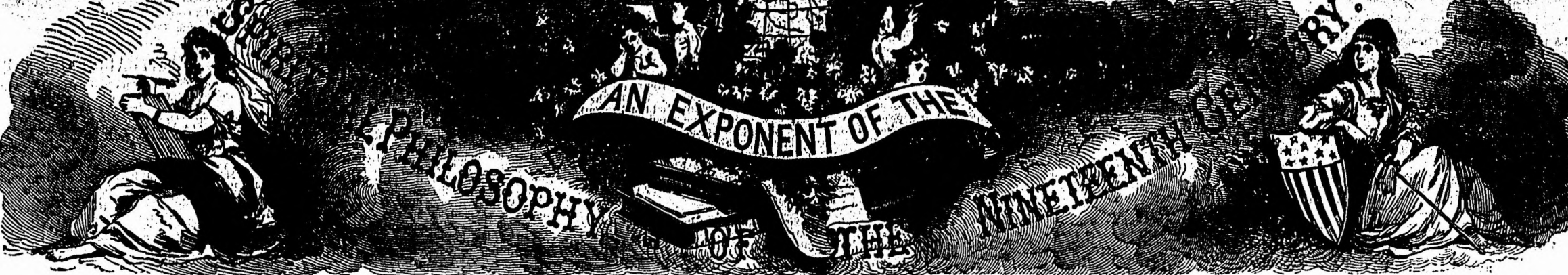


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 15.

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 XII—CONTINUED.

"I am quite happy," I said, replying to the gentleman. "This world is exceedingly beautiful to me; besides, the joy of finding my three lovely children, and they so beautiful and happy, how can one be otherwise than happy with them? I am happy, but cannot say that I am content as possible. My sweet sister, whom I also have found here, tells me that heaven and happiness extend forever before us: the more wisdom we obtain, the nearer heaven we are; that it is love and wisdom which make heaven; that it is ignorance and error which make hell or unhappiness. Sir, you must pardon my boldness, for I am yet but a babe in wisdom; nevertheless I feel like applying the test to your wife's condition and your own. Why are you both in hell or unhappiness? Mrs. Evans somewhat deeper in the flames than myself."

Mr. Evans raised his eyes to mine with a look of great interest, yet they were sad and inquiring.

"Well, madam," he said, "I believe if Kate was happy and loved me, I should be as happy as you seem to be. We are here together, and our baby is also with us. You tell me, as does Miss Ursula, that love and wisdom make heaven. It is love which I need, and if I had love I believe I should soon obtain wisdom."

"When love and wisdom meet and join hands," said Ursula, "the gates of heaven are wide open to them."

"But Kate will never love me," he continued, despairingly. "She never has, she never will, and without love I can never be happy."

"Very true," said Ursula; "but, Mr. Evans, you need not remain without love, and therefore need not be unhappy."

"What is that vile hussy saying to you?" cried Mrs. Evans.

Mr. Evans looked guilty and frightened. I noticed that he trembled violently.

"I knew you were a vile, bad girl," screamed Mrs. Evans; "aiding my husband to be false to his marriage vows and to me! What do you mean, you wretched creature? Leave this house instantly, or I will call a servant and have you thrust forth!"

In her wrath she had forgotten where she was, and her earthly habit asserted itself.

"You forget yourself, Mrs. Evans," replied Ursula, quietly. "This is not your house; it belongs to your former slave, Ponto, an abode of his constructing, and I think he has done remarkably well, considering the few advantages he has had in his past life. Madam, this house belongs to Ponto; and if he bids me go I shall be happy to obey, but if not I shall remain a short time longer."

Mrs. Evans covered her face with her hands and screamed hysterically.

"Oh! wretched—wretched woman that I am! Oh! Lord, open thine ears to my cry! Oh! Lord, open the gates of heaven that thyself handmaiden may enter in! Oh! Lord, take me to thine, for I am humbled even into the dust!"

"Mrs. Evans," said Ursula, with some severity, "you may keep on screaming in that style throughout eternity, and it will not do the least good; you will never enter heaven until you become wise and loving. If you would cease your screaming and praying, turn about and love your little child and your husband, recognize the goodness and generosity of your former slave, and accept the teachings of those who have been in this world longer than you have, allowing your former errors to drop away from you, as this lady has done," turning to me, "you would begin to see the gates of heaven standing ajar, and before long you would be able to squeeze through."

"Oh! leave me, leave me, you emissary of Satan!" screamed the wretched woman. "Leave me, or I shall go mad—mad—mad!" and she rushed back into the room which had left, and we could hear her sobbing and crying with hysterical violence.

Little Katy could not be prevailed upon to go near her mamma again. Mr. Evans looked more despairing than ever, and Ponto appeared disgusted.

"It'll never do any good, Miss Sully," he said; "it'll never do any good."

"There is where you make a mistake, Ponto," replied Ursula. "Mrs. Evans will never forget what we have said to her, and when her natural stubbornness has become exhausted, better and higher resolves will take its place, and your mistress will yet be bright and happy. But we must leave you now. The children need me, and we must be going. Cheer up, Mr. Evans; cheer up, Ponto. All will yet be well. Shall we leave Katy, or take her back with us?"

"You had better take her with you," answered Mr. Evans, "until Katherine is better fitted to care for her."

And so we bade them adieu, and taking little Katy we started on our way back to the happy little school of girls.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### AN ELECTRIC CLOCK.

THE little ones came forth to meet us with glad smiles and sweet kisses. I raised my youngest in my arms; her little hands clasped my neck, whilst Agnes linked her hand within mine. The young Theresa welcomed Ursula joyously, and all the children were delighted to see the baby Katy back with her mamma, for they had thought she would remain with her, and thereby they should lose her from among them. We all entered the house.

This was the first time I had been inside the little Pagoda, if, one may be allowed so to call it, for it resembled a Pagoda more than anything else, but much larger than they usually are.

My readers may be interested in a description of this unique school-room within one of the heavenly spheres.

It will be remembered that the building was circular, with four large oriel windows of elegantly stained glass,

uncurtained. There were pearly partitions, between each window, running out into the room about six feet, forming compartments, and over each hung elegant lace draperies woven in the most beautiful patterns; these draperies ran entirely around the room, which of course was circular, the compartments taking in the doors the same as the windows, and the curtains hanging the same over the door compartments, forming vestibules. Each window compartment contained a small round table of ebony with marble top, and each table was adorned with a basket of fragrant cut-flowers. Two wicker chairs stood one on either side of the table; they were light and exquisitely beautiful. A knot of bright ribbon was tied on each one.

Close to the pearly partitions, on each side of a compartment, were couches spread with white skin counterpane, together with downy pillows covered by the softest of lace.

The window ledges were in the form of basins, about a foot in width, the same in depth, running the entire length of the window-ledge. In the centre of each rose silver fountains, throwing up jets of water, which, curving back, fell into the basins in soft spray; the basins were always nearly full of water, and the bottom of each was covered with little shells, snails, pearls, bright pebbles of various colors, pieces of coral, and many other beautiful infinitesimal things, too numerous to mention.

In the centre of the main apartment stood a large round table of ebony, inlaid with pearl, and grouped about the table were ten small chairs, similar to those within the compartments, besides larger chairs. This main room was quite spacious—large enough for all that was needed by the children and their teacher, or guide. There were two pianos in this room, two or three harps and a couple of violins; also two or three easels, sustaining pictures not yet finished. Upon the large table were many books, together with sheets of music. The door of this lovely room usually stood wide open, a soft breeze just swaying the lace curtains. The ceiling was a complete azure dome, and this dome was the most remarkable part of the whole building.

When I had seated myself in one of the larger chairs and Ursula had taken the other, and the children had all run out into the garden to play, I fixed my eyes intently on this wonderful dome. Ursula sat, a dreamy smile just parting her beautiful lips.

"Ah!" she sighed, "how nice to be at home once more. Do you like my pretty home, dear lady?"

"Like it? It is exquisitely beautiful! and that dome is simply wonderful! Really, I must study it."

"Do, dear lady," she said; "and if you find anything which you do not understand I may be able to explain it to you. That dome is our clock. I venture to say it is the first clock of the kind that you ever saw."

"A clock!" I exclaimed in great surprise. "No, surely I never saw a clock like that before. Does that mark your time?—and, now I think of it, what a long day this must be! Is there no night here at all?"

"Not exactly," she replied. "You will learn all about our habits here in good time."

I now began to study the clock with great curiosity. The entire dome was filled by the small revolving globes of various colors and sizes; the largest globe of all was black as jet, and streaming from what appeared to be every pore were rays of golden light. This globe was revolving in a pathway which ran completely around the dome, and directly opposite to it was another globe of nearly the same size, revolving in the same pathway, and at exactly the same rate of speed, so that it was always just opposite the first globe; this latter globe was spectral and transparent: one could see directly through it. It appeared somewhat like a real, vapory, globular cloud, yet it was, if anything, more real and active than any of the others. Now, as these two globes thus revolved, there seemed to be a strange inter-blending or play between them. As the pale globe revolved, it absorbed every ray of light from the globe of jet; and at the same time it appeared to eliminate wave upon wave of its pale substance, and as the jet globe revolved, these waves were like an ocean in which it bathed; and as it rolled it absorbed the waves, which seemed to be the food or fuel which caused the rays of light to leap forth.

"That is a very strange kind of clock," I remarked. "Please explain it to me a little, Ursula."

"Well," she replied, roguishly, "that is an electric clock; or, at least, those two large globes form an electric battery which runs the clock, and the small globes mark the time. I presume you have seen a battery and understand something about electricity?"

"Oh! yes," I answered.

"Well," she continued, "those rays of light which the jet globe throws out are electrical; those amber waves which the transparent globe throws off are magnetic; those two globes form a complete battery, each discharging its force for the other's benefit."

"Really," I said; "how strange!"

"Lady," said she, "those two globes exactly represent the sun, and the true cause of light: by those I teach the children the central law of light."

These globes were all quite small, the one representing the sun not being larger than a good sized orange. It was, of course, necessary that they should be small, in order that they might have space in this comparatively small dome.

"You will observe," continued Ursula, "that there is but one system of worlds represented by our clock, and that system is the one to which the earth, where you and I had our birth, belongs. My little class of girls are not yet old enough to understand much more than they can learn by this one clock, or system of worlds."

"But why do you call it a clock?" I inquired.

"Because," she replied, "it is our only way of reckoning time here in this world. You must bear in mind, dear lady, that we are outside of time; that we are not on the earth, which turns over every twenty-four hours, and the light of this sun is not the light of the spiritual world. Our light is pure magnetism, and the electric light of the sun does not affect us."

Again my attention was fixed on this very interesting clock. All the other globes' names appearing near them, they all revolved within the space between the one which represented the sun and the pale, magnetic globe, the sun's counterpart. There was Uranus, lying nearest the pale globe; then came Saturn, with his seven smaller satellites and rings; next, Jupiter, with his four smaller satellites; then the Earth, with her one satellite; then Venus, Mars and Mercury; they were all revolving, just as they really do within the heavens. Certainly, it was the most attractive sight that I had ever seen. Uranus was about the size of an egg; Saturn as large as an English walnut, and her moons like small peas; Jupiter as large as a common walnut, and his moons like pins' heads; Venus was as large as a good-sized currant; the others like smaller ones.

"The motion of these globes," said Ursula, "is the only method that I have for teaching the children all about

time, and the reason why we call it our clock is, that it is all the time we know anything about: that is our only dial. I will not trouble you with the figuring of our time, but you can readily see that time is merely relative. The time on Uranus is very different from the time on the other planets; each one's time being according to its size. You will observe that it takes Jupiter much longer to revolve completely over than it does Mercury, Mars or the Earth, and that each planet marks its own time according to its size. If we did not have this clock, the children here could get no idea of time. Time, to us, is merely from one event to another; but, dear lady, this one system is only a clock for children. As you go on in wisdom, the vastness of the astronomical heavens will be shown you, with its countless systems of worlds, and will be the clock which you will study; the gates of heaven will gradually be thrown wide open for your inspection. Lady, heaven has neither beginning nor end. You may go on forever and forever, be wiser and happier at every step you take. You can, as soon as you are qualified, visit each one of the planets which these toys represent, and learn all about them. You can be as active as you like throughout eternity, and yet there will be more to learn. Lady, you live forever within heaven and God; and as much of God and heaven lives within you as you are capable of holding; the more one grows, the greater one's capacity, the more of God and heaven one can contain."

"If there is no night here," I asked, "why do you have those little apartments and couches that appear so much like beautiful sleeping-rooms?"

"They are sleeping-rooms," she replied. "These little children must sleep. They left earth as unfinished buds; they can never blossom until they have passed through all the different stages of life, obtained the knowledge and experience that earth would have given them had they remained there; therefore, they eat, sleep, play, study, and from little, unfinished buds they thus gradually unfold into the perfect flower."

"Do children grow here and become men and women?"

"Certainly," she replied. "If they did not, they would have great reason to complain of injustice, and justice is the perfect law: that which appears to the finite mind as injustice is the law of justice not yet fulfilled, and when injustice becomes strict justice in anything, or with any creature here or on the earth, when the law is perfected happiness is attained. If a little child that passed from earth in its ignorance was obliged to remain ignorant and helpless forever, how could it ever know anything of wisdom or truth? How could a helpless, crying infant ever become wise or happy? Madam, a greater number of infants and children come to this life than adults or old people, and the first spheres surrounding the earth are largely made up of children, consequently they are filled with schools and classes of all kinds and grades."

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### PAINTING, SINGING, AND SUPPER.

URSULA now rang a little silver bell, which she took from the table, and the children readily obeyed the summons; they entered the room quietly, and took seats in the little wicker chairs.

"Children," said she, "this lady would like to hear you sing, I am sure."

She then went to one of the pianos, and began to play a pretty, simple prelude, then the children commenced to sing a sweet song, all joining their voices, even to little Katy and my own youngest girl; these two little ones could not sing very well, of course, but Ursula said they could learn in no other way except by joining with those somewhat older and further advanced than themselves. Ursula led the children with her own sweet voice and the piano; presently she arose, and Theresa took her place; again they sang another sweet song, then she gave place to the next in age, and so on until every child had played and led in the singing, according to its ability. Now came Katy and my own little one. Ursula placed each in turn at the piano, and they played the major scale, while all the children sang: "C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C."

This greatly delighted the little creatures, and Katy exclaimed in great glee:

"Me tan sin' now, tan' me, Sully?"

