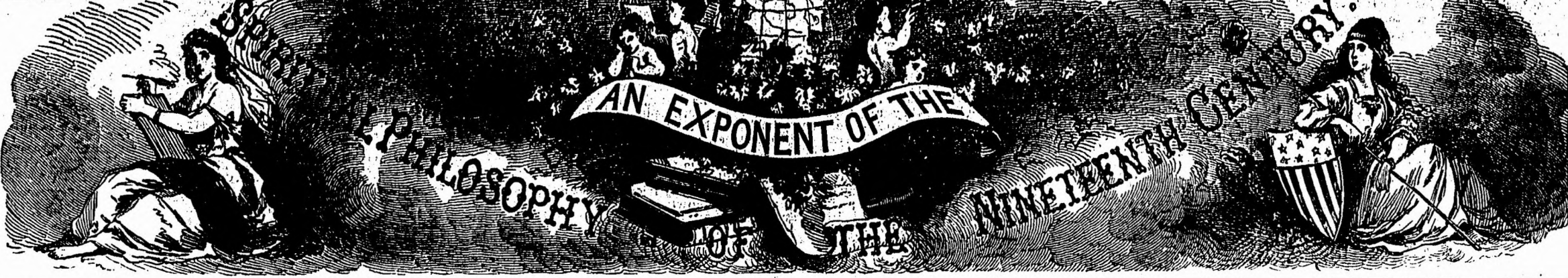


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 5.

MID OCEAN.

Is there no symbol of the land to be,
A floating weed, some broken, struggling branch—
Nothing to break the solemn round expanse
Of this unending, deep-hued, awful sea?
Brave ship to sail upon the unknown track!
Brave souls that dare, brave hearts that longing wait,
Though storm and wind assail—Ship, turn not back!
Let us go on—with faith o'ertopping fate.
How fearful is this scene! Yet many a time
In London town I've known an hour more drear;
Amidst starved souls, and faces dark with crime,
Have felt such heartache as one knows not here.
What loneliness akin to that white stare
On hungry faces—hurrying—God knows where?
—W. O. Partridge, in New England Magazine.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

The Homes Over There!

An Inspirational Address delivered before the
First Spiritual Society, New Bedford,
Mass., by
MRS. CLARA H. BANKS.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of
Light.)

THE Homes Over There! As I speak these words I seem to feel you mentally striving to form some idea of what the homes over there may be, as judged by that which is visible, and makes up the home-life here.

Perhaps no other word in the English language conveys to all hearts such a sacred sentiment as the one word *home*. Whatever the condition of life, wherever you may have drifted, however deep the plowshares of experience have been driven, there still remains the magic influence of home, toward which you turn with feelings of deepest and most abiding hope and confidence: it is your earthly ideal of heaven.

Every individual and living thing has within its keeping the gift of this condition denominated home; the word has its peculiar significance to all—and the idea finds portrayal in every expression of visible life. But all this life has coiled within it an inevitable experience misnamed Death, the fear and dread of which has been like a blight upon the hopes and homes of mankind. There is not a hearthstone without its vacant chair, or some loved face missing therefrom; death has taken hold of the very tendrils of the being—has torn asunder the sacred altars of affection until out of deep despair the world has cried out asking to know something of the life unseen; something that can be realized, something tangible, something to fill the void in the human heart—to make the home altars complete again. So long as this cry could be silenced by the old answers of self-styled religious teachers—that to inquire was the sign of a wicked heart, that death was one of God's mysteries, and that none had ever returned to tell—so long all forms and systems of religious belief surcharged with superstition and love of power have flourished, building up their blockade to human progress, and stifling every attempt to reach humanity and give answer to its prayer!

You can have no true conception of the efforts that have been made in the council chambers of the Life Beyond to reach your human consciousness with something that would appeal to it as real and actual; but the revelators must needs wait to reach you until the old answers could no longer satisfy or silence, until the heart turned fearfully in its unfolding toward "the wickedness of doubt and inquiry," the corner-stones of investigation, which have at last made known the beauties of the Infinite heart of love that holds in every experience—be it of birth or death—a compensation for each and every one.

Here, then, at last, the broken ties were to be reunited, the home altars rebuilt. And yet how difficult the task and how untiring the effort to reach the human understanding with the facts of spirit-life! Let me illustrate: A little Esquimaux woman is found drifting about in the ice of the North; is rescued by some exploring expedition and brought to the United States. She looks with surprise upon your wonderful civilization, your beautiful homes—comparing them with those of her native country formed from great cakes of ice. You say to her: "Why do you not go back to your people and describe these homes you have seen—these beauties and advantages of our civilization?" Sadly she answers: "I cannot, for they have no language by which I could make them understand, having never seen your homes or the material with which you construct them; words would convey to them no idea." Simple as the task might seem to you in the first thought, how difficult the problem when you make the attempt. Equally difficult was it for those living in that other clime, that unseen world of consciousness, to bring to you through the medium of language a correct and satisfactory picture of the homes there. Thus have all attempts, in part, failed, even to the Spiritualist, in fully answering that which was demanded.

Meanwhile, slowly but surely have old time answers been put away like worn-out garments; it is no use longer to tell you that home and heaven are "beyond the stars," for astronomy has demonstrated that they are too far away, and when you know that it takes thousands of years for one ray of light to reach your earth from the nearest of those lamps of night, too long and tiresome is the journey, too far away to find your loved ones there!

Gradually have you also learned the sweet lesson of trust, and do not tremble or fear when you see those old mistaken ideas drifting away, but wait rather to see what is drifting in. When old-time theories, lying like driftwood upon your shores, are taken up by the

great incoming waves of thought and carried out of sight, you turn and say, this is only to make way for something better; the old-located and geographically-described heaven torn from its moorings has only led to the discovery that all the time its Kingdom was in the human heart; thus have your questionings, investigations and prayers helped to bring every blessing nearer home. So is it always with truth, with every revealed fact, and yet you are so slow to accept, oh! world of human need, so slow to realize that if there be a God he is good, wise and all providing—that there is no place in any world where you can "drift beyond his love and care!" If within the human consciousness this thought could take its place undisputed, none would look up without full faith and confidence that every experience of life, every call to the deep significance of suffering, even the loss of your loved from the circle of home, holds for you a blessing sooner or later to be revealed through the opening paths of knowledge, without which you are weak and childish, but when lighted by its torch you are strong, heroic and fearless!

The difficulty encountered has been the same with the revelators from spirit-life as that in the case of the little Esquimaux woman: Mortals have no language through which as a medium that life can be made a reality to the physical senses; and this same difficulty will continue so long as you demand visible evidence, so long as you must see, feel and hear, and all must bow before the sense-world in which you live. Paul understood this when he said, "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned."

There can be no loss in the great Infinite holding; no life is complete here without its home relations; if spirit-life there is but a continuance of this, that, too, must hold these relations as among its treasures. Very often have you listened as spirits have from time to time described to you their home-life, have told you they had trees, flowers, dogs, horses, pets of all kinds as here. Your understanding has accepted it but in part, while you have longed for a fuller realization. Could you understand that this mortal world is as the kindergarten school of your spirit's unfolding—that all this outward visible life presents itself as an object-lesson in forms, types and symbols of that which is the only real though invisible here—(thus applying and utilizing the efforts of those in spirit-life who have been at work as your teachers and counselors for forty-five years)—much that now seems dim and shadowy would stand clearly revealed to your comprehension.

Stop for a moment and ask whether wood or stone, marble or money, one or all, make a home here in the true sense of the word? You answer, "No." Then they will not "over there." There are in this mortal world many desolate homes held in the embrace of millions of money, and there are many homes holding no pecuniary worth, whose real value money cannot estimate, where life has its spiritual side, its real, ever found where love abides.

Striving to enter this state of consciousness each day, rising to the true spiritual interpretations of things as presented in the sphere where you are now living, thus shall all life's realities become as one, whether here or there, and you will cease demanding much that now seems necessary to your happiness as evidence of things unseen. You once demanded that God should be clothed upon with a personality, made in the visible image of man, endowed with all the attributes that man expressed of anger, tyranny and selfishness. You have outgrown, risen above that demand to-day, and with you it belongs to the useless things of the past, while a truer ideal fills its place in the hearts and understanding of humanity. You realize how foolish and impossible it is to endeavor to limit or confine the Eternal, and how true the words of Emerson, who said: "To define is to confine." There is a conscious awakening within your own spirit to the fact that "God is spirit," and as such never was or can be seen; even though Moses declared he "saw him face to face," he spoke more truly who said: "No man hath seen God at any time"—neither is any spirit seen save as it appropriates to itself material through which it may find expression, or unites with matter in such order and proportion as to become visible. Gradually as man advances toward a recognition of the spiritual from within, he demands less and less external evidence. As in the experience of childhood, when called to put away the toy that has seemed such a necessity to its happiness, the doll from which it parted with tearful eyes, the young heart only waits to find that the thing removed was only a type of that which shall come into its life as a beautiful reality sometime, a living, breathing form that holds the divine possibilities of eternal life and love—so is it with you; there comes a time when in your experience you are called upon to lay aside, as a necessity, the toys or types that were useful to your earlier investigations—there being no other way of appeal to you; and may not that time be very near to many of you—after the experience and opportunity of forty-five years?

You will never be fully satisfied or free from shadows of doubt until this condition is attained, until you rest in the assurance of that Infinite law that holds in sacred and divine keeping every loved tie of the human heart. Estimating all things at a spiritual rather than material value, your homes here will grow more beautiful and true, more perfect types of the real and true there; and in that harmonious blending you shall see, know and be satisfied: It will be of little moment to you of what material they are built, of so much greater value will be the knowledge that none are homeless; and that

these homes are suited to the needs and conditions of that life will be enough until such time as they shall become your own!

Nether will you continue to ask the spirits what they eat, drink, and wear. You will have discerned more truly and clearly their mission—that the object of their coming was to bring you more knowledge of those eternal principles that apply to all conditions of life, to assist you in every possible way to unfold the spirit here; not only that you may more fully realize their presence and nearness, but be fitted to take up wisely and cheerfully the duties of this life as the best preparation for the enjoyment of that which is to come—that which cannot become a tangible reality until you are called to enter its domain of consciousness, but you can know that it will be suited to your spirit's needs as everything here is suited to the same demands. You can know the law of life that observed will make beautiful homes everywhere, that will bring rest, peace and comfort into your soul, that will erect within the sanctuary of your own being an eternal altar toward which you can daily turn and recognize the great Fatherhood of God, Motherhood of Nature and brotherhood of humanity!

Thus breaking from limitations of sense your freed spirit can look out from within and find its true relation to all forms of life; will find in the face of the child of poverty that looks up to you for aid and assistance something more demanded from you than merely to supply its material needs—there must flow out spontaneously from your heart the warm rays of mother love to enfold that life because in the larger universal sense that life belongs to you, is part of your own. You draw too narrow lines; you hedge yourself in; but gradually as the spirit unfolds you will learn its language, live its life and establish the law of spiritual communication between each other. Whatever your intuitive nature can grasp or perceive will be yours to hold and keep, the value of which will be to you more than earthly treasure. Many things that now seem difficult to understand as between the life "over there" and here will be intuitively revealed to you.

You speak of different spheres in which spirits dwell; they are only the different conditions of unfoldment as you see exist among mortals; the miser and the philanthropist cannot dwell in the same sphere, though they appear to live in the same dwelling; the individual who is spiritually blind and he who by some more fortunate circumstance has had his spiritual vision opened and quickened cannot occupy the same sphere of understanding, whether in the visible or invisible realm; how many of you have tried to bring, perhaps to some member of your own household, the light that had so clearly proved to you the truth of immortality, and received only the sneers and suspicions of ignorance in return, and the suggestions that something was wrong in the action of your brain? that you were following after vain dreams and fancies! Perhaps this person is not so much to be blamed; while it is real to you, he or she is not unfolded to the condition that makes it possible to see and accept; thus you do not occupy the same sphere, or as might be said live in the same home, the same thought.

When you as earth-spirits have by your own efforts, assisted by the invisibles always, created a spiritual atmosphere here in which to surround yourselves, you will be living in the spirit-world, speaking its language. Kindred souls, kindred conditions, similar attitudes of growth and unfoldment make up the true ideal home.

Oh! when, with all the spires that point heavenward, with all the offerings that support of all the systems of religion, founded upon the life and teachings of him "who went about doing good," yet "had not where to lay his head," who withdrew not from suffering but felt "for those in bondage as bound with them"—when will you learn that the whole world is your kindred?

Spiritualism has desired above all else in its teachings to bring the practical realization of this great fact to mankind, that they might hold within their spirits the same power to do and see as he who walked humbly among men. Moreover, to show you that this power was not gained in the experience of dying. You have been told over and over again that so-called death gives nothing and takes nothing—is only one more experience in the chain of events that have made up your life's journey. Many before me now have had experiences more startling than that most natural one called death will be to them.

SPIRITUALISM'S purpose is to reveal a spirit-world of natural loves and conditions right here around about you, by the same old freedoms of earth; and may you labor earnestly with us until none shall ask but all shall know: And it shall be as the tidings of great joy to all people, and lead every wanderer home!

The Rev. Dr. Theodore A. K. Gessler, pastor of Grace Baptist Church, on East Ninety-second street, New York, when recently asked to present informally a few thoughts on the sanctity and scope of the "Christian Lord's Day," compiled as follows:

"The Lord's day is not a Sabbath. The Sabbath ended with the Jewish law. In my judgment it is a great mistake to insist upon the one as a continuation of the other. The Seventh Day Baptists and other Sabbatarians are right in claiming that there is no precise command nor any unmistakable implication in the New Testament suggesting a transition from the seventh day of the week to the first. I believed the old Sabbath law to be perpetual in its obligation, I should be compelled to keep Saturday with the Jews; as the early Christians did."

ETCHINGS FROM DR. J. M. PEEBLES.

