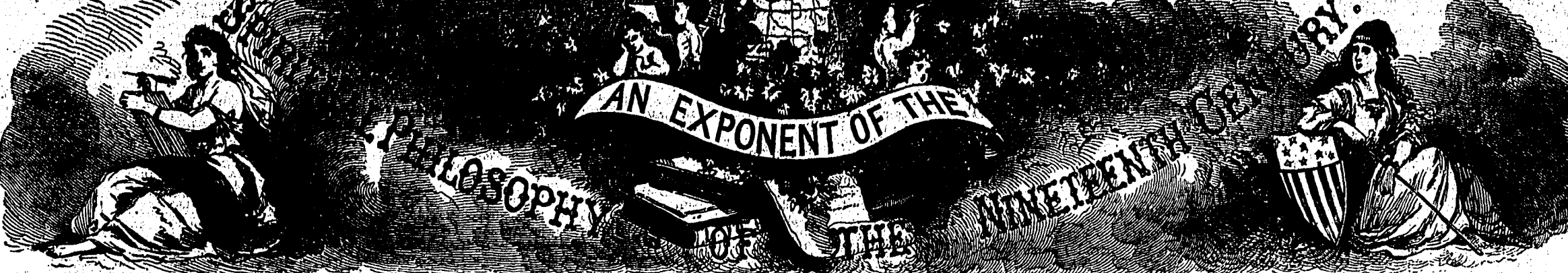


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Original Story.

### MARY ANNE CAREW:

WIFE, MOTHER, SPIRIT, ANGEL.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

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

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#### CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

The great dog stood one side, and we passed through the gate. This gate was a gem of beauty. In form it was very much like a gate used for similar purposes on the earth, but instead of being made of wood or iron it appeared a gate of pearls hung with silver hinges; it also had a silver latch and catch.

The pearls were of many sizes, set together after the most beautiful pattern, and near the top of the gate pearls formed the words: "Home for Orphans."

The dog, Faithful, greeted each child, as it passed through the gate, in an affectionate, protecting way, as though he thought their lives and happiness were in his keeping. His extreme dignity and self-consequence provoked a smile. Ursula smiled also, and seated herself on the emerald step which led up to the veranda. The great dog laid his nose on her knee, while she patted and caressed his intelligent head.

"You smile," she said, "because you were not prepared to find that dogs were immortal; but now that you are aware of the truth, I will tell you this dog's history—for he has a history more interesting than some human beings can boast. He accomplished a great deal of good during his life on earth, and saved many, very many, lives. He never committed an error or made a mistake. He never failed in his love or faithfulness, and he was as well aware that he saved lives as you or I would be if we had performed the same acts. He never killed man, woman or child, although his size and strength would have enabled him to do so if he had been disposed; but he lost his own body while striving to save that of a human being, and he had suffered near unto death many times while performing the same kind mission. He is a real St. Bernard, and was kept and educated by the Benedictines for the purpose of going down the snow-bound mountain and rescuing travelers from a frozen grave. He was at length frozen and buried, accidentally, in the deep snow himself. But here he is; my good old Faithful more faithful and worthy than many human beings who think he has no soul. Nature is more considerate of him, even than the human beings whose bodies he has saved, for they, in their ignorance, consigned him to everlasting death or oblivion; but natural law preserves him alive, for which, I am sure, the children and myself are very grateful."

The children were already romping on the veranda, and two or three little pet dogs, with bright ribbons about their necks, to which silver bells were attached, were running, barking and playing joyfully with them. The bright little birds and singing canaries were also taking part in their play. Truly, such a happy, joyous class of little girls I never saw before. Not even my wildest dreams of heaven could compare with the reality.

Ursula and I seated ourselves on one of the wicker settees while the children skipped and played around. In and out of the garden they flew, singing and chatting joyously; as they ran about among the shrubbery and flowers I perceived rabbits and white mice, butterflies, larks, robins, humming-birds, and many other creatures that I was familiar with. Two or three little kittens were scampering and playing together, and a couple of sedate cats were purring, and winking their large yellow eyes. All was life, all was beauty, all was peace. The cats did not offer to touch the mice or the birds; their time for feeding on the bodies of their victims was long past; they lived but as spirits.

I know that all this would very strange to people who have been taught, from their youth up, that nothing but man exists after the death of the body; thus I had been taught, but it is a mistake. All life whatsoever is spirit, and all spirit is life; there is no death of any kind or anywhere; the material body falls away from the spiritual and becomes disintegrated, but there is no death even in that; the spiritual body does not, need it any longer as a covering or garment, and so drops it, and it becomes clothing for other forms of life which are spiritual. If such forms as I found here are the spirits of the forms developed on earth, why is it more strange that they exist here than there? If they are worthy to exist at all, they are as worthy to exist in one place as another; for surely I found this life a counterpart of the one I had left, but vaster and far more beautiful.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### OLD PONTO.

WHILE thus sitting in dreamy meditation, gazing out over the beautiful expanse of water, we observed a form approaching the gate, and, as it came nearer, I saw that it was a negro. He came up to the gate and leaned his arms upon it.

"How do, Sully?" he said, rolling his great black eyes toward her.

"Oh! is that you, Ponto?" exclaimed Ursula. "I am quite well, thank you. How are your master and mistress?"

"Oh—missus—she be takin' on, someat; but it'll all come right, by-m-by!"

This negro was black as ebony, with hair as woolly as hair could be, great, rolling eyes, and thick, negro features. He wore a gracefully flowing robe of bright red, trimmed and faced with gold, tied about the waist with golden cord and tassels. In his ears were large hoops of gold, and nearly all his fingers were covered with gold rings. I had now ceased to be surprised at what I saw, and was becoming eager and curious to learn all that I could. My mind was naturally hungering and thirsting for knowledge.

"Your master takes more kindly to this life than your mistress?" continued Ursula, addressing the negro.

"Yes'm—yes'm: for massa done fo' expected he go ter hell, Miss Sully; but missus, she 'spected to stan' fo' de Lord ob Glory, mong de angels in de golden streets, an' she am awfully disapointed. Massa an' dis nigga make berry nice house for missus, but she cry all de time, an' say

she am los', she am los'! She do'an want to lib here; she want to lib in Glory wif de Lord! Massa, he say, 'Oh, Katy! dis am berry nice house we make fo' yo'. Oh! Katy, look! it am yo' husband!' Oh! Katy, darlin', look! it am Le'nard. But she cry an' say, 'Go 'way! go 'way! I wan to lib in glory wif de Lord.' Den massa say, 'Look, Katy, darlin', dis am ole Ponto, dat sarve yo' so long—ever sin' yo' were a little gal. See dem posies he bring yo'.' An' she strike at de posies, an' she say, 'Go 'way! go 'way! yo' big brack nigga!' an' den she wring her han's an' say, 'O—ho! O—ho! jus' ter tink, arter all my prayer, dat I shud hav' ter cum ter lib in de same place wif a big brack nigga—in der same place wif my slave! Am a missus no better dan her slave, dat she go to der same worl' where he lib? Den massa he say, 'Ponto jes' stay here fo' love—he sarve us fo' love; an' I am yo' husband, Le'nard. Say, Katy, darlin', do'an yer know me?' Den she say, 'I hate yo', Le'nard! I always hated yo'. I wan to lib in glory wif de Lord. It am all a lie—a lie! fo' I belonged to de church, an' say my prayers reg'lar, an' did do all de Lord require me to do; an' now I am cas' off, now I am los'! Git out'n here, yo' big brack nigga! Yo' sarve me fo' love, do yo'? I want none o' yer love! Ain't yo' ashamed, Le'nard, ter talk about a brack nigga's love? If I were n't dead I'd hev him horsewhipped!' Dat am der way she go on, Miss Sully. Den I run ober here, jes' fo' ter look at yo' pretty face an' de little gals. Who am dis lady, Sully?"