"Yes, darling," replied Ursula; "you can sing and play too, in your own little class, and one of these days you will be able to play the harp, and sing to your mamma; but, baby, you will have to learn how first, and you are getting along very nicely."

One of the little girls now played a sweet, simple air on the violin, while the others remained silent, and listened with great attention.

"This little girl," said Ursula, "has an especial talent for composing music, and she loves the violin better than any other musical instrument. She has composed many pieces already, and that sweet air which she has just performed is one of her compositions. Whenever I find a child has a particular gift, I encourage, and give every opportunity for its cultivation."

"Now we will have some pictures," she continued, and a little girl seated herself in front of an easel. It was one on which there was no picture; but, instead of a canvas being stretched on a frame, there was a shifting surface of palest blue, oval in form. The little girl sat for a short time with rapt, thoughtful face, and motionless, gazing intently at the oval frame, or, rather, its shining surface. This surprised me, for I had expected her to use brushes and pallet. Presently she arose with a smile, and turned the easel so that we could all see the picture which she had transferred to the oval plate, and it was a very beautiful picture indeed. As Annie had drawn pictures for me in the same way, I understood how it was done, or comprehended it in part.

"We draw, or transfer, all our pictures here, upon a sensitive plate, by the use of magnetism and electricity," explained Ursula. "Our clock is run in the same way. That plate is merely a thin plate of silver. First, it is magnetized, and we keep a number of them on hand, which have previously been magnetized, ready for use, as the younger children do not as yet understand how to magnetize a silver plate. This process is accomplished by some of our advanced better than we do—and we transfer a picture to the prepared plates by fixing the mind intently on the plate, at the same time forming the picture with great distinctness within our minds; the picture is thus transferred to the magnetic plate by the electric rays of light shooting from our minds directly upon the plate, and the picture is fixed there by the combination of magnetism and electricity; or, rather, when the rays of electric light strike the magnetic plate, the magnetism is changed into the various shades and colors requisite for the picture. You know, dear lady, that when the electric light of the sun strikes an opaque cloud at a certain angle, a rainbow appears visible to the

people of earth, and all the colors with which one desires to paint a picture reside within the electric rays which are disclosed by a rainbow. Now that magnetized, sensitive plate is opaque, the same as the cloud is; and when that little girl casts the electric rays from her mind, or spirit, at a certain angle on that plate, it forms the picture that she has drawn in her mind; precisely as a rainbow is formed in the clouds of earth, or the principle is the same."

All the little girls, in turn, now painted a picture. It did not take each one but a few seconds, and every girl formed a picture according to her age and ability; at last it was Katy's turn. My baby was too young for this, but Katy was just commencing.

"Now," said Ursula, "can Katy make a little picture?"

"Dess me tan," said Katy, cursing up some sweet lips.

"Now you all keep still while me finks."

And Katy fixed her dewy eyes on the prepared plate. Presently she clapped her little hands in glee. Ursula turned the easel toward us, and there, in bold relief, stood the white heifer, with the wreath of dandelions around her neck.

"Well done, Katy!" said Ursula. "You shall paint another one as a reward."

She placed another plate on the easel; Katy fixed her eyes on it intently with a sort of scared expression, and soon turned away. Ursula moved the easel toward us, and there with scowling, angry features was Mrs. Evans, her hand upraised just in the act of throwing the goblet at Ponto's head, while the negro was showing all his ivories.

"All acts are forever," said Ursula, with a sigh, "Would that this child's mother had not left such a picture within her little daughter's soul, never to be erased while the ages roll onward. All the world is a picture, painted by the electric rays from the sun, as they strike sensitive, opaque substance; for when there is no light there is no picture; nothing is visible. So, think it not strange that we here paint our pictures from the electricity, which resides within us, upon magnetized plates."

"Now," continued Ursula, "we must have our supper, and then retire. Theresa, you, Addie and Jennie, may go, this time, and gather fruit for our supper."

The three little girls each took a light tray, and started forth with bright eyes and rosy cheeks. As they passed the open doors, they presented a beautiful picture, with their gauzy robes, waving locks and graceful, dancing steps; three other little girls were now required to lay the table, which they seemed well pleased to do. From a dresser near by they brought plates which looked like rare china, together with what appeared to be silver forks, crystal goblets, and, lastly, two large silver fruit dishes. A plate was set for each, together with knife, fork and goblet; the books and music were removed from the table, and Ursula placed in the center of it a silver fountain. Two little girls ran out, and presently returned, each bringing a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which Ursula placed in a couple of lovely vases on the table. A dainty white napkin was put on each plate by little Katy, every child seeming desirous of doing something toward preparing the supper, and by the time that all was ready the three little girls returned, their trays filled with luscious fruit: peaches, pears, apples, plums, oranges, bananas, strawberries, and many other kinds. Ursula heaped the silver fruit dishes, and we all seated ourselves at the table. Ursula filled our goblets with sparkling water from the fountain, and heaped our plates with the fruit; we commenced our supper, or, rather, feast. The little girls chatted and laughed; told little stories about things which they had seen on and within the lake, and the different flowers and fruits which they had observed on the land; told anecdotes about playful pet animals and birds.

How beautiful they were, with their little bright, happy faces, their rippling laughter, their lovely attire and sweet contentment.

Agnes was seated at my right and my little one at my left. Theresa had a place at Ursula's right and Katy at her left. The others were seated after an orderly and pretty way. While the little girls chatted and laughed, in their more childish way, Ursula conversed with me.

"How strange it would seem to the people on the earth if we could tell them that there was fruit in heaven, and that the spirits ate and drank," I said, rather thoughtfully.

"Yes, very strange," she replied. "It is surprising how little they really know about this life; but all the fruit we have here comes from the earth. This fruit which we are eating is the spirit of the fruit, which decays in the earth-life, just as your spirit and mine are the same spirits that were once within bodies which decayed, or are dead at the present time; and yet we are here, more alive than before, eating of this spiritual fruit that has decayed, or is dead at the present time, on earth. The great law of spiritual life holds good in all things. How barren and desolate this world would be if it did not. If the earth was ages in preparing itself for man, the spiritual world has been as long preparing itself for the spirits of mankind to find a habitation, when they shall leave their natural bodies."

"My dear young lady, did you construct this beautiful building?"

"Oh, no!" she replied. "The angels constructed it for a school-room. I was merely sent here to take care of this little class, from a school for lady-superior in which I had been for some time; the lady-superior of that school thought I had become qualified to teach this little class."

"And she was right," I said. "Do you know who constructed the electric clock which interests me so much?"

"That clock was constructed by Sir William Herschel, with the assistance of other famous astronomical personages; those great minds are following out their studies here on a much grander scale than they did on earth, without the impediment of the flesh. I think that the restless souls of many of the greatest men who have ever lived on earth would find it very hard and extremely unjust if, when at the death of their material bodies—which they had found such weights and clogs to the aspiring mind, thirsting for greater knowledge than it was possible for it to attain while within a body—they were to find after leaving them no progress, no way of attaining more exalted wisdom, merely believing such a heaven as Mrs. Evans and many others find in, and if they could do nothing else throughout eternity but sing praises to a personal God in the form of a man. The true way to serve God is to serve at the feet of wisdom, to get as much wisdom as one possibly can on all subjects. The souls of great men and women delight in discovering all which they could not find out when on earth and within a body which hindered them; and, dear lady, eternity is not only vast enough to hold all that may be known, but vast enough for the angelic soul to attain all that may be attained. Light thrown on any subject gives back truth and beauty, but under the cover of darkness, error and ignorance hide their hideous heads. Sir William Herschel, by earnestly seeking wisdom in the light of truth, has raised himself into heavenly heights; Mrs. Evans, by hiding herself in the darkness of error, remains in unhappiness or hell. Sir William Herschel, and others like him are exceedingly active souls; when they discover a truth they turn and make use of it to benefit others. Mrs. Evans, and those like her, by stubbornly remaining in error keep others in darkness, unhappiness, or hell, who are related to them either by blood, marriage or society."

[To be continued.]







## Banner Correspondence.

## Massachusetts.

**PLYMOUTH.**—A correspondent writes: "The Pilgrim Progressive Spiritualist Association has had a good measure of success during the season just closed. The closing meetings evinced a desire upon the part of the people here to know more in regard to this Philosophy which links heart to heart in the great brotherhood of humanity."

On Sunday, May 28th, our meeting was held in Odd Fellows Opera House and was well attended, the test-medium being Mrs. May Scannell Pepper of Providence, R. I.

Her control, "Bright Eyes," in her positive way gave sixty-seven tests, all but one or two being recognized. We consider her one of the finest test-mediums upon the platform to-day.

It was decided several weeks ago to hold memorial services on May 28th, and Odd Fellows Hall had been engaged. Collingwood Post, G. A. R. and W. R. C., had received an invitation to attend, and accepted. About two weeks before the time arrived the Universalist Society, through its pastor, Rev. Mr. Gledhill, proffered the use of the church for these services, and the Association accepted it.

The church was decorated with flags and flowers by the members for the occasion. On Sunday afternoon these services were held, conducted by that interesting speaker, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn.

The church was filled to its utmost seating capacity, and all present listened very attentively to the exercises, which continued about two hours, and were followed by a Reading Memorial Hymn, by Mrs. Allyn—the choir responding to each verse by singing one verse of a companion piece, both composed by the reader; Singing, Memorial Hymn, original, by Mrs. Allyn; exercise by thirteen children—1774-1861; singing of another original hymn; address. The remarks of the speaker were naturally upon the war and how much more the outcome was and is than those engaged in it had any idea of. It gave greater freedom in every way, broadening out the people in all directions.

The address gave complete satisfaction to all present. Singing, "Tenting on the New Camp Ground" (original by a member of our society), followed; then a few remarks by Rev. Mr. Gledhill; closed with the singing of America.

Rev. Mr. Gledhill sat upon the platform during the exercises and expressed great pleasure with them. It was said by Grand Army men to have been the best memorial service ever held in Plymouth.

**MARLBORO.**—"M. H. G." writes: "The Ladies' Progressive Society of Marlboro held a very pleasant sociable at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Morse Tuesday afternoon and evening. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. Two surprises awaited Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Childs, who had been very active in connection with the meetings of the Society, viz., the presence of Mrs. Clara H. Banks (Haydenville), one of our most talented inspirational speakers, and the presentation of an elegant writing desk—Mrs. I. F. Scripture tendering the desk to Mr. and Mrs. Childs in behalf of the Society with a well-worded address.

Mr. Childs responded feelingly, expressing his high appreciation of the gift, and the presence of the speaker, whose utterances himself and Mrs. Childs had so much admired on previous occasions.

Mrs. Banks made a very able and eloquent address. Mrs. Henry Cady gave readings, which were received with hearty applause; Mrs. Alvin Howe rendered fine music on piano; refreshments were dispensed, and the company said their farewells at a seasonable hour, feeling that a pleasant and profitable evening had been enjoyed."

**ILLINOIS.**—G. H. Brooks writes: "After my engagement closed in Kansas City, I went to Topeka, Kan., for the month of March, where I had not been for some six years to do any spiritualistic work. Of course during that time there had been many changes. Many of the friends had been called to the 'inner life,' and others had moved away; but for all that there were a goodly number left to cause one to feel he was still among old-time friends and acquaintances."

F. P. Baker, with a few others, organized a club in the fall, rented the G. A. R. Hall, and secured the services of Mrs. L. Wood, who remained with them some six months, when she went to California on a visit. It was for this club that I lectured. The meetings were well attended, and I had a most enjoyable time. I closed my engagement there the last Sunday in March with the services celebrating the Anniversary appropriately.

During the two last weeks of my stay Dr. Henry Slade came to Topeka, and began his work. His agent, a Mr. Smith of Sioux City, Ia., claimed that Dr. Slade's powers were stronger than they had been for a long time. Mrs. Brooks and I accepted an invitation to have a sitting with him, and the results were excellent. Dr. Slade also lectured while there.

From Topeka I returned home with Mrs. B., although I could remain but a day, and left the 31st for St. Louis, Mo., where I had an engagement for the month of April. I was expected to be there to take part in the Anniversary exercises, but the train was a little late, and I had time to make only a few remarks.

It had been nine years since I was in St. Louis to do any work, and I found still greater changes there than anywhere else. The society was in good condition. The meetings were held in one of the best halls in the city, and were under most excellent management. The music was superb, the best I have had at any meeting for a long time. I found a good Ladies' Aid Society. The members were full of enthusiasm, and were working to build a temple. They had quite a little sum in the bank with that end in view.

I tried to start a Children's Lyceum, but was unable to do so. One cannot accomplish very much in that direction in one month.

One great drawback to many of our societies is the fact that those who take the greatest interest are elderly people, whose children are all grown up or are away from home; still, if the older ones would but fall into line, the children would come from various sources outside, perhaps. I trust the day is not far in the future when our people everywhere will see the great necessity of establishing lyceums for their children, so that they will not be swallowed up by orthodoxy; and as long as I speak on the spiritual platform, I shall work with this end in view.

## Connecticut.

**DANIELSONVILLE.**—DeLoss Wood writes: "I went to Hartford on Monday evening, June 5th, and listened to Edgar W. Emerson, who spoke to a good audience in Melodeon Hall with excellent success—giving marked and satisfactory tests, as he always does wherever he speaks. Mr. Emerson informed me that he had spoken seven times during the week, officiating the night before in Winsted. He left for Springfield, Mass., that night, enabling him to reach home on an early train the following day."

On my return home I stopped over one train in Willimantic, and had a pleasant talk with Bro. Taft, an enthusiastic Spiritualist. Mr. Taft informed me that the Willimantic Society held meetings only a part of the time, which course he thought would cause lack of interest. He also favored the employment of test

mediums, as well as speakers or lecturers, by societies, and I heartily agree with him. The Society in Willimantic is a good one; it owns, free of debt, its own church. There are enough in number to fill that church. Let the brethren employ test mediums like Emerson, Baxter, Stiles, and others that could be named, and advertise their meetings fully, and I am sure they would call together one of the strongest societies in New England."

I mentioned to Mr. Taft the Annual Pleno, which the Norwich Society holds at Alexander's Lake, and he was of the opinion that the Willimantic Society would join with them—which I hope is the case, as these occasions are very pleasant indeed.

Mr. Emerson will speak here at my home, June 20th, at a select circle I have arranged for. I have been able to create a great deal of interest here through his fine mediumship."

