abiding. Not that we would discard those things which belong to the external state, or be in ignorance concerning them; but we would that our minds might become informed upon all the affairs of life, upon those important things which belong to humanity in every department and stage of unfoldment and experience.

We desire to come under the influence of exalted souls and into communion with those who have grown wise through the discipline and experiences of life, and who understand not only matters pertaining to the physical life, but also those concerning the spiritual life, and the spiritual habitation and discipline of humanity. May we consciously receive from such minds that quickening of thought and stimulation of ideas which will enable us to grasp more clearly the things that we ought to know. We ask at this time that we may become so harmonized in spirit, one with the other, the visible and the invisible friends who gather here, that we shall be united as in one band of brotherhood and sisterhood, each one sending out to the others an atmosphere of sympathy and peace that may be beneficial to all and bless all the associations of the hour. Thus may we become receptive of the inspirations of the angels, and respond in thought and desire to those pure souls who gather at such places as this, seeking avenues of communication through which to aid some human life.

We ask that all our dear humanity may receive and realize thy blessing as it is bestowed upon them. May each one feel himself or herself personally under thy care, and realize that thou art leading ever onward thy children over the hills and through the valleys of experience, that they may be unfettered in new directions and gather greater truths from age to age.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your queries are in order, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—[By W. W. G. Sioux City, Ia.] My dear companion has lately passed to spirit-life. I am very lonely, and have been trying to send my thoughts to her, both spoken and mental. What is the probability of her understanding them? Is it necessary for her to be in my immediate presence?

A.—Two who are in utter sympathy of thought and affection blend in one atmosphere of spiritual life, even though one of these individuals may be on earth, enveloped by physical conditions and the other an inhabitant of the spirit-world.

We would say to your correspondent, Mr. Chairman, that, to our mind, there is no doubt but what his beloved companion, who has passed to the spirit-life, understands and knows his longing for her presence, realizes when he is thinking of her, and perhaps grasps his particular line of thought. The affection and the longing of the lonely heart on earth will certainly attract the spirit-companion, and especially so where there is affection and sympathy also on the part of the spirit-presence; nor is it necessary for the invisible one to be in the immediate presence or in the atmosphere of physical life where the mortal companion dwells in order to know of the longing, the affection and the line of thought of the latter.

Thought travels through space with incredible rapidity and clearness. Thought, to spiritual perception, substance and form are received, noted and understood. Therefore, when a thought goes out to the spirit-companion from the individual on earth, it goes directly to its destined point, and reaches the presence in the spirit-world to whom it is sent. That intelligence will read it aright, and will send what influence she can in response.

We have no doubt but what your correspondent is the recipient of beautiful ministrations of love and care from the assembled companions. Possibly the limitations and environments are such as to preclude him from externally sensing or realizing these ministrations; and yet, if due attention be paid to impressions received, to little influences felt, it will not be long, we think, before an internal evidence will be given that the spirit-presence is near at hand with loving and beneficent influence and care.

Q.—[By "Seeker," Osage, Kan.] A certain author says (regarding animals, and in condemnation of the belief that some of us have that they exist in spirit-life): "Your earthly bodies were pervaded by a spiritual element. Your death was like the death of the animal, whose external body in the same manner as yours contains a spiritual element. When death severed the ties which united your spirits with your physical bodies, the component parts of your spirits had sufficient affinity to retain them together without the intervention of the gross elements of your bodies. Not so the animal. The death-struggle breaks the connection between its material and spiritual; and its ethereal atoms not retaining sufficient attraction for each other, they, as vapor, diffuse themselves into space until drawn to their appropriate spheres. . . . Identity is like a complete arch. In man the keystone of that arch is supplied, and the structure is eternal, while it is wanting in animals, and consequently, at death the arch entirely perishes. Will the Controlling Intelligence please give us his idea as to the truth, or opposite, of this writer's views?"

A.—We would like very much to learn how the author of the statement just read knows that it is a fact that the spiritual essences or elements which permeate the animal body have not sufficient vitality and power to become conserved and aggregated to form a spiritual body. Such a conclusion could not be reached unless positive evidence of its truth had been obtained, and we question whether it is possible for human beings on the mortal side to gain any such evidence.

