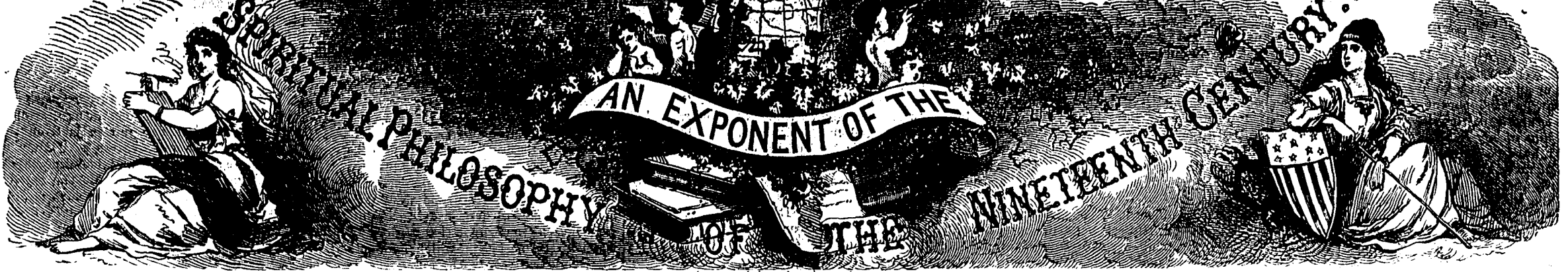


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 3.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE WINDS OF MARCH.

BY JAMES M. ROGERS.

Ye winds of March! what subtle sense of sweets,
And songs unsung, around your garments cling!
How fancy sees the apple-blossoms white,
And cowslips flood the meadows with their gold.
While yet the spring reluctant stands and coy—
The bluebird fills the still untempered air
With sweet suggestions of that carnival
Which later bursts in music's fullest round.
Your airy trumpets blow the stern retreat
Of wintry hosts—all pallid with their snows
And hoary frosts—those legions of the north.
We dream of days when incense glads the skies,
And robins haunt—with breasts like sunshine deep—
The waving tree tops with exulting notes
That wake the morning ere the east is red;
And memory walks already on the sands
Of briny shores, where friends of old have trod,
And by gone summers found too early close.
So, winds of March! I will not chide your chill,
Nor doubt your promise of returning spring.

Some Facts and Thoughts Concerning Psychic Phenomena.

VIII.

BY SIDNEY DEAN.

(Copyrighted by the Author, 1893.)

EVERY message was a surprise. I neither knew in advance the influence which was to assume control as director or dictator, nor the subject matter which was to be communicated. There were certain changes in my own feelings, certain states of mind and heart; certain atmospheric changes in the library, apparently, which either immediately preceded or accompanied the writing of each message, and they seemed in harmony with and appropriate to the spirit and text of the message written. It may all have been a seeming to my consciousness, with no foundation other than my own perception, but it was none the less real to me. This peculiar state or condition of the atmosphere of the library would be also noticed by others entering it, if they were sensitive, whether members of my family or friends.

Sitting quietly by myself, at the usual place by the table which for long years had been used for literary work; surrounded by large bookcases extending nearly to the ceiling and filled with a choice collection of books, which I used facetiously to term "dead men's brains"; in a negative condition and quiescent of mind, if not passively indifferent as to what might be given; my thoughts sweeping the possibilities and probabilities of the truthfulness of this glorious revelation from the unseen, immortal shores of life, and all it portended of hope, comfort and happiness to the world; the soul-prisons it would open, the chains it would break, the clouds now as in the past obscuring the face of the All-Father Spirit it would dissipate, when a peculiarly sweet, tender and loving presence seemed suddenly to pervade the library and my whole spiritual nature also.

There seemed to be an interblending of the sad and plaintive, as if a child-heart, swimming in gladness and joy, had suddenly been touched and the joy impregnated with sorrow, both interblending. The smiles apparently came through the crystal tears. It is hard to describe in language, but whoever, while in the right mood, has heard the plaintive notes of the mourning dove, sweet as melody itself and as sad as the emotions which a broken heart gives forth, will comprehend the influence which seemed to pervade my being. It was all feminine—motherly, sisterly, maidenly; the touch of a maiden's delicate fingers upon the string of lute or harp, making them wail in soft notes of grief and heart-sorrow.

I seemed to sense the character of the coming message before a figure was cut by the pencil, or a line written—not the story, but the condition of the intelligence who had come to give the sad tale a material voice. The pencil in my fingers began cutting figures—simple, small, delicate. The touch of the pencil to paper was light. About one hundred characters were cut, and then, in a small, feminine chirography, the English text was written, as follows:

"My life is filled with love. It is sweeter than hate. I loved, oh, so madly! when my heart rested in the faith of Kobal, and his heart was mine. We were one heart and one life. Then he went away, out of my sight, and my love lay drowned in my tears. Oh, how my heart ached in the agony which filled it! How poor was all of life without my Kobal!"

It was night on the mountains with me then, and there were no stars; only rain, rain, rain, out of mine eyes. But I hid my love in my heart where the waters could not touch it. Only my grief fed the springs of my tears. But my love grew, oh, so deep and so strong! Kobal was its sun.

Then when my tears had wept my life away, the King of Life led me to my Kobal, through the black night of death. I cried out for my Kobal when the black night shut down upon me.

Then I awoke, and saw a shining angel, and he stood by my side. I knew it was Kobal before I opened my eyes. Was he not in my heart, and my heart in his, and didn't I know my own heart? And then he bore me so lovingly to his sweet and beautiful paradise bower, and crowned me the queen of his life. And we live, and love, and serve. And I am so happy with God and my Kobal in my paradise home.

Your sister comes in her gladness, and writes this, and her Kobal stands by her side. How sweet life is with the tears all banished, and perpetual joy shining out of the heart! Good-bye! You are good to let Kobal's love come and write, and we have both kissed you on your forehead. It is love's own kiss. I am Zeda, whom Kobal loves."

you will always find a welcome." Turning the paper, the pencil continued as follows:—

"I cannot tell when the night fell to show me morning in my Kobal; it was so long ago. A friend who led Kobal and his love here" (my brother, and one active in this work from the other side) "says: Tell brother that it was in the second century of the present age, and that I was a daughter of Circassia. Kobal says I had a beautiful body, and his love makes me beautiful to him now. When does a bud open and show its flower-heart? My heart opened to Kobal when I saw him. He was so good, and tender, and loving; and he loved me, he says, before he knew it. Is that all, my writing brother? I am so happy! Now Kobal and I will go to our home, and leave a love blessing behind for you."

This was followed by some hieroglyphical characters, cut rapidly, and a peculiarly sweet and strong influence, which remained long after the message had been recorded.

I cannot intelligently comment upon this message, touching the continuous life of the spirit, without raising questions the consideration of which would consume so much space that the editor would be justified in excluding the whole from his columns. I am still more impressed with the unit nature of the two existences, and the design of the Creator, which goes forward without break or change of forces to its completion. And every thinking person must admit, with Zeda, that "love is sweeter than hate," and the heart should be kept open and free to its ministrations, in building a character with which each one must consciously live an unending spirit-life, with natural law running parallel with that existence. In the language of selfishness and a selfish world: "It pays to be pure, honest, faithful and unselfish through an excess of love." A few of the spiritual minded have found a better motive, though this is practical enough to benefit both individuals and society. The many mix their love with selfishness and the spirit of greed, hoping to shed the latter with their earth garments. It is pitiful to think how mistaken they are, and how disappointed they will be. Spiritualists, of all others, should exalt a pure, unselfish, love and keep it from the taint of earthly lusts. That is the lesson of Zeda's message.

Boston, January, 1893.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

Death's Harvest of Great Men: And What They Found in the Other World.

Delivered at the First Spiritual Temple, Corner
Exeter and Newbury Streets, Boston, Mass.,
March 5th, 1893, by the Guides of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

NOTED men are not always great. Men of local or even national eminence are not always great. Great men are not so frequent in human life, or so frequently recognized in their own day, as to form an every-day topic of discussion. The truly great are liable not to be so considered at the time that they live; they are either persecuted for being in advance of their time, or laughed at as being fanatical or eccentric, and not infrequently put to death as being incendiary and dangerous to the public welfare.

There is a growing appreciation in human life for those who live at any given period of time; and the time may come when centuries will not be required to elapse before a man is appreciated and understood. Still, as the world is to-day, one should discredit too much praise, should be very cautious about accepting too much applause. It does not always mean that a man is the greatest that he can be because the world praises him overmuch; and there is a suspicion that those who are too much praised in their own day and generation are often forgotten, while lives that have not been praised, but persecuted, are afterward remembered.

A certain ring of humanity, however, resounds through the nation when great men accompany great crises, as did the life of Abraham Lincoln in connection with the crisis of this country. By common consent he was great. By common and universal sympathy his life was made to fill such a place in the emergency of the nation as made the world understand it.

It would be difficult to compare lives with one another; it is always invidious; still there can be no other great men like him until there is another great emergency, which if you are on the eve of now perhaps the man appears. But the time and occasion bring forth men for the hour.

Your nation has recently been called to note the departure of three eminent men; your own Commonwealth has shared in what people usually call that loss. And you have thought, in looking over the annals of the year and that which is now upon you, that this harvest recently gathered into the spiritual kingdom is so much loss to the earth and so much gain to the heavenly kingdom, and those who have passed beyond.

Lives are valuable in only two ways that you can view them—their record for truth and their value to their fellow-men. The individual will be preserved, but what men do for humanity, and what their record for truth that is larger than the humanity of the day in which they live, must be their influence and greatness in the world.

Politicians are not always statesmen. Many are statesmen who are accused of being demagogues. Eartisan feeling, particularly that kind of partisan feeling that accompanies every

local and national election, eclipses you to the individual greatness of many men.

