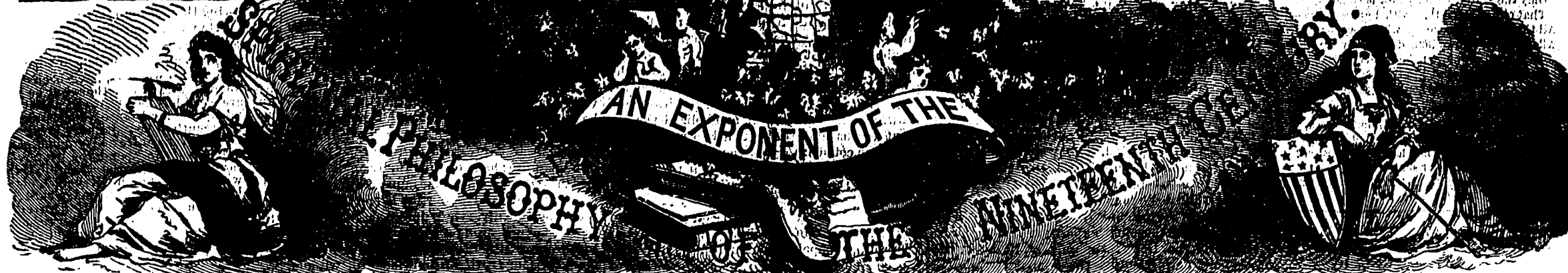


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NO. 8.

Original Story.

MARY ANNE CAREW: WIFE, MOTHER, SPIRIT, ANGEL.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "Oceanides: A Psychological Novel," "The Discovered Country," "Amy Lester," Etc., Etc.
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INTRODUCTION.

SHE was a young lady not yet thirty; the wife of a fond husband and the mother of three beautiful children, two boys and a girl, the oldest not yet six, the youngest not a year old. She was of medium height, with rounded, graceful form, and eyes of heaven's own blue. Her complexion was clear and very fair; her hair a deep golden brown, thick and waving.

She was an affectionate wife, a careful and loving mother, a good daughter and fond sister. Her virtues were many, her vices none. She walked in the midst of her little family like a saint, ministering to her children lovingly, and making home pleasant and cheerful for her husband.

It would seem that life to her had but just commenced in real earnest, and her health had always been excellent. She was born and bred a good Catholic, and had never swerved from the religion of her fathers.

A generous, warm-hearted, Irish lady. It had never entered her husband's mind that she would be taken from him and her children. He did not dream that he would be bereaved and his children left motherless. How could he? They were both in the heyday of life and youth, both in robust health, both extremely ambitious and hopeful.

And she—the thought of death did not cross her mind, or if she thought of death, it was as something very far removed, something that might occur when she should become an old lady and no longer cared for life: her children would then be men and women, and would no longer need her care. Death was not in her thoughts, but life, life! So she pressed her babes to her motherly heart, and sung her sweet lullaby blithely, fondly building castles in the air for her darlings to inhabit in the future: her dear little baby girl, her boy of three and the pride of her eyes, the one of six.

Thus the months glided by on swift and happy wings; but there came a time when the fond mother found herself ill.

"Ah! a bad cold," the doctor said. "She would be all right in a day or two."

But the days glided on. Still the cold was no better. A hard cough set in; her strength failed, her limbs were weak and trembling; she often pressed her hand to her side, complaining of a sharp pain there; her breathing became labored, her cough worse; soon she was confined to her bed altogether, and her husband saw that she must die.

The doctor shook his head sadly. The nurse looked pitiful and said:

"Poor thing! an' she so young, an' the childer no more nor babies."

But they carefully concealed from the young mother that she was dying. She expected confidently to get well. She did not think herself dying, and thought each day that her cold, as she persisted in calling it, would be better on the morrow. And thus the morrows came and went, until at last one came and there was no more to follow, at least no more for her—her last day—her last hour on earth had come—and still she knew it not. She sunk into unconsciousness, and thus breathed her last without bidding adieu to either husband or children.

Her body was soon after prepared for burial, and her heart broken husband, together with other near and dear relatives, followed her remains to the grave a few days after the sad event, and each and all looked upon the dear one as dead, and gone to her final rest. Her husband believed that death was the end; he had no hope of a future life. To him death ended all.

Her own family were all good Catholics, and believed she was in glory with the mother of God and the saints.

Thus ended the first chapter of the life of Mary: the wife, the mother, the daughter, the sister! A fair and beautiful life, an unspecked soul, a gifted, loving and generous being.

Thousands of just such deaths are taking place, have taken place in the past, and will take place in the future. Babies are robbed of their mothers, husbands of their wives, parents of their daughters, and the earth of young, beautiful womanhood. And why? Where has this lovely soul gone? What is she doing now? What are her experiences? Has she joys and sorrows as heretofore? What is her daily life—her occupation? Is her life made up of details, such as ours, or does she stand before the throne of God, singing praises to his name forevermore? Has she forgotten her babes, her husband, and others, or does she remember them? Is she entirely separated from them, or can she visit them? Would not the thought of their sorrow and loneliness intrude upon her happiness, even if she were in such a heaven as many believe in? Would not the loving heart of the mother yearn for her little, helpless children—yearn for the loves that had become a part of her being? God himself, as commonly understood, could not fill that mother's heart robbed of its young. The golden heaven, formerly, and even now, by many believed in, would be a place of unrest and unhappiness to the bereaved mother, the sorrowful widow, the orphaned daughter.

Dear friends, did you ever stop to think that the departed soul of such an one as we are describing is, in reality, a widow, a bereaved mother, an orphaned daughter? Or have you thought that these things belonged only to those left behind, that the disappointment, bereavement and sorrow belonged only to earth? Very likely such has been your thought; but the day which brings much truth begins to dawn. The departed are making themselves known and understood by those that still remain. The link between the dwellers of earth and those on the thither shore of time is being tightly and strongly forged, and the time is near at hand when it can never more be broken.

This introduction has been written by the spirit of the husband, once so bereaved and widowed, but now long since reënter himself of that life to which his young and beautiful wife departed many, very many, years ago.

The soul of this lovely woman desires to write her own experience, and give it to the world, that truth may be made manifest; she desires to light the way, and relieve

many overburdened hearts of sorrowful weights that oppress and crush them.

But one of those dear little children, whom she left so long ago, remains on earth—the blue-eyed boy of three, now a man; the baby soon joined its mother; the boy of six lived on earth to become a man, and shortly after, having a little family of his own, went as his mother went before him; and thus but one of that family is left down where the cares of earth fetter the soul.

CHAPTER I.

MARY—THE WIFE AND MOTHER.

AFTER lying unconscious for a short time my eyes opened. To faint was not an uncommon occurrence; I supposed I had fainted. I did not think I was dying; did not know I was dead.

I had been very weak and ill, but thought I should soon be better, be able to go about attending to my household duties, and properly caring for my three beautiful babes.

My eyes opened and slowly my consciousness returned, sweetly pervaded, filled me like the glowing light of the rising sun.

I was lying just as I had been when unconsciousness overtook me, and as the light of reason again flooded my being, I thought that some wonderful change had taken place in my condition; there was no pain whatever, and I was peculiarly light and happy.

Oh, surely! I was getting well at last! I had so longed and prayed to be well!

Again I closed my eyes, fearing it might be a dream from which I should awake and find myself ill once more. I lay for some time thus, breathing long and deep, to find if my lungs were really free from pain and soreness; put my hand to my side, moved slightly to find if that also was well. I raised my hand to my head; it felt so clear and free from pain I was astonished. Once more I opened my eyes.

"Nurse," I exclaimed, "I believe I am well! Do fetch baby to me. It has been so long since I have been able to fondle her. Oh! I long to take her in my arms once more, kiss her sweet little lips, and look into her dear eyes. Don't tell me I am not able." I went on pettishly, thinking her rather tardy in obeying my wishes, at the same time wondering at her silence, for she was usually quite voluble.

"Ah! perhaps she was not in the room. She might have gone into the kitchen for something. Why! how is it that they have left me all alone? Surely, they were all about my bed when I lost myself. Ah! I remember now—and my dear husband was in tears. Strange, that they should all leave me before I came out of my faint."

Thus thinking, with a peculiar fluttering at my heart, I started up in the bed, and sat upright, which I had not been able to do for many days.

My glance fell first upon my hands, and I held them up before my eyes that I might examine them more closely.

Why, how strangely they looked! They were as white and beautiful as a dream. Then my eyes traveled up my arms as far as the shoulders, then slowly over my bust.

"Really! what have they been dressing me in? This is not my usual night-dress—no, not even my finest and best. I never had anything so fine and beautiful as this—and my arms and bust—how lovely they are! I am sure I never thought they were before!"

"Oh! nonsense! I am dreaming! The doctor has been giving me morphine again, or chloral, maybe; or some of that medicine which has an extra amount of ether in it. I wish they would not force so much medicine down my throat. I think I should be better if I did not take so much medicine. Yes, I am under the influence of medicine, so will lie down again until it passes off. That is why they have left me alone—that I may be quiet and sleep."

With this thought I lay back on my pillow once more, and tried again to close my eyes. But no. I never had been so wakeful in all my life. Sleep I could not.

"I must fetch myself out of this strange condition," I thought. "I'll shake myself, pinch myself, and see if that will do any good." Suiting my action to my thought, I shook myself violently, and then proceeded to pinch myself in a number of places.

The pinching gave me no pain, although I pinched quite hard, and as I shook myself I felt as though I were rising directly up out of the bed, and it was with some difficulty that I kept myself down.

My hair now attracted my attention. It was lying all about over the pillow and adown my arms and shoulders.

"I cannot understand why they have unbound my hair like this? Surely, it will get all matted up; and it was all done up nicely when I lost myself. Dear, dear! How strange everything is!"

My eyes now began to roam around the room. Everything had rather a strange look. It seemed to me that I was looking through a whitish mist; nothing in the room came out quite clearly, yet it appeared very neat and clean. A door stood ajar, and through it sweet fresh air struck me. I drew long inspirations that seemed to be the very elixir of life. I felt sweet, new life tingle through all my veins.

"I am sure I never saw this room before. They have placed me in some hospital since I became unconscious. I must, then, have been unconscious a long time—and they would never let any fresh air strike me. Well, hospitals are managed better, perhaps. Ah! here is a lovely bouquet of flowers—just here on this little marble table close by my bed. How very kind and thoughtful of some one!"

With this thought I reached forth my hand and took the flowers, naturally carrying them to my nostrils. Their perfume was delicious. Then I held them at a distance and looked at them.

"Oh! what beautiful flowers, and how deliciously sweet!" Then I began to take note what kind of flowers they were. There were garden pinks and roses, violets, mignonette and a number of other modest, sweet flowers. The bouquet was tied with white ribbon.

Something on the wall, at the foot of the bed, now attracted my attention—a picture hanging there in a golden frame. Gradually the forms came out, one by one, as my eyes rested upon it.

"Why, how is this? They have been having their portraits painted."

There were my husband and my three little darlings as plain as life.

"Well, they have been very thoughtful and kind to have that painted and hung there if they really have put me in a hospital," I thought.

I started up once more.

"I cannot be in a hospital. It is very foolish for me to think so. I know I am not in a hospital. This room is nothing like a hospital ward, for I have often visited my

friends who have been placed in such wards, and this room bears no resemblance to any of them."

This thought caused me to notice more particularly the furniture of the room.

"Oh! how exquisite—how beautiful!" A large oriel window was softly draped with white lace and glistening white satin; the floor was carpeted in white velvet, which had a small green vine running through it, and here and there a bunch of violets. There were some chairs covered with white satin, a sofa and ottomans covered with the same. A large easy-chair stood near the bed, also covered with white satin. A marble mantel, with a golden grate beneath it, next struck my attention; over the mantel hung another picture, and as I gazed, in utter surprise, the form and features of a lovely sister, who had died many years before, distinctly met my view, but her beauty was so heightened and intensified that the sight of the picture enraptured me.

"Oh, how singular! We never had a picture of dear Annie; how many, many times we have all regretted it."

"What a singular and beautiful dream I am having. I know my husband and the nurse will be delighted to hear me tell it when I awake. Do not think I should ever care to awake if I did not want to see them all so much. This dream is exceedingly beautiful, but I prefer their warm love, and to feel my darling babies in my arms, than to lie here in this beautiful room and merely look at their pictures."

"There! I have dreamed long enough, and will try another method of awakening myself. I will call—call loudly—for my husband; he, surely, cannot be far away; he has not left me for days; he said he would never leave me until I was better."

"Franz! Franz!" I called. "Where are you, my dear? I am awake now, and want you. Come to me. You said you would not leave me."

No answer.

"Oh! what has happened?"

"Franz! Franz!" I again shouted. "My husband! I want you!"

A soft silence was my only answer.

"He may have dropped asleep, being so weary with watching. I'll call the nurse."

"Babbitt! Babbitt!" I screamed. "Mrs. Babbitt! I am awake now. Come here; I want to speak to you."

I heard a slight rustle near the open door, and my staring eyes caught sight of the nurse, or a form which I supposed must be that of the nurse.

CHAPTER II.

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

SHE entered the room gently; when about midway paused, and her soft, loving eyes rested upon mine. She looked slightly like a nurse, but much more resembled a Sister of Charity.

Her dress was of some soft, silver gray material, and hung in graceful folds about her dainty, rounded form. She wore a pretty white lace cap on her head, and her dress was partly concealed under a large white apron.

She stood looking at me with gentle, pitiful eyes, her white hands folded.