Sidney Dean's Essays; Elder Frederic W. Evans—and Spiritualism Inquired About by Preachers.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Permit me space to say that I have not only been delighted but instructed in reading the recent series of articles in the BANNER OF LIGHT by Hon. Sidney Dean. Such objective and subjective experiences relating to rich mines of personal mediumship, and described in that clear, terse English of which Mr. Dean is master, and absolutely master, is above all price. It is scarcely needless to say that the style and spirit of these essays are wisely constructive rather than destructive, Christian rather than sectarian, and what if possible is more—they are explanatory of the good, the true and the beautiful that lie like half-hidden diamonds ingemmed in the angel ministries of the Oriental sages.

These articles, in connection with a chapter relating to Bro. Dean's pilgrimage through Methodism into Spiritualism, should be put into a neat book for the benefit of the general public. Their sale, I am sure, would be immense.

Mrs. Mellie D. Coffran, so well and so favorably known to your readers, is stopping with me at my San Antonio Sanitarium. She may well sing, though necessarily sadly,

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify."

The god that she has to develop and glorify lies deeply concealed in a poor, unfortunate invalid, who, putting it apostolically rather than medically, sinned in early life after the "similitude of Adam's transgression." In behalf of this mental invalid she exercises the most constant care, coupled with the most untiring patience, for all of which great praise and honor are due her.

How true that what a "great matter a little fire kindleth." Not many months since Mr. Gilchrist, a Spiritualist of Philadelphia, sent a copy of "Christ the Cornerstone of Spiritualism" to the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, who, after reading it, handed it to his pastor of the Methodist church. This pastor, coming to San Antonio, called to see me, saying, in the course of our conversation upon Modern Spiritualism, that if that was Spiritualism he saw but very little to condemn, and very much to commend. He further said that if Spiritualism strengthened faith in immortality, or conducted in any way to a better knowledge of a future existence, he would welcome it to his heart, and preach it from his pulpit. The fire continued to burn until finally I was invited to meet a gathering of Methodist pastors, fourteen in number, all living less than a thousand miles from San Antonio, to give them a private parlor address upon the origin, the proofs and the teachings of Modern Spiritualism. Pardon me for saying that I never felt more highly inspired. The spirit was upon me. Though these preachers were teachers in Israel, I felt that in matters spiritual and celestial they were but babes, hungering for the living word, the living Christ, the living gospel, and the living demonstrations of immortality.

After giving them many of my own experiences, and quoting the testimonies of Dr. Adam Clark, the Westleys, two living Methodist Bishops and a number of the greatest scientists of the present day, I told them in good solid Anglo-Saxon that the brains—the brains of the world, were neither materialists nor Calvinists, but Spiritualists. When through with my hour-and-a-half lecture, the meeting became informal, and several of these preachers began to relate their experiences about dreams, somnambulism, visions, premonitions, ecstasies in class-meetings, falling in trances, etc. till the gathering became a real spiritual-experience meeting, the brethren strengthening each other in things spiritual and eternal. One of the preachers remarked that, admitting these spiritual manifestations true (and he hoped and prayed that they were), the movement should be called "Modern Spirit Ministries," rather than Spiritualism. What the outcome of this meeting may be the future will tell.

A cedar shaken by the wintry winds of over four score years has fallen at Mount Lebanon—A master in Israel; a cross-bearing, lion-hearted hero, reformer and prophet, has gone down as does the sun to lighten other portions of the sidereal heavens. At the end of a long, varied and toilsome journey, the saintly, fatherly elder, Frederic W. Evans, dropped his staff, put off his sandals, laid his burden down, and, crossing the crystal river, went up on to the beautiful highlands of immortality. Afire with the gospel of progress, aflame with the missionary spirit, he literally died with the harness on. And why did I say died? He is not dead. He was never so thoroughly alive as now. He has risen in his spiritual body. His noble Roman presence is still with us a power unto salvation; and his burning testimony in behalf of Truth and Purity is and ever will be a living inspiration in the Zion of the Second Coming.

It was while I was lecturing in New York upon Spiritualism, fully twenty-five years ago, that I first met Elder Frederic. The Shakers were holding a public meeting in the city, I stepped into the hall just as they were singing,

"God is infinitely able
To sustain the weak and feeble."

The music was so unique, so thrilling and yet so touching and tender; their clothing was so queer, yet sensible; their faces were so clean, calm and almost shining with spirituality, that I was smitten and warmed with a most heavenly baptismal influence; it was a divine touch of the new heaven and the new earth. Soon I

was a visitor at Mount Lebanon, and in spirit I have never left it.

Knowing Elder Frederic intimately at home, on ocean steamers and in foreign lands, and loving him, too, as friend, father and spiritual counselor, it is only justice that I say I never knew a man so rigidly true to his convictions. Careless of his reputation and popularity, he was exceedingly careful of his conscience and his character. I knew no fear. Seemingly stern at times, his heart was as tender as a child's. He vigorously practiced the principles that he taught. When upon the platform he wielded a two-edged sword. He hated sin. He was ever a terror to licentious, land-grabbing, tobacco-picked, pork-fed sinners. For over fifty years he had abstained from all animal food. He was a more thoroughgoing hygienist than Pythagoras, or his friend, A. Bronson Alcott.

While on one of our missionary tours to England we were invited to breakfast with Mr. Herbert, a member of Parliament. Others—parliamentary and literary gentlemen—were among the guests. When called to the breakfast-table, Elder Frederic took from his handbag a great piece of coarse graham bread and laid it upon his plate. One of the gentlemen remarked: "I see you've brought your breakfast with you." "Yea," was the meek reply: "I did not suppose you'd have much that was fit to eat. Your wines, meats, teas, coffees, are all trash. You stuff yourselves with them, get sick, pay doctors' bills, and then don't live out half your days. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves." These sentences fell upon the guests like so many thunder-claps, arousing criticism and discussion. Immediately, almost, the Elder was the hero of the table—preaching hygiene, Shakerism, Spiritualism, women's rights and community of property. Our breakfast session lasted two hours.

Originally a rank, hardheaded Materialist, a co-worker with Robert Owen and others of that school, he was converted to Spiritualism through his own mediumship. He always contended that he could not do full justice to the spirits and the spiritual manifestations that convinced him of a future life. Suffice it to say that he heard sounds and felt the touch of unseen presences when alone in his room. His bed was shaken by night, and he felt frequently what seemed like the fluttering of angel wings. These physical manifestations continued with him till he was fully convinced of the truth of spirit-communication—a truth that he esteemed above all price.

I have listened by the hour to his recitals of spiritual manifestations occurring in the Shaker families long before the Fox sisters' manifestations near Rochester, N. Y. He contended that Spiritualism bore much the same relation to Shakerism that John the Baptist bore to Christ. Each was proper and true in its time and place.

In the departure of Elder Frederic to the higher life the Society of Believers has lost a tower of strength and a most vigilant watchman upon the walls of Zion. But their loss is his gain. He fought a good fight, finished his course, kept the faith, and has received a crown.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.
Sanitarium, San Antonio, Texas.

Miss Emma L. Crawford.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of Oct. 15th, 1892, appeared a few remarks regarding the late Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, who loved to seek strength in Nature's grandeur, and whose mortal remains lay for a time on Cheyenne Mountain, near this city. And as she loved to commune in silence and undisturbed meditation, so I would now speak of another of Nature's children, who was at home amid the solitary upheavals of the Rocky Mountains, alone with the strength of the everlasting hills—on the summits of which she became one with the all-pervading Spirit of Love and Power, and her life became so blended with these attributes that an influence was wielded by her which was felt by all who were privileged to come in contact with her atmosphere. I refer to Miss Emma L. Crawford, daughter of the well-known and inspired interpreter of Beethoven and Chopin, among other masters, as well as the instrument in the hands of a powerful and truth-spreading band of intelligences in the spirit-spheres, Mrs. Jeannette W. Crawford.

Overlooking lovely and sheltered Manitou, a summit among summits, companion of the noble peaks of the western range, all as it were meditating on the vastness of Creation's work, is that of Mrs. Crawford, called by Miss Crawford "Red Chief." Her grateful remembrance of the original occupants of this country, and in whom she recognized a loyal, devoted and faithful race, and from whom she received her strength to interpret musically the works of the spirit. On Red Mountain could she be seen frequently, with the music of the breezes, as well as the influences of Nature's purity, for companions, these satisfying all her desires. Thither she would wend to receive the influence ready to be outpoured to her soul.

At a very early age her decided talent for music was nourished and developed by her mother, and when only three years old it was her chief pleasure to sit on the piano cover and listen to her mother playing Beethoven's Sonatas. At twelve years she commenced to give piano lessons and public recitals, and at fifteen years she was enabled to interpret the great masters with rare ability and perfection.

Ambitious to reach the highest stage of music, she devoted her time to such arduous study that her health gave way, and for several years she was obliged to live in retirement, but returned to her beloved piano whenever she felt sufficient strength to run her fingers over the keyboard. Besides the piano of which she was master—she played with excellency the violin, viola, cello and mandolin, though these instruments she took up only as a "rest" from the piano work.

With the hope of regaining the strength necessary for her future work, she spent many seasons at Manitou; but in the degrees of the Creator of Harmonies, her labors were to be continued in spirit, and on Dec. 8th, 1891, her mortal remains were, in conformity to her desire, interred on the summit of the mountain she loved. Those beloved by her on earth mourn not, for she is with them as of yore; her influence is felt, and peace, lasting peace, refreshes those who receive her inspirations.

Colorado Springs, Col., Feb. 20th, 1893.

A Bethel Sunday-school teacher wished to illustrate a text. "She said to her class, 'Last Sunday when I told you I would give you some cards to you know your lessons, you believed me, did you not?' One of the pupils said, 'No, we did not.'"

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and Jewell five words long,
That, on the stretched fore-finger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

I wish men to be free
As much from mobs as kings—from you as me.
—Byron.

Here we may be in darkness, as seed in the ground;
for this world is but the seed-bed of eternity; but
there we arise in foliage and flower into an unending
sunshine!—Prof. Joseph Rodde Buchanan.

That thou may'st injure no man, dove like be,
And serpent like, that none may injure thee.
—[From the Latin of John Owen, translated by Cow
per.]

It does not take a sharp goad to drive willing peo-
ple to drink.

No fear have I of life nor death—
The dreaded flight of soul and breath;
But not to do my duty here
And die—shall be my constant fear.
—Omar Khayyam.

"A falsehood," says Paley, "is a breach of promise,
for whoever addresses his discourse to a fellow-
man, tacitly agrees to speak the truth, because he
knows the truth is expected."

Oh, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother,
Where pity dwells the love of God is there:
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Is death the end? Over the grave bends Love, sob-
bing, and by her side stands Hope [*] and whispers—
We shall meet again. Before all life is death, and
after all death is life. The falling leaf, touched with
the hectic flush, that testifies of Autumn's death, is,
in a subtler sense, a prophecy of Spring.—Robert G.
Ingersoll.

*Spiritualism says "Knowledge towers, and declares."—
Ebs.

From Across the Sea.

W. T. Stead Interviewed.

His Opinions upon Psychical Subjects; Inter-
esting Thoughts from the Editor of the
"Review of Reviews."

[Special to the Banner of Light.]

BY J. J. MORSE.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Spiritualists everywhere have reason to ac-
knowledge the candor and courage of Mr. W.
T. Stead in boldly proclaiming the reality of cer-
tain forms of psychical experience that he has
passed through. In a general sense those ex-
periences are not new to the spiritual communi-
ty. In one particular, however, they are dis-
tinctive and peculiar to Mr. Stead himself. The
automatic writing received from living persons is
a unique experience in the annals of psychi-
cal phenomena. It is, too, a noticeable sign of
the times when so able a journalist and so promi-
nent a man openly and frankly acknowledges
the truth of those matters for which we have
so long contended, and over which we have
fought so long a battle against the scorn and
vituperation of the ignorant and prejudiced.
It is not too much to claim that the publica-
tion of these experiences in Mr. Stead's life,
and the issuing of his last Christmas number
of the *Review of Reviews*, is a marked episode
in the progress of our work—if it is not the
opening of a new epoch therein.

As aught that pertains to so well-defined a
personality as Mr. Stead's cannot fail to be of
interest, your correspondent inquired of that
gentleman whether he would, in the interest
of your readers, grant him an interview, so that
some authoritative statement of his views
might go forth to the spiritual public. A very
hearty response in the affirmative was cheer-
fully accorded, and the results of that inter-
view are herein embodied.

A PEN PORTRAIT.

Mr. Stead courteously received his interview-
er in his cosy private office, situated in the hand-
some Mowbray House block, on the Thames
Embankment, right under the shadow of the
historic Temple, and in sight of the teeming
life and the flowing river. On all sides were
the evidences of a busy man. Books lined the
walls, littered the floor, covered the tables,
chairs, mantels, indeed, rested wherever a book
could find room. A type-writer was there, also
the famous private secretary, a genial man-
nered and pleasant-looking young lady, deep in
the transcription of voluminous notes, as hard
at work; the man himself pacing the apartment
with nervous energy, literally alive with life.
A man tall of stature, quick of eye, decided as
to speech. A well-shaped head firmly set on
good square shoulders. Evidently of good old
Northman stock. Features well defined, evi-
dencing determination, and yet the singular
delicacy of skin and softness of eye betokening
a man of high sensibility, unflinching purpose
and indomitable courage. An unconventional
man, too, a man who works as a worker should
untrammeled by the restraints of personal
pride or social exclusion. A voice that was
clear and ringing, that uttered its words in the
notes of clear conviction, and all in all, a man
that impressed you with his immense energy,
will, enthusiasm, honesty and manliness. A
man first and last. A journalist who infuses
humanity into journalism.

THE INTERVIEW.

A cordial greeting, and a hearty invitation
to be seated, and the scribe was at once at ease.
Having a definite purpose in view the inter-
viewer proceeded to catechize Mr. Stead by
first inquiring of him the results of his making
known to the world his experiences, in the fol-
lowing question:

Should I be correct in assuming that the
publication of your remarkable experiences has
elicited the fact of the existence of a wide-
spread interest in such matters, among all
classes of society—especially so among the edu-
cated and cultured?

