

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. 73.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1893.

(\$3.50 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.)

NO. 21.

## Original Story.

### MARY ANNE CAREW.

#### WIFE, MOTHER, SPIRIT, ANGEL.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

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#### CHAPTER XXII—CONTINUED.

My attention was now directed toward a gentleman, one of the persons at the table, and I observed an aura about him, but differing from the pale, magnetic aura surrounding the lady; this aura, instead of being amber or flame-colored, was of a grayish hue. Esther drew me along with her and entered this aura, at the same time whispering to me:

"This aura, which I am about to enter, is a surplus of elementary carbon. Now see what I shall do with it."

Immediately after she entered it, I heard snapping sounds like the explosions of percussion-caps or the clicks of a telegraph apparatus, and I readily saw just how Esther was making these sounds. Her own aura was pure magnetism, and each time she sent forth her thoughts and will-power, they carried with them a corresponding amount of magnetism, which ignited an equal amount of carbon, and the explosive sounds were the spirit's rap, and the table was the sounding-board against which the explosions struck and resounded.

Now the party at the table asked questions, and it was understood that one sound was to mean "No," two sounds were to mean "Do not know," and three sounds were to mean "Yes," and Esther answered each question as it was propounded, to the best of her ability, at the same time talking with me.

"Mary," she said, smiling, "I am not all-wise, all-powerful, and there may be questions asked here to-night which I am not able to answer. I have not been in the spiritual world very long myself, but so far as I can, all shall be answered truthfully. This gentleman calls me his control, meaning that it is my spirit who controls him. He loved me very dearly when I was in my mortal body, and we were engaged to be married, but a contagious fever sent me hither, and he seeks me, sorrowing; he does not seek in vain, as you see."

"Oh, that my beloved husband would seek me!" I cried. "How soon, after this, I should be able to answer his questions, and almost talk with him face to face. Oh! it is the fault of earth and not of heaven that the gulf is not spanned. If my dear Franz were here this very evening, I know just what he would say; he would pooh-pooh sarcastically and exclaim: 'Fraud! Delusion! Trickery! Humbug! Imagination!'"

Esther and the other spirit ladies present were able to give many messages of love, cheer and wisdom that evening, and the circle broke up, all being happier and many wiser because they had spanned the gulf between heaven and earth and clasped hands with each other; after which we returned to the Educational Hall for Ladies.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### LONGELINESS.

IT is not now my purpose to give my daily life in all its details; enough to say that every hour was filled with interesting events and episodes of all kinds; thousands of new-born spirits entered this hall, and were here taught in the rudimentary branches of knowledge; went through much the same experience as I had, and similar to that which the reader has been made acquainted with. I visited my husband and children whenever I wished, and tried to do all in my power to shape events to bring them the greatest amount of happiness and do them the most good; still, my power at this time was very limited as far as they were concerned. My husband believed that death was the end; he taught my children to think the same. My baby girl joined me in a short time, and after remaining with me as long as was best for her, was placed in a school for infants whose ages corresponded with her own. Joey, and the two little girls already here, grew apace. I visited them daily, overlooking their welfare. Many people on earth may think that I ought to have had a home, taken my four spirit-children to live with me, and waited until my husband and two boys joined me, so that we might all again be united in a happy family.

Reader, such are not truthful principles, and it is truth which is to be given in this writing.

First, then, I had not wisdom enough to educate my spirit children properly, as they must be educated in the highest principles possible of love and wisdom. Greater wisdom than mine had founded schools of all descriptions and grades for the education of the young as well as the old, and Annie and Sigismund, being wiser than myself, had cast for me the future of my husband and two children left on earth.

My husband, believing that I was forever dead, gradually became resigned, and as the struggle of life went on with him my image faded from his memory; no matter how hard I might try to fan the flame it would not burn; he was in the material. He soon found that it was very hard for a man alone to take proper care of two little boys; he needed a wife, and soon found one. He was still a young man, and Annie had told me that he would live on earth with this wife for many years, and would not enter the spirit-world until he was old; that he would live with this wife many, many years longer than he had with me, and she also would bear him a number of children; then, asked Annie, pertinently:

"Whose husband will he be, yours or hers?"

This thought staggered me at first, for I was yet a babe in wisdom.

"Then," continued Annie, "you could not make a home all together, for your two boys on earth will live to be men, and have wives and children of their own; even your little ones here will soon be women, and Joey a man; their mother's love will not always fill the measure of their souls; a greater love than that of mother-love awaits them."

"A greater love than that of mother-love?" I cried in agony. "Can there be a love greater than that of mother-love?"

"Certainly," she replied. "A mother can be a mother forever, but mother-love alone will not fill the measure of her soul."

"Then am I, indeed, bereft! My husband has already another wife; my children are growing rapidly into men and women, will have husbands and wives of their own; and you, even you, my sweet sister, have your husband—your Sigismund."

"Certainly," she said, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes. "I have my Sigismund! Is not my love for him greater than mother-love? and yet if I were the mother of a dozen children, his love would not interfere with mother-love: his love rounds out and completes my being, and mother-love would be wiser, grander and more capable in consequence. A yearning, wandering spirit has not the wisdom of an angel, and, therefore, cannot do the same amount of good; beside, educational halls are not homes, and one-half of an angel cannot make a home, neither can one-half soar into the regions of the blessed."

"Regions of the blessed?" I repeated. "Where are the regions of the blessed, dear Annie?"

"We must first understand the meaning of the word blessed," she answered. "To be blessed is to be happy, is it not, my sister?"

"That is not the way I have comprehended it; I have always supposed it meant to be blessed by God, or the Savior, or even by the Virgin Mary."

"Well, if a personal God, and Jesus, or Mary his mother, were to lay their hands on your head and say, 'Blessed art thou, oh Mary! Sit thou here by my right hand,' would it make you supremely blessed and happy to sit there forevermore, merely shouting praises, while the greater part of mankind went down to hell into the most horrible agony? We will say, for instance, your husband, and the two beautiful boys you left on earth; every human being has a mother somewhere, that would feel for her children precisely as you would."

"No, Annie. I am now far advanced beyond such ideas."

"Well, then, is not blessedness happiness? The regions of the blessed mean the regions of the happy. Are you happy yet, dear Mary? Is there nothing left that you desire?"

"Oh Annie, how can you ask that question? I am very far from being happy, and am very, very lonely since Franz has another wife. I do not feel that it is right to call him by the name of husband, much less my husband; another woman now calls him by that endearing name; my two little boys can neither hear nor see me, and have actually forgotten how their mother looked; they now call that other woman mother; the most that I can do is to guard them from evil, as much as possible, by impressing their minds with truth, as far as I myself understand it; but earthly teaching is at present more powerful than all I am able to do for them. Annie, the gulf is not yet spanned for me."

"No; not yet. The gulf really has been spanned for ages, ay, ages upon ages; it is a condition, and not a gulf. To all earthly minds that reach up into the spiritual and angelic, the gulf is spanned, always has been; spirits and angels have always communed with mortals, those whose minds have been open to receive them, and they have ever been ready to give wisdom, love and truth; but until those whom you have left on earth, and those whom other mothers have left, are wise enough to understand truth, the gulf to them is not spanned. But to return to my former question: Why are you not blessed or happy, Mary? What desire or incompleteness do you feel within yourself?"

"Oh, Annie! do not blame me when I tell you that I am lonely. I am nothing more to Franz now, or my two little boys on earth; my children here do not specially need my love or care; their mother's love is not the end and aim of their desires, and, as you say, other and stronger love will soon fill their souls: your love is greater for Sigismund than for me. Yes, I feel a sense of desolation, an incompleteness, a yearning desire for a love greater than I have ever known."

"And it is high time that this desire became more definite," she said. "I have been waiting patiently until your soul should grow to this point. You have been doing for others all that you could, since coming here; the time has now come when you must take a step higher; you have outgrown your past condition, and all is well: Mary, you have thus far been a spirit; the time is near at hand when you will become an angel."

"You often speak of spirits and angels, dear Annie, as though there were a distinction between them. Please tell me what the difference may be?"

"The difference is this," she replied: "a spirit is the undeveloped half of an angel. Every child is a spirit; all males and females, still disunited, are spirits, or undeveloped angels, and they cannot become angels until they are developed up to that point where they fully comprehend the true eternal union of the two in one, the two halves that make the perfect whole."

"By this you mean marriage, do you not?"

"Certainly!"

"But I have been married, as you know."

"Are you very sure that you were ever united?" she asked.

"What a strange question, dear sister; was not Franz my husband?"

"Yes, he was your husband, as mortals wed; but is he your husband now?"

"Oh! no," I answered sadly, with drooping head; "he belongs to another, and I am bereft!"

"But even if he were not married to another, would he yet be your husband? Would his soul and yours be the perfect and complete whole? Could you soar with him into the regions of the blessed, and be eternally happy in his society? Could he respond to every desire of yours, and fill you with bliss unspeakable? Mary, I shall now pierce your soul with a dart of truth. Franz was never your other self, can never be, will never be, and by the time he reaches this life you will be as far apart as the poles; your souls never even-blended, although your marriage was as happy as most earthly marriages are; it is not your body now that is to be married, but your soul. There are many kinds of earthly marriages, but only one eternal or heavenly marriage, and it is of this that you must now learn."

"Are you and Sigismund eternally married?"

"Most certainly we are. We are one angel, and cannot be severed any more than a man can sever his right side from his left, or cut himself in two lengthwise and live. If a man cut his body in twain, behold! it perishes; but his spirit lives unsevered and complete; although his body perishes he cannot sever his spirit in that way; it is impossible: no more can spirits once united and made whole sever

or cut themselves apart. Mary, it still remains for you to be thus united, but I shall tell you a still deeper secret. The other half of your own soul is in existence, and always has been, but it is not Franz; his soul and yours are not at all alike, and if you had remained very much longer on earth you would have been very unhappy and incomplete; the mother-love would not have satisfied that part of your being, any more than it does now. Mother-love and conjugal love are entirely different in their attributes; one does not and cannot take the place of the other. True conjugal love endures forever; parental love is swallowed up within conjugal love, and when every mother's child has found its own other self, and is united to it, thus becoming a completed angel, the mother-love ceases. The love of the completed angel becomes universal love, or the love which mortals suppose to be God-love. Do I make this clear to you, Mary?"

"Not quite," I replied.

"Well, then, a completed angel, which is the true male and female halves united, sends forth its love to all mankind, to all spirits equally; that is, the angel desires to benefit all whenever and wherever it can find an opportunity, regardless whether it be its own immediate relatives or not. When you are thus united, dear Mary, all human beings and spirits will be your children; you will love all and work for all."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### A SPIRITUAL TELEPHONE.

WHILE I had been at the Educational Hall for Ladies, Annie had visited me often. She now said:

"Mary, as you now desire to be united to your other self, and become an angel, you shall leave this hall and go with me to make necessary preparations for the bridegroom."

"For the bridegroom?" I exclaimed. "Why, I have never seen him yet; and if Franz is not he, I do not even know who or where he is."

"But because you do not at present know who and where he is, is no proof that he is not. If there were no knowledge except that which undeveloped spirits have, there would be nothing more to know, and all nature would be at a standstill. Mary, the desire within yourself of something more to complete yourself is positive evidence that that something exists, and is as nearly ready as yourself to be united. Your feeling of loneliness shows you that there is a want, or incompleteness, which must be filled before you can be blessed or happy."

We now left the Educational Hall together and joined Sigismund outside the walls, where he always waited for Annie, as gentlemen were not admitted to this particular hall.

Sigismund smiled, and gave me a wise look. I flushed and drooped my head, for I at once realized that my desire was known to him.

"Behold! the bridegroom waits for his bride," he said sentimentally: "make ready for the nuptials. Love and wisdom must be united, that truth may be made manifest." I drew back almost afrighted.

"O, no! not yet!" I cried. "I am not ready, and do not understand it all."

"You certainly shall not see him until you are ready," said Annie.

"And even if I were to see him, there is no need to be united for a long time, is there?"

"You certainly cannot be united until you desire to be," she replied. "The wooing can last for months if you choose."

"But, Annie," I questioned, "among all the men who ever lived, how is one to know, beyond a doubt, which is the right one, the other self?"

"That is what you have yet to learn," she replied; "and while you are visiting me I will teach you, so that it will be impossible to make a mistake. If this knowledge had not been taught to me before I wedded with Sigismund, I could not impart it to you."

We had been gliding on rapidly for some time during the conversation, when suddenly a glorious scene burst upon my view: a great expanse, as far as the eye could reach, filled with the most beautiful sights imaginable. Directly before us lay a placid lake, in which was reflected much of the scenery that lay near it, and beyond was a city, so gloriously beautiful that my eyes were dazzled, and I was obliged to cover them with my hands as one on earth might do when looking at the sun. Sigismund and Annie laid their unclad hands on my head, which strengthened my sight, and shortly I was able to look again. The whole city glowed and sparkled as though built of the most precious jewels: temples composed entirely of diamonds set forth their dazzling rays. In the distance rose lofty mountains, whose sides were dotted with the brightest and most elegant structures, and upon the heights rose towers of gold. Beautiful shrubbery and perfect trees were growing profusely everywhere. Sigismund and Annie pointed to this lovely city, and my sister said:

"Mary, that city is one of many in which angels dwell; in that city is our own home, from which we go forth to labor for the good of men and spirits; that home is our retreat when weary; to that home we go to gain rest and strength, wisdom and love, and when we are filled with that which we need, hand-in-hand we go forth to scatter our pearls among those who desire them, and none who ask of us are ever turned away empty-handed. Mary, you are yet a spirit, but the angelic world is opening up to your view; a little later, and you also will be an angel; at present you may not cross that lake, for a spirit is not able to dwell among the angels. But fear not, dear sister; we will abide here with you until after the coming event, and then together we will cross the lake and you shall build a home beside us."

"Dear Mary, as you are already aware, we can construct homes or dwellings wherever we wish here in the spiritual life, and as you are not yet ready to join the angels, Sigismund and I concluded to erect a dwelling on this side of the lake, that you might remain with us until ready to build your own home among the angels; and yonder it stands," she continued, pointing toward a lovely spot, where, glistening through the green trees, I espied a beautiful cottage, apparently built of pearl and gold, together with plate glass windows. The dome, doors and trimmings were of shining gold, the remainder of the most beautiful pearl with all its variegated tints. The flowers, trees, vines and shrubbery were more beautiful than a dream; and as we neared the place exquisite statuary and fountains met my view. A green, velvety lawn extended to the water's edge, and a little boat moored there was riding the waves gently. The boat in form and color represented a wild rose, with a concave seat of gold attached to each leaf, while one's feet could rest on the soft, yellow matting; yet the boat was large enough to hold four people easily. I noticed other boats sailing in the distance, and over all this beautiful

scene rested a rosy, sparkling light. Oh! it was so exquisitely beautiful here, it seemed as though one might dreamily linger forever, and not grow weary of the perfect loveliness.