Your own Commonwealth has lost one who, during the war, and at its close, by singular gifts that were alike judicial and military, aided in carrying the government forward to success in the great crisis in the South: we mean, of course, Gen. Butler. Perhaps no other man in the nation so quickly seized the one military proposition of the war; not even Abraham Lincoln, dreaming of liberty for the slaves at some future time; not even William H. Seward, dreaming of the grandeur of the freedom of the slave. The first proposition that made abolition practicable was conceived by Gen. Butler. What was it? That the negro was contraband of war. That was at first a military proposition, and that proposition led the way to the negro being employed to assist the Union army; that proposition led to the organization of the first colored regiment by Gen. Butler in the South; and that proposition led the way step by step till the emergency of the war made abolition a necessity. Yet, perhaps, in reviewing the history of that time there are very few who can really trace the result to the cause as we have traced it to-day. Yet without the military designation that was given by Gen. Butler; without the clear sequence that followed logically, that they could seize the slaves and utilize them against their former masters, who were in rebellion; without that added proposition that they had a right to utilize the negroes as a portion of the necessities of war, all the succeeding steps could not have been taken, and the dream of so many abolitionists might have been deferred indefinitely. The restoration also was a portion of Gen. Butler's work. It is doubtful if any other man in the nation was so well qualified to be in the position he was in; New Orleans to demand the proper recognition of the federal authority. Mr. Lincoln himself would, perhaps, have been personally too lenient; any other general in the army might have had too much regard for certain kinds of military precedents. The emergency called for action; and in the midst of profound hatred, bitterness and vituperation there still was not another man in the nation that those at the South, so recently conquered physically, not mentally or morally, respected as they did Gen. Butler. Demagogism, partisanship, political and otherwise, have of course had their say and their day; but we can afford to look back now twenty-five years, and you can afford to look back twenty-five years impartially, and see how the strength of such a mind—only prevented by one degree, perhaps, from being very great—aided and urged and led on the new measures that successfully bridged over that great and awful time of peril and disaster; and clasping hands with those of the opposite party, seeing the propositions that those in the opposite party could not see, discerning clearly every step of every measure that required to be taken in the reconstruction of this great government. Gen. Butler's measures were uniformly clear, distinct, concise and to the point, and always bore such weight because they were given on the side of that cause that he was supposed, by political tradition, to be antagonistic to.

Side by side in the nation's history of that time stands Mr. Blaine. Of course he was one of the war-horses of the nation; one of the political and national strongholds at the time of its hour of trial. Of course he bore in the midst of the conflict as much of the brunt of the nation's great struggle as any other public man; and since that time he has been the unqualified leader of the party to which he belonged. The friends who are here will pardon us for saying it, for there comes a time when one may be too great a partisan; when issues change politicians may change with safety. There is no true greatness in forever and forever being consistent with some position taken with reference to past issues; the consistency which causes a man down in Georgia to always vote for Andrew Jackson; the consistency that always includes the same propositions in one's political creed as in one's religious creed; the consistency that keeps a man forever at the head of certain political propositions when they are no longer propositions. This was the one mistake of Mr. Blaine's. If he could have seen with clear vision that in one quarter of a century the nation would so change that there would be new issues; if he could have seen that these issues were steadily drifting in the opposite direction to those that he had, by the common consent of his party, taken; or if he could have known that every issue of twenty-five years ago is utterly blotted out, that the nation is now entering upon a new career and period that includes new propositions, an era that in cludes new parties, he might, with that brain of his and that marvelous presence, that clear but not always prophetic insight, have known what to do. Doing as well as he could, at the head of the party as he stood, there can be no criticism to offer from his standpoint; and the nation remembers the great man he was, in the hour of emergency as great a politician, as great a statesman, as great in urging forward measures necessary for carrying on the war to success, and as great in seeing the wide scope of the country as any of the foremost politicians of the day.

If we dared, with strict fidelity to our convictions, we would call both of these men whom we have named statesmen. But it seems to us that the word statesman means something that rises beyond and above mere political issues of one century or quarter of a century, and sees with a clear vision, as did Charles Sumner, as did many of your greatest men, what the outcome must be. There have been many states-

(Continued on second page.)

Literary Department.

THE DISSECTING-ROOM MYSTERY.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY EBEN COBB.

PART TWO.

Full an hour I kept up my solemn march, as though I were performing a vigil over the lifeless forms about me. Weary of walking I leaned against the wall at the lower end of the hall for a season of rest, when my eyes fell upon a trunk that occupied a table at my left. It was dismantled of the head, arms and legs. It happened at that moment to take the dull rays of the moon full upon it, and the light was just sufficient for me to discern the state in which the surgeon's knife had left it. I could not refrain from running back into past time, and reading an imaginary history of the life that had animated the dismembered corpse there lying before me. I grew more and more interested in the story my fancy was telling. I had passed through childhood, youth, the incidents of mature life, when the circumstances of the death and its surroundings suddenly drew my fiction to a close.

I pressed my temples with my hands, and gazed with a wild look upon the subject of my story. An inspiration seemed to flash across my mind, impressing me that my seeming imaginary reverie was no fiction. It was all a truth; a sad, heart-stirring reality!

"May the angels in heaven give your soul a peaceful home in their midst!" I exclaimed, in earnest tones.

No sooner had I spoken than I felt my body gently swayed from right to left without any effort of my own. Again I felt the sensation of coldness that I had experienced before, but at this time it was extremely pleasant. A delightful infusion of some surrounding fluid seemed to be absorbed by every pore of my skin, each inlaw taking away more and more of my sense of materiality, and leaving my organism floating lightly in the mystic atmosphere that surrounded me. The memberless trunk before me, as though by a strong magnetic attraction, chained my whole attention, and my eyes were fixed intently upon it.

What little light the moon afforded was suddenly shut out by an overshadowing mass of cloud, leaving all in total darkness. Still I kept my eyes fixed in the direction where they had been so strangely lured. Scarcely had the moonbeam quit the place when I saw a faint exhalation of pale blue light apparently start from the dismembered trunk, and gather about it like a phosphorescent mist. At first it was hardly discernible, but it gradually became more luminous, and the spaces that would have been occupied by the head, arms and legs, all appeared to be possessed with a visible counterpart of the absent members, each doing its part toward gathering up the translucent halo. At times the light would assume a pale violet hue, and then melt into a dreamy yellow.

At length the glowing aura gathered together in one oblong mass, retaining the pale blue on its under side and retaining the violet tint above. Slowly it separated in the centre and spread out on either side, revealing in easy repose, upon a rest of yellow-lighted vapor, the sick sailor whom I had met on the steamer's deck! It was the same haggard face, and those big blue eyes were again beaming graciously upon me. The red shirt and duck trousers were there; while the whole form rested in the same position as it did when its abject condition first enlisted my attention on board the steamer. The bony hands were raised and placed upon the breast; the open palms then waved toward me, after which they were thrown up, as if motioning heavenward.

The violet flame began to fall back to its former position, and absorb the emaciated form. The last retained to my view was the face. Immediately its expression began to change from the ghastly wanness of preying disease to the full bloom of robust health. Back, and still back, like the running of a thought through the channels of the past, until the last portraiture presented to my astonished sight was the upright, stalwart form of a ruddy, blue-eyed youth, upon whose translucent brow there seemed to rest the impress of an eternal spring! Slowly the environing halo drank the vision from my view.

Again was I softly swayed, then lifted some distance from the floor, and so quietly was I let back that I could not feel the touch of my feet upon the tiles beneath me.

The light left the table where it had formed, and floated off up the center of the hall. At some of the tables it stopped and hovered for a few moments, as though something of an attractive nature induced the movement. From others it waved away, as though coming in contact with some repulsive element. I soon began to see other lights forming, and ere long every corner that lay in the room from the entire to the most mutilated, was enveloped in a shroud of glowing vapor.

There appeared to be several distinct orders among the luminous bodies that I saw rising before me. Some had more or less of the three colors I had seen at first, with occasional gloys of bright red. A greater part of them were of

one color; a dull, lurid red. The varied emanations mingled together and moved on toward the table where Hubert and his friends had been engaged during the first part of the night. I watched the exhalation from the sailor's body, for it appeared to be the instigator of all the wonderful, supernatural manifestations to which I was a spell-bound witness.

It stopped before the dreared body, which was lit up with the dull-red glow. Its distorted face, ten times more horrible than I had seen it before, was lifted high above the block, grinning fiendish defiance to the fair lights around it.

I saw a powerful arm form out of the yellow glow from the sailor's body, the hand of which firmly grasped a glistening knife. With a sudden movement the yellow light lengthened out and the arm made a rapid pass at the neck of the dreared head. The head quickly fell back upon the table with a heavy thump, and the knife missed its coveted mark. The dull glow of the impish subject appeared weak and could not rise; but the other lurid reds, which were by far the larger party, pressed in upon the bright glows, and the arm was forced back just as it was aiming another blow at the shuddering neck. Then followed a phantom strife, of which words can give no conception. That one powerful arm anon flashed out, and with Herculean might forced its way toward the object of its mighty endeavor. The clasped knife would reach within striking distance of the coveted mark, when the outnumbering opponents, with a desperate rally, would repulse the eagerly sought stroke.

It was a fierce battle between individual, human, psychic forces! They writhed and struggled in their determined encounter, at times so mingled and confused that it was with difficulty I could trace out in the contending mass the different hues of light. Faces would form for an instant in the furious eddies of the battling tide, and then vanish away: some fierce and revengeful, others mild and imploring.

During the progress of the weird encounter I grew more and more eager for a victory on the part of the Phantom Sailor and his assistants. At last I was suddenly possessed of an overmastering courage, as though my whole being was animated by some mighty will-power other than my own. I sprang forward toward the scene of hottest strife, and cried, with determined voice:

"By the Eternal! that neck shall be cut in twain if my own hand has to do the deed!"

Instantly the Herculean arm melted away. The various colored mists separated, each going to the bodies from which they sprang, and one by one they died away into the darkness of the room. The sailor's yellow light was the last to disappear. As its substance was about to dissolve that noble face shone clearly out from the receding glow, and, illuminated by an expression of intense satisfaction, the parting lips spoke audibly to my ears, "Victory!"

I was left in total darkness; a dismal, terrifying gloom. A change then began to take place in my feelings. I had looked on, and witnessed the whole soul-stirring phenomenon without the least fear, or even wonder. But the moment the last glimmer of that spectral mist yielded up its light the strange fluid with which my nerves had been charged appeared to ooze out at every pore, and a weak, suffocating stupor came over me. I groped my way up toward the door, where I knew there were chairs, and finding one I seated myself to wait the coming of morning.

I fell into a doze, and was conscious of nothing until aroused by the rattling of the lock outside the door. It was broad daylight, and the sun was gleaming in through the skylights above. The janitor opened the door, and was wonder-struck at finding me there. He said he was the last one to leave the hall when the students departed, and he knew Hubert supposed I had retired in company with his classmate, as he had proposed to me.

I passed off the affair as lightly as I could, assuring the janitor that nothing had harmed me during the night.

"Old ugly-face did n't bob up his head again, did he?" asked the janitor.

"He is all right," I answered, evasively; "but can you tell me the cause of his death?"

"Oh! yes; he tried a bit of robbery two nights ago; but instead of money he got a mighty good jab under the arm that found his vitals, and wound him up for this life. Of course no one will claim such a scoundrel, and so we have a wonderful way of getting such cases on the boards here awful soon after they pop off."

