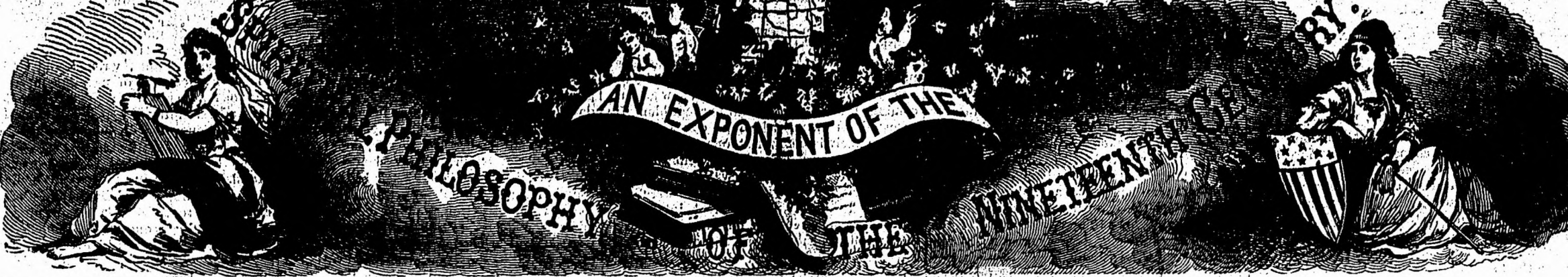


HARVARD COLLEGE
JUN 22 1893
LIBRARY

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 73.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1893.

(\$2.50 Per Annum,
Postage Free.)

NO. 16.

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.

(Copyrighted by Carlyle Petersilea.)

CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED.

"The gentleman whom Mrs. Evans calls husband is thus kept in error and unhappiness: his natural inclination is to accept things as he finds them: although somewhat mild and slow of perception, yet but for her he would rise into wisdom and happiness very readily: she holds him back from heaven, and keeps him by her side in hell. Do you think, dear lady, that it is right for one soul to hold another in unhappiness or hell?"

"Certainly not!" I replied. "But, perhaps, the husband may lead his wife into happiness or heaven."

"No," said Ursula; "for her mind dominates his, and holds it in subjection. A soul held in bondage is held in unhappiness or hell. Bondage of any kind is error and wrong. All captives should go free."

"Why need he remain in captivity?" I asked. "Why does he not leave her, and seek wisdom and happiness where it may be found?"

"Because she compels him to think that, as they were married by the laws of earth, they must remain married for all time: but, lady, they never were married according to heavenly laws; he was bound to her as a captive is bound to a tyrant, not married in sweet, heavenly union. True marriage should be a mutual blending of souls, should be reciprocal, giving and taking equally; neither one nor the other should be in any kind of bondage."

"How is it possible for one so young, one who has never been married, to understand such things so well?" I asked.

"I have been taught the true principles which govern marriage at the school for young ladies which I entered on coming to this life, it being one of the principal subjects treated of in that school."

"My sweet sister Annie and her husband seem to be very happy together," I said. "Theirs must be a heavenly union."

"Yes," she replied. "Annie was taught, like myself, just how to marry—just who her true mate was—and the result is harmony, happiness or heaven; it is the true union of love and wisdom. Are love and wisdom united in Mr. Evans's case? Does he represent wisdom and his wife love?"

"Surely not," was my reply.

"Then it is not marriage, but bondage," she said. "Mr. Evans has, in reality, been his wife's slave, during all their so-called married life, instead of her husband."

My eyes opened wide with surprise.

"Her slave?" I questioned. "Surely, you cannot mean just what you say."

"I mean precisely what I say," she replied. "Did not the law bind Mr. Evans to his wife when they were on earth?"

"Certainly; they were bound by the law together in marriage."

"But when there is no marriage, what, then, must we call such a bond? There never existed between Mr. and Mrs. Evans mutual or conjugal love. Their marriage at first was one of convenience. Mrs. Evans's mind even at that time dominated his. She desired to own him, together with his estates, and the marriage bond made him her slave. She then considered that she owned him body and soul, and she treated him accordingly. Her strong will and stubborn mind made him as much her slave as ever Pontus was, about the only difference being that she could not have him whipped, and his higher position kept him from being obliged to perform very hard labor; but the relation which the two souls held toward each other was that of mistress and slave; his mind yielded always to hers, not from love, but fear. Her mind governed his, not because she loved him, but because she desired to bind him to herself for the benefit which might accrue to her personally. Now, the earthly marriage bond ceases at the death of the body: the bond which held Pontus her slave ceased at his death, and Mr. Evans is now as free as Pontus. The former wife and mistress has now neither husband nor slave: according to soul laws she has never had a husband, and he has never had a wife. How long her mind may be able to hold him in bondage I cannot say, but I think not very long. If their marriage had been a true one, or a marriage of souls, it would have continued forever. The death of the body releases thousands upon thousands of human beings from terrible bondage and unjust slavery in some of its manifold forms."

CHAPTER XV.

REST.

SUPPER was now over. The St. Bernard, Faithful, entered the room with dignified slowness, and went to each child in turn to receive a good-night caress; then to Ursula, before whom he stood longer than he did to the others, as though he well comprehended that she was the guardian of the little ones. She patted his head as she said:

"Good-night, old Faithful! Guard us well, my good dog, while we sleep!"

He then passed before me, gazing into my eyes as though he would have said, if the power of speech had been his:

"You are a stranger here, yet I think you may be trusted."

Then he walked out and laid himself down by the gate, and Ursula said that no creature could pass that gate until she had given Faithful the morning signal. The outer doors were now closed, which gave the interior of this beautiful building the appearance of twilight, because of its heavily stained windows, and after we had all joined in singing a soft anthem of praise the little girls entered those beautiful compartments, two in each room; Ursula pointed to one which was vacant, saying that one of the couches I might occupy with my youngest child, while the other was for Agnes.

I was quite weary; the apparent day had been a very long one; I had seen a great deal for one day, and was very glad to rest.

Agnes kissed me good-night, and I was soon as fast asleep as I ever was when in the earth-life. Once or twice, during the apparent night, I awoke. The gentle stillness, the soft twilight, the sound of the water falling from the spraying fountains, lulled me back to repose. Surely, my dreams of paradise were more than realized.

I should judge that we thus rested for at least ten hours. It was not dark night, such as there is on earth, and, really, I do not think it was dark at all outside of this beautiful little house; it was, merely, that we all needed rest, and by closing the doors we obtained it. As for me, I could not get along, at this time, without rest corresponding with earth's night.

At length we heard Ursula moving about in the main room. I arose, bathed my face in the reservoir of the fountain; my little ones did the same. I smoothed out my hair and theirs, then we joined Ursula in the school-room. Soon all the children were there. We breakfasted, as we had supped, on fruit; and shortly afterward, Annie and Sigismund came in. When our fond greetings were over, Annie said:

"Sister, we will now go and visit Joey. We had better leave your little girls here to receive their morning lessons."

And so, bidding Ursula and the children adieu, we went forth to pay my eldest boy a visit. Annie said that his school-room was near the banks of the other lake, the twin to this. We floated on until the corresponding lake came into view, and soon we paused before a small house, somewhat different in style from the one we had left: instead of being circular in form it was square; yet it was surmounted by a golden dome, and, instead of a spire, there stood at its apex a bronze statue representing Hercules, with hammer up, raised in his right hand; in the left he carried a flagstaff, and from it floated a beautiful flag of white satin, bordered with green and gold.

This building had the appearance of polished granite, with four large plate-glass windows; the entrance was arched, and the large key-stone was a brilliant diamond; the arch was deep, and within its recess was a door which appeared like solid oak. Seven steps ran up to this door: the first of granite, the second of marble, the third of gold, the fourth of pearl, the fifth of silver, the sixth of amber, the seventh a diamond. The door was entirely surrounded by stained glass windows, and there was an ebony knocker upon it. The house boasted no veranda, and stood even with what seemed to be a sidewalk of curious and very beautiful tiles.

This lake appeared very different from the other—its twin: instead of fairy-like boats it was covered with various kinds of shipping, and singular, but exceedingly beautiful palace-boats, that seemed to be moving rapidly without any apparent means of locomotion.

Sigismund pointed to these boats with a smile, saying: "Mary, do you see those beautiful boats moving so swiftly through the water?"

"Yes," I replied, "and am curious to know by what means they are propelled."

"Electricity is the motive power."

"Electricity?" I exclaimed, in surprise.

He assented, smilingly. I observed that all the boats on the lake were quite small, yet very perfect, and all the boats were manned by boys, who appeared to be having a glorious time.

"These boys are at play," said Sigismund; "and yet their play is work of the most learned and scientific kind. All those boats which you see have been built within the minds of those little lads, and they are inventing and building continually."

This lake was surrounded by other houses, no two alike, yet all were beautiful in design and architecture. One of the little boats now glided up to what that ran out into the water, and presently Joey came bounding toward us. To-day he was dressed in a sailor suit—a little jacket of blue, white satin breeches reaching to the knees, a straw hat with a golden band embroidered in stars, together with an anchor in each flying end of the ribbon. His little shirt and rolling collar were of pale blue satin. He wore amber-colored silk stockings, and his slippers were embroidered with pearls. His sunny hair floated nearly to his waist. He doffed his little hat, as he came toward us, waving it around his head as a salute, and then, running up to me, he cried:

"Oh, mamma! How glad I am that you are here to visit me! I shall show you all my toys, and all my inventions. The professor says I am getting along bravely. Oh, mamma, mamma! I knew you would come here sometime, and I have tried to learn all I could, that I might have much to show you; and now you are here, you shall see all my treasures."

I stooped and pressed my beautiful boy to my heart. Surely, grief could never come to me more! My little children, who were dead, were all preserved alive and happy—happy and beautiful as any of my dreams of heaven could be, merely a little different, but far more natural and useful. Sigismund's penetrating eyes seemed to read my thought, for he said:

"Mary, that which men call God is far wiser than any man or spirit has ever dreamed. If spiritual beings had nothing else to do but to worship and praise, very little would be accomplished, either on earth or in the heavens. No doubt you have often heard the phrase about making one hand wash the other, and this is true of all life, either material or spiritual. One hand washes the other throughout all nature; the spiritual spheres are all busy—learning, imparting, reasoning, cultivating the arts and sciences—each mind following out the bent of its inclination; and then these hands turn and wash the others: that is, each mind turns its acquired knowledge to good account by giving to those who are not as wise. Nature is a great economist. That which men call God is too wise and economical to allow beings merely to spend their time in worship and praise; they must all work and acquire wisdom, that they may turn about and give to their brothers and sisters, their fathers, their mothers, their children, their friends and lovers, that all may be benefited, and at last made happy. Ah! here is the professor, or the teacher and guide of the school in which your little Joey is studying. Herman, allow me to introduce Mary—the mother of little Joey here, and sister of my Annie—to your notice. She has but very lately come to this life, and this is her first visit to a school for little boys."

Herman took my hand kindly.

"Welcome, madam," he said, "most welcome; and I shall be very glad to show you our method here of teaching boys."

Herman appeared a young man of perhaps twenty years, and a very remarkable young man, he looked. His figure was tall, upright, broad-shouldered, and commanding; his hands, large, powerful, and well-shaped; his arms, indeed, were herculean; his head was round, large, and massive, covered with short, dark curls, and set on a neck like that

of a graceful war-horse: his eyes were bright hazel, large, wide apart, expressing great depth and intelligence. He had a prominent, well-formed nose, with delicate nostrils. His lips were sweet, but firmly set; his teeth, even, white and strong. A dark silken beard was just making its appearance. He was clothed in black velvet, with soft white ruffles at his wrists and on his breast. He wore nothing on his head, for he had but just stepped from the house. We were all standing in front of it. Joey insisted that mamma should go sailing with him in his boat, and Herman said the boat was, indeed, large enough to hold us all. Annie and Sigismund thought we had better do as Joey wished, for I had not taken a sail yet on spiritual waters. The motive power of Joey's boat was electricity, so they told me. Joey was delighted, and ran on ahead, we following; and now I must describe the boat.

It was in form like a large skiff, and appeared to be composed entirely of mother-of-pearl. The inside of the boat, together with the seats, was lined with pink satin, and strewn with fresh white roses, whose perfume was most exquisite.

Little Joey gave me his hand, assisting me into the boat with much gallantry.

