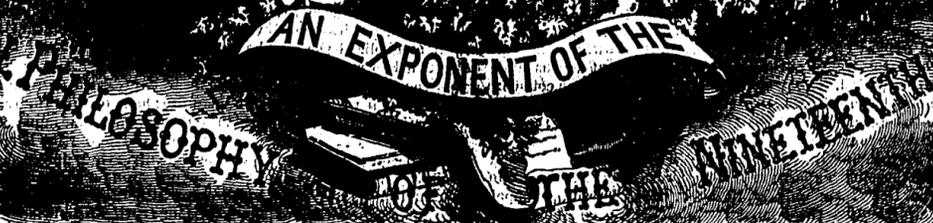


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## 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 sang 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 were 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 unspotted 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. Babes 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 identified 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, tingling 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.

HE 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 lovable 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 not 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 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 not 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 not rise on account of the pressure of the water.

For the Banner of Light.

BY THE COFFIN.

BY OPHON HINDS.

The radiant life and light are gone from thee; Only the statue's beauty now is thine...

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 I shall be glorified in this mountain shall man worship."

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 Confucius, the light of Zerdust, the light of Buddha, variously incarnated, shone with threefold brilliance, until the Hebrews borrowed the symbolism, of which the spirit was enshrined in ancient India, Egypt and China.

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 unsyllabed and unsyllabled.

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.

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.

Ra, disappointed, turned away from the earth, but again sought expression, kindling the fires of human speech, of language that communicates ideas. These 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.

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.

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 or the Persians, the Chinese, the Brahmans or the Vedic worshippers; he finds not the spirit there.

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 or the Persians, the Chinese, the Brahmans or the Vedic worshippers; he finds not the spirit there.

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 building up from the waters of the deep 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 sphere 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.

At last, science, setting herself apart from the ethical, 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 sun 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 or the Persians, the Chinese, the Brahmans or the Vedic worshippers; he finds not the spirit there. The caves of the Druids are emptied 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, Zerdust 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 percolates 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 appearance 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 building up from the waters of the deep 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 sphere 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.

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Banner Correspondence.

VERMONT.

FAIRFAX.—Mrs. Bertie 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. Buzz, from the State of Vermont, 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 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 call for that mode of treatment in the 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 seeking messages, feeling a strong influence they could no longer doubt the intercourse 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 a tender manner 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. C.'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 really worn. But it was only for a few years that the Spiritualist rostrum was illuminated 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 household, the enlargement, 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 at the literary and social circles and the farmers' clubs as a star of the first magnitude. Three bright children graced the union so prolific in happiness to her.

One week preceding her death she overstrained her lungs and, pneumonia setting in, she suffered intensely until the angel of release came, and met the fact of the nearness of the change with the philosophic calmness and fortitude of her always grand nature. While she deplored the fact that her husband and children must be parted, her earthly companionship and temporal ministrations, she 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, reading the following inscription in a low but impressive tone, as they wrote herself when she presented it to the speaker: "For there are tondrils strong as Death, Immortal as Fate, That strike the soul 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 conception, though of the uses of many things it might puzzle the intelligence to ascertain.

As more intellects come to 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 'no mind' or 'never mind,' could evolve from certain lines of reasoning. And yet all this artificial world of 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 might, the most complex of entities, be the one possession of man that came into him with infinity, is but a development from finite form, 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 the gift?' I told him I gave him an answer involuntarily, and that was as it was to him, in the course of which I said something that led him to infer 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

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.

It has been expressed by admirers of Mr. Beecher's pupil 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.