"I see," I continued; and taking him down to where the dismembered trunk lay, I asked if he could tell me anything concerning that subject.

"Ah! that was a sorry case. He died, poor fellow, in the hands of the police. He was a sailor who had come here from some vessel, almost clean-gone with consumption. He didn't last but a few hours after they took

charge of him. He laid in the dead-house one day, and then our folks grabbed him."

Thanking the janitor for the information given, I turned away, and by his assistance soon gained the street.

I immediately made my way to Hubert's lodgings. He was just descending the stairs as I entered.

"Ha!" he cried, as I stepped into the hallway, "you have got the start of me. Been getting up an appetite for breakfast?"

I saw he was ignorant of how I had spent the night, and repairing to the drawing room, I told him of my being left behind during the night, but I passed the whole affair off as possessing more the nature of an unintended jest than as of serious consequence.

While we were at breakfast a servant entered and handed me a card, saying at the same time that a gentleman awaited me in the drawing-room. I ran my eyes over the card, and to my joy I read the name of Paul Heartly. This was my London friend who, with his daughter, was to have accompanied me. I left the table at once and hurried to greet him. He had arrived in Paris late upon the previous evening, and guided by directions given him on my departure, he had thus early sought out Hubert's residence.

"I have called thus promptly," he remarked, after our warm salutations had been interchanged, "to inquire after Ida, for I have felt somewhat anxious regarding her. It was a wild freak of hers to do you not think so?"

"Ida!" I gasped. "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" he repeated in a voice hardly audible, at the same time turning pale as death: "have you not seen her? has she not called upon you here?"

"No," I answered, and my heart almost ceased its beating, as a dreadful suspicion rose in my mind.

"Merciful heavens! have you not seen Ida?" he again implored. "Has she not called upon you within the past week?"

"I have neither seen nor heard from her since I left you both at London," I replied.

I sprang and caught Heartly in my arms, else he had fallen to the floor. I called for Hubert, who soon brought restoratives, and by our united efforts the anguish-stricken father began shortly to revive.

He informed me that the day after I left, Ida, by persistent effort, obtained his consent to her visiting Paris alone, in order that she might surprise me with her sudden appearance. She was to stop with an intimate English lady friend of hers, and was at that time living in Paris. He had given his daughter my address, and she was to send me a note immediately upon her arrival.

It is not necessary that I stop to dwell upon my own feelings at the time. It is enough to say that Ida was my betrothed, and I loved her with all the affection that the human heart is capable of nourishing. Dear soul! urged by an earnest desire to be with me, she had anxiously obtained her father's consent to her wild scheme. I knew it was her ardent love for me that prompted the adventure, and in my soul I could not chide her.

Paul Heartly hastened to the residence of the lady with whom Ida was to stop. When he returned I could easily read the result of his visit in the grief-stricken expression of his face.

"What what can we do?" sobbed the agonized man, seizing my hands and pressing them with painful agitation.

The question had an earnest response in my own mind. My eyes involuntarily closed. It was but for a moment, but in that moment my mind was made up. That mysterious spell-power had darted through my brain and left an impression there. I was resolved to follow its dictates.

"Hubert, you and the students who were with you over the body you worked upon last night, do you not?"

"We do!"

"Would you or your friends object to the granting me a small favor, if I have reason to believe its bestowal would result in great good?"

"We would not; I can pledge you my word on that."

"Then I shall ask the privilege of cutting off your student's head! Ask me no questions now, for it is not a time that we should be inactive. Tell me, can I do it at once?"

"As quick as we can arrive there," answered Hubert, restraining his surprise at my singular request.

We started for the college, taking Heartly with us, who, with head bowed down, followed without asking one word of explanation. We were soon in the dissecting-room, standing by the body which I sought to decapitate. Hubert had informed such of his classmates as were present at the college of my wish, and gladly acceding to it they hastened to the room that they might witness the result of so odd a proceeding.

I took a large surgical knife which Hubert had handed me, and fixed my left hand firmly in the thick, matted hair. My right arm felt like a solid limb of iron. With a few strokes, in which I did not realize any action of my own will-direction, the head was completely severed from the body. The instant the separation took place three distinct sounds, like the clapping of hands, were heard in different parts of the hall. The most emphatic articulation came from the immediate vicinity of the sailor's member-shorn trunk. All present looked around in alarm. I thought of the fair-colored misty lights and remained silent.

"What's that in the esophagus?" exclaimed one of the students, at the same time pointing to the part of the severed neck which was left upon the head.

There, stuck fast in the throat, was a wad of delicately tinted paper which had just escaped the edge of the knife. With the sharp point of a scalpel I picked it out. There followed such an unearthly groan, issuing from the very cavity which had held the paper, that the whole company drew back, trembling with horror-fright.

I took no notice of the agitation around me. I had been too well initiated to now hesitate through fear. I carefully unfolded the paper. There were a few teeth-marks upon it, but it must have been swallowed with but little attempt at mastication, for its surface was but slightly broken. It was a small, finely written note, and at once recognized the hand. It was dated "On board the steamer Royal," and signed by my dearly-loved Ida! It was a tender epistle, and never intended for other eyes than my own. It was the very one she was to have dispatched to me upon her arrival.

As I finished reading it I remembered having seen the out-throat looking villain receive that same note from his companion when I saw them together upon the sidewalk. I also remem-

bered seeing him mark down some directions upon its back. I turned the paper over and saw some characters written with a pencil, the sense of which I could not make out, although I knew the scrawling was French.

I handed it to Hubert, and after considerable study he succeeded in giving form to its purport. As near as I can express it in English the jargon read: "House the haul in the den off Rue de L. Fat catch. Strip the scales clean and throw hulk into Seine. Keep this lot dark and mum. It nicks the breakers."

"What is your next move?" anxiously inquired Hubert. "We must be guided by you in this matter; but I would suggest that this ambiguous writing be immediately shown to the police. It may at once guide them to action."

We repaired at once to the nearest police station. An officer of the department received us kindly, and Hubert handed him the note, explaining as fully as time would permit the circumstances under which it was found.

"How long has this lady been missing?" asked the officer, as he folded the note.

"Five days," I answered.

"Then it is best we start upon our search at once, for I see by the instructions the villain has marked down here that her situation is, to say the least, precarious."

Heartly begged him to explain the writing upon the note, if it were possible for him so to do.

"It is quite plain to me," continued the officer, "for I have met with much of this blind scrawl during my official career. Had the lady much of value upon her person?"

"Diamonds, pearls, and a goodly amount of money," quickly returned the agonized father.

"I thought as much," continued the officer, running his eyes again over the mysterious missive. "A fat catch" indicates as much.

The rest means this: The victim is to be imprisoned in the 'den' until shorn of all upon her person that has even the worth of a sou, and then her lifeless body is to be cast into the dark waters of the Seine. 'Keep this lot dark and mum: it nicks the breakers,' implies that the writing of this missive gives information regarding the victim's connections, and is to be kept for reference that the movements of such persons—'breakers'—may be secretly watched and guarded against. If the poor soul be not already beneath the Seine, I fear a fate worse than death itself has kept her from its tide."

A long, deep groan of agony heaved up from the stricken father's heart.

"I have told you, gentlemen, the plain facts as I understand them," remarked the officer; "and now we must at once to the work of rescue! It is evident that when the holder of this note realized that his life was surely running out he attempted to swallow it that its discovery might not expose his companions in guilt. Luckily death stopped it before it reached the stomach. One part of this writing is extremely indefinite. 'The haul is housed off the Rue de L.' Now there are hundreds of dens off that locality, and this gives nothing direct to the one of our particular search. We must scour through the whole district; we may be lucky enough to run across the man who handed this note to his now dead comrade."

"Would you be able to recognize him?" continued the officer, addressing me.

I answered I was positive that I could.

He immediately dispatched three of his men to the college, to ascertain if the face of the dead criminal would yield them any clue. He then took three detectives, and we started. Owing to my ignorance of the streets in the part of the city we were to visit, I walked with Hubert, who had been directed how to proceed. The officer and his men followed on at some distance behind, in order to prevent any undue observation.

Again I felt that mysterious spell upon me, stronger than at any time before! I was hurried along by an irresistible power.

Hubert suggested that we might frustrate our own plans by rushing along at such a rapid speed. I bade him do his best to keep up, and trust to me. Suddenly I turned a corner—or rather I should say I was turned—for I simply yielded to the controlling force that had possessed me.

"Not there!" cried Hubert, catching me by the arm. "The Rue de L. is still beyond!"

"Follow me!" follow me!" I returned, in a hoarse whisper.

He made no reply, but obeyed me with seeming reluctance.

The officer ran up and asked why we had taken that route. I urged him to hurry up his men and follow closely upon my track. My manner was so determined that he did not stop to question, but called his men, and they were immediately close in upon our rear. Paul Heartly was doing his best to keep pace with us upon the opposite side of the street.

Again the spell began to quicken me with a giant strength. Every muscle was possessed of the same power that struck the blow which severed the villain's neck. I could not feel the touch of my feet upon the pavement, and in a frantic manner I was rushed along by the impetuous control.

"Are you mad?" gasped Hubert, who was by this time fairly out of breath.

"On! on!" was my only reply, and taking my friend's arm in my iron grasp I bore him along still faster. I beckoned wildly to the officers, and they ran to keep up with my furious strides.

The buildings began to assume a low, shabby appearance. We had reached a locality where misery and vice reigned supreme. When in the very midst of a sea of wretchedness and depravity, I was whirled down a narrow alley lined on either side with dilapidated hovels, and pestilent with loathsome filth; still down, through reeking slums, where degradation itself ought to blush to own a home, when suddenly my journey ended.

I was stopped before a dismal-looking pile of rottenness, which might well have been supposed to harbor the basest shades of crime.

"You have a wonderful knowledge of these holes," said the head officer, as he came up, followed by his men, all panting for breath.

"I have studied these parts of the city for years, but I never knew of the route you have led us before."

"Here is the den!" came from my compressed lips, and at the same moment with one blow of my foot I drove open the door.

"Ida!" I called, in a voice that seemed to shake the building from top to bottom.

A long, piercing shriek came from one of the upper rooms.

Up stairs, through a dark, gloomy passage-way, and another door gave way before the fury that controlled me.

There was Ida! Her dress torn to tatters, her golden hair hanging in wild disorder about her shoulders, and her arms and face bruised and bleeding. With the prowess of an Amazon she was repelling the wretch I had first

seen in possession of her note. He, too, felt the might of the avenging Power! My hands were upon him, and his head was dashed against the wall of the room. He fell senseless to the floor.

"Saved! Thank God! I am saved!" cried Ida.

She fell into my arms, and I pressed her to my heart!