"You are not Mrs. Babbitt," I said, in surprise; "but please tell my husband I want him. Are you one of the Sisters of Charity?"

"I hope you will find me a charitable sister," she replied with a sweet smile.

"Are you come to take Mrs. Babbitt's place?" I asked.

"Oh, I suppose she is all worn out with watching."

"I will gladly take Mrs. Babbitt's place," she said, "and try to fill it, if possible. Perhaps I may be able to please you better, even, than Mrs. Babbitt."

"Mrs. Babbitt has been very kind and good; I am sorry she has become so weary with watching; besides, she has taken nearly all the care of the children. But where am I? Why do n't my husband come to me? How was I ever removed to this place without knowing it? I must have been unconscious a long time to have been carried about in this way; but, perhaps, the doctor put me under the influence of ether: I think I am not free from it yet: feel very light; don't remember of taking ether, although, perhaps, he gave it to me when I was in the faint. But, really, I do not understand it at all. Franz did not tell me that I was to be moved. I am not finding any fault with the place; it is very beautiful; but I had much rather be at home. My babies do not disturb me at all, and it comforts me in my sickness to be near them. I am afraid I shall not see my husband as often as I should if I were at home. Oh! had much rather be at home! Should get well sooner, I am certain."

I began to feel pettish and homesick at all this strangeness and secrecy.

"Is my husband here?" I asked, rather sharply.

"He is not," she replied, her lips slightly trembling, and I saw tears in her beautiful eyes as she raised them to mine.

"Why has he left me? I am sure I never needed him more. It is very unlike him."

"He has not left you, my dear; it is you who have left him."

"But he must have sent me hither. I cannot understand why he does not remain with me."

"He would gladly remain with you if it were possible," she replied.

"But I do not understand why it is not possible. He had nothing special to keep him away from me, and the last words I can remember of his saying were that he certainly would not leave me."

As I said this I threw myself down in the bed, covered my eyes with my hands, and burst into tears.

Softly the nurse, as I shall call her, approached the bed; she gently took one of my hands away from my eyes, and began to stroke it with great gentleness: this soothed me; she then did the same with the other. She placed her hand on my forehead, and again I raised myself, looking at her earnestly.

"What is it you have to tell me?" I questioned. "I know there is something very strange that is being kept from me. Tell me, oh! tell me at once! Relieve my suspense."

"Mary," she replied, "you must be strong, and prepare yourself to bear a heavy blow."

She pressed both my hands to her breast lovingly, and then said:

"You are not on the earth any longer, dear Mary, but have been removed to one of the mansions in heaven."

I shrieked out wildly in my surprise—in my horror.

"You do not mean to tell me—you cannot mean to tell me, that I am dead—that my little babies are left motherless, and my husband without his wife?"

"Oh! God," I cried, "heaven would be a hell separated from my darlings," and I sobbed and shrieked aloud in my despair.

The nurse sat with folded hands and drooping head. A thought struck me. I started up again, and looked eagerly around.

"You are deceiving me!" I exclaimed. "For some reason, which I do not understand, I am being deceived. How can you have the effrontery to tell me that I am dead, when you must know, as well as myself, that I have eyes, and they can see?" and I allowed my glance to rest on the pictures in their golden frames, then on each piece of furniture in turn. "How can you tell me that I am dead, and in heaven, when you must know that I can see all these things in this room as well as you can; besides, the room itself, the walls, the ceiling, the window with its curtains; surely, I must have been put in some insane asylum, and you are one of the lunatics. Instead of a nurse, as I thought you. But if I have been a little delirious, owing to my severe illness, I am entirely recovered now, and can see this room with all its furniture, and clearly comprehend as well as I could when in the best of health."

The nurse raised her beautiful eyes to my face, and tears trembled on the long lashes.

"Mary," she said, in a voice so soft and gentle that the sound alone soothed my irritation, "I have spoken the truth. You have been removed by death from earth, and are now within the realm of spirit, or within the spiritual world."

Dear reader, this was long before Spiritualism was known, and I, for one, had never heard of such a thing. I had been educated entirely in the Catholic religion, and thought there was a heaven, a hell and purgatory; this room, so very much like a nice room of earth, could neither be in heaven nor hell, nor yet in purgatory; at least, this was the way I thought.

"You say I am dead. If this is the case, to which place have I been consigned, heaven or purgatory? For, of course, this cannot be hell, and it is altogether too pretty for purgatory. To be in purgatory must be an unhappy condition, and you do not look unhappy." I did not yet believe that I was dead.

"Suppose, then, dear Mary, I tell you that you are in heaven, for you cannot yet understand anything about the world of spirits."

"You can never make me believe," I replied, "that this room is heaven. If this is heaven, why do not I see God, the Savior, the blessed Virgin, and all the holy apostles and saints? Why do not I hear them all praising God, making heaven resound with their songs and music? Where are the golden streets, the great white throne, the thronging multitude of the redeemed and blessed?"

"Mary," she asked, "if you could be in a place of that description, would you then be content to leave your little children and your husband?"

This brought me to my real sense once more.

"No, no! A thousand times no!" I cried. "I was only asking you why I did not see these things, if, as you say, I am dead?"

"Mary," she said gently, "you are dead, as you call it, but such things as you mention do not exist."

I stared at her in horror and surprise.

"Do not exist?" I cried out. "Do not exist? But God exists, certainly?"

"God exists," she replied, "but not as a person seated on a throne. We are taught here that God is all things—all that is material, all that is spiritual, all that is angelic: All that is, all that ever was, all that ever shall be; and that there never was a beginning, that there can never be an ending. So, dear Mary, when I told you that you were in one of the mansions of heaven, I told you the truth."

Still I was incredulous.

"But," I said, "they do n't have beds, chairs, sofas, pictures and windows in heaven."

"Well, dearest Mary, tell me then what they do have? or, if you prefer, I will tell you what you have been taught that they have in heaven. First, a throne; second, streets paved with gold; third, harps; fourth, crowns of gold; fifth, the branches of green palm trees; sixth, long white robes or dresses. Now, Mary, this bed on which you are lying is just as reasonable, real, and, at present, far more convenient for your weak and spiritually ignorant condition than the sight of a throne would be. If there could be a throne in heaven, could there not be beds as well? Which, dear Mary, would suit you best just now, this pretty room with its white-satin-covered furniture, or streets paved with gold? Is it more unreasonable? How much better suited to your present condition. Is the furniture of this room more strange than harps of gold? Would a crown of gold suit you better than those pictures of your loved ones hanging on the wall? Are the walls themselves more strange than the gates of heaven would be? Are not these flowers more beautiful than the branches of the palm? This room has white lace hangings, and you are clothed in a beautiful white robe suitable for your present state. Are these any more wonderful or unreasonable than the long white robes in which you have believed?"

I sat up in the bed and stared at her dumbly.

"Then am I not to see the blessed Virgin?" I at length asked; for I was beginning to believe that I was dead.

"You may at some future time, if you so desire, meet the mother of Jesus of Nazareth. She was a mother, dear Mary, as you are a mother; a blessed mother, as you are a blessed mother; and I know that you will agree with me that it is far better to be a blessed mother than it is to be a blessed virgin."

"But where are the Savior and the Saints?" I asked.

"Am I not to see them?"

"Every mother on earth or in the heavens is a savior," she replied. "The mothers are saviors, and not the sons; yet you may at length see Jesus if you wish; as for the saints, the so called saints are all here, but very many of the lowly on earth and here are more saintly and worthy of heaven than the most of the regularly calendared saints."

I sighed heavily as I asked:

"Then what kind of life have I come to?"

"A very beautiful life," she replied. "But, my sweet one, you are entirely unprepared for this life at present, and have so much to learn that you will never be able to cease learning. There is no end to the knowledge that will be yours as time goes on."

"Would you not like to get out of bed?" she asked, with a bright smile. "You know it has been many days since you were up and walking about."

My heart leaped joyfully.

"Oh! can I? Am I able to sit up? It seems as though that alone would be heaven to me just now, I am so weary of being sick and lying in bed."

"Let me help you," said my sweet nurse.

(To be continued.)

Cork, it sunk, two hundred feet deep in the ocean, will rise, on account of the pressure of the water.

For the Banner of Light.

BY THE COFFIN.

BY ORPHON HINDEN.

The radiant life and light are gone from thee;
Only the statue's beauty now is thine,
That clings about thee with a grace divine—
All that remains since thy white soul soared free,
All that my sorrow-dimmed eyes may see,
That look with love upon its every line;
And soon that must I to the tomb resign.
When all thou wert is gone, why should I be?

Will all be gone? Ah, no! I see in this
Only the beautiful shell, its inmate flown,
On which I press a last and fervent kiss.
Thou, whom I love and love, still live on!
Thy spirit near, I ne'er shall be alone—
Memory and thought with thee, though thou art gone.
359 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

The Building of the Temple; The Experience of Many Lives.

A Discourse delivered by the Guides of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
At the Temple, corner Exeter and Newbury
Streets, Boston, Sunday, March 19th, 1893.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.)

"THE hour cometh, and now is, when neither in Jerusalem nor in this mountain shall man worship." "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Places of prayer and shrines of worship are not for God, they are for man.

Temples of art and literature symbolize the crystallized truth of every age. There is wrought into whatever humanity builds the thought that is uppermost at the time of the building.

Far down in the depths of the ocean lie entombed continents of the past whose visible structures, reared toward the sky, delineated the civilization of those mighty times. Beneath the lands and shifting sands of ancient Egypt are the splendors of a civilization of whose record you only have disintegrated cities and a few tablets of stone; yet mighty temples were there, dedicated to learning and religion, places of solemn worship and prayer wherein the human spirit derived benefit by the palpable expression of a living ideal. Forms, sounds, language and symbols, keeping pace with the mighty pulses of the ages, declare somewhat of what the visible forms have declared with each passing century.

An ancient city there was built to symbolize the King of Light, the All-Splendor, whose domes, minarets and towers were symbols of mighty systems of worlds, of the constellations above your head. Within the center of this ancient city was the temple of the sun, Ion, dedicated to the ancient Ra, to the great Om, and filled with every symbol of creation. The dome of this temple was the symbol of the sun itself, whose light it reflected for many miles, far out upon the surrounding deserts and mountains, declaring to the traveler, whether journeying from the mountains vast or from the desert, the approach to the temple of the Most High. He was one of the sons of Ra, who fashioned this temple, and made the city, and declared himself to be the founder of those who were to be the sons of the most high light, the sons of Ra, and finally assumed and adopted the name of Ramesis, the son of the sun. Yet this ancient city, in tradition known as Heliopolis, but which was more ancient than the city by that name, carried forward the civilization of mighty periods that are entombed in Africa, that are buried beneath the waste of waters and the ever-shifting sands; and golden as was the dome, brilliant as were the points of light set in silvery and golden flame to symbolize the stars above, all needs must pass. Yet everything that human knowledge then possessed of arts and science, of knowledge of the visible universe, was there.

Before that city there were others. In one was a temple dedicated to the hermetic mysteries. Not the Hermes whose threefold light and knowledge gave to modern times his name, and the name of all the literature of that age, and his sciences, but the still more ancient Hermes, the son of the first of the gods who dwelt upon the earth, and who declared in symbols of light and mystic revelations the interpretation of the visible universe. Upon a continent not now visible dwelt those to whom this temple was a sacred place; and every form that was symbolized in that temple was a reproduction or recreation of the visible forms around; there was the symbol of everything discovered beneath the sea, there were symbols of aquatic plants and animals, and out of these there were symbols of the first forms of life upon the land, there were symbols of the shapes and forms of earth, and overhead the symbol of the dome of stars, and crowning and completing this symbolism was the image of man as the visible expression of God—the morning-awakened one, the one "born out of the depths, out of the shadows of time, the one that could declare and give impressions of all other forms beneath him. Yet this perfect expression in symbolism of human art and science, that made so complete an epitomization of the universe that was visible, was doomed to pass out of sight. By subtle transmutation and communication into ancient Africa and Egypt, into the ancient continent now known as South America, portions of this knowledge came.

Egypt conceived the building of that which would declare the ideal of the nameless one, the invisible Om, and all attributes and manifestations to Him were not to syllable the name, but were to declare His works, the name itself being unsymbolized and unsyllable. In the vast number of cities that covered ancient Egypt was a tribute to every constellation; these in turn became tutelary deities; the earth itself finally became the possession of Osiris, who was the symbol of the angel of light, and Isis, who was the symbol of the mother of all physical life; from these Horus emanated, to whom was given the birth of the seasons, similar to the Greek god Mercury, who presided over the forces of earth. Nevertheless, these ancient symbols of Egypt passed into oblivion; their only records are the monuments that still remain to declare the mighty possessions of these ancient people.

Brought from the past, not in form but in symbolism of mathematics, not in an external temple, but in language, and as language and form were to symbolize and syllable the Divine life of that which is within man, so every dome, entablature, palace, temple and city was sacred to the knowledge of science. No longer the visible universe was symbolized as in the preceding temples, but mathematics, the plane, the square, the circle, the triangle and the double triangle, the converging and

diverging lines, and the geometrical ratios, these were made the symbols of immortality, and carved in stone and in hieroglyphs. In the manifestation of their expression every tomb and sepulchre, every temple and palace, everything that could be stamped with these images of thought as interpreting the universe, was so used. The larger pyramid at Jeezeh, variously named as a tomb and the receptacle for the bodies of the mighty dead, is none other than the epitomization of the mathematics of that time. When the entire pyramid shall have been explored and its problem solved, it will be found to symbolize the perfect mathematics of that period. That which declared but did not name the Infinite was the sphere. The circle was the eternal life of the soul; the square represented the four sides of the equal manifestations of the principles of the divine; the triangle was the threefold exposition or the expression of the Deity; the only solution of the sphere or circle was the triangle; while the double triangle was the solving of the finite and the Infinite, the meeting of external with the internal, the esoteric and the exoteric expression of the Name, of the Potentially. When this knowledge was symbolized, it was believed by the sons of Ra that there would never need to be another external term; that mathematics being perfect it would also symbolize all that is perfect in the universe. But alas! forms and their interpretations perish, while science remains soulless and lifeless forever. Science avails herself of these terms and symbols, as conveniently interpreting the visible universe, without bearing forward the one unpronounceable, mysterious name of God.