"This lady is the mother of those two little girls," replied Ursula. "She has been in this world but a few hours; still I have not heard her say a word about the Lord of Glory."

"She do'an go on like my missus, den," and he doffed his bright cap, bowing low before me; "but missus, she'll git ober it—she'll git ober it, by-m-by!"

"Oh, yes!" said Ursula, smiling brightly upon him; "she will get over it before long, and take to this life as kindly as any of us. Where are you going now, Ponto? you faithful old soul! I will warrant on some kind errand for that terragunt who once owned you as her slave, and, I doubt not, had you whipped many a time."

"Bout reg'lar ebbery week, 'cause she sed 'it war good fo' me.'"

"And then when you were feeble and old your last whipping sent you here, did it not, Ponto?"

"Yes'm; dat war de way ob it," he replied; "but 'it war my las' whippin'; fo' de Lord, I'm glad, an' it am good to be here."

"You are a slave no longer, Ponto, and at present you are much happier than your mistress."

"Bress de Lord! yes'm. De Lord hab been berry good to ole Ponto. No mo' whippin'—no mo' tile in de rice fiel'—nobody order ole Ponto 'bout now. Dis am berry good lan' flowin' wif milk an' honey. Dis am de promise lan' ole Ponto look fo' so long, an' 'spected he'd neber fin' it."

He threw up his hands, and commenced chanting a beautiful melody. One could not catch all the words, but it was about the goodly land flowing with milk and honey.

"Where are you going now?" asked Ursula.

"Down by de ole river Jerden," he replied, showing his teeth as he broadly smiled, which, like those of the rest of his race, were as white as ivory.

"Oh! de river—de beautiful river Jerden!" he chanted.

"Down by de river where de rushes grow, an' it am sparklin' wif silber an' gold! But de silber an' gold can stay dar; ole Ponto do'an need 'em no mo'. Guess I'll gader some grapes fo' missus. She war powerful fon' o' grapes fo' she come to dis worl'. Spec she'll like um heal, an' when I come 'long back, little Katy she wif me, she see her mudder. Mabby when her mudder see her, she feel better contented to stay in dis worl' when she fin' her little Katy heah, too."

"Yes," assented Ursula; "to find her child here will comfort her more than all else. Her mother love will be awakened, it will give her hope and courage, and help her to perceive the goodness and beauty of this life. This life to you, Ponto, is heaven; while to her, because she had expected something so different, it is, at present, hell."

Ponto doffed his cap to us once more, and went on singing and chanting to himself. He was a very large, grand-looking negro, and he swayed his body gracefully in time to his melody. His full ebony features and bright flowing robe blended harmoniously with the beautiful scenery.

Ursula turned to me, and asked if I would like to hear the story of the lady whom Ponto and herself had been talking of.

"Very much," was my reply.

"She is of a very old Southern family, who owned many slaves for years—an extremely proud, aristocratic woman—and as devout as she is proud. She was also noted for her cruelty to her slaves. She was very set in her opinions, and domineering to the last degree. It was said of her that it was easier to bend the heavens than to change her mind, and she ruled her household with a rod of iron. She was a cold, unloving wife, treating her husband with disdain. She married him solely because their estates joined, and uniting them would greatly increase their value. Her husband, on the contrary, was a very mild, amiable gentleman, and loved his wife as much as was possible. Old Ponto has been in this world a number of years. He was an old slave, owned by her, and was beaten to death for not performing the usual amount of labor, which, on account of his age, he was unable to accomplish. Even the overseer of her plantation had interceded for him, but she was inexorable; if the heavens were to fall, her orders must be carried out. Well, as you now see, it was better for the old slave, but she, of course, knew it not. Her husband came to this life a few months ago. Her little daughter, Katy, died of yellow fever two or three weeks since, and yesterday she, also, came here, for the fever did not spare her even, although her will was iron. Her former husband and old Ponto have created for her a lovely home, where she may remain until her spirit shall accept wisdom enough to be content with life as it really is; but they are having a very hard time with her. She insists that there is just such a heaven as she always believed in when on the earth, and that she will go there, whether or no. She screams and cries continually, and upbraids her former husband, together with old Ponto, for keeping her from that heaven. She insists that her former slave, from hatred of her, is trying to drag her soul down into hell, but not being permitted to do this, he is holding her with the power which has been given him by Satan to keep her for a time out of heaven; but to heaven she is determined to go."

"And so she struggles, cries and abuses them continually, telling her former husband that, on account of his weakness, Satan and old Ponto have gotten the better of him, and between them they are holding her soul in bondage. She tries to beat them with her fists, but, of course, it does them no harm; as it would if they were in mortal form. She declares that Ponto's bright robe is evidence enough

that he is an emissary from the depths of hell, and she will not look about her to see whether there is any brightness in this life or not; because it does not agree with that which she believed when on the earth, she will have none of it. She will not accept or look at anything, and they cannot get her forth from the house, for she insists if she were to yield to their wishes, she would be forever lost in hell. She calls Ponto an imp of the devil, and that, out of revenge for his merited whippings, he and his rightful master are determined to drag her down to hell, for which reason she struggles and beats them off. How long this state of things will last it is impossible to say. Poor Ponto is doing all he can to enlighten her, and so is her former husband. Her father and mother are not yet in this life. She was not a person whom any one loved, therefore there are not many here to interest themselves particularly on her account. Her former husband is the nearest friend she has in this life, except little Katy. Katy is that little creature put in the garden, the child with the little kitten in her lap. She is not yet four years of age, and, of course, cannot teach her mother a great deal.

"Ponto would have taken the child to her mother before this, but we all thought it would be useless, for she would be sure to say that the old negro held the child, together with herself, in his awful power. You know, dear lady, that many of this kind of people are very superstitious."

"Oh! what a story was this. Once more I raised my hands and eyes in my great desire, as I earnestly exclaimed:

"Oh! that the gulf betwixt heaven and earth might be spanned, and souls not remain in ignorance of this life to which they all must come!"

This unhappy woman expected, and had always been taught, as I also had, that at death she would go to heaven or hell; that hell was a flaming pit presided over by Satan, and filled with lost souls; that heaven was a place where the streets were paved with gold, and God sat enthroned while the white-robed angels sang his praises forevermore.

Now in one sense this is all true, and the woman at this time was in hell, but the hell was within herself, caused by ignorance of the real truth, which she, owing to a stubborn nature and wrong teaching, could or would not see; wisdom coupled with love would have made for her a heaven—bright, shining and glorious.

"Ursula, you speak of this woman's husband as her former husband. What can you possibly mean by that? Is he not her husband, and with her at the present time?"

"He was her husband in the earth-life; he probably thinks he is her husband now, and she thinks so, without a doubt; yet they are both mistaken, as I have good reason to think."

"Mistaken!" I exclaimed, in surprise. "What can you mean?"