Sigismund said he would leave us for a short time: Annie and I entered the cottage. It is impossible for me to convey to my readers through language the splendor and magnificence of its interior, yet I will try to give a faint outline:

First, think of the most beautiful sunset that you ever beheld, with its opal, crimson, purple and gold, and all their various delicate shades—pink, blue and fleecy white; dun, gray and heavy shades of darkest hue—and think of everything within this large and elegant parlor as being not material but spiritual, as light and color are spiritual, yet perfectly adapted to our aerial spiritual needs, and you will get a faint idea of it all. The great oriel window, looking over and across the lake directly into the sparkling, angelic city, was partly shaded by dainty draperies of lace and gold; the same kind of hangings partly concealed, partly revealed, another large parlor beyond, and within these parlors were the most elegant furnishings imaginable: tables of pearl and gold, golden grates, within which burned sweetest incense, a grand piano, an exquisite harp, a violin, and some other musical instruments; sofas, divans, and chairs fashioned after the patterns of beautiful flowers, with all their color and shading; for instance, an easy-chair would be like a calla lily, another like a passion-flower, another like a full-blown rose; others, still, like water-lilies, tulips, pansies, and many other flowers were represented: sofas seemed to be beds of the softest, daintiest moss, besprinkled with the finest and sweetest of flowers. The carpets were similar, showing a greater variety of colors and flowers. I omitted to say that the cottage was circular in form. These two parlors appeared to be just half of the house, and as I looked upward toward the very high dome I noticed a large number of little cherubic babes—they were real, living cherubs—moving about, smiling, clasping hands, kissing each other, and dropping dainty, aerial flowers downward, that faded before they reached the carpet. Annie noticed my wondering look, and said:

"Mary, those little cherubs were never born into earthly life; they were blighted in the bud, but are not lost, as you perceive, yet it takes a far longer time for them to develop into spirits and angels; they really are never quite like those who have come up through the material; they lack the firmness and consistency of children that are born and have a partial growth on earth; still, they are exceedingly lovely, and develop as time rolls on. They scarcely ever descend, and become one with spirits and angels, but remain as you now perceive them; they are attracted into homes and halls where there are high domed ceilings, and hover over and above spirits and angels until they imbibe a sufficient amount of magnetism and wisdom to grow and mingle with the children; then they go on like the others, and remain within schools until old and wise enough to become angels."

Hanging on the walls of these beautiful rooms were very many exquisite pictures; all these pictures appeared to be prophetic, as though prophesying some great change or improvement in the future of the earth and the people who were yet upon it: among the others my eyes became riveted intently on one: it was a beautiful likeness of the little boy of three whom I had left on earth, but not now a child; instead, a young man with earnest, rather sorrowful face. It seemed as though his form and features came out distinctly through a heavy mist, and in the background I dimly discerned his father and brother, beside many other forms too dim to be recognized; all were grasping at him as though to draw him back into the misty darkness, but yet he seemed to struggle, like one in the water, for his life, for a time. As I looked, it appeared as though he would be drawn out of my sight into the mist with the others, but at these times a look of anguish would settle upon his features, he would struggle once more and shake off some of the detaining hands, and reappear again distinctly through the cloud. When this had been repeated a great many times, and each time he appeared stronger and clearer, the detaining hands gradually began to drop off, until all had disappeared, and he stood clear, free and alone, a look of hope and joy irradiating his features; and now the hopeful eyes were gazing directly into mine. Ah! those eyes recognized me at last! My heart bounded with joy; but it was only a picture now, still a prophetic one, as I was well aware. Beneath the picture, in letters of flame, were these words: "Through this Child will the Gulf be Spanned for You! Time rolls on apace!"

And now sweetest music filled the room. I looked at Annie in astonishment, for she was standing near me, and had not touched the piano, yet we were both listening to a wonderful performance on that instrument, and it seemed as though the player were in the room. I listened with great delight.

"It is your son who is playing," said Annie, with a smile. "Look at the picture once more."

I turned; the picture had disappeared, and in its place was what seemed to be a rainbow; or, perhaps, I should say a prism. The picture had been directly opposite the grand piano, and now in its place streamed forth all the prismatic hues of the rainbow, and, what surprised me, they were all vibrating rapidly.

"Listen," said Annie, holding up one dainty finger. "Hear your dear boy play."

Reader, the prism in our room was an ethereal or spiritual one, and as the rays vibrated they struck the keys of our piano, and the result was this wonderful music.

"Where is my boy?" I asked, "that we can hear him play like this?"

"Down on the earth," replied Annie; "but no sound is ever lost. I thought you could not have a better reception than to hear your gifted son play, and as we knew he would play about this time, we—that is, Sigismund and myself—arranged a spiritual telephone so that you might hear and be pleased with his music."

"A telephone!" I exclaimed, in surprise. "Pray, what is a telephone?"

"A conductor of vibration," she replied.

"Why," I never heard of such a thing," I said. "They certainly know nothing about it on earth—not yet," she said, "but they soon will. The true theory of conducting vibration is soon to be given to earth through another mother's son, who has already spanned the gulf; but those are vibrating colors which strike our piano."

"Oh! really! I do not understand it at all!" I cried. "The keys of our piano, you will notice, are colored exactly like a rainbow or prism."

"Yes; but I thought it was for beauty; all things are in such beautiful colors here."

[To be continued.]

The better a person is the less he says against any one.



## The Spiritual Rostrum.

### Concentration: Its Development and Value; How the Soul Controls the Body.

A Lecture delivered by  
W. J. OOLVILLE  
At the Summer School of Psychical Science, now  
in session at Lily Dale, N. Y.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of L. L.)

NO expression is more misleading than the flippant phrase "I cannot concentrate," for the very people who use it most are living examples, many times, of complete concentration upon material objects. There is, of course, a vast difference between the results obtained by concentrating upon trifles and concentrating upon things of highest moment; we shall therefore seek to direct your thoughts to useful phases of concentration.

Our attention is often called to the utter absorption in material engagements, falsely called duties, of multitudes of men and women, who wonder why they do not progress more rapidly in spiritual attainments, and ask for information from teachers as to the special error which is detaining them in grievous bondage to the senses. We are not fanatics; we do not advocate self-starvation, going without decent clothing, proper furniture or anything else which is reasonable in our present external states; but we do declare most emphatically that the world is going to take a decided turn toward beautiful simplicity, and discard all the absurdities with which it is now uselessly bedecked. Two directly opposite features of civilization are prominently displayed everywhere, and nowhere more conspicuously than at the World's Fair. The first of these tendencies is in the wise and proper direction of all sorts of labor-saving appliances calculated to free humanity from most of the monotonous humdrum of housekeeping, etc.; the other tendency is to a luxury equal to that of old Babylon, or the Roman Empire, just before its fall. Nature is beautiful; beauty is natural and orderly, and should be cultivated everywhere. Health is beautiful, while disease is hideous, but beauty does not consist in false appendages and savage decorations; it is to be found only in the perfect order and delightful symmetry which invariably characterize the true home-maker as well as the genuine home. Home-makers are Marys; housekeepers are Marthas, and they are widely different persons.

Concentration is never difficult, even when we pay close attention for great length of time to something that engrosses our affections. Persons who are in the love of externals, and are just beginning to seek interior development, are not close reasoners, and they are certainly not given to profound studies; moreover, the inner chambers of their consciousness are nearly closed. For these reasons, and many others, they find the attempt to concentrate upon anything more important than frivolity a hard task, as all new tasks appear hard; but the difficulties attending them at the outset soon vanish if we steadily apply ourselves to continuing their performance.

Metaphysical studies carry the students at once entirely beyond the plane of sense; they invite deep thought on new lines; they call for serious independent study away from the land- ing stages of established precedent; for that reason, if for no other, they call for efforts along new lines. Unless new paths of thought are trodden there is no logical or reasonable ground for expecting real improvement in our outward conditions. Generation and regeneration are alike from within outward; seeking to heal the physical body as such, by mental methods directly, is an inversive process, but scientific mental healing is not thus attempted or accomplished. Mental states are all reproduced in the physique, and that is all that needs to be known concerning them by persons engaging in mental therapeutic practice; but persons entirely ignorant of the science of correspondences, having no conception whatever of the law of intercourse between soul and body, are very apt to do a good deal of blind and bungling work unless they keep strictly to a purely spiritual idea of man as a spiritual entity, perfect in his real being, and ignore the physical body altogether.

Instantaneous cures form the topic of much speculation and a good deal of confused thinking among people who look for immediate results and are greatly in love with mystery. There are, no doubt, many cases where a single treatment will start a permanent cure, and not only start it, but, to a large degree, prove it as an actual occurrence there and then; but such cases are usually of persons whose ailments are either not very deep-seated or of long standing; or they are the experiences of people who may have had hundreds of treatments in various ways before, and are now just ready to respond instantly to the ray of sunshine which does the finishing stroke in bringing a bud to bloom. We have all seen advanced buds open under our very eyes in the bright hot sunshine, but on the same twig of the same tree many other buds less mature have not opened widely, though they have been equally kissed by the same sunbeam. Our reason has told us very plainly in the presence of so natural and frequent a phenomenon that the buds which burst forth so suddenly into blossoms were in an advanced stage of growth, while the other buds were less mature. Exactly so it is when a ray of healing truth touches a brightened intellect; if the mind is ready to respond instantly, it has long been emerging from its night; if it responds but slowly, it may be equally receptive to the solar radiance, but more work has to be accomplished before a manifest result is forthcoming. Whenever any one is sincere in his desire to bless, and the individual he appeals to is honestly ready to respond to a call of truth, positive good results from treatment, but we can fix no time for perfect manifestation.

Neither the New Testament nor any ancient or modern work which records great wonders of healing, leads the reader to infer that similar results as to time were always forthcoming. There is certainly a gospel record of people getting well very quickly who had been grievously afflicted for long periods; twelve years and thirty-eight years are periods distinctly named as covering the duration of seemingly incurable infirmities which seemed to have yielded at once to the call of the spirit, but a careful glance at such narratives opens a vast field of profitable research into mental qualifications for immediate or rapid restoration to health. The woman with an issue of blood had tried everything known to physical science, had been everywhere and done everything, as people say, for the benefit of her

health, which did not improve, but grew steadily worse; her purse became empty, and her faith in physical aids vanished to a point. One by one she had been forced to relinquish her hold on matter, her only remaining chance of deliverance was in spirit; and though her case might appear not only desperate but incurable from the physical standpoint, she was in a far more receptive condition in the presence of a truly spiritual healer, than were those who carry a medicine bottle in one hand and reach out the other for a mental treatment.

Though it is unwarrantable to make the statement that any disease is incurable, it is quite true that many diseases cannot be even palliated with drugs, therefore from the standpoint of the pharmacist, with his wretchedly limited resources, they are incurable. Assigning to medicine its rightful place and honorably crediting it with all its advocates say it can accomplish, there remains an ever-increasing residue of ailments which it cannot possibly relieve, and these are multiplying in consequence of the peculiar psychic and other changes now going on among all classes of the community. Scalds, burns, sprains, bruises and all such things are amenable to lotions, poultices and the general paraphernalia of medicine, but these are only superficial ailments, though they arise, it is true, from lack of balance, and are, therefore, attributable primarily to mental weakness or carelessness; but the heavy burden of sickness now resting on the race is hysterical in its nature. Regular physicians are quite right in referring the bulk of modern difficulties to hysteria, but what hysteria is and how to overcome it, is by no means a settled question in the schools. Everybody considers hysteria a nervous derangement, but what is the cause of nervous derangement is the question demanding the reply it does not receive from the majority of schoolmen, who, as a rule, are not well enough versed in casuistry to trace nervous effects to their mental causes, though they frequently see clearly enough how physical derangements proceed from distorted nerves. Mental science proceeds to deal with hysteria scientifically, not by recognizing the ailment and fixing the attention upon it, but by diverting the sufferer's mind entirely from it, which can only be done by holding up for fixed attention an opposite idea.

Henry Wood has very clearly shown the value of the true method of ideal suggestion in his admirable treatise on the subject published by Lee & Shepard of Boston. The true method, as outlined in that book and practiced by all truly successful mental healers, is to concentrate one's own mental gaze upon a beautiful picture—the special one if possible in all your mental gallery whose suggestiveness most nearly accords with your own or your patient's special immediate necessity. We hope our students have already learned that successful mental healers operate through the law of contradictions; thus, if a person is suffering the results of mental starvation, you proceed to judiciously administer appropriate mental food; if he is suffering from heart-hunger, you evince honest affection, and proceed to lead the patient to eat and drink of the true bread and water of life immortal. NEVER PICTURE A DISEASE AND NEVER FIGHT ONE. Spiritual diagnosis is diagnosis of NECESSITY; it bears no relation to diagnosis of ailments, yet it furnishes the only weapon wherewith disorders can be slain. It literally overcomes evil with good. When good enters our interiors it does its work there; how foolish and blind, then, are those who seek to vanquish errors by attacking them: let goodness and truth enter your affections and your intellects, and permit results to follow in undisturbed course. Concentration upon disease is a deadly infernal process; concentration upon health is celestial. If people who seek to study mental therapeutics would but master the idea of influx and how to regulate it, they would not be all astray as they are, floundering about among vain devices for killing sin by looking at it, which is a hideous disorderly process, frequently resulting in the would-be healer's suffering from contamination himself, while the person he seeks to relieve does not recover. Clairvoyant diagnosis of disease is not usually orderly, but diagnosis of NECESSITY is intensely profitable. We do not by any means discourage the practice of clairvoyance, but we do seek to direct it into proper channels. Clairvoyance is so wide a word that it covers the vision of a cat playing with cockroaches and hunting mice in the dark, and also perception of how to save a human being from suicide and despair.

When we are honest with ourselves we acknowledge that we often find ourselves concentrating involuntarily upon such things as are most intimately conjoined with our affections; such discoveries are very useful if we steer clear of the false practice of many, which is to dwell upon these low conjunctions, pronounce them inevitable by reason of heredity or something else, and then confirm ourselves in the evil of them through a confession of weakness which is unreal. We never need continue to dwell upon anything unless we wish to, for the human will is supreme in man as Divine Will is supreme in the Universe. The Law of Being is no more absolute in infinity than is the human will in its own domain; every human entity is possessed of individual will, which is so potent in the sphere which the individual occupies, that it governs his entire relation to the universe. Will grows by what it feeds upon; all its tendencies are strengthened by exercise, and no sooner does a man or woman, or even a little child, set to accomplish a result than a magnet is set in operation to attract whatever may be steadfastly desired. Hysteria proceeds from a sense of impotent or thwarted will; the only radical permanent cure is to give the hysterical distinctly to understand that nothing can come between him and the fulfillment of his just desires, if he will but persistently regard every event which transpires as a means of carrying him nearer his goal or bringing nearer to him the object he is pursuing with desire.