We distinctly affirm that this statement is erroneous. The author quoted does not disclaim that the animal body contains certain spiritual elements, and we presume that why he does not is because he understands that did the animal body not possess certain spiritual elements, it would be a thing of clay alone, and could not vibrate in attraction, consciousness and power as we know it does. Granting, then, that the animal body is vitalized by certain spiritual qualities, why can he not take a step further and assume that these spiritual qualities must have been drawn from the great fountain of all spiritual life, they certainly must contain within themselves powers that are abiding, and, consequently, that they, too, must survive the shock of death and be reassembled into another form, as are the elements and qualities of a spiritual nature which belong to the organic form of humanity?

We affirm that this is so—that the spiritual part of animal-life, that which manifests itself

through intelligence, consciousness and activity, is sufficiently vitalized and filled with power to remain in existence after the form belonging to matter is dissolved, and these spiritual elements are conserved, and reconstituted into a new form that is animated by that indwelling intelligence or consciousness which gave expression to the former animal life, and that this now or higher consciousness and intelligence of the animal finds an abiding-place with proper surroundings in the great spiritual universe of life.

Many returning spirits, communicating through various mediums of earth, have declared that they possess animal souls in the spirit-world, and that these forms of animal life are as natural and as real as any that exist on earth. Now these spirit-intelligences, who have voluntarily made such statements, are not deceptive, nor do they wish to impose upon your credulity. They only desire to state to you facts concerning their surroundings in the spirit-world and concerning the different forms of life there; and it seems as natural to them to find there a certain animal that they loved when on earth as it does to find any friend of the human family who has preceded them to the spirit world.

We claim that the Supreme Intelligence makes no mistakes, and that, in endowing the animal creation with life, consciousness and intelligence, he only bestowed those qualities which are a part of his own being. Therefore the animal kingdom is a part of infinite existence and cannot be annihilated, but must find an abiding place, manifest their natures through other forms in every department of unfoldment and growth.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Rev. John A. McKinstry.

I feel to exclaim: "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the nations of the earth rejoice!" for it seems to me, as I view life from my present standpoint, that the great Lord of life is exercising his power and presence throughout every part of this holy temple—which is the body of the Supreme Spirit—and that his intelligent activity is manifested through every vein and artery and tissue of this great physical universe. So I feel that we may well rejoice, for there is no spot of infinite expanse of space where death is found. All things are imbued with change; forms are constantly changing and new manifestations of power are taking place; but the very activity of change, which dissolves one organic form and reconverts its atoms and forces into new forms of expression, shows that it is life at work and not death.

[To the Chairman:] I might not have expressed myself thus, my good friend, in olden days, when I taught those precepts, the golden rule that inspired my mind with power. But I did not see clearly in those days. I come back from the spiritual country of light like an ancient patriarch of the flock, looking after the various members of the fold and seeking to give them something of spiritual protection and love.

A few years ago my days were numbered on the earthly side, and I was gathered to my fathers in the great eternity. Many years had passed over my head, with their varied joys and pains and experiences, and the path which I felt led to the kingdom of righteousness, and I sought to lead my followers along the same way; but I realize now, in my present surroundings, that my path was a narrow one, and that it was hedged in by many misconceptions of life, of the Deity, and of the great beyond. I know now that many times the shadows of doubt and of error fell across my track, but I sought to press on, to the best of my thought and power, and to lead my followers toward that which I believed to be light and true. Therefore I cannot say that my spiritual condition has been a depressed one, although I have had to keep diligently at work to uproot the old ideas and opinions which do not affiliate with the actualities of the spiritual life; but I am glad to be free from that which is useless, and which may become a burden, and so I am ready to entertain any new truth, if it is grander and more instructive than any that I have had before.

I come, sir, to send my greeting to the dear people in Gainesville, O., and to good friends in other places where I was known earlier in life. I wish to assure them that there is a broad and open way leading from the earth to the spiritual life, and that all who seek may find it. I realize that this broad and open way is lighted all along by the brilliant stars of hope and promise and consolation, set there by loving angels and now, along the line of travel, feet and they who seek for mighty truth, and are diligent and earnest in their search, shall be lighted by these stars of beauty, and find their way an onward and an upward one. These I shall endeavor to aid, and if to any of them I can give a little word of consolation or of instruction, I shall feel that the best work of my life is upon me.