"I mean," she replied, "that it is very doubtful whether their souls are one. He is not at all like her, but is a mild, rather weak gentleman, easily satisfied, and very glad that this life is as beautiful as he finds it; his soul is not one that will progress very rapidly, and he will, possibly, remain very much as he now is for some time to come. He has been here often to see little Katy, but has not cared to take her away; he thought that I could do better by her than he could. He preferred to live with Ponto, for being weak of mind and purposeless, he has not been able to erect a home for himself. The poor old slave is really more progressive than either the master or mistress; his earth-life being one of suffering and bondage, it spurred his soul into greater activity, and, finding now that he can have things by earnestly desiring them, he erected for himself a very lovely house, and you saw how nicely and appropriately he was clothed. Ponto really loved his master, and on that gentleman's arrival here was one of the first to greet him, and offer a home in his own beautiful abode. The master's former slave now attends him for love. Really, their positions are reversed. The weak-minded master is not yet capable of erecting a home, and the slave, from the riches of his soul, gives to the master most bounteously. Thus the former slave has taken both master and mistress into his own home, where they will probably remain until they become wiser; and he is doing all he can to teach them. How long she may remain in her present state it is hard to say."

"And will not this man and his wife remain man and wife forever?"

"I think not," replied Ursula. "They do not appear to me to be the right halves which form a whole or perfect soul—a completed angel."

"What can you mean, my dear young lady?" I asked in surprise.

She smiled as she said:

"We all have much to learn, and eternity stretches before us that we may have plenty of time in which to increase our wisdom. There need be no hurry. Your own soul is not yet ready to comprehend a great truth, but the hint which I have given you will expand your mind somewhat; really, my friend, do you think, after what you have heard of these two people, that they are at all alike—one mild and weak, the other stubborn, despotic, and possessed of a cruel, indomitable will?"

"Surely not," I replied.

"Do you suppose two natures, so entirely unlike, can blend into one harmonious whole, equally balancing each half the other?"

"Why, really not!" I answered.

"Then you think as I do, that they are not now husband and wife, although on earth they held that relationship to each other."

"But is not such a relationship perpetuated here?"

"If it is the true one which forms the angel, it remains forever, but not otherwise. You heard Ponto repeat what she said about hating her husband, and that she had always disliked him. I do not doubt it in the least. She did not marry him for love, or because they were adapted to each other, but their estates joined, and she would become more rich and powerful if they were united; now, her soul is so poverty-stricken, that the slave, whom she caused to be whipped until he died, is the only one to take her in, give her a home, and feed her soul until she gets wiser and stronger. I fear it will take a nature like hers many days to say the least."

"But could not a very bright and wise angel teach her better, and would she not be more willing to be taught by such an one than by the negro?"

"Her former husband took her soul at first, and he on earth would be considered her nearest of kin; but we will suppose that bright and shining angels went to her, saying, as Ponto and her husband have said: 'There is no such heaven as you have been taught to believe in, and there is no hell except the hell of ignorance and error,' and she were to cry out, as she has to them: 'I do not believe it! You are frauds and liars! Take me to heaven, instantly, that I may see God and his beautiful Christ. If you do not you are arch-fiends in the guise of angels, sent by Satan to

decoy my soul into hell!' If these beautiful angels were to tell her that wisdom and love had made them bright and shining, and she could not be like them until she had obtained sufficient love and wisdom to make her so; that it would take a great deal of experience and time; that God was, in part, her own soul; the wiser and more loving she became, the nearer she would approach unto God; do you think in her present state all this would do any good? Her stubborn will insists that heaven is a small locality where she will see God, in the form of a man, sitting as a judge or potentate, with Christ at his right hand, and a few select, holy angels clothed in white, walking golden streets, and singing praises to God forever. She firmly believes herself to be one of these chosen few, kept from going there by the emissaries of Satan, in the persons of Ponto and her former husband whom she hated. She could not even understand a holy angel until she became a holy angel herself; but, when Ponto returns, we are going to see what her love for her child will do for her. The mother love is a powerful lever to move the soul, and it now rests with little Katy to subdue her mother's stubborn will."

I clasped my own little girls to my breast, as they came dandling up to me. My heart yearned for the three little children left below. We were soon going to pay Joey a visit; afterward I was determined to return to the earth again, and make sure that all was well with my darlings there.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### AN UNHAPPY WOMAN.

PRESENTLY Ponto came in sight, on his way back. His appearance was picturesque in the extreme. He bore on his head a beautiful basket, heaped with fruit and grapes; this he held with one hand, while with the other he led by a golden cord a beautiful white heifer. He was chanting musically, as before, a song in which "flowin' wif milk an' honey, Canaan an' de promise lan'," and "down by de river Jerden," bore a large share.

I did not catch all the words, if, indeed, there were others, but these were enough to show how happy and content he was. It was really the promised land to him, who had shortly before been a poor, old, worn-out slave, whipped to his death.

He came up to the gate.

"Miss Sully," he said, "will you an' de stranger lady come long wif little Katy, while dis nigga bring de milk, an' de honey, an' de grapes?"

Ursula laughingly replied:

"Yes, Ponto: we will come too. Would you like to go?" she asked, turning to me.

"Oh, very much!"

"We will take little Katy, and the other children can remain here until our return. Come, Katy," she called; "come! we are going to see your papa, and your mamma has come to be with us too."

Katy came skipping up, holding the kittens in her apron.

"What! are you going to take the kittens?"

"Yes," replied Katy; "me mus' take 'tittle tittens. 'tittle tittens want to see my papa, an' me sall dive one 'tittle titten to mamma."

"Very well," said Ursula. "You shall take them along if you want to."

The child was a beautiful little creature, fair as a lily, with flaxen curls, and starry blue eyes. She was chubby, and dimpled as a cherub, which she very much resembled. She wore a blue, silken frock and white, gauzy pinafore, through which the pretty maltese and white kittens could plainly be seen: she also wore a necklace of small pearls around her pretty, white throat.

Ursula opened the gate, and we started; Ponto following with the basket and the heifer. Presently the little girl wanted to ride, and Ponto lifted her to the heifer's back, where she sat like a fairy queen, playing with the kittens. Ponto said she ought to be crowned; so he gathered some small, fragrant, star-shaped blossoms, wove them into a wreath, and placed them on her head.

Oh, how lovely everything was! We had not far to go, for just around a curve in the beautiful, winding path, we came in sight of the house. The lawn, which we were now crossing, was covered with the freshest and most beautiful of dandelion blossoms, with their long, pipe-like stems. Little Katy clapped her hands delightedly.

"Oh, Ponto!" she cried, "me want pitty posies!"

We all stopped, and Ponto, together with our aid, gathered a large number of the blossoms, and, while he was forming a wreath for the white heifer's neck, I had time to take in all the details of the house and its surroundings.

The house was erected in the midst of a wide-spreading green, was roomy and rambling, one story in height, with a wing here and another there to suit the fancy of the builder. There were a number of large old-fashioned windows, three or four doors, a portico here and a veranda there. There was no particular style of architecture about it. It seemed to have been thrown up after a promiscuous fashion, yet, altogether, presented quite a beautiful and imposing appearance; but its greatest charm lay in its exceedingly restful, home-like look. It reminded me of grandfathers, grandmothers and sweet old-fashioned homes—and, surely, that must be a well-sweep near the house. The roof was almost flat, just rounded up sufficiently to hold a flagstaff, from which floated a bright flag—the American flag of stars and stripes—but in each stripe, were printed words, and I read them with curiosity: they read thus:

"Ethiopia's children will soon be free! The strong arm of the Northman shall smite his Southern brother even unto death, and the powers of heaven shall descend, and rest within the soul of Abraham! By his hand shall Ethiopia's chain be loosed!"