"I knew you were coming, mamma," he said, "and so had Margarita all prepared for your reception: Margarita is the name of my boat," and he pointed toward the bow, where a figure-head, veiled in misty white lace, held within its hand a wreath of flowers, and, as I observed them more closely, the small white daisies which composed the wreath formed letters, which spelled the word, "Margarita."

The boat was, by this time, skimming rapidly over the bosom of the placid lake, and I asked Joey to show me how it was moved by electricity.

"Mamma," said he, "I will let it go with my mind."

"With your mind?" I repeated in some surprise. "I thought you said the motive power was electricity."

"And so it is," he replied; "but I am learning how to control electricity with my mind; still, mamma, Herman can explain it more fully than I can, for I am only a little boy yet, and can do things better than I can explain them."

"Madam," said Herman, "will you please tell me what causes a bird to fly in the air? It certainly flies more swiftly than this little boat sails."

"To be sure!" I replied. "Really, it seems so natural for a bird to fly, I have never thought what caused it to fly."

"Yet, there certainly is a cause, or the bird could not fly."

And as he said this, a large white gull alighted on the stern of the boat, and eyed us without manifesting fear.

"Well, madam," continued Herman, "the bird's mind or will-power causes it to fly. In earth-life it has a heavy material body, therefore it must be supplied with a material battery, and electric wires running to every part of its frame. The material battery is its brain, and its nerves are the wires. The battery—its brain—is worked by its mind or will-power, which sends currents of electricity all along the different sets of wires—its nerves—which it desires to move, and when it is flying the motive power is electricity; therefore, the motive power which causes it to fly is electricity, and so of all motion whatever. Joey moves this little boat in the same way."

"But the boat is a separate thing from Joey," I said, "while a bird's body is its own."

"This spiritual boat is not a separate thing from Joey, at the present time," replied Herman. "He is able to disengage himself from it at his pleasure, and put himself in communication with it when he pleases. This boat is an outgrowth of Joey's mind, and, therefore, a part of Joey, and when he connects the electric wires between his mind and the boat, he is able to move it as you see."

"But the boat has no nerves, like the wing of a bird."

"No; and an ear, such as men use for propelling small boats in the earth-life, has no nerves; yet it is moved by an arm that has, and the ear in its turn moves the boat; yet there is no mind, or nerves, within the ear; but the boat, the ear, and the man's arm, are all connected in such a way that the boat is propelled by electricity—the electricity running on the nerves, or wires, of the arm of the man, and his mind, or will-power, governs it, and every independent motion which the boat makes: but it is the resisting power of the water which propels the boat, after all; for without that the boat would not move, despite the efforts which the man puts forth. Now, the resisting force in this case is not the water, but the atmosphere, the spiritual atmosphere, which is ether. Ether, or the ethereal atmosphere, which is the spiritual atmosphere, resists or retards electricity, or electric rays. Now, observe Joey's skiff, how it rolls lightly on a golden rudder, which acts like a scull. Now, Joey shoots the electric rays from his mind, or will-power, ahead; the ethereal atmosphere acts just as water does on earth, resists the rays. Joey is in communication with the boat through the rudder, and thus we are propelled. All locomotives and steamers on the earth will presently be propelled by electricity; but there they will be obliged to use a material battery, which will move paddles, wheels and oars, yet all must be connected with the battery by electric wires. Soon all great weights will be lifted by electricity. Magnetism and electricity are the motive powers which move all the worlds in space, as well as the cause of all light and heat."

Herman was very learned, no doubt, but I was not yet able to fully understand all that he desired to teach me; yet I comprehended much of it. Joey's eyes were fixed intently on some object in the distance: observing this, I said:

"Dear child, what are you so earnestly looking at?"

"Do you see that little island in the distance, mamma?" he asked, pointing in the same direction in which the boat was being propelled.

"Yes; I do see something that looks like an island, and as we move on it appears more distinctly."

"We boys here named that island Robinson Crusoe's island," said Joey, with sparkling eyes. "I am going to land there. Oh! we have great fun on the island," he continued. "I think we like to play there better than anywhere else. All the boys in my school have clubbed together and we have built a refuge, or home for lost sailors, Oh mamma! we do good as well as have fun. It is really work which we do, but we make our work here all play. I built this boat, but then, it's my play-boat. Don't you think it a very nice boat, mamma?"

"The nicest and most beautiful I ever saw," was my reply; "but I feel intensely interested in that island. Shall we get there soon?"

"In about five or six minutes," replied Joey.

Herman smiled benignly, Sigismund waved his sailor hat toward the island; and as he did so I saw a white flag hoisted high in air, although I could not distinctly see the building, from which it was waving. Soon our little boat touched the shore, and we all landed.

CHAPTER XVI.

SAILORS' REFUGE.

JOEY ran ahead, we following, until we came near a building. This building was not remarkable for its beauty of architecture: it looked more like a hospital than anything else, yet, not quite like the hospitals of earth.

The main body of the structure was similar to a round house, about ten feet in height, completely arched by a dome, as nearly all the buildings were in this beautiful world. There were four arched entrances—one north, one south, one east, one west—and these entrances had each two windows, one on either side, which made four doors and eight windows. The windows were also arched like the doors.

The body of the house was like pearl; the dome like very thick sea-green glass; and, stamped upon the glass, at equal distances apart, were four large vessels under full sail; and I perceived that the very thick glass appeared like the waves of the ocean. A tall flag-staff of shining gold ran up from the centre of the dome, from which floated a large white flag, the one I had seen hoisted at the time Sigismund waved his hat, previous to our landing.

We were walking leisurely, which gave me time to observe groves of palm trees, intersected with bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, dates, oranges and many other kinds of tropical fruit trees. The island was gorgeous with bright-colored birds of various kinds, brilliant flowers and tropical vegetation generally.

As we drew near, a man came forth to meet us. Joey ran up to him with extended hand.

"How do you do, Captain?" he said; then, taking off his little sailor hat, he gave the regular seaman's salute. Sigismund and Herman did the same. Annie led me forward with a smile.

"Allow me to introduce my sister Mary," she said.

I raised my eyes to his and gave him my hand. He bowed over my hand and kissed it.

"Welcome, madam," he said. "All are welcome who desire to visit this home for lost sailors."

"Have you any new ones to-day?" asked Annie.

"Two were brought in a short time since," he replied. "One, a young boy, the other, an old man. The old man still sleeps; the boy awoke a short time ago, and is calling piteously for his mother."

The captain, as he was called, was a large man, and looked about forty. He was dressed in silver-gray trousers, together with a blouse, tied around the waist by a cord and tassels of gold; he wore sandals of sandal-wood; his dark brown hair waved gently to his shoulders; his handsome, noble countenance was extremely benign; the expression of his eyes mild and pitiful. They called him Daking—Captain Daking—and Annie whispered to me that he had not been here long himself, having been lost at sea a few months previous, but was much interested in the work of assisting lost sailors.

"One might easily associate him with the story of Robinson Crusoe, might one not?" she asked. "And he has an assistant who might well pass for good man Friday; but Friday is away just now, hunting for more lost sailors."

We now entered the building. Its lofty beauty surprised and pleased me greatly, for it was very large; the dome simply immense, and the pale green light which it shed over all things inside gave to them a peculiar charm; and as I looked at the pictured vessels, they appeared so real one could hardly believe them to be pictures. The interior of the building was even more beautiful than its exterior. The windows were curtained with rose-colored silken draperies; the circular wall, which was some ten feet high before it joined the dome, was of frosted work, but of a very singular kind, which had the appearance of waving seagrasses, inlaid with all manner of beautiful shells, alternating with fishes, crabs, lobsters, and occasionally a great whale, together with porpoises and seals, while overlaying all was a sparkling work like hoar frost, glistening and glittering in the beautiful pale green light of the dome.

The floor appeared like a hard, dry beach of beaten gold. In the center of the room was a round divan of rose-colored velvet. There were easy-chairs of the same material. There were harps, violins, horns, bugles, a grand piano, and other musical instruments; also small tables, covered with music, books and flowers.

About three feet distant from the beautiful wall were posts equally apart, between which hung hammocks, low down; these hammocks sparkled with jewels shining between all their meshes, and each had a pillow of white satin, embroidered in pale blue and gold. Two of these hammocks were occupied, one by an old man still asleep; by this I mean he had not yet awoke to consciousness since being drowned, but his disenthralled spirit had been received by Captain Daking's assistant, and fetched hither to be cared for until he should awake. In the other hammock lay a wild-eyed boy, about twelve years of age, moaning piteously, and calling for his mother. One could readily see that he was not yet conscious of his whereabouts or surroundings: that he was not even aware that his spirit was out of his mortal body.

"Oh! Cap'n!" he moaned, "do n't send me aloft in this gale. I don't feel strong; I'm not used to it. I shall fall—I know I shall! Oh, Cap'n! Cap'n! I can't go! Just hear how the wind blows! We can't even keep our feet on deck. Oh! Cap'n, spare me—spare me! Oh! my mother—my mother—my poor, poor mother! She will die if I am drowned. My mother told me just how it would be. She did n't want me to come to sea, but I would n't mind her, and ran away from home. Oh, Cap'n! Cap'n! let me live and go home once more. I want to see my mother! Oh, mother! mother! I will never go to sea again—never—never!"

Then he would catch his breath with a gasping, shuddering scream, and grasp and claw with his hands and feet, as though trying to climb the rigging of a pitching, tossing vessel, all the while crying:

"Oh, Cap'n! Cap'n! don't—don't klock me! Oh, it hurts awfully! I am only a little boy; I don't feel strong enough. I can't do it; I shall fall and be drowned!"

Then would come more gasping, gurgling, struggling and screaming; again his poor little hands and feet would claw wildly at the supposed rigging, then once more he would cry out:

"Oh! Cap'n, Cap'n, don't shoot! do n't shoot! I'm goin'! I'm goin'!"

And he would claw fiercely, with starting eyeballs and frightened, agonized features; then his hands and feet would relax, as though they had lost their hold, a great shuddering sigh would shake him throughout; his eyes would close, and he would lie quite still for a short time, except a gurgling, gasping sound in his throat. Presently his eyes would open wide once more, and he would again go through the whole scene.

[To be continued.]

Original Essays.

THE IMPRESSIBILITY OF MIND.

BY M. H. K. WRIGHT.



THE more we contemplate the active manifestations of the human mind the better satisfied we become that we know but little concerning the more hidden sources of thought, or where to find a dividing line between our natural and spiritual realizations. The organic functions of the intellect, soul or spirit are so nicely attuned to the objects and uses of life that we seldom consider how easy it is to think from the force of interior causes, or the more common motives resulting from normal contact and intelligence.

Mind is a very pliant instrument of ideas, feelings and impulses. Its ordinary activities are largely prompted by the senses of sight and sound, but its greater needs are often supplied by the unperceived imposition of extraneous influences. All outward things tend to engender reflection within the sphere of mental consciousness, and yet the varied sensibilities of the soul may be set in motion by the process of psychological command.

In its natural condition and action mind is affected by the motions and movements, size and shape of all objects, their grace, beauty and quality of form and life. Everything tends to impress its susceptible faculties with images of pleasant or disagreeable thought, just as a mirror reflects the forms of things that appear before it. We are not altogether responsible for our conceptions and characteristics; they are the product of unsolicited causes, inward elements and material operations. The intellect grinds out the grist that is brought to it. The eye, which is the central organ of the senses, receives its ever-varying lessons; the ear bears constant witness in support of the uninvited yet acceptable gift of being; mind is the recipient of expected and unexpected intimations and suggestions. Spiritual as well as material things attract its attention, and govern its purposes and interests.

We cannot refuse to take on impressions or object to the reception of sense-emotions and the employment of reason, even if we would, and yet we may object to any unwise use or acceptance of them. We are virtually placed between the influences of two worlds, of two conditions of life—the seen and the unseen. It is not external things alone that we look upon or contemplate with pleasure and profit. Human ideas, efforts and ambitions are not altogether dependent upon the verities of a repulsive and visible state of existence. Mind is a spiritual entity, and seeks a knowledge of higher attainments and opportunities. It is, likewise, a very accommodating servant of will-power, and is moved and controlled by the desires and wisdom of others. Reflections, sensations, feelings, tendencies and purposes seize upon our hearts and actuating intelligence, and we inadvertently obey their silent, swerving and persuasive demands. The dead, no less than the living, may be instrumental in imparting to our consciousness a sense of justice, happiness or misery. We may feel the shock of aversion, or the genial sympathy of attraction. We may receive a needful warning when danger approaches or life is in peril. We may enjoy the normal benefits of manhood and life, or we may take on the urgent convictions, intuitive and happy fancies that come to us from the more exalted sources of spiritual light, guidance and knowledge. While we are creatures of the mundane world, and are supposed to act, as a general thing, from the force of self-evolved views and the necessities of outward existence, we may not presume to avoid the more potent powers that are frequently and secretly employed to aid us in the unceasing struggles and trials of life.