"Yes," said Mr. Stead, "perfectly correct.
There is a very widespread interest in all cir-
cles as to the possibility of spirit-return, and
this prevails, you suggest, in the very high-
est quarters. I do not know that there is so
very much more interest than there has al-
ways been; the change is not in the increase
of interest but in the increase of the courage
of those who are interested. That is to say,
the pressure of a hostile atmosphere is not so
heavy as it was."

To what do you attribute this? was my next
inquiry.

To many things. Materialism of the coarser
and grosser sort has worn itself out. The Theo-
sophical movement, especially Mrs. Besant's
adhesion to it, has compelled many to think,
both among the extreme unbelievers and the
narrowly orthodox. To put it quite familiarly,
both Atheists and Christians have felt that
there must be something in 'spooks,' if they
could do for Mrs. Besant that the churches
have refused to do for her. The churches
accuse Spiritualism, it was Spiritualism which
led her to her present creed. Then another
influence which undoubtedly has had its
weight, has been the investigations of the So-
ciety for Psychical Research. That Society is
by no means a spiritualistic institution, as you
know, but it owed its existence, in a great
measure, to Mr. Stainton Moses, and after sev-
eral years of very skeptical investigations, its
leading members have practically come to the
conclusion that the permanence of the indi-
vidual after death is capable of demonstration.
They have never put this on record, and some
of them, no doubt, are vehemently hostile to

any such admission; but, taking their best
minds, I should say they have practically made
up their minds in favor of the hypothesis."

I thanked Mr. Stead for the valuable hints
his answer contained, and then asked him
"Have any members of the S. P. R. expressed
any opinion upon the question of the possi-
bility of dominating the 'Auto-Telepathic Psy-
chography' you have had such remarkable ex-
periences in?"

"I have communicated the facts," said Mr.
Stead, "of what you call 'auto-telepathic psy-
chography' to Prof. Sidgwick, Mr. Myers, Mr.
Balfour and Prof. Barrett, who constitute the
heads of the Society, but as they have the ma-
terials under consideration, and have not yet
been in a position to examine my proofs, or
cross-examine my statements, I have not been
to say anything as to the conclusion they will
reach. You must not anticipate the verdict in
a case which is still *sub judice*, but I think I
may say that they have recognized, in the
statements which I have made, a scientific
method, then we have come to a law which is
quite as important as the greatest discoveries
of modern times."

Thinking some light might be obtained upon
the characteristics pertaining to mediumship
my next question was: Do you, when writing
under the conditions of telepathic correspond-
ence, experience any muscular, nervous or
mental sensations? And has this writing af-
fected your health or mind injuriously or oth-
erwise, or in any way?

"No, in no way. I experience no muscular,
nervous or mental impression, nor am I con-
scious of the least disturbance of my hand, which
is controlled by the person who is living on the
earth-plane, or who has passed to the other
side. I am afraid I am a very dense subject,"
smilingly added Mr. Stead, "and am not in the
least degree susceptible to such influences. My
hand moves, but it neither affects my
health, or my mind, one way or the other. I
am, after writing, as I was before, not better,
nor worse, so far at least as I can see."

My next question was: A practical question
in the direction in which Mr. Stead might think this
automatic writing might point as concerned us
individually, the world practically, and as an
addition to science and philosophy?

"It would require a volume to answer your
four-headed question, and I can only briefly
state some of the conclusions to which this
writing seems to point. First, as concerns the
individual, it reveals unsuspected depths in
the abyss of personality. The automatic hand
operates to a certain extent like a spectrum,
which divides the rays of light, and enables
you to dissect character. It is a great revealer
of what may be regarded as the inner sanctum
of the mind, especially of the emotions. We all
go through life more or less masked, but when
we write through each other's hands we ex-
press our likings and dislikes, our wants and
our antipathies, with an unrestrained reserve
that is very startling. A practical possibility
it seems to point to the substitution of au-
tomatic telepathy for both telegraph wires and
telephones. But at present, of course, we are
a long way from that. If it is true, as I have
repeatedly proved it to be true, that a friend
in Edinburgh can write to me long and precise
dispatches by using my hand in London, it
seems to me we have come upon a latent power
of the human mind that, if we studied it ac-
tively, would carry us a long way toward
the annihilation of space as an obstacle to hu-
man intercourse. I am not a scientific man,
and therefore cannot answer that part of your
question as to science. I have given the ex-
planation my 'spook' gives, and without com-
mitting myself to it, I can only say that it is
at least as good a working hypothesis as any I
have seen."

Thinking that a definite statement upon the
reality of mediumship and the possibility of
spirit communication would be of interest to
those who decline to accept such matters upon
the assertion of Spiritualists, my following
question was: Are your experiences of the
phenomena of 'mediumship' of such a na-
ture as to warrant you in admitting the exist-
ence of such a thing as mediumship, and the
actuality of communicating with spirits—
spirits of departed human beings?

To which Mr. Stead made the following most
convincing reply: "That certain persons are
possessed of the faculty or power which en-
ables them to become mediums of other intelli-
gences, I have no doubt in the world; the
phenomena are of constant occurrence, and
capable of close observation, and I do not think
any one who has had the patience to look into
the matter has ever come but to one conclu-
sion. Whether the intelligences which control
the medium can or cannot be identified as
spirits of departed human beings, I cannot say,
upon which, it seems to me, there is sufficient
evidence to justify the existence of that theory
as the best available working hypothesis. There
are many difficulties in the way of regarding
it as a scientifically proved fact. Many of
these difficulties arise, no doubt, from the lack
of scientific observation, and of careful, pains-
taking experiments by competent observers,
but a good many difficulties belong to the sub-
ject itself. For there is a long way to go
before all those who accept the possibility of spirit-
return, the possibility of personation by intelli-
gences to an extent that almost baffles detec-
tion. I must also admit, Mr. Morse, that the
discovery of what you describe as 'auto-tele-
pathic psychography,' brings into the field a
conflicting hypothesis to that of spirit-return.
If my friend living in Edinburgh can use his
mind to make my hand write a letter, why
may not my friend's mind be equally able to
control the medium's tongue? There is a good
reason to believe that the hand is more under
the influence of another mind than the tongue.
This opens the door to the possibility that
when mediums are controlled by an intelli-
gence which communicates information, as
from spirits to earthly friends, they may really
be controlled by those friends themselves. I
do not say that I expect this explanation is
correct. It seems to me to be encompassed
by great difficulties. I venture to suggest, in-
stance, the controlling intelligence, if it be your
friend's mind, has no motive for concealing its
identity. When my friends write with my
hand they write their names at the beginning
and end of each message. But the controlling
intelligences, with very few exceptions, always
profess to be the spirits of those who are what
is commonly called dead."

Expressing myself as well pleased at the cog-
ent and discriminating replies to my queries,
I ventured to inquire if you would please re-
mind me that, though considerably personal in char-
acter, Mr. Stead received it with all frankness,
and cordially replied without reserve. I asked
him: Have you arrived at any opinion whether
these inquiries, either telepathic or spiritualis-
tic—the latter especially—are likely to affect
your opinions upon the great questions of Re-
ligion and the Life Hereafter? Or am I to
take it that your interest in all these questions
is, at present, in the phenomena rather than
any possible philosophy that may be evolved
therefrom?

In a voice indicative of firm conviction Mr.
Stead replied: "I think that these inquiries
will result in great good. They will broaden
our conceptions of life, and they will verify be-
lief in the invisible, and they will for many
millions break the yoke of materialism. I do
not care an atom for the phenomena compared
with the religious and philosophical questions
which they seem to point. Phenomena are
like a compass: they are interesting in them-
selves, no doubt, but to the ordinary man—and
I am a very ordinary man—the importance of
a compass is that it enables us to cross the seas.
so it is with these phenomena. Now as to the
effect it would have upon my own religious
opinions, I can only say that, so far, it has
deepened and broadened and made more real
the beliefs on which I have hitherto based my
probation and especially the conception of this
mortal life as a mere fragment of an im-
mensely greater circle of existence has been
rendered more real. There is, also, a great
charm about it, because of the extent to which
it enables one to realize the fact that the phe-
nomena recorded in the Old and New Testa-
ments were not exclusively confined to those
times, but are recurring constantly around us,
and that the Bible is so full of the truth, and
the teaching as the paralyzing sense of the idea
that the laws governing the world then,
and the phenomena of existence in those days,
were quite different from those of the life
which we are now living. As a very devoted

Christian minister said to me the other day,
"The Bible has become a new book to me since
I began to study these subjects."

Then ensued a pleasing sequel to the more
formal business of the interview, in the form
of an invitation to lunch, which had a further
pleasure in our being joined by a charming lit-
tle lady, a remarkable and noteworthy crystal
seer, whose contributions, signed "Miss X,"
are familiar to many readers upon psychical
matters. During a chatty and interesting hour
Mr. Stead narrated many incidents in his ex-
periences, mostly, unfortunately for this pur-
pose, of a private nature. But one idea he
broached, and recurred to with much insistence,
was whether it were possible to establish a bu-
reau for practical utilization of these psycho-
logical communications between the living, and
the living and the departed, could be instituted?

It may be asked, What is your opinion of Mr.
Stead? My answer would be, he is frank, open,
sincere. Honest certainly, and though not one
of us yet, he is fighting our battle more effec-
tively than were he counted as one of our
household. Bidding him adieu, and heartily
thanking him for his kindness in sparing two
hours of his much-occupied time, I left him,
well satisfied with my interview with one of
the strongest personalities and most strenuous
lives in the ranks of journalism to day. Jostled
by the streaming throng of the bustling Strand,
I asked how many know that one W. T. Stead,
who daily toils hard by, is making history, and
playing a part in the ushering in of that newer
Reformation that will, finally, banish the crude
negations of a cold materialism, and the fan-
tastical tenets of a dying ecclesiasticism, and
help establish in their place the reign of peace
and spiritual truth, which latter shall answer
in the affirmative once for all the old, old ques-
tion, "If a man die, shall he live again?" But
whether any knew or not, such a man lives,
and is doing his part for our Cause to-day!

What Spiritualism Has Done!

A correspondent of *The New Bedford (Mass.)
Evening Journal* has a letter defending Spiritual-
ism from the usual stock charges of the bigot and
doubter, in the course of which he (or she) em-
bodies the following paper, which can be profit-
ably perused by even Spiritualists themselves,
at a time when—as will be seen by reference
to our columns elsewhere—the first droppings
of the great shower of commemorative reports
are beginning to bear witness to the gratitude
of glad hearts all over the country for what
the New Revelation (begun forty-five years ago)
means to them and to the world:

"I quote from the writings of one of the greatest
advocates and ablest speakers on spiritual matters
that the Spiritualists have in their ranks, viz: Mrs.
EMMA HARRISON BRITTON. The quotation is from
a copy of a paper written and laid by her with a foun-
dation stone of the Spiritual Temple, Oldham, Lan-
cashire, Eng., April 9th, 1887. It runs as follows:

"What has Spiritualism taught, and what good has
it done for humanity?"

First. It proves man's immortality and the exist-
ence of a spiritual universe.

Second. It destroys all fear of death, annihilates
the doctrine of eternal punishment, and substitutes
the cheering assurance of eternal progress.

Third. It sweeps away the idea of a personal devil
and locates the sources of evil in man's own imper-
fections.

Fourth. It debles the soul corrupting doctrine of
any vicarious atonement for sin, and on the tes-
timony of millions of immortal spirits solemnly affirms
that every guilty soul must arise and become its own
savior.

Fifth. It ignores the degrading conception of a
partial and vindictive God, and substitutes the worship
of an infinite, eternal and all-perfect spirit, an Alpha
and Omega, all love, wisdom and law.

Sixth. It demolishes the absurd and materialistic
conception of the theological heaven and hell, making
each a state of happiness or misery, dependent on the
good or evil within the soul itself.

Seventh. It is the death-blow to superstition, sec-
ularism and religious persecution, but the friend
and promoter of all reforms that tend to elevate and
benefit humanity.

Eighth. Whilst Spiritualism proclaims that there
is a standard of truth in everything, it acknowledges
man's incapacity to discover all truth, and therefore
it fetters no one's opinion, and teaches, but never
forces its beliefs on any one.

Ninth. Concerning all spiritual life, state and be-
ing, Spiritualism accepts no theories that are not sus-
tained by proven facts and corroborative testimony.

Tenth. Its phenomena—being all based upon im-
mutable principles of law—open up endless arenas of
new research for science, and its consciousness of re-
velations being founded upon facts, tends to place true
religion on the basis of science, and vitalize science
with all that is true and practical in religion.

Eleventh. Spiritualism is a ceaseless incentive to
practice good; it reunites the friends separated by
death; strengthens the weak and dissolute by the
presence of angel guidance and protection; cheers
the afflicted with the certainty of another and better
world, where justice will be done and every wrong
will be righted. It is terrible only to the guilty, proving
that spirit eyes can and do read every secret
crime, and that all crimes must be atoned for and
atoned for by personal suffering and personal com-
pensation before any guilty soul can attain happiness
hereafter.

Twelfth. Spiritualists have no creed, but may all
unite in the following simple summary: I believe in
the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the
immortality of the soul, personal responsibility, com-
pensation and retribution hereafter for all the good or
evil deeds done here, and a way of eternal progress
open to every human soul that wills to tread it by
the path of eternal good.

Thus it will be seen that Spiritualists leave people
to search for the truth of its phenomena and philoso-
phy themselves, as its claims are open to every true
and honest investigator, and all who wish to obtain
knowledge as to producing its phenomena can have
free a small book entitled "Rules for Forming Spirit-
ual Circles," by sending their address to Colby & Rich,
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THE TRUTH OF IT.

Is There Any Limit to Hu- man Endurance?

A Revelation Which will Astonish Most People.