At some distance from the house were clustered a number of out-buildings, and roaming around them were many animals of various kinds, and also a great many kinds of birds which love to frequent, home-like places and farm-yards. At the back of all this, not far off, was a large tract of wooded land, which one could see was sequestered and very beautiful. A glancing, shining river wound its serpentine course between the farmyard and the woods. When my eyes had drunk in all the beautiful scenery, my attention was again called to Ponto, who was placing a hanging wreath of dandelions around the neck of the white heifer. Little Katy was shouting with glee, crying:

"How pitty 'tittle cow looks; 'cause she has a yellow necklace!"

We moved on. As we drew near the house I perceived a gentleman seated on one of the verandas; he was tall and slender, with light blue eyes, pale brown hair and beard; his appearance was somewhat dejected and forlorn; he greeted us with politeness, and clasped little Katy in his arms. She patted his face with her dimpled hands, and kissed him fondly many times.

(To be continued.)







# Written for the Banner of Light.

## FELLOWSHIP.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERS.

Can we live within ourselves, apart?  
Can we keep our sorrows and not feel  
Pain until the wounds refuse to heal?  
Can we hide the joy that overflows,  
Secret as the essence of the rose?  
Can the vapor of our being stray  
From the cloud of other souls away?

Can we live outside earth's beating heart?  
Where the wild the soul take root and grow?  
Where the powers of being have their flow?  
What is world but spirit, through and through,  
Greeting us from faces ever new?  
Where should then affection's tendrils twine,  
But around thy throbbing heart and mine?

Not a thought within the curious brain,  
But a love, calls other thoughts; a word  
Flies only as it has its hand made strong,  
And the clasping of a hand makes strong,  
And converts our sorrows into song,  
Life works love when hearts with hearts unite.  
'Tis fellowship it maketh burdens light.

# Spiritual Phenomena.

## Mrs. Mary Wakeman—Additional Facts.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

While there are many mediums in the world whose merits as individuals and psychics are well known not only to personal friends, but to casual visitors, it is true that in comparison with the majority of the earth's population these responsive agents for the invisible intelligences are few and far between, like the rarest of diamonds, and should be appreciated accordingly for their scarcity and value as mediators between the two worlds. With due regard for all the other excellent and useful mediums in New York City, I feel it but just to add another chapter of recent occurrences to the long record of remarkable manifestations occurring through Mrs. Mary Wakeman, 145 West 43rd street, near Washington Square.

Mrs. W. has been a medium for sixty-five years; that is to say, she was born that way, with a history of phenomena for which she and her family in Connecticut for many years had no name, and little understood. Personally I have noted her development for the last twenty years, her first unconscious trance controls being my father, and relatives and friends of my earlier Southern life; and her great success, in a modest way with many others, induces me to commend her with perfect confidence to all sincere inquirers after the greatest of all truths. The lady's particular phases are clairvoyance, clairaudience, and unconscious trance, including the ability to answer unread letters, many of which she has received from Nebraska, Louisiana, and the extreme South and West, as well as from neighboring points, resulting in acknowledgments of much satisfaction, repeated communications and personal interviews. As instances of her success with perfect strangers, let me relate the following:

A certain gentleman from abroad called for the first time, when at once his spirit father and grandfather reported their presence, the medium giving their first names, and spelling their last old French names correctly. Another stranger came in to make an engagement for another time, when she informed him that his spirit wife was with him, describing her, and giving her name. Still another party, a lineal descendant of Napoleon, formerly general in the French army, and now connected with the Standard Oil Company, made his first visit, saw, heard, and was conquered, had several lengthy sittings, and like Old Bull's son, expressed his gratification in very complimentary terms.

Recently the medium was telling some friends of her visions of the day. I came in at the time, when she turned, and said: "Mr. Sulpes, I don't know but that I have a test for you, too. Wiona [her chief business control] told me to-day that she had been down South to see a friend of yours [designating him] and found him in trouble. But [she said] he has another man with him now, and his name commences with a D." To my surprise I received a letter from the gentleman informing me that he had dissolved partnership with his associate of many years, that his business prospects were very gloomy, but he had found another partner by the name of Davis.

A Southern lady called on the medium and said: "I have visited a number of other mediums in town without success, and if you could simply give me the name of my father it would be a good test, as I am a stranger here and nobody knows me."

"Well," said the medium, "I hear the name of —, and he tells me that he owned some land here in New York many years ago. In the squatter region, he says; that it was of little value then, but is worth considerable now. I see two other men, who were familiar friends of his. Now I am shown them seated at a table. They have been having some friendly glasses together. Your father was not used to drink, as they were, and in a spirit of fun, as he thought, they offered to lend him money if he would give them a mortgage on this property. Now I see him putting his hand to paper, partly writing his name and finishing it with a mark. He did not dream of deceit, but they recorded the paper. This was done in 1872."

"Can you get the names of the two men?"  
"Yes, one was named —, and the other —."

Then followed appropriate advice from the spirit father as to legal investigation.  
"Wonderful!" exclaimed the lady. "I am here from the South to consult some lawyers about this very matter. The names, descriptions and facts you have given are all right."

A lady of Staten Island wrote a letter asking if she could get any information of a missing relative. Holding the letter while under control, the medium dictated a reply to the effect that she was taken to the far West—to Colorado; that she saw a brother of the writer on a ranch; that in crossing a river he was drowned, and that a man who was with him would so inform the family. A few weeks later the letter writer called, giving no name or hint, when the medium said: "I see your spirit brother here, and he gives me the name of —, and he says that he told me about three weeks ago that he was drowned. Do you understand it?"

"Yes; I am the party who wrote you from Staten Island. You have just spoken my brother's name, and a gentleman who was with him has written us word that he was drowned in crossing a river."

Lately I received a letter from an Orthodox friend in the South, saying she had been a victim of some dishonesty, but she gave no particulars, and asked that I "consult the spirits" about the matter. During entrancement of the medium I inquired for the true inwardness of the indefinite letter, the super-scription and contents entirely concealed, and at once she declared it related to a robbery of money and jewelry, by a boy who had been visiting the place with his mother for a time. She described the writer of the letter, her natural disposition, surroundings and business, her necessary help for relatives, also her spirit husband and another. I received a reply, saying the result was "startling"; that she had sent for the boy and recovered some things, but not her gold watch and checks.

This reply I also submitted to the medium (after entrancement, so that she knew naught of either letter in her natural state), and at once she seemed "caught up of the spirit" and was made to report the company of the mother and husband again, with the names of some of the living and dead belonging to the distant family, about whom the medium knows nothing. She also referred to the father as suffering with his head, and not long for earth life. (He is very feeble and very deaf, and has to converse on slates.) The medium also stated the occupation of the lady's husband, the average number of boy children he superintended in life, his favorite passion for music and his correct name. In every particular as to the robbery of money and jewelry, the disposition and habits of the inquirer, her immediate surroundings and business, her attitude toward Spiritualism, the description of her mother and husband, father and sisters, with out slight or suggestion of the letter or its author, the medium was strangely right, and the only reasonable

Inference is that, in strong sympathy with the purpose and life of the writer, her spirit-relatives were, actually present.

These are but a few instances of like occurrence, and they might be largely multiplied, without exaggeration, if the numerous receivers were willing to publish their names and private experiences. Besides her regular sittings for individuals (sometimes numbering five to seven per day) a public circle is held every Friday evening as above, during the summer. Among the medium's many appreciative friends and patrons are persons of influence and position, who are always ready to testify to their high estimation of her peculiar gifts and usefulness as a medium and practical prophetess, as well as to her uniform refinement of thought and character, her simple sincerity, and strong human sympathy.