Very few persons justly consider or properly comprehend the real nature or value of the psychical forces and aids that are incessantly utilized in the promotion of human interests and welfare. There are those who realize the nearness of some prompting and admonishing intelligence, but the great majority of mankind are quite unaware of the use of or the benefit derived by them from the secret service of occult and concealed instrumentalities. Of course, as already suggested, it is generally supposed and believed that all of our reflections, purposes, motives and acts proceed from the inchoate causes that repose in nature, and our own organic functions of mind; that all our personal opinions and realizations belong to and originate within the sphere of our own mental aptitudes and aspirations. Without psychical knowledge, without spiritual insight and exaltation, it could not be otherwise. Living on the material plane of being, our finer sensibilities are unavoidably dull and inapprehensive. We cannot easily appreciate the wisdom of inviting help and aid, in the pursuit of happiness and life, of or concerning which we know but little. To be cautious is the first impulse of reflection, but there are those who swerve to the spiritual side of being and experience as inevitably as water runs down hill. They are by birth and inclination always in close sympathy with hidden things, and in this respect, and for this reason, more likely to be specially gifted than others. The measure of spirit contact and control is governed altogether by personal circumstances and disposition.

Every one is more or less receptive of spiritual impressions and guidance, but it is only in the better development or awakening of our mental faculties, thoughts, feelings and emotions that we are enabled to deal with the finer figures, images and ideas that come to us, frequently and unexpectedly, from interior and silent sources. The difference between our ordinary psychical experiences, those that are common to everybody and in which we all have questionable confidence, and the deeper and stronger inspirations that awaken within us both a sense of conviction and satisfaction, is clearly marked and unmistakable. The first are suggestive of timely hints and imposed assistance, while the other reminds us of the possibility, if not certainty, of conscious aid from direct mental intercourse with the departed. There is as much difference between these two conditions of mental receptivity and of spiritual purpose and interest as there is between the picture in outline and the finished work of the artist. But we cannot say that psychical impressions relate strictly to the higher action of mind. They apply equally as well to every sense of feeling and to every object of desire and will.

A case in illustration of the above may be cited from the experience of Miss Mary Marcy,

daughter of William L. Marcy, formerly Governor of the State of New York. This young lady was visiting friends in the city of Troy at the time of her father's death, which occurred on the fourth of July, 1857. In the midst of her joys and pleasures on that memorable day, it was noticed by her companions that she suddenly became very cheerless, sad and despondent, and all efforts made to arouse her from her unhappy state of mind were unsuccessful. When asked the cause of her singular conduct, she said: "I feel unaccountably impressed with the fear that some signal calamity has overtaken our family." So firm was she in her belief in the truth of her conviction that she threw her handkerchief over her face, and weeping like a child in the agony of grief, left the company in which she had been enjoying herself, and retired to a room where she could give free expression to her sense of sorrow. It was subsequently learned that Governor Marcy very unexpectedly passed away at the very time of this occurrence. There was not the least knowledge or suspicion of the death of the great statesman in possession of his daughter or her friends at the time mentioned, yet the impression of sadness was as deep and the expression of grief as strong as usually accompanies actual knowledge and understanding, although it is safe to assume that they were purely psychical in their origin—the product of mental contact with some departed relative who felt an interest in the welfare of the family, however unconscious the sensitive girl might have been of angelic nearness, influence and care.

Such instances of spiritual perceptivity and foreknowledge are not uncommon. They occur among all people and in all countries. In them we can easily discern something of the delicacy, kind assurance and tender affection with which our invisible friends and protectors admonish us, and govern our movements, thoughts and purposes in life. But such are not always the methods of the watchers above. It is somewhat otherwise where a person has actual knowledge of the things of the future, or where the human mind has been educated up to the standard of spiritual light and understanding. Positive information is often and quickly given to the seer from spiritual sources, and that when the recipient is enjoying full consciousness of mind. It is said of Apollonius, the Tyranian sage, born about the beginning of the Christian era, that while he was engaged in addressing an audience at Ephesus, he suddenly stopped short in his discourse, as if in great surprise, and, looking around, exclaimed in a changed voice and manner: "Well done, Stephen! Take heart! Kill the tyrant!" Then, after a moment's pause, he again remarked: "Domitian is dead! He is killed this very hour!" It was subsequently ascertained that the Emperor of Rome, who was a cruel and remorseless ruler, had been killed by a dagger in the hand of a conspirator at the very moment Apollonius had so strangely mentioned it. In this case we have a very direct and emphatic instance of spirit-influence and communion. Swedenborg described a fire raging in Stockholm when he was a hundred miles away, the truth of which was confirmed by a courier, who arrived a few hours later, in every particular.

The ministrations of the departed are usually given to correspond to the state of the beneficiary's mind. The medium is known to the invisible guardian in the full measure of his or her situation, understanding and needs. It was an easy matter for the gifted Nazarene to tell the woman at the well certain facts connected with her personal history, for the reason that the "still small voice" of his unseen angel attendant could impart them to his interior hearing, and all he had to do was to repeat them in open speech. He was, also, easily enabled to tell the fishermen where to cast their nets in order to be successful on the same principle or by the same method, and he did so. He was a true seer, and in thought-intercourse with his immortal guides, probably from childhood. While his aims and counsels, his doctrines and teachings might not have embraced the highest degree of wisdom at all times, it must be admitted that his spiritual gifts were ample, and that he used them to very good advantage on many occasions.

There is but one law governing the psychological action of the human mind, and that law is applied and graduated to meet the demands of needful use in its application to individual wants and requirements in life. Some persons are more easily guided by the process of mesmerism control than others. Some are not susceptible to such influences to any appreciable extent, and probably live and die without them. Among the ancient seers, Daniel, the Hebrew prophet, was a most noted example of what is called in our day a "sensitive." He was, really, the most distinguished and the best accepted of all the Babylonish soothsayers. He was born with a leaning to the spiritual side of mentality and experience, and he cultivated this natural bent of mind by habits of temperance and moderation. Like Jesus of Nazareth, he prayed and fasted, and was in every way full of sturdy, spiritual principles. Mopsus, the celebrated sage of Ionia, was another subject of clear psychical impressions and asseverations. In his time no one could give more substantial evidence of discerning wisdom, inspiration or foreknowledge. When asked by Calchus, a rival seer, how many figs there were upon a certain tree, he at once replied, "Ten thousand and one." The figs were gathered and counted, and his answer was found to be correct. Mopsus was unerring in his predictions, but it was not so with many cotemporary prophets, and we are well aware that most modern seers have made mistakes. Infallibility does not belong to man, and hence it will not do to cast aside forethought and reason in our examination or acceptance of psychical experiences and phenomena.

It may seem desirable that the recipients of heavenly favors should be always reliable in word and judgment, but any one who has made the laws of mind a study, or weighed the evidences of history in the balance of reflection, must have concluded that error is common in dealing with spiritual as well as material things. The claims of the seers, mediums and abnormalists, of every grade and class, need to be looked upon and inspected in the light of scientific research and studious thought. Unstinted zeal in any cause is a sign of haste, folly and danger. It is unwise to be too confident in obscure and doubtful matters, and it is equally as unsafe to make excessive demands upon the unseen visitants who see fit to look after our many urgent wants and interests in life.

We are often benefited without asking for aid, and the means employed to that end are, many times, strange and variable. Charles Dickens used to say to his friends that he

could hear the characters of his novels speaking to him and to each other. Robert Louis Stevenson tells us he receives the plots for his stories in dreams, and that the "Brownies" aid him in all his literary work. A French writer declared that while he was composing the description of a person who had poisoned another he had the taste of arsenic in his mouth as distinctly as if he himself had been poisoned. The poet, Alexander Pope, who was a very nervous yet resolute man, saw an arm coming through a stone wall to greet him. He accosted its owner, whom he could not see, but the unclad member at once melted away. Dr. Johnson says he heard his mother call him in a clear voice, though she was at the time in another city far away. These men were conscious of the possession of great intellectual gifts, of strange feelings, emotions and sensations; but, probably, were not aware of the direct mental influence of the angel monitors under whose care they labored and from whom they received in some measure their remarkable impressions and talents.

Our psychical ideas and inspirations often bring us into very close relation to the departed without our knowing it, and men and women of vital temperament and studious habits are quite likely to invite these abnormal and often peculiar consequences. But such is not always the case. Daniel McCartney, the great prodigy of memory, had his gift without any apparent concentration or effort of mind. He remembered facts and data without any seeming limit, yet never learned anything from books. His mathematical calculations were marvelous in the extreme. Napier's Logarithms cost years of study and great intellectual genius and power of calculation. McCartney did not need these tables. The deductions that cost Napier years of wearisome toil and research, McCartney solved at once without paper, pencil or mistake. When asked by Prof. Merle how he was enabled to arrive at such off-hand and correct answers to difficult problems, he simply replied: "I just know 'em, that's all." It was clearly shown, however, from replies he gave to questions propounded by Prof. Perkins, the astronomer, and others, that there was strong reasoning power exercised somewhere or somehow behind these wonderful mental manifestations. The same phenomenon presented itself in the case of Blind Tom, the extraordinary negro musician. He not only improvised music, but repeated the works of the most noted musical composers after once hearing them, doing so at any time for years afterward, and seldom missed a note.

Mind may be psychologically pinioned and guided, like the needle of a compass. It is always subject to the stronger will-force, and easily moved and directed by the wisdom of higher intelligences. The chasm between ordinary impressibility of mind and what may be termed telemental or voiced speech of the spirit, is very narrow, and yet, for ulterior reasons, the latter is seldom realized or enjoyed. Socrates, Neema, Plotinus and Porphyry are all said to have held auditive intercourse with "familiar spirits," or "tutelary demons." Swedenborg enjoyed the same privilege during the last twenty-seven years of his life. Andrew Jackson Davis has named this gift "clair-audience"—clear hearing—in contradistinction to "clairvoyance"—clear seeing—a state of mind which he has exalted above all others under the broad title of the "superior condition."

Socrates recognized the state of "visions," but avowed his disbelief in the value or responsibility of seeing mediumship. He thought that such experiences were purely subjective, a negative product of mental action; a state in which the individual could exercise no discriminating judgment or determine the question of the verity of things observed. With him the "angel voice" was the only desirable means of communion with the departed, and even that method was given as opportune and suggestive rather than as commandatory or familiar. He is very earnest and explicit in telling us that he was seldom mistaken when he followed the Demon's unparticularized counsel. Even after much experience and long acquaintance with occult phenomena, men and women of mediumistic susceptibilities have differed in their ideas and conclusions in regard to "spiritual gifts," their significance, value and actuating cause. Some have believed them to be of but little account, the result of supernatural laws; of irrational religious zeal, a rare and inexplicable expression of overdone functions and faculties of mind—those that usually lie dormant and inaccessible, or, otherwise, some morbid and demoniacal inclination. There are others who look upon them as of divine origin and import, and maintain that they are intended as a special favor to those who habitually sacrifice life's joys and pleasures to advance the moral and religious welfare of mankind. Most of the old time prophets assert the God-given origin of all forms of mental and physical phenomena. Samuel, the last Judge of Israel, says: "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue." The Lord is said to have conversed with Moses many times, and Joshua, his successor, was guided by divine counsels in the government of his people. The Scriptures are replete with evidences of strange personal impressions and inspirations; and the only point of difference between ancient and modern spiritual developments and gifts consists in the definition of words, and the explanations given by various authors to specific forms of manifestation and personal experience.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

AN ALLOPATHIC NUGGET.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

The letter of Mrs. Phelps of Springfield, Ill., in No. IV. of Prof. J. Jay Watson's "Experiences," reminds me of an incident occurring in the city of Providence a year or two ago, in the practice of an allopathic physician. All such things should go on record, as an offset to the efforts of the M. D. to establish a medical monopoly, and enthrone themselves as the czars of the century.

A mechanic, residing in the north part of our city, somewhat limited as to his means, was ailing. He was losing strength, feeling badly all through. Toward night every afternoon he became so tired and weak that he could hardly keep up. So he dragged along day after day; three months to fill, pairs of feet to shoe, backs to be covered at home. He knew the good wife could not meet the emergency if he gave out. So he wearily labored, till at length nature could go no further.