And Yet it is in Reality of Every- Day Occurrence!

The following communication is from one of our
correspondents, Mrs. Carrie E. Martin, a lady well known
and highly respected, and who occupies a position of
the highest social distinction in West Leyden, Mass.
Her experience is of such a nature, and its importance
to many is so great and far-reaching, that we give it
to our readers in her own words:

"Last summer I was all run down, had chills, no ap-
petite, very little sleep nights and none days, faint
spells, trembling feelings, and was so weak I could
hardly walk around the room. I continued to run
down in health and strength until I feared utter nerv-
ous prostration with its untold miseries.

"I sent for our town physician, and he came a good
many times. I soon had to give up work entirely;
still his medicines did me no good. I tried to ride out
one morning, but went only a few rods and had to
come home. My husband then went to church, leaving
me with the hired help and my children. Such a
terrible day as I spent tongue cannot describe. I could
scarcely get from the couch to a chair.

"When my husband came in from church I told him
I was worse, and that I would die if I did not get help
soon; that I would not take any more of the doctor's
medicine, but try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and
nervine remedy if he thought best.

"He advised me to try it, and went immediately and
got a bottle, which I began to take. Up to this time
we knew nothing of its value except as we had seen it
advertised.



MRS. CARRIE E. MARTIN.

"In the course of two days our family physician
came in, and saying that he found me about the same,
finally told me that he had concluded to ask for con-
sultation. He informed me that I might choose any doctor
I preferred to meet him in consultation.

"I said to him, 'Then you consider me pretty badly
off'.

"He answered, 'I certainly do, and shall not pre-
scribe for you again until some other doctor sees you,
as I do not know what to give you next.'

"I then said to him: 'Perhaps you will be offended,
but I have not taken any of your medicine for two
days, but am taking Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and
nervine remedy.'

"He answered, 'I am not offended, if it will help
you I shall be very glad. You may continue its use a
week, and if no better, then we will have counsel.'

"But at the end of a week I was better. In two
weeks I was a good deal better—no chills, no faint
feelings—I could eat some and sleep quite well. In
three weeks I was around and about the house. In
four weeks my hired girl left me, and I went to doing
my household work, and have since continued to do
so, with seven in the family.

"Since that time our family physician has advised
its use from time to time, saying that it would keep up
my strength better. He has advised others to take it,
telling them of the good it did me, and to-day I have
reason—yes, great reason—to thank God for my re-
covery, and through the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura
blood and nervine remedy. I am only too glad to testify
to its merits. God bless Dr. Greene and his wonderful
medicine."

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sician, all doctors of high standing recommend the
sick to use it, for it cures. It is especially recom-
mended to take as a spring medicine. Everybody
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people unite in pronouncing this the best of spring
remedies. Use it now, sure. Doctors prescribe and
recommend it because it is not a patent medicine, but
a physician's prescription, the discovery of the eminent
specialist, Dr. Greene of 34 Temple Place, Boston,
Mass., who is so wonderfully successful in curing all
forms of nervous and chronic diseases, and who can
be consulted free, personally or by letter.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1893.

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

THE BANNER OF LIGHT FOR NEXT WEEK—APRIL 15th—WILL GIVE TO ITS READERS 12 PAGES, (instead of the usual 8), including besides much OTHER matter of interest a liberal amount of ANNIVERSARY REPORTS.

"A Bridge to the Unseen."

The *Christian World* (Eng.) of Feb. 9th contains a leading editorial almost two columns long on spirit-communion, and the relations of this world to the other—under the title, "A Bridge to the Unseen," which is of striking interest, besides being of timely significance. It sets out with the inquiry: "Is the present age about to receive, on a great scale, fresh evidence concerning man's relation to the spirit-world?" adding that "there is no doubt such a reinforcement to faith would be an immense boon to multitudes of perplexed minds." It feels obliged to admit that, in spite of all the arguments of theologians, the supernatural element in the Scriptures, and the important church doctrines founded upon it, have, with a large section of the thinking world, been of late falling into discredit. And it frankly confesses that "it is evident that the materialism and agnosticism which of late have so loudly claimed to represent the really cultured and sane mind of the age, and which flatly deny to man any knowledge of the unseen, are now being squarely challenged, on their own ground." It insists, therefore, that the agnostics must either explain these phenomena or abate their own pretensions. And it concludes that "the theme is ripe for a thoroughly scientific investigation, and for a scientific verdict."

Reciting the declaration of Hume that miracles are contrary to our experience, while false or mistaken evidence is not, the *Christian World* feels compelled to admit that it has made men prodigiously skeptical on the subject of Scripture testimony. Recalling Hume's declaration that Christ's career came to an end with His last sigh upon the cross, and Strauss's demonstration, to his own satisfaction at least, of the way in which the myth of the Resurrection arose, it concedes the fact that many people are disposed to take it for granted that the witness of the Evangelists, of St. Paul and of the early church has been finally disposed of. And it quotes from the recently published volume of essays by Leslie Stephen, his contention that the "whole vision (of the future world) has become so shadowy and uncertain that its hopes and its terrors cease alike to have any tangible influence." Mr. Buchanan, in one of his latest epistles on the controversy provoked by his poem, is cited as saying that "the question between Christ or Christianity and the world is this—Is there or is there not another life beyond this life we live?"—Further, that "if Christ established that splendid certainty, Christianity will never be played out.... Humanity up to date has proceeded on the assumption that it was false, or at least doubtful."

Its significant general admission is, that "the growth of the scientific spirit in its application to the study of history has caused men to judge of the phenomena of past epochs by the laws which they find operating in their own; and the tendency is increasingly strong, as these representative quotations show, to reject statements as to what has happened in the past which are not borne out by corresponding experiences in the present. The challenge to Christianity then is, if it would bring the world back to a genuine belief in its 'supernatural' histories, 'to produce corroborative evidence from contemporary phenomena.' Mr. Stephen, in his essays, asserts that theology is unable to scientifically prove one single point of its contention about the supernatural. It is exactly upon this crucial point, says the *Christian World*, and with a weight of truth that cannot be overborne, that 'a large and constantly increasing body of witnesses, whom it would be very difficult to convict either of fraud or of imposture, are coming forward to declare that the evidence demanded, and declared impossible of production, is actually accessible.' In support of its assertion, it cites for the

present three books—the first by Florence Marryat, "There is No Death," the second by Mr. W. T. Stead, on "Ghosts," to furnish testimony for the Psychological Research Society, and the third by a clergyman of the Church of England, with the title, "Do the Dead Return?" The former relates in her book her experience of intercourse with departed friends, her deceased daughter among them, an evidence which she declares to be as good as any which Stanley could produce of the truth of his assertions about his Central African forest. Mr. Stead, formerly editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and now editor of *The Review of Reviews*, is furnishing testimony of communications received by himself from the spirits of "dead" persons, on the truth of which he is prepared to stake his entire reputation. Coming to the book, "Do the Dead Return?" avowedly written by "A Clergyman of the Church of England," full of personal experiences which he challenges the deniers of an existence after death to explain, his declaration is quoted that up to some three years since he had "shared the generally received opinions respecting the phenomena commonly described under the term Spiritualism, and had ascribed them partly to self-delusions and subjective impressions of particular minds, partly to fraud and trickery." But being subsequently led to investigate the subject for himself, he declares that, in the company of friends whose intelligence and probity were beyond question, he had received messages from the "so-called dead" by rappings, by writing, and by the spoken voice. He reproduces *fac-similes* of some of the writing received by him on the pages of his book. Once, he says, he held a deeply interesting conversation for nearly two hours respecting the present and the future life and the subject of spirit-intercourse, when the voices, with parting greetings, died away.

He further testifies that, in company with a number of trusted fellow-witnesses, he had seen the materialization of some departed friends, whose features were recognized, and who gave other unmistakable evidence of their identity. They saw gleams and flashes of light, and what might be described as "tongues of fire." Varied degrees of intelligence were shown by those communicating with them, some of which exhibited great mental capacity. On one occasion, when some exceedingly complex and metaphysical questions were proposed, he says, "the answers of the spirits were at all times clear and comprehensive, and so quick that the question was scarcely formulated before the answer came on each separate point with extraordinary precision, lucidity and exactness of expression." After giving an account of the materialization scene, the writer remarks, "It seems to me somewhat childish, after such an experience, to waste time in seeking to disperse the doubts of the unbelieving." "I believe," says he, "that a gathering together of a number of devout men of pure heart, and with a reverent desire for truth, is the best type of a seance. It is the prayerful, aspiring, elevated tone of mind which produces that peculiar magnetic power and atmosphere, if I may so call it, into which evil influences cannot penetrate. This, it seems to me, is the only legitimate method of spirit-intercourse, the only form of seance to which the New Testament bears witness." This is rightly pronounced by the *Christian World* to be "a remarkable book."

It may well say, as it does, that the gainsayers and deniers of the age have a plainly defined issue put before them. It asserts that "the New Testament is a record of spiritual phenomena and revelation. We are told," it adds, "these things are incredible because nothing answering to them is producible now. It is for materialistic agnosticism, in the light of what is declared to be actually going on in our midst, to prove that statement."

Thus it will be seen that in England no less than in this country the phenomena are bringing home to the general consciousness a knowledge of spirit-intercourse and of the close relations of the two worlds that it is idle any longer to attempt to parry the force of or to deny. This knowledge is penetrating the church as well as the ranks of the people, and extorting admissions in regard to its reality, which materialism and agnosticism are openly challenged to confute. Truth is working like heaven among the masses, nor is there any human power to arrest its progress. It is bound in the fullness of time to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Caution to the People of the United States.

It is said that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It unquestionably is. Therefore, fellow-citizens in every State in this Union, the BANNER OF LIGHT warns you, one and all, to be on your guard in order to frustrate the dreadful money "combinations," but more especially the really dangerous attempt which is evidently crystallizing at this very time to make the "Regular Medical Faculty"—so called—a gigantic and tyrannical oligarchy. This movement unquestionably has its ramifications in every State of the Union.

This paper has fought it successfully in a majority of States—and in others has mitigated its most destructive features—for sixteen years; now it is again before our Legislature under a new and most subtle guise.

In the State of Maine, where the common people are known and appreciated for strong common sense, the medical monopolists made their latest effort to obtain the passage of an openly-declared "doctors' plot law," and sustained a signal defeat. We are not yet aware of the result of their conflict in Connecticut; but in the great State of New York, THE BANNER learns with the deepest regret that the octopus has just shown itself in the shape of a bill now before that Legislature to establish a new law to govern the manufacture and sale of proprietary medicines. This is simply a lever to future enactments of a yet more stringent character.

It is declared by the druggists, manufacturers and others, in regard to this matter, that if the members of the Legislature should inform themselves in the various phases of this subject there would be no chance of the bill becoming a law, as it is against the interests of the people, as well as against those of the manufacturers and sellers. The results that would follow the passage of such a bill have been set forth in a Remonstrance, numerously signed, and sent to the Legislature. Some of the objections urged by the New York remonstrants are as follows:

"The bill confers extraordinary powers upon the Board of Health, enabling it with absolute power utterly to suppress, at its will, the sale of every proprietary medicine in this State, regardless of its merits, or the wants of the public. A court is to be established, the decisions of which are to be governed solely by its own cherished opinions or prejudices, influenced only by such evidence as may be gathered from an analysis made by itself, or its representative. From its decrees there is provided no appeal. The State Board of Health is thus to be exalted above every other court. This act would place in the hands of a few physicians of this State, through the State Board of Health, the opportunity to annihilate and ruin a great industry, in which is invested vast capital, and which furnishes employment to many thousands.

This act would practically confiscate all stocks of proprietary medicines now in the hands of dealers, both wholesale and retail. The proposed legislation would prove utterly impracticable in its application. The medicines proposed to be analyzed are almost wholly vegetable compounds. It is, therefore, hardly necessary to state that it would be quite impossible by chemical analysis to determine their composition with any degree of accuracy. Furthermore, if it were possible to determine their constituent ingredients by such analysis, the number of proprietary medicines sold in this State will be found by examination of a wholesale price list to number not less than five thousand, while it is a fair estimate to say that there are as many more of local sale that are not listed. It will readily be seen that it would be a physical impossibility to deal with them as proposed.

Is it to be decreed that the sale of all these popular remedies shall be suspended until each can be carefully analyzed—a process which, if practicable at all, would cost the State Board of Health, or its appointees, many years of diligent labor to accomplish? The State Board of Health already has ample power under existing laws to examine any proprietary medicine that may be suspected of being harmful, or that may be complained of, and, if found dangerous to public health, to suppress the sale of the same, as has been done repeatedly with food products deemed to be harmful."

The same state of affairs measurably exists in Massachusetts—as noted by us last week. If the people do not act in such matters—by sending in Remonstrances, attending the hearings before the Legislative Committee, etc.—and act at once, they will regret their lukewarmness. There is much more than a patent-medicine or drug-compounding-and-dispensing law at stake. Remember this fact!

That Virginia Well, Again.

The third number of the *Psychical Review* (organ of the American Psychical Society) opens with a report by Prof. A. E. Dolbear and T. E. Allen of a visit made by them to Handson's Station, Va., for the purpose of personally investigating the phenomena alleged to occur in a well on the estate of Col. Jno. J. Deyer, at that place. The report is given individually by each; that of Prof. Dolbear taking the precedence. Mr. Allen following and not agreeing in some important particulars with the conclusions of Prof. D. Not being able from personal observation to determine in the matter, we are not in a situation to give an opinion as to whether actual phenomenal appearances have been seen in that well or not; but it seems strange that if, as Col. Deyer says, from four to five thousand persons have looked into it, most of whom avowed they saw strange objects, that they should every one of them be mistaken. Prof. Dolbear says:

"When the mirror was held over it (the water), of course the dark image of it was plainly to be seen. As we peered into the well, wondering what we should see, the dark image of the mirror began to grow lighter until it looked milky. Both of us saw this." We are not told that they made any effort to learn the cause of this, or that they waited to see what form the milky appearance might eventually assume. Instead of this, we are informed that feeling chilly they retreated to the house to warm up. This done they again went to the well, and looking in, says Prof. Dolbear, "some sort of an image slid into sight from one side, but it did not remain more than a few seconds, long enough to fairly see what it was."