## Maine.

**BUCKSPORT.**—Dr. C. F. Ware writes: "We are again reminded by the sound of the hammer actively making preparation at Verona Park that in a few weeks we shall again assemble at our annual gathering at this beautiful spot. Those owning cottages are busily at work painting and repairing for the season of '98. I have just finished a beautiful new cottage for Mrs. Lucy Dresser, of Putnam, Conn. The Association has received plank for planking the wharf, and everything indicates activity all along the line. One of the most successful meetings we have ever had in the history of Verona Park is confidently expected."

Our tenth annual meeting commences Aug. 13th and closes Aug. 27th. We have fine talent engaged, and every arrangement fully completed for the entire meeting. Our boarding house will be conducted by the popular caterer, Mrs. Gilley; all were delighted with her table last year. Already we are receiving letters of inquiry for board and cottages.

Each season evidence is apparent that Spiritualism is broadening out, and where we little thought a seed has been sown which is springing up. The narrow opinions of the Rockland clergy in regard to our beautiful philosophy are doing wonders for us; these men think they have seen all; and their evident ignorance of the real facts, while trying to ridicule and misrepresent our beautiful Cause, only works to their own disadvantage. We have no fears of our Cause—it is in good hands."

## California.

**SAN FRANCISCO.**—W. H. B. Edwards writes in commendation of Mrs. Kate R. Stiles and the good work she is doing for the Cause in floral California. She remained in San Francisco a little over six weeks, prior to her departure for San Diego, and during her brief sojourn he says "her inspirational oratory and the gems of thought and spiritual truths and teachings she expressed to and thrilled her audiences with, at Washington and other halls, were grand, and harmonized sweetly with the motherly and womanly grace of her cheerful spirit and the rich beauty of her mind."

## Washington.

**SPOKANE.**—G. B. Johnson writes: "Mrs. Bartholmes, platform test-medium, gave a séance here in Odd Fellows Hall to a crowded house on a recent Sunday evening; and it was eminently successful. She comes from Denver, Col., where she is well known as a spiritual worker. The people here are well pleased with her, and we hope to be able to induce her to remain for some time."

## THE SHIPS OF TWO SEAS.

BY BELLE RUSH.

I watch beside the sounding sea,

The tide is coming in;

Down sinks to rest within my breast

The world's remembered din.

I look out o'er the restless waves,

And 'long the horizon's rim

I see the tips of freighted ships

Rise spectre-like and dim.

I see them skim along the main

With sails unfurled in air,

Till in the blue they fade from view,

And other ships are there.

Fairest of all these ships at sea

Is one that parts the wave

With a flame of fire from nature's pyre

As sunset finds a grave.

With sails of purple and gold full set,

She speeds away from sight,

And o'er the deep, with a solemn sweep,

Ride up the ships of Night.

With the crescent moon for her signal lamp,

And a banner set with stars,

She saileth west till her shadows rest

Under the flame of Mars.

With lights hung high o'er sea and sky,

She sails for the silent shore,

And hopes she brought and deeds she wrought

Shall come to us no more.

Oh! fair indeed and freighted well

Are the ships of Day and Night,

And they bear us on till the port is won

That never fades from sight.

Their burden for some life and light,

And the joys that they invest;

For others cares and sinful snares

Are the ships that meet abeast.

In others rideth the spectre death,

A grim and terrible quest!

With tears for some, and for some a home

"Where the weary are at rest."

Oh! oft I dream by the sounding sea,

And think as the tide comes in,

Of another sea, a wonderful sea,

"And ships that its roadstead win."

Oh! fair, brave ships, oh! royal ships,

Freighted with souls of men,

What do ye bear from this land of care

That the heart shall find again?

Oh! when we stand on the further shore,

And watch by the sparkling sea

For our ships to come from our earthly home,

Will they well freighted be?

Will they bear rich treasures of hope and love,

A soul from the world's grief?

A heart of youth, and the light of truth,

To guide us over the sea?

Or will they vanish away in air,

Those ships from over the sea,

As a phantom sail, or a spectre pale,

And oh! will they empty be?

Will they be burdened with doubt and fear,

Or freighted deep with sin?

Or shall we rejoice with an answering voice

When the ships of our life come in?

Only the good we do on earth,

Only the truths we gain,

Shall bring us peace, and the large increase

Of joys that give no pain.

Only the "love of the pure in heart"

Gatheth the shores of rest,

For death and life are ever at strife

In the ships that meet abeast.

Only the good we do survives

The journey over the sea;

Oh! souls, take heed, else poor indeed,

Or empty your ships will be.

Belvidere Seminary, New Jersey.

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## Clints from our Foreign Exchanges.

Specially translated for the BANNER OF LIGHT BY W. N. EAYRS.

## Curious Spirit Phenomena in Tunis.

Recent numbers of *La Lumière* contain reports of spirit phenomena occurring at Tunis, which are not only of great interest, but quite out of the usual order. M. de Courville, from whom the reports come, says:

"We in Tunis have cause to praise and thank God for great favors vouchsafed to us, for we are in receipt daily of evidence of the power and goodness of the spirits who are near us; this evidence is in the form of very curious phenomena."

It is our custom to meet for spiritual sittings at the residence of M. Caccinotola. This gentleman recently decided to set apart and consecrate to the use of the good spirits who visit and assist us a room in his house, and to make of it a temple for our communion with them. It was his intention to make this room especially beautiful, and in the carrying out of this plan he wished to have the walls painted blue. Now you must know that in this country it is not the custom to adorn the walls of apartments in any way; a simple coat of whitewash is considered sufficient. To give to the walls of this room such an adornment was consequently to offer to our good spirit friends exceptional evidence of our honor and veneration.

M. Caccinotola summoned a painter to carry out his design, but all his efforts to paint the walls blue were of no effect. Coat after coat was applied, but the walls, when dry, remained white. A second painter was called, but with no better result. Again and again was the room painted, and as often did the walls refuse to retain the color. This extraordinary occurrence created the greatest excitement in the community.

Finally tired of his repeated failures, and convinced that to make any further attempt would be useless, M. Caccinotola reluctantly abandoned his purpose. Then, to the amazement of us all, upon the walls that had so stubbornly refused to be painted, there began to appear in blue color upon the white ground mysterious characters. Had the invisibles been intentionally absorbing this color, in order to make use of it later for our delight and instruction?

However this may be, the fact remains that in a short time the walls were covered with these strange characters; parallel lines drawn with regularly, precision and great delicacy; maps of countries not known by us, cities, lakes, railways, mountains. As the days went by these geographical figures were changed to forms of men and animals, which, though imperfectly drawn, are not the less remarkable.

Among the many figures that gradually appeared while we were looking on in wonder were a little bird, resembling a pigeon, which, with extended neck and open bill, is receiving from its mother, who is perched upon the rim of a cup, a bit of food; two miniature heads, one representing a Neapolitan fisherman, the other the head of an Eastern woman, whose hair is dressed to form a diadem; a camel pursuing a man who is feeling, his head partly turned, as if to measure the distance which separates him from the beast, and the figure of an Egyptian, bearing upon his head a statuette and upon his breast a star.

The guide of M. Caccinotola, our friend and medium, gives to us this explanation of the phenomena:

"We promised you," he said, "some explanation of this mystery and of the figures that you have seen upon the walls. It is true that we did absorb the paint within the walls; we have made use of it in such a manner that these images, crudely drawn, to be sure, have appeared to make a series of remarkable phenomena of which you may well be proud."

"The figure of the man carrying upon his head the statuette of Isis, and upon his breast the emblem of wisdom, is the *fac simile* of a statue which was erected to me after my death in Egypt, where I was High Priest of one of the principal temples, and where I won great renown by the miraculous things I did by virtue of my knowledge of the occult sciences."

Greater things are promised to us for the future by our guides; and we have all confidence that the promise will be fulfilled, for each sitting brings to each one of us new favors and consolation."

## ARYAN SUN-MYTHS:

## The Origin of Religions.

BY SARAH E. TITCOMB.

The title explains its general object—of tracing the sacred names, symbols and doctrines of the different religious systems that have arisen in Asia and Europe to the "sun" or "day" myths of the primitive Aryans. But it has a more particular aim, which is to show that in all times and in all lands where they have settled, or to which influence of their religious ideas have penetrated, the Indo-Germanic peoples have been the worshippers of "a crucified Savior," and reckoned "the sign of the Cross" among their religious symbols; and that Christianity and the attributes and actions of its Founder are but repetitions, in a transmuted and developed form, of the beliefs and traditions of Buddhism and other earlier religions.

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## Banner of Light.

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

## The Spiritual is the Eternal!

A gentleman who is a well-known religious teacher in Boston having remarked to Rev. Mr. Savage that he was not able to imagine any conditions of a future life that seemed to him either possible or desirable, the latter has improved the occasion to preach a public discourse on the possible conditions of a future life. The real matter to be considered in the gentleman's remark is the inability to imagine any rational conditions in the midst of which a future life could be lived.

Mr. Savage reminds us that no such difficulty existed in the olden times, when the earth was conceived to be a vast plain, with a cavern named Sheol just beneath the surface, an underground world for the reception of the souls of the dead. Nobody then went to heaven, however good he might be. There was at some time to be a reunion of these souls with their resurrected bodies, and perhaps here on this renovated earth they would enter upon another and an endless existence. In the Ptolemaic world there were none of the difficulties referred to in the remark above quoted. But Mr. Savage declined to raise the question as to whether there is another life. He would not attempt to prove that we live after death. He believed that that point is being practically and scientifically settled for us. He only sought to outline what seemed to him possible conditions, rational conditions, reasonable theories about a possible future life, assuming that it exists.

He only wished to show that the man who believes in continued existence to-day need encounter no difficulties touching the possible conditions of that future life. We all of us, who have lost friends by death, ask where they are, what kind of lives they are leading, what they are engaged about, if they remember us, if they are interested in our present experiences, our joys and sorrows, whether they are able to help us, if their happiness is destroyed by knowing that we are not happy, and a hundred similar questions. The changed conception of the universe, from the old Ptolemaic to the modern Copernican, has converted all the ancient localities of the other world into antiquarianism. Yet it is a difficult matter for us to rid ourselves of implications springing from the Ptolemaic system of the universe. We are only half Copernican now, though Copernicus was born more than four hundred years ago. We still talk of the sun's "rising" and "setting," though we well know it does nothing of the kind. We only half realize that these terms so commonly used have no meaning. If we follow along the line of the equator, there is no conceivable spot in space around the whole circle that at some time during the twenty-four hours is not up, and is not also down. So there is no up in which we can locate any heaven, and no down in which we can locate any hell. Where, then, have those gone who used to walk the earth with us? "My friends," replied the preacher, "there is no reason to suppose that they go away very far from this fair, sweet, lovely old earth of ours." And he quoted the familiar words of Milton respecting the millions of spiritual beings that walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

There is nothing in science, said Mr. Savage, to make it unreasonable, and he believed that this spirit-world wraps this planet of ours round like an atmosphere. There is no reason in the nature of things why the spirit-world should not fold this world round, why our friends should not be close beside us, or at least so near that they can come to us whenever they will. The reason why we do not see them and hear them is because we are so large an extent the fools of our eyes and ears; we imagine a certain thing cannot exist and does not exist because we do not see it, or because we do not hear it. But we know, as the result of scientific research, that it is the smallest fragment of the reality of things that we either see or hear. But the universe, which exists on the one side and the other, beyond the range of our vision, is not put out because we cannot see; the sun's light is not put out when we wink. Science, then, has nothing to urge against the possibility of those who walk the earth, embodied as we are now, living and

peopling the atmosphere of the interplanetary spaces in any direction. As to their being "real folks," just as they were here, when they got over there, the speaker said he did not know anything in the nature of death that should change a person one particle, so far as character, predominant taste, tendency, disposition, inner and inherent nature are concerned. A person falls into the swoon of death, passes through it, and wakes precisely the person that he was when he fell asleep.

A great many persons, even radical thinkers, cannot get rid of inherited old ideas sufficiently to think of their departed friends as being real human people, just as they were here. They urge against the possibility of receiving any message from the other land, that it could not be such a simple human message as that appeared to be, because they could not reconcile with their ideas of what kind of a being their friend had become. This serves to illustrate how these old inherited notions make so many of our present ideas. Mr. Savage for himself believed that the other world of spirits may be thought of as just as simple and real and natural as this world. He did not believe its inhabitants were thin, unreal, ghostly, ghostly, unimaginable. Again we are easily fooled with ideas half thought through. Why, said he, we know enough about this old universe of which we are a part, right here, to understand that the mightiest, the enduring forces are the invisible ones, the intangible ones. It is the so-called "eternal hills" that are tossed up and flung down by every convulsion of the crust of the earth. It is the big boulders that the invisible forces create, and then puff away like a bit of smoke as they Titanically play with them. It is these hard facts that we talk about which are the changing things, never twice the same. And it is, he added, the invisible, the spiritual, the intangible things that are back of all these, that create them and uncreate them, and play with them and change them at will. And it is these—the invisible and intangible—that are eternal. This spirit-world unreal? If there is any question of unreality about it either way, this is the unreal world and that the real.

Therefore he believed it is a real life on which our friends have entered—more real, more intense in every way than anything we have ever dreamed of here. Nevertheless, many say they cannot imagine their friends to be near enough to know what is going on here, for in such a case they could not be happy. Does one desire, when he dies, to go off into some Eden or palace and be surrounded with a nameless kind of bliss, and never know what one's friends are going through here? A strange kind of love it would be in a departed spirit to prefer to be absorbed in its own selfish bliss away off somewhere to knowing what kind of experience its friends are going through here. But, more than all, people forget that if this earth-life is only a school from which we graduate into eternal conditions, when we reach that higher level and look back we shall be able to estimate rightly these sorrows and sufferings here, and, knowing that they were temporary and educational, and that soul-culture and soul-life are developed through these experiences, that we shall not feel so very badly at seeing our friends suffer. Probably a spirit who sees us passing through these trying experiences would not, as a friend, take us out of these conditions if he could, because he sees that just these conditions and experiences are what are needful for us in order to fit us for what is to come hereafter. How, then, is the heaven of our spirit-friends destroyed by seeing and knowing our trying experiences? Let their heaven be destroyed, then, if it is a corner of selfish enjoyment only. But this conception of the other life is not only irrational, it is puerile.