He kept about house, and in a day or two called in a doctor, a regular, sheep-skinned allopathic M. D., who had the poor fellow on his back in less than a week. Days passed, weeks rolled into months, till they measured near a

year. Medicine had been administered all this time, prescriptions being changed frequently, occasionally a five dollar one, till one of the shelves in the pantry looked like a young apothecary shop. He was much like the young woman mentioned in Mark v. 20, where it is said "she had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was not bettered, but rather grew worse."

So the patient became restive; there were no good results, nothing but swallowing medicine day after day. The situation became so absolutely monotonous, that one day he suggested that it might be best to change, and try another doctor. "Oh! no," said the M. D.; "hold on; do not get discouraged; I'll fetch you round all right." In about a week the patient took in the situation, and peremptorily dismissed the doctor, telling him that as things were going death could not be far off, and the event would be too expensive if he continued his services. Then said the doctor, "I've done the best I could. To tell the truth, I really don't know what ails you." Why not have exhibited honesty at the outset, and not tormented the patient a year, and bled his pocket?

The next move was to call in a woman—a clairvoyant. She sat down, told him his feelings very minutely, described the development of the disease and its progress, in the end assuring him that he could be speedily cured. She administered medicine, the patient declaring he could feel peculiar symptoms all through the system, a prickly sensation even to the ends of his fingers and toes. Possibly there was a "reaction" where the medicine met with the poison drugs distributed all through the tissues. Medicine was left; with directions; there was a mending process observable in a day or two, and in less than a week there was voided a double handful of gall-stones. He was a changed man, and in a week more resumed his work, as he himself expressed it, "rugged as a bear."

The world is full of similar cases, yet the Regular doctors have the supreme impudence to enter our halls of legislation every now and then, and demand that their system shall have the exclusive sanction of law!

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

Providence, 16 Peace street.

WI-NE-MA, THE MODOC INDIAN HEROINE.

BY J. JAY WATSON.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

The clipping from the *San Francisco Examiner*, entitled "The Modoc Pocahontas," which was so kindly sent to me from your office a short time ago, calls up so many vivid recollections, it occurs to me that a letter to THE BANNER, reciting a few of my experiences with some of the Modoc Indians shortly after the terrible baptism of blood in which Major-General Canby and the Rev. Dr. Thomas met their sad fate, would be interesting—especially interesting to the readers of your widely-circulated journal, because it was through the promptings of the great sympathetic heart of its senior editor, Bro. Colby, assisted by a few others, that the unfortunate Indians I refer to were enabled to return to their homes in the far West, after a sad and almost cruel experience among the *Eastern philanthropists*.

One day in March, 1875, I happened to notice in the columns of one of the daily papers that several of the Modoc Indians who took part in the terrible "Modoc" war, were about to be placed upon exhibition in a public hall in New York City. I had read pretty carefully various accounts about these Indians, and their noble endeavors in defending their wives and children and homes from the encroachments of the white man; and I therefore resolved to be present at the first meeting, or I should perhaps call it an entertainment; for the Indians were advertised to show their dexterity in the use of the bow and arrow, and Col. A. B. Meacham, in whose charge they were, was to deliver a lecture showing that there were two sides to the Indian question.

Arriving at the hall, to my great surprise there was not a score of persons present! Col. Meacham came upon the platform, and, in a few well-chosen words, introduced the following-mentioned persons: Mr. Frank Riddle and his wife Wi-ne-ma, the famous Modoc woman, who had, by her noble daring, saved his own life and those of several white settlers; their little son, Jefferson Riddle, Col. O. C. Applegate, and seven Indians, whose names were George Harney and wife (Cylet Indians), Scar-faced Charley, Steamboat Frank, Schacknasty Jim (Modoc), and David Hill, otherwise known as Tecumseh (a Klamath Indian). The paucity of the audience seemed to act as a pall upon brave Col. Meacham, as well as his party. Mr. Robinson, the owner of the place in which the exhibition occurred, at this juncture kindly informed Col. Meacham that he could use the hall gratuitously. The performance was a most interesting one, and Col. Meacham's eloquence soon captured the hearts of all present. He gave a most graphic and thrilling account of his experience with the downtrodden children of the forest, and although suffering at the moment from the effects of no less than twenty-three serious and almost fatal wounds, this self-sacrificing hero could still tell truthfully both sides of the question. The world at large little realizes the terrible sufferings and privations endured by this Christian martyr during the years he was battling for the rights of the Indian. His untimely death at Washington, Feb. 16th, 1882, cast a gloom over many hearts, both in the homes of civilization and red man's wigwam.

At the close of the entertainment I succeeded in raising a little money, which I handed to the good Colonel, and also accompanied himself and the Indians to their hotel. A remarkable combination of circumstances threw Col. Meacham and myself constantly into each other's society, and during his sojourn in New York he was an almost daily visitor at my house, often accompanied by some of the Indians whom he had brought with him, for the high and holy purpose of aiding him in telling the "pale-faces" their side of the question, which had been so long and still is so sadly misrepresented and misunderstood. Covered with wounds inflicted with the knife and bullet of the Indian, in constant physical pain and financial embarrassment, among comparative strangers, this brave and heroic soul could still face popular prejudice, do justice by and demand justice for a race at whose hands he had suffered as no other man ever did and lives.

That great and immortal advocate of human rights, Wendell Phillips, in presenting Col. Meacham to an audience in Boston, said: "Never before have we had such a witness upon the stand. Suffering with pain and wounds at their hands, that he should yet lift up his voice in the behalf of the Indians, af-

fords a marvelous instance of fidelity to principle, against every temptation and injury. Brilliant and graphic in description; exceedingly happy in his choice of topics; his lightest illustrations have always a meaning which cannot be misunderstood, while his appeals stir the heart like a clarion. His familiarity with the Indian tribes, their old and young, their moods, wants, wrongs and ambitions, makes his lectures of peculiar interest, and cannot fail to give the American people a better understanding of a question involving the nation's honor, and do much toward a correct solution of the 'vexed problem.'"

The lecture referred to, and over which Wendell Phillips presided with so much dignity and honor, was delivered in Park-street church, Boston, Mass., on the evening of May 24th, 1875, by request of Wendell Phillips, Stacy Baxter of Harvard University, and other distinguished gentlemen. Col. Meacham delivered this lecture one hundred times in the various cities and towns of New England alone. In his book entitled "Wi-ne-ma and her People," Col. Meacham graphically describes his experience on the dreadful day of the Modoc tragedy; the death of Maj.-Gen. Canby and the Rev. Dr. Thomas; the horrid mutilation of his own body and the superhuman acts of Wi-ne-ma, who, at the risk of her own life, saved his as well as those of others, and whose name will live in history as one of the greatest heroines of modern times. Simultaneously with the attack on Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas, an Indian by the name of Schonchin sprang to his feet, and, drawing both a knife and a pistol, shouted "Chooche la" (blood), pointed the pistol at Meacham's head and discharged the weapon, the bullet tearing through the collar of his coat and vest. Before the next shot, Wi-ne-ma was between Schonchin and his victim, grasping Schonchin's arms and pleading for Meacham's life. Col. Meacham staggered backward some forty yards, while the heroic Wi-ne-ma struggled vigorously to save him. At this juncture Schacknasty Jim joined Schonchin in the attack, and Wi-ne-ma, running from one to the other, continued to turn aside the pistols aimed at the colonel until he went down. After he had fallen he raised his head above a rock, and at that instant Schonchin again shot at him, this time with so much precision that the ball struck him exactly between his eyes, but the blow being a glancing one, simply tore open the scalp without killing him. Another shot from Schacknasty Jim struck the colonel on the right side of his head over his ear. This bullet stunned him, and he became unconscious. Stripping the apparently dead man of his coat, pants and vest, the Indians left him, saying to Wi-ne-ma, "Take care of your white brother."

Col. Meacham in his own language then proceeds: "Wi-ne-ma wiped the blood from my face and straightened my limbs, believing me dead. It was her who was among the first to kneel beside the mattress whereon I lay in the great tent among the wounded; in company with her brave husband, day after day and night after night, she faithfully watched over me; and while a three-days' battle was raging, this Pocahontas of the lava-beds became a Florence Nightingale in the army hospital, among the victims of her cousin's bullets, bathing the burning brows and administering nourishment, prepared by her own hands, to the wounded and dying. The soldiers were assured of her fidelity, and with united voices declared her to be a ministering angel." One of the objects dearest to Col. Meacham's heart was the hope that he might live long enough to in some way prove his gratitude to this noble Indian woman, who had not only saved his life by her unparalleled courage and persistence, but by her efforts had repeatedly prevented outbreaks which would have resulted in death and devastation. Col. Meacham's earnest desire, which he constantly expressed to me, was to purchase for Wi-ne-ma and her little family a modest home, in which she might pass her days in that peace and quiet to which she is so justly entitled.

A few days ago I received a letter from Mr. Frank Riddle, the husband of Wi-ne-ma, accompanied by the manuscript of a book which he is about to publish, giving a full description of the terrible tragedy of the lava-beds. I have read the manuscript discursively, and find it full of the most soul-stirring events, many of them almost surpassing belief. Wi-ne-ma Riddle, her husband and her son are now living at Clear Lake, Modoc Co., Cal. It seems most remarkable that our Government should not in some tangible way acknowledge the noble services of the brave Wi-ne-ma, who, all things considered, has proved herself beyond question among the bravest of the brave. I have occasionally endeavored to interest our American women in behalf of this extraordinary woman, but with little success. A hundred years hence a monument will undoubtedly be erected to her memory, and the future historian will faithfully chronicle the great valor of Wi-ne-ma. Why not make her heart glad now while she is still with us?

255 West 43d street, New York City.

DARWINISM VS. IMMORTALITY.

The believer in man's immortality who has accepted Darwin's theory of the "Descent of Man" as true or probable, and sufficient of itself to account for the product of an immortal being, must have overlooked or solved for himself difficulties that to me appear insuperable.

The laws of natural selection and environment can do no more than gradually unfold and finally perfect in a subsequent series something existing potentially in the original pattern. But a theory of embryonic immortality subject to such a law is inconceivable. It follows, therefore, that if man is immortal, either his primal ancestor, the fish, say, was or is immortal, or that immortality was conferred by the Creator either directly or through the agency of some higher or supernatural law upon man or upon one of his prototypes subsequent to the fish.

That our little finny progenitor was or is immortal (except as to fame) is a theory that no modern thinker accepts or can accept. But if immortality was subsequently added to or implanted in man, or in one of the species intervening between him and his original type, whether by the agency of some higher law or by a direct act of the creative spirit, then at that point the chain of natural evolution suffers total disruption.

In Darwin's theory of the "Descent of Man," then, there appears to me to be no basis whatever upon which the doctrine of man's immortality can rest.

STACY J. OFFORD.

Helena, Mont., 1893.

No other blood medicine so utilizes the results of scientific inquiry as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1898.

The Lost Atlantis or the Antediluvian World.

A strikingly elaborate and ingeniously meritorious paper on the above theme, long one of profound interest to poet and geographer, was read by MENEZES B. LITZKE last February before the Glens Falls (N. Y.) Lyceum; the outline and salient points of which the readers of THE BANNER will be sure to thank us sincerely for presenting to them in its columns. They will not fail to be deeply interested both in the personal and in the reflections which it will excite. The story of the Lost Atlantis has, until a very recent date, been treated simply as a romantic fable. Vessels and cities and an ocean have been named from the sunken island by those who little knew they were using the honored name of a real continent, covered with ruined cities, and that the surging billows of a restless sea now roll more than a thousand fathoms above the homes and graves of a buried nation. For a thousand years the legends of the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were treated as myths, and they were spoken of as the "fabulous cities"; the antiquarian of the present century has demonstrated their existence. And the story of Lost Atlantis has shared no better fate, for until a very recent date it has been treated simply as a romantic fable. It is within the period of a century that the theory of the great age of our planet has attracted the attention of people, although proven by nature's own statement engraved on the everlasting rocks. Myths and legends, traditions, gradually attached to the great religions of the world, are and always have been a serious impediment to an unprejudiced consideration of truths discovered or theories advanced by the scientist, the historian, the geologist, and the antiquarian. The work of the archaeologist has proven many of the statements of Herodotus, "the father of history," and the intellectual world has restored him to respectability; while the Jewish chronology is now discarded by scholars as unreliable and worthless. Herodotus repeated the statement of the Egyptian priests who claimed to possess a record of ancestors whose lives antedated Jewish, or, as it is sometimes called, Bible chronology.