Three measured claps sounded above our heads, and I heard the words distinctly spoken in my ear, "I have kept my word!" It was the well-remembered voice of the old sailor!

Ida started and looked up, but I bade her have no fear; I raised my eyes and fervently said, "God bless you!"

I heard a loud scuffling below. It shortly ceased, and Hubert, accompanied by Ida's father, entered the room. It was a painful, yet joyous meeting, and fervent were the prayers that were offered up to High Heaven for the deliverance.

The control departed and left me in my normal state. I was so weak that Hubert was obliged to assist me until we could obtain a carriage.

We left the officers attending to the occupants of the den, all of whom they had arrested.

Poor Ida recovered slowly. Her mouth and throat gave her much pain, the effects of a severe gagging she had been subjected to at the hands of the villains after she had been placed in a coach, with the ostensible purpose of being conveyed to the residence of her friend. Her jewels and other articles of value were recovered by the police.

On the day of our departure we all visited a cemetery occupying a pleasant position in the suburbs of the city. We gathered about a white stone bearing the simple inscription:

"MOORED IN THE HAVEN OF REST."

It was a new-made grave, and contained all that was earthly of the old sailor whom I met upon the steamer.

I knelt by the mound with Ida at my side, and we breathed a parting blessing.

"What is this that wafts so softly by me, like an angel's breath?" whispered Ida, as we rose.

"It is the benediction of a grateful spirit," I answered. We said "Amen," and slowly left the spot.

Death's Harvest of Great Men.

(Continued from first page.)

men who have never been to Congress. There have been a great many men in Congress associated with the government who were not statesmen. But these men bore their stamp and made such an impression upon the century in which they were active that they will be remembered among those who are statesmen when the political issues and distinct differences have died away. Doubtless all who regard the welfare of the country will see where in Mr. Blaine failed of achieving his final object: just by the failure of perceiving the one step that the nation is about to take.

Doubtless if Mr. Butler ever had any ambition in that direction that was serious they will not regret that they did not put him forward for the highest office in the nation, since in his own particular calling he was greater as he was.

Out of active human life, out of the full measure of earthly years, these two distinctively active, energetic, typical men have passed.

We do not intend to mention all who have lately passed on, but these in political states, Mr. Lamar in the judiciary, the poets who have recently gone from your midst, and the one great mind that has illuminated, in a theological sense, this particular part of the world, will form the picture we have to offer.

Mr. Hayes was not a national picture, except as the incumbent of his office. Yet in quietude and simplicity, in the severity of life, in much that might be called an example for politicians, he certainly excelled; chiefest was the humility that accompanied his office and that accompanied him into retirement.

Chief Justice Lamar was one of the brilliant figures in the career of legal practice. In his eminent connection with the nation he has made a record that very few have made, yet not at all in keeping with the greatest decisions of the land that have made some men famous and others infamous in past time. There still runs a clear, distinct, brilliant, scholarly line through all his life, and in the epitome of the judiciary a perfectly fair and impartial judgment.

But what shall we say of those who have passed, and who are so well known, from the realm of poetry? Snowy hairs blossoming with years; great because unseeking, simple in their grandeur because never suspecting that they were great. It is but a little while since you had to remember the blossoming into immortal life of Longfellow; and the year has brought its full harvest of immortality to Whittier. Can you not think you see him in the white, clear winter of his life, every day growing clearer and brighter and purer for the realm of the spirit, singing his triumphant song? For he was the poet that sung the slaves into freedom, long before the military necessities of the rebellion made freedom possible. He was the poet who scoured with the fine cord of poetry the tyranny of holding chattel slaves, and pointed out in verse—as William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips did in speech—the unswerving, undying, unflinching Nemesis that freedom brings. It was he, reared with strong Quaker proclivities, who could break forth from the bondage of silence into songs that heralded the advent of the day. It was well that he should live to see what greatness and beauty of life was here when finally that freedom was declared for which he had sought and sung in his humility. He never dreamed that he helped to bring it about, never thought his simple song reached and urged hearts on to fiery combat; never dreamed that he healed the wounds that the war had made, or in his simple, divine spirit of faith and knowledge of immortality he kept hope alive in others. All this happened to the soldiers whom he helped unawares. He urged forward the plea for freedom before it could be done with safety in Boston: all songs could be sung, for poets are exempt, since they may sing such songs as other people may not talk in their sober senses and be respected.

Then shall we mention, far over the sea, the poet-laureate, who twenty-five years ago was the classical poet of all young and aspiring lives? Shall we say that in pure classical rhyme and rhythm and that which sung its way to the classical thought and mind, Tennyson was the poet of this age? But in all that keeps pace with the human heart, in that that comes nearest to human lives, in that which feels the pulses of the people, he must forever stand aloof, while our own poets sing by the hearthstone, declare the principles of freedom to the world. Shall we say that that classical writer has done as much for humanity as Longfellow

or Whittier? It is well for every man to live his own life, dream his own dreams, sing his own songs, but the poets of an age must declare something that the world can look forward to. In Tennyson's "In Memoriam," he touches the altitude that forms some parallel to the hope of the world that Longfellow clearly and constantly sings. In the "Memorial" to which we refer, which is a tribute to his early friend, one who would have been related to him by nearer ties had he not been out off in his young life, Arthur Hallam, he said:

"How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Must be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead."

Then he goes on to picture this communion and his constant state and presence of his loved friend. Nowhere else in all Tennyson's verse does he touch upon that border-land, that which at the period in which he wrote it he was comparatively with, for not only this friend passing from his mortal sight uplifted him to thoughts of the future world, but he had somewhat of a knowledge of spirit-communion through this same sister to whom Arthur Hallam was engaged, through whom messages came from this immortal realm. No wonder he could picture as possible this communion that afterward his scholarly mind excluded from his poems and caused him to enter the realm of merely classical song and verse.

Still another, as clearly American as the Rocky Mountains or Niagara, as little understood by most makers of verses or the readers of them, yet having an original and distinct thought, one that you could not afford to part with in American literature as easily as any whose songs have ever been sung—we mean the "poet of nature," the whirlwind, the torrent, the mountain streams, the seaside, the river, Walt Whitman. Perhaps the coming years will reveal him more to you. You are getting to know more about Wagner in music; possibly Whitman's verse will mean something to you; and those who now spend hours in deciphering the possible meaning of Robert Browning's verse, may turn to this great wind-storm of a poet and find out what he means.

If we touch upon a theme that has been near to many hearts and hundreds of lives, and possibly has been present upon many tongues, the theme of one whose life was so eloquent that had he not spoken a word he still would have preached his greatest sermon; one who has stood among ecclesiastics without being of them; who has worn the garb of the church without being made by the church; who has conferred the honor upon church forms and ceremonies of conforming to them for the sake of his life-work—we mean Phillips Brooks: If we speak of him it is not because his name is on every tongue or is much praised of by men, or because he has won many hearts and lives to speak well of him, but to make the picture complete.

Now after the praise of the State to the statesmen or politicians, of the nation to the nation's eminent and great men, after the praise of those who loved them to the singers of songs and the makers of poems, after all the words and panegyrics spoken by human speech, and after the tributes of the lowly and the great, and after every pen-picture has recorded the praise of the minister, the nation has comparatively sunk into silence: the visible have passed from mortal sight and live only in memory and in their works; and the arisen statesmen, and the arisen politicians, and the arisen magistrate, and the arisen poets, and the arisen minister of the gospel, are not living realities in many minds to-day. What does this mean?

It means that a man's greatness at death is his inheritance and the inheritance of the people, but that the gateways beyond death are not as yet wide open to human thought and perception, and such a thing as a continued life for General Butler, for James G. Blaine, for Chief Justice Lamar, for the poets Whittier, Longfellow, Whitman, Tennyson, and for Phillips Brooks—continued life and labor—is scarcely dreamed of. It is taught, it is the pervading lesson of the hour, it is something that even takes hold of the ordinary religions of the world, though by faith alone are they uplifted to the skies, to the kingdom of heaven which it is hoped these have all entered, but it is not a reality. Where are they? What are they doing now? What pursuits, ambitions and aspirations possess them? How is it with them in that state that is not so far removed from the states of earth as from the touch of the hand? Here in your midst, here in your consciousness, their memory is kept alive. Doubtless thousands and thousands will reverently remember, but what is the active duty of the arisen spirit?

Never for one moment suppose that, like the reception to public men, or a presidential inauguration, or the returning home of conquering heroes, the whole spaces are lined with lines of spirits drawn up in festive order to receive the spirit passing from earth; never for one moment think there are archways festooned with flowers placed along the way that the spirit is to pass, and that loud hosannas are sung by that spirit's particular friends because of its coming. Let no one suppose that there is any formality to the reception of spirits at any time. As much preparation as is needed, as is foreknown by the spirit's guardians and friends, as much tender care as is required by the spirit's state, all this is carefully and with foresight provided for, but no heavenly robes, nor garlands of flowers, nor crowns of glory, nor pious of praise, announce the passing from earth to the spirit states of any great man or any lowly man. To the individual that is passing through the change called death, to the general from the army, or the lawyer from his particular pursuit of business, there is preparation, however: a preparation that is within, a preparation that is for the unfolding of a new life, a preparation for that which is to meet him, not the objective forms and aims and aspirations that met him here, but the new state wherein all the realities of life are subjective, where what he thought is a great deal more important than what he did, where what he spoke is more important than what others spoke of him, and where the real purpose of his life, without disguise, without blame, without praise, stands revealed. No man is as bad as his enemies declare him, no man is as good as his too partial friends suppose him to be; all are aware of imperfections and blemishes that no one else dares to speak of, and all are aware of being more sincere of purpose than those who judge them are aware. So weighed in this inscrutable balance the spirit passes from the earthly state to the spiritual state; sometimes aware, sometimes not aware, but always with an augmentation of power, always conscious of an expanse, always feeling that they have been tethered and bound, and always rejoicing at first in the freedom. The first thought of every man,

woman and child in passing from earth is to declare its state to its friends, to tell them that "I am happy, I am free, I am not in pain, I am not tethered and bound as I was," the wonderful expanse of freedom; the freedom of thought instead of the fetters of the body, the freedom of perception instead of the fetters of the senses. And this comes to all, unless indeed the state be such that there is no spiritual perception at all. But this is rarely the case.

To the ones we have pictured, according to their individual states, so is the exultation and freedom. The first recognition is from those who are nearest and dearest, as if they had been there all the time and had known what was about to transpire. While the spirit in passing experiences, for the time, surprise, those who surround and reveal themselves first are not surprised, but appear as if they had been known all the time. It is this naturalness as well as this freedom that constitutes this surprising part to every spirit; however well prepared to go, there is always a surprise; if not prepared at all, there is still a surprise; and even those who think they know the most about the spiritual state, and will feel perfectly ready and at home when the change comes, can have no conception of what it will be when the awakening finally comes.