When he came to consider the very common question of what our friends are doing in the other life, Mr. Savage spoke thus in reference to the soul-life: "The love for and the search after truth; the love for and the search after beauty; that love of the heart which binds us to those that are true; that sympathy which links us to those that need or can be helped; All these mental soul-faculties are untouched by the experience we call death; and there is no reason why all of these faculties should not expand a thousand, a million-fold as the ages go on, and find employment in science, in philosophy, in literature, in music, in art, in all these directions in which we have begun to train ourselves here. I see nothing unreasonable in supposing a magnificent, an ever-increasing civilization, in so full a sense that that word means almost nothing to us here in comparison with the possible and increasing, growing, world-embracing civilization of men and women, real people, who have passed through this experience, and entered upon this higher and grander kind of life." It seems absolutely rational to dream of a life of intense activity, a life of progress, a life of discovery, a life of invention, a life in which all social joys should find their freest play, and a life, too, opening endless fields for education and for sympathy. There will be plenty of people to help over there.

Take, now, a man who has spent his whole life in a selfish kind of existence, entirely neglecting the cultivation of his higher spiritual faculties, not cultivating his thought nor his sympathies nor his higher feelings, his sense of justice, not caring to find out the truth of things, with no interest in literature or art—take him and let him suddenly pass through the experience called death, and he is in a land that he is not trained to be at home in. He would hardly know what to do with himself. All the things he used to love and care for would be behind him. This in itself contains so deep and so high a truth as to challenge the attention and mold the conduct of us all. We are simply here in a preparatory stage. Death does not change us. Over there is opportunity for endless study and advance. But we shall find ourselves in conditions of weakness, of helplessness, of keen, acute sorrow, according as we have lived and trained ourselves, or failed to train ourselves, in the culture of mind and heart and soul here. The important difference between this present hope of an advanced creed and that of the older faiths is the belief that there is no dead-line, over which the soul can never cross. But God cannot make an undeveloped soul happy like a developed one, neither can he develop it by miraculous process. There must be a natural unfolding of all things that grow. By our thinking and feeling, by our deeds and speech, by our whole manner of life—selfish or unselfish, high or low, noble or ignoble, loving or hating—we are making ourselves, fitting or unfitting ourselves for the next stage in our eternal career.

THE BANNER gives its earnest endorsement

to the views of this eminently spiritual divine, who has in a greater degree than he realizes, perhaps, "added to [his] faith knowledge." We would only premise, however, that Modern Spiritualism has removed the necessity for the use of the word "dream" in this connection, and has demonstrated in our age the existence of just such a world and just such a life beyond the change called death as this learned and liberal gentleman has so eloquently portrayed.

## What is in the Air To-day.

The question is sometimes asked—What are Trusts? They are combinations of capital for the purpose of defying competition, thereby securing such profits as best suit their selfish desires. In the great majority of cases, all so-called financial trusts are purely selfish combinations of classes of men of intellect, who take advantage of the poor unsophisticated classes whose innate honesty and superstitious religious proclivities give them the opportunity to ride over them. Sometimes it is titled doctors with diplomas, sometimes learned lawyers with their studied briefs, or sometimes ministers in a full clothing of sanctimonious profession, that constitute the trust, and ride over their fellow-citizens in the humble walks of life by holding out delusive promises to them to invest what little they may have saved in all kinds of "trusts" that seldom or never reach any adequate results.

Thanks to the free press of the civilized world, however, these class-legislation trusts are rapidly loosening their hold on the minds of the great body politic. The motive of their establishment is too plain to be mistaken. The new spiritual and philosophical epoch, however, will bear legitimate fruit upon the opening up of the twentieth century. All these past abnormal conditions—of ignorance, superstition and bigotry—will cease to be any longer a factor in the disposal of earth's affairs.

The great spirit-world intelligences, in congress assembled, have come to the unanimous conclusion that those in the mundane sphere must speedily come upon a spiritual plane, doing away with gross selfishness; otherwise the money-changers, by their unsated cupidity and their sensual gratifications, would soon work the destruction of the whole social system and convert this beautiful world into a pandemonium. The breaking up of ecclesiastical combinations is the key-note to awaken mankind to a sense of their theological fatalities, that human hearts and intellects and souls may be opened, that are now suffering from the deep-seated selfishness of those in authority.

It is not to be disputed that momentous things are in the air, and intuitive minds alone drink the meaning of them in. Such are bound to think for themselves; and, so thinking, they will effectually set aside those who are sedulously at work to prevent the bone and sinew of the country from doing so. And this is the reason why high-toned bigots are appealing to the law to put down liberal thought and its free expression. Could anything be more daring and dastardly? But they find they are too late. They have reckoned without their host. The powers of the spirit-world, although unseen by mortal eyes, are behind the mundane throne, alive to and urging on the coming crisis. That they are bound to triumph in this contest with bigotry we already know beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Modern Spiritualism is the high-sounding note of the bugle of reform, which is eventually to bring light out of darkness, and peace and happiness to the entire human family. Here is the domain of free thought; here opinion works out its forces without restraint; here all the sweets of charity and the riches of mutual love find their congenial atmosphere and productive soil. But in the power of love such as Spiritualism contains there will be found an explosive force that will successfully resist all these endeavors to suppress the natural efforts of humanity to attain to the largest freedom. It will not thus be bereft of its native birthright. If violence ensues, the responsibility will be with those who would rule and curtail and restrain. If revolution comes, upon the heads of the conspirators be the weight of the folly and the guilt.

## Feeding is the Foundation.

Food being the chief factor in living, not more for the animal than the vegetable creation, the most important question of human existence would appear to be the quality of what is selected for nutrition, and the methods adopted in its preparation. It is at least a certainty that we must thrive physically as the first condition of the best results from both physical and mental exertion. Nor indeed can individual morals be maintained at any standard recognized as such, if the sustenance for the body be poor and meagre, if its quality is such as to forbid ready assimilation, or if eating practically proves "no better than fasting." We all ought to know at least this much: that muscular fibre must be made from what we eat, and that a certain amount of fat must be stored up, to be mainly consumed in keeping up the heat of the body. The foods that fail to answer these two constant requirements, no matter how great their abundance, are but the allies of starvation, and a snare and delusion to those who for any reason trust in them.

Our foods are the foundation of our continued life. It is mainly through and by them that our hereditary temperament works out, in our progressive experience, the problems of our physical, mental and spiritual being. One would therefore suppose their selection and preparation deserved far more thought and care than the rations we daily dispense to our animals, rather than the reverse. But humanity is content, and yet discontented, to stumble blindly on without much dietary thought or calculation, wrestling with the deficiencies and distresses of its careless and unintelligent nutrition, inviting physical ills, and enduring nervous horrors, defying the warnings of disorder in all the departments of the being, and worrying through a foreshortened life. It is a very dear penalty paid for an inattention and inconsiderateness for which there can be found neither motive nor excuse.

## Notice.

Mrs. M. T. Longley requests us to state that she will suspend all mediumistic work by mail after July 10th; that those who desire to avail themselves of her services should correspond with her before that date. Her advertisement on fifth page will not be renewed after July 1st.

Sometimes correspondents whom we know and have faith in recommend certain mediums in their cities as reliable and satisfactory, and under these circumstances, if they prove otherwise, THE BANNER should not be blamed, as it endeavors at all times to sift the chaff from the wheat.

## Hypercritical Spiritualists.

Modern Spiritualism is beset with a certain class of men and women, who, while affecting to despise its plain and indisputable phenomena, which clearly establish the fact of spirit communication with mortals, nevertheless would use the phenomena as the ladder on which to exhibit themselves to the modern world as spiritual philosophers and prophets, whose voices are to be heard above the silent and searching whispers conveyed to the spirits of mortals by the simple, direct and personal phenomena.

All great, and especially all new causes, are sure to be surrounded sooner or later with those who would make them subordinate to their individual views and aims. They do not seem to be capable of looking at a new subject unconsciously, but all things must be turned to their private account. They would be quoted as illuminati, while yet they are not themselves illuminated by that which they would be thought to teach. They wholly forget that through humility alone the spirit is instructed in the higher truth, and that any assumption of knowledge is a bar to further entrance into the realm of all knowledge beyond.

## Woman Suffrage Extending.

Full municipal suffrage for women has now been secured in the State of Michigan. Its establishment there is regarded as the greatest triumph yet achieved for this most noble and elevating cause. Woman suffrage in municipalities has for many years been the law in Kansas, and Wyoming has been a woman suffrage State for the past three years. Michigan is different from either, being in a sense an Eastern State—in general make-up and prevailing opinion resembling Massachusetts and New York. The requirement for voting is ability to read the State Constitution in English; and the laws prescribing the qualifications of voters at school, village and city elections in the State are to apply to women, who shall enjoy all the rights, privileges and immunities, and be subject to all the penalties prescribed for voters of such elections. The new suffrage law is reported to be favorably received by the people of the State, the educational clause serving to quell all fears of illiteracy from women voters. This year, too, a municipal woman suffrage bill passed the California legislature, and was vetoed by the Governor on technical grounds. It has come very near to adoption in Minnesota and Arkansas. It is slowly making its way in Massachusetts as well as in the national conventions.

## The Summer Camp-Meetings.

The season is close at hand when the Spiritualists of this country will hie them to camp, to grove and to shore, there to set up their altars and hold communion with spirits in the earthly form as well as the exalted. The promise of a full attendance at each of the stated places of summer rest and recreation was never better than this year. Summer has burst upon us full-fledged, with no hyphen of a spring to separate it from dreary winter, hence the customary preparations to meet the requirements of its weather will be made in somewhat more than the usual haste and despatch. But everybody will get there just the same. What genuine, healthy experiences are in store for those who thus take their season's outing in camp.

[A private word to secretaries of the various camp-meetings: Send THE BANNER reports of the services. They will be welcome. And to the managers we would hint that they send Ads. to us early, as to the time the cars start and return.]

## The Seventeenth of June.

A legal holiday, occurs on Saturday of this week—therefore the BANNER OF LIGHT ESTABLISHMENT will remain closed on that date.

The United States government and the local directory are having a legal "fencing match" of injunction and supersedeas over the Sunday closing or opening of the Chicago Fair. Three Sabbaths the gates have been open, to the delight of the people, who have most liberally availed themselves of the opportunity to attend, and have given a practical answer to the Sunday closing bigots, as to the really good effects to be derived from the act. Only the narrowest adherent to theocratic views can see any advantage in closing the Fair on Sunday for the benefit of the saloon-keepers, side-shows—and the church! It is said the matter will be decided "for good and all" before June 18th. Come, Uncle Samuel, take your clergy-guided hands from off the Fair doors, and let the people in!

We shall publish hereafter a review of the work entitled, "Zenia, the Vestal; or, The Problem of Vibrations," which professes to give the pith of the true occult law. For particulars see Ad. in another column. The work is for sale at our Bookstore.

While some scientists furnish notable and high-souled examples to the contrary, yet science mainly is purely and exclusively material. It deals only with material laws, and recognizes no spiritual phenomena in the universe whatever. Frequently it does not recognize the existence of the spirit. Theology has joined hands with science, steadily declining from the prophets and seers, recognizing the gifts of the spirit only in the past, and most determinedly opposing every manifestation of spirit-power. Theology has traversed the other side of the circle, meeting science and declaring spiritual manifestations an impossibility. The modern seers (the Herrmans and Kellers, et al.), say on the one side to science, "Of course there can be no manifestations of the spirit; I can do everything that spiritual mediums claim to do." Then they say to theology on the other side, "Of course there can be no spiritual prophecy to-day: We can imitate all the tricks of the clairvoyant." And so this trio—scientist, theologian, and "prestigitator"—live in a spiritless, soulless, prophetic world.

The proceedings at the recent Presbyterian "heresy trial" at the capital of the nation have been synthesized by the facile pen of Mr. GEORGE A. BACON of Washington (who has closely watched the whole controversy), and will be found on our second page. THE BANNER puts this matter on record for reference at a time—when the future will surely bring—when the religious fanatics who have ostracized the Rev. Dr. Briggs as a heretic will be heartily ashamed of their narrow and bigoted action.

W. J. COLVILLE announced in our issue for June 10th the temporary suspension of his magazine, *The Problem of Life*; but we are just in receipt of a copy of a "Special World's Fair Edition" of that publication. It contains much matter of interest, "World's Fair Notes" (illustrated), "Lessons" from the same; "The Science of Dreaming, True," by Mr. Colville, and other attractions.

The attention of our German readers, and those familiar with the poetic language of the "Faustlied," is called to the advertisement, on our fifth page, of the new work, "Das Geheimnis der Wahrheit," which has recently been issued from the press of the enthusiastic and earnest Spiritualistic publisher, Franz Melchers, Charleston, S. C.

## Annie Lord Chamberlain.

We have received since our last report the following amounts in aid of Mrs. Chamberlain. We have also received, under date of June 14th, a letter of cordial thanks from her to the donors in which she further acknowledges the receipt, direct, of other aid, to wit:

On account of THE BANNER's call, Mrs. Fowler of Lynn very kindly sent me \$2 and Mr. and Mrs. Burrows of New York \$1.

Friend ..... \$1.00  
J. C. B. ..... 1.00  
..... 2.00  
Evan Jones ..... 1.00  
W. E. Hurst ..... 1.00  
H. S. ..... 5.00

Mrs. J. F. Holland, desirous of aiding Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain financially—forwards us a Souvenir Spoon, to be sold for the benefit of the fund in question. The spoon is of solid silver, with "California" in raised letters along the upper side of the handle, while in the interior of the bowl is a fine piece of engraving in *petto*, illustrative of "Mount Diablo." The spoon is offered at \$5. Who will purchase it, and aid THE BANNER's Annie Lord Chamberlain Fund by that amount?

Rev. Dr. Hale insists that the question what a man is, not what he has, is the test of all religion. He would have the child grow up in companionship with God, love the world God has made, read God's handwriting, and listen for God's whisper. He would let him know what the words "Our Father" mean; then he will ask, and he will receive, more life, and more with every hour; he will never be forced begging for this or that cold bread for which he cannot pay. John or James or Andrew says, when in true or confidential mood: "Do not ask me to pray. I have tried it, just as I was bidden. I prayed with agony that my child might recover from scarlet fever, and the next week I buried him in the ground. I wrestled with God when my vessel was late in her voyage; I prayed as earnestly as a man can pray that she might come safely home. And, do you know, when we heard of her loss, we found that it was in that very hour that the storm was grinding her on the rocks. Do not ask me to pray again after such experiment." Nevertheless, the Nazarene steadily replies: "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened." And when you read, or open your eyes to see, you find that he never bade you ask for the things which perish. This is *beggary*, not *prayer*. He told you that these must adjust themselves in God's infinite order.