Prof. Dolbear attributes all that has been seen by the thousands who have looked into that well to reflection of the sky and the well-curb, and recommends that Col. Deyer build a new curb or paint the present one black, in which event the mystery will no longer exist. The *New York Herald* reporter stated that during his two days of investigation and experiment he adopted fifty theories, but was forced to give them all up, and there is no question that among these was that with which these scientists claim to have "settled it once for all." Indeed, the thought that what was seen was a reflection, would be the very first to suggest itself to any ordinary mind. The reporter further said he experimented with "the fifty-one other wells on the plantation. The other wells, however, will not reveal a face. I tried them all, and so have others." This reporter at one time held the back of the mirror toward the water and awaited developments. "It came," he said, "in this shape: A hand holding a callily rose from the bottom of the well, and remained in sight a full minute." Why not longer, if it was a reflection? and how could it have been a reflection when the mirror was not in a position to reflect?

Among thousands who have visited the well have been many of as keen powers of observation as the two representatives of the Psychical Society; and better for reaching a fair conclusion, because not holding a preconceived theory of the cause, and that an, antagonistic to any but a material one. There have been lookers therein of all grades of intellect, and all have agreed in having seen other appearances than reflections of sky and well-curb. Said *The Herald* reporter: "Imagination plays a large part in these sort of sights, and to make sure that what I saw was not influenced by the exclamations of people about the well, I had the group write on a piece of paper a description of what each member saw in the well. There was a startling correspondence between them all."

Much more might be given, but our space will not permit. Our view is that those who call themselves "Psychists" have not solved the mystery that to the world at large is known as "The Spectral Well of Virginia."

Mme. Valesca Topfer.

Our readers will doubtless recall the fact that in June of last year reference was made to the trial, in Berlin, of this celebrated medium, and her conviction and sentence to two years' imprisonment and five years loss of civil rights. The statement was then made that an appeal from this verdict would be made to a higher court.

The second trial has just ended, and the points decided are of such interest that we shall in our next issue give a detailed account of this now famous case.

Let no reader of the present issue of THE BANNER fail to peruse the tender and appreciative letter by Dr. J. M. Peebles ("The Spiritual Pilgrim") on our first page. What he says of Bro. Dean's articles is eminently true; his description of the ministers' meeting (which will surely bear fruit in coming time) is full of the fire of the spirit; and his eloquent and soulful tribute to the life and services of Elder Evans we earnestly and sympathetically endorse.

No. 2 of the admirable article by Prof. A. E. Carpenter—the veteran mesmerist (on the second page)—shows conclusively that nature has placed the protective safeguard of a latent will "around the ego of every individual in any state of mind," and that all the gloomy phantasms conjured up in this direction by self-hypnotized or bigoted "regular" doctors are wholly without foundation in fact.

A Veteran Passed On.—One by one the old-time Spiritualists and workers are passing to the other side of life. We are now called upon to record the demise of Mrs. Elizabeth L., wife of W. W. Currier of Haverhill, Mass. Mrs. Currier passed to spirit-life March 29th, 1893, aged 68 years 8 months and 10 days. The funeral services were held on Monday, April 5th, at 1:30 p. m.—Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes officiating.

Personal Recollections of the Fox Family.

BY DR. F. L. H. WILLIS.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

The death of Margaret Fox Kane, the last of the three sisters who played so important a part in the inauguration of one of the mightiest movements that has ever agitated the world of thought, occurring so near the Forty-Fifth Anniversary of that movement, has awakened or renewed a widespread interest in this noted family.

Having been compelled by the state of my health to cancel all my lecture engagements for this entire season, I am debarred from participating in any of the Anniversary exercises. I cannot even take part in the exercises here in Rochester, the city of my residence—the cradle of our movement, where the sisters made their first public *début*, and where they tasted the first bitter cup of persecution, their very lives being threatened by an angry mob—because I am suffering from an aggravated attack of bronchitis, which makes public speaking impossible for the present. Hence I crave a space in your columns, which will undoubtedly be overflowing at this Anniversary season, to say briefly what I would gladly have said more fully in public had circumstances permitted.

I believe that we Spiritualists owe an immense, an incalculable debt to these three sisters and their brave, devoted mother.

After the great excitement consequent upon my mock trial and virtual expulsion from Harvard University, in the spring of 1857, had measurably died down, there was brought about the famous "Harvard investigation," that ended so ignominiously, so far as the professors of that venerable institution who composed the investigating committee were concerned.

This brought to Boston the celebrated Fox sisters, who were participants in this investigation, and led to my introduction to the family. I was ill at the time, just rallying from the brain fever that laid me at death's door. Leah—then Mrs. Brown—called upon me to express her sympathy and her interest. I found her a large-hearted, genial, whole-souled woman. Margaret and Katy were prepossessing young girls, quiet, refined and ladylike in manners. Margaret possessed marked personal beauty, and Katy a peculiar sweetness and charm of personality that was very winning.

I saw but little of them at this time, but a few years later, when located in New York as a settled speaker, I saw much of the family. Leah had married Mr. Underhill, a gentleman of wealth and culture, and at her charming home it was my privilege to meet the mother of these remarkable mediums.

My first impression of her was that she was genuinely and thoroughly honest; my second that she possessed true nobility of nature and a great motherly heart. These qualities are stamped upon the features of the portrait of her with which we are familiar to-day, and it is a faithful semblance of her. She was very proud of her daughters. She had an unfaltering faith in their mission, believing devoutly that they were heaven's chosen instruments for doing a mighty work for humanity.

I recall the salient points of a very interesting conversation I had with the old lady. She had been speaking of the petty annoyances and bitter persecutions they had borne until they were tried beyond endurance. Insult and contempt had been heaped upon them until they felt they could endure it no longer, and they prayed in anguish of spirit that they might be left to themselves. Their prayers were answered. The spirits withdrew from them; the troublesome rappings ceased, and as day after day went by, and nothing occurred to break the old-time silence, they began to experience a sense of desolation and loneliness like that which follows the bereavement of death. The sunshine seemed to have gone out of their life, the world to have suddenly grown cold and empty. They sought a renewal of the blessed ministrations, but in vain.

For the first time then they realized what this mystic presence had become to them; for the first time awoke to the consciousness that notwithstanding all that they had suffered and endured by means of this mysterious communion, it had nevertheless been to them the Comforter, and from it they had derived strength and guidance and solace, but feebly recognized until it was withdrawn.

With sighs, and tears, and prayers they sought a renewal of it, but in vain. No sound broke the silence. In vain they prayed the spirits to return; not the slightest response came. At length, after two weeks and more of what the old lady described as "dreadful loneliness," some visitors joined with the family in beseeching the celestial messengers to return, when suddenly there came a shower of raps; their prayers were answered, and said Mrs. Fox, "I called upon all present to kneel and kiss the very boards on which the blessed sounds were made."

From this time forth the movement went on with uninterrupted force and energy, until those sounds were heard in the remotest parts of the earth, and myriads of souls rejoiced in a demonstrated immortality, and joined in an anthem of victory over death and the grave.

Margaret and Katy Fox were the unfortunate victims of the law of heredity. I never knew the father, but I have been told by those who did know him that he was a good, honest, conscientious man, possessing a deeply religious nature, and that his one great fault was a love of alcoholic drinks.

And yet he was never a habitual drunkard. He would have long intervals during which he would not touch a drop, and these would be followed by seasons of utter debauchery.

The seeds of this fatal passion were unquestionably implanted in the two younger daughters, awaiting only favorable developing influences to spring forth and bear their terrible fruitage. When first I knew them they were two as fair and lovely young women as I have ever met, sweet and gracious in manners, with an air of refinement and purity that was very marked.

Certainly no small degree of refinement of manner and beauty of character, as well as of person, was requisite on the part of Margaret to attract and win a gentleman by birth and education so distinguished as was the lamented Eliza Kent Kane. The history of his first acquaintance with Margaret, the interest she at once awakened in him, which rapidly ripened into the passion of love, and the ardor and persistency of his wooing, is most graphically told in his own letters, which were published many years ago under the title, "I think, of 'Love Letters of Dr. Eliza Kent Kane,'" and the portrait of Margaret, which forms the front

ispiece, is no ideal picture, but a faithful representation of her at that age, and very like her as she looked the first time I saw her, although she was then some years older.

It was in New York City that the sisters, Margaret and Katy, after the death of their beloved mother, who as long as she lived was their sheet-anchor and balance-wheel, and to whom they were devotedly attached, were unfortunately thrown under the patronage and influence of a woman of great wealth, which was her only claim to position. She was the centre of a large circle of fast society people. At her luncheons and suppers champagne and other choice wines flowed like water, and it was whispered about that her social entertainments often became scenes of bacchanalian revelry.

Into worse hands these rare sensitives could by no possibility have fallen. Under these influences the seeds of that fatal inheritance that had lain dormant hitherto were rapidly developed, and they became the pitiable victims of an inordinate craving for alcoholic stimulants.

Where does the responsibility of this lie? Who shall dare to judge and condemn these wonderful psychics, through whose marvellously sensitive organizations swept forces they could not fathom or comprehend, and who were the chosen instruments of heaven for revealing to earth a stupendous fact fraught with the mightiest interests of humanity?

Let us never forget that through the instrumentality of the Fox sisters, for the first time since the world began, an exorcised spirit, freed from the trammels of flesh through the mysterious process of death, and clothed upon with an immortal body, was enabled to hold clear and distinct communion with spirits still in the mortal body through a systematic, scientific method of telegraphy.

Before the work that they did for the world in that humble little home where first were heard the low tappings of the immortals—not comprehended at first by their young minds, but experimented with by them until at last over the wires of the spirit-telegraph thus established flashed the glorious message of immortality—all the faults and frailties of their mortal career pale into insignificance, and it should be our delight, as I believe it to be our solemn duty at this Anniversary season, to enshrine them in our hearts' pitying, loving tenderness, and render homage to the great work they did for us and for the world in preparing the way for the feast of spiritual things we now enjoy, even as the angels of heaven whose innumerable company they have joined, have done.

Let us never forget that there were three grand facts demonstrated—not merely asserted, but proven—by the revelations made through the Fox sisters, that remain to this day the basic facts of Spiritualism:

- 1st. Man is a spirit.
- 2d. As a spirit he is immortal.
- 3d. After the change called death he can revisit the earth and hold communion with its denizens.

This is the eternal, original gospel brought to us by angel-hands. It is not new; it is as old as the soul of man, and the Anniversary that we celebrate at this season is simply the Anniversary of the advent through the Fox family of one of its modern methods or phases of manifestation.

Special Interview.—Attention is directed to the report in another column of a Special Interview held in London, Eng., by the European representative of the BANNER OF LIGHT, with the celebrated W. T. STEAD, editor of the *Review of Reviews*. Our readers on both sides of the Atlantic will peruse with interest this gentleman's views as ably drawn out by Bro. J. J. MORSE.

The Margaret Fox-Kane Fund.

We stated under this heading last week that we had written to Mrs. H. J. Newton, of New York City, for information regarding the plans, if any, entertained in that place regarding the sepulture of Mrs. Kane. We have since heard from Mrs. Newton, who states, with truth, that to her mind "the funeral expenses should be paid first," and then if money is to be raised for the erection of a monument, etc., the work must be entered upon "in a business-like way: A committee of responsible people should be formed, and a treasurer appointed in every city to receive the funds.... I am ready," she says, "to receive any money that the friends may wish to send toward defraying the funeral expenses first of all, then we'll talk about the monument."

The sum of thirty-four dollars has already been forwarded to her by THE BANNER, as subscribed by its publishers and patrons; but we understand more is needed for the costs of burial, etc. We will receive, acknowledge and forward to Mrs. Newton all sums sent to this office for this worthy project; and we do hope there will be a liberal response.

A Worthy Case.

Mr. A. E. Senter, of 26 Bower street, Roxbury, Mass., has all his life been a Liberal in thought and expression; he was the friend of Abner Kneeland, and after him, a close comrade of the late Horace Seaver. Mr. Senter has been sick and unable to labor for a long time, and finds himself in straitened circumstances pecuniarily. Some time since he called for help from *The Investigator*, but the monetary result was so small that he turned to THE BANNER for help from its "God's Poor Fund." We have several times assisted him, as far as the Fund would allow, and now feel to ask that all who desire to do a good and benevolent act will send aid for this worthy man and great sufferer to the care of Colby & Rich. Such amounts will be acknowledged in these columns, and forwarded to Mr. Senter as above. [Our contemporary, *The New York Truth Seeker*, is requested to copy this paragraph.]

We have been reminded to state as a matter of history, that Lyander S. Richards was President of the Massachusetts Spiritual Association, and was the originator of the "Music Hall" meetings (of 1868 and after). Ten men whose wealth and interest in the Cause were matched, joined him as financial backers; William White, of the BANNER OF LIGHT Publishing Company, who was also at one time President of the State Association, was one of them.

We would add that under the auspices of the BANNER OF LIGHT Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond spoke in Music Hall at a date prior to the course referred to, and not long after the decease of Theodore Parker.

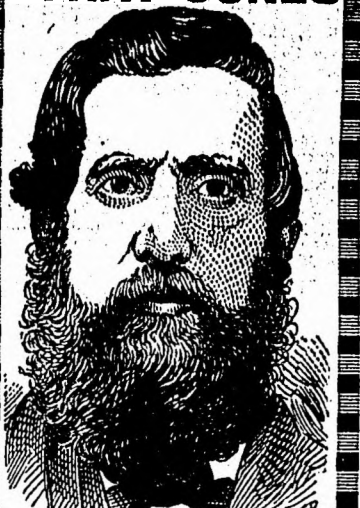
It is with deep regret that we learn of the demise of our dear friend, Dr. J. Theodore Child— who passed to spirit-life, Thursday, March 30th, aged 51 years 8 months. He resided in Malden, Mass. (where his decease took place) and did business at 50 School street, Boston, where his father, Dr. A. B. Child, practiced dentistry successfully for many years—the business subsequently being carried on by the son.