The evidences exist that there once existed a large island located in the Atlantic Ocean, outside of the Straits of Gibraltar, the west coast of France, Spain, and Portugal, and the northwestern coast of Africa, it being probably the remnant of a great continent that once extended far down the coast of the Atlantic. Plato, in his "Dialogues," relates of Solon, the great law-giver of Athens, who visited Egypt six hundred years before the Christian era, that the Egyptian priests said to him: "You (the Athenians) have no antiquity of history nor history of antiquity." These priests acquainted Solon with the fact that they possessed records of "many great and wonderful deeds performed by the Athenians some nine thousand years before his time, the greatest of them all being their resistance to a mighty power aggressively wanting against the whole of Europe and Asia," to which the Athenians put an end. This power, they described, "came forth out of the Atlantic Ocean from an island situated in front of the straits which you (Solon) call the columns of Hercules (Straits of Gibraltar); the island was larger than Libya (Northern Africa) and Asia (Minor) put together, and was the way to other islands; and from the islands you might pass through the whole of the opposite continent which surrounds the true ocean," probably referring to the continent of America. In this island of Atlantis there was, said the records, a great and wonderful empire, which ruled over that and several other islands, and over parts of the continent, and held in subjection the parts of Libya within the Columns of Hercules as far as Egypt and of Europe as far as Tyrrhenia. The ancient Athenians defeated the invaders and preserved from slavery those not yet subjected, and freely liberated all others who dwelt within the limits of Hercules. But afterward occurred violent earthquakes and floods, and in a single day and night of rain all the warlike men in a body sank into the earth, and the island of Atlantis in like manner disappeared and was sunk beneath the sea.

The Empire of Atlantis was founded by Poseidon, afterward deified as their ancestral god. He had five pairs of twin sons, and he gave the eldest, Atlas—after whom the island Atlantis and the surrounding ocean was named—the principal part of the island; giving the remaining part, together with the other islands and the continent lying to the west, to the other sons, which their descendants ruled for many successive generations. The country was described by the Egyptian priests to Solon as being of extraordinary fertility, with vast mineral resources. Kings and potentates never before held such an amount of wealth, by reason of the extent of the empire and the numerous contributions from foreign countries. They possessed horses, cattle and elephants. They constructed temples, palaces, docks and harbors. They water and two land zones circumscribed the centre of their metropolis, connected with the sea by digging a canal six miles long, one hundred feet deep and three hundred feet wide. They built the palace on the central island, with its zones of land and water, ornamenting it for successive generations until it became a marvel of size and beauty. They constructed a Holy Temple in the centre of the interior of the citadel and dedicated it to Cleito and Poseidon, which remained inaccessible and was in an enclosure of gold, and thither they brought the fruits of the earth in their season and sacrificed to each of these two gods. The outside of the temple was covered with silver and the pinnacles with gold. The interior of the roof was ivory, with gold and silver adornments. Statues of gold stood in the temple, the god (Poseidon) himself standing in a chariot and touching the roof with his head. Around him were a hundred Nereids riding on dolphins.

The Atlantians had fountains and baths of hot and cold water brought from natural springs. There was a race-course on the outside of the metropolis three hundred feet wide and seven miles long. The docks swarmed with vessels of war and were piled with naval stores. A circular wall enclosed the city forty-five miles in extent, and habitations densely crowded the entire area. The canal and the largest harbor were full of vessels and alive with merchants coming from all parts, and multitudinous sound of human voices and din of all sorts was kept up night and day. A plain of seventy-five thousand square miles adjoined the royal city, which was of great fertility, and had been cultivated for many ages by generations of kings. Around it was constructed a great canal six hundred feet wide, one hundred feet deep, and nearly twelve hundred miles long, through which, by transverse passage, the collected products of this fertile plain were conveyed to the city. They gathered the fruits of the earth twice in the year, having the benefit of the rains in winter and introducing the water of the canals in summer. This vast garden plain was densely populated. And there was likewise a vast multitude that peopled the mountains and the rest of the country. The laws as handed down were inscribed on a column at the temple and on its walls.

Besides these records as set down by Plato, Proclus mentions islands in the further and outer sea, whose inhabitants preserved from their ancestors a remembrance of Atlantis, an extremely large island, that long held dominion over all the islands of the Atlantic Ocean. Seneca, many centuries before Christ, reported the existence of a great continent beyond the Atlantic, larger than Asia, Europe and Libya together. They had great cities, and were persuaded that their country alone was a continent. According to Timagenes, the Gauls possessed traditions on the subject of Atlantis; he speaks of one of the three distinct races that dwelt in Gaul as the invaders from a distant island, which he assumed to be Atlantis. Diodorus Siculus relates that the Phoenicians discovered a large island in the Atlantic Ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules, several days' sail from the coast of Africa, which abounded in all manner of riches, whose soil was exceedingly fertile, the scenery being diversified by rivers, mountains and forests, with a delicious climate, the trees bearing fruit at all seasons of the year. Homer, Plutarch, and other ancient writers, mention

islands situated in the Atlantic several thousand stadia from the Pillars of Hercules.

This is historical evidence gleaned from the Old World, proving the existence of Atlantis. Now for the record of the New World in relation to it. This is the continent described in the foregoing as "lying toward the West." Dr. Plongeon, a distinguished American antiquarian, in the course of seventeen years' research in Yucatan, and other parts of Central America, has made many startling and valuable discoveries among the ruins of ancient temples, palaces and cities, with which those countries abound. He discovered a key to decipher the inscriptions on the ancient buildings. He interpreted the famous Troano manuscript, supposed to have been written about the year 600 of the Christian era, being one of the few sacred books of the Mayas, as the ancient people of Yucatan were called, that escaped the destructive fury of the religious fanatic, Bishop Landa, who accompanied Cortez on his marauding expedition to Yucatan. The Spanish priests wantonly burned every book, and destroyed every record of a wonderful civilization dating back to a vast antiquity, that came into their hands. One chapter in the Troano gives an account of the submergence of a great island called Mu, in the Atlantic Ocean, no doubt the same island known as Atlantis. Being twice upheaved, it says, the land suddenly disappeared during the night, the basin being continually shaken by volcanic forces. Being confined, these caused the land to sink and rise several times, and in various places. At last the surface gave way, and ten countries were torn asunder. Unable to stand the force of the seismic convulsions, they sank, with sixty-four millions of inhabitants, "6000 years before the writing of this book." The author of another Maya book, known as "Codex Cortesianus," also describes the same cataclysm, agreeing with that in the Troano. Dr. Plongeon says a poem in the Maya language is composed of the letters of the Greek alphabet, that describes whirlwinds, deluges and earthquakes during which the land of Mu was submerged and disappeared. He likewise found in Yucatan, carved in intaglio on the stone lintel over the interior doorway in the rooms on the south side of the sacred college of the learned priests of the ancient Mayas, a relation of the fearful cataclysm that overwhelmed the "land of Mu" (Atlantis), and the building is known to this day by the name of Akab elb, or the dark or terrible writing. In 1884, some workmen who were excavating upon the Caribbean coast of Nicaragua unearthed a huge rock covered with sculptures and glyphs, that when deciphered were found to be a record of the submergence of a vast territory formerly existing in the expanse measured by the Central Atlantic and the Saragossa Sea.

Here we have the surviving records of the vicissitudes of a great antiquity, taken from two continents, separated by a vast expanse of sea, and inaccessible to each other by any method of communication of which we have a record prior to the twelfth century. This is enough to show that these records are not coincidences of the fantastic imaginations of early writers on opposite sides of the Atlantic, practically agreeing in the most important facts narrated; but rather that they are founded upon actual occurrences perhaps imperfectly outlined, yet more natural and better defined than the average of other very old historical statements, as we are obliged to view them through the hazy obscurity of a vast antiquity.

Science, too, has wrenched from the depths of the ocean her long hidden testimony, her long concealed evidence of the exact geographical locality of the sunken continent, the lost Atlantis, of which the Azores Islands are but the mortuary remains. The ships of the United States, England and Germany have made deep-sea soundings and mapped out the bottom of the Atlantic. The result is the discovery of a great elevation of connected ridges reaching from a point on the coast of the British Isles southwardly to the coast of South America above the Amazon, thence southeasterly across the ocean to the coast of Africa near the Gulf of Guinea, thence southwardly down the Central Atlantic. It rises about 9,000 feet above the great Atlantic depths around it, and in the Azores, St. Paul's ridge, the Ascension and other islands, it reaches the ocean's surface. This is the backbone of the ancient continent which once occupied the whole of the Atlantic Ocean. These connecting ridges formed the pathway from the Old World to the New, by which the plants and animals of one continent travelled to the other, black men found their way from Africa to America, and red men from America to Africa. Near the northern extremity of this ridge is a great plateau, mapped as the "Dolphin Ridge," about 1,000 miles wide and nearly 3,000 miles in length, covering an area greater than the whole United States east of the Rocky Mountains. Its average depth below the surface of the ocean is less than two miles, and a much greater height above the surrounding ocean depths. The centre of this elevated land is opposite the "Pillars of Hercules," or Straits of Gibraltar. The Azores Islands form the summits of its most lofty mountain peaks; these islands bear evidences of having been rent by tremendous volcanic convulsions, while around them, descending into the sea, were found great strata of lava, and the whole face of the sunken land was covered for thousands of miles with volcanic debris. The "Dolphin Ridge" is probably the now sunken Atlantis described by Plato. The other parts of the ridge may have gone down by a gradual process of sinking or in cataclysms such as are described in the ancient Central American books.

Geological research furnishes abundant evidence of the possibility of the destruction of Atlantis by processes consistent with nature. We are in the midst of great changes and are scarcely conscious of it. The whole coast of South America has been seen by to be lifted up bodily ten or fifteen feet and let down again in an hour. We have seen the Andes sink two hundred and twenty feet in seventy years. In the coast line of China vast transpositions have taken place. The ancient capital, doubtless located near the centre of the empire, has now become nearly surrounded by water, and its site is on the peninsula of Corea. The southeastern United States coast is gradually going down into the sea, and the coast of Greenland is sinking so rapidly that the inhabitants no longer build near the water's edge. The north of Europe and the Atlantic coast of South America are, on the other hand, rapidly rising. Within five thousand years the shores of Denmark, Sweden and Norway have risen from two hundred to six hundred feet. At Ramsgate, on the west coast of England, are to be seen the ruins of ancient docks more than two miles from the sea. On the Ecuador coast at different points, ancient pottery, images and other articles made of terra cotta, gold and copper were taken from a stratum of ancient surface earth which was covered six feet deep with a marine deposit. This land, after occupation by men, had subsided and settled below the ocean, remained there long enough to accumulate the deposit and been elevated again to its former position above the sea level. It is now once more subsiding.

The great anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania afford the most striking demonstration of this continuous rising and sinking of the earth's surface. They furnish positive evidence of no less than twenty-three different changes of the level of the land during the formation of two thousand feet of rock and coal, covering vast areas embracing thousands of square miles. But great geographical changes are not always the result of gradual processes; they are at times caused by appalling seismic convulsions. The possibility of the great cataclysm described by Plato was doubted by the ancients, but they possessed limited geographical knowledge of the world. Now we possess the records of islands lifted above the waters, and of others sunk beneath the waves; accompanied by storms and earthquakes similar to those which marked the destruction of Atlantis. In 1783 a new island was thrown up from the sea by volcanic action near the coast of Iceland, and soon disappeared; on the main land twenty villages were destroyed by fire and water, and nine thousand people, one-sixth of the population, perished. In 1810, on the Indus, the fort and village of Sindree were submerged by an earthquake, with two thousand square miles of territory. In 1816 a terrific eruption occurred in the island of Sumbawa, near Java, and only twenty-six persons out of a population of twelve thousand escaped. In 1775 the most tremendous earthquake of modern times occurred at Lisbon, the nearest point on the European coast to the site of the lost Atlantis; an underground sound of thunder was immediately followed by a violent shock that threw down

the greater part of the city, and in six minutes sixty thousand persons perished. The marble quay, crowded with terror-stricken people, suddenly sunk with all on it, and not a single dead body ever came to the surface. Where the quay went down the water is now six hundred feet deep; Humboldt says a portion of the earth four times as large as Europe was simultaneously shaken. The earthquake was felt from the Baltic to the West Indies, and from Canada to Algeria. Near Morocco, five hundred miles from Lisbon, during the same convulsion, the ground opened and swallowed up a village of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and closed again over them. The centre of the convulsion was probably in the bed of the Atlantic at or near the buried island of Atlantis.