War has "had its innings;" now comes Peace—and let us hope that peace it is likely to be for a good many years to come. War has won all its trophies and worn all its glories. Its gala day is over. The world drips with blood in consequence of its prevalence. It could not thus continue always, not if the law of advancement is to operate universally. If nothing else will convert the people to peace, the cost of war by its necessary financial support of tremendous armaments on land and sea, and its very destruction of life and property, will do it. Economy will co-operate with humanity in staying the hand of violence.

"HEAVEN'S GREETING TO COLUMBIA" is the title of a sermon in song delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists at Chicago, Ill., by the well-known trance medium, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, and now published in neat pamphlet form. A soulful invocation is followed by an inspiring poem; and sentiments from the sphere of Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson and Whitman, breathing the purest patriotism and prophesying a glorious future for Columbia, are embodied in stirring and musical verse, which will be read with great interest by all who have listened to the grandly inspired utterances of this gifted lady.

In a recent sermon, Bishop Jaggard of Ohio remarked with truth that "No life can disentangle itself from the obligations of the past. Our individual lives are only single threads in the fabric, and we can only be true and useful in the relation we bear to other lives. We hold within ourselves certain forces which reproduce themselves for good or bad. That fact there is no denying. No man dieth in himself or lives for himself alone." The principles of heredity are herein clearly stated, whether the bishop would desire to be thus understood or no!

A correspondent writes that the advertisement in THE BANNER does not mention the hour the Old Colony trains leave the depot for Onset on the Opening Day, June 17th, and requests us to state the exact time. Not having been informed by President Storor, we are unable to gratify our correspondent, and have not the time to communicate with him just as we are going to press; but we suppose all the regular trains that daily pass Onset will have instructions to stop at the Onset depot on the 17th.

A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO HOLYROOD, by the Countess of Cathness, combines historical allusions, esoteric revelations, harmonious word-paintings and pleasant narrative with a lecture on the "Coming of the Kingdom of God," delivered by W. J. Colville at the residence of the Countess in Paris. Colby & Rich, No. 9 Bowditch Street, Boston, have the book on sale. Price \$1.50.

We received a pleasant call recently from Mr. J. M. Robinson, editor of *The Review at Portage La Prairie, Manitoba*. This gentleman is in Boston temporarily, from the Canadian Northwest, and is giving some attention to spiritual inquiry.

A correspondent informs us that a pronounced interest in the Cause of Spiritualism is being awakened in West Superior, Wis., and the services of a good test-medium are much desired there.

Mrs. Mary A. Fisher of South Deerfield, Mass., will please accept our thanks for a box of Mayflowers and mountain pinks for our Circle-Book table.

## "CRISP" PARAGRAPHS.

BY LAONIC.

The tendency of the times seems to be a better acquaintance of the nationalities of the earth in this end of the nineteenth century; and if it were not for the edicts and influence of OLD THEOLOGY—which have kept the different races at loggerheads for thousands of years, and are still trying to do so, to benefit the few at the expense of the many—the great law of mental evolution in matters national would soon "take its perfect course." There is a tendency toward an entirely new order of things in the immediate future, under which the credulity and the monarch will be known no more, and all mortals will stand on an equal footing in the grand total of Humanity.

## Self-glorification.

All over this nation  
Is getting to be quite a fad;  
The pork-and-bean ovals  
Are very slim rations,  
And make decent people feel and  
He who praises himself  
Has an eye for the pelt;  
That's only part of the story—  
For those who are in it,  
Every hour and minute,  
Are after both cash and glory.

## Copies of Banner for Circulation.

We frequently have calls for copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT for circulation, and in order to accommodate friends who may desire them, we will send to any one who will place them in the hands of appreciative readers a parcel of twenty-five or more back numbers which have accumulated—on receipt of ten cents to cover postage.

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.



## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

## JUNE.

A dewy kiss of fragrant lips  
Upon the budding roses' tips  
Shower of sunshine falling slow  
Upon the lily's breast of snow  
A touch of languor on the air,  
A living poem everywhere;  
A song of birds in sweet attune  
With earth and sky—and this is June.  
—W. J. Thompson, in June Godsey's.

An Irish explorer was telling of a virgin forest into whose recesses he had penetrated, when a dull-witted auditor interrupted him to ask what a virgin forest was. "A virgin forest, sir," said Hibernicus, eyeing the questioner with a glance of ineffable disdain; "a virgin forest is a stretch of timber where the hand of man has never set foot!"

Dr. Lyman Abbott does not believe that the Word of God and the Bible are synonymous terms. Reduced to a practical illustration, he would maintain that the Word of God might have come to Samuel without Bibles coming to him. Touching the infallibility of the Bible Dr. Abbott is not only skeptical, but absolutely denies that such a thing is possible. It may be remarked that Dr. Abbott is not a Presbyterian. —The Commercial Advertiser, (N. Y.)

The postal note is to be succeeded by the postal scrip. A sheet calling for amounts from one cent to \$3 has been prepared, from which, on the payment of one cent, the amount is to be torn off about the same as an express order. There will be no writing on it of any kind by the post office officials, the sender endorsing the check or draft.

A MATTER OF IDIOM.—"Have you been long in New York, Count?" "No, Mistaire Parslow, I have been very short in New York. America is one great expense." —Harper's Monthly.

Edwin Booth, the widely-famed actor, died at the Players' Club, New York City, Wednesday morning, June 7th, at 1:17, aged sixty years. The interment was at Mount Auburn, Mass. He was born in Baltimore, Md., Nov. 10th, 1833, and was the son of the great tragedian Junius Brutus Booth.

It is said that the assets of H. H. Warner, the millionaire mine man of Rochester, N. Y., will not much exceed fifty thousand dollars. Practically this whole estate has been swallowed up in syndicate and mining speculations. —The Hartford (Ct.) Times.

June 7th-8th the city of Fargo, North Dakota, was more than half consumed by a terrible conflagration, which was fanned by high winds; houses and stores were swept away; but one bank and one hotel survived the wreck; three thousand people were rendered homeless, and a property loss of \$3,000,000 was inflicted.

## CRINOLINE.

[From Punch.]

Vilest garment ever seen!  
Form unknown in things terrene;  
Even monsters phocence  
Were not so ill-shaped, I ween.  
Women wearing this machine,  
Be they fat or be they lean—  
Small as Wordsworth's celandine,  
Large as sail that's called lateen,  
Simply sweep the pavement clean;  
Happy man is crushed between,  
Flat as any tinned sardine.

NEW THOUGHT opens with an article on "Death and Its To-Morrow," by Moses Hull; a portrait of John Brown, Sen., known as "the medium of the Rockies," accompanies a sketch of his life and mediumistic experience; D. W. Hull discusses the question "Do Animals Talk?" taking the ground that they communicate by means of "instinctive psychometry"; two short poems are contributed by E. N. Beebe and Mattie E. Hull. 29 Chicago Terrace, Chicago; Moses Hull & Co.

We should not call only what is unknown divine, as if ignorance were the stamp of divinity.—Prof. Drummond.

"An Open Letter to an Interrogating Clergyman, Involving a Bird's-Eye View of the Dawning Day," by Jacob Edson—which appeared in a recent issue of THE BANNER—has now been brought out as a leaflet; copies of which can be secured at a nominal price by addressing Miss W. B. Knowles, 36 Forest street, or H. S. Luscomb, 17 Yarmouth street, Boston, Mass.

AN OCTOGENARIAN ANTI-VACCINATOR.—An old man of eighty five years complained to the magistrate at Marylebone that he had been compelled to leave the local workhouse, because he objected to obey an order that all the officers and inmates should be vaccinated. An officer of the workhouse attended the court, and said, although such an order had been issued, the applicant need not have left, and might return at once. The magistrate asked if he must be vaccinated if he went back, and the officer replied, "Certainly not." —Weekly Times, London.

"They say" "that in Kentucky he is called 'Col. Umbus'."

## [HAVE A SLICE?]

The whip-poor-wills are singing,  
And shrieks the Georgia snipe;  
By vale and hill their song is still:  
"Ripe, the melons—ripe!"  
—Atlanta Constitution.

Prof. Wiggin announces his retirement from the "weather-prophet" business—says it does not pay. What has become of Lieut. Totten? He prophesied "hard times," indeed—of a theologic-mundane nature—which luckily did not come.

A "religious" organization is said to be forcing a crusade in favor of the most extraordinary piety by complaints to the police in our neighboring city of Somerville, Mass. Barbers may no longer shave customers there on Sunday; druggists cannot sell the festive candy on that day, etc. How pious!

Don Carlos, when he visited Uncle Sam, took along an "official" historian, who on getting back to Spain is alleged to have stated, in his work, that the favorite drink before dinner in Boston was a "Jmcoptate."

The Bancroft Company, Publishers, Chicago, are about to issue a "Book of the Fair," in twenty-five parts, by Hubert Howe Bancroft, which will be a permanent and illustrated chronicle of the exhibits. Specimens of the typographical and pictorial work received are excellent.

## ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DIALECT.

They're werry curious, that they be,  
These literary folk;  
They hung around to get from me  
The very words I spoke;  
'N when I spoke from my own head  
They laff'd and called me "boor."  
But when they'd written wot I said,  
They called it "literature!"  
—Kate Field's Washington.

Friday, June 9th, Ford's old theatre—occupied by the United States government Pension Department—collapsed (through alleged undermining of the foundations); some twenty-four government clerks were killed, and a large number injured.

Mr. Stead put the case very happily when he said that "the theory of life for women is to feed them on the plum-pudding of Chivalry, but all thoughtful women desire instead the coarse but nutritious brown loaf of Justice." —Ez.

## A RECKLESS ACT.

He ran for a moving trolley car,  
This man whom naught could scare,  
He made a jump to reach the step—  
And climbed the golden stair!  
—Brooklyn Eagle.

Connoisseurs of ceramics have been attracted in the past week to the exhibit of old blue delft underglaze, or rather reproductions of it, in plaques, tiles, etc., imported by Jones, McDufee & Stratton from Holland.

The cowboy race on ponies from Nebraska to Chicago is being arranged in spite of the protests, but President Angell's offer of a reward to the man who puts a stop to it still holds good. —Boston Herald.

## MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

**Banner of Light Hall, 9 Bowdoin Street.**—Spiritualist meetings are held every Tuesday and Friday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M. in the platform of J. A. Shoham, Chairman. Free to the public.

**The American Spiritualists' Association** has discontinued its Monday evening meetings at the First Spiritualist Hall, 111 Washington Street, and has moved to the new hall, 111 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Desiring services of mediums for meetings, etc., in New England, are invited to correspond with Parker O. Marsh, Esq., 111 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

**Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.**—Meetings are held every Tuesday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday at 7 P. M. Dr. E. W. Jones, Conductor.

**Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.**—Meetings are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M. Eben Cobb, Conductor.

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## OHIO.

**Cleveland.**—In remembrance of departed friends, memorial services were held in Cleveland Sunday, June 4th, at Royal Legion and Army and Navy Halls, morning and evening. Both halls were beautifully decorated with flowers and banners, and a roll of early mediums was placed upon the walls, to be held in special remembrance.

In the evening, Mrs. Lake, pastor, delivered an eloquent and soulful inspirational address: "The human race is a brotherhood, a family. Its members are scattered far and wide. What strange and mysterious laws underlie this unity! And who better than we Spiritualists understand their workings, and realize this kinship of all mankind? There are few in this assemblage who, during this last year, have not lost some friend or comrade. Mediums are the highways over which these, and other vast numbers, make their way to the mundane plane. Many women and child—the coarse and refined—may all find this open way; and none here, realizing the blessed service that mediums have and are rendering, can fail to respond with glad heart in this thank-offering to grateful thought whose eastward wings, in the garment of flesh, still know our gratitude or neglect."

Among the early mediums that have passed out we all remember those little pioneers, through whose oracles came that immortal rap that woke the world from its slumber to a blessed realization of Spiritualism. They were little girls then—these Fox Sisters—but they grew to womanhood—and with them, and since their time, what a mighty movement has developed from that comparative humble occurrence. Was it chance that Spiritualism first manifested itself through lowly channels, in free America, and in the Empire State—yes, and through the mediumship of delicate little girls? I can imagine what must have been the circumstances that enveloped Ohio, that fitting them for the service they were to perform. They were to work with an unknown quality, and to explore an unknown country.

Spiritualism has revolutionized the world. Mediums are the highways over which the spirits of the dead come to the living. The spirits of those that died to free our country are watching this Republic. When we strew flowers upon their graves they stand and watch us through the loving thought, but gladder that they set us free.

Does any one who has passed the Border Line regret having done his duty here? Ah! none are sorry they have died, but grieve that they did not better live. And what is death? According to the materialist, it is the cessation of life; to the theologian it is the will of God; to the Spiritualist it is the law of nature. Death is the surrendering of the life that holds the soul to matter. It is not a punishment, for the body is no longer needed. It may be that we need the expressions of love of that body, but nature does not desire to soften our pains. She knows both Spring and Autumn. Summer and Winter. Nature is a mystery, a power so vast, it is not strange that we may not know how she changes! How much do we see of this change called death? We know there is a fluttering at the heart, a glazing of the eyes, a dim gleam of light, a sweet smile, a peaceful look, a look of semi-unconsciousness, a gasp—and the mystery of death has been performed under nature's divine law. The soul did not suffer if it had worn its body worthily; nothing held it back save that silver thread of love that binds it to the world. It was ready to go. It was the time best adapted to its development. Shall we grieve for this?

The mystery was no more mysterious than birth. The wondrous storehouse of the spirit there is ample room for all. Clairaudient ears will catch the tones of love vibrating to us through the ambient air, and the mourner shall be comforted.

I remember Henry Kiddle of New York, a man who had the courage to stand by his belief when he found, to his regret, that the Spiritualists' Union was a mystery, a power so vast, it is not strange that we may not know how she changes! How much do we see of this change called death? We know there is a fluttering at the heart, a glazing of the eyes, a dim gleam of light, a sweet smile, a peaceful look, a look of semi-unconsciousness, a gasp—and the mystery of death has been performed under nature's divine law. The soul did not suffer if it had worn its body worthily; nothing held it back save that silver thread of love that binds it to the world. It was ready to go. It was the time best adapted to its development. Shall we grieve for this?