## FROM THE CAMP GROUNDS.

### Cassadaga and Its Promises.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

"The enemy never sleeps; neither should our vigilance for freethought."

In this four hundredth anniversary of America's discovery the fires of genius have spread to every nation. Self-conscious spirituality and a sense of the boundless resources and possibilities of mind are awakened as never before in the world's history. Every day brings a fresh surprise at the achievements of research and invention. The whole world is rife with human endeavor and aspiration.

When President Cleveland touched the electric button which signalled the formal opening of the World's Columbian Exposition, and virtually laid before the nations of the earth those vast and bewildering vistas of science, art and discovery, he voiced a sentiment emphatically befitting the representative of the American people. He said: "We shall in this great Columbian Exposition exemplify in the noblest sense the brotherhood of nations." And it is to be believed that this great awakening has been planned and projected by the wisdom of the unseen world for a purpose—the elevation of the race—and that the unseen hosts are working in unison with all humanitarian effort. The world will on account of human imperfection, be disappointments, disasters and failures in the execution of many ideals, yet the exchange of thought and the acquaintance of nation with nation cannot but be developing a greater unity of interest, a better understanding of the resources and capabilities, and also engender a feeling of deeper sympathy between man and man.

Hence we look upon the present year as not only an eventful one, but one in which many fragmentary and isolated efforts of the past shall be brought to a head, reduced to practicality, and more than any year preceding it serve as a stepping stone to that higher and broader life which has heretofore existed only as a theory, when love to God, outworked through love to man, will be the result of a definite purpose, and utilizing each individual life with every other, and peace on earth and good-will to man become a realization.

The day has already come when disseminators of freethought are not confined to any particular locality or land, but are scattered all over the world, and men and women of brain and heart are thoroughly and fearlessly discussing every subject that pertains to the betterment and enlightenment of the world.

Spiritualists have been in the vanguard in the march of progress, and the various camps which the present time dot the continent from shore to shore have become the great rendezvous for the centralization of spiritual forces, and acting in concert with the world disembodied spirits, they have become a great power for good. Notwithstanding the fact that the medium which will be drawn from every nation to the Columbian Exposition, we predict that the interest and attendance at the various camps will be increased rather than lessened.

We have just returned from a few days' sojourn at Cassadaga Camp, and feel our spiritual strength renewed and our hopes and ambitions for the world's work brightened. Many lessons have been given, and it has been shown that the angel world is earnestly at work for the accomplishment of a definite purpose—the complete emancipation of mind from bondage to superstition and ignorance, and the suffering and crime which they entail. The deeper meaning and significance of this great awakening and cooperation of nations has also been revealed. The camps and laborers at Camp Cassadaga all seem to be uplifted and inspired with the one praiseworthy ambition: the perfecting of everything that will add to the convenience, healthfulness and attractions of the camps.

Mr. A. Gaston, our President, though occupying the responsible position of Mayor of the city of Meadville, and being identified with other extensive business, does not lose sight of the interests of Lily Dale, but improves every opportunity to be of service to the camp, and his assistance and encouragement in every direction.

Mr. Frank Fuller, the new Superintendent, has been vigilant in his labor, and generous to a fault in the expenditure of money, and all seem satisfied with his expenditures.

Mrs. Pettengill, the new member of the Board, in her largeness of heart and great love for the Cause dear to us all, has with open and beautiful hand, dispensed beauty and utility on every side; and we wish such as she, who are so generous and loving, and kind, might also be endowed abundantly with the means wherewithal good may be done. Through her means the hotel has been renovated from bottom to top, newly painted, papered and carpeted. She has made the entire building beautiful and attractive. The dining room is especially inviting in its tinting of pale green and buff, its curtains of spotless white muslin, and its ornate decorations of ivy and baskets of flowers. We can easily imagine how deliciously cool and appetizing it will be to sit in the August day.

Mr. Richardson has been at the Camp for a day or so, walking about with light footsteps and animated mien, his face beaming with happiness, which is always the reflex of generous and noble deeds. A debt of gratitude is due to him for the electric lights, and many liberal donations of money.

Mr. Bennett, the grocery man, has donated quite a sum of money. Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox of the Park house are flying about as usual, making ready to entertain their numerous patrons. Every body fares well at their table, and everybody likes them.

All seem to be doing their "level best" to make everything attractive and comfortable.

Mr. A. Gaston, Mr. H. H. Skidmore, Mrs. Huff and Mr. D. Barrett have recently returned from De Leon Springs, the famed "Fountain of Youth." They all seem to have imbibed a fresh elixir of life, and are alike jubilant over Lily Dale and Florida. Mrs. Skidmore says in a letter to a friend that she has no space so lovely and picturesque as our lovely Isle, though she wishes to return to Florida for the winter.

Mrs. Shaw, widow of the late Judge Shaw of Chicago, has recently purchased the Kinsale Cottage, on Melrose street, and has remodeled and painted, and furnished it in a very artistic manner.

Dr. G. F. West has just arrived from the Vt. College of Chiropractic, and is fully equipped for his profession.

The letter would be incomplete did we neglect to give our tribute of love and honor to those tried and faithful veterans of Cassadaga Camp who, with unflinching perseverance, subdued the wilderness and swam and made it blossom as the rose. To them, more than to all others, we are indebted for what Cassadaga is to-day. Many of them are now permanent residents upon the grounds, and are seemingly enjoying the full meed of happiness which their excellent work richly merits.

Mr. and Mrs. Skidmore still stand in the foreground as champions of free thought and the best interests of human kind. During all the years of Cassadaga's existence they have studied its interests, and contributed with beautiful hand to its improvement and uplifting. They truly demonstrate hospitality, bestowed alike upon rich and poor, has been a power for general good and encouragement.

Through the generosity of our worthy President, Mr. A. Gaston, and Mrs. Henderson, of Erie, Pa., the necessary funds to carry out the work of putting in sewerage and water-works have been furnished, and the Camp is rejoicing to have and many other sanitary improvements.

One great attraction of the Camp this season will be Mr. W. J. Colville's school, an initial letter, a book that all who can will avail themselves of the rare opportunity of receiving instruction in psychical and spiritual laws. The quiet and thought inspiring natural scenery of Lily Dale seems just the place for spiritual teaching, and we predict that a good deal will come from Mr. Colville's course of instruction.

ORPHA E. TOUSKY.

## Summerland Camp.

The Summerland Spiritualists' Association will hold its annual Camp Meeting in July next, commencing on Sunday, the 2d, and closing on the 23d. For further particulars address A. O. DOANE, Sec'y, Summerland, Cal.

## Merrimac Island, Minn.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

This comparatively new campground, near St. Paul, Minn., is thirty-one acres in extent, from twelve to fifteen feet above the river, and is covered with a magnificent growth of elm, cottonwood and maple trees (some of them being over a hundred feet in height), providing abundant shade. The broad "Father of Waters" flows upon its east side, and many natural attractions combine to make it one of the most beautiful spots in the Northwest. To those who wish to have an outing, as well as to receive a feast of spiritual food, this location offers additional inducements. Those who wish to investigate the claims of Spiritualism are off the top of the opportunity of meeting some of the best talent in the world, as it is the aim of the management to have

only those of known reliability doing public work on the grounds.

The camp sessions, under the auspices of the North-western Spiritualists' Association, will commence June 20th and close July 23d.