Concentration to be really worthwhile must not only be rightful as to its object, but persistent in its method. Spasmodic attempts at concentration, though not entirely useless, are of small account, just as occasional attempts to study music or a language are not entirely vain, but they result in very little. To concentrate profitably upon a given theme continuously, it is necessary to understand clearly what is meant by steadily directing one's intention and expectation. To desire a result and not to expect it, is to invite opposite orders of influx which mutually conflict. Indecision is itself a disease, and the prolific mother of ailments of every sort, and so long as indecision continues it is impossible to achieve any satisfactory results. Whenever you desire to take a special exercise in concen-

tration, pass in mental review all the things you could do, and then fix your attention upon the one thing you select as that which you must do. Hold firmly to this single idea, and pursue it steadily, no matter what your outer engagements may be. As we often have to cross oceans and deserts to reach countries where we desire to dwell, so we often have to cross mental waste-places to reach the land of our desire; but when we are on the sea or passing through the wilderness, we must all the while have our gaze fixed upon the object of our pursuit.

Many people could attain to the loftiest eminences who are now pining in obscure captivity if they would only awake to the consciousness of how to attain their desired end by regulating their thought where they now are. One person may travel between Chicago and Boston by the Lake Shore, another by the Michigan Central route, but they both arrive at the same city when the train reaches its final terminus; so is it possible for different persons to arrive at precisely the same spiritual results, though their incidental voyages have been exceedingly dissimilar. There are more routes than one to the mental station we desire to reach; but we never set out on any which will take us thither till we learn how to expect as well as what to desire. Go to your daily tasks, whatever they may be, firmly resolved to see in all of them the best way to the accomplishment of your dearest hopes and most glorious ambitions. Glorify the commonplace as you tread the road of humble daily service, conscious of the interior side of the work you are performing. Cook food, mend linen, do chamber-work, run errands, serve behind a counter, work at a carpenter's bench or a blacksmith's forge, clean shoes or sweep streets, but never for a moment permit yourself to lose sight of the blessed truth that heaven with all its glories is just as near the workshop as the cathedral. Do your work, whatever it may be, day by day, utterly regardless of the thought and speech of the world, but never unmindful of the high spiritual vocation to which you feel you are called. Then enlarge correspondingly your idea of mental influence; take the thought of it with you into every field of service wherein you may be called to work, and soon will it dawn upon you that whenever you are called upon to render any service whatsoever, you are called upon to give your very best. Never do only what is outwardly required of you; realize that through such outward avenues of service as may open, gates are flung wide for the ingress and egress of the highest spiritual influence of which you can form any idea. In this way, concentration on a given goal becomes intensely practical in every walk of life for all people in all conditions.

Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondences, though often regarded as fanciful wherein it relates to an interior meaning of Holy Scripture, cannot be reasonably dismissed as incapable of demonstration when it directly relates to human anatomy and physiology; for the statements of this renowned seer and sage are susceptible of direct verification on the part of all who are ready to bestow upon the subject something of the careful attention its extreme importance demands.

No fallacy can be greater than that physiologists countenance materialism; it goes an immense way toward disproving it, and those professors who teach materialism to their classes in medical colleges are doing flagrant injustice to their theme by renouncing the logical deductions of science for the rapid theories of seismism, for in no single instance do the facts of science point otherwise than in a distinctly spiritual direction. Camille Flammarion, the eminent French naturalist and astronomer, declares in his admirable treatise, "Dieu dans la Nature," that the entire human structure can be remodeled in less than one year; something over eleven months he gives as the longest time occupied in effecting the complete transformation of those portions of the body which take longest to change, while some parts of the structure, he declares, can be remodeled in about thirty days. Flammarion is one of the greatest scientists of the world, and a most illustrious member of the French Academy of Sciences, one of the grandest assemblies of scientific minds ever brought together on this planet. If this statement by Flammarion is correct—and we have no reason to dispute its accuracy—the baseless assumption that the physical brain stores up all memories, and that consciousness is dependent upon a certain conformation of the gray matter of which it is composed, is self-evidently absurd. Dr. J. R. Buchanan, in the introductory chapter of his massive work, "Therapeutic Sarcogenomy," brings forward many cogent reasons and powerful proofs in demonstration of his statement that LIFE IS A SPIRITUAL POWER; while Alfred Russel Wallace, in the concluding chapter of his treatise entitled "Darwinism," Joseph Le Conte in his "Relation of Evolution to Religious Thought," and many other authors of equally distinguished rank and ability in their respective lines, are concurrent in their testimony to the truth of a purely spiritual basis for human origin.

Man is not life in himself, but is the recipient of life from God; life is communicated to man by perpetual influx. This is a truth to which man's entire anatomy corresponds in the physical degree, but notwithstanding this reality we all appear to live from ourselves, and this appearance is necessary to endow each of us with a sense of individual selfhood, without which there can be no possible development of individual character and excellence. We lay very great stress upon the necessity for a clear recognition of individuality in every instance, and we desire to emphasize this point as forcibly as possible because of our daily demonstrated experience that all really successful persons, no matter what their line of occupation may be, have cultivated an intense sense of individual responsibility, while the shiftless, easily depressed and generally unsuccessful, no matter what their line of attempted action, are to be found among those who think little of individual worth, and in some cases fail to perceive that any such thing as individuality really exists. An old English poet has given us the line, "The soul is form, and doth the body make." This is true; equally true is the statement that man on earth has two bodies, an outer and an inner—"there is a natural and there is a spiritual body," from the latter the former takes its shape and functions. The relation between the spiritual and natural bodies is so intimate that so long as the physical remains alive it is the constant recipient of vitality from the spiritual; the physical body exists only through the law of correspondence, and this correspondence is of part to part and function to function.

In some of the writings of Swedenborg, also in those of Dr. J. R. Buchanan, we find the

brain and the body spoken of as though they were two; and in a very interesting work, "Physiological Correspondences," by Rev. John Worcester, all the parts of the body are enumerated and treated upon severally in successive chapters, after which comes an essay upon generation and regeneration, and finally a treatise upon the brain. It is not our intention to try and separate the brain from the body as though it were distinct, but we do cordially assign to it the most important place in man's organic structure, and therefore consider it first when discoursing upon anthropology. In Swedenborg's "True Christian Religion" we read that all things in man relate to the will and the understanding; understanding is a receptacle of Divine Truth, the will of Divine Good. Therefore the human mind, which consists of those two principles, is nothing else than a form of Divine Truth and Divine Good spiritually and naturally organized. The human brain is that form; and because the whole man depends upon his mind, all things in his body are appendages which are actuated and live from those two principles. In "Divine Love and Wisdom" we read, "Man's life in its beginning is in the brain and in its derivatives in the body;" and in yet another of Swedenborg's writings we find the following: "The whole body, and all things in it, are forms under the observation, guidance and control of the mind, which is in the brain, and so constructed in dependence upon it that the part in which the mind is not present, or to which it does not give its own life, is not a part of the life of the man."

The seat of will is in the cerebellum, and the seat of understanding in the cerebrum. It is often said that during sleep, which is of the cerebellum, the cerebellum rules the body, and if, before going to sleep, the cerebrum fixes the hour for waking, the cerebellum thus instructed wakes the cerebrum at the appointed time. As the subject of dreaming is always of great interest, and dreams have a great effect upon health and happiness, it may be well to consider what Mr. Worcester and others have enlarged upon, viz., that we can see in dreams a reflection of the prevailing tendencies of our will, and among these tendencies are often found some of an unpleasant character which can be overcome by steady determination to keep the thought fixed before falling asleep upon such topics as meet with our highest approbation, and concerning which we should be pleased to derive added information during sleep. The very texture of the cerebrum being directly affected by our modes of thinking, it is not difficult to see that mere size of brain is not so important as quality, and were we able to minutely examine by some psychic process the brain structure of various persons whose dispositions and attainments we desire to read, we should assuredly find that spiritually-minded people have soft orderly brains, while the brain of the sensualist is of a coarse texture, and disorderly in form. Softening of the brain is supposed to be a terrible and incurable disease, but the pathological condition called by that name is a loss of vitality, and general wasting away of the texture, while the harmonious physiological softening of the texture refers to improvement in the degree of greater delicacy or refinement of quality, as we distinguish rich soft fabrics, which are wonderfully enduring, from harsh coarse textures, which do not wear anything like so well.

It would require a series of lessons of considerable length to enter into anything like a sufficient description of the brain, or to give students a fair idea of its importance, and the magnitude of its sway over the entire body; we will, therefore, at this time only ask you to strive to realize that through the brain the entire body is acted upon; consequently, to arouse certain emotions in the brain by any kind of mental or telepathic action, is to awaken corresponding organs in their respective portions of the body.

For the following concise summary of important statements concerning the brain we are considerably indebted to Rev. John Worcester's "Physiological Correspondences," already alluded to, from whose elaborate dissertations we have condensed the pith as we understand it: The cerebrum is divided into hemispheres, and may be regarded in general as divided into two distinct sets of regions—those of CONSCIOUS SENSE and those of ACTION. The regions of sense lie in the lower and hinder part of the cerebrum; the region of action lies toward the front, and occupies all of the lobes immediately above the temples. In the area obliquely upward and backward from the ears devoted to perception of sensations, there is a simple arrangement of convolutions proceeding from below upwards in natural sequence from voluntary (or instinctive) to intellectual. The sense of touch resides in the large convolutions in the base of the cerebrum under the great ventricles. Upward behind the line of the ears, and backward, we find convolutions respectively devoted to taste, smell, hearing and sight; those devoted to sight are by far the largest. Above and in front of the region of sight, lie the convolutions which control the movements of the legs; those which move the arms are above the ears and somewhat forward; the face is controlled by the upper part of the frontal convolutions; the faculty of speech lies in the lower part just above the temples. Swedenborg says: "Through the fibres, the mind when it is in its thought from the understanding, and affection from the will, has extension into all things of the whole body."

It seems from all this that a perfect knowledge of the brain would be a sufficient education for the practical therapist who desires to affect the entire organic structure or any portion of it by appeal to the seat of consciousness whence all motion is derived. We do not consider it at all necessary to place physical fingers upon the scalp to arouse the faculties of the brain, but contend that the telepathic method minus any sort of physical contact is all sufficient, though there are, no doubt, many persons so strongly wedded to external methods and so deeply engrossed in physical sensations that they do actually find it necessary in their present stage of development to manipulate the skull. Let such act as they deem best, and they may rest secure in the conviction that an earnest desire to do good, accompanied by the assurance that good will be accomplished, is never effort thrown away—but our special object is to call direct attention to those purely psychical methods of reaching results, which, when once fairly apprehended, completely distance and banish all necessity for physical applications.

#### For Wakefulness

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Dr. J. C. How, Haverhill, Mass., says: "I have seen great benefit from the steady use of this preparation in cases of chronic wakefulness."

#### July Magazines.

THE CENTURY opens with a most interesting descriptive article on "Color in the Court of Honor at the Fair," by Royal Cortissoos, finely illustrated with engravings of decorations of the homes of the Liberal Arts Building. Mary Hartwell Catherwood continues her fascinating serial, "The White Islander," G. Z. S. Wood contributes brief sketches of "Famous Indians" of the present generation, illustrated with engravings of medallions of their faces modeled by Mr. Olin L. Warner. An engraving of Sarah Siddons, which appears as a frontispiece, accompanies an entertaining sketch of this Queen of Tragedy by Edmund Gosse. M. O. W. Oliphant contributes an intensely interesting article, profusely illustrated, entitled "The Author of Gulliver." Other articles not mentioned here, including two thoughtful "Open Letters," which merit careful perusal, complete the table of contents of this extremely strong number. The Century Company, Union Square, New York.

ST. NICHOLAS opens with a patriotic little poem, "The Ship's Colors," by Helen Gray Cone, with a frontispiece by W. H. Drake, and is followed by an affecting and powerful story entitled "The Eve of the Fourth," by Harold Frederic, a remembrance of wartime boyhood; John F. Ballantyne gives a careful review of the phenomenal growth of Chicago, and his comprehensive article is illustrated with fine engravings of its buildings, avenues and parks; Miss Soper's sketch of "Festival Days in Girls' Colleges" is bright and entertaining; Mrs. Jamison and W. O. Stoddard, two favorite authors for children, write the serials; other interesting articles are interspersed with several short poems, and altogether this is a most excellent number. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.—The latest portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes appears as a frontispiece, and accompanies an article of absorbing interest by Rev. Edward E. Hale, in which he indulges in reminiscences and relates conversations with the "Autocrat." "The Race to the North Pole," containing graphic accounts of the expeditions of Nansen and Jackson (by Hugh Robert Mill) and Lieut. Peary's expedition (by Cleveland Moffett), will be found fascinating reading by all who admire bravery, and have a love of adventure. Among other entertaining articles may be mentioned "Human Documents" (the portraits of distinguished people at different periods of their lives); "On the Track of the Reviewer" (a true story connected with the first publication of "Jane Eyre," with a portrait of Charlotte Brontë), etc. 743 and 745 Broadway, New York; S. S. McClure, Limited.

THE QUIVER opens with a paper on "My Friends the Costers—Past and Present," by G. Holden Pike, which all who are interested in philanthropic work will be glad to read for the useful suggestions it contains. "Costers" are what are called "peddlers" or "vendors" here. "Waste" is the subject of an article in which Rev. Hugh Macmillan shows that often that which we regard as "waste" is put to good use; "On Being Lonely" tells us how we may be company for ourselves. There is more than usual this month in the way of short stories, serial fiction and special articles. New York; Cassell Publishing Co.