Many years ago, kind sir, I lived in good old Massachusetts, and the Western light of the State I opened my eyes upon the light of this mundane sphere. I cherish fond affection for the hills and the valleys of the old Bay State, and I feel that its atmosphere is as sweet to me as is the breath of summer roses. So do I turn in thought to the conditions and associations of olden times, and feel that I am infinitely blessed in retaining the power of memory, and in being able to cast my mind back over the past, along the line of travel and duty, through the disciplinary course of nearly fourscore years, and realize that I am now a spiritual being endowed with stronger faculties and keener perceptions, who may go forward to grasp the truths of the eternal life.

My name, good sir, is John A. McKinstry, generally called the Reverend.

Louisa Snow.

I feel that I do me no harm to follow in the steps of that good man, for a warm glow of sympathy comes from him when I do so. I have tried so many, many times to come to you, my dear friend, hoping to reach my friends who dwell in Lawrence, Mass., that I became discouraged and went away to my spirit-home, saying to sisters and friends there: "It is of no use; I cannot make myself known. So many friends return to earth-life and send tokens of remembrance to their dear ones, and we alone have not the power." I thought I would try once more, because Mabel said to me: "Lou is it not like you to give up anything you have set about doing?" and I replied: "No, it is not like me, but I do not see as I shall ever succeed." I have come again, and somehow the way seems so easy I wonder that I could not find it before.

So I am here to send my love and that of our dear ones on the spirit-side to those left on earth. Some of them know about Spiritualism, and they ought to be stronger and happier and better in consequence of it. I am sure of it. Perhaps they are. I know they should be. They have gathered some knowledge of the guardianship of spirit-friends and of the nearness of the spirit-world. I bring them much love, and I say: "Yes, dear friends, you are traveling over what at many times seems to be a rugged road; there are sharp stones in the way, and the clouds sometimes hang low; but you are assisted by influences from beyond, and you will be helped through the shadows, and only find yourselves stronger than you were before."

If we can come at any time in private, and speak our thoughts, we shall be happy to do so; but that is not our privilege now, and so, at this public place, I send out to the friends an expression of our sympathy and affection, and hope that at all times all will be well with them.

We do not find every day and every hour of our lives filled with sunshine and ease. We have work to do, and sometimes the duties laid on us are not just exactly what we might choose for ourselves; but when we take them up with patience and intelligence, we find they are accomplished easily, and life seems more beautiful because of them. So we try to learn, and to grow on the spirit side, for we see so many above us more beautiful and grand and full of power that we know we must not be idle, but must push on if we would reach other and higher places in the coming time. Louisa Snow.

Felix Thomas.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman. [Good after-

noon.] I am very glad to greet you here. I have a warm feeling in my heart for this place, and for the work that you are engaged in. I believe in Spiritualism, and I am glad to tell what my own power is, and what I can do in the rights of man on earth, and his condition in the spirit-life.

I lived a good while in the body, Mr. Chairman, and I had some strange experiences. I had at times a rugged discipline, but it did me good, it brought out the stronger points of my nature, and made me somewhat positive in my expression. I am glad of it, because more than once I had occasion to raise my voice in behalf of some oppressed or wronged human being, and also against the efforts of bigots who tried in every way to hedge in humanity in its search for that which is free and broad and grand.

I am Felix Thomas, and my home was in Saratoga, N. Y. I send my greeting to every man, woman and child at the Springs, and at Saratoga, where I was known, and want them to know that I am a living man. I want them to know that, although nearly five years—I think it is—have passed away since I was translated to another world, I have not lost any one of those characteristics which stamped me as an individuality, and that I come back to-day the same man, but all practical purposes—only I hope grown a little broader, sweeter and more mellow under the spiritual influence of the eternal world—that I was when I passed on.