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.) Lately 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 doesn't know what he is. We don't 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 anything but complimentary terms. After what we have so long been accustomed to, they may seem a little large to 'look' 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 the face. 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 Sumner 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 and Security"? A locomotive, motor, steamship, or even a race-horse would be far more appropriate for such a purpose, and would most 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 1885, 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 up stairs, 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 erash came as if some ponderous body had struck the building at the eable 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. In a moment I passed 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 were 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 full of iron, brass and about ten feet apart enough (one at a time and about ten feet) to crash through the roof to the head of the stairs, and then roll end over end 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 beside 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 Hig. M. D. writes: "The daily prints do not give 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 savings, by a white man—who far outwitted the old man 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 Received.**—*At-Moda; or, Life-Scenes Beyond the Polar Circumplex.* A Religio-Scientific Solution of the Problems of Present and Future Life. By an Untrammelled Free-Thinker. Pp. 220. Shell Bank, La. by 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 2488.

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

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

By using Hig's Hair-Balm, 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, 1905. 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 Anna M.).

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 Centenary Missionary."

After this, Mrs. Brown announced that independent slate-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).

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."

ward to that time, we beheld 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.

Before this, death was to the many "an everlasting sleep." "Nothing beyond that 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."

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 influences; our newspapers, literature, art, science, poetry—in fact all things—are being molded by it.

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

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.

**ASPIRATION.**  
I am the blush of the summer rose,  
The flush of the morn.  
The smile on the face of the dead,  
From heart of the poet, from shell of the sea,  
From rush of the river that oceanward flows.

**A Graceful Act.**  
To the Editors of the Banner of Light:  
"The National Spiritual and Religious Camp Association," with located office at Mantua 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 certificate or knowledge upon our part voted us certificates of ordination as ministers of the gospel. Hence I call it "a graceful act."

**To Correspondents.**  
D. Y. F. FORT WORTH, TEX.—THE BANNER asks you to sit at the department of writing membership, giving the spirit attending to translate the symbols into plain English.

**To Restore hair which has become thin, and keep the scalp clean and healthy, use AYER'S HAIR VIGOR**  
It prevents the hair from falling out or turning gray. The best Dressing  
Pilo's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.  
**CATARRH**  
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, Soc. E. T. Hartnett, Warren, Pa.

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. Lucien Rodd of Whitehall, 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 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.

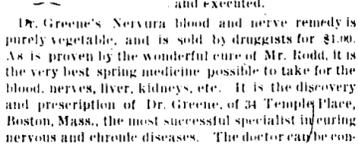
That just about this time he learned about Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which he began to use. That this remedy entirely relieved and cured him, healed and dried up his sores, enabled him to sleep soundly and comfortably, and restored him to his ordinary vigor and vitality—in short, made 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 everybody and everything else had failed and he had been given over 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.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 15th day of January, A. D. 1905, 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.

**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 cures of Mr. Rodd, it is the very best spring medicine possible to take for the blood, nerves, liver, kidneys, etc. It is the discovery and prescription 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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Also enough ingredients will be sent by mail to make five six bottles, sufficient for one month's treatment, on receipt of \$2.00 per package, for the following diseases: Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Diabetes, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, and all Nervous and Head Troubles. Also Spring Bitters.  
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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1893. ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds, dogmas, Ignorance, Superstitions, and Unbelief flee to their proper sphere of Knowledge.—Spirit John Pierpont.

Has Truth Metes and Bounds?

We grow not. Else there would be a limit to its discovery and possession somewhere and sometime, which cannot be where all is infinite. The chosen position of the man of creeds is one of offensive defense; he is satisfied with what he has, without regard to the alloy of human authority and dogmatism...

The materialist is in no better plight, let him state his case as complacently as he may. Scientists and credentialed both hold to the limitation of truth, if only to stake out their separate claim. If there were no restrictions to its possession as mental and spiritual wealth, they would neither of them care enough for their claim to defend it as they do.

The presumption is that an infinite mind has been and is perpetually at work on an infinite plan; and do we finite beings, who do not much more than open our eyes during this stage of existence, presume on our part to be equal to the comprehension and fathoming of that plan? Is unfathomableness an attribute of the finite as it is of the infinite? Have the highest human works any of the profundity that belongs to the plans of the Infinite? If not, then what inexpressible folly to assume to measure the greater with the less, the finite with the infinite.