THE HUMANITARIAN.—"Anthropometrical Descriptions; a New Method of Determining Identity," by A. Bertillon, has special reference to the identification of habitual criminals giving false names, by measurement of certain bony parts of the human frame; "To the Third and Fourth Generation" is the first installment of a serial story by Walter Besant; "Politics in the Home" is an able paper from the pen of Mrs. Henry Fawcett, the Woman's Suffrage lecturer. There are other interesting and instructive articles not mentioned. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Square, London, E. C.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE opens with a fine descriptive article, profusely illustrated, from the pen of Julius H. Ward, entitled "Mount Washington"; the admirers of that gifted novelist will be delighted with Oscar Fay Adams's sketch, "In the Footsteps of Jane Austen"; "Forests and Forestry in Europe and America," by Henry Lambert, will be read with more than ordinary interest by those who have watched with anxiety the cutting away of our forests; the department of fiction is well sustained, several complete stories and Helen Campbell's serial appearing; other admirable articles not mentioned are also given. New England Magazine Corporation, 231 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Charles Egbert Craddock's new serial, "His Vanished Star," which begins in this number, is a powerful story of Tennessee Mountain life. The plot develops quickly, and is intensely interesting. Among the many good things in this number may be mentioned "An English General Election," by Sir Edward Strachey; an entertaining story called "The Chase of Saint Casten," by Mrs. Catherwood; "In the Heart of the Summer," a charming paper interspersed with poetry, by Miss Edith Thomas; an interesting discussion of the question "If Public Libraries, why not Public Museums?" by Edward S. Morse. The papers on "Petrarch," and "Governor Morton and the Sons of Liberty," are also of interest. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for this month marks a radical step in periodical literature. With this issue, unchanged in form, the magazine is put on sale at twelve and one-half cents per copy. Some of the most brilliant and gifted authors in Europe and America contribute to its pages. A feature of this number is the triple frontispiece by Roghegrosse and Guillonnet. William Dean Howells will be a regular contributor during 1898-99. Published at 6th Avenue and 11th street, New York.

THE ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE opens with several complete stories, interspersed with short poems. Under the heading "Timely Topics," "Hospital Treatment" is discussed by C. H. Slocum; R. F. Stone, M. D., writes on the "Preservation of Public Health"; Jas. H. Jackson, M. D., contributes a short article on the "Habits of Sleeping." Many useful suggestions are contained in the article entitled "Of Interest to Women" and "Around the Home." 2319 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

THIS COMING DAY opens with an earnest plea for "Peace in the Church," by the editor, John P. Hops. To this end he maintains there must first be unity of sympathy and aspiration—not necessarily uniformity of belief; "Light on the Path" contains some sound truths; and other good articles are given. Williams & Norgate, Henrietta street, Covent Garden, London.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS contains an article on the "Origin of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; "A Discussion of Vivisection," (dialogue), by Albert Leffingwell, M. D., etc. Published by the American Society above noted, at 10 East 22d street, New York.

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Jan. 14, 1898.



## GRANDMOTHER GREY.

Grandmother Grey by the window sat,  
And looked at the setting sun,  
And watched the cows as they slowly came  
From the pastures one by one;  
And back again to the "long ago"  
Her memory traveled when he was young.  
While the dim light closed as she lived again  
Mid the scenes of the happy past.

"Let me see," she murmured, "ah yes, I well know  
It was there by the pasture gate  
That Robin with milking pail and stool  
For my coming used to wait.  
It was just a week of our wedding day  
That he fell so sick and died;  
And I laid my heart in the grave with him,  
And loved none other beside."

"But ah! it was for my father's sake  
That I wedded Farmer Grey,  
And we've both been tender and true and kind,  
And the years have slipped away,  
But I wonder much when the hour comes  
That my soul be called away,  
Shall I, as the wife of Farmer Grey,  
Seek Robin, my only love?"

And the sun went down in the golden west,  
And the cows came safely home,  
And Grandmother Grey by the window sat,  
While her thoughts seemed to roam.  
But the angels came for her waiting soul  
While the twilight shadows fell,  
And Grandmother Grey, the farmer's wife,  
With Robin has gone to dwell.

—Harper's Weekly.

## Banner Correspondence.

## Missouri.

OREGON.—"Holt" writes: "How is the duplex personality of the dreamer to be accounted for? For example: In a dream some person addresses the dreamer, who sees the speaker, sees his lips moving, but hears only an indistinct murmur, and exclaims, 'Speak louder! I cannot hear what you say.' The speaker rises again, but only a faint murmur is heard by the dreamer, who repeats the request, 'Louder!' Finally he hears, slowly and distinctly, a communication that startles him. As each word is uttered, he has not the remotest conception of what will be the next one, and when the whole is delivered, he is so astonished and disturbed that he probably awakens with his heart thumping."

Has the dreamer addressed to himself this news?  
Again: The dreamer is walking the streets of his native town, where all is precisely as it was over fifty years ago. He is overtaken by one who was a young man when he was a child, and who, in the dream, seems to be about thirty-eight or forty. He has not thought of this person, his family or their residence for over forty years. In fact, all memory of them and their name had passed from his recollection, and he would never have recalled them but for the dream.

He is, he dreams, invited into the very house this family lived in, but left over forty years ago when they removed from the town, and he never again heard or thought of them, as he left the place about the same time. The dreamer and the man enter the house, and converse awhile; then dreamer starts up, begging to be excused. As he passes out through a hall, he hears a voice singing, and opening the front door he sees a child, a little girl he never saw before. He speaks to her, and at the same time hears another voice exclaiming, 'I am the person to address; I am the one to speak to.' Turning he sees a young woman he never saw in his life, in her bare feet, too, who repeats her strange words. Dreamer says he just left the house, and saw G. R. therein. He proceeds on his way, but turning around he sees G. R. in his shirt-sleeves and bare-headed talking to the woman. G. R. is the man who invited him into the house, and is the person whose name he had forgotten. So far as he can remember, the dreamer never spoke to him in his life, and only knew of him as a very little child might know of a young man who happened to live in the same town fifty or more years ago. Now the dreamer is doing all this himself. He is surprised to find he is acting two parts. In one he proceeds normally and self-consciously, but in the other is acting upon himself, just as any second person might by surprising him with communications and actions perfectly strange to him. It would seem like two separate individuals in one body, one being the ordinary everyday personage, self-conscious and familiar to himself, the other surprising and puzzling the first by things utterly new and strange—often giving matter beyond the utmost reach of his own capacity. Has his ever been satisfactorily explained? The dreams referred to actually occurred, and no doubt like dreams are familiar to all of us.

Another phase of strange dreaming is when you meet with people of your dreams. You know them; you have met them often at various places in your dreams, but never once in real life. You cannot recall their faces by day or while awake, but once in a long while you see them in some dream, perhaps with new faces around them too, but there are some of the old dream-faces you know so well. Those who dream much, or rather who remember their dreams, must have many such old familiar friends of dreamland."

## Indiana.

FORT WAYNE.—H. V. Swearing writes: "That demonstrable proof of a future existence should antagonize a church that teaches it by faith and hope, is beyond my comprehension. Must we sit idly by and hug the delusive phantom of hope of immortality without making any effort at all to settle definitely the question of a future existence? Are not the sheep of the fold going astray, scattering for the want of something tangible, more assuring than hope?"

The church is supposed to be a religious or spiritual school; the preacher is supposed to be a teacher, and the parishioners his pupils, but, in proportion to the development of thought in the pews will be the difficulty of the preacher to instruct, unless his mental evolution proceeds *pari passu*. No parishioner can help thinking, and if the pupil does not keep pace with the teacher is certain to result. We are gregarious animals in a moral as well as a physical sense, and are apt to follow in the tracks pointed out by a few leaders, or to trail in the largest crowd. This will account for the struggle of science with religion, and of Spiritualism with Orthodoxy.

When the church confesses, however, as it has done, that it does not know that death does not end all, it is time that it was making some effort at least to obey the Scriptural injunction to 'add to its faith knowledge.' A grand opportunity is now offered it to add to its faith in a knowledge of a future existence, but it contemptuously rejects it, seemingly content to follow rather than to lead in the grand march of progressive thought."

## Maine.

BELFAST.—Miss A. A. Hicks, under date of July 18th, writes: "Mrs. M. E. Wentworth of Knox, Me., is one of our best speakers in this State. She has lectured acceptably in Lowell, Haverhill, Newburyport and other places in Massachusetts, and in all the principal cities in Maine, where she is best known and most loved. As an inspirational speaker she is clear, logical and uplifting, and as a woman she is quiet, modest, unassuming, always having the broadest charity for every person, however much he or she may differ from her in opinion."

## Massachusetts.

HAVERHILL.—Dr. W. L. Jasp writes: "A short time since it was my pleasure to hear an aged lady—who is a consistent Spiritualist—say, in commendation of your valuable journal: 'I have taken the BANNER OF LIGHT ever since its publication, and it is the comfort of my last days on earth to peruse its columns, especially the spirit communications. I await, with impatience, its coming every week to bring me the cheering and uplifting influence, and I can never give it up.' The testimony of all is the same—THE BANNER is the joy and comfort of many."

## Free Thought.

## The Two Commonwealths of Boston.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

In *The Arena* for March B. O. Flower gives the story of his journeys through these Commonwealths, one the Commonwealth of Wealth, the other the Commonwealth of Want. In the latter he finds what is sure to be found in all large cities, misery, degradation, and enforced idleness. He found wretched, despairing beings to whom life, the glorious gift of the Infinite, is a grievous burden, and an endless struggle that death only can end. He found foul alleys, plague-breeding rookeries, and damp, sombre cellars, the dwelling-places of the inhabitants of the Commonwealth of Want, where in the cold of winter and heat of summer they alternately freeze and swelter. Everywhere was squalor, everywhere the mark of dire poverty and privation.

In the Commonwealth of Wealth Mr. Flower finds the reverse of this sad picture: elegant homes rise on every hand, massive and costly churches are there, where its inhabitants worship their God one day in seven robes in purple and fine linen, imagining they are followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, but whose teaching they have wholly failed to apprehend. There is nothing to offend the eye in this Commonwealth; poverty's gaunt form can find no resting-place within its domain; all bear the stamp of plenty, elegance and ease.

From the substantial and fine surroundings Mr. Flower is drawn to study the faces of the people who dwell in the Commonwealth of the rich. He finds "no marks of content thereon," but rather an anxious, wearied, careworn expression, showing that wealth "had not given the priceless pearl of life, serenity of soul." It would seem, then, from Mr. Flower's observation during his pilgrimages through these two Commonwealths that the present existing social order is detrimental to rich and poor alike, the one being starved in body, the other in soul. After describing the reckless extravagance, lavish and wasteful expenditure that he finds in the Commonwealth of the rich, and the abject poverty and wretchedness that he finds in that of want, Mr. Flower asks, "Is it right?" and further says, it is the most solemn question that confronts our present civilization. "It seems to me the question is not 'Is it right?' but what can we do to change it? Now the moral order so as to make it impossible for this state of things to exist? What can we do to abolish the Commonwealth of Want at once and forever?"

Mr. Flower does not propose any remedy; he gives us the picture, and then leaves us; unless it may be the suggestion of what the rich might do for the poor, were they so inclined. I believe the poor need justice, instead of charity—well-paid employment, not alms giving. Going down into the slums to live, or paying occasional visits to dole out gifts of money, will do no permanent good, and the poor are the miserable beings that are born and reared in the polluted atmosphere of the Domain of Want with honesty and morality.

But there is a perfect and complete cure for our social ills, a sensible and just plan. It is found in Nationalism. Nationalism goes to the root of the trouble; it does not smooth over and give ease for the time being, leaving the diseased state still active. It is not a palliative, but a permanent cure, and that is what we need; we have had superficial remedies long enough. Would Mr. Flower but acquaint himself with the principles and purposes of Nationalism, then should he give his readers another picture of the extremes of poverty and wealth found in our midst, instead of asking the question, "Is it right?" he would be able to find a way out of these unjust conditions, and give a gleam whereby the Commonwealth of Want may be changed to the Commonwealth of Plenty; and this without any sudden overturn of society or use of violent measures.

If Mr. Flower really has the good of humanity at heart, and sincerely desires that a more just and righteous social order shall obtain, let his effort be in a direction that shall secure permanent and lasting results, and this can only come through Nationalism, in my opinion.

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

[We publish the above under the heading of "Free Thought," not fully endorsing the sentiments therein expressed. But we do believe our correspondent has instanced to our friend, Mr. Flower, several cardinal points that he has skipped, in order to show that he is no friend to the so-called Nationalist Association. An answer to our correspondent would, we think, be in order in these columns.]—EDS. B. OF L.

## From the "Other Shore."

## Spirit Identity.

Appropos of Charles H. Foster, whom we alluded to in our April leader, a professional gentleman recently related to us the following experience with the celebrated medium.

At the time Foster was in Melbourne I had occasion to visit a patient at the White Hart Hotel, where Foster was staying. Whilst descending the stairs on my return, I met a gentleman who, from the description I had heard of him, I took to be Foster. Asking him the question, I received an affirmative reply; expressed my pleasure at meeting him, and told him I should like to make arrangements with him for a séance at his convenience. He informed me he was just going to give a séance, and advised me to come at once. There were several persons in the room; and after Foster had attended to a few of them, he spoke to me, telling me that my mother was standing by me. I replied, 'If my mother is here, I would like her to give me her full name.' Immediately the medium's countenance changed, and speaking to me in a feminine voice, he said, 'You know, I never used my second name, but if you desire it I will write it on the medium's arm.' The medium then bared his arm; the company gathered round, and there appeared raised letters in name of "Domestic." This was my mother's name, and the handwriting was similar to her own. Again controlling the medium, he said, 'You did not have the name engraved correctly on my tombstone.' I expressed myself as unaware of any error, and asked what it was. She replied, that the second 'E' was omitted in the second name.

My mother had been buried in a country churchyard, distant from London, and I had given instructions for the inscription on her tombstone, but leaving England, had not examined the work.

Three years subsequent to my séance with Foster, and twenty-five after my mother's interment, business called me to England, and with my son I visited the old churchyard in S.

The inscription on which was partly covered with moss, but scraping it off with my knife, I found the second 'E' in the middle name had been omitted.