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## Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:  
Meeting of the Directors June 6th at 7 o'clock P. M., at the Banner of Light Circle-Room, Dr. Storer in the chair; the clerk being absent on account of illness, M. T. Dole was appointed clerk pro tem. Records read, and approved. The report of the Treasurer, Mr. Edson, was read; the sum of five dollars be appropriated to the Margaret Fox-Kane fund, to be disbursed under the direction of Titus Merritt, Esq., of New York City; that the sum of fifty dollars be donated to Annie Lord Chamberlain, to be paid in ten monthly installments of five dollars each. Mr. Edson then moved that when we adjourn it be to meet at Onset Bay during the Camp-meeting season, the date to be announced later.

It was subsequently voted that the treasurer be authorized to draw on the general fund for the purchase of a new safe; and that the regular session be held at Onset Bay during the Camp-meeting season, the date to be announced later.

The death of Mrs. C. H. Loomis-Hall was announced, and after remarks from Mr. Edson, it was ordered to be entered on our records. Eight books on "Life in the Stone Age" were received from Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Flegley of Byron, Ohio, in payment of two memberships in the Union, as voted at last meeting. Remarks were made on the general subject of Spiritualism by Messrs. M. T. Dole, C. M. A. Twitchell, Dr. Storer, Mr. Edson and others. The President said that as Mrs. Longley, the Corresponding Secretary, has about to leave us for a protracted visit to a distant part of the country, he would like to see her and express our thanks for the able manner in which she has performed the duties of her office—which was done by formal vote. She feelingly responded, thanking the Association for the kind expressions of its confidence, and pledging her best efforts to promote the interests of the Union.

At the suggestion of Dr. Storer, Spirit Father Pierpont expressed his approval of the work of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, and of its efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the needy by administering to the wants, and in their work of promulgating the truths of Spiritualism. He announced the presence of our recently ascended brother, and late Historian, John B. Adams, who wished to think of him not as having left us, but as with us still, and interested and active in the work of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

On motion of Mr. Dole, it was voted that, as Mrs. Longley was about to leave us for other fields of labor, she be requested to think of him not as having left us, but as with us still, and interested and active in the work of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union. Voted that a committee be appointed to draft resolutions, to be presented at our next meeting, on the death of our late Historian, Mr. Adams. Dr. Storer moved that Mr. Longley and Mr. Dole be appointed said committee.

Since the last report, the sum of \$60 has been paid into our special relief fund by a friend of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, said amount to be paid to Mrs. M. Adams, who wished to think of him not as having left us, but as with us still, and interested and active in the work of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union. Voted that a committee be appointed to draft resolutions, to be presented at our next meeting, on the death of our late Historian, Mr. Adams. Dr. Storer moved that Mr. Longley and Mr. Dole be appointed said committee.

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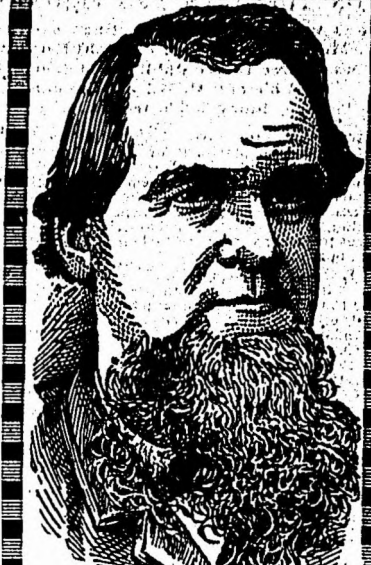
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## THE KIND THAT CURES



JOHN A. CORSON, Freedman, N. H.

**Smothering Asthma!**  
SLEPT IN A CHAIR 40 YEARS!  
Now Goes to Bed and "Sleeps Like a Child!"  
We Challenge the World to Show a Parallel Case!

TO ANYONE WHO DOUBTS THE TRUTH OF MR. CORSON'S STATEMENT WE WOULD SAY, "INVESTIGATE." WE COURT THE MOST ENLIGHTENED INVESTIGATION OF ALL OUR TESTIMONIALS.

**DANA'S SARSAPARILLA CO.**  
GENTLEMEN—I have been troubled with ASTHMA for 40 YEARS. I have suffered badly as to be unable to lie down in bed for any length of time, being compelled to obtain what sleep I could get sitting in a chair. I have tried Doctors and every medicine I could see or hear of without obtaining much relief. Last Spring

I remain yours respectfully,  
JOHN A. CORSON.  
GENTLEMEN—I am personally acquainted with J. H. Corson and can assure you of his perfect reliability.  
CHAS. W. HICKS, Druggist.  
Waltham, N. H.  
Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

## MEDICAL.

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

## The Water of Life,

And is adapted to curing, more especially, all forms of Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder troubles. By injecting this Water, I will heal all sorts of inflammation of the internal organs, such as Piles, Typhoid and other fevers, Bowel diseases, Ulcerine and other forms of Female Complaints, It is a Blood Purifier, cures all sorts of skin diseases, such as Eczema and Lymphatic Inflammations. It will heal the nerves, restoring lost vigor of mind and body, creating a good appetite and producing a steady and healthy condition of the urine, cleansing the blood by means of the kidneys, and acts mildly upon the bowels, thereby producing bodily health which are so essential to good health. This

## Water of Life

Is sold absolutely pure, as it is pumped from the spring, without the addition of any drug whatever. It is Nature's Remedy, pure and simple and not a manufactured article. The success it has achieved has come mostly from its friends who have been cured by using it. Send for a pamphlet free, containing photo-cured and testimonials of patients from those who have used it, giving a forty page history and all particulars about this remarkable water, to

J. R. PERRY, Manager,  
34 South Main Street, Wilkesbarre, Pa.  
Mar. 18. 28w1s

## ONSET BAY.

## OPENING DAY.

EXERCISES at Auditorium Sunday, June 18th, 1893. Special Excursion Tickets on Old Colony R. R. to go down on Saturday, and return either Saturday or Monday, \$1.75. Programs of the Exercises ready for sale June 15th. June 16. 2w

## ASTROLOGY.

Send time of birth, sex, 10c, and stamp, for Prospects coming year, with character. PROF. HENRY, 38 Washington street, Lynn, Mass. June 10. 152w

## TO LET.

A Large Front Room in Banner of Light Building. For particulars and terms, apply at Bookstore No. 9 Boston street, Boston, Mass. Mar. 28

## Mrs. M. T. Longley,

UNDER the influence of her Spirit-Band, will answer questions and give advice upon the development and care of mediumship, matters of spiritual interest, health, and business prospects. Will diagnose and prescribe for diseases. Send leading of the patient. Fee \$1.00. By mail only. Address 34 Sydney street, Dorchester District, Boston, Mass. 15w

## Try Dr. Stansbury's Specifics.

CLIMAX Catarrh Cure and Anti-Microbe Inhaler, 5c. DYSPEPSIA Tablets, Aromatic, Stimulant and Astringent, 25c. Psycho-Hygiene Pills, regulate the Liver, act on the Kidneys, aid Digestion, 25c. Paid on receipt of price. Full list twelve Remedies, terms, etc., address DORNBURG & WASHBURN, Olmstedville, N. Y. Agents for Colby & Rich.

For sale by COLBY & RICH. 15 Feb. 4.

## Zenita, The Vestal;

## The Problem of Vibrations.

BY MARGARET B. PEEKE.  
Author of "Born of Flame," etc.; assisted by the Brotherhood and by order of the Hierophants Egyptian and Aincmar of Granada. 10c. Under the direction of the Hierophants of Granada.

The author in her preface says: "The pith of this book is a direct occult law; giving the



## 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. Shelhamer, Chairman.

At these Spiritual Meetings of Mrs. M. T. Longley will occupy the platform for the purpose of answering questions propounded by inquirers, having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor. Questions forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the chairman, will be presented to the presiding officer for consideration. Besides, excommunicated individuals anxious to send messages to their relatives and friends in the earth-life will have an opportunity to do so.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in a developed condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in the columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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

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

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Seance held March 17th continued.

Charlotte Thayer.

My name is Charlotte Thayer. I have tried many times to manifest through mediumship, because I have felt that my friends on earth would be pleased and interested if they could get something from the spirit-world, and because, also, I have felt that it would do me good to gain an experience in this way. I have not only tried here but at other places where mediums meet, but have not succeeded in giving anything tangible, or in satisfying myself at all.

Today I send my love to my friends, and tell them that we who have gone from their homes into the spirit-world are safe and well. We have our duties and we have our pleasures. Sometimes we have discouragements because we cannot do as well as we would like. Sometimes we see others who attempt to accomplish much and who succeed; then we feel that we are not as powerful or perhaps as talented, and it makes us sad. So you must not think that everything is smooth and beautiful in our life any more than it always is here. We have many things that are sweet, and when we get discouraged it does not take long for that feeling to pass away and for us to gain new spiritual strength to press on with greater effort to do more as we are fitted to do.

Julia is with me, but she does not wish to communicate. She desires only to send her love, for she says that she feels as if it would make her life to fasten on to the magnetic force of the medium and send out her magnetism into the mortal world, where she was always a sensitive because of her peculiar organism. She says she feels as if she did not belong to this outward world when here, and I do not think she did, for she always has the same sensation when coming in contact with this life. She would like the friends on earth to know that she is happy and strong in the spirit-world, that she remembers them with affection and sympathy, and is looking forward to the time when they will come to us in our own home and find their welcome there.

My friends are in Williamsburg, and I think they will see my words.

F. O. Fuller.

[To the Chairman:] About seven years ago, sir, I passed into the spiritual world, leaving behind me very dear ones in whom my affections and interests were centered, but not leaving behind me all there was of light and joy and comfort, because I opened my spiritual sight upon a world of energy and labor, and beheld my good father with his strong magnetism and spirit of encouragement waiting to give me greeting and to conduct me to his well-acquired home. The years have passed, and I have all the while been fully alive to the passing events of time, principally, perhaps, to those in the spirit-world, but more or less to those here on the mortal side.

I come here to your far-off Circle-Room to send my dispatch of love and remembrance and good cheer to the dear ones in California. I have, sir, friends in San Francisco who are interested in the spiritual movement, and who give a good share of their thought and influence to its welfare and benefit. From them and from others not in that city have I gathered forces at times which have been of great use to me in my spiritual condition, and I feel free to mention it here, and to say that the dear ones who are in the spirit-world—those who preceded me and those who have come since I passed on—all join in sending a wave of magnetic love to the good friends who are still toiling along the mortal way. We are all happy, happy because we can be busy and useful. We did not be content if we had nothing to do, if there was no effort to make, no aspiration to send out, no desire to learn, and no knowledge to gain on the spirit side; but as all these things are open to us we find contentment in the life that is ours.

You can call me F. O. Fuller. Tell those who care to hear from me or our family in the spirit-world that we take great pleasure in sending anything from our lives to them, if it be only a breath of influence, or a thought impressed upon a susceptible mind. But if we can give an intelligent word or sentiment, or make some manifestation that can be witnessed and understood in the external life of our friends, we are all the more happy. Yet whatever we do we feel that a part of our life and magnetism belongs to the dear ones here.

Sophia Atwood.

My home and my friends were in Boston, and I have relatives and friends right here in this city, and in places near by, who are still gaining their experiences, and I presume, wondering what there is after this life of earth.

I know I was to ask what could there be beyond for I was not entirely satisfied with the idea that we might, if we were deemed good enough, ascend to some place where we should always be idle, even if we were continually giving praise to the Creator. I did not think that was exactly what intelligent men and women would care for. It might be very pleasant for a little while to rest in that way, and to mingle with angelic souls, but to have it last for years, or for eternity, could not fill up the measure of my aspiration. So I wondered what there was beyond, as if anything beyond the grave for human beings was not a Spiritualist, nor do I think I was altogether an Infidel or a Materialist. I did accept somewhat the teachings of the church. I did feel that there must be some sort of an existence outside the material life, because it seemed to me that I had aspirations and desires and qualities which did not belong to the physical state, but which must have come from or been born of some higher condition.

My people were not Spiritualists either. I think some of them clung closely to the creeds and tenets of the church, and others accepted neither one nor the other, but seemed to go along content with the mortal state while it should last. I do not quite know how they are situated in regard to these things now, but I do not think that any of them have come into a full knowledge of spirit-communication, because had they done so, I think, should have been able to give some message or some token of my presence.

It is a great privilege to me to come here, although you are strangers to me, because I feel that it is drawing me closer into the outer life of my friends. I do not hanker after the things of this world, the flesh-pots of Egypt, or any material possession; I do not feel that these would be of any service to me at all; I have been separated from them too long, and I am not sure that they would be useful to me in this life; but I do want to mingle with my friends, and be connected with them suffi-

ciently to keep track of their doings, and help them sometimes in their journeyings along this mortal way. So I come, sending my greeting to any who may have known me, I am quite ready to come in and mingle with the good folk of my part in making the truth known to them if they will find me an avenue of communication. My name is Sophia Atwood.

H. B. Spofford.

How wondrous is this great, infinite life, surging and pulsating throughout the spheres! In earthly existence we are prone to think of this active, electrifying energy which moves man to perform wonderful deeds as belonging to the physical state alone; but it is not so. What you gather here upon the mortal plane is only a fragment of that superior force which surges throughout the universe and vitalizes every world and every human being.

Mr. Chairman, I lived quite a time upon the earth, coming in contact with various individuals and gaining many experiences. I felt the spirit of earth with its caged wings within my soul, and sometimes it would burst forth in a little melodious strain that may have pleased the careless throng, or perhaps it struck upon a listening ear calling forth responses of deeper harmony from within that kindred soul. Whatever little fragments of melody may have burst forth spontaneously from that impressing spirit, they never satisfied my life, they never gave adequate expression to that which surged within, seeking for a manifestation of its powers.

In the spirit-world I feel less hindered by limitations and environments. This outward life of earth cramps even the strongest mind and prevents it from giving full expression to its powers; but over yonder there is more freedom and less of that spirit of criticism and cold distrust which the sensitive soul feels in seeking to give vent to his inner qualities, less of that carping condition which holds man down to earth with its spirit would soar aloft to higher and more glorious altitudes, and so, one feeling the power within can there give to it a grander scope and deeper expression.

I mention this because it is true of myself and true of many others who are more gifted than I can claim to be, and because it may be as a word of encouragement to those who are here upon the mortal plane singing in the valley their songs of courage and truth, and striving with blows which they feel to be but feeble for liberty and right. I know that they accomplish much even with the limitations of earth; but what may they not perform when these limitations are removed and their spirits are free to soar aloft?