The legendary traditions of deluges that destroyed the greater portion of the human race appear to have been, in the oldest times, almost universal; and stripped of the mythical details woven around them by the superstitions of ages, there still remains the probability of one great cataclysm that was the foundation of all. In the East the deluge was attributed to cloud-bursts in the legends of races at a far distance from the ocean; while nations on the coast describe it as the sinking of land into the sea. The nations of the Old World preserved legends of a terrible destruction of human life by water, from which their ancestors, the founders of their particular nation, alone escaped. In the New World, the Aztecs, the Toltecs and the North American Indians respectively possessed legends of a deluge, of migrations from an island called "Aztlán" or "Atlán," and of the flight of their ancestors in escaping from an island in the east that sank into the sea. The Egyptians and the ancient Mayas alone had no traditions of a deluge. Why? Simply because both of these nations possessed historical records of one great convulsion of nature, the sinking of Atlantis, from which all the deluge traditions of other countries apparently have originated. These traditions began with the story of the terrified survivors who escaped from the sunken island.

The identity of animals and plants of the Old and New Worlds is likewise startlingly striking. All, or nearly all, belong to the same genera, while many even of the species are common to both continents, indicating that they radiated from a common centre after the Glacial Period. In the post-glacial deposits of Europe and America similar remains are found, testifying to their coming from a common centre and spreading over both continents alike. The fossil beds of Nebraska prove that the horse originated in an undeveloped form in America, while the fossil remains of the camel are found in India, Africa, South America and Canada. The remains of domestic sheep are found in the debris of the Swiss lake-dwellings of the Stone Age, and the domestic horse, ass, hog and goat also date back to a like great antiquity. We have historical records seven thousand years old, and during all that period no similar domestication of a wild animal has been made. A majority of the three thousand and more plants catalogued from the fossil beds of Switzerland of the Miocene Age have migrated to America. In America and in Asia the principal domesticated tropical plants are represented by the same species. The inference is strong that the great cereals must have been first domesticated in a vast antiquity on some continent which has since disappeared, carrying the original wild plants with it, for none of them in their wild forms are known to exist at the present time.

The stage of civilization would never have been reached by man through his native energy alone; external influences and contact with other conditions have been necessary to his continuous progress and development. Food and shelter are his first necessities; hence the bow and arrow, to secure sustenance, were of greater importance than the steam engine and applied electricity are to-day. What we call material civilization becomes in time the common heritage of the human race. The Roman civilization was simply a development and perfection of the civilization possessed by all the European nations. We find on both sides of the Atlantic precisely the same arts, sciences, religious beliefs, habits, customs and traditions, not separately reached by the same steps, but all drawn from a common source, possibly the lost Atlantis, or from countries within her empire. Plato tells us that the people of Atlantis possessed architecture, built temples, palaces, and walls; this art was found in Egypt and in Europe as well as in Peru and Central America. The Egyptian and Peruvian walls sloped inward, and the tops of their doors were narrower than at the bottom. Yucatan, says Dr. Plongeon, now nearly depopulated, anciently was densely peopled by a highly civilized nation, judging by the great number of large cities whose ruins are sown through the forests of the country, and judging also by the stupendous edifices that were once the temples of the gods or palaces of the kings and priests, their walls covered with inscriptions, bas reliefs, and other sculptures that equal in beauty of design and masterly execution those of Egypt and Babylon. The mounds of Europe and Asia were constructed in the same manner as the mounds of America; both were used as burial places for the dead. The pyramids of Egypt, Assyria and Phoenicia had their duplicates in Mexico and Central America. The use of cement and the construction of the arch were known on both sides of the Atlantic, and in both hemispheres the style of ornamentation was the same. The Atlantians possessed the art of sculpture; so did the American and the Mediterranean nations. The Atlantians mined ores and worked in metals, including tin, copper, bronze, gold and silver; all of these metals were possessed by the American nations. The working of metals probably originated in America or in some region to which it was tributary, perhaps Atlantis. Sailing vessels were known to the Peruvians and Central Americans; in 1502, at an island near Honduras, Columbus met; a party of Mayas in a large sailing vessel equipped with sails. The American nations manufactured woolen and cotton goods; they made pottery as beautiful as the wares of Egypt; they manufactured glass, and engraved on precious stones.

The Messianic of the Aztecs—Quetzalcoatl—condemned all sacrifices but that of fruits and flowers; Plato records that the sacrifices of the Atlantians consisted of fruits and flowers; the first religion of Egypt was of the same character, and fruits and flowers were offered as sacrifices. The Egyptians and Peruvians alike believed in the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body; and, with the Aztecs, many of the nations of Central America, and the Indian tribes, they preserved the bodies of their dead by embalming. The Peruvians, Mexicans, Central Americans, Egyptians, Phoenicians and Hebrews each had a powerful hereditary priesthood. The same customs existed on both sides of the Atlantic. Both peoples manufactured a fermented intoxicating drink from barley and malt. Both had the institution of marriage, a part of the ceremony being the joining of hands; and both recognized divorce. Both Americans and Europeans erected triumphal arches. Both Egyptians and Peruvians held agricultural fairs. Both took a census of the people. The Peruvians, Egyptians and Chaldeans divided the year into twelve months, and the months into weeks. On both continents tattooing was practiced; European and American sailors preserve to this day an universal ancient custom; the war paint of the American savage reappeared on the stained body of the ancient Briton; and it has been suggested that the painted stripes of the clown are the survival of a custom once universal.

The art of writing, or the use of the phonetic alphabet, is of exceedingly remote origin. Plato says "letters were always in use." Strabo asserts that the inhabitants of Spain possessed records written before the deluge. Milford, in his history of Greece, says, "nothing appears so probable as that it (the alphabet) was derived from the antediluvian world." A wonderful similarity exists between the alphabets of Egypt and the ancient hieratic alphabet of the Mayas of Central America; the grammatical forms and syntaxes of the Maya and Egyptian tongues are almost identical, while it is known that the Egyptian language has no cognate in either Asia or Africa; and Dr. Plongeon affirms that the ancient Maya hieratic alphabet discovered by him is as nearly like the ancient hieratic alphabet of the Egyptians as two alphabets can possibly be, showing that the Mayas and the Egyptians either learned the art of writing from the same masters, or that the Egyptians learned from the Mayas. The forms of many of the letters of the Maya, Phoenician, Old Greek, Old Hebrew, Ethiopic, Irish, and

hieratic Egyptian languages, and the inscription on the stone of Moab, all indicate a common origin.

Some stones have recently been discovered in the Canary Islands bearing sculptured symbols similar to those found on Lako Superior, leading to the conclusion that the first inhabitants of the Canaries and those of the West were one race. How is it to be explained, without Atlantis, that the early Egyptians depicted themselves as red men on their own monuments? Or how do we account for the representations of negroes on the monuments of Central America, or the carved heads of the elephant so freely used in the ornamentation of temples throughout ancient Mayas? And from whence came the originals for the sculptured heads representing minutely the features of several distinct races of Asia and Africa, found on the temples and palaces of Chichén Itzá and Uxmal? At the former, "the city of the sages," Dr. Stockwell says, "Here progressive Hindoos, Thibetians, Mongolians, Aryans, Chaldeans, Ethiopians, Egyptians, Iberians and Atlantians met to worship at the same altars, and sat under the teachings and high wisdom of the priests."

In the national museum in the City of Mexico may be found heads made of terra cotta representing Egyptian, Malayan, Mongolian, Hindoo and Aztec types, which were exhibited near the Mexican capital. The representation of lost Atlantis is a large head artistically cut from a block of green serpentine of the color of the ocean. The half closed eyes simulate in expression the eyes of a drowned person. It is covered with nautilus shells, and its mouth is covered with the imitation of an ornamented lock such as has been found in ancient Mexican ruins, made of bronze. It is considered the work of the Mayas. Many evidences in harmony with the records and with physical testimony are derived, also, from the persistent appearance of the phantom (spirit) forms of these antediluvian people, which have attracted attention to this interesting land of romance.

These ancient Atlantians express great confidence that a positive knowledge of their once powerful nation will yet be revealed to and recognized by the world of science. A venerable Atlantean philosopher in a materialized form wrote thus: "Under the grand law of periodicity one generation is superseded by another, and all life and death and progress. Evolution follows evolution, and there is no hand that can stay the onward march of truth. It is by these laws of nature that kingdoms and empires, states and nations, rise and fall. The old must die and be superseded by the new. Behold the progress of art, science, literature and philosophy. Ah, yes. The wheels of knowledge are continually turning toward the earliest history of our nation, the same as that of all races who have inhabited the earth, and whose records now lie buried in oblivion. Soon there will be no mists of sky, no spot of earth, no knot of water, that will not be probed by the chemist, the astronomer, the geologist, the anatomist, or the explorer. May they prove in time the truth of the history of our lost race! Silent Atlantis! Thy ruins are under the flowing waters, grim skeletons of faded glory."

MAGEE RANGES & HEATERS

Were Awarded the GOLD MEDAL and the SPECIAL DIPLOMA at the last three Exhibitions of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association where shown. No other makers of STOVES OR FURNACES ever received such CONTINUED ENDORSEMENT.

Careful Preparation of Food

Is unavailing without the aid of a good cooking apparatus. The best cooks demand the best ranges and stoves. Miss Parloa who inaugurated the American Cooking School, always uses and recommends the MAGEE AS THE BEST.



THE MAGEE Boston Heater FURNACE

For heating with warm air only, or in COMBINATION with HOT WATER, IS EVERYWHERE DESERVEDLY POPULAR. We GUARANTEE it to give perfect satisfaction in every particular if properly arranged and used.

MAY WE SEND YOU A DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR WITH REFERENCES—LETTERS FROM USERS?

MAGEE FURNACE CO., 22, 24, 26 & 28 UNION ST., BOSTON, MASS., 22 WATER ST., NEW YORK; 50 LAKE ST., CHICAGO.

GLENWOOD

RANGES AND HEATERS

FINEST IN THE WORLD.

8 Ft. \$25
12 Ft. \$50
16 Ft. \$100
AERMOTORS
ALL STEEL
GALVANIZED
PUMPING OR GEARED SAME PRICE.

For the benefit of the public, the Aermotor Company declares a dividend and makes the above prices a means of distributing it. These prices will be continued until its earnings sufficiently offset merit prospered, and a very small profit on a very large number of outfits has been made. The Aermotor Company has the best manufacturing Chicago, with many of floor space and ment of machinery, in existence. The Aermotor Co. feels in this crowning Columbian year that it can afford to be generous. We will ship from Chicago to any one anywhere at the above prices.

THE AERMOTOR COMPANY, 12th and Rockwell Sts., CHICAGO.

Health and Power,

A HANDBOOK OF CURE AND HUMAN UPBUILDING By Aid of New, Refined and Powerful Methods of Nature.

BY E. D. HARRITT, M. D., Dean of the N. Y. College of Magnetism; Author of "Principles of Light and Color," "Philosophy of Cures," etc.

Price, cloth, 25 cents; Leather, 35 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

Plato's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 60c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

A MEDICINE THAT MAKES GOOD BLOOD



GILMORE'S AROMATIC WINE

Will completely change the blood in your system in three months' time, and send new, rich blood coursing through your veins. It is a powerful tonic and nervous, getting thin and all run down, Gilmore's Aromatic Wine, which is a tonic and not a beverage, will restore you to health and strength. Mothers, use it for your daughters. It is the best regulator and corrector for all ailments peculiar to woman. It enriches the blood and gives lasting strength. It is guaranteed to cure Diarrhea, Dysentery and all Summer Complaints, and keep the bowels regular. Sold by all druggists for \$1 per bottle.

DAESTU,

The Wondrous Writing Power.

It is claimed for "DAESTU" that it is the ultimate development and perfection of other devices, having for their object the demonstration of the theory that thought can be transmuted by means of an involuntary medium. "DAESTU" conclusively demonstrates this, as by its means the mind of one person can cause the hand of another to involuntarily write the answer to a question asked mentally. It is a phenomenon which has already attracted the attention of many in the scientific world, and it opens immense fields of research in this and other of the higher lines of thought.