As we understand it, the Illinois Legislature has by enactment provided that the Illinois State building of the World's Fair shall be kept open on Sunday. If so, the Fair Directors will have to obey the laws of the State. It is also reported that a suit had been brought in Illinois for the purpose of securing a decision from the courts against closing on Sunday; the grounds of the suit are, that the park in which the Fair buildings are located has been dedicated to public uses, and that the Commissioners have no power to close it, and that the Federal Government has no right, directly or indirectly, to require the Sunday closing of the Fair, the question of Sunday regulation being left entirely to the State or local government.

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the old and dilapidated entrenchments behind, and their useless defenders to abandon them at last as of no service even in partisan warfare and a desolation of abomination beside. This, in reason, is not only the more effective and least expensive way, but it is in perfect harmony with the spirit of truth itself, which exists eternally without contention or strife and advances with steady, illuminating power rather than with the violent throes of hostile invasion.

As truth itself is divine, since it proceeds from divinity, so should its pursuit form the highest possible calling mortal man can engage in. As he loves it for its own sake, he should be jealous to the last degree of all presumptuous efforts to confine it within humanly devised limits, and to forbid all excursions into its boundless realm beyond the short surveys of a current ecclesiastical, scientific or social authority. Its pursuit is to be the vocation of eternity; and do we poor mortals, with our purblind views, dare to fix metes and bounds for it before even attaining to a conception of its all-pervasiveness, its height and depth, and its endless stretch away into the uncounted rooms of existence? Had we not better follow humility, trusting that while we are musing the fire will burn?

The Historic Woman Heretic.

Heresy-hunting is not altogether a new business in our country, although many people may imagine it to be a disease in theological bodies that has just broken out. In New England its history opens with the appearance of the Puritans and the establishment of their theocracy in this ocean-bound wilderness. "Mistress" Anne Hutchinson was the first name on the honored roll of heretics, and the date is as far back as 1637. She lived in Boston, and was a brilliant and handsome woman by repute, the wife of a merchant of high standing in those days. Her house stood on the site of what is widely known as the Old Corner Bookstore, on the corner of Washington and School streets, in Boston. She was a woman of very remarkable intuitive endowments, and possessed a highly-logical mind, beside being governed by a conscience of her own instead of a borrowed one, lent for the purpose by the clergy.

Mistress Hutchinson, too, believed unfalteringly in direct intercourse with the Holy Spirit, and openly professed to hold such intercourse herself. She had moods of exaltation, when she declared the power of God to be upon her; and those who listened to her rapturous description of the visions she enjoyed were quite ready to place confidence in her statements. Her natural eloquence, her acute and profound reasoning and her tenderness of persuasion, carried all before her. In short, she was in the highest sense a medium.

Her friend, as well as her ideal, was the Rev. John Cotton, the preacher of Boston. Oftentimes she recited in her own language the main points of his sermons, to which she had listened, to the women of Boston who were compelled for one and another reason to stay away from meeting. And finally she took to preaching to them sermons of her own; and as she proceeded to expatiate on the views she held, and the visions to which she was admitted, the heretical, that is, the larger and far more liberal tendency of her thought, asserted itself with increasing distinctness and positiveness, and drew down upon her the animadversions of the clergy, and their obedient followers among the people.

Her own hearers and followers soon grew so fast in numbers that the apprehensions of the clergy were excited for the continuance of their supreme authority. Mistress Hutchinson, they plainly saw, was getting the people away from them. It was not enough that they should combat her doctrines from their pulpits, as the modern pulpits have been wont to contest the progress of the truths of Spiritualism with alternate wrath and ridicule; nothing would serve and satisfy their temper, and their love of absolute authority, but her speedy arraignment before them as a self-constituted court, to try her on what was at that time held to be the heinous charge of heresy. So she was dragged before this little knot of ecclesiastical tyrants, who constituted themselves her judges.