Ra, disappointed, turned away from the earth, but again sought expression, kindling the fires of human speech, of language that communicates ideas. There seemed then to be an interpretation that could never perish, for this could be transmitted from generation to generation, with the symbols and their interpretations. External Freemasonry is to be found in the temple; real Freemasonry is to be found in the words of mouth, for no written word has ever existed of true Freemasonry: from mouth to ear, by the touch of hand and knowledge of words, every symbol expressing perfect science, perfect thought has been communicated. When out of Egypt the ancient representative of the expression of Freemasonry bore into the Hebrew religion the knowledge of ancient symbols, there was no betrayal of what the innermost would convey, for that was not betrayed; the sons of God, of Ra, would not betray it. Yet the symbols of this ancient language abide on the Hebrew temples to-day. You can find the double triangle in the Holy of Holies, and on the smallest steeples or towers of the Hebrew temples totally uninterpreted. As the physical temple did not do justice to the spiritual presence it was destroyed and another was substituted, but this in turn shared the fate of the former one. But no spirit of Freemasonry was ever handed down excepting to those who had passed through word of mouth, the final degree in this temple of the twofold expression of spirit and science.

Meanwhile the visible signs disappeared. Over in China where the temples are not so grand, but symbolize thought, a new era dawned of learning and literature in the expression of ideas: ideas took the place of visible temples, and through a long line of Chinese philosophers (before the Buddha) declared the truths of the universe; while India, taking possession of the primal idea of God as revealed through Buddha, who was Vishnu incarnated, continued the building of temples, shrines and altars. The ruins in the Egypt unknown to you, Ancient Egypt, were then in existence, but have no relation to the ruins found in India, thus showing evidence of Buddhistic lore in India far antecedent Buddha. One and ten Buddhas each in succession have declared the primal truths, and revealed them in language to man. In vain was the attempt to express them in the building of temples, the ruins of which attest the failure; the cloisters and caves in ancient India declare the recluses vainly endeavored to crucify the flesh to find God revealed; declaring in vain where Vishnu has set his seal upon the human spirit for the preservation of human life; and all through the orders of recluses who steeled themselves to hardship and inured their bodies to torture there is not a remnant of that spirit of truth that taught Buddha the divine cheerfulness of suffering and the conquest over it, and that in the previous Buddhistic lives revealed the wonders of Brahm.

Down deeply buried in oblivion, forms and their manifestations perish; while now the various shrines are but places of idolatrous worship, resorts where, for all sorts of physical purification and exercise, people repair for the sake of their bodies.

Yet up from India, as from Egypt, the mighty spirit of Ra was born again; and Buddha Gautama scatters his light, not only over India, but over a large part of China, and the light was the light of the spirit of primal knowledge, the light of truth. His had been the thought of Ra as revealed in Persia, as shown out in Egypt, as it was declared in China; then its reflections rested upon the intervening lands.

The light of Confucius, the light of Zerdhust, the light of Buddha, variously incarnated, shone with threefold brilliancy, until the Hebrews borrowed the symbolism, of which the spirit was enshrined in ancient India, Egypt and China. Then at last a new form of expression appeared throughout the Hebrew land; one spoke as simply as the one who first declared in the primal language the love of truth, of the virtues that form the corner-stone of the ideal temple of the ancients; every attribute that made the walls, every adornment that made the ornamentation, and the colors and the symbols, all that were reproduced in the simple, classical, child-like life of Buddha, had been transferred into Palestine. Another appeared, a Buddha, a Christ, a Savior, a Prophet, an Impostor, whatever men choose to call the distinct life that revealed the primal meaning of truth. Unread, yet all of learning was his; untaught of the schools, all schools were revealed; not knowing history, history was his possession; the various symbolism of ancient truth was reproduced on the bare hills of Palestine and by the sea of Galilee.

Surely in this simple expression as compared to ancient entablature there seems to be no resemblance, yet the primal truths of the universe were one. Christ declared what Zerdhust had, what had become involved in the many symbols of science and mathematics and in the religious temples. Over all the enlightened nations of the earth, from the dome of St. Peter's to the spires of the New World, the thrill of a new illumination came. The simple teachings of Christ resulted in the religious complications of Christendom. Man has the light that at first is pure; he veils it ac-

cording to his understanding, and epitomizes it in art and literature, and declares that to be the truth. But the building of St. Peter's was not for the church, it was not for the external religion, it was for the idealization of an art that could not find expression anywhere outside of the church, and was commanded to produce its best. Just as in Palestine, in Jerusalem the first temple was built to symbolize the ancient truth: So when, from the perfect genius of the one who produced St. Peter's, there was evolved the matchless dome crowning the edifice that symbolized the ancient truths and that seemed to rest in the sky, none could interpret the thoughts of the master-mind of the builder, and it was left to rest upon the visible expression of the visible church.

So have art and science become separated from the spirit of religion; and unless you visit all the chapels and churches in Italy, unless you revisit them again and again you would not find the subtle symbolism which is veiled beneath the forms of beauty and the pictured images of the judgment and glory that are there. But if you can read from within, if you can know the spirit of the building that goes on through the mighty ages, if you can perceive how it crystallizes in the forms of loveliness that express the ideal in the visible church, then you will understand; and far across the Atlantic, in this western land, you will understand how art again takes upon herself the images of all enlightenment, how mathematics reproduces again these ancient forms, and how the same symbolical temples or places of human worship and praise are reared again. These will combine to perpetuate the whole.

Art is removed now from religion largely; science has her separate realm, and the spirit that once took possession of all visible forms for the purpose of making themselves the spirit of worship is in a great measure dispersed. But meanwhile Ra has appeared in the world; instead of temples of stone, of marble, of precious stones and of sacred ores that were dedicated to the name of God, there is another building, there is another structure: language has become the possession of the whole earth. Types of human speech merged into one gradually perfects the possibility of expressing the Most High; you are not dependent upon the astronomers and ancient hieroglyphs for your knowledge of the stars. Mathematics, even without visible symbolism, can be the possession of the whole world; that which was confined to the hermetic caves and mysterious places of the recluses is now the possession of every child, and the pinions of mighty knowledge have spread this over all the earth, until on a pleasant evening you can see the stars and call them by their names, and place them in their proper positions in the great astronomes of the heavenly plain above you; even the telescope, unknown, except in a comparatively small way, to the ancients, is mounted in your public places so that the school boy, the errand boy, the boot-black upon the street may gaze at the wonderful rings of the mighty monarch of the heaven. Oh! yes. By the building of ancient Ra, by the vocalization of the signs by Memnon, by the reproduction of the ancient meaning of language by Cadmus, by the restoration of what Zoroaster and Confucius in many times recorded, by declaring anew that which was only communicated in a whisper, the world has come into the possession of the mighty meanings of mathematics, of the mighty power of language.

Alas! But science, setting herself apart from the ethical, the ideal realm, has declared that geometry, that the triangle, the circle, the square and plane have only a physical, a scientific meaning, and the ancient symbolism of the Most High truth is now crystallized into external mathematics, and man does not study astronomy with the voice of God in his spirit, as did the ancient son of Ra when he made the shaft of the larger pyramid open toward the central sun of the solar system. But with blind spiritual eyes and vision, only intent upon the lines and numbers of radiations and spectroscopic analysis, man studies the stars as expressions of physical life and mathematical accuracy, forgetting that only intelligence is mathematical. Man studies language as though it had formulated thought, and forgets that but for the thoughts bursting from the mighty spirit of Ra, Memnon had never invented letters, Cadmus had never borne them afar, Thales had never introduced them into Greece, and the whole system of language would be dead, would mean nothing. Language is the palpable interpretation of thought, and thought is the mighty pulsation of the spirit; whether in the lines of light traced from the stars or in words that breathe and burn upon a sacred altar in quivering tongues of fire, still do they express the spirit alone. Tremblingly man enters a place of worship, which is not now the central shrine of the visible universe and the symbol of all that God has expressed, and tries to find the altar flame of the sacred, divine light that kindles worship in the soul.

Not in Jerusalem, nor yet in the mountains, can man find God; nor yet in the temples, nor yet in all the many shrines of the Mohammedans, the Persians, the Chinese, the Brahmins or the Vedic worshippers; he finds not the spirit there. The caves of the Druids are empty of their sacred fires, and the symbol of the sun of the fire-worshippers has lost its meaning and interpretation; the cross, and crescent, and star, or whatever be the symbol, has lost its fire, and people bend in homage before the images that they do not understand.

Out of the night of this expression of darkness, this learning that refuses to give spirit to language, and soul to the geometry of the universe, out of all this aching darkness of night, as in times past, Ra, the divine image of God, whether in Ormuzd, Zerdhust or Ramesis, whether in Buddha or Christ, his life enters the Divine building of the temple of life, from that roseate dawn that kindles the clouds to tints like the petals of an infinite rose the splendor of the new morning breaks, and in the fundamental idea of the Divine the new building takes its place. The Christ-life that did not refuse to go up to the temple, but did not say God was imprisoned there; the Buddha life that did not refuse to enter the Vedic place of worship, but did not say the divine God was only there; the true life that merges into and through human speech, that infiltrates and permeates through all the centuries like a living tide of fire, that real life builds again. Whatever be the outward symbol, whatever be the visible form, it takes upon itself the appearances of the thought of the day.

But the divine Ra has appeared. He is building up from Egypt the ancient splendor of the mighty truth; he is building up from India another portion of the mighty truth; he is building up from China a part of the ancient herit-

age; he is rebuilding from the waters of the deeps and bearing to the nations of the old and the new world the interpretations of their meanings; he is clothing human tongues with lightning thoughts of inspiration; he is making the spirits of your visible earth and the invisible spirit-realm his messengers; he is declaring anew the primal truths and making a new foundation for the ancient altars; he is making plain this life to interpret your common humanity; he is making the sphere of your visible universe to interpret the Infinite God; he is making the circle of your spiritual comprehension to symbolize truth; he is making the square to express the four cardinal virtues of human life; he is making the triangle to syllable the three names that imply all that there is of existence and being; he is making the direct lines, the diverging lines, the converging lines, to express the perfect hope of humanity in the one distinct, primal apex of life; he is doing this of truth, of knowledge, of wisdom, of charity, of kindness, of benevolence, of all the attributes and qualities that make up the expression in human life; but more than this, he is building a language, the cornerstone that shall interpret to all the nations of the earth the same idea: one language, this language that you speak, that you now hear, that will incorporate into itself all terms from all parts of the world that can express greater varieties of thought, emotion, feeling and truth than any other language the world has ever known. This new, old language, that is ever putting on many pinions of new thought, until no emotion, no grand proposition, no scientific problem, no solution, however vague, or subtle, or deep, or distinct, but language can express it. He is putting a new science into the world, so that by the aid of this ancient mathematics, crystalline as the stars, all nations shall be one, and there shall be the same interpretations everywhere; he is putting a new spirit into the world, so that the human life that is born in this Western land or that is born in the Orient shall have a common purpose and common speech, and forms of thought that are one in the grand universal knowledge of ideas; he is putting a new garment of immortality upon the world, so that tombs and sepulchres, whether of science, or religion, or individual life, shall no longer prevail, but the spirit above the dust, thought above the clothing that shapes its visible form, shall be the knowledge of mankind; he is putting a new thought of government in the world; kings, monarchs, despots and rulers are fulfilling their purpose as fast as they possibly can, for they know that the time is coming when they will have no more excuse for existence. That time draws nigh, when liberty will be more than a name and freedom more than an *ignis fatuus* leading men on to destruction. He is putting new themes of human brotherhood into the mouths and lips of his inspired ones, and all over the earth the heart-throbs are becoming more and more as one.

Commerce with her mighty wheels of power seizes hold upon the human spirit, and self-interest binds the nations together; science seizes hold upon the spirit of invention, and the mutual interchange of utility binds the nations together; the spirit of true government seizes hold of the world, and the proposition of the confraternity of nations is possible; religion has seized hold of the human spirit fresh from the new altar fires of a common light, and makes Osiris, Confucius, Zoroaster, the Buddhas, the prophets of all nations, the teachers, saviors and Messiahs, the possession of the whole world.

Ah yes! Ra is building in your midst. The lowliest child of earth is made to be the equal of the greatest. Fitted into this great temple of existence, where souls are primal and fundamental, no life is valueless, no one is greater than the least, and the least is not less than the greatest. So does the builder build that when all temples perish, when all external forms fade, when entablature and tombs, when volumes and tomes, when hieroglyphs and stones are all destroyed, human life in the successive rebuilding of this divine temple of God records all that has been thought, all that has been sung, all that has been achieved, all that has been declared, all that has been revealed. And Ra, through his inspired ones, through his successively embodied ones, and through every soul that is struggling, helps to make this divine kingdom. God builds his temple of human lives.