To the man of many cares in law, intent upon carrying forward this or that or the other measure, full of the knowledge of human laws and human books, and yet with an affectionate nature, and an aspiration for something above and beyond, there is a revelation of himself, and that revelation comes by introspection. The recognition is first, and then the spirit is left to this introspection. It is not a state of loneliness, but a state of suddenly discovering that one is in a realm where the only value of existence is what the spirit furnishes, and that the power that is to be employed in the spirit state is entirely in and of one's self. To those who are called self-made men, like the ones we first mentioned, to those who have been accustomed to rely upon their individual energies and intelligence and powers here, there is nothing new in this; but it is quite new (and we would have you bear this in mind) that the spirit realizes, either at first or in a very short time, that no outside aid, no superficial estimate of friends, none of the usual methods of human success, can at all prevail in the spiritual realm; that those who have been pursuing certain kinds of labor or professions might not follow those lines of work in spirit-life, unless they are compatible with the spirit's conviction: A man may be a good lawyer and not have a conviction concerning his case; he may be a good judge, and judge impartially according to law, and still his convictions not be interested; he may follow any profession, and follow it strictly from a business standpoint, and still not be disturbed by an inward conviction. Spiritual strength is in earnestness; spiritual strength is in belief; unless a spirit has a conviction there is no spiritual power. Consequently to aid one whom you do not believe in, to carry forward a case that you know to be fallacious and not according to law, or according to equity or justice, is impossible.

The lawyer must abandon his profession as a profession. He may help whomsoever he pleases, he may assist some one, but he must be interested. If it is a mental proposition merely, the spirit finds that there is no occupation except to employ the mind or intelligence to bear forward the real purpose of the individual life. If a man's ambition has so far taken possession of his life that the life of the spirit and that of the nation and that of an especial position are identical, there is disappointment; the disappointment comes from having no outside or superficial or external props, no glamour of outward greatness, no external and palpable proof of regard to which one is accustomed when meeting with human beings from whom something is expected, and to whom something is to be given, hypothetically. Consequently, the man who is accustomed to being praised is liable to be disappointed. The true friends are there: the mother, the sister, the wife, all spiritual associates, those who are nearest to one's heart, dearest to one's affections; but none of the outside glamour ever enters the presence of the awakened spirit; none would venture to force their way for congratulations or to receive them until there is a desire, by the aspiration and longing on the part of the one awakening, to see them.

Such is the spiritual state that only those best adapted can approach the individual. So, instead of lines of people that from mere curiosity are attracted on earth to any pageant where any public man is, there are simply the unobtrusive members of the heart's household, whoever they may be: those who accom-

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Now we declare to you that the praises from human lips, the words spoken of him after his body had died and all the panegyrics to his memory have not made a ripple upon his spirit; life, that he is not conscious of them, but only intent with the measure, scope and power of his spirit to see what he can do; that none of the heavenly company have been expected to step out of their way or depart from their labors to welcome him. Yet such is his state.

One brother who was a Spiritualist for many years, who was very well known, followed the light of the spirit world regarding the prevailing doubt or difficulty. Spiritualism to them was a lamp to their feet at all times; and now that one has been called to spiritualism, the other is not broken down or discouraged; for though the earthly presence may be withdrawn, the spirit is still present, and the work will never be lacking. As for her who has attained, she will never be altered or feared, but will stand as a witness.

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From Boston, March 9th (of pneumonia), Harry F. Hall, son of Elisha and Lucy W. Hall, formerly of this city, aged 42 years. L. W. H.

[Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.]

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Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance flees, and the human family rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—Spirit John Pierpont.

The Forty-Fifth Commemoration.

Open communion between the two worlds was established forty-five years ago for the first time in human history. Years previous to the advent of those knockings in an humble abode near Rochester, similar monitions from the invisible world had been given to the Wesley brothers, and the phenomena were many of them known to the Shakers, who within their own sphere of life enjoyed by themselves a communion with the spirit-world of which those around them had no knowledge. It is now plainly evident that the inhabitants of that world were for a long time making strenuous efforts to open an avenue of communion with the inhabitants of the earth. Hitherto these demonstrations were limited and localized. This was the reason for their being controlled and interpreted by a priesthood that was ever ready and eager to seize upon and appropriate any advantage whatever that could be turned by them into a new form of sacerdotal power.

History, all along its dreary, saddening course, is strewn with the wrecks of innocent and defenseless lives, the common penalty of striving to reach out into broader and freer fields for the truth that existed for everybody everywhere, out of the fatal reach of the binding and destroying clutch of ecclesiastical prejudice. Modern Spiritualism came to break down and destroy, at once and forever, the barriers of superstition; to beat down the dividing walls of prejudice everywhere; to open the great spiritual world to mankind without regard to creed, race, color or condition. It announced the joyful tidings that no restriction was imposed on mortals that they should be debarred from the enjoyment of communion with those who had gone before into the world of spirits. As has been fitly said, it was a Declaration of Spiritual Independence.

Its significant message has made the circuit of the globe. The powers that have been accustomed to sway the world and arrest the march of human progress are struck with astonishment, that is fast intensifying into dismay. They of all others are intelligent enough to understand how widespread are the irresistible consequences of this humble and despised beginning. They know too well that the sounding of the summons for open and general revolt against the tyranny of iron-clad dogmas and the incarceration of the human spirit in the dungeons of bigotry and creedal hatreds, will arouse humanity, already civilized, socialized and fraternized by the marvelous advance of science and industry, to a pitch of determination that will render the rule of the times of the past again impossible.

It must be allowed to their credit and honor that the stigmatized "Infidels" of the past widened the realm of thinking by the cultivation of untrammelled reason, and opened new fields of thought for man. Above all, they possessed moral courage when it was most needed. Mesmerism, the school of French magnetists, opened another field, stranger and more startling than any yet conceived. Out of its blind beginnings issued the more advanced and positive thought of the possibility of demonstrating that mortals can hold communication with the invisibles and the world beyond. Here were two opposite poles of thought, both pointing unmistakably to the great change in human belief for which all things were now becoming ripe. The surface upheavals here and there over the body of religious belief and metaphysical philosophy, only betrayed the profound stir of the elemental forces within. That a revolution was then at hand is now apparent to any one who intelligently reviews the history of the past fifty years. And the signal for the outbreak, for the swinging open of the heavenly gates so long shut to humanity, at last came in the solitary little rapping, in that humble house at Hydesville.

How great the change since then in the fields of literature, science, theology, and every department of human life and thought since this world of mortality was invaded by the inhabitants of that other sphere—the world of spirits! Study, for instance, the remarkable modifications of the pulpit teachings, suppressing the old dogmas about which the modern periwolders refuse to hear, and vitalizing their Sunday

inculcations with spiritual truths to be learned from no creeds, catechisms or councils. Hell's fires are only smoking now; heaven is not proposed as a sweetmeat bribe; the judgment day is not to be waited for. It is not culture, merely, the growth of religious thought, or the revelations of science, that has wrought these changes.

It is nothing more nor less than the influx of an entirely new inspiration, that which SPIRITUALISM alone has wrought; making its silent way through the barricades of immovable materialism; dissolving the dogmas and dethroning the doctrines of pride-swollen ecclesiastical power; pushing back to a far larger expanse the horizon of human knowledge, thought and aspiration; impressing wider and truer views of life, conduct and duty; placing human responsibility for its actions on human shoulders, where it belongs; bringing heaven from its far-away distance into the limits of our daily lives; and dissolving without further notice the old partnership of "the world, the flesh and the devil."

Thus has SPIRITUALISM worked to reform religion and helped to make humanity what it was destined to be—only a little lower than the angels. Beneath all the discords of prejudice and confused outbursts of ignorance is to be seen the divinity of the soul, outshining all the obscurities of passion past and present, silencing with its sublime patience the turbulence and turmoil of doctrinal strife, lifting the lower elements of humanity up to the possibilities of an ever higher level, and radiating an influence of light and goodness, of happiness and wisdom on all things around—the sole evangel of the human family and its only great and eternal possession. This is what SPIRITUALISM substantially has taught and is all the time continuing to teach. But it is especially the convincing teacher of the unwilling as well as the indifferent. It compels the unbelieving disbeliever to investigate and believe. It converts by convicting. It changes faith to knowledge. It crowns death with the laurels of victory, bringing back the absent ones much nearer to us than they were before. The companionship into which it introduces us surpasses all that creeds have ever professed and pulpits promised. It is spirit-communication now and without end!

One of the dearest misconceptions which Spiritualism has effectually dissipated is that which concerns the occupation of those who have passed to the other life. It teaches and the churches at last are beginning to teach it too—that those who enter the spirit-world find there the occupation they are best adapted to; that the true and only way of "praising the Lord" through eternity is to be doing with all the strength that which is congenial and fit. True, the churches will never admit that they have stolen the conception, but they have done it nevertheless. And as we are to continue in the grooves of activity which temperament and gift have fashioned, and habit and inclination have deepened and worn, how important for each one of us to clear ourselves of all that is obstructive and unclear, by consecrating our bodies while here as living temples of the immortal spirit; to understand that the body is at best but the servant; that it is neither a debasing partner nor to be debased.

The great and supreme office discharged by SPIRITUALISM since its faint knockings were heard in the humble house at Hydesville forty-five years ago, is that of dissipating and delivering from the oppressive, crushing dread of death with which the human family had been so long overpowered. That alone is an emancipation for which human gratitude cannot find strong enough expressions of relief. This is the triumph, not of faith, but of actual knowledge. It enters as an angel into every home in which it is offered a welcome. It is the foundation and the precursor of the new universal faith, the faith not in meaningless mysteries, but in DEMONSTRATED IMMORTALITY.

In Re Rev. Mr. Savage's New Book.

A book reviewer in last Sunday's *New York Sun*, among other notices alludes to Rev. M. J. Savage's latest work on "Psychics, Facts and Theories." This writer, in introducing his review, which in the main is not especially antagonistic to the Spiritual Philosophy, however, speaks of the non-committal position of Mr. Savage, notwithstanding the latter's varied experiences in regard to the phenomena. Below will be found what *The Sun* says:

"Sometimes we denounce a so-called 'medium' as an exasperating fraud, and in nine cases out of ten we are right in doing so, and then at other times we run across a lot of evidence that simply staggers us. Rev. Dr. Buckley comes down on one whole thing like an avalanche, and insists that three-quarters of it is humbug and one-quarter is self-deception. But whole denunciation won't do, because there are men of weight by the score on the other side, and they know as well as any one how to weigh testimony. Take Professor Crookes of London, for example, or the great scientist Wallace, who shares with Darwin the credit of the theory of evolution, or the late Professor Zöllner of Germany—are these people fit to judge of the value of testimony, and are they not to be trusted as much as the rest of us?"