There grew up two parties in religion from this noted episode in early Puritan history. Nothing but theological discussion formed the subject for every tongue. There were no allowed amusements, and no social relief and recreation in the midst of this most rigid and self-righteous orthodoxy. Only points of doctrine furnished the staple of common talk. A goodly number of the settlers earnestly espoused the doctrines taught by Mistress Hutchinson, and became her open and avowed followers. But the majority continued to obey the ministers. One of the most conspicuous of her supporters was her brother-in-law, the Rev. John Wheelwright, a minister in Braintree. Young Harry Vane, then for a brief time Governor of the Colony, also subscribed to her new doctrine.

The stir at length became so great that she was ordered to appear before the clergy and council for trial. Of course all went against her. As deep and strong an impression as she had made, she was still in the minority. She was speedily condemned as a heretic against the true religion, although she taught only what Christ himself taught, and the sentence of banishment beyond the limits of the colony was passed upon her and those of her followers who still adhered to her and her teachings. Rev. Mr. Wheelwright was included in the sentence. Governor Vane had returned to England before the trial, or he would have interceded for her. She became an exile to an island in Narragansett Bay with her disciples, and was thus an unexpected neighbor of Roger Williams, who had been banished to Rhode Island from the adjacent colony. From that time she continued to be revered by her followers as "Mother Anne," by which honored name and title she passes to this day.

As we understand it, the Illinois Legislature has by enactment provided that the Illinois State building of the World's Fair shall be kept open on Sunday. If so, the Fair Directors will have to obey the laws of the State. It is also reported that a suit had been brought in Illinois for the purpose of securing a decision from the courts against closing on Sunday; the grounds of the suit are, that the park in which the Fair buildings are located has been dedicated to public uses, and that the Commissioners have no power to close it, and that the Federal Government has no right, directly or indirectly, to require the Sunday closing of the Fair, the question of Sunday regulation being left entirely to the State or local government. These certainly seem to be points well taken, and ought to prevail.

Fairly Caught!

In the now famous trial of Dr. Buchanan, in New York City, for the alleged murder of his wife by poisoning with morphine, expert medical testimony was freely introduced. These "regular" witnesses, brought forward as experts, were utterly confused and confounded by the searching questions put them by the defense. Mr. O'Sullivan handed, to an officer of the court what appeared to be a well-worn wax model of a brain, requesting the witness to make use of it in explaining his testimony. Dr. Prudden, who was spoken of as skilled above all others, though still a young man in pathological science, was produced as an expert witness for the prosecution. The "brown object" was brought out and handed to him. He took it in his hand, but held it hardly a second, when he handed it back, saying—as reported—"It is the merest caricature of a brain; I consider it a very bad model." Dr. Loomis, another expert "regular," accepted it as a wax model, though Dr. Prudden, on being asked previously if it was a good reproduction, answered as above, that it was the "merest caricature." The real fact was, on the contrary, that it was the genuine human brain, which had been prepared and preserved by an eminent doctor by the best method known to science!

Dr. Prudden testified that he was a graduate of Yale, and had studied in London and Germany, and at the present time was a Professor of Pathology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the Medical Department of Columbia College. Dr. Loomis, the other "expert," is the President of the Pathological Society of which Dr. Prudden is a member. Dr. Loomis, according to the reports in the New York journals, completely broke down in his testimony respecting the brain, the heart and the lungs of the woman alleged to have been poisoned by her husband, and in his confessed ignorance of the influence of embalming fluid in the abdominal cavity. He also testified that the dead woman had suffered with disease caused by alcoholism, but was flatly contradicted by the statement that she never touched alcohol. Lawyer O'Sullivan then named another disease, which Dr. Loomis said he never heard of. He was asked then if he recognized Dr. Flint's "Practice of Medicine" as a standard work. He answered that he did. The lawyer read from it a description of the disease he was just asked about, written in 1886, but which he said he had never heard of before! "And yet," said the examining lawyer, "you claim to be a physician in general practice?" Dr. Loomis flushed, and muttered something which no one was able to catch.

He also testified under oath that hysteria had nothing whatever to do with Mrs. Buchanan's death. Yet, being asked what is hysteria? he answered that he did not know a definition for it! And in several ways he bogged, evaded, hesitated, contradicted himself, and confessed ignorance in response to the questions put him by the defendant's counsel as a sworn expert.