I have a great desire to see Spiritualism grow still more powerful here among the homes of the State of New York. I believe it takes hold of every community, and that it belongs to mankind on earth, and that its mission is to work with its silent but potent forces throughout every department of being and help to regenerate man where he needs regenerating, and to bring up the lowly and unfortunate to higher planes of life in the directions of thought and labor, and also of general experience.

It seems to me that this influx of spiritual power from the higher life is calculated to reach every individual and do him good. I, for one, am glad that Spiritualism is abroad throughout the land. I am glad that it is being studied and investigated now by many who, a year or two ago, turned their noses up at it, and would not have anything to say to those who were professed Spiritualists. Well, I am very glad of that, although I suppose Spiritualism will live if they continued to take no notice of it; but I am very glad whenever any intelligent person wants to investigate the truth and, finding it to be such, desires to incorporate it into his life.

So, Mr. Chairman, I feel that in coming back to give greeting, I am just expressing the thought of a number of good souls who have lived and fought for the truth, and who are living and fighting for it still, although they are not visible in forms of flesh to the outside multitude. Good day, sir.

George A. Kingsbury.

A good old soul from our town, who is a relative of mine, reported to you at your last meeting, and I was here with him watching the transactions and trying to learn something of this line of work. He spoke to me very kindly after he left this place, and endeavored to persuade me to try to make myself known in a like manner; but I told him it would not be as easy for me as it had been for him, because he understood these things before he went from the body and I had no shadowy idea of them.

I find, however, that it is not so hard for me as I thought perhaps it would be, because during the last few years I have been trying earnestly to understand these various lines of travel between the two worlds, and to gather some information from those who communicate with earth. I have been to school and have tried to profit by my lessons, and I am ready now to tell my people something of this spirit-life and its conditions if I ever have the opportunity of speaking to them quietly in my own way.

I was conscientious and honest in my religious belief and in my connection with the church. I was called "deacon" by my friends. Whatever duty came to me in regard to the welfare of the church and our congregation, I tried to discharge properly, and I think my friends will say that, although I passed away before what seemed to me was my time, yet they would not regret that their thoughts to a place among the unfaithful.

If I could have shown my dear family and good friends the real condition of my spirit after I passed from earth, they would have been surprised. I did not rise to any lofty height, I did not find myself in any brilliant place surrounded by a great light and throngs of chanting angels, but I was just close by the old life, right in the midst of my family and friends, and I could have comforted and aided dear ones dependent upon me, striving hard to make myself understood, and trying to realize that I was yet a living man with active powers. Since then I have entered the spirit-world and found it a good place, full of busy life, full of genial friends, and just about what this world is, only a little higher and better and clearer and easier to understand and take hold of.

When I came to try to make myself understood I asked the good friends what I should say and do, and they said, "Just be natural; just speak as you would in everyday life." I was only a plain farmer, and I sometimes took my truck and carried here and there, but I tried to do my work as it came to me from day to day, and I said to the spirit-friends, "Perhaps I shall not be welcome." But they said, "Oh yes; all are made welcome, and all will be given a hearing, for in this spiritual life every man stands upon his own merits, and I could have said, 'I am doing his work faithfully and well, and strives to do right by his fellowmen, is as highly honored as is the monarch on his throne, who also strives to do the best he can toward his dependent subjects.'"

I come from North Brookfield, Mass. George A. Kingsbury. To my father, my family, and my friends.

Ella Stratton.

My name is Ella Stratton, and my people—those who are yet on this side—live in Halifax, N. S.

I have a sister Jane that I would like to reach, but I do not know as she understands Spiritualism. I did not know of it when I was here. I have others on this side that perhaps know nothing of it, and it may startle them to have a voice come, as it were, from the grave, out of the past, claiming to be one of them, and asking to be received; but I come in that way, and as something more than a voice, as a living human being, who has passed through many strange things since I talked with them. My conditions were limited on this side. I had desires and aspirations. I would have liked to gain great knowledge—a college education; but I could not have these things here; and so I have been applying myself to my studies ever since I found the opportunity on the spirit side.

Some of the dear friends have come to me since I went away. Our numbers have grown larger in the other world and smaller here, but bringing the good news that all are safe, all are well and happy, and busy with their own affairs, and we shall all be glad when those who are toiling along this mortal shore are brought to us in the heavenly world.