Souls are the illumination, thought and spirit the factors, and the altar-fire from within burns with sacred and exalted flame, until the temple and the images and the visible forms thereof are in the image of the living God, because they are perfect.

New Publications.

THE REVISED ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. Adapted from the Ninth Edition Encyclopaedia Britannica for the Use of American Readers. To which are Added about Four Thousand Biographies of Distinguished People of the Present Century. Colored Maps of Every State in the Union and of all Foreign Countries. Vol. I. A—Ana. 8vo, paper, pp. 324. Chicago: Educational Publishing Co.

The first edition of this work was issued nearly one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and consisted of but three volumes. Up to its ninth edition, upon which this is based, so many additions had been made that some fifteen years ago it was admitted to be the most perfect compendium of general information in existence. In its preparation the best known writers in each of its multitudinous branches had been employed.

This edition has been specially adapted to American readers, and contains what none other does, general information in every particular up to date, including histories of events of the deepest interest to the people of the Great Republic.

Heretofore the price of the work has been such as to render its possession practically prohibitive; again, scientific subjects have been written upon in a scholarly style above the heads of the people, and abstruse topics involved in so many technical terms, and treated at such unnecessary length, that space was filled that might be more profitably occupied. All these and other objectionable features are eliminated in this American revised edition, and the price reduced to a figure within the means of nearly all classes.

BIBLE STUDIES. Readings in the Early Books of the Old Testament, with Familiar Comment. Given in 1878-9. By Henry Ward Beecher. Edited from Stenographic Notes of T. J. Ellinwood, by John R. Howard. 12mo, cloth, pp. 438. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

These lectures are here for the first time given to the reading public, they not having appeared immediately following their delivery because of a series of morning sermons appearing at the time in his own paper, *The Christian Union*.

It has been expressed by admirers of Mr. Beecher's pulpit utterances, that of the many hundreds of his reported discourses no series could be selected that will be perused with greater interest than these "Studies"—twenty-three in number.

"THE HYMNAL." Is the name of a twenty-four-page collection of songs for social gatherings, hymns for devotional meetings, and spiritual melodies for circles. Its low price, places it within reach of the multitude. H. A. Buddington, Springfield, Mass., publisher.

Banner Correspondence.

Vermont.

FAIRFAX.—Mrs. Berlie R. Gillette writes: "Knowing that accounts are always welcome to THE BANNER regarding the furtherance of the glorious cause of Spiritualism, I herewith report to inform your readers of what we, as a little handful of workers, have been doing this past long winter. Even though it be a little, I am sure seed has been sown that will germinate and spring forth into everlasting beauty. The eighteenth of last January my brother, C. R. Rugg, from the State of Wyoming came here with his family to spend the winter. Mr. R. was more of a materialist than anything else. His wife was a staunch Methodist, of the devoted kind. Of course it was a hard place to put them in association with two outspoken Spiritualist families—my father's home, and with us—for they had to hear and see much of it from the first; but soon the scales began falling, and they expressed a desire to sit with us in circles. We at once formed a developing circle, five of us in number, and at the very first sitting Mrs. R. felt a strong influence about her. From that on she has developed rapidly as a clairvoyant. My brother, also, is sensible in circles of spirit presence; both have demonstrated evidence of spirit power.

Suffering from chronic troubles, it was but a very short time before my brother's wife commenced taking treatments and remedies (from my husband, who is a magnetic healer), and she says she has not been so free from aches and pains for years as now.

Mr. Gillette has been spoken of in THE BANNER several times. He was a rigid Baptist up to four years ago last January, when he suddenly developed as a test medium, giving names rapidly for several months, for the gratification of his friends only; at the same time he had an "Indian doctor" control, who finally announced to us that Mr. G. would not give names any more (for a time at least), but they wished him to use his healing power. Being in business at the time, and up to January, 1893, he could not do very much in that line, and there is little to report for that mode of treatment, but a right little town; but whenever he has doctored he has had the best of success, and I must say he has had some of the worst cases put upon him, old chronic troubles that M. D.s had experimented with, and failed to benefit; but now that he has gotten out of business, I think he will soon enter into that field of labor; he is only awaiting the time and place.

In January Lucius Colburn was with us a few days, and it was then my brother and wife began getting messages from spirits, giving a nature they could no longer doubt the intercommunion of the two worlds. Through Mr. C. advice was given of a business nature to Mr. R., that will, I am sure, prove a great help. The lectures of Mrs. R.'s soul with the enduring principles of love and justice she long had sought from the All-wise Source; but to use her own words, there had been no soul-satisfaction for her in cold "creeds and dogmas."

Mr. Colburn was also with us Anniversary Day, and spoke in tender relation upon the advent of Modern Spiritualism through the Fox Sisters. He remained three days with us, and spoke upon many a question taken from the bible, which satisfied the soul-longings of my sister better than anything previously related to her. The meetings were held at the home of Giles Rugg. Though Mrs. R. called upon the Methodist clergyman, and some of his members, and invited them to our meetings, not one put in an appearance; but I am sure had they come they could not have failed to have been benefited by Mr. R.'s ministrations, and would have gone away with something new to have thought of. "None are so blind as those that will not see."

Michigan.

SHERIDAN.—Julia M. Walton informs us that Mrs. T. C. Anthony, a sister of Mr. A. B. Whiting, one of the earliest, most eloquent and efficient lecturers on the Spiritualist platform, passed to the Beyond, on the 8th inst., at the age of nearly forty-nine years.

"She possessed a fine intellect," says our correspondent, "and upon the transition of her brother his mantle fell upon her shoulders as royally won. But it was only for a few years that the Spiritualist rostrum was illumined by her presence, for at marriage with T. C. Anthony she left it to engage in the duties of her new life. The routine incident to the management of a large family, and the enlargement of her social life, and in the companionship of an intellectual and genial companion she became one with all noble and aspiring souls, and was welcomed to the literary and social circles and the farmers' clubs as a star of the first magnitude. Three little children graced the union so prolific in happiness to her."

One week preceding her death she overstrained her lungs, and, pneumonia taking in, she suffered intensely until the angel of release came. She met the fact of the nearness of the change with the philosophy and calmness and fortitude of her always grand nature. While she deplored the fact that her husband and children must be deprived of her, she was calm and serene in her last moments, and her friends a calm and tender farewell, while the name of her beloved companion fell as the last sound from her lips.

The funeral services were held at the home on the 15th inst., at 2:30 p. m., Mrs. Julia M. Walton of Jackson, Mich., officiating, and presenting the sublime truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, under the inspiration of A. B. Whiting, taking for a text the following lines inscribed in a book that Mr. Anthony wrote herself when she presented it to the speaker:

"For there are tondrils strong as Death,
Immortal as Fate,
That strangle the living as a breath,
Beyond the shining Gate."

And so we bade adieu to this brilliant and genial life, that had illumined earth for nearly half a century.

Missouri.

OREGON.—Clark Irvine writes: "Were the human race exterminated, leaving all things as they are, and some intellect visit here, it could trace the latest inventions from smallest beginnings. Of the great steamers floating in harbors it could see how they were developed from the very chips, boards and planks tossed about on waves indiscriminately. The locomotives on railways, panting their final sighs, could be seen in the very wheelbarrows and infant toys. And so on, of all the ultimations of ingenuity, the evolutions could be traced back and forth from the last to the first, complete though the uses of many things it might puzzle the intelligence to ascertain."

As more intellects come into the investigation, some might later doubt whether these things had grown of themselves or developed by designers, as, according to Herodotus, anything may happen in time, and so some might ascribe all to chance—to dumb, blind nature—i. e., to the action and reaction of sun-rays, and the matter of mud-balls revolving around their suns. The argument might take the same ground as atheism, and a system of philosophy termed possibly "mind" or "never mind," could evolve from certain lines of reasoning. And yet all this artificial world had preexistence in the brain of man—was ideal before real. Had it not been in this human mind it never could have developed even into the simplest, most elementary forms. This is self-evident. And yet men who know this will deny that the natural world must have had a preexistence as ideal; and this human mind, the most wonderful and complex of entities, the one possession of man that cannot be lost, is but a development from finite force, a reflection from Nature's mirror, although before that mirror no such mentality exists—an image without any original—a consequence uncaused."

PROTEM.—N. M. Smith writes: "The circumstance that led to my sending you the enclosed yearly subscription is this: A man having spectacles to sell called at my house, and in conversation I mentioned that I possessed the gift of second sight. He said, 'You are the third person I ever met with second sight. How do you account for this?' I told him I was a Spiritualist. He then left, and going out said to others: 'That old man has put an idea into my head that I never thought of before.' They

and in response: "Yes, and he will tell you many things you never thought of if you talk with him." He remarked as he went on his way, "I shall see him again."

Some time after he came, and said: "I wish to talk with you on Spiritualism; your answer to me last fall has been constantly on my mind, and I wish you to explain. I hear you are a Spiritualist, and I am a student. I have read the bible through and am a member of the Baptist church. (Since he left I hear he is a preacher.) Later there has been a great excitement in Lead Hill over a man who claims to be a medium, or I claim him to be; he does not know what he is. We do not know how to manage him. I want to bring him up here so you can see him and judge of his mediumship."

"Spirits are about my house, and have been for ten years. We all see lights in our dark rooms, raps are heard, and I often see spirits. I have been investigating in my own house many years with mediums, and have received messages from many of my own relatives."

This man gave me the money to send for THE BANNER for one year. I also gave him a bundle of back numbers to read, and I hope for good results from the seed I have sown."

Massachusetts.

HINGHAM.—"An Ex-Postmaster" writes: "Since the introduction and use of the new Columbian postage-stamps, there have been in a large number of Boston's daily and weekly newspapers frequent allusions to them in any way, but coming but rarely. After what we have so long been accustomed to, they may seem a little large to 'lick' or 'lap,' but aside from that they are by far the most artistic and best engraved postage stamps ever issued by any government. They are not only a credit to the designer and engraver, but to the postal authorities. I am surprised that in the 'Athens of America,' where, it is supposed, the very cream of good taste, culture, art and refinement is to be found, some one has not long ago protested through the press, and on the public platform, against the use of the portraits of the best beloved and most honored men in our country on our postage stamps, to receive by cancellation a black smudge or daub in their memory. It is a most deliberate insult to their memory and a disgrace to the American people to countenance and continue such a practice. It matters not what other people or nations do, it is quite time that America this 'Columbian' year set a better and more worthy example."

What was the 'daub of blue ink on the pedestal of the Summer statue' by an unfortunate insane woman in comparison to sixty-five thousand or more sane postal officials in our country hourly smutching and daubing with black ink the faces of Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Garfield and Grant? And no one opens his mouth or enters a protest against this most deliberate insult to the memory of our country's otherwise honored dead."

Would it not be far better to adopt for a design something which would suggest or represent 'Civility, Certainty and Security'? A locomotive, steamship, or even a race-horse would be far more appropriate for such a purpose, and would not certainly remove the objection of a black daub in the face of the 'Father of his country'."

STOUGHTON.—A correspondent writes that himself and household are thorough Spiritualists, and have been since 1848, since which date, and now circles have been and are held in his house. His wife having become somewhat enfeebled, he is desirous of obtaining a middle-aged woman of similar belief to assist her, and live with them as one of the family. Address, Frederick Beals, box 64.

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—F. M. Carroll writes: "In the city of Detroit, Mich., in the fall of 1883, I was spending the night with a friend. The house was an ordinary two-story frame, standing a little back from the street, and some thirty feet from residences on either side of it. The lower part of the house was occupied by the landlady and a family of five. The front upstairs, was occupied by my friend, the rear by a gentleman and his wife."

The inmates of the house had all retired. My friend was fast asleep and I had retired for the night, noting as I did so that the town clock was striking eleven. Hardly had I got into bed when an crash came as if some ponderous body had struck the building at the easter end in rear and passed diagonally through it to the head of the stairs and then divided into three parts, and rolled down the stairs and out of the front door. Instantly my friend was craning his neck from a window to catch a glimpse of the departing visitor. I went at once to the door and into the hall, where I met the gentleman and his wife trembling with fear and excitement. Supposing the chimney had fallen, I so stated to them, and passed down the stairs, and found that the occupants of the first floor had been a hasty retreat from the house. The crash had also awakened the neighbors, who, thinking the house had fallen, were hastening to the relief of the inmates."

In less than five minutes after the occurrence not less than twenty persons standing in the front yard asking each other a question: (What is it?) that will forever remain unanswered. After a thorough search from cellar to garret, not an article could be found out of place. Everything in the house and around it had not been in the least disturbed. Were I called on to reproduce the sensations of that night's occurrence as nearly accurate as possible, without exaggeration, I would procure three large, strong Saratoga trunks, fill them half full of iron, and about ten feet apart enough (one at a time and about ten feet apart) to crash through the roof to the head of the stairs, and then roll over and down the stairs and out of the front door. The night was clear and still. This occurrence can be vouched for by at least twelve persons besides myself. Will some one send me an explanation of it?"

Washington.

OLYMPIA.—Geo. A. Barnes writes, under date of March 31st: "The First Spiritualist Society of Olympia has had with it the past ten days Mr. G. F. Perkins and wife, the Spiritual Evangelists, who on Sunday, March 26th, in our Liberal Hall, to a crowded house, sang several very fine selections, accompanied on the organ by Mr. Perkins. After which they gave short addresses, and then psychometric readings of various articles of persons in the audience, very correctly, without any mistakes. They have done a very effective work here in a short time, and set many a doubting one to thinking."