"How will the 'unconscious cerebration,' 'dual consciousness,' or 'astral shell' theories fit in with this experience? Our informant is a clear-headed man of high attainments, and whose probity is unimpeachable.—*The Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

## [Swedish Testimony.]

An interesting story from Sweden. In the counting-house of Herr Fidler, a merchant in Gothenburg, a young woman is employed as correspondent. One day she wrote involuntarily the name "Sven Stromborg"—a name wholly unknown to her. Her employer is a Spiritualist, and at a séance held shortly after in his own house the medium was asked if she could throw any light on it. She is a Swede, but in answer the following was, curiously enough, written in English: "Stromborg wishes you to tell his family that he died in Wisconsin on March 13th, 1891, and was buried in the cemetery at Jemland. He believed he had lived in Jemland. Is there such a place? In any case he is dead, and his wife and children are in America." As Stromborg was thought

to be present, some photographs were taken, and on one plate was found a man's head above that of the medium, and through the writing-medium came the following: "That is the portrait of Stromborg, about whom I spoke to you. He did not die in Wisconsin, but in New Stockholm, not on the 13th, but on the 3d of March. He formerly dwelt at Ström-Stoking, in Jemland. He went to America in 1888. He was married, and the father of three children, and died respected and lamented by everybody. He desires me to beg you not to take too much trouble on his account." The medium said, later, that he wished the photographs and information of his death to be sent to his relatives in Ström-Stoking. The pastor of this place was written to, and in reply he said he could find no such name on his register. Herr Fidler then wrote the Immigration Commissioner, who reported that there was no such place in North America. Finally a letter was sent to Herr Oles, a personal friend of Fidler's, and in about six weeks the latter received the following particulars: "A farmer named Sven Stromborg, born at Ström-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, died in the previous spring on the settlement of New Stockholm in the Assiniboine district, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement was begun in 1888." The information of the death appeared in the Manitoba Free Press of July 1st, 1891, and on Aug. 8th Herr Fidler received a letter from Sven Stromborg, a friend of the deceased, reporting that Sven Stromborg died on March 31st. On Sept. 8th the same gentleman had a communication from the Ström-Stoking clergyman explaining that he had discovered the real name of deceased to have been Sven Ersson, but that, after his arrival in America, he had, for some unknown reason, taken the name of Stromborg. The dates 3d and 13th, instead of 31st, appear to have been errors of the medium. The date on which the young clerk wrote the name was April 3d.—*London Light.*

## New Publications.

DESCRIPTIVE MENTALITY. By Holmes Whitier Merton.  
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"OUR LITTLE DOCTOR." HELEN CHAIR-BEIGHLE AND THE MAGIC POWER OF HER ELECTRIC HAND. By J. J. Owen, late editor of the *Golden Gate*. 23 First Street, San Francisco: The Hicks-Judd Co.  
This little volume—in deep sympathy with reform in medical practice—is a sketch of the life, mediumistic experiences and work of a healing medium in California, with testimonials from grateful patients.

PROBLEMS IN LETTERS to his Wife and Others: with explanatory notes and additional matter, by Arnold H. Heilmann. This work begins by giving the strong but kindly face of the children's friend as an appropriate frontispiece. The book really affords both an idea of the mental processes of the founder of the "Kindergarten" and a brief of the history of the movement as well. No one can casually run through the headings of the seven chapters and introductory into which the work is divided, without being penetrated with a sense of tender heart labor and a vast expenditure of vital action aimed through life at the advancement of human good. The letters given have never before been made public. Truly says another, in view of this book and its lessons, his (F's) work has now found recognition, "too late for him who died in poverty and under the ban of the government, but in season for his fame, and for the spread of his ideas in all lands." Lee & Shepard, publishers, 10 Milk street, Boston.

THE SELECT WORKS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN is the title of a collection of his best writings, by Epes Sargent. Especially by the general reader—who is more familiar with Franklin's personal celebrity than with his ability as a writer and essayist—this volume, gotten up in convenient form and size, will be appreciated. It contains all Franklin's purely literary productions of merit, his best letters and a number of his philosophical writings. In the introductory Memoir some new facts and interesting details are given not found in any other biographical account. Lee & Shepard, publishers, 10 Milk street, Boston.

SPIRIT-GUIDED; OR, RE-UNITED BY THE DEAD, by E. W. Wallis. Is a fine story founded on fact, recording, in an interesting manner, the spiritual experiences occurring in the life of the author or in the lives of those with whom he has been acquainted, published by E. W. Wallis (editor of *The Two Worlds*), 73A Corporation street, Manchester, England.

THE RUSSIAN REFUGEE, a novel, by Henry R. Wilson. Is received. Charles H. Kerr & Co., publishers, 175 Monroe street, Chicago.

The following have been received:  
ETHANISM; OR, WISE MEN REVIEWED. By Ripley. Atlanta, Ga.: Constitution Publishing Co.  
MORTAL MAN. By A. Easton. A poem in pamphlet form. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.  
ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF JOHN B. STETSON UNIVERSITY, DeLand, Fla.

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VON USEG.

Das Buch giebt Auskunft über Manches, was bisher noch in Dunkel gehüllt war, und beweist klar den Spruch, dass es mehr Dinge giebt zwischen Himmel und Erde, als unsere Schwieltzheit sich träumen lässt.

Die geistige Welt ist ein Reich, welches sich nicht durch die Sinne, sondern durch die Vernunft erkennen lässt, und das geistige Leben nach dem Tode ist klar und vernünftig, ja sogar an der Hand völlig materieller Wissenschaften, unwiderleglich bewiesen, und so wird das Werkchen ein wertvolles Buch für die geistige Fortbildung der Menschheit, bestimmt, uns über die Plackerien des täglichen Lebens zu erheben. Es giebt uns mehr als die Hoffnung, es giebt uns die Gewissheit, dass nach dem Tode ein geistiges Leben in jenes geistige Reich, welches wir das ewige nennen.

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

## Spiritual is Natural—A Clear Exposition.

A very able article on the relation of natural law to the existence of a spiritual universe, from the pen of the widely-known correspondent of THE BANNER, Mr. J. J. Morse of London, appears in a late issue of THE TWO WORLDS, in which he maintains that the intelligent Spiritualist unhesitatingly admits the operation of natural law as a factor in all problems pertaining to existence, whatever the plane upon which the existence may be expressed. But he can with difficulty repress a smile when those who talk so earnestly about natural law oppose their non knowledge to his actual knowledge; as, for example, when they so vigorously assert that there can be no "spiritual" world, as it is contrary to natural law.

The twin difficulties involved in the case, says Mr. Morse, lie in the meaning of the terms "natural" and "spiritual," for upon these two questions turns the whole matter. A circle with two centres is an impossibility, yet an ellipse with two foci—an extension of the principle of a circle—is an ordinary and acknowledged fact. Without just now stating matter and spirit to be the two foci of an ellipse representing the dual universe, the thought, or conception, may well be kept in mind.

The generally accepted teachings of natural law are that the universe is described as sufficient for its own phenomena, that matter and force are correlatives, that force is indestructible, that the sum of the universe ever remains the same, that a beginning, in the sense of creating, is unknown, that phenomena represent the conditioning of matter under law, and that life and death, formation and deformation, represent the incessant and unending alternations in the play of constructive and destructive forces. These statements can be freely accepted, so long as we attend wholly to effects and secondary causations; they are a rough summary of our knowledge of how some things are done, and that is all; they shed no light upon the reason for their being done so, nor do they in the slightest degree solve the problem of the nature of the basic force, if one there be. If material phenomena are modes of force, the intangible is responsible for the tangible as one of its modes. The inquiry is—Is it the only mode?

Admitting the supremacy of natural law, the question arises: Is natural law confined to this world, or has it a universal application to all other planets, suns, systems and universes? In other words, will the natural laws that account for the existence and conditioning of this world equally account for like matters in regard to all other worlds? And if so, must we, then, not admit that our knowledge of natural law, being limited to our achievements, must also limit our interpretation of the possibilities that may still lie beyond us, either in this or any other world, for we cannot honestly say we know all yet?

There are three hypotheses to account for the existence of this earth: that it has always existed; that it was thrown off the sun as a tributary body; and that it was "created" by God. Naturally those who believe the last will reject the teachers of the first as heartily as those teachers would reject the believers. Yet both hypotheses may be true, though in a sense not accepted by either. The testimony of physical astronomy, geology, chemistry and mathematics, altogether tends to support the middle hypothesis, leading to the conclusion that the prime state of the earth was that of a nebulous, annular body, surrounding its source and ultimately losing its annular homogeneity by the creation of a special centre of gravity, which, asserting sufficient influence upon the mass, became a nucleus around which the nebulous mass aggregated.

Accepting as true this theory, the condition of this earth at the time of its evolution from the sun was that of an amorphous, nebulous, incandescent mass, a huge sphere of fire, and utterly unlike the present earth we are all familiar with. Further still, chemical analysis shows that it is possible to so reduce matter that it is resolved back, apparently, to its elements and primal forces. And right here occur three points: from the primal elements have come chemical substance, organic substance—vegetable and animal—and consciousness, sensation, instinct, and intelligence. Are all these modes of force? If so, force is potentially possessed of these several things that it (force) thus actualizes in the conditioning of itself. This "conditioning" represents what is described as matter, or the material world.

No grave objection need be raised. There seems to be some potential sub-stance which, working along one line of operation, ultimates in the condition called matter. Is this substance capable of operation upon any other line? Is it wise to argue the eternal persistence of a material universe? May not "death," either in minerals, trees or men, be but a devolution of forces, that such parts as are fit may be, as it were, lifted up? Else how account for the ascent of conditioning, from the impalpable to the palpable, from the inorganic to the organic?

If we look upon the earth as a mode, or condition, which had a commencement, may it not end? And if natural law has a universal application, may not commencing and endings, not of force or of the sub-stance of being, but of modes and conditions as represented in earth, suns and systems, follow as a natural result? And as the sub-stance is indestructible it may vary in its modes, and create, consequently, new or other conditions and phenomenal manifestations, as real in their order as any known to us in our order. In which case, a "spirit" world or a "matter" world are but differing modes—conditionings—of the one underlying persistent sub-stance. The "spirit" world is succedant to the "matter" world, and, possibly, carrying forward the results of this conditioning to a further unfolding of the potentialities contained in them.

Concluding, Mr. Morse maintains that the spiritual world of the Spiritualists rests upon the indestructibility of the sub-stances of the universe, of which it is a mode or conditioning, and is therefore in complete harmony with natural law, upon which it rests, and by which it is only possible. Matter and spirit can thus be described as terms defining variant manifestations of the one sub-stance, on differing planes of conditioning. The spiritual world thus established has nothing in common with mystical transcendentalism or ignorant supernaturalism.

## Held Fast to the Truth as Known.

In their resistance to the efforts of Error for the ascendancy at this day and hour, Spiritualists should work unwaveringly for the Truth as it has been given to them to see it. Side issues, false definitions, new names which popularity-seekers may have framed for its eternal principles, should be powerless to usurp the place of the Cause as they have known it in the past.

SPIRITUALISM, without prefix, affix or "psychical" substitution whatever, has done the work to the present time, and still deserves the friendship and sustentation of the friends of human advancement everywhere. While thought and speculation, incident to varying individualities, may be safely indulged in, they should never be warped toward the contradiction of our demonstrated facts, or the setting of them aside.

Credulity, materialistic and other hostilities and ambitions are ready to adopt no end of forms and methods for the sake of carrying out their ends in community. So let Spiritualists hold fast to the main purpose of their adopted calling and belief, turning neither to the right hand nor the left. This does not by any means imply bigotry, but is rather a summons to steadiness of aim and continuity of effort for the main end.

## "Experiences of Hon. Sidney Dean."

Under the above heading, the *Herald of Light* (Melbourne, Australia) for June 1st—an unusually excellent number of this always valued exchange—speaks as follows concerning the original papers by this distinguished contributor, which we published a few months since:

"THE BANNER OF LIGHT contains a series of papers by Hon. Sidney Dean, entitled 'Some Facts and Thoughts concerning Psychic Phenomena.' They are deeply interesting as demonstrations of the action of discrete intelligences claiming to be persons of different earthly nationalities, and giving characteristic evidences in support of their claims.

Mr. Dean is a medium for automatic writing, and the matter written through his hand is often at variance with his belief, so that in his earlier experiences he sometimes refused to allow the control to continue the writing.

He describes four distinct intelligences who used his hand and gave names totally unknown to him, viz.: 'Issax,' a Confucian; 'Kehebar,' a Persian; 'Zadakar,' a sun-worshiper, and 'Nonamookie,' an Egyptian astrologer. They wrote alternately in hieroglyphs and English."

## Something that Should be Understood.

Certain of our very good correspondents, who aver that they prefer THE BANNER to any other similar journal, sometimes query why we do not print their favors on more prominent pages than (as they consider) they at intervals find them; but we wish these kind friends and contributors to understand that every page of this paper is prominent—from first to eighth inclusive! Not a line of matter, probably—whether original or selected—which appears in THE BANNER, is omitted perusal by its thousands of readers: although some are not Spiritualists in the full sense of the term, they admire its course in opposition to "doctors' plot laws," its defense of the rights of the North American Indian, its position on the anti-vaccination question; and its clear chronicle of the spread of liberal views among the people and clergy of the various denominations. THE BANNER desires to thank all its friends for their kindly words and efficient aid, while, of course, it is necessary that it reserve to itself at all times full freedom of editorial action.

Our many readers who have followed from week to week the beautiful and spiritual as well as spirited-story by Prof. Carlyle Petersilea, as it has been unrolled on our first page, will find the installment given in this issue of special interest.

The Medium and Daybreak of July 14th publishes an interesting letter from Capt. Ploumde, who has (formerly) contributed at intervals to the columns of THE BANNER. He is now engaged in spiritual work in Japan among the natives, with whose language he is familiar, and has met with great success, and much encouragement. He is under engagement to go on a tour throughout the country after the rainy season, making short addresses at intervals throughout the day.

## At Onset.

The thousands of Spiritualists in Massachusetts and adjoining States do not seem to fully understand that the week-day conference meetings at Onset are just as interesting and important as the Sunday convocations. This fact was demonstrated to us on a recent Thursday, as we made a brief call on our good friend, President Storor, whose genial presence adorns the rostrum on all public occasions. Long may he reside in the material to conduct the Spiritualists' Camp-Meetings at Onset. Without his magnetic presence there would be a void indeed. We attended the Thursday meeting mentioned above with much satisfaction; we had no previous idea that so many happy people, both old and young, would be in attendance during a week-day. The seats of the Auditorium were nearly all filled (and they comfortably accommodate over twenty-five hundred people). Among the large audience we were greeted by many old acquaintances, who have been and still are true friends of THE BANNER.

Some of the hotels have plenty of customers. The new café opposite the steamboat wharf is a cosy place for a lunch. We were invited with several friends to dine there recently by Bro. Wm. F. Nye of New Bedford, the "refined oil" expert (whose oils are used in all civilized countries).

The lecture at the rostrum, July 20th, by Mrs. E. E. R. Nickless, was a superb oratorical production, and was listened to throughout with the closest attention by her unquestionably appreciative hearers. This lady subsequently gave a series of individual tests; all except one (to which there was no response) were acknowledged to be correct. She is unquestionably an extraordinary clairvoyant, as she gives with great clearness names and dates, and incidents in the lives of the excommunicated, with whom she suddenly comes in rapport. (Other of our mediums also possess this wonderful talent, which puzzles the "Psychic Researchers.") The singing was excellent.