The scientific mind has no prejudices, no favorite theories. It takes things as they are, sees to it that they really are as represented to be, and then tries to give a solution which will settle the difficulties. Pounding and hammering this new movement simply because it is mysterious has gone out of fashion; for it has been very persistent, and the community is lending to it a respectful ear. What is wanted is a careful and rigid sifting of the ashes from the good coal, the lumber from the truth, and after that process is completed we shall probably see daylight.

Mr. M. J. Savage, a Unitarian minister of Boston, a man of ripe years and understanding, has recently given the public a little volume through the press of the Arena Publishing Company. It is readable from any point of view. If you want a series of genuine short stories you will find them; if you want some authentic experiences which will set you to thinking, you will not be disappointed. Mr. Savage is very fair in his treatment of the subject—a little too fair, we think. We should like the book better if the author took a more into his confidence, and told us how he personally solves these puzzles, and what explanation of them is satisfactory to himself. Of course he has a theory—you can see that in every page of the book—but he is thoroughly non-committal. He does not venture to say in answer to the question whether these facts, which he relates and vouches for, "fit a corner of the curtain and let us catch a glimpse of a face, and so assure us that death is only an experience of life and not its end"—the most he ventures to answer is that he hopes so.

Here is an odd circumstance which Mr. Savage declares genuine. It is told of a doctor, a friend of the author:

"On a winter night two years ago he was sound asleep. Being very weary, and in order that he might sleep as late as possible, the green Holland shade of his window was down to the bottom, and there was no way by which any light could penetrate his room. His wife was sleeping in a room adjoining his room, and the door between them was open. He was awakened by hearing him call her name. She opened her eyes, and his room flooded with a soft, yet intense yellowish light.

She called and said, 'What is that light?' He replied, 'I don't know, come in and see!' She then went into his room, and saw that it was full of this light. They looked at each other, and the light seemed to grow stronger and stronger. It was about five minutes before it faded away. During this time he explained what had occurred. He said he was awakened by a strong light shining directly on his face. At the same time, on opening his eyes, he saw the figure of a woman standing at the foot of his bed. He noticed that she was a woman in a white garment, and looking sharply recognized it as one of his patients who was very ill. Then he realized that this could not be so, and with the vague thought of a possible burglar thus disguised, he sprang out of bed, and grasped his revolver. This brought him face to face with the figure, not three feet away. He saw every detail of dress, complexion and feature, and for the first time recognized the fact that it was not a being of flesh and blood. But the moment he called his wife's name the figure disappeared, leaving, however, the intense yellow light behind, which, they both served for five minutes by the watch, before it faded out. The next day it was found that one of his patients, closely resembling the figure he had seen, had died a few minutes before he saw his vision, and had died calling for him."

Of course this is a most extraordinary story for any sane man to tell in cold blood, and would certainly be very difficult to account for on grounds of natural science. It is a fair sample of the wonderful experiences which fill the book and make it somewhat grim and ghastly. Still, if things of this sort are going to happen, if the people in the other world are really given a means of coming back, or if the people who are on their way to the other world find it possible to halt for a time in order to make a communication, why, that is a matter of supreme importance. The nature of the communication, that is its intellectual value, is of no consequence whatever. The fact that something or anything is either said or done, whether it is wise or idiotic, is a matter to be considered. Mr. Savage relates some other curious incidents, and their chief value lies in the fact that he has personally verified every one of them. He says he has every reason to believe that they contain no overstatement of the facts. A very rare man, he accepts them as true, and regards them as perfectly fair evidence to adduce in the trial of this case. We have read the little volume with interest and pleasure, and cheerfully commend it to all who have an eye on occultism or psychics, or whatever else it may be called."

This work is for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, as will be seen by the advertisement in another column.

Kicking Away the Ladder.

Some Spiritualists—we wish there were not so many of them being quite satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism in its varied relations, think there is no more need of taking a spiritual paper. They put it on the economical ground beside. Their case is very fairly met by the editor of the *New Nation*. One of its subscribers wrote to discontinue his paper, on the plea that it had converted him to Nationalism, and he therefore did not need it any longer. If this principle were generally applied by the readers of reform papers, says the *New Nation*, the editors of the same would presently be left with a waste-basket full of compliments and a blank subscription list. If, well reasons the editor, we could depend on the support of our opponents, we could dispense with that of our friends; but if a man does not feel the need of a paper because he agrees with it, it is certain that he will feel still less need of one he does not agree with. He appends the saving suggestion, however, that if any one feels indeed converted and in need of no more conversion, he substitute for his own name on the subscription list that of somebody who is in need of conversion. That would at least demonstrate his sincerity. Subscribers to spiritualistic papers may consider the suggestion as applicable to themselves, when they think of stopping their subscriptions. Being true Spiritualists, it is utterly selfish in them to try to kick away the ladder they climbed by. Common gratitude dictates a more generous course.

An Experience with Planchette.

A patron of ours, residing in Washington, D. C., sends us the following, as the remarkably successful and satisfactory experience of himself and family with one of the planchettes offered for sale by Messrs. Colby & Rich:

"About three weeks ago I sent you for a planchette. After trying it myself I found the board would not act by my power alone, so I asked my daughter, sixteen years old, to place her hand on with mine, and at about the third trial it wrote in reply to our question, 'Will you write for us?' the word, 'Yes,' and the satisfaction in my heart words could not express. Then when we asked when the name, 'I' wrote 'Uncle William Bray, and you are my dear nephew, John Bray, and I was drowned at sea. It caused me so much joy to be able to prove, myself, that life is eternal!'

"Uncle William entered the spirit-world when I was a boy, my daughter knew nothing about it, and I had forgotten it for the time being, but soon found that that was related to be facts."

J. BRAY.
937 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Anniversary.

The 31st of March, 1893, will usher in the Forty-fifth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism. Talented platform speakers, and grateful laity also, will be inspired to discuss the grand principles inculcated by the Spiritual Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century.

The BANNER OF LIGHT respectfully asks that the secretaries of the various societies—and the chairmen of committees where no stated societies exist—will forward reports of the proceedings in their special neighborhoods. We will give place to such accounts as rapidly as space will permit.

It will be seen by reference to the eighth page of THE BANNER that a full statement was made by the late Mrs. Margaret Fox-Kane, some time previous to her demise, in regard to the causes which led her for a brief time to publicly deny her legitimate mediumship. The account shows that this sensitive was evidently, for the time, psychologized by certain enemies of our Cause. The testimony was taken down by a competent stenographer at the residence of Mr. H. J. Newton of New York City. Her recantation will go into history as a most important point relating to the fact of Modern Spiritualism and its phenomena.—We see it announced in the daily press that "the Spiritualists of New York and Brooklyn intend to buy a plot, and erect a costly monument over the bodies of Mrs. Kane and her sister, Mrs. Kate Fox-Jenken (who died last July)."

As will be seen by reference to the announcement of the Anniversary Services of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, (Boston)—fourth page—the exercises will now take place at Horticultural Hall, by reason of the recent destruction of Tremont Temple by fire.

Good synopses of lectures by several public favorites among the platform orators for Spiritualism are given in this number of THE BANNER.

Tremont Temple, Boston, was for the third time in its history destroyed by fire—beginning at 7:15 A. M.—Sunday last; loss somewhere near \$300,000.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Injustice in the Case of Mrs. Maybrick.—Mrs. Florence Maybrick, now undergoing a sentence of life imprisonment in England, for the alleged poisoning of her husband, finds an able advocate of her innocence and forcible plea for her release in a volume written by Dr. Helen Densmore. The evidence upon which she was adjudged guilty is thoroughly analyzed by Mrs. Densmore, and an exposition given by her of English Criminal Law. In addition are quotations from a book by Wm. Thomas of Liverpool, in which he deals with the medical problem of the case, excerpts from articles by Mr. Sted in the *Review of Reviews*, and Mr. Macdonald, a London lawyer, three letters from Gail Hamilton, and a logical statement by the *Scottish Leader*, a ministerial organ, calling for Mrs. Maybrick's immediate pardon and release.

All who would know a full history of this remarkable case, the efforts made to effect Mrs. Maybrick's release, and its present status, will be interested in this book. Stillman & Co., 1398 Broadway, New York are its American publishers.

Turned Theosophist.—We find a statement in the daily press that Annie Eva Fay—formerly companion of the rank "spiritualist" impostor, H. Melville Fay, whom this paper has exposed in *extenso* for many years—has become a Theosophist! We suppose she now throws off the mask of claimed "physical mediumship"! Let those correspondents in various parts of the country where she has been, who have arranged THE BANNER for a "lack of charity" in this case, take notice! She has, says the account, changed the name of her "shows" to correspond with her new *rite*, and calls her exhibitions Theosophical experiments. "She is now on her way to Calcutta, India, to edit a book *Mme. Blavatsky* is to dictate through a 'talking head,' which is operated, as she says, by her astral body."

A "Haunted" Palace.—It is currently reported in Stockholm, Sweden, that exploits of a mysterious nature greatly annoyed the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark during their recent stay at the Royal residence in that city. It is said that on the first night the Grand Chamberlain was thrown violently out of bed, and Prince John disturbed by strange, loud noises. On the following evening the Princess, while writing in a brilliantly lighted salon, was surprised to see an unknown person enter. She arose to call a servant, when the figure retreated and mysteriously disappeared, as noiselessly as it came. The eldest son of the Crown Prince having one evening entered a room in search of some object, withdrew in fright, declaring it was filled with strange men. On the evening of their departure from the Castle the Crown Prince of Sweden, while engaged in a game of whist with his Danish visitors, declared a stranger had looked over his shoulder at the cards he held. It is mentioned as a singular feature of the affair that the present castle stands on the site of a Royal dwelling which was demolished many years ago, mainly because it was reputed to be haunted.

Fund for the Destitute Poor.

DONATION MONIES RECEIVED.
M. D. Bell, \$5.00; Chelsea, 50 cents; Sarah E. Taylor, \$1.00; Mrs. O. M. North, \$3.75; L. H. S., \$5.00; Mattapan, \$1.00; Elizabeth Tull, \$2.50; Mrs. Phelps, \$1.00; A Friend, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Tilton, \$1.00; Mrs. G. Orcutt, \$2.00; L. M. B. Porter, \$2.50; Mrs. S. E. Staples, \$1.00; Mrs. H. W. Lincoln, \$2.00; Ester Dill, \$1.50; A Friend, 50 cents. [Thanks, dear friends. The funds thus received from time to time have been judiciously expended in aid of those whom we have found in the greatest need.]