These, let it be understood, are specimens of the "regular" medical school of doctors who demand of legislatures absolute authority to examine and issue certificates to all persons who would exercise the gift of healing, and compel them to pass through a course of schooling in the colleges which they choose to set up! We only ask our legislators to note the fact that these men are fully as much pretenders as those they accuse of being wholly such, and that instead of possessing all the knowledge and skill deemed requisite by them in the practice of healing mortal ailments and diseases, they are as faulty as any others well can be.

A Ministerial Bout!

The famous injunction of the Apostle Paul for the women to keep silence in the churches is still giving perplexity and trouble to the ministers in this, that and the other denomination, who from time to time break out in their assemblies in a discussion of Paul's meaning and intent, and kindle a blaze of controversial warmth that is much more pleasant to regard from a distance than in its closer neighborhood.

The latest discussion of this nature occurred at a recent session of the Philadelphia Conference of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod at Germantown. Rev. Dr. Baum asserted that what was right and wrong in St. Paul's day was right and wrong now, and to the end of all time. He thought the women were to keep silent, unless the words of St. Paul were differently interpreted. It seems almost cruel, he admitted, to breathe an objection to herspeaking, but hers, said he, is the inspired word. He thought that woman's throne is in the home, and that she will do more there than in public harangue.

Rev. Mr. Stook said that Paul was not inspired to write this to our intelligent American congregations, to our Christian wives in Philadelphia and Germantown, where wives are frequently superior, mentally and morally, to their husbands. It was never meant to make the New Testament narrower than the Old Testament. The Corinthians were not qualified mentally or morally to speak; they had been heathen converts; whatever Paul said to the Corinthian women, he alleged nothing against other women like Priscilla and Phoebe.

Rev. Dr. Bickel declared that he would get out of the Conference if he thought that to be its sentiment. It was plain to him that Paul meant what he said, and what was inspired then is inspired now. He would not deny women's intelligence; some women are better preachers than their husbands; but we must not forget that God made man first, and the law of Moses made him superior. Christ never ordained a woman; the apostles never laid hands on them. It would be bad for us, said he, if we didn't have woman's cooperation in the church, but we cannot let her come into our pulpits and usurp the place which God gave to man.

The opinions of the assembled ministers varied almost according to their numbers. One thought Paul never would have said to-day what he said then; another refused to believe that women were intended to enter the pulpit; another believed women might work for the church, but not in the pulpit; another asserted that where women do preach, the inspiration of the scriptures was doubted and denied. That women do preach at all in the churches, we would add, is owing to the influence which Modern Spiritualism and its inspired female mediums have exercised on the hide-bound Pauline Orthodoxy of our time!

The prevalence of throat and lung troubles at this season increases the call for the best help therefor, one of which, judging from the multitude of testimonials brought to our notice, is the popular California remedy known as Garland's Vegetable Cough Drops. They are claimed to be free from all opiates, minerals, and other injurious ingredients. Colby & Rich have them on sale.

Newspapers as Teachers of Morals.

Mr. Alfred E. Burr, the veteran editor of the Hartford (Conn.) Times, having been invited to deliver an address on the influence of the modern newspaper before a meeting of the Hartford ministers in January, set forth the subject in a detailed and most thorough way, showing that he possessed a complete knowledge of it in all its branches and bearings. We find this interesting and highly-instructive address reported in full in the columns of the Weekly Times for March 2d. While of course the address covered many points to which we, from lack of space, cannot refer, we desire to emphasize a few of his views in this connection.

After briefly but pointedly describing the different kinds of newspapers, as classed under their different names, Mr. Burr alluded to the rapid growth of the newspaper in size and contents, and the enlargement of the field of its discussion. It now deals with politics, commerce, finance, inventions, art, agriculture, and forms of government and their abuses; while of late it has grown into the discussion of morals, religions, and the truths, errors and traditions of religious sects.