The instrument complete in box, with full directions, and cut illustrating the manner of using it, \$1.00, postage 25 cts. NOTICE TO RESIDENTS OF CANADA AND THE PROVINCES—Under existing postal arrangements between the United States and Canada, DAESTU cannot be sent through the mails, but must be forwarded by express only, at the purchaser's expense. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

Special Inducement for Purchasers.

All purchasers of C. F. Longley's book of beautiful songs, "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," will receive as a premium one copy of the same author's song with sheet music, bearing lithographic title-page, with portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Longley. Also a copy of grand temperance song and music entitled "Grand Jubilee, on Marching Away." Purchasers may select the premium they desire from the list of songs in our advertising column. Price of book postpaid \$1.50. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

PHILOSOPHIC IDEAS, or, The Spiritual Aspect Nature Presents to J. Wilmshurst. Paper, 161 pages. Price 35 cents, postage 4 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookkeepers, 9 Bowditch Street (formerly Montgomery Place), corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Bibles, Testaments, Prayer Books, and all other religious books, at wholesale and retail.

Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash. The money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid by O. D. Orders for books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—ones and twos preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications can be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co. at any place where that company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for mailing the order, which is 5 cents for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of personal views, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondence gives utterance. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith, and as a means to preserve or return cancelled articles.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the business articles.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1893.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Bowditch Street, corner Province Street,
(Lower Floor.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
59 and 61 Chambers Street, New York.

COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Isaac C. Rich, Business Manager.
Lucas Colby, Editor.
John W. Day, Banner Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the EDITORS. All business letters should be forwarded to the BUSINESS MANAGER.

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

"Spirit Messages."

Without now specifying particular issues of THE BANNER, or selecting special messages of a given date to substantiate the assertion, it is not possible for the regular and reflecting readers of the Message Department of this paper to successfully dispute its supreme interest and value, or deny the increasing potency of its influence over the public mind. For, on the very face of it, here is positive proof of spirit-return and spirit-communication with mortals of this earth-life, and accompanying it is an uninterrupted current of spirit-intercourse and instruction, that combinedly avail to deeply impress the most casual readers with the reality of spirit-life and of continued existence after the transition which is commonly called death.

It is perfectly easy—nothing is more so—to disassemble the interest naturally excited by the unbroken stream of these messages, to discredit their asserted authorship and originality, and to decry the style and character in which they are presented in the faithful report of them; but that is nowise material to the real question at issue, since it is totally and radically erroneous to demand that any phenomena not yet clearly and thoroughly understood shall harmonize in all or any essential points with the free conceptions of the doubting reader or listener, or that the taught shall usurp the prerogative of the teacher and the learner take precedence of the lesson to be learnt.

By no means the least satisfying of the reflections connected with the long-continued issue of THE BANNER is that respecting the wide, the vital and the permanent influence exerted by its Message Department. There invisible spirits of almost every grade of intelligence and all stages of development are freely permitted and invited to manifest their individuality in the way best suited to their condition and temper at the time of their voluntary presentation. It is not a matter of grammatical form nor always of courteous speech and manner, but first and last of fact and truth, of identity and reality, that carries conviction before exciting wonder, and captures the avenues to belief rather than provokes exclamations of surprise. Then the invocations that regularly recur in these Message reports are, in general, models of reverent supplication, touching, simple and direct, bathed in a flood of spirituality above all else, appealing unanswerably to both intellect and heart, to understanding and will, and exalting, purifying, converting and inspiring to the souls of hearers and readers equally. The individual messages are always pertinent to certain persons or neighborhoods, and do not fail to arouse a corresponding interest and awaken cooperative thought just where they ought. The answers to questions satisfy the speculative attitude and tendency of large numbers of mortal minds, to which they discourse with an impressiveness exceeding that of all known preachers.

Where, we would inquire, in what church or class-room, in what Sunday school or Bible class, can instruction so full of nutriment for the human spirit be had for the search and the asking, as this which the Message Department of THE BANNER has freely and unreservedly supplied to the public at large for a long course of years? Around what human teacher can mortals gather in the attitude of listening learners, in the hope of bringing away with them anything like the restorative, invigorating and inspirational fund for the feeding of

their souls with that which satisfies rather than excites their hunger? The service actually performed for humanity by the steady stream of these spirit-messages we fully realize it is impossible to calculate; it surpasses all conceptions of an ordinary character, let unbelievers and hostile religious partisans speak of it in terms however slightly. Better far are these direct, self-convincing, proof-bearing messages from the invisibles, as religious teaching and preachings of the plain truth, than all the testimonies and experiences that were ever given in credulously-inspired meetings as a part of religious worship and the harmless idolatry of faith-holding conceit.

So keep on, readers of THE BANNER, perusing thoroughly, and in the truly religious spirit, these messages from the exorcised as they are given to all readers alike—and will continue to be given in these columns in coming years as in the past—and hold fast to the knowledge above all human knowledge they contain and offer as evidence of immortality.

Speak the Truth Only and Wholly.

Hiding and keeping back the plain truth is so common a practice with some people that it would seem as if their main occupation was one of suppression. They appear to act as if they thought concealment was discretion raised to the level of a virtue. They industriously quote the well-worn maxim that "the truth is not to be spoken at all times," and so manage to utter it as rarely and in as small installments as possible. It is a convenient way of answering their own ends, without any further trouble in vindication. If such a maxim is to be taken for universal application, it is easy to see that such a thing as simple truth will speedily go out of fashion and disappear from general uses. Who cannot understand the ultimate outcome of a habit of substituting expediency for intrinsic right, of shuffling and evading when open and unmistakable declarations are demanded, of suppression and concealment when the atmosphere only needs to be cleared by plain speech and candid dealing? The first fruits are obviously cowardice and deceitfulness; after these naturally follow the whole brood of viperous vices that threaten the permanent disfigurement of individual character and social relations. To speak out as one thinks ought to be accepted as the highest rule for the governance of human utterances.

And in place of such universal frankness becoming the undesirable parent of a bluntness of speech that is liable to outrun proper limit and degenerate at last into brutality, it is far more rational to believe that it would beget rather such perfect sincerity as would finally clear the business and social atmosphere of all slanderous and backbiting propensities, by instructing people that there is absolutely no occasion to resort to these most odious and harmful weapons where there is nothing to be said or done surreptitiously or to conceal.

The mutual relations of men being once fixed and established on the basis of plain truthfulness, with no longer any motive left for prevarication and deceit, there would clearly remain no reason for giving utterance to exaggeration nor for practicing the suppression of what is incontrovertible. Plain, simple, unadorned truth would become the effective clarifier of all speech, and what men and women uttered to one another would be as pure as the ether that bounds the worlds in space and the light that beams with joy on its direct passage from its great illuminating source. It is truly inspiring to think what a marvelous change would be wrought in all human intercourse, if even for one short day all speech were to become strictly a reflection of truth and the personal relations of men were to be conducted on the basis of pure integrity.

Lord Bacon wisely speaks of "the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it"; and he unhesitatingly pronounces it "the sovereign good of human nature." Can there be so much of a "sovereign good" that it needs suppression? Is it likely to become so far a sovereign evil as to suggest seriously the propriety of serving it up in fragments and after methods that practically transmute it into its opposite? Silence even is not permissible where the utterance of the truth is the one thing expected. Fidelity to the truth is to be esteemed the standard of all virtuous as well as all heroic action.

There is but one way to grow perfect in approaching the standard of truth in speech and conduct; it is to discard all show of dissimulation, to cease calculated temporizing, to seek to create a healthiness of thinking by conforming to morality, to adhere manfully and under all discouragements to truth for its own sake alone, to abandon the fluctuating and unreliable statutes of expediency, and to steer one's course steadily onward by this unchanging polar star.

The Mystery of Heredity.

One of the most interesting and important facts to keep uppermost in the mind on the occasion of a visit to the World's Fair is, that the highest and greatest and most precious of all the products of the different nations of the world on exhibition are its men and women. It is they, vastly more than the most cunning works of their hands, that are the truest and completest proof of advancing civilization. Any study of them, however casual and hasty, will not fail to reward its pursuit with a fund of comparative yet practical knowledge that will stand its possessor in good stead all through the remainder of his mortal life. The rapid picture sketched by Mr. Colville in his recent inspirational lecture on the spiritual significance of the Fair is graphic and deeply impressive, and will provoke a line of reflection to which the ordinary currents of thought are a stranger. The design of "bringing widely separated and often extremely discordant nations and parties together for the sole purpose of studying each other's greatness, which could only be successfully done by placing the exhibits of manifold countries side by side and letting all speak for themselves," is one born of no less large a sentiment than that which includes all nations in a common fraternity and makes all peoples on the earth of kin.

Of the many impressive and valuable lessons taught by the great concourse of nations at the Fair, none will be more so than the lesson of heredity, with familiar illustrations on every hand. The operation of this undeviating natural law will find its object-illustrations on

all sides. Kindred as the peoples of the earth are as the children of a common Father, the facts and features of their differentiation are not less striking than are the variant characteristics in life everywhere that endlessly distinguish one individual from another. As stated by the lecturer just briefly quoted, "the opportunity to see and converse with all these different peoples is in itself a liberal education." Above all other things, and of chiefest interest to ourselves, we shall learn that the people of this great and rapidly expanding country of ours are by no means all, or mostly, of certain lines of descent—that no single strain of blood or character prevails in our national make-up; but that we are a fusing conglomeration of the raw elements of humanity, seemingly in a state of utter confusion and wholly without classification, awaiting and still cooperating in the process of amalgamation that is to make such a combined force of the qualities of human character as was never before displayed on the active theatre of human affairs as recorded in history.

Not nationally more than individually can we hope to escape the operation of this universal law of heredity. Working as it does and for generations will continue to do in the ultimate of the national character and temperament, we may confidently expect as its final result the establishment of a type of humanity entirely new and different from any yet known to the history of the race!

Cremation Again Endorsed.

This time it is the doctors who do it! The Mississippi Valley Medical Association, after duly discussing the question of burial or cremation for the dead, has decided for the latter! It holds that the disposal of the dead should be founded on reason, and not on custom or sentiment; that interment was merely incidental to both the Jewish and Christian dispensations, and was never enforced by a statute; and that no law, human or divine, commands any such disposal of the dead as is prejudicial to the health and comfort of the living. The Association records its conviction that "the graveyard, as a constant menace to public health, should become a thing of the past, and that incineration is the method most in accordance with science, sanitation, reason, and religion."

That the proposed change is making its way in the general sense and conviction is quite apparent, though by no means so rapidly in this country as in Europe, and more especially in Italy. It must necessarily be a slow change at the best, since it involves sentiments and associations, closely interwoven with custom and tradition, the disturbance of which is almost equivalent to a revolution in the entire being. Such sentiments are become, in fact, so sacred to many as to be regarded as a part of religion itself.

Nevertheless, the health of the community should be held in higher estimation than the mere voice of sentiment; it should be continually borne in mind that for a considerable period of time a decaying body in the earth is actively disseminating injurious influences around, according to the circumstances of the case. The extent and pervasiveness of the divisibility of matter is truly amazing. Musk and camphor furnish familiar illustrations. So also does a pressed rose. Yet these readily perceived odors are no more real or pervasive than those which find their way into the air from buried bodies, though the latter may be unnoticed. The number of the latter, too, being so much greater, must in consequence be proportionably extended in their influence.

But the contamination is not in the air alone; it finds its sure way into the wells that contain our drinking water, and drains its deadly poison into the innumerable capillary channels which feed our springs and lakes and ponds that supply whole communities with their water in both a liquid and a congealed state. Cases of fatality caused by this means of poisoning can be cited in a frightful array of numbers. Old graveyards have for generations been responsible for the pollution of water supply and thereby for the mysterious taking off of the living. A cemetery is now known to have been the cause of many deaths in Philadelphia, infecting as it did its water supply from the Schuylkill. All cemeteries near large towns and cities, though it may not be suspected, affect the health of the living injuriously.

Locating and Healing Disease.

With all the research of modern science, the wonderful attainments in the medical and physiological world, men seem to be stumbling over some of the simplest though perhaps little understood laws of nature, which have been derided and discarded because they cannot be scientifically explained by "the faculty."

We refer to the fact that instance upon instance of well-attested cases are on record, where persons given up by regular physicians of undoubted reputation have been restored to health by those having the wonderful power to perceive and understand the location and cause of the ailment, and how it should be treated; and this without a practical knowledge of *Materia Medica*, or Therapeutics.

Year after year this inexplicable phenomenon goes on, and no scientist, however eager he may be to grasp the idea as an addition to his store of knowledge, rises to explain.