Oregon.

EAST PORTLAND.—George Wigg, M. D., writes: "The daily prints do not lie. The old Indian, who had time and again defended his pale-face brother when he could not defend himself, after being robbed of thirty dollars, his life's savings, by a white man—white out—died in a farmhouse at Portland, Ore., at the age of one hundred and twenty-five years! Some day his spirit will still do for his unkind white brother as it did in the past—help him in time of need."

Pamphlets Circulated.—At Modoc, or Little Sevier beyond the Polar Circles. A Religious-Scientific Solution of the Problems of Present and Future Life. By an Untrammeled Free-Thinker. Pp. 220. "Shell Book, La." M. Louise Moore and M. Borchamp.

Transactions of the New England Cremation Society.—Containing Historic Items Relating to the Subject of Cremation in New England; Directions to be Followed in Arranging for Incineration; and Other Matters. Followed by a Sketch of the Progress of Cremation in the United States. Pp. 40. Boston: The Society, P. O. Box 2486.

Re-Incarnation; Its Inconceivable. By Arthur MacArthur, LL.D., of Washington, D.C. Pp. 40.

Apollonia of Tyana Identified as the Christian Jesus. A Wonderful Communication, Explaining How His Life and Teachings were Utilized to Promote Christianity. Pp. 34. Philadelphia: Oriental Pub. Co.

By using Hall's Hair-Bath, gray, faded or discolored hair assumes the natural color of youth, and grows luxuriant and strong, pleasing everybody.

The 45th Anniversary

The Natal Day of Spiritualism Commemorated in Portland, Ore.; Boston, Mass.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The Forty-Fifth Anniversary was appropriately celebrated by the Church of the Spirit, of Portland, Ore., on Sunday, March 26th, 1903. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers, vines and evergreens, well set off by pictures and mottoes appropriate to the day.

Mrs. Flora A. Brown, the regularly appointed minister of the church, conducted the services both morning and evening.

Morning services were opened by an invocation by Mrs. Brown, followed by a touching poem entitled: "He and She" (by A. Arnold).

S. B. Hendee gave a short address upon the subject of the day. Mrs. Brown then presented a review of the growth of Modern Spiritualism since its advent forty-five years ago with the rappings through the Fox sisters. The exercises were interspersed with congregational singing, and solos by our organist, Prof. Fred Coffey. Morning service closed by benediction.

Evening.—Opened by congregational singing and an invocation by Mrs. Brown, followed by a recitation from the "Mystic" entitled "Your Home," which was heartily applauded, and showed careful training and no small elocutionary ability. Next came Col. C. A. Reed, who gave a brief but very interesting sketch of the growth and progress of Spiritualism in Oregon during the early days. The speaker told how voluntary manifestations from those on "the other side" first attracted the attention of the early settlers, and a little later on caused the holding of circles at odd times whenever a company so disposed happened to be together, and a proper opportunity was presented; how at one of these gatherings in the dining room of the Hotel at Salem, Ore., (capital of State) one Skeptic (then a member of the Legislature) endeavoring to stand by main strength the rocking table, and finding it rather difficult he climbed upon the top of the table, resolved to hold it down at all hazards, but had no sooner done so than he found himself at length outside the circle, most emphatically and decidedly floored. This was one of the many incidents given by which converts were made in the early days.

Following Col. Reed, a beautiful solo was rendered by Prof. Richards, one of Portland's leading pianists; after which Mrs. Brown delivered a very instructive lecture, that was enjoyed by all present.

Master Willis Reed was then called, and recited in a most entertaining manner, "When the Chickens Come Home to Roost"; in response to an enthusiastic encore, the young orator recited "The Penman's Misadventure." After this, Mrs. Brown announced that independent state-writing would be given under test conditions—a committee of investigators and skeptics being chosen by the audience (one of whom was a prominent member of one of the leading Methodist churches of this city, another a business man from Seattle). The slate Mrs. Brown uses is a silica slate, made in book form, which is given to the committee to thoroughly cleanse so as to preclude any prepared message. The first message that came was: "We bring you glad tidings of joy." Signed, "The Guides"; the committee then taking the slate and thoroughly cleansing it, when the following message was received: "My dear husband: Go on with your present plans. I am happy. CARRIE JONES."

When looking for a recognition, one of the committee arose, and in a voice full of emotion said: "I recognize that as from my wife, whom I buried eighteen months ago. I am not a Spiritualist, but I do not know but that you will make me one. This is the first Spiritualist meeting I ever attended. Mrs. Brown is a stranger to me, and there are not over three people in the city of Portland who know my name." The enthusiasm following his remarks was intense. The committee unanimously proclaimed it to be impossible for Mrs. Brown, under the conditions, to produce the writing herself.

After congregational singing and benediction the meeting was dismissed. The Church of the Spirit has become a regularly incorporated society with Board of Trustees, and is an established fact. Mrs. Flora A. Brown has been chosen as our regular minister. The attendance at these meetings shows the remarkable growth of Spiritualism. Although the hall will seat comfortably some five hundred people, quite a number were unable to find even standing room at the evening service, and were obliged to go away; and this, in spite of the fact that two other liberal meetings were in progress, with good audiences, at the same time, and a large number of church services. How does the growth of Modern Spiritualism, in its forty-five years of active existence, compare with that of Christian doctrine after an existence of nearly two thousand years? Free schools, free thought, free investigations into the truths of nature are doing their work, and we hope and believe the time is near when every citizen of the United States will be obliged, by the force of unquestionable evidence, to learn and recognize the fundamental principles and undeniable truths of nature as revealed by honest investigation. The Church of the Spirit has adjourned its public meetings for the summer, as Mrs. Brown goes East about the 1st of May, visiting Denver, Col., for a couple of months, the World's Fair during the Psychological Congress, etc.

Boston, Mass.

The following speech was delivered by ANDREW L. KNIGHT, Esq., President, upon opening the services in memory of the Anniversary held by the First Spiritual Temple Society (of Berkeley Hall) in Odd Fellows Hall, March 31st:

Turning the leaves of history, and looking backward through the long vista of years which have passed, and summing up the evidence as given by the clouds of witnesses whose testimonies are of value, it is fairly and satisfactorily proved that "if a man die, he shall live again," or rather that man never dies, but lives on and on forever, and that the spirits of the departed who have crossed the "silent river," can, and have, and do, drop back to such return has taken place ever since the first death came to mankind.

And passing along through the ages we find such manifestations of return continuous. We now come to the few years preceding 1848—the time when Modern Spiritualism first dawned upon the world. From about 1836 to 1840 the religious thought of the world had crystallized into a dark and dreary unbelief or agnosticism, and the great doubt and fear which settled in the minds of the thoughtful caused them to turn to anything and everything having the appearance of light. About this time William Miller began his crusade, the destruction of all earthly things by burning, "when all the elements should melt with fervent heat." Christ was to come from heaven in all his power, majesty and glory, to judge the world, divide the wicked from the righteous, the goats from the sheep, when the wicked were to be burned forever, while the righteous were to be taken to heaven to sing and praise God forever, resting in golden streets. The exact time set for this great transformation scene and destructive show of the angry God's pyrotechnics was April 23d, 1843.

Time passed, there was no fulfillment of the prophecy, and the darkness of unbelief settled like a pall on many who had hailed the time set for the coming of the judgment day, with anxiety and pleasure, hoping that they at least would be found with their "lamps well trimmed and burning."

During these years, from 1836 to 1848, mesmerism attracted the attention of the thinking and the uneasy. At this juncture the little rap of intelligence, dawned upon the world through the mediumistic power of three little girls—the Fox Sisters—in the village of Hydesville, N. Y., March 31st, 1848. Looking back-

ward to that time, we behold the beginning of the dawn of what we meet this day to celebrate. This was only a beginning, and a milestone on the way of religious thought. Seers had arisen, messages had come down from the world of spirits from time to time. That wonderful seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, had begun his marvelous writings, but this little rap of intelligence had arrested the attention of the world, and set the gates ajar between the mortal and the immortal realms of humanity. We have our eyes turned toward the dawn presaging the coming of the morning of a grander and brighter day.

Before this, death was to the many "an everlasting sleep." "Nothing beyond but a sleep without a dream, a night without a star," "no morning, no dawn," "nothing but extinction, black, utter and eternal." But now in the night of death hope and knowledge see a star, and "listening love can hear the rustle of a wing." "Slowly, like the coming of a dawn, has come the grand truth that the universe is governed by that law," and subject to it.

The idea of immortality, up to the dawn of Modern Spiritualism, had ebbed and flowed in the human heart with its countless waves of hope and fear, without knowledge, beating against the shore, and breaking upon the beaches of time and fate. Now that knowledge has taken the place of faith and belief; it was not born of any book or creed, but was born of human love and human suffering. Knowledge has come, and to human love and suffering says, "I loved one is not dead; when the last good-night on earth was said, he (or she) heard the welcome of those gone before: 'Good morning.'"

Spiritualism is the light of the world; it is gradually but surely pervading and permeating all classes of society. The churches and their creeds are being affected by its invisible influence; our newspapers, literature, art, science, poetry—in fact all things—are being molded by it. To illustrate I will read a little poem, written by the sweet singer Susan Coolidge, and by her published in that staid old orthodox paper, The Congregationalist, entitled, "The Land that is Very Far Off."

"So Land! Is it so far, then, that dear country Which homelike hearts expectant claim as theirs. Chiding the years as slow which patient come and go, And make no answer to reproach or prayers?"

Is it so far then? For at times it seemeth More dear, familiar, closer than aught beside, Bounding our mortal day, lying beside our way, Only the little veil of flesh to hide.

Is it so far then? When those who have gone thither Seem so near always, always near and sure, Loving and aiding still, sharing our joy and ill, Lifting our burdens, helping to endure.

Is it so far then? I cannot believe it. When the veil parts and rends and lets us through, The first surprise of bliss, I think, will be in this, That the far-off was nearer than we knew.

That what we mourned as lost was close beside us, Touching us every day in every spot, While, unheeded, we full tears, groping through faintness, found.

We were upheld and led and knew it not. Let us not call it far—the heavenly country—It bounds our little space like viewless air, And while we sorrowing say that it is far away We touch it, all unknowing, everywhere."

Yes, Spiritualism is the heaven, and the world of life and thought is being leavened by it; it has come to remain, because it is from on high and inseparable from human life; it comes to the good, the bad and the indifferent: "It is a man, and those who keep, A rest for weary pilgrims found."

To all who honestly embrace it, it becomes a light to their feet and a lamp to their path. It says to all: Do right because it is right; come up out of the valleys and tombs of life; come out of the darkness into the light; come up higher on the hillside, out upon the mountain top; Turning your faces toward the morning's dawn, on your brows will rest the radiant beams of light shining from out the celestial sky!

ASPIRATION.

I am the blush of the summer rose,
The flush of the morn.
The smile on the face of the dead,
The song new from the heart of the sea.
From heart of the poet, from shell of the snail,
From rush of the river that oceanward flows.
I am immortal. Who knows me is glad.
Men give me the name
Of passions that kindle the soul—
Love, faith, beauty, fame.
I dwell with the best, yet am higher than all.
Without me the angels of heaven we stand.
—Edith Willis Linn, in The Century for April.

A Graceful Act.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:
"The National Spiritual and Religious Camp Association," with located office at Manly Station, O., on the last Anniversary Day, while in executive session, kindly remembered and appreciated the services of Mrs. Kates and self at their camp session last summer, and without any request or knowledge upon our part voted us certificates of ordination as ministers of the gospel. Hence I call it "a graceful act." It shows good-will, and is a fitting compliment of the season so sacred to us and all lovers of truth. This token comes to us laden with loving regard, and is an incentive to further action in behalf of the spirit's work in demonstrating immortality and creating a higher spiritual life upon the earth-plane.

Following so closely upon a similar ordination by the First Spiritual Church of Pittsburgh, Pa., we feel the force of further consecration to the duties of life and the teachings of truth under the higher call—the spirit's ordination—which is the true source of power for the ministry that seeks to elevate humanity mentally, morally and spiritually.

To our friends everywhere, we say: May blessings abide with you, and as you have sought to cheer and sustain us as workers for truth, so may good spirits ever guide and comfort you.

The time grows nearer and brighter for the spiritual laborer and medium to be appreciated and understood.

With all of our generous co-laborers, Mrs. Kates and self can truly say we hope the future may bring forth the fruition of our toil, that humanity may be blessed, happy, pure and wise. Fraternally, G. W. KATES.

To Correspondents.

D. Y. T. FORT WORTH, TEX.—THE BANNER asks you to sit at department of writing mediumship, advising the spirit attending to translate the symbols into plain English.

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hair which
has become thin,
and keep the scalp
clean and healthy, use

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It prevents the hair
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or turning gray.
The best

Dressing

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HIS AFFIDAVIT.

It Will Make People Believe His
Wonderful Story.

Subscribed to by one of New York's
Most Prominent Justices.

Here is the Whole Matter Exactly as it
Happened.

STATE OF NEW YORK, ss.
County of Washington, N. Y., being by me duly sworn, deposes and says that some years ago he suffered very greatly with insomnia, nervous prostration, and his body was covered with sores, causing him great pain and annoyance. That his head was so covered with sores that he was hardly able to comb or even brush his hair, so great was the pain it occasioned.

That he consulted the local physicians without successful result; that he took quantities of medicine with no benefit whatever; that physicians told him his disease was incurable, and he had come to the same conclusion himself, and had made up his mind to go to a hospital and await death.