He asserted distinctly that the newspaper has become a teacher of morals. "Weak, limp, and laggard," said the speaker, "and far behind the oncoming current of modern thought, will be the newspaper that does not provide a space for the teaching of morality and the condemnation of sins that are found in the body-politic." Nor will the popular mind release it from its duty in dealing with "a true religion and the future destiny of man, heretofore the exclusive province of the pulpit or the religious journals." He held that it was chiefly due to the newspapers that the revolting dogmas held and preached by Jonathan Edwards could not be preached to an intelligent congregation now.

He likewise showed how wide and influential were the teachings of the newspapers in respect to temperance, to heredity, to vice, and the tendencies to crime. It is hardly necessary to say, concluded the speaker, that the free newspaper of the future is to become a great power in the moral and religious world, and that it will be influential in breaking asunder the chains of many errors and superstitions that have for ages held in darkness and terror innocent souls.

A Fable for Psychic Researchers!

It was given out one time that there should be erected in the temple of fame a statue to the beast or bird who succeeded in casting a huge rock over the precipice. There were many efforts and as many failures, until finally the lion addressed himself to the task and succeeded, though with the expenditure of all his giant resources, in dragging and pushing the rock on to the verge of the fall. There, while it poised on a hairline, he dropped, exhausted. Whereupon the cock, stepping gaily forward, sounded a shrill cry of triumph, and beating his wings against the rock, disturbed its equilibrium and sent it plunging over the precipice. The animals, with many acclaiming cries, at once voted the statue to the cock, declaring him to be the mightiest member of their society!

Spiritualists, for long years and through opposition and obloquy, have toiled to roll the rock of creedal error and materialistic doubt over the precipice of eternal oblivion—where it belongs. They have successfully played the part of the Lion! Is Psychic Research now ready to enact that of Chanticleer?

A Great Truth from Indian Lips.

One of the Indian girls who went from the Carlisle school to take part in the Columbus celebration in New York City is credited by The Sun with the following mature reflection while at Ellis Island: "Four people drove us out centuries ago. Now these (pointing to the immigrants) are coming to drive you out. If you don't make them stop coming you will be in a few centuries what my people are now."

"Bacillus Mendaciosus."—That is the new Latin appellation of an old and familiarly known bacillus, or microbe, which, translated into English, means the lying bacillus. An epidemic of mendacious, or mendacity, has broken out, according to report, in various parts of the country, having struck the secular newspaper offices very hard. The New York Weekly Voice expresses the hope that a Committee of Public Safety will be appointed at once to quarantine the newspaper offices affected, and disinfect the occupants. It warns the community that the reproductive power of this bacillus is wonderful, and it has been known to get into the electric fluid of the telegraph wires and be transmitted all over the country in a single night. We should say this warning rests on the most reliable foundation. The numberless "fakes" that are enveloped in the electric fluid of the press dispatches, about Spiritualism, for instance, more than substantiate the story. Worse than all, this bacillus mendaciosus gets into the Sunday pulpits, that cannot bear to hear a Sunday newspaper so much as named, and spreads the disease through whole congregations, infecting them with a horror of Spiritualism, and its consoling and elevating truths. This is the bacillus that Congress cannot quarantine, nor any State ignore by summary laws. Every one must keep it out for himself.

Bill to Abolish Investigation.

Read what our correspondent, J. W. Dennis of Buffalo, has to say (on our eighth page) regarding the bigoted animus displayed by a bill now before the New York Legislature. Professedly framed to abate the practice of "fortune-telling," it exhibits the true range it seeks to cover by including Spiritualism, in its trance and clairvoyant phases, in the list to be punished. The bill may well be called one to abolish investigation of the whole subject, for how can the New Philosophy present its claims to public attention save through its gifted mediums; and who so foolish as to imagine that if the bill becomes a law, it will not receive the very widest application to mediums at the hands of the bigoted element in community. We, however, hope, with Bro. Dennis, that the voice of the free-thinking people of New York will be heard in protest, and that the good sense of the legislators will defeat the measure.