I thought if I could come, no matter if it is a long while since I left the earth, it might bring a thought and a little cheer to some one on this side, and perhaps do as much good as it will do me just by knowing that I have tried to send an influence of love from the spirit side.

Fred C. Clark.

[To the Chairman:] Will you be kind enough to read to me the words of Mr. Clark from Walpole? I left a dear family and many friends. I know they felt that my taking off was untimely. I felt so at first myself. It took me a little while to get used to the new life and to be satisfied with the change, but I feel much better in that respect than I did at first, because I would be an ingrate not to be satisfied when so many good things are given me. I also had many things to be glad of—some of them were in the life of the spirit. I felt that I was getting along well in my material affairs, building up that which would bring good results, and it seemed to me unjust that I should be cut off in the prime of life.

I confess that I had these rebellious feelings, and it seems to me now only natural that I should. Sometimes even now I feel as if I would like to be in the old scenes, take hold of affairs with my own power, and make what I could out of the circumstances and opportunities of life; but that is because of those who are here that I regard with tender affection; and I come, Mr. Chairman, not to make any eloquent speech, but to tell my dear ones that I am here with love and greeting, and that I have not forgotten any friend that still lives on this side.

I am a busy man, sometimes interested in affairs like that which hold my attention here (that is, when I come in contact with the earth), and sometimes interested in matters that belong entirely to the spirit-world.

To my former associates in the works I send my greeting, for, although I left that line of employment, and engaged in other business before I went from the body, I always had a kindly feeling for those that had been my companions through many pleasant days.

Some of them I hope to come again, and perhaps I will do better than I have to-day, but I shall always remember this experience with a great deal of satisfaction.

Helen Smith.

We did not live in Boston when I passed from earth-life, but my people have moved to this city since then. When I found they had come here from the far South, where we knew nothing of spirit-communication, to this place where there are so many open ways, I thought I would perhaps be able to come to them right away, but I have not, and I think it is a good while since they came here.

I desire to come bringing my love to my friends, and I desire to say to my Cousin Nell, who is engaged so busily in her musical affairs, that I often find myself close by her side, and sometimes feel that I give her something of those spiritual ideas on this subject that I have gained in the other world.

I never controlled a medium before, and I may not speak very clearly, but I do the best I can.

I want to say that I wish the dear ones would form a circle of their own at home, because I believe that a good work for humanity is to get strong manifestations of spirit power in two ways—mentally and physically. I believe that my sister Grace is a medium for receiving inspirations and perhaps for getting tests of spirit identity, and others of them are mediums; so if they form a circle for a battery of power, I think they will get manifestations that will be very convincing to them.

I shall work and try to influence my friends to do so. I think there is capacity for accomplishing a good work for humanity in this line, and then we shall be able to come near to the outer life that we cannot only make ourselves known, but perhaps bring something from other spirits to their friends which will make the hearts of the dear ones here glad. That is why I have tried so hard to come, hoping that in some way I could find an avenue through which I could reach my dear ones, and give them ideas of how to proceed in forming a circle for investigation, and I shall continue to try until something more is accomplished. I am Helen Smith.

Report of Public Seance held Feb. 24th, 1893.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q.—[From one in the audience.] Why are tests always given to persons in other cities or States, and never to persons here at this present time in this audience?

A.—We would say for the information of our questioner that these circles were established by the spirit-world more than thirty-five years ago, not especially for the benefit of individuals present, but for those spirits who had no other avenue of communication reaching out to their friends in various quarters of this country and the world, and who probably could never find an opportunity of communicating with those friends at any other place.

The spirit-world, in the days when the BANNER OF LIGHT was established, saw the need of something of this kind. While there were private circles open to the public in various cities, especially in Boston, and while these private circles and mediums have multiplied so that any investigator in this city may engage a private sitting for personal communication with his own friends, or may visit one or more circles such as are held by these mediums, there has been no public avenue of communication for spirits on earth who lived in remote parts of the world, and who desire to reach their friends, but have no direct line of contact with them. For this purpose, as we before said, these circles were established, and it has been the aim of the Spirit-President and his aids to keep open such an avenue of communication that individuals living in the outskirts of the far West, in the south-eastern States, or in the far East, might gain the gleam of light from the spirit-world, and a word of love from a departed friend which they might never receive in any other way.