That just about this time he learned about Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which he began to use. That this remedy entirely relieved and cured him, healed and dried up his sores, enabled him to sleep soundly and comfortably, and restored him to his ordinary vigor and vitality—in short, made a sound and well man of him, so that he was fully able to work at his occupation, and has done so since that time.

That he attributes his recovery to Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, as it restored him when



MR. LUCIEN RODD.

everybody and everything else had failed and he had been given over to go to the hospital and die.

Mr. Rodd makes this statement voluntarily and cheerfully out of sincere gratitude for what the remedy has wrought for him.

LUCIEN RODD.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 15th day of January, A. D. 1903, and I certify the affiant to be a credible and reliable person, whose statements may be accepted with confidence, and implicitly relied upon, having known him personally for the last twenty-five years, and that I have no interest, direct or indirect, immediate or remote, in this matter.

HON. WILLIAM H. TEELE,

Notary Public in and for said County and State, residing at Whitehall, where this deposition was taken and executed.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is purely vegetable, and is sold by druggists for \$1.00. As is proven by the wonderful cure of Mr. Rodd, it is the very best spring medicine possible to take for the blood, nervous, liver, kidneys, etc. It is the discovery and preservation of Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. The doctor can be consulted free, personally or by letter.



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"THE KIND THAT CURES."**

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Message Department.

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

Of each week Spiritual Meetings are held at the Hall of the Standard Light Establishment, free of charge, commencing at 8 o'clock P. M. J. A. Shelhamer, Chairman.

At these Seances the spiritual guides 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 column 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 in the earth-life will have an opportunity to do so.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this department indicate that spirits speak with them to the living, and are not the result of their earthly lives. Whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere to an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. With the reader to receive the doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that do not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive 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 spiritual friends, and we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth-life 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 COLONY & BROS.

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Seance held Jan. 31st, 1893.

Spirit Invocation.

We draw near unto thee, oh Infinite Spirit, asking that our souls may be imbued with the light of truth, and that we may understand the spirit of our world, that which is spiritual alone is abiding, and that which is material is subject to temporal things. So, while we would pay due attention to those affairs of life which belong to the material state, that no duty may be neglected and no responsibility slighted, yet we would also remember that our spiritual natures demand attention, that they must be cultivated, and that they must be supplied with the elements necessary for their growth and unfoldment. If we would, in later times, feel the power of being bursting out into freedom of expression and activity.

Therefore, oh Father and Mother of all Life, the Divine Spirit upon whom we may lean and toward whom we may turn for guidance and inspiration, we would at this time receive something of the demands of the interior life, and we ask that we may be assisted to gather up these experiences that shall bless our lives. May we come under the manifestation of bright beings who can afford us that helpfulness which we need and for which we seek. May a sense of justice and right living be brought home to our hearts. May our minds be stimulated to new effort for the outcome of greater strength and wisdom in the direction of our souls. We are drawn near to thee, oh Infinite Spirit, and we are responsible to ourselves and to thee for all the experiences touching our lives that we have as yet come to. If we refuse to extend any aid that might be given to make the world better and humanity happier, then are we responsible for the suffering and pain and darkness around us, and we feel that with the help of the angels we may not realize our responsibilities but be enabled to discharge them with greater ease and power than we may without their assistance. Oh, Infinite Spirit, as we are brought to thy aid and help, and thus, as we journey along in life, may we feel from day to day that the world is a little brighter because we have lived.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT. You may present your queries, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—[By "Initiate."] What are the qualifications necessary for the best success in the higher and magnetizer?

A.—First, a mind and body receptive to magnetic forces and to spiritual inspirations from the invisible world. In fact, one should be a sensitive open to the influx of power from the intelligent life unseen by mortal eye, in order to become a successful magnetic healer; and one who is thus susceptible to the forces and powers of the higher life will not only be successful in treating diseases of the body by the laying on of hands, but he will also be useful in treating mental diseases by bringing strength and vigor and even new life to those whose minds are depressed, or in any other abnormal condition.

The organism of a true healer must generate magnetic force that suffices to sustain the health of his own body, that he may have a surplus of energy which may be utilized by himself and by his attendant spirit-guides. A magnetic healer must be healthy in mind and body, well poised. He must certainly have every organ and function of the physical form in good condition and operation, and he must also cultivate a cheerful disposition, which will be felt by those around him, especially by his patients, and which will serve as a vehicle for the transmission of that helpful force which we call magnetism.

A magnetic healer must have an interest in his work in order to be successful. One may possess a superabundance of magnetic force, and he may be sufficiently mediumistic to be attended by spirit intelligences who can not only direct the forces of his own being but also supply through his agency forces from their own atmosphere to those who are sick and depressed. But if he has no desire to enter into such a work, and if he does not take a vital interest in the welfare of his patients, if he does not come into sympathy with them, making, as it were, their case his own, then he will not be successful, nor will it be of much use for him to pursue the calling. If, on the contrary, all these conditions exist, and he seeks practice among those who are congenial to him, and whose atmosphere blends with his own, a magnetic healer will find that he has a most glorious work, and a successful one, that of building up the human system, transmitting health and happiness to the sick and depressed, and drawing from them and their environments the poisonous elements and particles which have kept them in this unhealthy state.

Q.—[By name.] Many minds connected hitherto with the churches are now asking themselves questions too hard for answer: Will the Controlling Intelligence please help one, by presenting his views as to the spiritual significance of the three temptations of Christ in the wilderness?

A.—We must remember that the Nazarene was a man, not a divine being, not a visitant from the highest heavens who could live beyond the touch of all temptation, and of the various weaknesses and conditions which afflict humanity on earth. Had he been such a divine being, there would have been no merit in his resisting temptation; there would have been no credit accorded him to have lived a pure life, since the divine cannot err. But, looking upon the Nazarene as a human being, born amid lowly conditions, surrounded by the depravity of the times and the temptations of life, and reading his history from his manger to the cross, we can feel that truly there was a marked character shining forth resplendent through the darkness of the ages and through all the gloom of human passion, because he did resist temptation and rise strong above it in every instance during his earthly career.

The temptations of the Nazarene were the weaknesses were undoubtedly those which were afforded to him by the enemies of those who would follow in his footsteps, and it was his mission to show to the world that he would but use his occult and wonderful powers in the direction of flatterings the aristocracy and paying deference to those high in authority. He did not need any man or woman at his elbow, commissioned by any high tribunal to tell him what great emoluments, wealth and influence he might win for himself by exhorting his people in other directions. This knowledge was in his mind, and he undoubtedly, in the silence and gloom of his solitude, there came to him various thoughts and ideas concerning life. The temptations must have assailed him to throw off the littleness of his surroundings and the associations which he had gathered to himself, to step aside from the throng around him, that was held in the bondage of ignorance and want, and to pass on among those who would be glad to receive him, to follow him, and to be led by him to the life of truth and righteousness, and to give him jewels, and robes, and gold.

In exchange for a knowledge of his occult power.

As these temptations pressed upon him, undoubtedly a struggle must have been going on in his mind, for he was a man. Then we read, not so much in words as in his entire character, that he put these temptations far from him, that no silent but evil whisperers could win his soul from his high mission of giving strength, inspiration and helpfulness to the lowly and sad, and those who walked in the pathway and dwelt in the hovels of want and degradation, those who were sick, needing a physician's aid; and as the resolution came to him to hold fast to his duty and the work which had not only been assigned to him by the angels, but which he had willingly taken upon himself, a divine strength entered his mind, a calm and holy influence surrounded him, so that the temptations of the world and its emoluments seemed as nothing to him. He could not be seduced from the path of rectitude and of grand purposes, and from that moment he became, although human, a man of great powers, belonging to the earth, and yet a celestial ministrant; so he pressed forward, with unflinching faith, through the Garden of Gethsemane, beyond the cross, out through the Valley of Death into the spiritual kingdom of light.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Mary Dana Shindler.

Glorious are the prints of thy feet, oh Daughter of Truth, upon the mountain side and across the valleys. The shining light starts in their radiance, and give light and comfort to waiting souls on earth, watching for a sign of that which shall lead them to spiritual progress and growth. To my mind the Daughter of Truth who goeth about setting her feet upon the hillsides and the plains is that grand spiritual revelation of continued life which comes in this day to those who will accept it, and which will in time give to each heart who receives it an understanding of its power, of its majesty, and of its usefulness to mankind.

I feel that every reformer who senses the spirit of justice and right surging within him, seeking an utterance not only through his lips in speech, but in every action and thought of his life, must be sustained in his efforts to assist poor, struggling and suffering humanity in throwing off the yoke of servitude and of persecution and rising to the plane of mental and moral freedom, where the air is sweet and full of life.

I know, Mr. Chairman, that the world is full of poor, suffering human beings who are bound in the chains of slavery. Some are persecuted by injustice and unrighteousness, and held down to the very stones, unable to raise themselves and breathe the free air of heaven; others are held in the bonds of ignorance and superstition, surrounded by the murky atmosphere of error and folly; and all along the way white life and blood are being shed, and the desolation around them. Yet I know there are human souls here and aloft who are filled with a sense of justice and a desire to reform all these existing evils and bring mankind into a better condition. I think that the world is growing, that spiritual life is getting more light and power into this physical world, and that the heavens and the earth were never so closely blended as they are in the present hour. Spirits of just men make magnetic spirits of noble women who have lived and suffered and through pain and martyrdom have reached the heights of peace and power in another world, are, no doubt, constantly working for the elevation and the good of the poor and forlorn who still travel along the byways of time.

I feel that I cannot rest one hour while there is a human being sitting enshrouded in the darkness and ignorance of this external life, shivering with fear and dread, not knowing white life and blood are being shed, and the desolation around them. Yet I know there are human souls here and aloft who are filled with a sense of justice and a desire to reform all these existing evils and bring mankind into a better condition. I think that the world is growing, that spiritual life is getting more light and power into this physical world, and that the heavens and the earth were never so closely blended as they are in the present hour.

My friends have wondered of late where I am and what I am doing; so I come to-day to send out my greeting to the West and the South, and to say to each dear friend and co-worker: Never feel that I am idle, that I have given up the hopes and desires concerning human progress that filled my life when here; never for a moment believe that I have retired to an unseen world, filled with beauty and sweetness, to escape the pain and suffering which my fellow-beings are struggling amid the dust and confusion of external experiences. I am with you in your work and thought every day, and every hour I seek to use an influence that may be felt in some manner for the benefit of my kind. I do not often give my name, or make my individuality so strongly felt that it overpowers others. That is not my work; but I use the silent forces to direct the power of others which might be used in unpleasant and painful ways toward higher purposes and aspirations, and also to stimulate the minds of those whom I can reach to new thought and new achievements for themselves, that they may unfold their possibilities and work out their souls' highest salvation.

I bring my greeting to the good friends in our Cause, and assure them that many of our old and tried workers who have passed to the spirit world are waiting there in helpful magnetism and power, and that they are waiting from their souls, which I know must be of service in the great work of life.

Allow me to add, Mr. Chairman, that Lena Bible, that beautiful spirit and brave worker in the cause of Spirituality, is here this afternoon, and feeling that she cannot speak a word for herself, desires me now to give her very best love to the very dear friends whose affection and sympathy are so precious. She wishes me to say to you all that she loves you and to work on the spirit side, and will not let it fall.

Mary Dana Shindler.

Charles Rudolph.

[To the Chairman.] I give you my name, sir, as Charles Rudolph.

I was called quickly. Sometimes I felt that I might go suddenly when I went, but I do not know as I can say that I was altogether ready. However, when I found myself outside of the body, and realized that the change had really come to me, I did not waste any time in regretting it. I felt that it was perhaps all for the best, though I would have chosen to stay here with my family and to work out the affairs of life in which I was engaged.

I am not disappointed over the condition of things, and I am not at all concerned now with the ambitions of office, municipal affairs, or those of any other material line. While I feel the same thought and energy taking possession of my being, and seeking to manifest itself through the various avenues of expression, yet I am now most fully engaged in the sphere of music. Music had this for me when here. I could feel its harmonies surging through my being, and I sought to express myself in that line as best I could; but in the spirit-world I am surrounded by a sea of musical harmony, the expressions of those great minds that are filled with melody and that give forth in every breath they exhale some hint of musical expression that is indeed instructive and beautiful to the student, and to whoever comes in contact with them. I have been able to work out the affairs of life in which I was engaged.

Now, Mr. Chairman, the thought occurred to me that I might set some of my good friends to thinking deeply and earnestly upon the mysteries of life and death if I could recall myself to their minds, and give a thought in this line. I do not come with the expectation of bringing conviction to them that I have manifested as an individual presence, but with the hope that what I may have said will inform them sufficiently to cause them to seek for knowledge of and communication with the spiritual life. If they will seek to know of the life beyond, and to communicate with me, or with other friends who have gone from the physical state, I shall feel that I have done well in coming to this place.

I direct my words and my desire to Honokone, N. J. I had an interest there which I still hold, though I am not now in the physical state. I would give him jewels, and robes, and gold, and

Isabell Tanner.

[To the Chairman.] Do you admit everybody? [Everybody.] Well, I was a very old man when I was here. I lived a long time, and saw generations come and go; but I think I kept abreast of the times pretty well, and my energies remained active, so that I was not left very far behind in the race.

I had a good many experiences in life, and I am glad to know it. I am glad to feel that they did all come to me, and so all my life I have been glad to go to the by and good to take it to the other country. You may rob a man of his dollars and his worldly possessions, but you cannot take from him his experiences. They go with him wherever he goes, and they are like so much valuation to him when he gets to the spirit-country and looks over all the past.