On Friday afternoon (21st) Bro. EDGAR W. EMERSON (who is an extremely modest young man) spoke to a good audience, and gave very fine tests of spirit-presence.

The rostrum was occupied, last Sunday, July 23d, by Mr. Emerson in the forenoon, and by Mr. George Colby in the afternoon; (the latter was also announced for the following Tuesday, the 25th.)

On Thursday, the 27th, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock will expatiate upon the grand facts of the Spiritual Philosophy. This lady, we happen to know, is a fine psychometrist. On the 28th and 29th Mr. A. E. Tisdale (an excellent inspirational speaker) will lecture. On Sunday, July 30th, Mr. Tisdale speaks in the forenoon, and Mr. J. Frank Baxter (the noted test and musical medium) in the afternoon.

On Friday, the 27th, we met many friends at Onset last Sunday, especially friend A. B. Gardner (of Providence) and several others, who cordially welcomed us to the grounds, and spoke in earnest terms of the grand work of the BANNER OF LIGHT in enlightening the world in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy of the nineteenth century.

We lunched at the Hotel Brockton, which is a well-conducted hostelry; here one can have first-class board and room, by the day or week, at moderate prices.

On Sunday, July 23d, by special invitation of Bro. W. F. Nye, we dined at his cottage, where we met a pleasant company, ladies and gentlemen (some from New York). If the mediums, who possess different phases of mediumship, would let the public know of their localities on the grounds, by advertisements in THE BANNER, no doubt they would have many more customers than at present. Why they do not is one of the mysteries that we cannot understand. If mediums, everywhere, do not do anything to aid in sustaining their representative journals—when many of them, at least, are able so to do—how can they expect us and our contemporaries to successfully compete with the enemies of Spiritualism on the material plane of life?—although on the spiritual plane we are far in advance of them.

## Our Indian Wards.

Is the title of a book written by Hon. G. W. Manypenny, and published by Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati. It is a royal quarto of four hundred and thirty pages, bound in library cloth. The author of this work was Commissioner of Indian Affairs from 1853 to 1857, Chairman of the Sioux Commission of 1876, and of the Ute Commission of 1880-'83. He has been for over thirty years noted for his admiration for the Indian character, and for his devotion to the best interests of that much-abused race.

His book is a history of the dealings with the Indians by this government—and a truthful history. Everybody should read it.

Dr. T. A. Bland, who owns an edition of this book, has left it for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, at \$2 per copy (postage free)—the regular publishers' price being \$3.

The sale of the book will decidedly benefit Dr. Bland; and those wishing to assist him, and to receive at the same time a valuable consideration for their outlay, will do well to obtain a copy of this work.

BORDERLAND.—The first number of this new quarterly review—issued in London, Eng., by Mr. W. T. Stead—has just reached us; we shall speak more fully concerning it in the next number of THE BANNER.

A "World's Currency."—The fresh and excited discussion of the monetary issue, at present going on in all countries claiming a place in the circle of modern civilization, leads some people to the conclusion that the world is gradually outgrowing the necessity of using metal money, as it existed before the days of steam and electricity. The *Votes* (N. Y.), for example, holds that the business enterprises of the world have grown so tremendous that the present metallic standards fail to supply a safe and stable basis for our currency. The progress of events must bring us nearer and nearer to a universal credit currency of some sort, secured by some international arrangement. Some day, adds *The Votes*—perhaps not until the "parliament of man, the federation of the world," has become a reality—it ought to be possible to exchange labor for labor, and value for value the whole world round, without the use of a metal dollar of any sort. There is no reasonable question about it. The very process of realizing a universal brotherhood will almost inevitably bring about an arrangement of this character. The world moves. The past is all the time becoming more and more the past. The newly-discovered forces are rapidly becoming agencies for dissolving distance, and drawing the nations of the globe into closer intimacy and fraternity.

One Woman's Influence!—No member of the race—young or old—is wholly bad or demoralized. There is an oasis of good in every desert of human ill if it be but reached, and apprehended. Witness this rough tribute to one woman's influence, from the *San Francisco Examiner*. *Spiritualism* teaches that she who did such work in sandy hearts while on earth will do far better from her home in the skies:

A BAYVIEW SCHOOL-BOY'S LETTER.—A boy down at the State Reform School wrote an odd little letter to the superintendent the other day.

"Dear Sir, don't think me fresh, but I want to ask you a favor. Your wife won't just die and was awful good to me and she learned me to garden. Will you let me take care of her grave while I'm here? I don't want flowers she liked, and I'd feel real good if you'd let me plant them. I like grave. I'll take real good care of them. Hoping you won't think me fresh, yours truly,

And the name that was signed to that letter would make a San Francisco policeman open his eyes!

## Maranacook, Me.

Stretching for seven miles, with Headfield at its northern end and Winthrop at its southern, lies Maranacook Lake, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in Maine. What with its scenery of vari-foliated trees, thickly covering the rising and hilly banks, retiring to and backed by higher wooded elevations, and here and there an open vista, exposing some nestling farm, or reaching far to some blue-capped prominence, and with its several lovely islands, the lake and its surroundings are most picturesque viewed from any point, on land or on water, and, in localities, most romantic indeed.

Along the western side, not many rods from the shore, extends the main line of the Maine Central Railroad from Portland to Waterville, via Lewiston, and between this road and the lake, not far from midway the latter's length, is cleared a most beautiful grove for resort and picnicking.

A large hotel for summer visitors, with additional and convenient rooms and space for accommodating hundreds with needful rest and refreshment; a spacious pavilion for dancing; a semi-circular amphitheatre of sheltered seats with large space in front adjusted to and provided with movable long benches—making it easy to seat a thousand people to face a large raised and railed platform which serves as rostrum upon occasion, or band-stand on requirement; a long wooden landing for boats, row, sail and steam, lining the grove's front or shore, and numerous swings, hammocks, lunch tables and scattered seats, are among the many conveniences adapting the resort to almost any conceivable gathering.

Near, and projecting from the northwestern shore, is a point of land bending gracefully and making south in the lake, so as to bring its body directly opposite the picnic grove described. It can be reached by foot or horse with a few minutes' drive or walk around, or by boat in less time by beeline across. This point of land, covering several acres, is the property of David W. Craig, well-known in business circles in Boston, and a resident of Malden. He has had possession some four or five years, but the place must be visited to see what advantages he has had and improved in making it one of the most desirable and enjoyable retreats for summer recreation and outing that can be found. Not every one who may desire, but any well disposed, bound to certain restrictions and rules, may purchase and build. The place is, therefore, secured to order and rest, pleasantest associations, and, when needful, to quiet reserve.

Several cottages are erected, ornamented in excellent taste, and furnished for comfort and ease. The owners number seven: David W. Craig (Eastern Agent for the Diebold Safe and Lock Co., Boston); Isaac B. Rich, (of the firm of Colby & Rich, publishers of THE BANNER), proprietor of the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston; W. S. Butler, (prominent merchant, corner of Tremont and Bowditch streets, Boston); Geo. E. Newgent (of the wholesale clothing houses, 22 Summer street and 85 Hawley street, Boston); C. P. Haughian (Vice President of the celebrated Chrome Steel Works of Brooklyn, N. Y., with Judge Underhill (of Canton, O.); George Sheridan, W. H. Butler, Capt. Kennedy, and Nathan Washburn (inventor of the celebrated Washburn Car Wheel), all of New York, as his guests.

Mr. Haughian possesses the cottage owned and formerly occupied by Mr. W. C. Tallman of Boston (late agent for the Grand Trunk Railroad). The latter gentleman is still a frequent visitor to camp. A cottage owned by Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Longley is closed in their absence this season. A fine new cottage has just been completed, and is occupied by the owner, Charles H. Fay, (formerly in the Government's service in Boston, and recently of the Boston Daily News.) These owners, with their families and friends to the number of above one hundred, form as social and cordial a body of summer colonists as can be found within the limits of New England. From nearly every cottage float loyally the stars and stripes over the country.

A very large sum has been expended in improvements. Several steam launches are owned by residents and neighbors, and frequent cruises are enjoyed by them and freely proffered to transients. Altogether it would be difficult to find a more desirable place or jovial, and at the same time respectable people, than Craig's Point and its colonists afford to all who are so disposed who would spend pleasantly the summer months, or even a picnic-day, or in attendance upon some one of its several Sunday out-of-door meetings.

Last Sunday, July 23d, was a lovely day, and it chanced to be one of those days set apart by the Point cottagers for a Sunday gathering. Being mostly Spiritualists, (though other denominations are numbered in the social and friendly colony,) it was decided to make it a grove meeting for Spiritualists and those who might desire to know of Spiritualism.

At times before interesting gatherings on a small scale had been held, with Mrs. Longley, Mrs. Butler, Mr. Kirby and others, as instructors and mediums, but they were held on the lawn, under the shady, umbrageous trees of the Point itself, and to a certain degree were naturally exclusive. But on this occasion it was determined to arouse the attention and interest of the country around. So it was deemed best to hold the assembly in the great grove. Accordingly Superintendent Tucker of the Railroad was sought in consultation, and he was fully in accord, and proffered a full band, and excursion trains from Skowhegan, Waterville, Farmington, Lewiston, Auburn, Portland and all intermediate points, at remarkably low rates.

The trains brought in fifteen hundred to two thousand excursionists, while from surrounding country, by carriages and on foot, came some seven or eight hundred more, which, with the Craig's Point residents and friends, swelled the number to about three thousand. Hundreds in the forenoon enjoyed the swings and the boats, while the major part of the crowds visited and chatted, or listened to the fine music of the Waterville (Me.) Military Band of thirty pieces, R. B. Hall, cornet soloist and conductor. The program offered at intervals from 11:30 to 1 o'clock was thoroughly appreciated, enjoyed and applauded, and was as follows:

March—"Dunlap Commandery" (new), R. B. Hall Overture—"Nabucodonosor" Verdi Selection—"Lucia" Arranged by Claude Valer—"Symphony" Bendix Grand Selection—"Wagnerian" Arranged by Boyer Bolero—"La Es-tudiantina,"

Baritone Solo—"Serenade" Arranged by Lauendeau R. B. Hall.

Mr. J. W. Sawyer Grand Columbian National Potpourri. The noon hour found hundreds luncheon or dining at the hotel; hundreds more at the picnic tables and benches, or in groups beneath the trees with their baskets and spreads; groups at table and in converse; children at play; merry peals of laughter from all quarters; parties gathered in song; and in secluded groves, here and there, private friendly séances in which certain ones were in converse with their spirit-friends.

At two o'clock the management, and Spiritualists were curious and anxious to know how many would listen or show interest in the cause of Spiritualism, for the whole afternoon was to be devoted to its consideration, the railroad officials in their posters making it the special reason for assembling, as the Point managers had designed, and themselves advertised. It was the first spiritual meeting of its nature ever held in this vicinity.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter as lecturer, vocalist and medium, had been secured for the occasion.

His work in other parts of Maine was well known, and his friends were legion. It was a surprise to learn that he had more of them than he could accommodate, and he had come long distances to meet and listen to him. By reputation he was well known here, and by all was anticipated with interest. When, with Chairman Craig, he took his place as introduced, he faced and was surrounded by not less than fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred people. It was not in its entirety and greater feeling a sympathetic audience, and yet with all its promiscuity and element of curiosity, it became almost as a unit welded in interest. A fall of rain at one time brought up umbrellas, and drove some to sheltering near-by places, but the spell was not broken, for they lingered, and with the flurry over back they gradually came, and more solidly than before packed and banked the great auditorium.

Mr. Baxter, even as lecturer, by his magnetism and interesting treatment of his subject, held them to a person. Everybody surprisingly remarked it. It was as one prominent public man said: "I have attended political, religious and reform meetings in public places and groves, and where generally the subject was not as popular as Spiritualism, and I never saw a promiscuous people so held, so governed, so influenced, and all seemingly by Mr. Baxter's wonderful oratorical powers and electric influence." Mr. Baxter's theme was "Spiritualism Victorious." He was accorded at its close generous applause.

After the lecture Mr. Baxter gave one of his unique, complete and forceful descriptive séances. The audience became augmented by hundreds more, and for one and one-half hours the riveted attention and manifest interest were unmistakable. Not a description was given but that was recognized fully.

Judge Underhill, an utter stranger to all, from hundreds of miles away, received, marvelous tests, showered overpoweringly upon him, till he arose with astonished looks, and begged to speak. Coming to the front, he told that strangers they were, how Spiritualist he was, how Mr. Baxter and he never had met, or even seen each other, how all the many names and events were true, how completely astonished he was, and if he appeared unmannered it was only because of the great thought aroused, the effect the tests had upon his mind and the revelations opened to his consideration.

Mr. Wm. S. Butler and Mr. D. W. Craig received telling evidence, and the many strangers, possibly in thirty instances, obtained wonderful proofs of Mr. Baxter's claims to mediumship, and of the coming and going of their spirit-friends. A certain railroad man, who was present, said: "Why, it is not only astonishing, but to most of them stunning, for I know many of these people and know how they are moved."

The day closed with more music by the band. At five o'clock the people boarded the trains, leaving only a few hundred in the grove, who gradually retired, well satisfied with the interesting services.

There is only to be recorded of the results of the day in the interest of Spiritualism. "A glorious victory," Craig's Point Spiritualists, and J. Frank Baxter, the orator and medium of last Sunday, are household names in the families of hundreds in that vicinity who never listened to or witnessed aught in this line before. It will not be the last visit of Mr. Baxter to this resort.

Saved by an Impression!—Early in July, a bungling attempt was made to wreck a train from Chicago, on the Great Western Railway, near the Iowa line. It was reported by a passenger who left the train at Dubuque, Iowa. Had the plan of the miscreant succeeded the loss of life would have been appalling, for the cars were all of them crowded with passengers. Nothing but the premonition that had taken possession of the engineer of the train averted what would have shocked all readers of the details as a terrible disaster. Engineer Jeffries was impressed with an idea that something ahead was wrong, and although his train was behind time he directed his fireman not to increase the fire. On coming to the long trestle-work some four miles from Dodge Centre and beyond Kenyon, the engineer shut down the valve, and at the distance of about a rod from the trestle the engine struck a great pile of ties on the track. The crowded cars, however, continued on the rail. It was evidently the work of novices, but it was not the less dastardly. The special point of interest, and the one on which we choose to dwell, is the fact that a dreadful disaster was averted by the strong impression derived from an invisible source, which controlled the action of the engineer. Why keep on denying the power of invisible intelligences?