There have been thronging back to mortal life, from the very earliest dawn of Spiritualism and its revelations to the present time, thousands upon thousands of human souls, anxious to reach, with a direct word or thought, some mourning friend or needy soul upon the earth. These spirits naturally flock to the place where a medium is situated who can transmit communications from the other life, and so having had it made known in the spirit-world that such a place of communication, known as the Banner of Light Free Circle, had been opened for those who desired to give something from the immortal world, there has been a continuous stream of spirit-travelers from that world to this.

We very frequently receive letters from various parts of the West, South and East, asking why it is that so many spirits come to our Circle-Room from this State and from Boston and its vicinity, while others often ask why it is that so many spirits come to our circle to send messages to individuals far off and not to friends here in Boston. So you see that individuals from all localities are anxious that they should personally be pleased or favored in this line; but we have endeavored to keep open a public avenue of communication to the entire spirit-world, and not for the benefit of a few. We have made it distinctly known that this is not a test séance for persons present. There are many such in Boston, which may be attended by those desirous of obtaining personal messages from their exalted friends. It is intended for the benefit of the great mass of spirits; and consequently a spirit who lived in Boston or close by is no more welcome and no less so than one who lived in New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, or elsewhere.

Therefore, we trust that our friends on earth will feel, in such places as this, wherever they may be found, that the desire on the part of the spirit-guides is to give the greatest good to the greatest number; and remember that there are individuals in the far West, in the South and other localities where no mediums are to be found, where no spiritual meetings are established, and where no home-circles are open, who read the pages of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and if, perchance, they receive a word of encouragement and remembrance from those who have passed from the mortal world, together with a test of the spirit's identity, only the angels know what a glad and thankful strain is evoked from the hearts to whom it is sent, for it has been as a light in the shadows and darkness which have surrounded them.

Q.—[By H. R. H., Indianapolis, Ind.] It is, or it is alleged to be, the destiny of every human soul to attain to higher perfection; but to reach this unfolding, the conquering self as to passions and desires, must become an accomplished fact. Are there, then, temptations and oppositions in the future state, acting—as on this earth—as mentors to the unfolding spirit intelligence; or is it necessary for the spirit to become again incarnated in order to take added steps in the pathway of its needed development?

A.—The pathway of progress, we are taught, is one continuous line of effort and of travel. We know that no soul, however exalted he may be, who has reached the height of perfection and has nothing more to attain by way of power, achievement, or personal unfoldment. The height of that perfection which the soul

looks forward to ever gleams beyond; for, as an intelligent being gains one goal, he finds there are other heights beyond toward which he may and must climb. So life may be only a continuous effort, but one that is daily being crowned with successful results.

These heights of progress may not be gained at a single bound. One must plod along constantly, seeking to overcome that which is of the carnal state, to conquer self, submitting to the higher laws of spiritual development, and guidance, and subjecting the lower forms of passion, of habit, and of perverse appetites to the will and the sense of honor and justice which belong essentially to the spiritual nature. This is the individual's duty, not only to do in the spirit-world, but to an extent here upon earth, pressing onward from year to year, overcoming weakness, gaining power, and becoming less and less selfish in his propensities, desires and habits.

Our correspondent wishes to know if there are temptations and impediments in the upward path of the exalted spirit. Why should there not be? You are not to suppose that the spirit-world affords one vast, level field of level ground over which the individual is to travel, a level space over which he may pass with ease, with a cloudless sky above his head and sunshine all around, for it is not so. There are shadows everywhere, and you will find them in the spirit-world as well as on the earth, although it lies with yourselves there whether these are dispersed or whether they continue to hang over your path.