I have seen many changes take place in the country and round about where I located. I have seen affairs growing, and I am happy going there to see the things in the world, and I like it. I like to see the world moving and prospering coming. It is good to make a place of comfort, prosperity and activity out of that which was before a wilderness or a waste, and I think that is the best condition of life we have—this sense of energy and the desire to be at work which fills an active human being and makes him try to accomplish something for himself and for others.

I have seen many dear ones on the other side. The bright, spiritual face of my Nancy beamed upon me from out the light of the heavenly world. I knew it at once, though it had been glorified by the experience and the long sojourn in the other country. Many other dear ones came to give me greeting, and I felt that though I had left near and dear ones on this side, and tender ties and associations, I was renewing others on the spirit-side, and nothing was lost; for, after having gained their experience in the earth, the dear ones here would come to us, and we would be united in the world of light and usefulness.

Well, sir, I suppose I may say that I came from Portage, Wis., because that is where I lived and where I went out of the body. I did not live there all through my life, but my latter days were passed there, and I knew a good many in that vicinity. I send them all a greeting, and tell them that the old man has got back to give them a word of good cheer.

My name is Isabell Tanner.

Jennie Warren.

I was from Providence, R. I. I have friends and some near relatives there, and I want to give them a greeting and a word of love from my home in the spirit-life.

Louisa, too, comes with me to-day, and sends her affectionate remembrance along with mine. We are very happy in our spirit-home. Not that we can always do just as we would like; not that we are never disappointed, because sometimes we are disappointed in the things that we cannot accomplish, and we wish to do things that we cannot do; but the conditions are made so pleasant for us, and we have the consciousness that if we undertake that which is right and best for us, and what we are adapted to do, we shall surely accomplish it sometime, even if we do fall for want of strength and knowledge at first.

I heard the gentleman say that he was interested in music, and I felt pleased, for I also am interested in music, and I feel that I have more power and ability in that direction than I had here. Louisa is busy, too, not with music, for she does not seem to have a bent of mind that way; but she is always busy doing something for others, and helping along the mortal ones with their tasks, and I know she is as happy in her work as I am in mine. It would please us both very much if we could have the opportunity of coming and talking with you for some time, and I am sure that I have more power and ability in that direction than I had here. Louisa is busy, too, not with music, for she does not seem to have a bent of mind that way; but she is always busy doing something for others, and helping along the mortal ones with their tasks, and I know she is as happy in her work as I am in mine.

My name is Jennie Warren.

Hermie Smith.

The next spirit to present herself was a little girl of tender years, who prattled incessantly to the Chairman in her pretty babyish way, but without giving any connected message. Apparently she was too young to understand for what purpose she came except to "see mamma," and she seemed much disappointed at not meeting her. By persistent questioning, however, the Chairman was enabled to elicit the facts given below:

It was extremely difficult to obtain the name of the little spirit, especially the first, but she finally gave it as Hermie Smith. She thought she was about three years old, but did not know her exact age. She said in Lynn, Mass., and her mamma's name was Lizzie. Several times while communicating she put her hand to her throat, saying, "It bites."

A lady in the audience stated that what had been given would apply to a little relative of her own who had lived in Lynn, and that if it were she her name was Hermie Smith, or "Hermie," as she was more frequently called.

Controlling Spirit.

We will state for the information of the friends that this spirit is a little girl of three years of age, who came into the spirit-world as she was giving communications under spirit influence at Lynn on Sunday. The spirit could not come closely enough to make herself known, and she has remained near the medium since that time, hoping in some manner to be able to reach her mother and other loved ones in the earth-life. We thought it best, therefore, to allow her to come this afternoon and to tell to the audience that she could assist the child, who will now be able to come more closely to her friends in the mortal form.

The spirit's name is that given by the lady.

Report of Public Seance held Feb. 3d, 1893.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Q.—[By Ego.] We hear much of the influence of heredity. Can the Controlling Intelligence give any advice regarding the government and control by the spirit of its conditions and environments in mortal?

A.—The law of heredity is a fixed and unerring one which philosophers even are beginning to study. Spirituality has long taught the existence of this law. Those who have studied and dealt with psychological subjects, although not known as Spiritualists, have also insisted upon its existence and operation, and most of the great minds of the world have believed in it. But superficial minds have all along the past denied it, and its effects upon human life and happiness.

Antient history has declared that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generations, which means that the taints of the vices and perverted appetites which a line of ancestors have encouraged and indulged shall be entailed upon their descendants; but we are happy to say that if the sins of the fathers are visited upon the generations following them, and that their effects are noted in the life and conduct of their descendants, so are the virtues of the fathers and mothers also inherited by and their effects entailed upon their offspring even unto the third and fourth generations.

When man comes to know himself by studying the laws of his being, he will then come to know the laws of his inheritance, and he will be able to control his own life by the inheritance tendencies and characteristics of a debasing nature, but also how he can overcome them by drawing to himself high spiritual forces that will assist him in cultivating and strengthening the spiritual part of his own being. We cannot put forth the spiritual attributes, and so rise in a measure above the limitations of these physical environments and rise in thought and by effort above the carnality of life.

We would say to our questioner that, as the spirit within seeks expression through the development of its aspirational nature, and also through the unfoldment of those attributes which are filled with the spirit of love, of sympathy for mankind, and a sense of justice and right living, these powers become strengthened and released, and higher spiritual qualities which are attracted to him on this mortal side

from the unseen world; and, therefore, at every attempt the individual makes to rise higher in the scale of being, new light and new vigor will come to him. It may not be understood at first; the way may seem filled with failures and a sense of discouragement; but if persevered in, the road will become easier to travel, there will be less obstacles in the way, fewer difficulties to be met, and rising higher and higher in the path of spiritual progress, man will come to understand himself as he is—a man of spiritual life not altogether related to the physical, not altogether a mere machine, not altogether an animal, but, while related to the physical or animal life on the one side, strongly related to the great spiritual powers upon the other, from which he may draw sustenance and strength in every hour of pain and trial, if he only feels his relationship to the Divine and seeks, through desire and aspiration, to gather power and knowledge from the highest source.

So, Mr. Chairman, if the law of heredity works adversely for the happiness or welfare of the individual, its effects may in a measure be overcome by the operation of that higher spiritual law which proclaims all men and all women the offspring of the Divine, and assures humanity that each child contains within itself the germ of infinitude, the possibility of unfoldment in the path of truth through and through, which all lower things belonging to the carnal state may be overcome. If, on the other hand, through the law of heredity, one has inherited strong, noble characteristics, fine spiritual qualities and virtues, then may he also gather from the spiritual life forces that will assist him in generating an influence of true nobility and loftiness of character which will be sensed and appropriated by others less fortunate than himself, who will receive assistance from this magnetic force to press onward and to rise in the scale of happiness and virtue.

While that which is evil or undeveloped may be inherited, let us not forget that that which is pure may be inherited likewise. There are none that we know of in any scale of human life but what possess some noble traits and characteristics which may be cultivated and sent forth in a helpful influence to others, and they may also be encouraged and developed in the individual who will which he also possesses, and which is unimpeded, disappearing until that which is error, belonging to the side of ignorance, is banished in the light of knowledge, of purity and of truth.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Joseph L. Newman.

Good afternoon, Doctor, and friends. This seems a dismal day upon your side; but Boston street looks as familiar as it did when I trod its pavement, and the old establishment seems just as real to my mind as it did when I was here in the mortal form.

There are many dear ones in this afternoon, Doctor, to come here amid the oldtime associations and influences, and to say a word to my friends, those who are still traveling along this mortal way. I feel that I have many friends in Boston, many friends in other places and in various towns in the Granite State, that send out to me a warm, magnetic influence of good cheer. I sometimes receive it while busy at my spiritual work, and I say, "So-and-so is thinking of me to-day," or "So-and-so is sending out a good thought of friendship to me." I reciprocate it, and it does me good to know that my old friends have a warm memory and affection for me even though they cannot see my form passing to and fro as they used to do.

I bring all my friends and associates my greeting and regards. Tell them I am busy sending out the magnetic fluid and forces of my nature to those who are weak and debilitated. This is my work in the spirit-world, and although I have a body that is adapted to my use, it is not so cumbersome as was the one I used to have. It is more in accordance with the spiritual elements and atmosphere of life, and affords me no hindrance in the pursuance of my work.

I find many who are sick and afflicted, who are full of aches and pains, and weaknesses, not only on this physical side, but also on the spirit side. You have heard of spirits having no sickness; but that is a mistake. I find there are many intelligences who understand the laws of being and know how to take care of themselves so as not to have any aches, or pains, or weaknesses; but they are the wise ones. There are many foolish beings in the spirit-life, even as there are here, who hustle and bustle about, full of unrest and dissatisfaction, using up the finer forces of life that they have, and exhausting their powers, and in different ways exhausting their powers, and making themselves miserable with no practical result. They are the sick and afflicted, and they need training and instruction that they may learn how to conserve their forces and make them useful.

Then there are those in the spirit-world, some coming every day, that are full of horrible, malignant forms of disease, who need remedial agencies as much as those full of corruption. The patient need the surgeon's knife. These spirits are those who have fully debased themselves on the mortal side. Some of them have stood in high places, but have lived immoral and depraved lives unknown to the world, and they appear much more hideous than those who were so unfortunate as to be born amid scenes of iniquity and crime, and who never knew how to rise above those conditions.

So you see there is plenty of work for the physician, as well as for the minister, plenty of work for the magnetic healer, with his vital forces ready to be thrown over the weak and ill that they may feel the cleansing power, and become freed from the poisonous elements which they have taken with them into the spirit-world. Friend Hayward is among the many busy workers in this field who have their time and hands full from day to day. Dr. Newcomb is one of these beautiful, helpful workers, giving strength and healing to the sick; and, indeed, I am told that this is the work of the Nazarene himself in going about doing good.

Well, Doctor, I can congratulate you as being one of our own kind, and doing this same work. Once in a while I come in contact with you, and feel that I can use my influence in connection with your own, and that makes me happy, for I am pleased to work through mortal instruments, and to see the work of the spirit-world in the mortal form.

I thought it would do me good and give me a little stimulation to come to your Banner Circle to-day. Sometimes I used to look in, and feel a wave of magnetism from the doorway. Sometimes I would send a flower in, and feel that it was blessed by being placed upon your table, and in that way, perhaps, made some spirit feel happy by sending its fragrance.

Your spirit-friend said I might come in and see you, and I am pleased to have the privilege of doing so.

Joseph L. Newman.

Alonso Cornell Patterson.

[To the Chairman.] Can I come in? [Yes.] I was here with a friend of mine, and I said I had a good mind to see if I could come. He pushed me ahead and said, "Go on, Lonnie, go on!" and I thought I would. The gentleman who has been speaking very kindly made room for me, and I am very glad.

I suppose you would like to know my name? [Yes.] It is Alonso C. Patterson; the middle name is Cornell. I was born in New York, and was a little fellow when I went away. I could not stay here in the body, and I have been glad of it ever since I woke up in that bright spirit-world and found things so pleasant and full of light and pleasure—I was going to say, because there everything seemed to be so lively, full of life and motion, and yet not a bit tiresome. I have been going to school, there and getting along well, and I think—at least my teachers have told me so.

I am fifteen years old now, and I was glad to come back when the gentleman said I could say a word. I thought perhaps the folks here would be happy to know I could come back and speak, and tell them of the spirit-life that is so full of light. I have not had any hours of sadness or pain since I went away. I feel all right now. I can see you and hear you talking, I can talk myself, and I know what is going on in two worlds; I do not mean that I

know everything, but I know things that are going on in two worlds, and I think that is quite a privilege to have.

I lived on Stanton street, and I wish you would just say that I do not want any one to think I died. I did not have any brothers here. I do not want any one to think I went away off and could not ever come back at all. I have not had anything to keep me from going about from place to place, and every one I have seen in the spirit-world almost has been just as well off as I have been. I have seen some poor people that could not seem to go around; they seemed limited. I think it was because they did not take good care of their spirits on this side, and so got used up, for they seemed to be all out of shape in the spiritual part of their lives, and did not know how to study and grow and learn about these things that are all about us.

I wish I could come back to some place like this where I could talk to my people. Do you suppose I ever can? [I presume so.] Perhaps I can now that I have been here.

I would like to give father's name; it is Jacob. I did not want the folks to feel bad when I went to the spirit-world, because they all said on our side that it was for the best, and that life would be much more helpful to me there than it could be here, and I think it will.

I am much obliged to you for letting me come in.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Feb. 3 (Continued).—Richard R. Hayes; Eleanor Rice; R. B. Walter; Charles Hodge; Henrietta Carr; J. C. Warren; R. B. Smith; William Brown; Lydia R. Catlin; Maggie Owen; S. A. Dickenson; William Morgan; Alice Allen.

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

April 14.—Lewis Merriam; Charles Marsh; William Baird; Ellen Scott; Daniel G. Littlefield; John Morton; Mrs. Margaret Haver.

April 18.—Watson Goodspeed; Florence L. Long; William Lawrence Brown; Jonathan Chudley; E. F. Pike; Edith A. West; Aunt Sally Ames.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From London, Eng., Feb. 15th, of diphtheria, Ernest W., only son of the late Alfred and Dr. Mary M. Perkins, (formerly of Leominster), aged 25 years 11 months and 24 days. On the 17th of October he sailed for Buenos Ayres with Dr. Frederick Smith of New Haven, Conn. The purpose of Dr. Smith was to establish himself in that country, and, under his training, Mr. Perkins designed to fit himself for a specialist.