Mrs. B. M. Boyce, Malone, N. Y., sends us a copy of the "Edwards" Bill, as given in The Albany Journal, (and referred to elsewhere in this number) and says—with truth—in reference to the "prospective legislation now sought to be achieved in various quarters: "It seems the State of New York, the State of Illinois, and others, are practically seeking to deny war on 'mediumship.' Again would the ruling powers uncritically 'T' is only in accordance with the previous history of the world."

TIMELY TOPICS.

Return of Spring.—Referring for the purpose of spiritual illustration to the return of spring, in one of his latest sermons preached in Plymouth Church pulpit, Mr. Beecher put the direct inquiry respecting the phenomena of that spring. Shall we hear, said he, the underground thunder of all the roots trooping to break out? Shall subterranean waters flood the orchards and forests and fields to wake up the trees? The voice that shall give resurrection to all nature in the coming spring is not that, was his instant answer. What does take place, then? The sun lingers a little longer, and allently on the fields the air grows a little warmer; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge of the Divine power; the heavens grow moist; and out of the bosom of the invisible spring, not descending, but ascending from the earth, cometh the roe, the bud, and the blossom; and when the orchards are purple, when the autumn baskets are filled with glorious fruit, and when the harvests wave in the fields, we stand and see that these things have not sprung from matter to matter. It is the invisible kingdom above that has created them. They are the children of the sun, of the winds, and of the air.

And so, out of the invisible spirit comes down the power that forms and inspires this material universe of things, which we all know to be transitory and fleeting, yet for which we exchange life and love and the most precious endowments of our mortal being. All is from above; nothing cometh from beneath. Spirit is all-omnipresent, omnipotent. The returning spring shows it forth to us every year. The lesson is taught us by one of the most beautifully impressive illustrations. What we shall soon see all around us in the transfiguration scene that is about to take place far exceeds our capacity for wonder and delight, in its conveyance of the truth that creation began, continues, and will go on forever throughout the universe by the power of spirit alone.

Lynching and Killing by Statute.—In a sermon on the lynching custom, recently delivered by Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., in Association Hall, New York City, he plainly and unequivocally declared the taking of human life by law, or without law, to be contrary to the teachings of Christianity. The old Mosaic law of revenge, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life," he said, was specifically set aside by Jesus Christ, and in its stead the higher law of love was proclaimed. The sentiment against the death penalty is all the time growing in power. He thought the punishment for murder should be swift and summary, but it should be life imprisonment, not death. To the majority of men the swift and terrible penalty of life imprisonment would more effectually be a deterrent of murder than the bare possibility of one conviction out of seventy for death, the ratio at present governing in the administration of law.

In the opinion of Rev. Mr. Dixon, to take a man's life by law is a communal survival of barbarism, no more justified by a reference to Moses than Mormonism is justified by a reference to Abraham; but to kill a man in the fury of a mob is a total abrogation of the first principle of humanity. He pertinently asked if it were not time for the Christian—and we would add all other—manhood, of all parts of the nation, to unite in a determined effort to remove the cause of the existing evil.

Heaven in the House of Commons.—We are taught by returning spirit-intelligences that the words "Heaven" and "Hell" as generally used by mankind to denote future happiness or its opposite in the next stage of existence, are merely relative terms and really mean conditions rather than localities. That being true, how near to that heavenly state "for which all good men pray," and all humanity loving hearts aspire (a state where brotherly love is king and where worldly ambition is immeasurably transcended), did the great rival statesmen of England mutually ascend in the following incident recorded by the secular press:

Mr. Gladstone knows how to return good for evil. In his last great speech, according to Harold Frederic, he traveled out of his way to speak kindly of the maiden speech of Joseph Chamberlain's son, which, he said, with a gracious bow, was one that must have been dear and refreshing to a father's heart. Chamberlain, at the first mention of his son, lifted his head and turned his cynical gaze upon the speaker. When these courteous, flattering words came, he stared for an instant in blank surprise, then flushed, made a low obeisance, and covered his face with his hands for fully five minutes. These, we hear him said there were palpable tears in his eyes."