"Mandible," or Aerial Travel.—The Charitable Mechanics' Association of Boston has appointed a committee of three to inquire whether it would encourage aerial navigation if the Association were to offer prizes to inventors for models and plans, and whether the space of the Mechanics' Building should be put to their service. It is thought the committee will report favorably in regard to the latter question, and also recommend that the Association defray the expense of such experiments as inventors may wish to make in its building and premises. An international aero-dynamic conference is to be held at the World's Fair in August, which the gentlemen of the committee are expected to attend. The purpose, it is stated, is in part to include exhibits of air machines at the future Mechanics' Fairs. Prof. Young, of Princeton University, who is one of the highest authorities in aerial speculation in the country, is convinced that aerial locomotion is practical, the chief obstacle to its accomplishment being the great expense of experimentation. He maintains that no yet unsolved question is involved in the composition of the airship, the problem being one of combination solely—a feasible combination of principles already known.

The Latest Comet is reported to have come nearer to us than any previous one yet known. Prof. Porter of the Cincinnati Observatory calculates that its nearest approach before turning its course was less than thirty-eight million miles. The retreat commenced July 10th, and July 18th it was sixty-one million miles distant, thus speeding thirty-one million miles in eight days. The luminous character of its nucleus will render it visible till about Aug. 20th. He says we do not know yet whether it is a periodic or a wandering comet. The Lick Observatory of California reports that the visitor is double, but Prof. Porter is as yet unable to verify that observation. The latest theory of comets' tails is that they are composed of volatile matter which becomes electrified, and is repelled from the nucleus in a direction away from the sun.

Belief by no means Religion.—Mr. John W. Chadwick, minister of the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., would not have the great beliefs in God and immortality any less precious in man's eyes; he would rather strengthen and ennoble them a hundred-fold; but what he does desire is that, however great and precious and consoling these beliefs may be to men, they should have a daring faith that they are not exhaustive of religion, nor by any means the final standards of its power. Though they may be rigorous and aggressive in the mind, the quality of a man's religionousness may be intolerably poor. Even when they are timorous, silent, or even consciously opposed by the one holding them, the quality of his religion may be a gracious force in his own life, a blessing to his kind. Religion must be lived as well as believed.

## PLAIN WORDS.

BY "LACONIC."

When a man's head is perfectly level,  
He has no fears of an Orthodox devil.

Why are "bawbers" and "brokers" synonymous terms? Because people visit them to get shaved.

The staid glass Christian is one who believes that there will be a heavenly mansion for himself, and a heavenly hut for his poorer neighbor.—McKenzie.

Polly Ticks is getting to be an old maid. She has played her pranks with politicians so much of late years that many of them are now endeavoring to get out of her meshes. Hence we are to have an extra session of Congress to clean up financial affairs.



1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26



## Message Department.

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### Questions Answered and Spirit Messages

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Séance held April 4th, 1893.

**Spirit Invocation.**  
Oh! thou Infinite Spirit, thou Divine Source of all blessing, we reach out to thee at this hour—aching for that which is best for our souls' good, and the spiritual unfoldment of our lives. May we understand thy law of truth and wisdom, that we may be guided aright not only in our daily conduct but in our dealings with our kind. May our lives be acted upon by pure and beneficent influences, so that the milk of human kindness may flow forth from our souls unto those who are in need. May we be touched upon by angelic ministrations until our fraternal thought and influence shall go out in helpful service and love to those who are prostrated by disease, by sinful habit, or by oppression and discomfort of any kind. For these things we pray that our natures may be softened, even as angelic natures are mellowed and softened by the holy influence and atmosphere of a divine life.

### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

**William H. Vosburgh.**

A few of the many, Mr. Chairman, who were present at your last meeting hoping to communicate through your medium upon that glorious occasion, have again presented themselves this day, and I am one of them, for it was with a feeling of great joy and satisfaction I learned that some of the veteran workers on the spirit-side were to have the privilege of coming through your medium on the Anniversary day, such having been decided upon by your Spirit President. I came here hoping to be one of the favored number. I was not, however, and so I am here to day craving indulgence, that I may say a few words in loving memory to the dear ones who are here upon the mortal side.

I would have my friends know that my work is not done, that my powers have not failed me, that I am not away off from all those interested that concerned me here because I have parted with the external form, but, on the contrary, my hopes and life-work are quite as much identified with the progress of this glorious Philosophy and the alleviation of human suffering on the earthly side as they are upon the spirit-side of life.

I shall not take up much of your time, sir, but I could not feel satisfied to step aside and make no sign, for I wish the good friends to feel that I am with them. My magnetic forces are utilized through such channels as may convey them to those who are weak and suffering, and I try my best to exercise an influence which will be stimulating and of use to those who need its power. Tell them that I am alive, and that I go from place to place, taking heed of what is passing not only with friends, but with strangers, concerning the spiritual life and light. I feel myself possessed of enlarged powers and of opportunities for advancement and growth, and I certainly cannot do otherwise than give out a joyful thanksgiving when I consider the privileges that are mine and the company of working, harmonious beings that I can associate with in the spirit-world.

I am doing a work in Troy, N. Y., among individuals who are trying to grasp the truth, who are putting out little efforts gropingly, perhaps, but surely, to reach the light. They have not yet come to that condition of mind where they are willing to have the world know of their seeking and desire. But that does not matter. I am conscious of it, and I am trying to help them along the way toward that which is spiritual food and drink, and warmth and light. I am William H. Vosburgh.

**W. M. Lyons.**

[To the Chairman:] I was not as well-known as many others who come to you, sir, in the Spiritual Philosophy, but I feel that I have been closely connected with it, and that my influence has gone out in its behalf for many years.

A quarter of a century has passed since I went from the body, or very nearly that, and during all these years I have kept track of the progress of our wonderful Cause, and noted how it has made itself felt with power in so many places where mediums have been developed, and the word of truth has been given.

I left, sir, a dear family and loving kindred upon the mortal side—parents, children, companion and many friends—and what changes have taken place since I passed from the earthly form! Many dear ones that were left on this side are now in spirit-life; others have changed about, or become scattered; the world here has grown, and much more thought and enlightenment have come to human beings during the last twenty-five years; but those who have come to the other side have been reunited to those who went before them, and those who are here have had their own experiences, which, no doubt, were for their good.

I would like, sir, particularly to send greeting to the dear friends and the workers of Detroit, Mich. It is there my heart goes with its wealth of love and sympathy. I have watched the advancement of truth in that place, and know that many have been called to the light, and have had the burdens of doubt and fear removed from their souls, while the knowledge of immortality has come to them with quickening power. I feel that the world does truly move onward, and that the great sun of wisdom is shining for all. It will, in time, make its warmth and light felt in every home, and I believe that that result will be largely due to the power and the work of Spiritualism.

I will not talk longer, sir, for I know there are others who wish to come, but I am very grateful for this opportunity to speak for myself. W. M. Lyons.

**Mary Carlisle Ireland.**

[To the Chairman:] I do not feel very strong in taking hold of your medium, for the feeling I had before I passed away comes over me; but I was here at the last séance, and wanted to come so much to tell my friends that I am doing well in the spirit-world, that the Spirit Guide told me to come to-day and he would make a place for me.

I am so pleased with the other life and its conditions. Those who were my guides, and tried to do their best for me and for other human beings through my mediumship, gave me welcome and made me feel at home. My own good people of family-life were kind and full of the desire to make me comfortable, and there is nothing for me to dread or to complain of, all is so bright. I appreciate it after the weariness and the hardships of the mortal life; so I want to tell my friends on this side how it is, and then I shall feel satisfied.

I want to thank my earthly friends for their kindness to me; for every good word spoken and beneficent deed performed in my time of need. They all come back to me with great force, and I treasure them up as rare possessions. I feel that they will always be with me as beautiful thoughts and memories, and something even more substantial. If I can do anything for my friends I shall be happy to, and I am working to bless their lives if I can.

My friends are in Boston and around here, and I know they will not be surprised that I have come, because I told some of them I would

try to make myself known from your circle as soon as I could. Mary Carlisle Ireland.

**Abijah Fessenden.**

[To the Chairman:] Well, my good sir, I have been out of the body for a good while, but I take an interest in all that is going on in the good work, and I like to look around these places and see how you are progressing in the development of mediumship and the manifestation of spirit power. I stood here by the side of our good old friend, Dr. Gardner, the other day, and thought I would say a word; but when I found so many pressing in, I just concluded I had better wait awhile, and let those who felt the need so strongly come and give their word.

Well, I am not going to talk long to-day, only to give remembrances and greetings to my friends here in the city, and to tell them we are getting on in good shape in the spirit-world. My wife sends her regards too. All the old friends and neighbors are busy in their own way, and I don't see as they lose one bit of their identity or are any the less strong in character than they ever were. I feel it is all going on just about right, and I am sure those who are left on this side, who are feeling the heat and burden and weariness of years, will feel as if they had got into a blessed country when they slip out of the body and open their eyes in the spiritual world.

I say to John: You have had days of weakness and suffering, and as the years pass over your head, they continue to bring more or less of debility. Well, now, my brother, you will soon be free from that, and you will experience such a sense of release as to have your spiritual powers bloom out in beauty and fragrance for your own and others' joy. I know very well that when the time comes for you to pass on there will be a strong, good, helpful influence brought to take you out of the material easily and guide you into the spiritual life with power and blessing. So, even if the weeks do bring you pain and weakness, you can afford to bear them with courage because of that greater strength that is to come.

I want to say to sister Abby Ann: I bring you love and greeting from your host of friends. We are all loving you, and our magnetic forces to help you along over the road of life, and by-and-by you will behold the precious ones in all their spiritual grace and strength when you, too, shall cross the stream and find your spirit-home.

Abijah Fessenden.

**Walter Buck.**

[To the Chairman:] I cannot say, sir, that I belonged to the same company that have been speaking to you, but I feel that this is a good place to be in, and that I am here for a purpose, and will be helpful to me. I am seeking pathways of communication with friends on earth. I do not know as I shall succeed in getting close to the ears of those I have known here, but perhaps I may, and they may be interested to know something of this other life and its people.

I myself feel interested in all that concerns those who are living an active life in the spirit-world. I am so struck at much that I see; I hardly understand how it is that human beings are so full of vitality and energy, and do not seem to waste their forces, or get tired out as we used to do on this side. Perhaps it is because they live nearer to Nature, understand the laws of life better, and try to come under their operation. I think very likely; but however that may be, it is just as I say—a busy, active life, and yet one which does not seem to give marks of age and weariness to those who pass through it even to the length of many years.

I was an old man on this side. I passed through a good many experiences in my humble way. I came in contact with many individuals, and gathered much information from some of the minds that I met. Mine was a busy life; and while it is so now, it is somewhat different from what I had on earth. I am not keeping a public house on the spirit-side, as I did here, but I am employing every hour of my time in trying to work out my forces, and give them useful expression.

I thought, sir, if the good people of Gorham, N. H., heard tell of my coming back in this way, it might give them some thought of the future, what the other life may be, and what may be coming to them after they get out of the physical form. So I come here with greeting and remembrances, and tell them it is all well with me. I would not have it any different if I could.

I am Walter Buck.

**Rose McBe.**

I do not know much of this, and I feel that I am among strangers here; yet I have had a strong wish to come for some time and tell the friends and all that I knew and loved that I am happy and well. All of us that went out in such a dreadful way are happy, and we have a good home and everything that we need in the spirit-world.

Oh! it was an awful time! The smoke and fire seemed so bad to us, and they were. I don't like to think of it, because it makes me feel as I did then, and so I only think of us as a happy family on earth before the change came, of father and mother and the dear ones in our home, and how pleasant it was. I don't want any one to think it isn't pleasant now with us in the spirit-life, for it is so sweet. We have our gardens and our home, and all is bright. We can go to school, and gain knowledge and truth concerning many things.

I want to send our love, and say that we are waiting until the last ones shall come, and we will have a pleasant home ready for them. There need be no fear and trembling, but only the thought of reunion with dear ones in a free, bright country where there is no separation and pain such as we find on the mortal-side.

Charlie is happy and well, and so are all. I wish to say it over and over again that those on this side who knew me, and who feel sadness and pain at the thought of the past, but only feel that all things will work out for good. My father was John McBe, and I am Rose. We lived in Dubuque, Ia.

Mother sends her love, too, and all the rest.

**Libby Crosslett.**

[To the Chairman:] You won't mind an old lady's coming? [Not at all.] I'm very glad to look in on you at your meeting and try to say a word for the truth's sake.

I find this spirit-life to be a very good thing, and I wish everybody had it to live by. Oh! many of us here are in the shadow, and we do not know of the great light shining around us till we get out of the body and see it clear and strong. Now I would like to have all that I know get this truth before they go to the other world. I'm sure it will do them good; it will give them something pleasant, encouraging and beautiful to live by. It will help them to hold on to the things that are here, the duties and experiences, and get them ready to understand the life over yonder.

That's why I come back, sir, hoping someone will hear tell of it and feel that there's a fact in this spirit-communication. I'm trying to learn all I can about it. I listen to the leaders talking, and I hear them tell of the manifestations they and the friends make in coming from the spirit-world to earth, and I gather up a deal of light and information on the subject. It's doing me a power of good, and I'm very glad to learn all I can.

I used to live in Massachusetts, sir, away up in Prescott, and I've got thoughts and memories of the old times, and neighbors, and places. I like to think of them up in that part of the country, because I breathed its atmosphere and felt at home there. But I went away, I went out to Illinois, and a spell back I died, and went out of the old body into another. They said I died out there in Abington, but I think I found life there and entered a new existence that is more full of power, and work too, than the old places are here.

I'm not going to preach, sir, or talk any longer. I'm only going to tell you that Libby Crosslett has come back, and wants to give her love to any one that cares to have it. Tell them that she speaks through the lips of what they call death, but I know it is immortal life.

**John Lathrop.**

[To the Chairman:] I expect, sir, you'll call

me a rather hard ticket, and I don't know as you'll think I've any business to be in this company; but the good man at the gate here told me to step right in, and he didn't seem to pull back from me at all; so I thought if he could stand me, why, you people here could, and I came along. [You are very welcome.]

I don't know what I'm here for. I expect I got rather close listening to what the good folks were saying, and it sort of drew me up as the magnet draws the needle. Before I knew it I was close by here, and the good man said, "Step right in, my friend; it will do you good." So I'm here to get good.