Tell the good friends of the Granite State that H. B. Spofford has returned, not to sing any special song to day, but to send a word to his mortal friends and to give them loving greeting from the higher life.

Tell the good friends among the green hills of Vermont that I am here, and do so, to send a word of good cheer to those who are still in Clarendon, but also over the hills and through the valleys to every listening ear and sympathetic heart that remembers me.

About four years have passed, since I was summoned by the trumpet call of the angel-world, but I return the same as I have been in the past, myself still.

Report of Public Seance held March 10th, 1893. Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Supreme and Omnipotent Spirit, thou Divine One, whose law is changeless, whose ways are just and full of love; to whom we consider our tender Parent, the Author of all being, the Ordainer of all law, we turn to thee in aspiration this hour, seeking for that light which shall illuminate our understanding and quicken our spiritual perceptions. We ask that we may be given that experience and discipline which is best for us in order that our souls may be unfettered and free, and that those things belonging to the higher nature, may be quickened and filled with fire and energy. We ask also that we may see and comprehend the wisdom and the justice of such discipline, that we may not murmur against it, even though at times it seems bitter and hard to bear. We desire to grow in spirit; to reach out for that which is ennobling to the entire nature of humanity; that we may come into sympathy with our fellows, not only to rejoice with them when their lives are filled with the sunshine of prosperity, pleasure and peace, but to mourn with them when their hearts are sad and the way seems full of shadows and pain. Not only would we rejoice with them in the fullness of joy and grief with those who are sad, but we desire also to be able to send forth a ministering influence that shall prove a blessing, through helpful service, to those who are in need. May we extend to them the hand of fellowship and of cordial sympathy, that they may feel strengthened and uplifted throughout their entire beings, and realize something of the beauty of human companionship and aid.

To this end, oh! thou Divine Spirit, we ask that we may be favored with the ministrations of bright and beautiful angel-friends—those who have passed through the experiences of a mortal life; those who have conquered the conditions of self and risen above the limitations of the material ways, hedge the bounding and aspiring soul; those who have gained wisdom and knowledge and strength through their own endeavors, through failures and triumphs, and so understand how to sympathize with poor, suffering, struggling humanity. From such as these we would ask assistance. We desire their influence, and we seek for their atmosphere of peace to fill our lives that we may gather strength from their example, and grow wiser and better because of their companionship.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider your questions, Mr. Chairman.

QUES.—[By "Justice."] The editor of the "Popular Science Monthly" says: "The world is still waiting for the very first message of any practical importance coming from a well-authenticated ghost; and, considering ghosts, such as they are, have been coming for some thousands of years, it is high time, if they have anything to say, that they said it." And the editor of a Boston daily comments upon the above subject: "The modern ghost is not more rational than the ancient one, the Boston ghost is not a bit more rational than the Fiji Island one. These are facts that call for explanation from believers in occultism." What have our spirit-friends to say in regard to it?

ANS.—Whatever the devotees of occultism, or any other "ism," may do, certainly the advocates and followers of Spiritualism do not deal with any such shadowy and vague appearances as ghosts, or the "shells" of those who once lived on earth, but with the living spirit, that which is the real man or woman, substantial in character, and filled with intellectual vigor, and the capacity of expressing the same. Therefore we do not at all consider that the manifestations of spirit intelligence, and of the presence of individualized entities, as given through the mediumship of Modern Spiritualism, apply to that consideration of ghosts which the editor of the *Popular Science Monthly* has been supposed to give the subject, or to that still further on given by the editor of the *Boston Daily*, for their remarks apply to the vague legends and tales connected with folk lore, with the appearances of various unsubstantial beings, with those traditions of untenable communications, so to speak, with unseen beings, or even with those alleged manifestations of modern times with which various psychic students are dealing. They certainly do not apply to those communications of a pronounced character which are given through the various agencies of our own Cause, and we do not regret those remarks as referring at all to our philosophy and its phenomena.

Evidently neither one of the editing authorities quoted is familiar with the history of Modern Spiritualism; evidently neither one has studied its literature, or kept track of its various claims and the manifestations of so-called spirit power, for if such had been done, they would have hesitated long before giving expression to such an opinion as has been just read.

It would take an afternoon for us to point to the various practical devices for human welfare which have been produced by spirit counsel and information given by intelligent minds through mortal media. We know very well—those of us who are familiar with the history of Spiritualism—that many practical discoveries have been made under spirit guidance. We know very well that inventions of a mechanical character for human comfort and convenience have been the result of spirit advice. We may point to Mrs. Chowder's California as a living example of what can be done in a practical way for the welfare of mankind by spirit power. Under the direction of spirit intelli-

gence outside of the mortal form she has been enabled in years past to give such information of a practical kind as has produced wonderful results, thus supplying her own and her family with abundant food. This is only one case out of many. Then, again, in the field of science, art and literature, much has been given through mediatic channels which certainly has added to the information and knowledge as well as to the happiness of mankind.

On the other hand, there are many mediums who have not made it known to the world that they are thus endowed with spiritual powers that bring them in contact and into intelligent communication with the inner life, and some of these mediums are considered wonderful in their mechanical inventions and productions by the world. Knowing full well, as they do, that the impressions and also the information they have gained upon the subjects under experimentation have come from the spirit-world, they yet have not strength of mind sufficient to make the truth known to the public.

We know that this is merely an assertion on our part which will not be considered by those whom we are discussing to-day, but nevertheless it is true. We ask our critical friends, however—those who desire to know why these so-called ghosts do not accomplish any practical work in the domain of science, art, literature or religion—to go over the entire field thoroughly, look up and read the various histories of that which has been known and recorded in the annals of Modern Spiritualism, come in contact with some of its mediums, learn of their experiences and of the experiences of those other individuals who have been favored with communications and manifestations through those medial agencies, inform themselves upon the entire subject as any analytical scientist would do upon any subject that he thought worthy of his consideration, and then, and not till then, give their conclusions to the world.

## INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Rev. A. J. Barrett.

[To the Chairman:] I feel that I am but a stranger here in the midst of that which seems almost mysterious to me, so profound is this great subject of spirit-communication. I have not fathomed its secrets, nor have I been enabled as yet to understand the operations of its laws; but I find that it is a reality, stretching from the earth-life to the great immortal world, with its various footpaths leading from every human heart on earth, and all verging into the great field of spiritual love beyond the vale. It is a grand and glorious fact, this great highway is open, and to those who have gained the gifts of the flesh and have gained the heights of immortality. It is, sir, a study to me, one that I never weary of pursuing, one that ever opens out to my mind something new and marvelous, pointing to the wisdom of the great Creator in thus providing for the wants of his human children. It seems to me, as I view this subject from the other life, that this provision made for the spiritual wants is grander and more glorious than any bountiful provision that has been made for the needs of the physical man.

I hardly know, my good sir, what induces me to return over this highway and seek to stretch forth a hand to those who linger on the mortal plane, for I really do not know as I shall be received with favor. Could I appear among my people in the mortal form they would flock around me and seek for my word of instruction or of information as I dispensed it to their understanding in simple forms of speech; but when I appear to them from the dead, I fear they would hang back and say: "We will not have anything of him; he is not our former pastor and beloved friend. The dead cannot return." Yet I make the venture, and I extend the hand of fellowship to my friends on the earthly side, assuring them that, as true as God is God and light is light, just so true is it that those who become dispossessed of the clay yet live in forms of power and usefulness which enable them to give their ideas external expression in many a way, or in some visible fashion, and to show their creative skill and vital energy through various avenues of manifestation; and that these excommunicated souls also have the power and the opportunity of returning into contact with mortality and of projecting their thoughts upon the atmosphere in waves that reach those who are akin to them in a spiritual sense.

I trust that my thought will be caught up and accepted by loving hearts on earth, that I may feel, away from them, that I am not that I am regarded as a living entity close to their lives still.

I have no word to preach of the saving grace of the Redeemer; I have no formula of belief or creed to teach now that I come from the spirit-world. Mine eyes were blind, and I could not see the clear light when I was here, for then I walked amid the shadows, and it was as if looking through a glass darkly that I viewed the great eternal prospect and thought of mortal life. But now, when the shadows have been dispersed, and I can see face to face those dear ones who have joined the circle of love on high. I realize now that it was only in snatches that the eternal truth came to me, and but faintly, and only by feeble gleams did I gain a conception of that which lies beyond, for the great reality was veiled from me. So I come to-day asking my people and my own dear ones to seek earnestly for the truth, that I may illuminate their lives with a flood of light, and that I, in that deep, dark, deathly soul, give them strength to meet that great change which will bear them beyond the valley into a world that is alive with power and thought.

I passed out, sir, very suddenly. There came a swift rush of the vital fluid to the brain, an overwhelming condition that seemed to cause a collapse of my entire being, and I quickly found myself standing outside of the body, viewing the cold remains, and becoming conscious of the shock which had come to my beloved friends.

Now, as an awakened spirit, as one who has been traveling along the pathway of progress and studying under the tuition of wiser minds than his own during the last few years, I return to speak my word. My people and friends in Rochester, N. Y., will not deny that I lived among them and labored in the Baptist church, trying to do my best for what I believed to be the truth.

I passed on to the spirit-life an old friend, whom I was surprised to meet in such vigor and strength of manhood, said to me: "Judson, you have come into the light; you have been walking amid the shadows; the light was all around you, but you kept your eyes closed to its glory; now you must recognize it and take it into your heart," and I feel that I have done so to a certain extent.

I am A. J. Barrett.

Robert Page.

[To the Chairman:] I do not object to an old soldier's following the minister, do you? [Not at all.] Well, you hear it said and preached that the high and the low meet together, the rich and the poor; and so as I look over the different ones who are here in spirit, and see some of the lowly and meek and some of the exalted and wise, I think that is a true idea, and there is no distinction made between them by the great Overruling Spirit.

I haven't come to preach; I leave that for ministers. I've just come to say a few words to the friends in South Portland and near places of Maine. My wife, Harriet, was there, and sometimes, since I've been in the spirit, I've come very close, and sometimes I haven't been so near. Sometimes I've got right by the side of my friends, and then at other times I'd be away off at arm's length; but I've kept pretty well informed as to the state of things.

I thought I'd just come back and send a few words to the good friends here, and tell them that the old soldier feels all strong and well in the spirit-world. I was sort of used up here. I don't think I amounted to much before I went out, and it's a good thing I did go over—I really feel it is, because you see where I am now I've got rid of all the old unpleasant feelings and conditions, and I'm getting along first-rate. I've got a nice little place of my own, and I try to keep it up to look as well as I can. I don't know if you've been ashamed of it, and I'm sure you, it keeps me busy after all. There's not much time for idling around, but I don't mind that, because

we're all like a family of comrades, and we just pitch in and work together, and get along harmoniously and in the best style. I see others that want to stay any longer. I see others that want to say a word, and I won't take their time.

I'm Robert Page, and sometime I'm going to come again. I don't know as I'll come to you, but to some place where I can do work that will be felt and known by the friends that I've been with in the past.

Henry V. Fletcher.

[To the Chairman:] Hello, Mister! Do you know who I am? [No; I think not.] Would you like to know? [Yes; Well, I'll tell you, but I want to send my love home. May I?] [Certainly.] You're real good, and I'll give you a big apple. You don't think we have apples in the spirit-world, do you? Well, we do; we have nice big ones, and they ain't all wormy, as those you give two or three cents for here.

I want to send lots of love, and say I've been having a good time. I've been growing, and I'm going to be a man pretty soon. I was a little fellow when I went away. I felt bad for a little while, and mamma and papa felt bad 'cause I was feeling bad, but I'm all right now. I'm a big boy now, I'm about nine years old, and that's a big, isn't it?

Please say I go to school, and learn ever so many things about the stars, and other big worlds. Some of the people that live in some of those worlds come to see us sometimes, they do, 'cause there were two people come to our school—one was a great, big man, and he was handsome, and the other was a lady with a star over her forehead, and she was a teacher. She was a sister of the great teacher that was from another world. She would tell a wrong story, would she? [No.] We learn about the worlds, about the people that go from our world to some higher world; and we learn about the flowers, the trees, the shells, and all those things, and we're going to keep on learning forever.

[Referring to the flowers on the table:] I like the roses. My mamma likes flowers, and sometimes I've brought lots of beautiful flowers from the angel-world to make the people here feel better when they were sick, and make them feel better when they were sad. Aint that right? [Yes.] I'm going to do so every time I can.

My name is Henry Fletcher, and my papa's name is Henry, too. I've got another name, and it commences with a big V. Do you want to know my mamma's name? [Yes.] I can tell you. It's Nellie, and she's a lovely mamma, yes, she is. I want to tell, too, that I've got in the spirit-world just the loveliest teacher. She's just what I can be, and she never gets tired, and she's just what I need. She takes us on great, long visits to different parts where they have the beautiful concerts and the big pictures, and the men and women that make the music and the pictures talk to us, and tell us how we can grow to be like them, and I think it's nice.

Did I tell you where I lived? [No.] It's in Belmont. [Belmont, Mass.?] Yes, I guess so. It's not far off. They said I was coming to Boston, and that was near home.

Fannie Parnell.

My friend Agnes M. Moore and I visited your circle, Mr. President, some little time ago to attend the proceedings, and also, if possible, to give instruction concerning these wonderful laws of spirit-communication. Not but what I have dealt with them a little since I passed from the body, but I feel my weakness and ignorance when attempting to reach out into external life toward those who, I feel, need my encouragement and assistance; and as I desire to become fitted to instruct others in the spirit-world who seek for knowledge on these points, I have come occasionally, as I would attend school, although I have never communicated through your medium.

As I was saying, my friend and I came, and we felt at the time that it would truly be a pleasure to us if we could send through your instrument a ray of love and light to hearts that are here beating slowly because of their burden of sorrow. To day I have the privilege of stepping into the atmospheric circle that guards your medium, and thus reaching out more clearly toward those whom I trust will see my words, and feel that they are brought with the power of love that cannot be duplicated.

My friend desires me to give her greeting and affectionate remembrance to the friends on this side, and to express our sympathy with them. I may say, in passing, that she sings even sweeter songs than when she was enveloped by the physical conditions of mortal life. I believe the world will yet hear from her in behalf of the oppressed and those who are without a country and home, for she feels the same interest and affection for them that she did here on the mortal side.