The Camp Programme will be kept at the Bazaar, Mail should be addressed "Inver Grove, Minn. (Merrimac Island)." For further information, address W. H. BACH, Sec'y, St. Paul, Minn.

## New Publications.

SOCIALISM FROM GENESIS TO REVELATION. By Rev. F. M. Sprague. 12mo, cloth, pp. 493. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The author is not unaware of the prevailing prejudice that exists against the term Socialism, but confidently believes it will disappear, and warns his readers against the delusions that the adoption of Socialism will distribute the wealth of the rich equally among all classes, deprive individuals of personal property, sanction the social outrage of confiscation, and secretly, if not openly, sympathize with methods of violence. It is evident that Socialism is making rapid progress in our midst, and as this book is the first and only one that presents the subject from a thoroughly democratic and American standpoint, it is eminently worthy of the thoughtful consideration of all having the welfare of our country at heart.

SIMPLICITY AND FASCINATION. By Annie Beale. 12mo, paper, pp. 499.

LOST IN A GREAT CITY. By Amanda M. Douglas. 12mo, paper, pp. 468. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The above constitute Nos. 25 and 26 of the publishers' "Good Company Series" of novels that have in higher priced editions become favorites with the people, and which in this at a greatly-reduced price are having a widely extended circulation.

NO "BEGINNING," or, the Fundamental Fallacy. A Common-Sense Exposure of the Error in the Reasoning Upon which is Based the Belief in a "Creation" or "First Cause" of Things. By W. H. Maple. 12mo, cloth, pp. 166. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.

The aim of the author is to establish in the minds of his readers a belief in the eternity of the substance of the physical universe. This he affirms is not necessarily atheistic. It rather leads the mind by logical and natural processes of reasoning from the temporal to the eternal, and thus brings the reader face to face with God. Mr. Maple remarks, "that the Deity thus found is not a personal one, will not be objected to by the deepest religious natures, for the reason that the impersonal is necessarily greater than the personal, and the true God must be that, than which a greater cannot be conceived."

THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN. A Study in the Practical Application to Dress of the Laws of Health, Art and Morals. By Helen Gilbert Robb. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, pp. 253. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

The author justly claims that any study of dress is defective which does not clearly define the laws of health, beauty and morals; that the intense interest beginning to manifest itself on the subject marks an epoch in the social history of woman, and indicates that she is ready to put away childish things and be governed by reason and conscience. The purpose of this volume is to aid in this commendatory reform, and to advance a knowledge of how women can attain a permanent emancipation of body as well as of intellect.

THE THREE CIRCUITS. A Study of the Primary Forces. By Taylor Flick. 12mo, cloth, pp. 238. Washington, D. C.: The Author.

In a quaintly original style the author presents what he claims to be an entirely new theory of world-formation to explain the nature and cause of obscure astronomical phenomena—the aurora, zodiacal light, comets' tails, etc.—and what he believes to be an accurate description of the manner in which solar light and heat are produced by rapid changes of magnetic presentation taking place in the molecules of our atmosphere. In connection with the latter the shape of the molecules is given, and the peculiar movements by which the changes of presentation are effected are minutely described, illustrated by a photo-engraving of the solar and earthly dynamo in action. The book, which is one of much interest, contains forty similar illustrations.

STRANGE SIGHTS ABROAD; or, A Voyage in European Waters. By Oliver Optic. 12mo, cloth, pp. 305. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A yachting party crosses the ocean to the Azores, calls at Madeira, scales the peak of Teneriffe and meets with an exciting and dangerous experience in Morocco. Since all the author's books have been and still are favorites of youthful readers, it is safe to conclude that this will become equally so.

THE POET AND THE MAN. Recollections and Appreciations of James Russell Lowell. By Francis H. Underwood, LL.D., author of "Quabbin," "Handbook of English Literature," etc. 10mo, cloth, gilt top, pp. 133. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The prominent incidents in the life of its subject given in concise form, with some account of his works in prose and verse, and a pen and ink portrayal of him as a man. Mr. Underwood was an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Lowell from 1853, and was at one time associated with him in conducting the *Atlantic Monthly*. His close intimacy with the poet abundantly qualified him to render this appreciative tribute to his memory.

CYCLE-INFANTRY DRILL REGULATIONS. Prepared by Brig.-Gen. Albert Ordway. 18mo, cloth, pp. 70. Boston: Pope Manufacturing Co.

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### Verification of Spirit-Messages.

IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT, 1892, I read a message purporting to come from Spirit Wm. H. DUNNAN.

I was not personally acquainted with this man, although I had seen him on a few occasions and knew him by sight. He was a tall, muscular, of the well-known firm of Dunbar, Abbott & Whidden of Whitman, Mass. I knew he was from Santa Barbara, Cal., for his health, from which he passed to spirit-life about a year later, as he said.

I think he was a Swedenborgian. In a previous BANNER was a message voiced by the Controlling Spirit purporting to come from Spirit DAVID FOSTER. I knew him well. He was a former townsman of mine. In his message he says: "There is a change to come soon in my family. All will be made ready for it." At this time his grandson (a young man) was about to have one of his legs amputated, and it was thought by most people that he would not survive the operation. He, however, lived through it, but after while it was necessary to perform another operation, which proved fatal.

In THE BANNER OF Dec. 3d, 1892, is a message purporting to come from OLIVER D. REED.

I was not acquainted with him, but knew the circumstances of his going out. He was drowned in Hobart Pond, as he said. I believe all these messages come from the spirits purporting to communicate.

A. JOSELYN.  
Crescent City, Fla., March 21st, 1893.

I take pleasure in recognizing the identity of L. JUDD PARDEE, as one of the old time workers in the spiritual vineyard; and his message in THE BANNER OF May 13th is characteristic of the man when on earth:

"I have no regard for plutocracy, or that grasping monopoly which gathers millions of dollars representing the brawn of the masses; but I have a genuine respect for honest labor well exercised and conscientiously expended, whether it be the capital of the land carrier, or whether it belongs to the most brilliant thinker in our scientific circles of investigation."

I heard L. Judd Pardee lecture in Cincinnati thirty years ago. He is still a power for good. Yours fraternally, C. H. MATTHEWS.  
New Philadelphia, O., May 18th, 1893.

In THE BANNER just received (March 18th) I read the communication of NEHEMIAH T. ADAMS of Jewett City, Conn.

I was intimately acquainted with him. I first knew him when he was superintendent of a cotton mill in which I worked, situated in the town of Pomfret, and I called Pomfret Factory Village, but now Putnam, Conn. He has always been engaged in manufacturing, and was an energetic man.

In 1863 he was a member of the Senate of the State of Connecticut. I was a member of the House at the same time, and served on the War Committee with him, where I found him the same energetic man that I knew when I worked under him in a cotton factory. He passed away about two years ago at Jewett City, Conn. He was a member of a Congregational church.

I have no doubt that the communication comes from him. Fraternally, LUCIAN CARPENTER.

140 Cranston Street, Providence, R. I.,  
March 16th, 1893.

In THE BANNER OF Oct. 8th a message from Spirit CALVIN HALL attracted my attention.