Mrs. Nellie Ingersoll Ackerson, formerly Guardian of the Cleveland (O.) Children's Progressive Lyceum, recently passed to spirit-life from that city. An *in memoriam* notice, prepared by our regular correspondent, Mr. Thomas Lees, will appear in our columns next week.

Dr. A. D. Grubbree, being "burned out" at the Tremont Temple fire, has now established himself at No. 171 Tremont street, Boston.

LOUISIANA.

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and in four days after I began I had a good appetite and commenced gaining in flesh. In three months I increased in weight from 160 to 204 pounds. I was also troubled with Rheumatism affecting my hips so that I would be unable to step at times, and I am happy to say, gentlemen, that I am entirely cured of the effects of "St. Grippin," "Knee Troubles" and Rheumatism by the use of DANA'S SARSAPARILLA."

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restoring lost vigor of mind and body, creating a good appetite and producing sound sleep. It acts steadily upon the liver, cleansing the blood by means of the *kidneys*, and acts mildly upon the bowels, thereby producing bodily habits which are so essential to good health. This

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Without the addition of any drug whatever. It is Nature's remedy, pure and simple, and not a manufactured article. The success it has achieved has come mostly from its friends who have been cured by using it. Send for a pamphlet free, containing photo-engraved letters and recommendations from those who have used it, and who are fastening it on their friends.

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WILL DELIVER TWO LECTURES DAILY DURING THE
SESSION OF
Summer School of Psychic Science at Lily Dale, N. Y.,
COMMENCING.

Wednesday, June 7th, 1893.
I will speak daily at 2 p. m., also on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 a. m., and on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30 p. m.

From July 6th to 20th, on Spiritual Teachings of the World's Great Poets and Authors; Psychometry; and sec

Questions from the audience will always be in order at the close of the Lecture if they pertain to the topic under

W. J. Colville will speak in the Auditorium on Sundays
une 11th, 18th and 25th, at 10:30 A. M. and 2 P. M.
Mrs. Lillie and W. J. Colville will lecture on Sundays July
1, 9th and 16th. W. J. Colville and Mrs. J. B. Jackson July

Apr. 8.

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Moses or Darwin?

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and Progress.**
BY ARNOLD BODEL, Ph. D.

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Message Department.

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
Of each week Spiritual Meetings are held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment, free to the public, commencing at 8 o'clock P. M., J. A. Shelmham, Chairman.

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

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress in the spirit-world, and that those who are ready to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All expressions are made of truth and are not to be taken more.

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

Natural flowers are gratefully appreciated by our spirit friends, therefore we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

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

QUESTIONS ANSWERED AND SPIRIT MESSAGES
GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF
Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Séance held Jan. 20th, 1893.
Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Infinite Presence, thou Divine Consciousness of all life, permeating the universe with light and power, we know that thy spirit dwelleth in the heart of man, and that it doth imbue every part and portion of being, for without thee we are less than senseless clouds, luminous clay which must be vitalized by thy living spirit before it can become conscious and filled with activity. So do we realize that we are not to look for the outside of and apart from thy works, outside of and apart from man or from Nature; but that thou art the all-in-all, breathing through and quickening every portion of existence. We know that thy soul-force quickens the moving planets in their course, and that because of this power they become worlds fit for habitation, forever pursuing their matchless way along the track of space. We know that thy living spirit permeates all things, even to the grain of sand made up of infinitesimal atoms, each one of which contains a portion of thy great life.

How can the finite mind of man recognize and comprehend thee who art vast and wondrous and Infinite? We know that it is impossible to grasp in fullness a conception of thy being, yet we would come to understand that we, as human children, are a part of the Infinite Spirit, containing within us the essence and spark of Infinite which, with proper care and cultivation, may be brought forth and unfolded into glorious expression and achievement.

To this end, that we may understand our possibilities and learn something of our relationship to the divine, we ask that we may be instructed in the thought and action in our search for truth by the understanding spirits who have gained great experience and passed on to higher spheres of labor and effort. To this end we ask that our perceptions may be acted upon until they are quickened to understand more of life and its duties, and to realize more of the purposes of being. So do we desire to come into a harmonious condition, into a state of mind and spirit that is favorable for the reception of spiritual influences.

Oh! may we in this hour exchange sympathy and kindly feeling one with the other, and thus attract pure and helpful intelligences who will give us such magnetic aid and support as our individual cases may require.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT. Your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—(By L. C.) Is Dr. A. B. Child the spiritist in spirit-life that he was on earth?

Ans.—Our good old friend, Dr. Child, is a progressive spirit. He is not one who stands still in the exercise of his thought or in his research for higher truth. His friends who are still upon this mortal plane must not think of the Doctor as lingering in the earthly atmosphere, for, although he continues to think kindly and lovingly of those who have labored with him in the past in the defense and advocacy of truth, and also of those dear ones who are bound to him by tender ties of relationship, yet he does not remain in contact with this external condition.

The Doctor is pressing on to a higher understanding of life. He is the same hopeful spirit that he was when in the abode of flesh. He has great hope for his race, believing in the evolution of humanity, or the working out and unfolding of higher and higher laws and truths from the simple, feeble condition, or state of life.

We are privileged at times to come into association with Dr. Child, and we know that he exercises the same kindly, fraternal spirit toward all that he did when he was here. We are satisfied that he would be pleased to have us to-day give his tender regard and greeting to all the old-time friends and associates who are still laboring along the same lines of thought and effort upon the mortal side.

Q.—[From one in the audience.] Do we enter the spirit-world as infants or as adults?

A.—That depends very much, friend, upon the unfolding of the spirit when it passes to the other life. He who has taken advantage and made the most of his experiences and privileges, who has cultivated the finer nature to an extent, and endeavored to live according to the rules of spiritual law, has assisted largely in the development of his spiritual nature. He does not enter the spirit-world as an infant, but as one who has had experience, who has attained knowledge even through the sorrow, suffering and discipline of life in the flesh.

We have seen spirits in the other world who in general appearance and stature seem to be men and women grown, but who, in culture, knowledge and experience, are as small and feeble as is the infant just coming into life upon this mortal plane, who knows nothing of external things, and comprehends nothing of life and its duties. There are some who enter the other world as little children, passing out of this body in the tender years, but who are higher and wiser in thought and questioning than are some of the adults who pass out of the mortal vale into the spirit atmosphere.

It is not so much a matter of external appearance as it is of interior growth. He who lives a number of years upon this plane, but who does not exercise his mental activity, who does not take observations of men and things, who ignores or is careless of his spiritual attributes and their unfolding, is worse off in ignorance than the little child who passes out into the spirit-world, because the child is at ways eager to understand and to grasp things, and to make them his own, while perhaps the old man, who has frittered away the time allotted him here, has become dulled in his mentality to the extent that he asks no questions, is not eager to understand life and its conditions, but remains in a lethargic state, from which he must be aroused by some sudden electric shock in order to bring him to a realization of life as it is.

But perhaps our friend desires to know whether those who die pass into a condition of infancy, because those who are born into this life of earth come here as helpless babes, and we answer, no. The system of life and reproduction is not in the spirit-world as it is here. Children are born upon the earth of mortal parents, and this planet is peopled thereby; but the spirit-world is peopled in no such way. Those intelligences who have gained what they could of this earthly life demand, through the necessities of their nature, other environments, localities and conditions for the still further expansion of their lives and their spiritual natures, and the man who goes into the spirit-world finds himself clothed upon with a body somewhat similar to that which he vacated here. So with the woman and the child.

We also have this great advantage: He who has aged on earth may, through the activities of his spirit and of his will-power, take up so much of the fresh, strong magnetism of the spiritual atmosphere as to infill his entire being with new life, and to cause the lines of care to disappear, the signs of youth to return, and form and feature to present the appearance of energy and power. Thus it is with the woman who has passed on amid the cares and toil of years. She, too, may take on a new ap-

pearance, one of beauty and bloom. The infant who passes out to the spirit-world does not continue an infant always, but it grows and becomes active, it rounds out and increases in stature until it has attained the height and appearance of vigorous manhood or womanhood, where it remains for an indefinite time.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Harvey Rice.

[To the Chairman:] The good man who has just been speaking to you kindly motioned me to approach as he stepped aside, thinking, no doubt, that I would serve as an illustration of some of the remarks he has made concerning the appearance and condition of the aged who pass into the eternal world. For, my good sir, I lived many years on the earth-plane. Ninety years had passed over me before I was summoned to that far country where souls abide, and I can scarcely realize, as I view myself to-day and recognize the vital powers that are mine, that I did pass through the varying changes of four-score years and ten before the summons came for me; but it is true, and I am very glad to give my testimony to the fact that, though the aged go from earth bowed by the weight of years, they are not doomed to live with those infirmities and weaknesses which they had here still clinging to them there, but that the fulfilling, penetrating, magnetic atmosphere of the spiritual life gives us new strength and vigor so that we feel truly as if returning to the days of our best thought and activity, and that we have still many duties to perform and works to accomplish.

Although, sir, a native of old New England, and feeling that I have breathed into every part of my being its spirit of freedom and of rugged strength, I may perhaps be more readily recognized in Ohio, especially in the city of Cleveland, where I accomplished something of my work and left my influence, or "atmosphere," as you Spiritualists would call it.

My friends may be interested perhaps to know in what department of labor in the spirit-world, I assure them that I have found an immortal life, and that I have become associated with many good souls who long since passed over into that region of light. If my friends will turn their thought to that which was the bent of my mental activity while in the body; if they will remember that I expressed my intellectuality through the medium of the pen and the press, expressing myself in such language as I could command, both because of my early training at Williams and because of my later experience with humanity and the world in general, they may perhaps come to understand that my mental activity follows along the same line, and that I am privileged to give expression to my thought and to ventilate my ideas to the world in which I now live. Mind there can rub against mind, and thus become brightened and polished; for, by the interchange of thought, one mentally becomes stimulated and quickened, and the other gains some new ideas or suggestion which it has not entertained before. In this manner new trains of thought are started which may lead to large results and much information.

I am quite well aware, my good sir, that I am laboring under a difficulty in seeking to give vent to my ideas in this way. I am handling a brain that I have never before approached; I am seeking to manipulate organs of intelligence that I have never acted upon before.

I know how it must be with one who, perchance, has much knowledge of music and its requirements, when called upon to play upon a new instrument that he has never seen or heard of, for, at the best, the strains of melody he seeks to evoke will not be as harmonious and perfect as they would had he familiarized himself with it. So I ask my friends to pardon me until I become better acquainted with this mode of communication, when I will seek to give them such evidences of my mind as will prove earmarks of identity which they cannot dispute.

Be kind enough, sir, to place me on your list as Harvey Rice.

Seacomb Jordan.

I lived in Malden, Mass., although I did not originate there or in this State; but I passed many pleasant hours in its vicinity, and I tried to live out my life as best I could. So I bring greeting and remembrance to my friends and relatives in Malden, and would tell them of this better country to which I have gone. It is not so grand, however, that I am content to remain in it all the time, but I am content to know anything of the affairs of earth or what is passing with my friends. I am satisfied that the best has come to me through the change called death that could be mine, and that I and all get what we deserve and have earned; and I am also pleased to say that the spirit-world offers many advantages to those who can profit by them.

I turn in my mind to the good old State of Maine, where in former years I was known, and where I employed my energies for some time. Through coming in contact with old familiar places and renewing old associations in Lewiston, I have been enabled, I think, Mr. Chairman, to come here. I will tell you how that is. There have been spiritual meetings started in that place, and I was taken there by spirit-friends who, long years ago, went out of the body from Lewiston and Auburn. In those assemblies I learned many things that gave me new ideas of life, and I sort myself out—If I may use the term—to how spirit control of human instrumentalities by coming very near to a spirit who was being described by a medium and who was very close to that person. Then, sir, I was brought here, and I have been watching spirits communicating with you until I feel that I am ready and able to say a word for myself. There have been meetings of a spiritual character in Malden which I have visited, and which also have helped me by giving me magnetic force to come nearer to these outside conditions and speak of these things because I believe credit should go where credit is due.

Now, sir, I give my greeting to my friends. I would tell them that I have come back from beyond the grave, and that the grave has nothing to do with my life at all. I never entered into any condition of tomb-life, and I never intend to do so, but I am strong in the spirit-world, and ready to do what work I can, as much as I was while here.

I am Seacomb Jordan.

Martha Phillips.

[To the Chairman:] Will you kindly take my name, and tell my friends that I have come to bring them my love?

I am Martha Phillips. My home and my dear family are in Amherst, Mass., and it is to Amherst that I send my tender affection and sympathy. I want the dear ones to feel that I have not gone entirely away from them. I had to leave the body, with its weariness and pain, but if I could have had my choice, although the spirit-world is sweet and full of pleasant things, I should have staid home with my family that I think needed me. However, it is beautiful to know that I am not separated from all that I held dear in this mortal side. I did not have to leave my dear husband and my children, but I was permitted to linger around them, and try to lessen their sorrow by the influence which I received from the spirit-world.

Tell my friends, please, that life goes on and on. It is not out. It is not dead. It is the mortal form, but with the spirit, and it goes on, and we find a bright home in the other life. I have seen relatives and friends there. Beautiful conditions are around them, and they seem to understand how to take hold of life and make the most of it. I have met Father Lawson, and he is a busy spirit, trying to do good works, and to help bring truth to those who are here that they may understand it, and give it out to the world in such ways as will enlighten the minds of those who seek for knowledge and peace.

I will tell you while here that Mrs. Spaulding of Amherst, who passed away not long ago, it seems, wishes me to say a word for her, as she cannot come to speak for herself. She would like to have her dear friends know that she is well and contented in the spirit-world, freed from conditions that belonged to the earth, and ready to do all the good she can for those who are here.