Every Saturday, an interesting Baltimore weekly, opens its columns in a liberal way to a free elucidation and discussion of the teachings of Modern Spiritualism. A correspondent writing over the *nom de plume* "Truthseeker," gives some of the results of his seeking that can but arrest the attention of all who have hitherto thought lightly of the subject, and lead them to investigate what only needs investigation to establish its truth. Its issue of March 11th contains a long poem by Mrs. Mary E. Buell, author of the interesting and instructive book entitled "Sixth Sense; or, Electricity."

Mrs. S. A. Sweet of Worcester, Mass.—so writes Mrs. M. K. Glover—has for upward of two-score years given the use of her mediumistic powers in the majority of cases free to inquirers; but the time has arrived when in her old age she is in great pecuniary need. The attention of all benevolent Spiritualists is called to the case of Mrs. SWEET. Sums intended for her aid can be sent direct to the care of Colby & Rich, and will be acknowledged in these columns. THE BANNER opens the list with \$2.00 from its "God's Poor Fund."

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

Who said that March was a scold and a shrew? Who said she had nothing on earth to do but tempests and furies and rage to brew? Why look at the wealth she has lavished on you! On March! But hush, and hush, and hush! What color under your footstep glows! Beauty you summon from winter snows, And you are the pathway that leads to the rose.

—Celia Thaxter.

For use in a single scene of the Spectator, to be presented at "THE MACKAY SPECTATORIUM," at Chicago, the Columbian Celebration Company has imported direct from the plantations of the Boston Fruit Company, at Jamaica, W. I., five carloads of trees, shrubs, plants and other tropical flora. All this consignment is to be used in the scene representing the landing of Columbus at San Salvador, and will be in itself an object worthy of more than passing interest. All the other scenes will be equipped as completely as this one has been. "The Mackay Spectatorium" promises to surpass every other feature of the Fair, both in its colossal proportions and its astonishing height of conception.

In the Convocation, March 10th, of the Province of Canterbury, Archbishop Benson, Primate of all England, announced that a meeting of the Convocations of Canterbury and York will be held at once to consider the Welsh Suspensory Bill. The Archbishop said the bill involves the most serious consequences, and is avowedly the first step toward the disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales.

Mr. Gladstone, it is said, will, about Easter, be likely to leave the more arduous and exhausting task of piloting his Home Rule Bill through the committee to his successor, Sir W. Harcourt. He will then have achieved the unparalleled triumph of having been Prime Minister at the age of eighty-three, of having introduced a great measure of reconstruction and reeducation which Parliament is not yet sufficiently educated to pass, and of handing over to his successor a reconstituted party, with a majority which no one but himself can keep together. The vigor of the Grand Old Man when he can be kept going by excitement is something phenomenal.

PLEASURES OF THE SEASON.

Jumping over gutters,
Wading through the flood,
Plowing through the slush,
Tumbling in the mud,
Squatting in the puddles,
Bless me! this is nice,
Slipping through the water,
Slipping on the ice.
(To be continued.)

The British steaming *Country*, Capt. Wilson, from Fernandina, Feb. 10th, arrived at Bremen, March 20th. She reports that March 4th, A. M., she passed a lifeboat painted white bearing the name *Narcanda*. The boat was floating keel upward. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day another lifeboat from the *Narcanda* was passed. The fate of the ship has now been settled; but hopes are entertained that some of the crew may have reached Sable Island.

Among the attractive novelties in the china shops now are the beautiful designs of Easter flower vases. Jones, McDuffie & Stratton have them gleaned from Austria, France and the domestic factories.

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

Boston, Mass.

HORTICULTURAL HALL.
The Forty-Fifth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated under the auspices of the *Children's Progressive Lyceum*, in HORTICULTURAL HALL, Friday, March 31st, day and evening. On this occasion the following well-known talent will appear: J. Frank Baxter, Mrs. M. T. Longley, Mrs. C. J. Willis, Mrs. Townsend Wood, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, J. B. Hatch, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mr. Chas. Huot, Miss Louise Horner, Miss Estelle Huff, Little Eddie.

The Nelson Ladies' Quartet, and others; grand chorus of one hundred voices, and a full orchestra, will furnish the music.

Admission: Morning, 10 cents; afternoon, 10 cents; evening, 25 cents; all day, 40 cents. Tickets to be had of the children, or at Box Office Horticultural Hall.

WELLS MEMORIAL HALL.
The Forty-Fifth Anniversary will be observed by the *First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society* in this hall on March 31st. Three sessions during the day. The following speakers and, with readers and musical talent, will be present:

Mr. J. Frank Baxter, Mr. Eben Cobb, Dr. W. L. Jack, Dr. Ware, Dr. A. H. Richardson, Dr. C. E. Huot, Mrs. Josie Willis (reader), Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, M. A. Atterberry, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mrs. M. A. Brown, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Shackley, Mrs. Annie Cunningham, Mrs. Cushman.

Music by the Salem Quartet, Miss Amanda Bailey, Mrs. M. F. Lovering, Mrs. A. W. Staples and others. Tests and delineations at various times during the day and evening. E. D. Mayo, Sec'y.

HELPING HAND AND V. S. U.
Anniversary meetings will be held by the *HELPING HAND SOCIETY* at its hall on March 29th, afternoon and evening. By invitation the *VETERAN SPIRITUALIST UNION* will unite in the exercises.

The following friends and others have expressed their willingness to be present and assist: Mr. and Mrs. Little, Mr. and Mrs. Longley, Dr. H. B. Storer, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Dr. Richardson, Eben Cobb, Mrs. A. S. Byrnes, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, and others. Excellent music will be furnished by Miss Amanda Bailey, Messrs. Little, Boyce and Young. Admission: afternoon free, evening ten cents.

L. C. CLAPP, Sec'y for the Committee.
ODD FELLOWS HALL.

The *Boston Spiritual Temple* will celebrate the Anniversary in this hall all day and evening, Friday, March 31st. The following friends will be Hon. Sidney Dean, Mrs. J. S. Little, Dr. H. B. Storer, Carrie E. S. Twing, and F. A. Wiggin, test medium. Music by the Mendelssohn Ladies' Quartet, also Mr. John T. Little and W. H. Boyce.

New York City.
CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL.
The Forty-Fifth Anniversary will be duly celebrated at this hall, Sunday, April 2d, 1893, commencing at 2 o'clock P. M.

Order of exercises: Introductory Remarks, Henry J. Newton; Address, L. O. Roberts; Song, Miss Minnie Herzog; Addresses, Mrs. Milton Rathbun, Walter Howell; Song, Robert de Leon Myers; Addresses, Luther R. Marsh, Mrs. M. E. Williams; Song, Minnie Herzog; Address, Mrs. A. C. Pomeroy; Psychometric Reading and Platform Tests by Dr. G. B. Ewell; Song, Robert de Leon Myers; Address, J. Clegg Wright. Admission twenty-five cents.

KNICKERBOCKER CONSERVATORY HALL.
THE NEW SOCIETY OF ETHICAL SPIRITUALISTS will celebrate the Forty-Fifth Anniversary at this hall, 44 West 14th Street, on Sunday, March 26th, at 2:30 P. M.

There are to be addresses from Judge A. H. Bailey, Miss B. V. Cushman, Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, and we expect to have a number of other speakers. Eccles (Brooklyn), Mrs. H. N. Farnsworth will read an original poem, Mrs. Addie Chase Smith (Williamsburg, Mass.) will give recitations. We are to have several musical selections, vocal and instrumental. Should the weather be unfavorable, we will introduce to the audience our youngest member, Niel Burgess, Jr.

ADRIAN HALL.
The Anniversary will be commemorated on Sunday and Monday, March 26th and 27th.

Sunday, 2:30 P. M.: Song, Miss Grace McCarthy; anniversary oration, Mr. J. W. Fletcher; violin solo, Prof. Pastor Penavler; mental tests, Mr. J. W. Fletcher; recitation, Miss Augusta Chambers; speech, Dr. Augusta W. Fletcher; song, Mrs. Robert de Leon Myers; slate-writing scene, Mrs. Mott Knight, medium. At 8 P. M.: "Is Spiritualism True?" by Mr. J. W. Fletcher, and an illustrated history of Modern Spiritualism, showing historical scenes connected with the phenomena. Admission, 10 cents.

Monday, 8 P. M.: Song, Miss Grace McCarthy; zither solo, Mr. Otto Hacker; Climbing the Pyramids, Mrs. J. W. Fletcher; song, "Little Tot's High Chair," Mrs. Libby Monell; recitation, Mrs. Augusta Chambers; speech, Dr. Augusta Fletcher; song, Miss Grace McCarthy; recitations, Mr. J. W. Fletcher; zither solo, Mr. Otto Hacker. Closing with a reception and ball. Admission, fifty cents.

Lynn, Mass.
The Spiritualists of Lynn will celebrate the Forty-Fifth Anniversary in COBET HALL, 28 Market Street, Sunday, April 2d.

SerVICES. At 11 A. M., conference; 2 P. M., short addresses and tests; 3:30 P. M., song, Mrs. E. C. Tilton; anniversary address by Rev. E. C. Tilton, followed by tests by Mrs. E. C. Kimball (Lawrence). The following talent will take part through the day: Rev. E. C. Tilton, Mrs. E. C. Kimball (Lawrence), Mrs. C. Chase, Mrs. M. A. Chase, Mrs. A. K. Howard, Mrs. O. S. Adams, Mrs. Webster, Dr. J. H. Orme, Dr. P. C. Drisko, Mr. C. E. Secor and others. Music by Miss Amanda Bailey, Mrs. Della L. Gallagher, Mr. George N. Churchill and others. T. H. B. JAMES.

ROCHESTER HALL.
The Lynn Spiritual Fraternity will celebrate the Forty-Fifth Anniversary at Rochester Hall on Sunday, March 26th, 1893, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Mrs. M. W. Leslie, Mrs. L. E. Downing, Mrs. L. S. Shackley, Mrs. C. W. Odienne, Mrs. W. H. Hurt (Boston), Mrs. M. E. Pierce, Mrs. L. E. Butler, Mrs. A. C. Chase, Mrs. L. D. Milliken (Lynn) and others will speak and give tests. Miss Sadie Merritt, recitations; good music also provided. Mrs. E. B. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Brookton, Mass.
The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society will celebrate the Anniversary in CHURCH HALL, corner of Main and Crescent streets, Thursday, March 30th, at 2 and 7 P. M.