Well, I went out, and it was a queer sort of an experience. In my early days, when I was at home with mother and the boys, I had a very good show. My education was not altogether neglected, and if I had taken as much advantage of my opportunities as I might and ought, I suppose I would have been here yet, and perhaps in a better condition than I ever have known on this side; but anyhow I began to go down, and I went down. In my younger days I got into company that was not just the best thing for me. I got to liking a drink of strong liquor, and being away from home. Poor mother felt bad, but she could not help it, and after awhile she went to the spirit-world. I suppose she followed me around, for she was the first one I saw when I went out of the body.

I'm not going to tell you all about it, because I haven't the time and you haven't. But I went along, and got left out in the cold a good many times because the folks got tired of putting up with me. By-and-by, however, the old body gave out. I didn't exactly go up or go down. I just went out, and pretty dark and cold it was; but after a bit that went off, and then I saw my mother looking at me and trying to make me feel better. I wasn't sent to the hot place, oh, no! Why, I was in a cold place, and I felt chilled through to my marrow! So when I saw my mother looking at me I began to get warmed up, like a man who has been braced up by a good stimulant, and I didn't want the old kind either. I said, "Mother, if you've got any power to help up a poor, God-forsaken wretch, I'm ready for it."

I'm better now because I've been with my mother, and she's a pretty good sort of a soul. I don't know why I came here, but once in awhile, when I get back into earthly conditions, I feel such a terrible pulling upon me as if something was dragging me down. I don't want to drink, but I go to those who do want it, and at the same time I don't make them any worse by their taking it. I'm in sort of a sorry, you see, and I think this good man at the gate got me in here to sort of strengthen my condition, so that I can come back to earth-life without being pulled in this way.

I've got brothers here. I suppose they think I disgraced them enough when here without calling their names out in public now I've been so low down. I don't like them to know I'm not in hell, because they belong to the church, and they rather think that those who don't go in the straight and narrow path are sent into a very hot place. Well, I'd rather have it hot than cold any time. Somehow I always could manage to be half-way comfortable in the hottest day in summer, but I could not on a cold January morning, when the wind went through the old ragged garments and made me shiver and shake. So you see my hell was of that kind, but I'm not troubled that way now. I feel good, and will do good to any that holds on to the rum-shop and the glass of whiskey, but wants to get rid of them.

My name is John Lathrop. I shan't tell where I belonged when I had any home, but my stopping-place when I didn't have any home was in Ohio, not far from Cincinnati. I am familiar with that city, and with some of the towns over the river in Kentucky. I don't refer to them any more, plainly because the poor boys would feel that I'd added the last straw, and they might break down under it.

I want to say that my blessed good mother in the spirit-world is happier to day because I have got out of the coldness and the darkness and begin to feel like a regenerated man, than she was for many years on this side and on the other. She is all the savior I care to find, and I suppose the boys will think that's a awful to say, but I must say it, anyhow.

### INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

April 7.—A. S. Hayward; J. H. Blaudet; Woodman Carlton; Ella Clark; John A. Berdard; Mrs. Rebecca Robbins; Dr. William Clark.

### A Spirit Visits Uranus.

[Our old friend, J. B. Sawyer, of Denton, Tex., sends us the following message, which was received sometime since from a spirit who wrote it through the hand of D. S. J., of Fort Worth—whose mediumship Mr. S. fully endorses.—EBS. B. or L.]

My name is ELISE VOYANS. My maiden name was Pierpont. I was born of French parents in Marseilles, on the coast of France. I have been in spirit-life nearly forty years, and was thirty-two years old when I passed from earth.

Having given some account of myself, I desire to say that I eagerly grasped the Spiritual Philosophy when it was first presented to the world, for it embodied my own ideas.

I was, or should have been, a Catholic. Many of the doctrines of that Church seemed to me beautiful, and I thought they must be true, while many—by far the larger half—seemed so far erroneous that I could never be satisfied. I could not believe that any prayers or confessions would have an effect on sin. I thought that to try not to sin again was the only true way to repent, and I could not believe that God, Christ and the Virgin, so holy, pure and compassionate, could or would require such abjectness to gain salvation. So this belief in man's own accountability met with my warm approval, and I studied it deeply and learned all I could on the subject. Having made the most of my opportunities I have progressed so far that I may travel into boundless space, and visit other worlds. I have tried sometimes to obtain control of different mediums, and have occasionally been able to manifest my presence, but find that I can use this medium more readily than any I have met so far.

With this preface I will tell you of a visit made two days ago to the planet known to mortals as Uranus—one of the worlds so distant from earth that man's ingenuity has never been able to so far penetrate the space between as to be able to obtain any information concerning it. It is a much larger planet than astronomers imagine. The land is broken into vales and gently sloping hills, but there are no mountains with rugged outlines, and evidence of volcanic outburst such as may be seen on this planet. All is lovely, peaceful and serene. Magnificent forests of tall, stately trees growing far enough apart so that none are dwarfed by too much crowding, are to be found, and a beautiful, soft velvety grass of a bright golden color covers the ground. There is no prevailing color in Nature, but the foliage of the trees varies in hue, and the bright colors of our rainbow are seen on every side. Rivers cross the planet at regular intervals, and springs innumerable bubble forth here and there.

The people of Uranus, as a race, are so different from earth's inhabitants that I found myself regarding them with great interest. They are small in stature, their skin is clear and white, and their eyes all shades of brown, gray and blue. Their hair is worn as nature intended—hanging over their shoulders about half way to the waist. There is no deformity of any kind among them, but they are a straight,

finely-formed, lithe, active people. Their clothing consists of the fibres of a plant which they gather, that grows upon the margins and in the vicinity of the rivers. They do not weave it, but press it together, somewhat after the manner that felt is made, and it has a smooth, glossy appearance that is very attractive. The women wear this cloth folded gracefully over the figure from shoulder to ankle, and held in place by slim bars of metal, I suppose, though they are bright in color, and flash in the rays of light.

So many things are strange and so unlike the things of earth that I cannot tell you exactly what they are, nor how they look, but can only compare them with something on this earth to give you an idea of their appearance.

The men wear this cloth from the waist only. About their heads they wear a band composed of transparent metals, so blending that they have the appearance of precious stones held together by invisible links.

It is never cold, and never hot, but the temperature is always mild and pleasant.

The homes of this people are built of wood from their forests in its natural state, for they use neither saw nor plane, and the roofs are covered with a heavy, mossy substance, which grows near the rivers. They live upon the fruits which abound everywhere, and when ripened they gather enough to last until the next season.

I saw no four-footed animals, but sweet-singing birds innumerable, of varied and bright plumage. There is one little animal, more like the hare or rabbit than anything I can think of, and yet very different—between a squirrel and rabbit, perhaps, with two legs and two little paws, by which it conveys food to its mouth. It lives on fruits and roots of grasses, but is not numerous.

These people have sweet, melodious voices, and a language of which I am unable to give you any idea. They live harmonious lives and have no fear of death, for they do not lose their loved ones when they pass on. They hold communion with and see them daily, for they only cast aside their fleshy and bony structure, which gradually disappears after a certain age, and they are henceforth clothed in robes of immortality. They do not leave their world for many years—not until they have grown more etherealized and spiritualized—when they pass into a higher spirit realm. They have no religion, for they know no need of a Redeemer. They live their calm, sweet, beneficent lives, and pass by degrees into a higher phase of being.

There is so much that I might say, but the medium cautions me not to make my communication too long.

I have visited other worlds and seen their inhabitants, but in none have I found life so perfect and beautiful as in this far-off star. Think of it! No sickness, no sorrow, no death—only a gradual wasting away of the grosser part and the gathering together of the soul-elements, till the soul, the life, the God in man, stands forth an immortal entity.

Life upon our earth, with its changes, its pain and sorrow, is sad enough; but, oh! friends, each one of you can help to make it better. Do not think your sphere is too limited; do not imagine that it matters little what your life is, for if each one would only resolve never to let an unkind word or thought pass his lips or fill his heart, and would cultivate that charity that "thinketh no evil," how many lives might be brighter and happier!

### AN ANGEL VISIT.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Mrs. Moses Gerrish Farmer, who went to the spirit realm in 1891, wrote to a dear friend the following story of a visit from the angels:

"It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and my daughter had just turned from her ministrations at my bedside, and left the room. Instantly you took her place, to my astonishment, for you were miles away! You were weeping as if your heart was broken. I put my arms about you, but could not speak a word of comfort.

In a moment a little child appeared, walking alone, over an uneven path. I was afraid she would fall; and if she did, all below her was darkness. I cried out in my soul, 'Is there nobody to save her?' Suddenly your arm, weak and trembling, held her up; you were enveloped in a beautiful light, and I heard a voice: 'This is my beloved, in whom I am well pleased.' All my care of you vanished, and you were at once surrounded by a great number of sorrowing people who claimed all your attention.

As you turned your face toward them, my room was full of angels. One came close to me and spoke, and it was your departed husband. I wanted to call you, that you might see his glory; but he checked me, and said: 'Not yet. She has a work to do, and she would not be willing to stay if she saw this glory. But I will never leave her. It is my privilege to minister to her, and I shall lead her home when her work is done.'

My heart yielded submission to his request. I knew that, through all, your dear angel would never be absent from your side. He said earthly comfort would not meet your need. You became so eager about your work that your weeping ceased.

Then your angel husband came again to me; I told him of my pains, of my unequal struggle of life and death, and that I was no longer asking to stay in the body. He seemed grieved, but said: 'Look up and live!'

I looked up, and how can I express it? The light enveloped me. I saw the 'twelve legions of angels.' I was willing to be in any place. I seemed to belong to the company about me.

For one hour I had a distinct knowledge of this company in my room. And then, as they disappeared, your angel husband said: 'Be of good cheer, joy cometh in the morning.' As his words ceased, he, too, went again to Father's house of many mansions. Do you wonder that the peace of my soul is like the river?"

Ellet, Me. A. C.

### To Correspondents.

W. F. B., ROANOKE, VA.—In answer to your query, we would say that the BANNER OF LIGHT SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT will be continued next season, as usual, and the medium to fill the vacancy occasioned by the retirement of Mrs. M. T. Longley—who needs rest and recuperation—will be duly announced at the proper time.

We cannot understand the reason why the lady medium you speak of does not answer your sealed letters.

W. J. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The poem you speak of was not a prophecy, but a descriptive chronicle. If we mistake not it was published in the Atlantic Monthly Magazine some time after the child was "running."

W. F. W., ROCKINGHAM, VT.—We agree with you in your criticism; but we have neither the space nor the inclination to again go over the matter under consideration. We have already said long ago in these columns all it was necessary to say.

For the Banner of Light.

**MY MOTHER.**

BY WHITE ROSE.

Who cared for me in infancy,  
And weaved each smile into a kiss,  
And in my sleep would keep near me  
For fear my heart would miss its bliss?  
My mother!

In childhood's days, when mad with life,  
I trespassed far without a fear,  
And fell into forbidden strife,  
Whose presence then was ever near?  
My mother!

In manhood's years, when life meant gain,  
I toiled for self and lived for fame,  
Who led me to myself again,  
And taught me that such toil is vain?  
My mother!

Invisible, she guides me still,  
Her power I sense where'er I go,  
Her love supremely rules my will,  
And puts an end to all my woe—  
My mother!

Oh shine, my loved one, till I see  
The mother-heart of God in thee;  
Oh keep thy face still close to me,  
So to the end you still may be  
My mother!

Geneseo, Ill.

### The Liberal League vs. "Medical" Legislation.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

As some of even your well-informed readers may be unfamiliar with the origin, objects, principles, methods, history, labor and literature of our National League, they may thank you for this introduction.

It is the natural sequence, legitimate and inevitable outgrowth of the poisonous and necessarily unsatisfactory system, the intolerable bigotry and bitter persecutions of medical practitioners.

The primary purpose of its incorporation was to restore and maintain the citizen's constitutional liberty to employ whomever he wills to treat or heal him.

Its growth, activity and efficiency were fortunately stimulated by the almost incredibly inhuman attempts of doctors to fine and imprison healers "for performing the act of healing contrary to the statutes."

Its scope, dignity, wholesome influence and indefatigable exertions are revealed in its unparalleled literature, and its successes are scored by innumerable proposed medical bills that never became laws.

For over a third of a century Massachusetts has been styled the "paradise of quacks," and the experience of this most cultured Commonwealth has induced our National League to recently resolve itself into a sort of public health society.

The great, eloquent and witty orator, Hon. George M. Stearns, was a member of the distinguished legislative committee which, in 1893, after months of searching investigation, recommended the repeal of all medical laws.

Thirty years after, in an argument against restoring the laws then repealed, Mr. Stearns quotes the great regular, Dr. Jarvis, President of the Statistical Society, as saying, "Life is increasing not only in duration, but in power and vigor, now more than ever." Mr. Stearns also says, "according to 'Shattuck's' statement, the death-rate from 1738 to 1752 in Boston was 85 of the population." "This was before 'irregulars' were permitted to practice." "Now," Mr. Stearns exclaims, "what do you suppose the death-rate is in this Eden of quacks?" and answers, "now it is 42, so that quackery (medical liberty) has reduced the death-rate one-half."

The other day, continues Mr. Stearns, "I asked a distinguished President of a Life Insurance Company of this city what had been the effect of this free lance system of quacks in this Commonwealth; and he writes me, 'Life is longer than it was forty years ago, and no year in the last thirty has failed to show a gain on the tables of mortality.'"

This is incontestable evidence that medical liberty and reform practice have actually reduced the death-rate every year since the "reg ular" law was repealed.

By their fruits ye shall know them." A comparison of the records of the "regulars" with that of the reformers reveals a startling contrast. In fever, the allopaths confess they lose forty out of one hundred patients; the homeopaths admit they lose seven or eight, while the hydropaths cure ninety-seven, lose three.

Thus authentic statistics show thirty-two "regularly" fatal cases, "irregularly" curable by homeopathy, and thirty-seven by hydropathy.

If the facts were contrarily the "irregulars" would be convicted of manslaughter. While healers have no statistical records, their frequent cures of admittedly incurable diseases, and the innumerable cures effected after all medical methods and scientific skill had been ineffectually employed and exhausted, demonstrate the decided superiority of medical reform over ministers of disease.

Thus the State statistics, admitted authorities, medically prepared mortality tables, Life Insurance records, and the magnificent achievements of healers, confirm the claim of our National League that medical liberty promotes public health.

Is it not the duty, the imperative, inexpressible duty, of every one familiar with these facts to declare them far and wide, and encourage our National League's efforts to protect and promote public health in every possible legitimate manner?

Public sentiment is superior to sumptuary laws, and the rights of people must not be trodden under foot on any pretense whatever! Years of experience, and the expenditure of several thousand dollars annually in creating and directing wholesome public sentiment successfully, emphasize the transcendent importance of wielding public sentiment righteously.