About 1856 or 1857 he boarded with us for nearly a year, healing the sick free of charge, furnishing medicine or money to get it. He was a subscriber to THE BANNER, and first introduced it into our home. He helped the Spiritualists in getting established in this place. I have waited hoping some one would publicly recognize his message. It is very much like him, always earnest, "up and doing," striving to assist all, and making friends in all his walks of life. He comes to me now as I write, and says:

"I did not mean to come with a wall, fearing the Cause would die. Spiritualism will never die. But I see some of my friends have become so doubtful that they have lost some of the best truths of the faith. The spirit world is very near, and more in sympathy with mortals than they understand. It gives us great satisfaction to be recognized. More confidence in your mediums will enable us to give better and more satisfactory messages. One word to Brother COLBY: You have been standing at the helm through storms and calm. Your motto, Justice, truth and charity. Be of good cheer; you will leave the world better than you found it. The BANNER OF LIGHT has done a grand work in its day. Thousands have found light through reading its pages. Bless you to day for the help they have found to banish forever the fear of death. Sad partings must come, but the chain of memory cannot be dissolved, and glad reunion of kindred and friends will be in order in spirit-life."

Mrs. S. H. MELONY.

I recognize the message from FOSTER BEACH, published in the BANNER OF LIGHT March 4th, 1893, as coming from a young man who passed out from this town with consumption several months ago. He left a wife and two small children in straitened circumstances, and it indeed seemed, as he says, that his work was needed here.

As far as I know, he had no knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy previous to his passing out. Worthington, Mass., March 28th, 1893.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT of Feb. 18th we read a message from H. S. BROWN of Milwaukee, Wis. We knew him intimately for a number of years, and think the communication very characteristic of him. He was quite a literary man, and did much to promulgate liberal ideas in the sphere in which he moved. He lived to a ripe old age.

Fraternally yours, T. J. AND S. E. FREEMAN.

Stout Falls, March 17th, 1893.

In THE BANNER OF Feb. 18th, on the sixth page, there is a message from H. S. BROWN. I wish to state I fully recognize it, and I was associated with him more or less during the last twenty-five years. He was always devoted to the cause of Spiritualism, and a good honest man.

Wm. H. DUNNAN.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Dorchester, Mass., Sunday, May 21st, Rae, only child of Nettie and the late Wm. Drake, aged two and a half years.

Services—consisting of an address and prayer, replete with the truths and consolations of Spiritualism—were conducted over the remains of this lovely babe at Cedar Grove Cemetery, Milton, on Tuesday A. M. May 21st, by Mrs. M. T. Longley. The good and noble and beautiful flowers of a sweet May morning seemed to breathe the glorious spirit of the arison one, and to breathe hope and comfort into mourning hearts, as the inspired utterances of the speaker fell softly upon listening ears.

Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents per line for additional lines will be charged. Send on one week in advance. No notice admitted under the above heading.

The Quarterly Convention

Of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association will be held at Morrisville Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 9th, 10th and 11th, 1893.

The convention opens at 2 o'clock P. M. Friday in the Town Hall. In addition to the speakers, the managers have arranged for a very interesting and profitable entertainment, who will also lecture for the Equal Rights Association Saturday P. M. They have also engaged Edgar W. Emerson of Manchester, N. H., a fine test medium, who will give tests from the platform.

Good music will be furnished.

Board at Randolph Hotel \$1.00 per day.

Special rates for the following stations: Bellows Falls, Ludlow, Rutland, Brandon, etc. Tickets will also be on sale at the following stations, at 2 cents per mile each way: Essex Junction and Underhill.

The Boston and Maine Railroad will sell tickets on the Vermont State Spiritualist Association, and Lake Champlain Railroad, good going the 7th to 10th, and returning the 12th. A cordial invitation extended to all.

For order of tickets, apply to J. B. ROBERTSON, Sec'y, Waterbury, Vt., May 28th. JAMES OGDEN, Sec'y.

## Nervousness.

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

An agreeable and beneficial tonic and food for the nerves and brain. A remedy of the highest value in Mental and Nervous Exhaustion.

Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.



Awarded Gold Medal and Honorary Diploma (1st Prize) in Germany.

PROF. KORSCHNITZ'S

## Ether Ray Apparatus.

Magnetic Healing Power Irradiating Apparatus without electricity, and effects of unbounded duration.

Favorable effects produced in all cases of sickness, especially

Nervous Affections, Fever, Rheumatism.

The Best Remedy for Sleeplessness.

Promoter of the Healthy.

Illustrated Catalogue free. ADDRESS,

Ether Ray Apparatus Co.

CLEVELAND, O.

Apr. 22.

Your Wife's Watch

ought to be equal to yours, at least.

Her minutes cost her more than yours and bring her less. You see that at dinner time, at supper time, at breakfast time, and—well, all the time. Haven't you learned her needs? She needs a watch that she can risk anywhere; accurate, stylish and genuine—and not expensive: the new, quick-winding Waterbury. Handsome as a hundred dollar watch, though it costs only \$15 down to \$4.

It is cased in gold, filled, coin-silver, etc. It is stem-winding and setting, a jeweled movement. It may save a costly one. Every jeweler keeps this watch in all styles.

"BLOOD WILL TELL"

Always Reliable; Established by practice 40 years.

DR. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'

REMARKABLE MEDICINES.

Alterative Compound & Blood Purifier

For Humors, Skin Diseases, Impure Blood, etc.

Also THE WILD CUCUMBER PILLS, for

Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS TO

S. WEBSTER & CO., 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

May 27.

CONSUMPTION

SURELY CURED.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they send me their experience and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

Dec. 31.

55 to \$15 Per day, at

LIGHTNING PLATE

and printing, jewelry, watches, etc. Place the

order, on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or steel.

No experience. No capital. Every house has goods needing

plating. Plating, plating, plating. H. E. DELOANE &

CO., COLUMBUS, O.

Apr. 1.

AVOID

SAFE AND SURE CURE FOR

PILES, FISTULA, ITCHING, PISURE, ETC. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS. SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED BOOK ON PILES SENT FREE.

DR. A. B. JAMISON,

41 West 20th St., N. Y. City.

Mar. 11.

WE SEND FREE

with this beautiful Organ an instruction

book and a handsome, polished steel

The organ has 31 stops, 5 octaves, and is made of solid metal, warranted by us for

made, tested and used. Send for this beautiful instruction book to day FREE (Illustrated Catalogue, OXFORD BROS. CO. Chicago, Ill.)

Nov. 5.

TREATED FREE

with this beautiful Organ an instruction

book and a handsome, polished steel

The organ has 31 stops, 5 octaves, and is made of solid metal, warranted by us for

made, tested and used. Send for this beautiful instruction book to day FREE (Illustrated Catalogue, OXFORD BROS. CO. Chicago, Ill.)

Nov. 5.

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The organ has 31 stops, 5 octaves, and is made of solid metal, warranted by us for

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## Mediums in Boston.

Dr. C. E. Watkins,

Office Hours 10 A. M. until 3 P. M.

The Independent Slate-Writer,

At the request of his guides will devote Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 7:30 P. M., to the writing of letters, etc., for the ladies. Special terms, of course, given to those who desire to only hear from their friends, and do not care about testing and experimenting with the power. (No charges whatever will be made unless the power is perfectly satisfied.) Parties of four ladies, at \$1.00. On Saturdays at 10:00. Take Back Bay Cars, 8 Hatfield street, or at 8:30. Stephen street, former Plymouth. Drawing disease a specialty. Feb. 18.

Mrs. S. S. Martin,

55 RUTLAND STREET, Boston. Seances Sunday, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7:30 P. M.; Sundays and Wednesdays at 10:00. GEORGE T. ALBRO, Manager.