Here you are, enveloped by circumstances over which you have no control, and therefore the burden and shadow of life may press heavily upon you in spite of all your efforts to rise above them or to pass into a happier state. In the other life the shadows may arise from disappointments in your lives that you do not find things as you expected, and that you are not as strong as you expected, or as well off as are those intelligences who have long ago lost the weaknesses belonging to the more external or selfish condition of life. You will have duties to perform that seem difficult to you at first, because you do not understand them; but no work will be outlined for you that you are not adapted to perform, and when you bring to your task the will to accomplish it, it will become easier, the victory will be readily won, the triumph assured. And so on, from age to age, the road of progress is an upward one, as far as we know anything of life in the spirit-world.

In regard to the question of reëmbodiment, there are spiritual intelligences who affirm that there is such a law most certainly; not arbitrary in its operation, but one by which spirit entities may profit if they feel that they are not fully disciplined in the affairs of earth. Some of our Spiritualists may say: "If I go to the spirit-world and find that I have not performed my work fully, my place is on the earth, where I ought to take up certain affairs and bring them to greater and grander results. Why may I not take upon myself a medium and perform my work through that channel?"

To this the reincarnationists of the spiritual world would reply: "Your desire is a purely selfish one, not permitted fulfillment by the highest power—the Infinite Life. By coming in contact with earth-life and taking a vital hold of its conditions, you would prove a burden to the magnetic life of the medium to such an extent as to exhaust his nerve-powers and to deprive him of the conditions of a healthful, happy life, which you have a right to do. It is the right of every individual to demand certain conditions, elements and properties of existence that belong to him as a human entity, and no spirit is justified in obsessing an individual on earth to the detriment of that mortal. If the spirit does so, he must pay the penalty sometime in the future, and the mediumistic sensitive must also receive full compensation for that of which he has been robbed in magnetic life or aura to the detriment of his health, mind, and reason." Therefore, friends, we think that those who bring this response to the query of the Spiritualists certainly have the better side of the argument.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Charles Shapleigh.

I beg your pardon, Mr. Chairman, for coming first to-day. I tried to come at your last meeting, and really thought I had made myself known to an extent. I spoke what I had to say, and supposed you had received it on this mortal side; but after your meeting had closed, there was a sort of investigation or something on our side of life, and your Spirit-President informed me that I had not given any message, and that merely my name had been received.

I do not understand these things very well. Some one told me long ago in the spirit-world of your circle-room, and a man said that all a spirit had to do was to come here, get as near as he could to you people on the platform, and just speak out, without fear, what he had to say. I tried to come a good many times, and usually found myself near the end of the line. The last time you held a meeting, I don't know how it was, but I got to the end of the line. I gave my name, turned away and left, thinking of course it was all settled. That is my excuse for intruding to-day.

My name is Charles Shapleigh. I lived right here in Boston a good part of my life, and one part of my life I lived across the water in East Boston.

I do not know whether my friends will care to hear from me or not, but I have some relatives right across these parts and some friends who are left on the mortal side, and I would like to see if I could. I would like to have a talk with them, but I do not suppose they believe in Spiritualism, or would go to a circle to listen to what a spirit would say.

I used to be a man of push. I was never as successful as I would have liked to be, nor did I pile up a fortune to leave. I do not know as I took much of a fortune with me. Sometimes I think of it, and then I think I did not. I took my money with me, and while it gave me a view of some good things, like to see, but I suppose it made up a part of my spiritual possessions. I took enough with me to clothe me in a sort of fashion, but not so handsomely as some I have seen on the spirit-side. I have been gone some years now, and I have been growing, taking hold of the spirit-world, and making something of it, so that I do not feel altogether like a stranger.

There is one of my family, Sarah, that I have tried to follow in her experiences, and to give her an influence from the spiritual world that might help her in her duties. The poor girl has had many things to bear since I went to the spirit-world, trials and perplexities brought by others and not by her own conduct, and it has seemed that the way might be made more pleasant for her; but perhaps I do not see as well concerning this upward life and its needs as might do, and perhaps I am not prepared to judge of these things when I feel so much interest. I would like to get near to that dear one, and also to others, and give a thought or have a talk. Perhaps by coming here and saying something my friends will see my words in your paper, and it may be that I shall get a hearing at some of the meetings you say you have in your city, for I shall do my part.

Father Seth Hinshaw.

[To the Chairman:] Well