He was sent Jan. 4th by the Doctor to London on important business, from whence he was to sail for his native land to see his fond mother and young wife, the latter of whom was to return with him to the far-off land of his adoption, and henceforth to be the field of his noble ambition. Ere his business was completed he was stricken with the fatal disease, and from a London hospital he found the spirits' fatherland.

Although his loved ones could not look upon the form, a service was held on the 15th of February, at the home of his wife's father (Squire Sumner) in Leominster, conducted by the Rev. Geo. M. Bodge and the writer. A large number of friends were present, and the service was a most beautiful one, and all that was suggestive of mortal loss, while tender memories of new as of old, and many striking for life's best gifts whispered of immortality.

From Leominster, Mass., March 10th, William A., son of Squire and Lucia Sumner, aged 24 years 8 months and 26 days. Mr. Sumner leaves a young wife and child, and was much respected and beloved by a large circle of friends.

The funeral took place on the 11th of March, at his home, in the house of his father, and was conducted also by Rev. Geo. M. Bodge and the writer.

The almost numberless beautiful floral tributes sent by friends, and the love with which they were regarded. There was a peculiar pathos in the service, as in the same room but a few days previous was held the funeral service for the late Mrs. W. Perkins, whose wife was sister of Mr. Sumner, and a dweller underneath the same roof. Two dear-hearted young widows (sisters-in-law) together bereaved, and the spirits attracted to a common home to minister to their mutual loved ones.

Many hearts go out in sympathy for those who mourn this dual loss.

WILLIETTE YEAU.

From Jefferson, O., April 13th, 1893, Mrs. Angella Stanley Wolcott, aged 69 years.

Mrs. W. was a pioneer Spiritualist; she was also a member of the Rebekahs, which order took part in her funeral service. Our departed sister was a most devoted and true woman, and exemplified the life of a true Spiritualist. The writer officiated as speaker at the funeral.

MRS. CARLISLE VANDUZEE.

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

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1898.

In Memoriam.

Mr. LUCIUS F. BARNES, born in Montpelier, Vt., June 6th, 1836, passed to spirit-life from his home, 603 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., aged 64 years and 10 months.

Mr. Barnes was an outspoken Spiritualist and a defender of truth. He was a member of the Boston Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, of which his wife, Mrs. A. E. Barnes, has been the President for several years. He was a friend to the widow and fatherless; he never allowed himself to speak unkindly of any one—always trying to live in life in keeping with the faith that was his.

Being very fraternal in his nature, he had united himself with several orders, among them "The Golden Cross" and the "Minute Men." He was a member of the Grand Army, and Fitchburg Lodge of Masons. He was a thorough mechanic, having held the position of chief engineer at the New England Conservatory of Music for some six years, and was formerly chief engineer of the Boston street cars.

His health fluctuated from a period early in the fall, finally developing a heart trouble, which resulted in heart failure; he passed away very suddenly—and it was a great shock to his family, as he was so full of life and vigor. Several sisters and a brother yet remain this side to wait the summons to meet those gone on before.

May the comfort of spiritual communion bring hope to his dear companion and give her strength to meet the duties of life, and may his spirit presence shield her remaining years.

The funeral was held at his late home, and the house was filled with friends who came to pay the last tribute of respect and love. Mr. Barnes' wife and her quartette rendered some appropriate selections: reading of Rev. Minot J. Savage's poem, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"; prayer and remarks by the writer. The services were held in the parlors of the house, and friends and friends of friends gathered from all over the city to pay their last respects to the deceased.

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MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings at the new and splendid Carnegie Music Hall Building, between 4th and 5th streets, on Seventh Avenue, entrance on 4th street. Services Sundays, 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Henry A. Bailey, President.

Kulkebeck Hall, 44 West 14th Street. Meetings of the Ethical Spiritualists Society each Sunday. Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, speaker.

Adelphi Hall, 334 Broadway. Lectures and clairvoyant tests every Sunday at 8 P. M. Mr. John William Fletcher, regular speaker. A. E. Willis, Secretary, 238 West 44th Street.

The Spiritualists' Society meets in Spencer Hall, 114 West 14th street, every Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Persons interested in mental and spiritual philosophy and phenomena invited. J. F. Sulzer, President, 23 Broadway.

Arcanum Hall, corner 26th Street and 6th Avenue. Meetings every Sunday at 8 and 9 P. M. Good mediums and speakers present.

Soul Communion Meeting on Friday of each week, 3 P. M.—doors close at 3:45 at 48 1/2 Ave. 3 doors above 32d street. Mrs. Mary O. Morrell, Conductor.

Adelphi Hall.—"If there is no Hell, how do Spirits Expate the Sins of Earth?" formed the subject of Mr. Fletcher's lecture Sunday afternoon.

This earthly life is one of shame and the externals are nearly all that the human mind can judge from. There is death and life, and whatever one is within, is apparent to all. There is no punishment from God, but blessings are withheld because of a lack of individual power to reach them.

There is a great deal of confusion and rules a kingdom; in spirit he is great only when he attains to a dominion over self. Numerous tests followed.

In the evening "Religious Liberty" gave the speaker an opportunity to deal a blow at the "Edwards Bible," now the legal make-up and has for its purpose the stamping out of modern mediumship. It was a logical and powerful address.

Next Sunday afternoon Mr. Fletcher will speak and give tests, and in the evening a literary entertainment will be given.

Mrs. Fletcher speaks the first and second Sunday evenings in May. A. E. WILLIS, Sec'y.

Arcanum Hall.—At 8 P. M. Mr. Tatlow of 73 Bank street gave psychometric readings, many of which were remarkable. Mr. Jeaneau gave an instructive address; Mr. Ostrander and Mr. Myers also kindly assisted. At 9 P. M. Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. Leonard, Mr. Moore (of England) and a lady from Philadelphia gave remarkable proofs of spirit power by their mental gifts. Mr. A. J. Allen, who has done much to us in our spiritual movement, was present, and made some very instructive remarks.

April 30th, at 3 and 8 P. M. Tatlow, Psychometry. Seekers after truth invited. A.

OHIO.

Cleveland.—"In union is strength." The time, we think, has arrived when the Cause of Spiritualism has become sufficiently popular to be self-supporting by voluntary contributions; and believing also that the time has come when a permanent resident pastor, or speaker, in the city of Cleveland would be appreciated, and hailed as a progressive step out of and beyond our present limitations.

In the new organization we hope to realize more effective public work; greater unity and achievement of purpose; more favorable conditions for spiritual culture, and greatly strengthen the bonds of sympathy and love between the speaker and her audience; all tending to the betterment of humanity and good fellowship among the numerous, but now divided, Spiritualists of this city.

Friends of the Cause! Please give this matter your careful and earnest consideration; do what you can individually and collectively to make this new enterprise successful, so that Spiritualism may occupy a more prominent and elevated position; a position commensurate with the grand truths this heavenly philosophy gives to humanity.

To further this end, free Sunday evening meetings are now being held in Army and Navy Hall, No. 426 Superior street, and commencing Sunday, May 7th, 1898, Mrs. H. S. Lake, one of the most distinguished mediums and brilliant platform orators now proclaiming the "New Gospel," will be publicly installed as pastor of the Cleveland Spiritual Alliance!

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MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

LYNN.—At Cadet Hall, April 23d, afternoon services opened with a song by Geo. N. Churchill; then Mrs. M. T. Longley gave an invocation; after which Prof. Longley and wife sang, "We Shall All Meet Again." Mrs. Longley's control delivered a fine and instructive lecture on "Spiritual Things," which was well received by the large audience; another song by Prof. Longley's quartet; then Mrs. A. B. Barrett, Conductor of the Boston Lyceum, gave some fine remarks, followed by a song by the quartet.

Evening: song by Mr. Churchill; invocation by Mrs. Longley; song by quartet; Mrs. Longley's control took seven subjects, and by the audience to discourse upon, which they treated in a brilliant manner, satisfactory to all. Song by quartet, then Mr. Hatch, Sr. (Boston) gave interesting remarks—also Mr. Potter (Malden), closing with a song by quartet.

Next Sunday 12:30 P. M. A. Titus will give his experience while in the ministry for twenty-eight years and at the present time in Spiritualism; followed by tests by Mrs. Julia E. Davis. At 7 P. M. Titus will lecture and Mrs. Davis will give the tests and messages. T. H. B. JAMES.

88 South Common street.

Springfield.—The last of Mrs. Carrie E. B. Twing's popular meetings will be held in the hall in Foot's Building, Sunday the 30th inst. Her subject in the evening will be: "How shall we Bring Heaven into Our Earthly Homes?" A full house listened to her.

At 10 P. M. Mrs. J. J. Smith gave a Spiritualist's last Sunday. She gave the Ladies' Aid a benefit Thursday evening. The month has welcomed the largest audiences of the season, and unusual interest has been awakened by her lectures and her gentle, but powerful, work upon this May engagement the first Sunday of that month.

H. A. BUDINGTON.

Worcester.—Mrs. Mary Knight-Lyman closed her engagement here April 23d, her work being marked by earnest effort. April 30th Mrs. Juliette Yeaw will occupy our platform.

The Woman's Auxiliary will meet at the residence of Mrs. H. B. Smith, on Friday afternoon, April 23d. Supper from 6 to 7:30. Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Hildreth and other local mediums will contribute to the exercises of the evening.

GEORGINA D. FULLER, Cor. Sec'y.

5 Houghton street.

Haverhill and Bradford.—Mr. F. A. Wiggin (Salem) spoke last Sunday afternoon in Britain Hall before the Spiritual Union, addressing himself in the afternoon to the question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" To give practical point to the inquiry, "Spiritualism" was substituted for the last word of the question. In the evening his bible theme was: "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." Following each discourse were excellent exercises in the church.

Next Sunday Edgar W. Emerson (Manchester, N. H.) will occupy the platform. E. F. H.

Malden.—Lyceum opened at 3 P. M. April 23d. Mr. Potter in the chair. Singing by the school; invocation. Mr. Potter; singing; classes take up lesson: march recitations; Lucy Holt, Isabel Wentworth, Miss Jordan, Florence Willard, Alice Fagan, Carrie Potter, Jennie Potter, Harry Affelhoff; autoharp solo; Gussie Potter; piano solos. Miss Chatfield, Miss Willard; readings. Miss Vaughn. We were very much pleased to receive Mr. Hatch and Mrs. Hatch of the Boston Lyceum. Mr. Hatch made a few remarks.

E. M. DODGE, Sec'y.

Newburyport.—Sunday, April 23d, we had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Abby N. Burnham. She was assisted by her daughter in singing and declamation. Mrs. Burnham gave two fine lectures during the day, which were well received by the audiences present. At 7 P. M. Mrs. Burnham gave a lecture on "Spiritualism," a bright and entertaining speaker, and her daughter aided the program in a meritorious manner. F. H. F.

Lowell.—Dr. P. C. Drisko (Lynn) occupied our rostrum April 23d. Mrs. M. H. Fletcher gave tests after Dr. Drisko's lectures.—Next Sunday Dr. Drisko will again lecture; Mrs. Josie Lord Tucker and Miss Angie Lord will give tests.

E. PICKUP, Hon. Sec'y.

Taunton.—April 23d Mrs. M. W. Leslie (Boston) was our speaker after noon and evening; her lectures were able, and the tests which followed each convincing.

April 30th Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding is our speaker. Mrs. F. E. MORSE, Sec'y.

Lawrence.—At Pythian Hall, 180 Essex street, April 23d, afternoon and evening, Mrs. Edna Miner (Clinton) occupied the platform.—Next Sunday, April 30th, Dr. F. H. Roscoe of Providence will be our speaker. L. E. GOSS, Sec'y.

Chelsea.—The Spiritual Ladies' Aid Society has a sale and entertainment on the afternoon and evening of May 2d. Friends cordially invited.

Miss G. A. DODGE, Sec'y.

Saugus.—April 23d, opened with invocation by Mrs. Atherton; remarks, psychometric readings, etc. Mrs. Chandler Bailey; tests by Mr. Atherton. A.

NEW YORK.

Buffalo.—Our present speaker and test medium, Mrs. Celia M. Nickerson, is holding forth to crowded houses—and intelligent ones! Harmony and peace prevail among us, and the outlook for the future is splendid.

The New York State Legislature has copied the Ohio State and Spiritualist Bill bodily, and certain members are trying to rush it through at once! But before the bill makes any great headway there will rise up from one end of the State to the other a grand and tremendous cry against such legislation.

These several moves in the different States this winter only show that our church brethren are making a sort of a dying effort to crush out freethought and a free people! Help us, for we do not mean to perish. For we know that millions of our friends know of the truth as well as we do.

The proposed bill, introduced in the Senate by Mr. Edwards, forbids any person for reward to forecast future events, discover lost property or evidence in regard to titles or information of their future affairs in this life, etc., by means of astrology, clairvoyance, divination, Spiritualism, palmistry, trance mediumship, or by means of any other alleged or pretended supernatural or occult powers. Such persons shall be deemed common swindlers, and fined \$25. Advertising by such persons is forbidden under the same penalty, and the printing or circulation of such advertisements is forbidden. To include "astrology," "trance mediumship," "clairvoyance," "Spiritualism," "palmistry," "divination," "trance mediumship," "or by means of any other alleged or pretended supernatural or occult powers." Such persons shall be deemed common swindlers, and fined \$25. Advertising by such persons is forbidden under the same penalty, and the printing or circulation of such advertisements is forbidden. 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