J. K. D. Conant,

Trance and Business Psychometrist. Sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seances every Sunday evening at 7:30; also Friday afternoons at 2:30. No. 11 Union Park, Boston, Mass., between Shawmut Ave. and Tremont Park. Will hold public or Private Seances. 17

Miss A. Peabody,

BUSINESS, Test and Developing Medium. Sittings daily. (Circles Sunday, Thursday evenings, and Tuesday afternoons at 2:00. Six Dollars a Circle for \$4.00. 36 Common street, near Tremont street, Boston. June 3.

Osgood F. Stiles,

DEVELOPING, Business, Test and Medical Medium. Seances a specialty. Circle Tuesday evenings at 7:30. Thursday afternoons at 2:00. No. 70 Walworth street. Will hold circles Sunday evenings at 7:30. 17

DR. JAMES R. COCKE,

24 Worcester Street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Fannie A. Dodd,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN and Test Medium. No. 233 Tremont street, corner of Eliot street, Boston. 17

Mrs. Hattie A. Young,

TRANCE, Business and Developing Medium. Sittings daily. Ladies 25c, Men and Children 50c, and 61c. 22 Winter street, Room 15. 47

Miss A. J. Webster,

TRANCE MEDIUM for Diagnosis of Disease, Business and Tests. No. 85 Bowdoin street, Room 7, Boston. 17

Mrs. M. E. Johnson,

BUSINESS and Test Medium. Hours 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings, 8 o'clock. 14 Winter street, Room 6, Boston. June 3.

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham,

THE well known Medium, Business and Test Medium, 247 Columbus Avenue, Suite 8, Boston. Will answer calls for platform work. 17

Adelaide E. Crane,

TEST and Business Medium. Magnetic Treatments. 46 Tremont Avenue, Boston, near Newton street. Hours 9 to 5. 17

Addison D. Crabtree, M.D.,

171 TREMONT ST. Specialty: Diagnosis and Cure of Diseases at a distance. Send stamp, age and sex. 17

Mrs. Mott Knight,

INDEPENDENT Slate-Writer. 44 Shawmut Ave., Boston. Private Sittings daily. Seances Sunday and Tuesday eve. May 27.

Mrs. A. Forrester,

TRANCE, Test and Business Medium. Also Electric Treatments, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. No. 181 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. 47

Miss Helen A. Sloan,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. Vapor Baths. No. 118 Tremont street, Boston. 17

PSYCHOMETRIC and Business Reading, or

all questions answered, 50 cents and two stamps. MARGUERITE BURTON, 1472 Washington street, Boston. Apr. 28.

MISS L. M. WHITING, Massage & Waverly House, City

Square, Charles Street, Rooms 75 and 76. Mar. 11.

MRS. J. C. EWELL, Inspirational and Medical

Physician, 54 Tremont street, cor. Hanson, Boston. June 3.

DR. JULIA M. CARPENTER, 303 Warren

street, Boston, Mass. Jan. 7.

BICYCLE TO ANY BOY OR GIRL

under 15 years of age, or who will work for

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## Miscellaneous.

Dr. R. GREER,

(30 years' practice.)

CURES ALL CURABLE HUMAN DISEASES, AND

MANY DISEASES CON



**BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1893**

When the Judge arose, the audience was about to greet him with applause, but was prevented—from the Judge's own side—by the following words, which were impressively, “The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the world keep silence before him.” A solemn quietude at once prevailed, and all present seemed to realize that it was no idle, trifling matter they had met to consider. The Judge then spoke in a plain, earnest, and received mainly of “raps” and “taps,” and of nothing else, at that moment a just rebuke. “The aim of the lecturer was not so much,” wrote Mr. Adams in his history of the movement, “to convince the hearers of the truth of Spiritualism, as to impress upon their minds a sense of its vast importance to all mankind if true, and thus to go far to enlist their sympathies, and create a desire for further knowledge of the subject, and thus subject serious thought and a fair investigation.”

The lecture occupied an hour and a half in its delivery, and was listened to throughout with almost breathless silence.

After the Judge Edmonds’s was, what, excellent vocal music was provided; and it was somewhat singular that the opening song, announced by him, and sung, was! Voices from the Spirit Land, the words of which were written by the Judge himself.

After the singing of Modern Spiritualism; this being unknown to Judge Edmonds at the time.

"During her remarks Mrs. Longley spoke of her working life and her interest in the children of the Lyceum, stating that she had been very successful in her efforts to help them by spirit ties that can never be sundered. She said she was glad to find that this has been thought best by our persons who are spirit guides that my companion and myself should endeavor to bring about a third party, one who would be able to give strength and power to our minds and souls. Boston, yet we have by no means intended to give up until we have decided, but we shall return to it and to our friends to learn again John with them in the labor of spiritual love found in the fact that we have no place like home. We shall not go at once, as there will be duties yet to be discharged during the next few weeks that will engage our attention in this city. But though we may say so, we are going away with us, and we shall carry with us the memory of this occasion, and of your loving faces, which will be, as to us inspiration and a joy until we meet with you again."

Mrs. Longley feelingly and tenderly referred to her long term of service and association with the BARNESIDE LIGHT and its managers and attaches on both sides of life, stating that "it was impossible for one to have been identified for so many years with such a work, without becoming strongly attached to it, and feelingly associated with it in every interest and concern of life."

Mr. Peck will continue to address the society through June, each Sunday evening.

Sunday evening, May 28th, he gave a well-received address upon "True Patriotism," in recognition of Memorial Day.

Prof. J. W. Cadwell has been giving an interesting course of lectures on Mesmerism, with experiments, at the Ladies' Hall. H. A. BUDINGTON.

"K." writes that Prof. Peck (who serves the Society through June) has done excellent service during the past month. "He is (she says) an eloquent speaker and a great worker. The Society has progressed rapidly during his ministrations, both spiritually and socially. Sunday evening, May 28th, he delivered a practical and convincing lecture upon "True Patriotism" to a large audience.

The Lyceum is progressing finely with Mrs. Livingston as Conductor. The marching is an especially interesting feature.

Classes have been formed by the older members of the School. The discussions are very practical and entertaining.

Prof. W. Emerson was to give a glance in the Ladies Aid Parish Tuesday evening, May 29th.

**Fitchburg.**—May 21st Mrs. Julia E. Davis (Cambridgeport) occupied the platform for the First Spiritualist Society. Fine selections by Frost's orchestra and instructive discourses, followed by many fine tests.

Until further notice the undersigned will accept Clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00. We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists in its and our behalf.

**COLBY & RICH, Publishers.**

While the idea of such an instrument is not strictly new, yet the restoration of such a large number of desperate and abandoned cases by its use has proven it to be of vastly more importance than was at first supposed. A recent interview with the inventor of the instrument, Mr. H. A. Bates, at his office in Ashland Block, New York, discloses how the idea of such an ingenious device first occurred to him. He learned that it was first suggested from the fact that most people who suffer from defective hearing, hear better in a noise, or on a moving train, which is caused by the increased vibration of the ear. From this Mr. Bates said he was confident that he could invent a device which could be worn with comfort by the patient, and which would focus the smaller waves of sound on the drumhead, thus increasing its vibrations, and enabling the patient to hear ordinary conversation, and the usual work of life. After many experiments the final outcome of this happy thought has been the present device, which must be an ideal one, as it is worn in the ear out of sight for months at a time.

**Spiritual Conference Association** meets at the northeast corner of 8th and Spring Garden streets every Sunday at 2½ p.m. - S. Wheeler, President, 472 N. 8th street.

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.**

criptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00. We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists for its aid and our behalf.

**COLBY & BISH, Publishers**