Worth Considering.—It is stated that certain hotel men in New York are studying the invention of a Philadelphia "genius"—a spiritual medium. It is designed for buildings where the lives of many people are endangered through the outbreak of fire, and consists of ladders that are constructed with sides of steel chain, three feet apart, with rounds of the same material fastened at a distance from each other of one foot. When not in use the escape is rolled up in a box near the roof, or in the cornice of the building. Several of these are to be placed over the main avenues of escape, with the ladder resting on a trap door, closed with a latch controlled by an electric current. When an alarm button is pushed the door opens, and the ladders roll down the front of the building; and when all the occupants of the hotel have escaped, the ladders can be used to advantage by the firemen. The same wires running through the building also control an electric gong, which keeps up an incessant din until turned off at the battery in the cellar. This gong can be heard for blocks, bringing attention to the fact that a fire is in progress. Why not try the new invention in this city, where several lives have already been lost in consequence of no means of exit from burning buildings?

The Spirits on Astrology.—What the Controlling Spirit had to say in "Questions and Answers" in a recent BANNER, on the subject of Astrology, is of current interest. While some claiming to be scientists in this direction have but a smattering of knowledge in connection with the study of the planets and their movements, others have devoted their lives to the study of the subject. The late Prof. Lister was one of these. They have given deep thought to its laws, and have traced through the years various lines of planetary movement, thus acquiring an understanding and knowledge of planetary life that could not be attained in any other way. Many persons have demonstrated facts concerning the planets and their influence upon human life and destiny, and have proven that astrology contains a great truth which may be applied to human life with benefit. The Controlling Spirit gives it as his opinion, however, that those who are most successful in the line of astrological research and manifestation are really sensitives, or what would be called mediumistic, attracting to themselves spirits who are likewise interested in the study of the planets.

A Trust Extraordinary.—It is a very old saying that could certain workhoppers of the golden calf institute an exclusive arrangement whereby they could sell to "common folk" daily portions of sunlight and air for an honest penny, they would proceed to business instantly. Is it possible that in our own day science is preparing to realize this dream of selfish exclusiveness? The report is made in the public press that a professor of the Royal Society of London has really arranged various vacuum apparatus and powerful air-pumps in such a way that the "ordinary atmosphere can be sold into 'a clear parent sold.'"—Capable of delivery? Hurry up, gentlemen; get out your patent for this first step; and see what the future will do for you in this direction!

Conditions Necessary.—If it be possible for one person to mesmerize or hypnotize another, why is it not equally possible for one person to exert so unfavorable an influence on another, a sensitive, as to forbid the occurrence of phenomena which would assuredly follow more favorable conditions? The fact is, that magnetic influence is everywhere and all the time present, and that if, assuming a skeptical turn, it is not sufficient to prevent, then it may be sufficient to disturb the conduct and results of the Spiritualist séance. Read the card of the CLEVELAND SPIRITUAL ALLIANCE, eighth page.



Message Department

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS Of each week Spiritual Meetings are held at the Hall of the Banner...

In exchange for a knowledge of his occult power. As these temptations pressed upon him, undoubtedly a struggle must have been going on...

Ichabod Tanner. [To the Chairman] Do you admit everybody? [Everybody.] Well, I was a very old man when I was here...

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...

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

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Mary Dana Shindler. Glorious are the prints of thy feet, oh! Daughter of Truth, upon the mountain side...

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

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...

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK. From London, Eng., Feb. 18th, of diphtheria, Ernest W. only son of the late Alfred and Dr. Mary M. Perkins...

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages

Report of Public Seance held Jan. 31st, 1908. Spirit Invocation. We draw near unto thee, oh! Divine Spirit, asking that our souls may be imbued with the light of truth...

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. CONTROLLING SPIRIT. You may present your queries, Mr. Chairman. QUES.—[By "Initiate."] What are the qualifications necessary for the best success in the higher and magnetizer?

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