Please say that my husband is S. A. Phillips of Amherst.

Gen. John B. Kenly.

The years come and go, and I realize that a new year has opened upon human experience on this side. I learn that we do not count the years in the spiritual country as you do on earth, but we also realize that it is necessary for you to thus mark the passage of time in order that you may make your calculations, and get ready for that which is to come.

I confess that I am not well disciplined in this new order of life which belongs to the spirit-side. In military tactics and in the rigorous discipline of army life I have had my experience, and have become well-informed; but in taking up my march in another country, whose lines are unfamiliar to me, I have to account myself as one who is sadly in need of instruction and practice.

As far as I know of these things of the spirit-world, I am well pleased. The situation of the country is pleasant, the entire scope of action is on a calculated to draw out man's best powers that he may employ them through useful avenues for lofty ends and aims, and I report to the friends of mortal life that "All is well!" The sentries along the line are all vigilant, and are in the service of truth, I think, from my observations, and it seems to me that they can surely give back the "All is well" that will encourage the friends on this side to press forward and to prepare for that action which is to come.

I am proud to say that the grand and noble man, Henry Clay, has given me instruction concerning this office of yours, Mr. President, and that he invited me to come and endeavor to express my thought.

I was an old-time Whig in the days of that party's activity; and I lived to almost the present time, and to the campaign in which the great political parties of the country have recently been engaged, the one interested, as I always have been in the affairs of State and nation. I feel that this is the most glorious country upon the face of the earth, and that its march is forward along the lines of progress. It may have its halting-places, it may have seasons of skirmishing and periods of what may seem to the casual observer to be retreat from its high position; but I do not think that such a state of affairs ever really comes to our country, a nation, and to think that its line is one of advance along the way.

I heard it asked when your questions were read if someone or other whom I did not know was still an optimist in the spirit-world. I can say that I am more of an optimist since the scales fell from my eyes than I was when here, and I do not know as I was of a specially depending nature when here. I see that the world moves, and that great minds who have lived on earth, like Clay, and Webster, and other grand intelligences, live to-day, the outside covering, and I find that I can live as I have done, pressing forward for new fields to conquer if necessary, and new achievements to make.

Tell my Maryland friends that the old General is not dead, but that he lives, and that he expects to live through the years to come. Say to the dear ones in Baltimore, where I feel at home and where I know I am remembered, that John B. Kenly is happy to send a word back to the old place from the fort which he now occupies.

Lydia Hawkins.

My name is Lydia Hawkins. My friends live in Fall River and I send them my love.

I have been gone from the earth a good while, and I mean that literally, because I have not been back here in this earthly condition for a long time. I lingered around the earth and my friends for quite a little time after I passed from the body. I did not want to think I was dead. I seemed to shrink away from those who came to me. They, too, had died, and were living still. I wanted those I had loved on this side. I did not know any who were there, though some of them said they were, but I had never known them, and my thought and desire were to be here.

After awhile I passed out of that condition and went into the spirit-life. There I was taken in charge by some of these good people, who took me among such beautiful scenes and into such pleasant schools that I became interested, and was willing to remain there for my own good. I have been away some time now, and have not known much of what was taking place with my friends on earth; but lately I have had a desire to come back and try to say something through mortal lips that perhaps might be seen or heard of by some I have known in the past, which would make them think of the spirit-life and its wondrous laws.

I did not know about Spiritualism, or that those who die can come back and communicate with their friends, and I had all this to learn on the other side. I do not know as any who live here are interested in this truth or place with my friends on earth; but I have a knowledge of it by this time, but whether they have or not, I hope they will feel that there is something in it, and that, perhaps, their friends who have passed from the body do live and love them; for this thought will help to draw their spirit-friends more closely to them and into the earthly atmosphere, in which condition the spirit intelligences will be enabled to be of more service in many ways to the dear ones of this life.

John Benson.

[To the Chairman:] Good afternoon, sir. Will you kindly allow me, if seeking friends in Montreal to come? [You are quite welcome.] Well, then, I thank you.

I have tried and tried again to find some open way in Montreal where I could just say a few words, only give my name, and say that Jack lives, and is looking about to see what the world is doing, but not an opening could I find. So I have made my way here, and I feel very glad to say just a few words.

Tell my friends that I think I am as handy in my craft as I was when here, not with the same kind of tools, of course, for they belong to this outward life; but what I mean is that I employ the same thought and the same ingenuity (if I can say that, for I do not know of a better word), that made my work have certain effects in a mechanical way on earth, to giving expression in other external ways on the spirit-side. I hardly know how to speak because I have to use your words, which I try to apply to my work and my thought on the other side; but, nevertheless, tell the friends that I am busy as I was here tinkering over something, and trying to work it out for a useful purpose.

I think that some of my people are mediumistic; in fact, I am very sure of it. There is Kate. She has grown up and made a home of her own. I know she had the gift when I was here in the body. A little thing she was, but she had the gift of some of the strange sights that came to her that nobody else saw, and of the people that were going about, but that, for our lives, we could not see at all. So we said she had the gift, and she would be preserved from harm. I think she has been carried along through life so far with but little shadow and much sunshine, and I hope it will last. I have been trying to do what I can to brighten up things for her and hers, and make the pathway pleasant and smooth.

Well, sir, I deeply grateful to you for this opportunity. I have been seeking it long. It will do me a deal of good, I know, and sometime I will try to repay you for the good you have done me.

I am John Benson.

Sister Agatha, to Her Medium.

I bring a cross of white flowers as a token and a symbol from the spirit-world. I believe it will be accepted and recognized as a sign of fidelity which will be understood in a certain spiritual line of work that is being accomplished here. The fulfillment has not yet appeared, but it will, and the labor and the expenditure will go hand in hand, one to be accomplished, the other to be gained, and will work out the consummation of plans and desires for lasting good to a number of human souls.

I am permitted to come and speak to my dear medium, who will see my words. In your BANNER sheet, and who will respond, I think, in mind to what I have to say. I know that the shadows have seemed heavy of late, and

that the trials have been many to bear. The work does not appear to be all that it has promised or that it has prophesied; but the shadows are fleeting, the burdens will become lightened, the labor will result in a bright fulfillment, and souls will be brought nearer to an understanding of the spirit-life through its activity.

I know that the word of truth is spoken by immortal lips; I know that the sign of eternal life is given, and that illuminations from the spheres beyond come brightening the heart and drying the mourner's tear. So I say to my medium: Be of good cheer; be faithful; do not become weary in well-doing, but press on, and the bright light shall come which will show you more clearly the way. Not just at present, but later on, when the summer roses bloom, brighter and sweeter conditions will appear, and then the burdens will seem less heavy to bear, and, indeed, they will in a measure pass away.

To the Chairman: Please, my good sir, say that it is Sister Agatha, to her medium.

Report of Public Séance held Jan. 24th, 1893.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Ques.—[From one in the audience.] Is the personality of the devil to be taken literally or accurately?

Ans.—The thought of a personal presence of evil, a powerful being able to do all manner of ill to human life, seeking whom he may devour by his machinations, and working always for the accomplishment of his own vile end, that of gathering human souls into his embrace for their everlasting woe, seems to have been the outcome of superstitions and misconceptions in the early ages of human history.

Man, not understanding the possibilities and powers of his own being, which might be developed to such a degree as to enable him to cope with the adverse forces of Nature, not realizing how he might develop his faculties so as to be able to create conditions for himself by which he might defy the storm and the whirlwind, through which he might overcome the power of wild beasts and those forces and objects which sought to prey upon him, felt that he was the victim of some invisible but potent presence which was continually working him harm. So when the pestilence came and struck down himself or his loved ones, when the whirlwind and the storm came and shattered his protecting place and brought ruin to him and his, or when some other disaster fell upon him, such as the failure of his crops or other means of subsistence, the onslaught of great pests seeking his blood, he felt that this great power which he saw vengeance upon him for some unknown cause, and thus there grew up with the human race this idea of a personal power of evil, which was incorporated into religious teachings, until the human family became imbued with the fear of this powerful being called the devil. In the later stages of human advancement, as man comes to reason upon the forces of life, those visible and those invisible to the physical senses, as he becomes a thinking creature, realizing the extent of his intellectual powers and the possibilities of his mind and heart, he comes to question whether there is a personal being in the universe of evil, or whether there are not innumerable forces at work creating these dire disasters and ill consequences in human life as the result and outgrowth simply of planetary development and also of human unfoldment and experience.

We are free to say at this time that there is no powerful being, supreme in its might, visible or invisible to mortal spiritual senses, working evil and injury in the life of mankind. There are forces of nature in the universe, which, in their active operation, may produce injurious results to life and property. These we know are operated only according to natural law; these we know are the result of planetary action, because we have learned this much through human experience.

There are also a number of unseen forces in the mental atmosphere of humanity, which in active operation may perhaps work harm to mankind; but these are also the result of operation of natural law, and if we find disease among mankind, it is because they have violated the law, have not lived in obedience to its dictates, and pain, infirmity and often insanity come as the consequence.

In the spiritual realm also there are unseen powers at work, some of which may be mischievous and malignant in their operation upon human life; and why is this? Because there are human beings who are impure, crude-minded and uninformed, having a special desire to grow out of their darkened condition, they delight in living in violation of law, divine and man-made. They are selfish, seeking the haunts of vice, perhaps, and preying upon their fellow-beings. Such as these must at some time pass from the body. Many of them are not better at the hour of death than when in the height of their power and strength, and when they pass into the other life, they are met by evil forces, and are met by malignant activity, working out and influencing through diverse ways upon external life. Those intelligences who still remain here, who are themselves seeking to prey upon others, and looking for their own personal aggrandizement in place of the benefit and happiness of all, will, no doubt, draw to themselves an atmosphere from these disturbing forces which will at times bring disaster upon them.

At times bring disaster upon them. Personal forces that exist as human beings, ill to others, who take the place of the supreme devil that history and legends have brought to our notice; but if each one of us on earth or in the spirit-world seeks incessantly to overcome the spirit of passion, selfishness and impurity that may be within our own personality, we need not fear the approach of any evil spirit; for by seeking to overcome that which is carnal within ourselves we shall grow stronger in will-power and in the power of good, which will enable us to rise above that which is injurious, and to counteract the influence of any disturbing force, while we shall attract to ourselves, through the very effort we make to become unselfish and pure-minded, intelligences of power, purity and peace, who will bring harmonious conditions to brighten our lives.

Q.—[From one in the audience.] Why is it that certain changes of the weather will put a person in a terrible state of melancholy, robbing him of all spirituality in exchange for the most unhappy condition?

A.—Such individuals who are affected by atmospheric changes to the degree mentioned are sensitive, and are affected by external as well as internal forces, and made to respond in some measure to these operations. Therefore, the sensitive may upon a bright, clear day feel exhilarated, full of power and activity, and perhaps with such a cheerful influence he becomes strong and ready to undertake almost any task; while at another time, when the temperature is low and the atmosphere is filled with deactivating elements, the sensitive finds himself responding in character to the atmosphere, and he also becomes depressed, disheartened, cannot see any beauty in life, and feels that he is not of any account, nor can he accomplish any special work.

These sensitive, ringing the changes in their life and experience like the thermometer, are susceptible not only to climatic conditions, but also to the conditions of other intelligences who may come near them, whether encased in mortal flesh or in spiritual garments, and so, many times, they are affected by the proximity of unseen beings who are seeking to throw off some unpleasant condition of their own, something which they have carried with them to the unseen world from the earth, but which does not belong to them as spirits. Thus they often make use of a sensitive instrument for that purpose, and, he, not understanding this, attributes the cause of his melancholy to the state of the atmosphere or to some other disturbing physical influence.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Rev. C. W. Richards.

It may not seem meet in the eyes of some of my good earth-friends for a clergyman to follow in the footsteps of an astrologer [referring to Spirit Thomas Lister, who immediately preceded him, and whose message was printed in advance]. Doubtless many think that to deal with astrology is to deal with forbidden things;

but from the spiritual side of life we gain a larger comprehension of the laws of the universe, and become content to wait for further knowledge before we assert what is possible and what is impossible in the great arena of life. I find, also, that there are all peoples and grades of thought and personality meet and express themselves.

[To the Chairman:] I am very thankful, my good sir, for the privilege of sending a word of greeting to the old-time friends, and at this early day to assure them of my continued life in the spirit-world. The spirit-world! How strange it is to say that—a world of spirits, broad as the universe itself, peopled by intelligent individuals who are all actively employed in their Father's service, some in lowly ways and some in exalted ways, but all working out the plan of unfoldment within their own lives. Only last Spring I was taken home to the eternal world, and I say that I am here at this early day, for I learn that many who have been dead many years have not been enabled to send one telegraphic dispatch back to the earth and its people.

Life is beautiful to me; life is grand and full of significance. For more than threescore years and ten I trod the earthly way, seeking to unfold that which I felt within, and to outline the pathway of eternal life to my followers as I understood it; and to-day I stand upon the spirit-side, looking back over the past and its experience. I find that much of it was gained in shadow, much of that which I sought to grasp was of the external alone; much of that which I thought was true had its origin in the misconceptions of human minds that had not outgrown the limitations of earthly ignorance and superstition. But some things that I had gained were of the eternal—they belonged to the spiritual state—and I have them with me in my home above. Those are my treasures, my possessions, which go to enrich my life, and to which I desire to add year after year, as new experience and trial come to me.

I have been reunited with many tender souls who passed beyond the border before I was called, and these loving hearts are anxious to give me tidings of that life in which they are engaged. They show me something new every day, and my feet are pressing falteringly on to higher paths where I earnestly hope to learn all that there is of life and truth, and to become freed from any error or opinion which does not belong to the spirit, but which has been gathered up during my sojourn in earth-life.