Mrs. Wm. S. BUTLER, who resides at No. 411 Marlboro' street, Boston, is well known as having this most wonderful gift, and notwithstanding her position in society, cannot refuse to exercise her mediumistic powers in locating disease, and pointing out the proper method of treatment, even in the most difficult cases requiring careful, well-directed surgical operations for the benefit of our common humanity.

"ELECTRICITY DOES NOT KILL."—THE BANNER incidentally referred, in a previous issue, to the declarations of a celebrated French savant, to the above effect: A very skillful condemnation of his positions, made by the *New Orleans (La.) Picayune*, will be found on our sixth page, q. v.

Onset Camp Meeting Circulars, giving the time tables as to the running of the trains, can be had at this office. The week-day trains on the Old Colony Railroad leave Boston at 8:15 A. M., 9:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:32 P. M. and 4:15 P. M. The Sunday trains leave this city at 7:30 A. M. and 8:15 P. M.

All Spiritualistic Societies throughout the United States should keep the BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at their meetings, and thus materially aid in increasing its circulation—as it is acknowledged on all hands to be the best journal in existence representing the Spiritual Cause.

The Banner of Light Bookstore.

Located at No. 9 Bowditch street, Boston.

Contains all the works in print in Europe and America appertaining to MODERN SPIRITUALISM, embracing the most important of the lectures delivered from time to time of later years; also all the standard works treating on THEOSOPHY, ASTROLOGY, ROSICRUCIANISM and kindred OCCULT subjects. These works are too numerous to be specified in this brief notice, but the reader will find full particulars in our Catalogue, which is sent free to any address.

Besides the volumes specially devoted to SPIRITUALISM, our patrons will find recorded in our Catalogue the titles of LIBERAL THOUGHT books of sterling merit on a great variety of subjects that the world at large to day should become familiar with.

These books will be forwarded, per order, to all parts of the world at the lowest possible price.

Other Bookstores in different parts of this country and the Old World will be supplied at discount prices.

Works not on our shelves will be supplied to order.

"The Borderland."

On our eighth page will be found No. 51 of J. J. Morse's "Echoes from England," wherein our European agent chronicles much matter of spiritual interest.

Among the points stated he makes allusion to a new Quarterly Magazine which is about to be brought out in London, by W. T. Stead (editor *Review of Reviews*), regarding, essentially, the phenomena, their nature, lessons, etc. We have since received from Mr. Stead, himself, a document concerning his new venture. The following paragraph from this prospectus may be regarded as epitomizing the aims of *The Borderland*, but we shall take opportunity to refer to the matter more fully hereafter:

"Every quarter there will be published a brief chronicle, summarizing the progress which has been made in the preceding three months, calling attention to the more important developments, and giving the reader a bird's-eye view of the progress made in psychological research. This will be followed by a sketch or character-study of one whose character or psychological endowments entitle him to special study."

It would seem that Mr. Stead possesses in marked degree requisites mental and spiritual which eminently fit him for the service he proposes to discharge.

A Valuable Work.

One of the very best books extant for the enlightenment of those seeking knowledge of Modern Spiritualism, its Phenomena and its Philosophy, is the grand work entitled

"IMMORTALITY DEMONSTRATED THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. J. H. CONANT."

Who was a public medium at the BANNER OF LIGHT office for nineteen years.

Even the new generation of Spiritualists, who are more or less familiar with the phenomena, but have never read this book, will gain additional information by its perusal.

It is for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore. Price \$1.25, postage 12 cents.

The Cherokee Indians by their representatives have come into Wall street for the purpose of effecting a loan of six million dollars. The transaction in itself is so novel that it brings out the Indians in an entirely new light before the country. This entitles them to be considered American citizens, if nothing else did. The fact is prominently brought out by it that a number of the Indian tribes have become largely interested in cattle-raising, and similar enterprises, and that they are dealing in business matters with just as much capability as the whites themselves show. A fair chance is all the Indian needs; and, if this is given him, he may generally be relied upon to make his way intelligently, and to keep his advance as fast as it is secured by him.

W. H. Stone will please receive our thanks for flowers donated to the Free Circle table.

Our Free Public Circle-Room will be closed on Friday, June 30th.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Mrs. Cordella W. Cooper, wife of Dr. James Cooper, founder of the Vitaphone Institute, passed to spirit-life from her home in Bellefontaine, O., the 12th inst., at the age of seventy-three.

Mrs. Cooper was a woman of much intelligence, and was a true and noble wife and mother. She was a confirmed and ardent Spiritualist, and derived infinite solace throughout her life and during her illness from the Spiritualistic Philosophy.

The funeral occurred the following Wednesday, the services being conducted by R. R. Odor, of Rush-creek.

A recent issue of the *Leicester Daily Sun* (Me.) contains a lengthy letter from Portland highly eulogistic of the marked ability of Mr. Andrew Cross of the latter city as a writer, student and Spiritualist lecturer. Referring to Mr. Cross's discourse delivered at the Anniversary celebration in that place, the writer said that "he brought to the consideration of his subject a ripe scholarship, and the result was a lecture that aroused thought, and that was heard with admiration by many who themselves do not hold his views." Mr. Cross, it is stated, has received a letter from a remote section of the country, asking for his dates for months ahead.

The Somerville (Mass.) druggists, backed by the citizens, will hereafter be allowed to dispose of soda and cigars "on the Sabbath day," although "blue-lawed" by the Mayor, who finally allowed them to dispense their soda as formerly. But the recent law in Ohio prohibiting our mediums from exorcising their gifts in healing the sick, even on week days, is still on the statute book of that State. They need another Ben Wade there to expunge that statute, as was done years ago when a similar law was passed, which THE BANNER chronicled at the time.

It gives us great pleasure to recommend to the public attention that versatile and highly-interesting vocalist and wonderful exemplifier of individual character, our good friend and devoted Spiritualist, Charles W. Sullivan of this city. Spiritualistic societies everywhere should make it a point to secure his services. Address BANNER OF LIGHT office, No. 9 Bowditch street, Boston.

Charles H. Wing, a veteran in the Cause, and conductor of some of the earliest of the Spiritualist meetings in the vicinity of Boston, has passed to spirit-life. An obituary sketch will be given our readers hereafter.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

JUNE.

A beautiful girl comes tripping on the stage, Artless as Nature's self, nor bold nor shy. But filled with happy love and warbling forth A song as sweet as thrush in mating time.

According as her due, yet blushing thanks, The rain of roses showered at her feet, She lingers a brief space to charm us more With smile and song, then bids us all adieu! W. A. Jones, in *The Votos*.

The friends of Dr. Briggs evidently mean to keep up the fight. They believe, despite the decision of the General Assembly, that nothing is ever settled that is not settled right.

"Can't you settle this bill to-day, senator?" asked the tailor of the delinquent legislator. "No, Sir; it wouldn't be parliamentary. I've merely glanced over it, you know, and I can't pass a bill until after its third reading."—*Judge*.

By the result of the latest election a majority can be secured for the German army bill in the Reichstag.

CRIMINAL.

[From PUNCH.]

Thing to rouse a Bishop's spleen,
Make a canon or a Deau
Speak in language not serene,
We must all be very green,
And our senses not too keen.
If we can't say what we mean,
Write in paper, magazine,
Send petitions to the Queen,
Get the House to intervene,
Paris fashion's transgression—
Let us stop by quarantine
Catastrophic Crinolines!

When attacked by palpitation of the heart, lie down at once on the floor if no bed is at hand. Stretch out on the right side or partially on the face. In this position the heart will resume its action almost immediately.

"John," said the pastor's wife, "how many more times are you going to recite that sermon of yours?" "Don't bother me, my dear, if you please," he replied. "I am practicing what I preach."—*New York Sun*.

"Umbrellas" instead of muskets celebrated the Seventeenth of June (the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill) this year.

"Going to the World's Fair, of course?" "Yes; self-protection." "How so?" "To save off the fellows who will want to tell all about it for the rest of my natural life."—*Puck*.

The First New England Conference of Charities and Correction will hold a Conference at Newton, Mass., Oct. 24th, 25th and 26th, 1893. The Conference will assemble on the 24th, at 2 P. M., in Channing Church, and will hold six sessions, closing the 26th.

"Craig, the moderator of the recent Presbyterian Assembly at Washington, is to get his plum in the shape of a degree from the moss-backed theologians of Princeton. If it would not appear too meritorious it would be clever of the Andover doxists to give Prof. Briggs an extra shoulder strap for his clerical uniform."—*Ex*.

At Washington, D. C., on June 19th, 1893, Col. Alnsworth, chief of the record and pension office, and in charge of the Ford's Theatre Building, Contractor Dant, Engineer Sasse and Superintendent Covert were found guilty of criminal negligence, and responsible for the Ford's Theatre disaster, by the coronor's jury, and held by the coronor for indictment for manslaughter by the grand jury, the penalty—should conviction ensue—being ten years in the penitentiary.

[A SUMMER-TIME QUERY.]

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
So we understand,
Yet there's something lacking;
Is it quite a something?
If we ask the question:
"Where does the salt come in?"

The English government has refused to pardon a life convict for whom the plea of ill health and impending dissolution is made. Investigation reveals the circumstance that the tribunal condemning him did so with the full and solemn consciousness that he could not live forever.

Chicago dispatches announce that the Court of Appeals has unanimously decided in favor of open Sundays at the World's Fair. Now let the "closing" bigwigs howl. The Court holds—and rightfully—that the local directory is in full control, and that the Government has no standing. Last Sunday the Fair was again attended by large throngs of interested visitors—the paid admissions at the gate alone numbering 57,676; while large numbers of pass-holders were also on hand.

If caught obstruct your course, yet stand not still. But wind about till thou hast topped the hill. —*Denham*.

The Norwegian ship *Viking*, modeled after the old oaken ships of the time of "Eric the Red," arrived at New London, Conn., after a somewhat long voyage across the Atlantic. She is on her way to the World's Fair, where she will be on exhibition.

"Did you advise Howler to cultivate his voice?" "Yes." "Oh, mercy! What for?" "A rain-producing machine."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Water is devastating Louisiana, and fierce forest fires the West. The losses by these raging elements have already involved millions of property and scores of lives.

To the Spiritualists of Massachusetts.

On Saturday afternoon, June 24, a public reception was held by Mrs. Wm. S. Butler at her residence, No. 411 Marlboro street, at which was projected a Fair, to be held some time during the coming fall, for the purpose of raising a fund to be placed in the hands of responsible parties as trustees, and to be applied to the purchase of a suitable location for a building to be devoted to the interests and uses of any or all of the spiritualistic organizations of Boston, and which shall be known as a Spiritual Church and Temple, where the teachings of our beautiful Philosophy shall be promulgated, and where the different spiritual societies can secure ample accommodations for their several meetings at a minimum cost.

There was a good attendance at the reception, and sixty or more names were pledged to aid in the undertaking.

Let all who believe in this glorious truth come forward, and join hands to place our workers in the Cause in a position where they can more effectively reach the masses of hungry and thirsty souls who are reaching out for evidences of continued existence and for messages from the loved ones gone before. There is no higher benevolence; the spirit-world asks for better facilities to reach suffering humanity, and our self-sacrificing mediums are standing in the open doorway to hand down the proofs of immortality, to administer the balm of Gilead, and to utter those true principles upon which earth's children must build their future mansion if they would reach their highest possibilities here and hereafter. Shall we plead in vain for your assistance? We trust no further argument may be necessary, and that such a list of names may be handed in as shall make success doubly sure.

Please send names to or call personally on Mrs. Wm. S. BUTLER, 411 Marlboro street, or Wood's Rubber Agency, 167 Tremont street, near Boylston street, under Hotel Pelham, Boston, Mass.

Alfred E. Giles, Esq., of Hyde Park, Mass., has returned from Chicago and is warm in his encomiums on the World's Fair now in progress; like testimony is also borne by Geo. S. Bowen, Esq.—Our readers will find on the eighth page, present issue, a fine treatment of the Fair and its objects, from the pen of Mrs. Love M. Willis.

We are in receipt of an excellent photographic likeness of Mrs. Mary Wakeman, test-medium of New York—concerning whose gifts Mr. J. F. Snipes bore witness in THE BANNER for June 24, 1893.

MARRIED.—Wednesday, June 7th, 1893, Mr. Warren Tower of Cummington, to Miss M. J. Lavery of Northampton, Mass.

Paper. Price 25 cents.
 For sale by COLBY & RICH