The following talent will participate: Rev. S. L. Reed, Rev. E. T. Reed, Mrs. Anna Bailey, Mrs. and Mr. Little, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Mrs. H. B. Storer, Mrs. Hattie Turrell, Miss Cora Scott, Joseph D. Stiles, Isaac Littlefield and others. Supper served at 5:30 in the same building.

Cleveland, O.
The celebration of the Forty-Fifth Anniversary of the Advent of the *Rochester Rappings* will take place Sunday, April 2d.

Morning session, Royal League Hall, Case Building, Superior street, next to Post Office, afternoon and evening session at Army and Navy Hall, 426 Superior street. Speakers and mediums, Mrs. M. E. Wallace of New York, Mrs. Etta Moss, and others. The Anniversary Ball will take place Tuesday, April 4th, in Heard's Hall, Euclid Avenue, Opera House Block. Everybody is invited, and a grand rally is expected. T. L.

Norwich, Ct.
The First Spiritual Union will celebrate the Forty-Fifth Anniversary Sunday, April 2d, at Grand Army Hall, Lyceum at 11:45 A. M.

Willard J. Hull will give the Anniversary Address at 1:30 P. M. His evening theme, "Spiritualism the Integral Factor of Progress," will be given at 7:45 P. M. On the same day Mr. Colville will lecture in CENTRAL MUSIC HALL, State and Randolph streets, at 7:45 P. M.

Hartford, Conn.
Anniversary exercises will be held here on the first Sunday of April, Mrs. Emma Miner of Clinton, Mass., will be our speaker; all the home mediums will take part. J. W. SROOGA.</

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

gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

OVER FAITHFUL.

In Epitaph of the late Gen. B. F. Butler.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROOPE.

"Paint me with every blemish," said the Lord Protector, grim,
And the face that was limned was real, whatever the
soul of him.

No gaudy colors to lighten, no neutral tints to hide,
The strength of the man self-centered, too proud to be
touched by pride.

"Paint him with honest pigments; lay every weakness
bare;
But the men of oar or the hue of fear, ye shall not
see it there.

"Flaw and defect and failure are clear to the shortest
sight;
But your microscope can never measure a mountain's
height.

Nor your chemist's scales determine by drachm and
scruple the
The worth and weight to land or state of a soldier's
sacrifice.

Soldier was he by birthright, and not by grace of
school;
He would rather win on the cruelest plan than lose by
the strictest rule.

New Hampshire's bosom of granite, by sun and tem-
pest wooed,
No pigmy bears to the planet, nurses so puny brood.

Such as he was she made him, tender and brave and
strong;
Not over-neck with the haughty, nor over-weak with the
wrong.

Holders of bonds and of bondsmen looked on his deeds
aglow;
He broke the bonds and he mocked at the sacred
things of Caste.

But the helpless poor divined him, and knew him eye
at his best;
Who needed a candle could find him—he spared his
foes the quest.

On his country's storied pages his name is written
large—
Citizen, soldier, statesman—faithful to every charge!

Starved to Death

In midst of plenty. Unfortunate, unnecessary, yet we
hear of it often. Infants thrive physically and men-
tally when properly fed. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand
"condensed" milk is undoubtedly the safest and best
infant food obtainable. Grocers and Druggists.

March Magazines.

WIDE AWAKE.—"The boy stood on the burning
deck" is illustrated in the frontispiece, and the his-
tory of "The Real Casablanca" related by Henry
Bacon. In a finely illustrated article, Rose G. King-
ley describes the quaint "Rag Market at Bruges." A
New Orleans Carnival story, "Judy's Mardi-Gras," is
charmingly told by Mrs. M. E. Davis. Tello
d'Apercy recounts his labors "Among the Barefoots"
of New York City. In keeping with the reputation of
the month, Nora A. Smith contributes "A Windy
Story," and chapters of three serial stories, with other
good reading, complete the contents. Boston: D.
Lothrop Company.

MAGAZINE OF ART.—The frontispiece is a litho-
graph print of the first portrait made of Washington,
by C. W. Peale, when Washington was about forty
years of age. The first of a series on "Great Cities in
the Civil War," by Gen. T. F. Rodenburgh, is given,
with eighteen illustrations, the subject of this being
New York. The remaining contents are of great his-
torical value. New York: National History Co., 132
Nassau street.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—Three profusely illus-
trated papers are: "The University of Wisconsin,"
by D. B. Frankenhauer, "The Massachusetts Prison
System," by S. J. Barrows, and "The Republic of
Chili," by Lieut. C. H. Harlow, U. S. N. "Lost Pae-
dio" is an interestingly pathetic narrative of a van-
ished sailor. There are also several fine poems, and
continuations of serial fictions, etc. Boston: 231 Co-
lumbus Avenue.

CASSILL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—"The Poetry of
the Search-Light" is the subject, and very novel and
interesting one, of the opening paper, with seven illus-
trations. In fiction are new chapters of two serial
stories and four complete ones. New York: Cassell
Pub. Co.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—James G. Blaine is
the subject of a frontispiece and phrenological sketch.
An appreciative paper in reference to Myrtha J.
Lamb, with portrait, follows, together with articles
upon the science of health. New York: Fowler &
Wells Co.

THE QUIVER.—Mr. Raymond Blithway opens the
number with an illustrated interview with Dr. Moon
and an account of his work for the blind; music is
given, also an installment of the "Sundays with the
Young"; these "Sundays" are not of the old-fash-
ioned, dreary sort that were supposed to edify the
youth of our ancestors. Other good things are given,
with "Short Arrows," etc. Cassell Publishing Co.,
New York City.

WORTHINGTON'S ILLUSTRATED.—SARA A. Under-
wood, whose name and fame are familiar to our read-
ers, is the writer of the opening paper, descriptive of
"The Chicago Women's Club." A portrait of Phillips
Brooks, a view of his late residence and of Trinity
Church, are given in connection with an article com-
memorative of his life by Lillian Whiting. A fine
story of Love, Law and Literature is contributed by
R. M. Mantley, and an old fashioned love story en-
titled "Merely" by Charlotte M. Holloway. Hart-
ford, Conn.: Worthington & Co.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—Bright stories, illustrated, "Le-
gal Talks for Women," "Health Talks," "Homp
Gardening," and general articles relating to home in-
dustries and household matters, form its attractive
and useful contents. Boston: 110 Boylston street.

JOURNAL OF HYGIENE.—The leading articles are
"How Paris is Cleaned," "Hygienic Treatment of
Indigestion," and "Health and Beauty." Following
are "Notes Concerning Health," "Topics of the
Month," etc. New York: Dr. M. L. Holbrook, 46 East
21st street.

THE HUMANITARIAN.—The opening paper has
"Pauperism" for its theme, followed by one upon the
"Multiplication of the Unfit," etc. New York: 20
Vesey street.

KINDERGARTEN NEWS.—The motto of this month-
ly is "Prevention, Not Reform—The Kindergarten,
Not the Prison—is True Philosophy," indicates its
purpose. It is well conducted with those ends in
view. Buffalo, N. Y.

HUMANITY AND HEALTH contains a portrait of
Mrs. Maybrick, now in Woking Prison, England, and
some account of her treatment by the legal authori-
ties. New York: 92 Fifth Avenue.

COTTAGE HEALTH.—"A Diplomatic Checkmate"
and "The Strike at Armstrong's" are two new and
complete stories. Part III. is given of "Erastus
Faulkner," and a sketch of "Whittier with the Young
People" is contributed by Natalie Rice. "Household
Chats" form an interesting feature. Boston: 26 Brom-
field street.

JENNIES-MILLER MONTHLY devotes its pages to
dress reform and topics closely related thereto. Of
this month's contents in other lines interesting papers
are given on "False Economy," "American Wives,"
"How Dolls are Born," "In Karl Caves." New
York: 114 Fifth Avenue.

OUR LITTLE ONES.—The usual number and variety
of attractions in prose and verse greet the occupants
of the nursery, and this month's number will be a
welcome visitor therein. Boston: Russell Pub. Co.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed
in his hands by an East India missionary the formula
of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and per-
manent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh,
Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a
positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all
Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful
curative power in thousands of cases, and desiring
to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge
to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or
English, with full directions for preparing and using.
Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this
paper, W. A. ROYCE, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester,
N. Y.

A TONIC

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

A preparation of the
phosphates, that acts as
a tonic and food to the
exhausted system.

There is nothing like it;
gives great satisfaction.

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

150 AMERICAN WATCH

We commenced on Jan. 1st, 1897, in our New England factory to make the best quality of AMERICAN LEVER WATCHES, which we would like to see in every pocket. We have no equal in the world for the quality of our watches. We are making watches for the world's fair, and our trade mark is on every dial and guarantee with every watch. IT IS MADE ON HONOR! We are making watches for the world's fair, and our trade mark is on every dial and guarantee with every watch. IT IS MADE ON HONOR! We are making watches for the world's fair, and our trade mark is on every dial and guarantee with every watch. IT IS MADE ON HONOR!

Case, heavily plated with gold. Substantially guaranteed to wear a year. Weight of watch 4 1/2 oz. (Gilt case) 5 1/2 oz. It is a beautiful timepiece, and will not vary a minute in 100,000 years. Gold plated case, \$1.50 each; \$2.00 for 10,000. \$2.50 for 10,000. \$3.00 for 10,000. \$3.50 for 10,000. \$4.00 for 10,000. \$4.50 for 10,000. \$5.00 for 10,000. \$5.50 for 10,000. \$6.00 for 10,000. \$6.50 for 10,000. \$7.00 for 10,000. \$7.50 for 10,000. \$8.00 for 10,000. \$8.50 for 10,000. \$9.00 for 10,000. \$9.50 for 10,000. \$10.00 for 10,000. \$10.50 for 10,000. \$11.00 for 10,000. \$11.50 for 10,000. \$12.00 for 10,000. \$12.50 for 10,000. \$13.00 for 10,000. \$13.50 for 10,000. \$14.00 for 10,000. \$14.50 for 10,000. \$15.00 for 10,000. \$15.50 for 10,000. \$16.00 for 10,000. \$16.50 for 10,000. \$17.00 for 10,000. \$17.50 for 10,000. \$18.00 for 10,000. \$18.50 for 10,000. \$19.00 for 10,000. \$19.50 for 10,000. \$20.00 for 10,000. \$20.50 for 10,000. \$21.00 for 10,000. \$21.50 for 10,000. \$22.00 for 10,000. \$22.50 for 10,000. \$23.00 for 10,000. \$23.50 for 10,000. \$24.00 for 10,000. \$24.50 for 10,000. \$25.00 for 10,000. \$25.50 for 10,000. \$26.00 for 10,000. 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