In former years I dwelt in western Massachusetts. I love to-day the Berkshire hills, whether crowned with winter snows, whose glorious jewels of frost and ice flash in the sunlight, or whether decked in the bloom and richness of summer-time, when the velvet carpet which the divine hand spreads abroad offers its luxuriousness and beauty to human touch and eye. They are dear to me as is the atmosphere of that locality, and I send my thoughts toward the hills and valleys of the good old Bay State, because I feel that I have gained something that will be everlasting from my contact with them.

I will state also, Mr. Chairman, that in the West, in Chicago and in other parts of Illinois, I have interests and attractions. Dear friends and followers there still think of me with a tender thought, and I send back to them a word of greeting, and I assure them that I do not die out from among them when the body ceases to breathe, but that I have been permitted to pass about among them as a spirit, touching their lives more closely than I ever did before, and dropping an influence and thought into their hearts such as I had not the power to do when among them in mortal garb. I bring greeting and love to one and all in friendliness and joy. C. W. Richards.

Jemima Hawes.

I like to come in after that good minister. I believe in the church and its work; I believed in the power of prayer, my life and effort for the regeneration of souls; I believed in the influence of religion in daily life, and so I am pleased to come in after the good man who has spoken.

I have been in the spirit-world long enough to change some of my opinions, and to come to the conclusion that no doubt much of the money expended for the advancement of religion in a theological sense, whether through the Board of Missions or in other ways, might be used more practically for the education of the ignorant, and the advancement of the unfortunate. I have come to the conclusion—and it has been forced upon me by the sights I have witnessed in the spirit-world—that if the same amount of time and money was given to taking the street walks out of the dens of vice and poverty, and placing them in comfortable homes, and in schools where they could be properly trained, useful citizens might be reared, and much of the sin and shame of human life might be overcome.

I am free to confess that I come back from the spirit-world, and say that I wish I had in some of my means more fully with this end in view than in the direction of helping to sustain religious establishments; but I am not going to complain of my short-sightedness or of my neglect of duty, because I think I did just as nearly right as I knew how when I tried to dispose of my effects. I went according to my idea of duty, and hope all others will do the same, but I hope they will have a higher knowledge and more truth concerning the spiritual welfare and development of humanity than I had in my narrow circle of life and information. I say narrow circle, because, as I look out upon the great spirit-life and its broadness and fullness, I find that that which I had here was narrow indeed, and that I am now in a great department of life where I must learn and work and do the best I can to make the most of my spiritual powers.

[To the Chairman:] I come back, sir, to give greeting, and to bring my respects and love to those I have known and who have responded to me in the past. To the good friends at Wrentham, in this State, and also to other friends in that vicinity, I bring my greeting and my love. Not long ago, as a spirit, found myself in Dedham, very close to one I well know. He was then on business, and I tried to influence his mind concerning certain affairs in which I was interested. I think that he did catch an impression and acted upon it, but I am not sure. I am working in this way, hoping to reach other lives and make them better, to the truth, let it reach where it will.

I am Jemima Hawes.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Jan. 24 (Continued).—Caroline Henderson; James L. Holmes; Betsy Parker; (—) Folk, of the Farmers' Alliance; Fannie Alexander; Harriet Russell; A. B. Foster; Harry Carver Archer; Guide, for Charlie Doolittle; also for Henry, Carl, Charles Hall, Lizzie Longley.

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

March 24.—Nellie J. Kenyon; Andrew J. Kirby; Charles Hutchinson; Adeline

The Reviewer.

"As It Is To Be."
A Criticism of Cora Linn Daniels's Book.

BY HELEN STUART RICHMOND.

The author begins her work with a statement, which, like a straw, shows which way the wind blows. "The spiritualist" (with a small a) "already prone to believe his very shadow is a ghost, will accept it" (her narrative) "with eager ears." Mrs. Daniels thus follows the line laid down by many a scold, who has preceded her in the path of psychological research. Although it has gained, and steadily continues to gain in the estimation of the world, as yet Spiritualism is not the popular cult of the age in which we live, and while it has brought to the surface of the great sea of human thought and speculation the wondrous flora and fauna of a hitherto unknown realm, many who eagerly seize the spoil would fain ignore the discoverer. And, lest the reader in the survey of numerous spiritual facts should be inclined to accord the credit of the discovery of them to Spiritualism, the author here and there interpolates satirical and sometimes unjust remarks about Spiritualists and their beliefs. The injustice may be the result of ignorance, but none the less it is injustice, and no fair minded person will dispute the declaration that only the informed should venture to criticize, or condemn.

A notable illustration of this injustice on the part of the author may be found in the chapter on "Music, Art and Harmony," in which she gravely states that Spiritualists expect to have pianos in heaven, and goes on to declare that there is nothing material there, the inference plainly being that Spiritualists expect just such pianos in the spirit-world as they had here! Taking the author's statement that "a drum, a brass instrument, a piano or a music-box have no place" in the spirit-world, with the declaration made in the chapter on "Elementaries," that a cat, a dog, a horse or any particular animal may be "willed into an individual spiritual entity, and become as real a dog or cat to the human spirit as it was a material dog or cat to the mortal," and again in the chapter on "Heavenly Powers," that "if we prefer a palace, we build one, or if we wish a pretty grove covered with vines, it is ours," it will be seen that Mrs. Daniels is either not a very keen logician, or is willing to sacrifice her logic to her desire to have a "thing" at Spiritualists.

If dogs and horses, palaces and groves may be evolved by "will" from "idea facts," we fail to see how our author can dispute the possible existence or production of pianos or drums, or even of jews' harps and tin horns.

The process of dying, the speed with which spirit travels, the journeyings of the spirit even while in possession of the physical body, the salvation of every human being, the constant communication between mortal and spirit, the life "over there," the simultaneous existence of a physical and spiritual form, the two halves required to make the complete being, and the unity of the human soul with its Source, ideas clothed in chaste and beautiful language by Mrs. Daniels, have been advanced from the spiritual realm for the past forty years.

Regarding the part "mortal mind" plays in the production of raps, table tipping, footsteps, opening of doors, etc., Mrs. Daniels theorizes in a manner that must bring a smile to the face of any intelligent Spiritualist. While claiming that "such phenomena are always caused by some invisible agent," may be produced either by mortal mind controlling a material force or by spirits, the "Voices" fall to inform the reader how to distinguish the one cause from the other in any given instance.

Evil spirits, reincarnation, Karma and astrology are vehemently denounced as being false, false and pernicious. But since denial and assertion are not argument we find little to recommend the chapters devoted to these subjects. Indeed, in that on reincarnation we are confronted in its opening lines with evidence that here again Mrs. Daniels is not thoroughly informed regarding the subject of her criticism, otherwise she would not ask "The Voices" "If an adult die can his spirit, under any conditions whatever, enter the infant form of another human being?" However, "As It Is To Be" is not without merit. It contains many passages of beauty and brilliancy, and the chapter on "Thought" is alone worth more than the price of the book. In treating this subject Mrs. Daniels is at her best, and gives us some fifteen pages of delightful reading.

WITCHCRAFT. ITS FACTS, THEORIES AND INCIDENTS. With a glance at Old and New Salem and Its Historical Resources. By Mrs. Henrietta D. Kimball. Square 16mo, pp. 135. Illustrated. Boston: Geo. A. Kimball, publisher.

Commencing with the year 1689, when Rev. Samuel Parris was settled over the church in Salem Village, the author narrates in brief the leading points of the origin of events that culminated in a cyclone of persecution, torture and death, the chief element of which was a belief in a personal devil. The author makes no mention of any very serious results in Maine arising from a belief in witchcraft in that State, but gives some account of one old lady, known as "Old Nabby, the Witch of Wells." Long after the troubles in Salem a belief in witchcraft prevailed in New England, and in illustration of the firmness with which it was held, Mrs. Kimball gives "A New Hampshire Witch Story."

Following the above, chapters are given upon "Witchcraft in Sweden and Germany," "The Rosicrucians," "Eastern Jugglers," "Hoodooism," and interesting data relative to Mother Shipton's remarkable life and prophecies, extending over a period from the reign of Henry VII. to the reign of George III. The book closes with an historical and descriptive sketch of "Old and New Salem." Illustrations are given of events and localities connected with the persecutions of 1692, and with Salem as it now exists.

Passed to Spirit-Life.
From Hoboken, N. J., Wednesday evening, March 29th, after a long illness, Francis S. Maynard.

Bro. Maynard had grown weary of the mortal, with its trials and sorrows, and had entered rest and the enjoyment of the rich reward consequent on good deeds accomplished. A life of noble, true service for humanity. He has been for many years a true example of the higher and more beautiful Spiritual Philosophy, an earnest, honored believer, a good, true man at home and in business—always giving his efforts to promote the cause of Spiritualism. For many years past he was one of the trustees of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, and was also one of the promoters and one of the trustees of the Rev. T. B. Bly's beautiful Church of Humanity. He died at his home, after two summers the large tent meetings at Baitus Rock in New Jersey (near Summit). SYLVANUS LION.

From the home of her daughter, Mrs. M. C. Turner, March 18th, 1898, Joanna M. Pease, aged 93 years 5 months and 9 days.
For the last forty years of her earth-life she has believed and practiced the religion and ethics of Spiritualism. Has been a subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT since October, 1866. Death to her was only "going home"—only a going out of darkness into the light, boundless and eternal. T. Colfax, Jr.

From Bradford, Mass., March 28th, Mr. Nelson P. Cross.
For forty years Mr. Cross was a pronounced Spiritualist. He was twice married: his first wife and a son, Dr. Jerome E. Cross, preceded him to spirit-land many years ago. His deceased wife was a woman who is well known as a medium, two daughters and a son.

The funeral exercises were conducted by the writer at his late residence on Pleasant street in Bradford. A large number of friends and neighbors attended the service. F. A. WIGGIN.

March 28th, Dr. Frank B. Perkins, of Boston.
He was an old and revered Spiritualist, and was true to his belief in an immortal life. He leaves a wife, but no children; her friends truly sympathize with her in her loneliness, but she is sustained by her knowledge of spiritual truth. The funeral address was made by Mrs. E. E. Lillie. It was sympathetic and all that could be desired. Singing conducted by Mr. Lillie. The remains were buried at Woodlawn, Chelsea. DR. JULIA CHAPPEL SMITH.

From the residence of her daughter, Florence A. Ricker, in Nyack-on-the-Hudson, March 28th, Caroline Augusta Sweet, aged 92 years 6 months and 17 days.
She reached, after a somewhat extended illness, a peaceful closing of life in the morning. She was dearly loved by all who knew her. Her husband, John Sweet, died in 1870. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 1880. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 1885. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 1890. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 1895. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 1900. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 1905. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 1910. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 1915. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 1920. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 1925. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 1930. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 1935. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 1940. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 1945. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 1950. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 1955. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 1960. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 1965. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 1970. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 1975. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 1980. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 1985. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 1990. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 1995. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2000. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2005. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2010. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2015. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2020. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2025. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2030. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2035. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2040. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2045. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2050. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2055. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2060. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2065. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2070. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2075. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2080. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2085. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2090. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2095. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2100. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2105. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2110. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2115. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2120. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2125. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2130. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2135. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2140. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2145. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2150. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2155. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2160. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2165. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2170. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2175. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2180. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2185. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2190. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2195. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2200. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2205. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2210. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2215. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2220. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2225. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2230. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2235. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2240. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2245. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2250. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2255. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2260. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2265. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2270. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2275. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2280. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2285. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2290. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2295. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2300. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2305. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2310. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2315. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2320. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2325. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2330. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2335. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2340. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2345. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2350. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2355. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2360. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2365. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2370. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2375. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2380. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2385. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2390. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2395. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2400. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2405. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2410. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2415. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2420. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2425. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2430. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2435. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2440. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2445. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2450. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2455. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2460. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2465. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2470. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2475. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2480. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2485. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2490. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2495. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 2500. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 2505. 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Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3680. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3685. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3690. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3695. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3700. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3705. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3710. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3715. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3720. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3725. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3730. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3735. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3740. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3745. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3750. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3755. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3760. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3765. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3770. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3775. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3780. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3785. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3790. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3795. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3800. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3805. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3810. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3815. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3820. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3825. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3830. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3835. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3840. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3845. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3850. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3855. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3860. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3865. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3870. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3875. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3880. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3885. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3890. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3895. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3900. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3905. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3910. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3915. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3920. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3925. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3930. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3935. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3940. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3945. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3950. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3955. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3960. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3965. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3970. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3975. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3980. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3985. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 3990. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 3995. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4000. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4005. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4010. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4015. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4020. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4025. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4030. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4035. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4040. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4045. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4050. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4055. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4060. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4065. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4070. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4075. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4080. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4085. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4090. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4095. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4100. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4105. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4110. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4115. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4120. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4125. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4130. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4135. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4140. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4145. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4150. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4155. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4160. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4165. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4170. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4175. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4180. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4185. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4190. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4195. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4200. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4205. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4210. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4215. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4220. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4225. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4230. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4235. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4240. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4245. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4250. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4255. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4260. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4265. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4270. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4275. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4280. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4285. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4290. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4295. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4300. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4305. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4310. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4315. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4320. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4325. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4330. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4335. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4340. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4345. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4350. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4355. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4360. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4365. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4370. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4375. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4380. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4385. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4390. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4395. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4400. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4405. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4410. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4415. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4420. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4425. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4430. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4435. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4440. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4445. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4450. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4455. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4460. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4465. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4470. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4475. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4480. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4485. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4490. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4495. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4500. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4505. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4510. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4515. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4520. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4525. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4530. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4535. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4540. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4545. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4550. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4555. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4560. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4565. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4570. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4575. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4580. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4585. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4590. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4595. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4600. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4605. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4610. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4615. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4620. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4625. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4630. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4635. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4640. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4645. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4650. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4655. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4660. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4665. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4670. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4675. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4680. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4685. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4690. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4695. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4700. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4705. Her daughter, Mrs. Ricker, died in 4710. Her son, Mr. Sweet, died in 4715. 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