In relation to my own affairs and pursuits, I will only say that I have not lost one particle of interest or affection for those to whom I gave my services and my attention. Indeed, the spiritual being has only been quickened by the great power which has come to it from the eternal world, and which gives it an impetus to work more positively, more earnestly and continuously for those who are oppressed, asking that the best be done, and that only love and consideration shall be extended to them. We believe that it is our right to ask for this, and we believe that the heavens and the earth will continue to cry out for justice until man shall become awakened by the tone and respond out of the fullness of his heart. We believe that there will be no cessation of attempt and endeavor, of interest and personal power, exercised from both sides of life, until those who have been crushed and made to suffer by the great power of the spiritual world shall be raised and the despot made to feel the scourge of his own rod smiting blow for blow.

My brother is at work, earnestly and sincerely pushing his forces, arousing new energy by his influence in minds on earth that have been partly dormant, and making his power felt in place after place more than he could on earth, because mortals are confined to the boundaries that hedge in their bodies, but on the spirit-side, intelligence sends out its thought that flies swift as an arrow to its mark, and may reach various minds in different directions almost at a single bound. I would tell his friends that he is not idle, but he is at work, and the time will come when his power will be felt as a strong, overwhelming force, even if its source is not known.

Fannie Parnell.

Amos W. Webb.

Mr. Chairman: Perhaps it will be said that I belong to the past, so many years have gone by since I went from earth-life. My taking off was rather sudden to us all, being caused by an accident that sent me from the body and from the earth-conditions to an extent. Yet I did not altogether leave my family and friends, for I had dear, precious ones that held my love and my regard for many years, even though I was in the spirit-world.

Times have changed since then; dear ones have joined me on the other side; affairs are not what they were when I was here; but I take an interest in the outward life, in the friends who remain on earth, in the children of my old associates who have grown up and taken their places in the battle of life, and I feel that this is a good time for me to speak of the shadow of the past and proclaim myself a man of the living present.

I had many friends in Milford, Mass., and my family were known there, and some of us are known there at the present day. I come back to say to the good people of Milford that this spirit-life is so full of vitality and power that it matters not how long back a man may have dropped out of the midst of his earthly career, but he may be living in the fullness of labor and activity in that other world.

Changes have taken place since I dwelt here upon this plane. There is more freedom, more liberal thought, more advancement for human beings, and less of the grinding toll of poverty, than there was in my day. I acknowledge that many are now cramped, held down and distressed by the grinding hand of toll and want, yet the common lot of mankind is much pleasanter in many ways than it was when I was here—that is, I mean, for those who had to work in factories and mills and such places as that for fourteen to eighteen hours at a time

and call that a day's work, for there was then no legislation in the interest and welfare of those human beings.

So I think I can say the world has grown smoother, and I think this change is largely due to the revelations and work of Spiritualism, that is so helpful to you and to me—helpful to you, because it brings you in contact with the other world and its advancing conditions, with its people of progressive growth; and helpful to me, because it brings me into contact with this earth-life, with its various forces, conditions, human interests and sympathies. It seems to me that Spiritualism has accomplished a great deal which the world does not understand, and we can afford to ignore the remarks of such individuals, whom you quoted. Mr. Chairman, in the question you read to your spirit-guide, for they have taken but a superficial view of the subject, and have drawn their conclusions without giving the matter anything like a candid study. We can afford to ignore them and keep right on, knowing that the world is a good world, that Spiritualism embraces a broad field of action, and that it reaches down into human lives for beneficent results, from the lowliest child in a hovel to the man of authority and power in his palace.

I am Amos W. Webb, the same man now that I ever was, only broadened out in mind, as one must who for many years comes in contact with enlarged minds on the spirit-side.

Rose Clark.

My name is Rose Clark, and I have hurried, or I feel as if I had, I was so afraid I would not get here to-day, and leave my words of greeting and love to the friends who are here.

I have friends in Foughkeepsie, N. Y., and some of them send me just about the same, and will through the spring months, because they are passing through deep waters. There is bereavement in their hearts and in their homes over a trial which has come to them. I thought if I could only say a few words of consolation it might do them some good, and I knew it would take a burden off my heart, because I feel the shadow that is resting on my dear friends. They are not relatives, but my love and sympathy go out to them, for they are passing through a period of suffering, and if I could only bring an influence to lighten their load I should be happy indeed.

I would also say to other friends: I come because I love you, and I bring you not only tidings of the dear ones in the spirit-world, but also such influences and sweet flowers as I feel may perhaps brighten and perfume your way.

To the dear ones with the shadows falling over their lives I would say: Oh! if you could behold your darling as I do in the spirit-life, free and full of the signs of release from suffering, surrounded by the sunshine of that beautiful world, by the sweetness of loving ministrations, and in the companionship of kind and congenial friends, you would not grieve as you have done, for this grief of yours throws a shadow over the life of your loved one, and that I know you would not desire to do. I feel that it is best the change came as it did, even if unexpectedly, because it brought so much more of power and service and strength into that life which could not gain these energies here.

Sometimes I think my friends will know more of this Spiritualism, and it will be of great usefulness to their lives. I know some of them are mediumistic. We can touch their natures with a gentle influence and impression from the other life, and we intend to continue in that work of trying to reach them with evidences of our coming until something positive has been gained.

## INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES.

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

March 14.—Hosna Ballou, David Doremus, James Ogden; Sarah Conley; John W. Bartlett; Guide, for the following spirits: Thomas S. Hornby; Robert, and James comes with him; Helen Endicott, who is Robert Endicott; also Robert Rantoul and William; Elizabeth Livingston; Isaac H. Robbins; Clara Newland; John Hanson.

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

June 2.—Major William McKee Dunn; Jasper Whitman; Mrs. M. F. Beebe; Carrie Burgess; John Miller; Charles Cohn; John H. W. Toomey; Mrs. William Elder; Shannon; Donald W. Bain; Ben Elder; Mattie Clark; James C. Converse; Sarah E. Toney; John Fulford.

## Verifications of Spirit-Messages.

Through the kindness of a subscriber in Bridgeport I read in the BANNER OF LIGHT of Feb. 18th the greeting E. M. STURGES sends to his friends in a message given at the public seance held Dec. 13th, 1892.

I was his nearest and dearest friend and companion for eighteen years. My mind has never been at rest since he passed away, nor am I to this day reconciled to his death. He left his home about eleven o'clock in the morning, in the best of health and spirits, to enjoy a few hours' gunning with two companions. Before one o'clock the terrible accident happened, and I never saw him alive again.

He was a very smart, energetic business man. He never believed in Spiritualism, and had no faith in so-called mediums or messages from the spirit-world.

It is comforting to think all is well with him. I remain very respectfully,

Mrs. E. M. STURGES.  
Feb. 27th, 1893.

I noticed in THE BANNER OF Feb. 4th, sent me by a friend, a message declared by the spirit communicating to be from GEORGE W. JEWETT, a former resident of Lyons, Mich.

The facts known by me and others, mentioned in the communication, and the characteristic import of the latter, convince me that it is from a son who passed to the spirit-world at the time stated. There are other circumstances connected with the message which confirm that opinion, and which of course the knowledge was not obtained from obituary notices, or any other mundane source.

Y



having lived in that town myself for over forty years, until less than a year since. I know him well by sight, also two or three of his brothers, who are now in spirit-life, but I did not know his immediate family. SANFORD TAYLOR.  
East Walpole, Mass., March 28th, 1893.

On reading your valuable paper of March 28th I discovered, with pleasure, a communication from my uncle, SILAS SAWYER. The message is like him, and correct in every particular. I will forward the paper to Clinton, Mass., where his son, William, trusting it may prove a comfort to the family.

Yours respectfully,  
Mrs. E. A. WILLARD.  
50 Orange street, Worcester, Mass.,  
April 25th, 1893.

I find in the Message Department of THE BANNER of April 1st a communication claiming to come from COL. N. B. DIBBLE of Danbury, Ct., and am pleased to say the message is recognized by friends and acquaintances in this city as correct in all particulars, and thoroughly characteristic of the man. There seems to be no possible doubt of its origin. We certainly regard it here as very substantial proof of spirit-return and the continued conscious existence of the human soul.

Danbury, Ct. HENRY PERRY.

#### THE CLIMAX OF AVARICE.

In summer's heat and winter's cold  
Most human beings strive for gold.  
This serried host of "sharps" and "cranks"  
Water their stocks and swindle banks.  
The more they strive the worse they grow,  
As all their dealings plainly show;  
But worse than all, neglect their health  
While gadding in and hoarding wealth;  
And thus they pass their numbered days  
With slight eat, and slighter praise,  
Till Death steps in and calls a halt—  
Their only record is "DEFAULT!"  
While on this earth they are forgot,  
Paupers in spirit is their lot.

Brokers.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Our Brother and President, MR. B. K. AMES, passed to the Life Everlasting on Tuesday morning, May 20th. His funeral took place on Friday, June 2d, from his late residence, 30 Daboll street, Elmwood, it was attended by a large circle of relatives and friends. The interment was at Foxboro, Mass. Dr. C. H. Harding, of Boston, officiated; his remarks were eloquent and appropriate. Singing by the choir: "Sleep, loved one, sleep, thy work is done," and "We shall meet beyond the river." Thus the harvesting is going on and the reaper is gathering in ripened sheaves. President Ames was a man strong and true to his convictions of right; steadfast in purpose, just in action, honest in all his dealings—thereby gaining the respect and esteem of those with whom he came in contact.

As President of our Society for two years he was faithful in all the duties which devolved upon him, and always at his post. He was a firm believer in and advocate of the great cause of Modern Spiritualism. As a Society and people we shall deeply miss the hearty hand-shake and welcome words of him we have been associated with; but our loss is fraught with eternal gain to him.

The following RESOLUTIONS were adopted by our Association, Progressive Aid Society, and School, in memory of his faithful life:

Resolved, That a great loss has been sustained by us all in the transition from the mortal to the immortal life, and that in the home, where peace and harmony ever reigned, his presence will be specially missed and mourned by those he held so dear.

Resolved, That we extend to his wife and family our sympathy and love in their bereavement, hoping they will be sustained by the knowledge and assurance that cometh from the spirit, that no bond has been broken, and that, for a time, that again in union they will meet where there will be no more parting.

Resolved, That copies of these Resolutions be sent to the family, and also inscribed on the records of our Society.

MRS. C. M. WHIPPLE, Vice-President  
PROVIDENCE, R. I., Spiritualist Association.  
MR. CONNELLEY BLISS, Committee.  
MRS. MARY PROCTOR, Committee.

Passed to Spirit-Life.  
From Green Bay, Wis., June 2d, Mr. John B. Lefebvre, at the age of 61 years and 9 months.

He was a kind and benevolent man. A true Spiritualist for a number of years, he was the treasurer of the Green Bay Spiritualist Association, of which he was one of the first members. He was universally regarded with respect and esteem by the large circle of relatives and acquaintances.

Those endearing traits of character made him a kind husband, wife and tender father. The devoted wife and children—who have ministered their loving care to him—although grief-stricken, are consoled by the thought of his painless release, and the hope of his continually-attending, watchful love.

A very large attendance of friends and neighbors testified at the obsequies to the high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, and to the propriety of the funeral services.

From Painesville, O., on the morning of May 29th, 1893, Reuben Burnham.

The deceased had counted the years of his earth pilgrimage up to eighty-eight—having enjoyed the conjugal companionship of his wife, Mary, for over fifty years, and leaving her to finish her journey in patience, and to follow on to a reunion in that land where souls are never severed.

A man of marked individuality and positive convictions, his neighbors pronounce him one of the best and kindest-hearted individuals that ever lived.

Funeral services were conducted by the writer.  
MYRA F. PAINE.

From her home in Pawtucket, R. I., May 26th, Mrs. Mary J. Clough, wife of Chas. W. Clough, in the 47th year of her age.

Mrs. Clough had been in ill health for several years, but the immediate cause of her death was pneumonia. She was one of the foremost workers in the Spiritual Cause, and (with her husband) the first to establish the Pawtucket Spiritual Association, which organization has been holding meetings ever since.

She was the heart and soul of the Society, and it was through her and her alone (almost) that the people of this city were brought to a knowledge of the new light.

She will be sorely missed by the members of the Society, but by many outside the Association, for she was generally beloved, and had a kind word for all.

Her funeral took place on Sunday, May 28th, and was very largely attended. The floral offerings were exceedingly beautiful and numerous. The services were ably conducted by Dr. C. H. Harding, of Boston, Mass.

On Tuesday, May 30th, Wm. H. Burroughs.

He has in the new state of being rejoined the beloved companion who was called home on the 17th inst., and with whom he had lived in blessed communion here for over fifty-six years. What a blessed meeting was theirs in their happy spirit home.

Larchmont, N. Y., June 4th, 1893.

May 27th, Stephen O. Davis, aged 64 years.

He had been a strong believer in Spiritualism for thirty-seven years, and tried to live up to its teachings. He had been a subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT for twenty-six years.

He was an affectionate and indulgent husband and father, a kind brother and good citizen. He was ever ready to help the sick and afflicted. He was, STEPHEN O. DAVIS.  
Bryant's Pond, Me., June 5th, 1893.

From his home in Westfield, N. Y., May 28th, William B. Hawley.

He had been a Spiritualist for over thirty years, and a subscriber for the BANNER OF LIGHT for nearly that length of time; he took a great deal of comfort in reading the messages on the sixth page.

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CLEVELAND, O.

"Kill two birds  
with one 'buy'."

Several birds, in fact. Make the  
youngster happy; teach him (or  
her) the value of time—what a  
minute means, and how to make  
the most of it; how to keep up  
with the day, meet all engagements  
and come out ahead at the end of  
the year. It will save you a load  
of anxiety, too. Can you do bet-  
ter than to buy the child a new,  
quick-winding Waterbury watch?  
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style of this watch for ladies,  
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June 17. 1w

DR. JAMES R. COCKE,  
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Apr. 29.

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Circles Sunday, Thursday evenings, and Tuesday at  
ternoon at 3 o'clock. Six Developing Sittings for \$4.00.  
36 Common street, near Tremont street, Boston.  
June 17.

Osgood F. Stiles,  
DEVELOPING, Business, Test and Medical Medium.  
Obession a specialty. Circle Tuesday evenings at 7:30.  
Thursday afternoons at 2:30. No. 70 Walham street. Will  
hold circles Sunday evenings at 7:30. 1w June 17.

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May 6.

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June 17.

C. W. Quimby,  
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June 17. 1w

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June 17. 4w

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