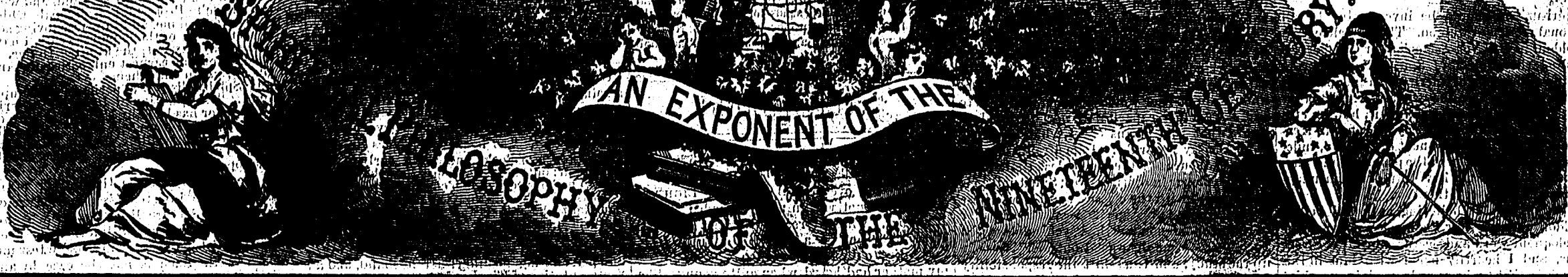


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BANNER OF LIGHT.



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For the Banner of Light.
GONE HOME.

BY MRS. L. E. MORSE.

She went away with the boatman pale,
Over the waters that we call death;
As her vision caught his shadowy sail,
With an angel smile she resigned her breath.

With tearful eyes on the shore we stand,
And watch that sail, as it speeds away
To the shining isle whose golden sand
Gleams in the light of eternal day!

We vain would behold the happy throng
Who dwell in that land so bright and fair;
And we list in vain to catch their song
As they press to meet our darling there!

Our eyes are dim with our earthly care—
And we cannot bear the dazzling light;
And we cannot breathe the fragrant air
Of that blissful clime, so pure and bright!

But from heavenly bowers she will bring us flowers,
That bud and bloom 'neath her father's skies;
And her presence dear our hearts shall cheer
With the perfumed breath of Paradise!

Chelsea, Mass.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE

In Answer to Questions Propounded by the Audience,
Given at Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., Sunday Morning,
Oct. 22d, 1893.

BY MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.)

INVOCATION.

O! thou to whom we bring our questions—many as the leaves upon the summer trees, many as the blades of grass in the meadows—questions that spring up by night and day, questions that speak of sorrow and aspiration and countless needs, we know, as thy sky arches above the leaves, above the meadows, thy love is over us, thy light is shining upon us. We pray to thee, oh, Spirit of Infinite Wisdom! not in blind, trembling fear, not feeling that we must pave the way to attain the winning of thy desires, with words of flattery, with countless praises, but rather understanding that all we have to do to receive the Divine blessing is to make ourselves receptive, to open the windows of the soul, draw back the curtains, and the light will come in of itself. When the light of spring is on the earth, and warmth is in all the wandering winds, the flowers awake and blossom. Oh! our Father, help us to realize that the springtime of truth is indeed with us; help us to rise from our long slumber, under the cold, thick coverings of selfishness and ignorance; help us to put them away and to rise into sudden and certain bloom.

For all truth that lives in the world, we thank thee; for the imperishable nature of the truth, we are thankful. Men may be slow to comprehend it; they may stumble over it in their way; they may misunderstand and pervert its teachers; and yet the glorious truth is shining, shining far and wide, and sometime the ignorant will awaken to understand and come out into this blessed light. Help us to so take the truth into our inner natures that it shall be an inspiration and blessing for all who may desire it. Help us to receive the strength of its divine encouragement. Help us to realize the light of its instruction, and our doubts shall depart. Help us to go forth into a grander activity, into a broader patience, into a truer and diviner cheerfulness, and may all our robes be baptized with divine radiance, as the earth is baptized with the glories of this most glorious autumn morning. And so, our Father, to thee we would give our love, our life eternal in thought and in aspiration, life without end. Amen.

[At the close of the invocation, the President of the society, Mr. W. H. Banks, handed Mrs. Brigham the following list of questions, which she then read for the first time.]

1. If man is an immortal being, where was he and what was his condition in all the past prior to his advent upon this planet? Is it reasonable to suppose that this is our first appearance upon earth?
2. Is natural law anything more than a mode of operation without any regard to a God or a lawgiver?
3. Are we Spiritualists Christians? If not, why not?
4. What, if any, is the distinguishing difference between Christianity properly understood and Spiritualism?
5. Do our thoughts originate in the brain, or is the brain the medium by which the soul expresses itself?
6. Is there a God who loveth, or is love an impersonal principle pervading the universe?
7. Will you please give a definition of the personality of God? Is God a personality?
8. Is it true that whatever is, is right?
9. Andrew Jackson Davis, in one of his works, says there is a Spiritual Congress controlling the affairs of this nation. If that is so, what is that Congress doing?
10. Would it be wrong to rob a rich man who does not need what is taken and would not miss it?

DISCOURSE.

PROBABLY these questions in relation to God will be repeated whenever the privilege is given to the audience to choose subjects, and they are among those that are very important, especially considering the training and teaching of men and women through the ages.

Nature is always revealing to us, in her countless ways, this wonderful Presence, this Divine Presence. As we have often said, you cannot pluck an ear of corn from the wide fields, where the rustling leaves make music in the summer air, you cannot strip back its husks and consider how it grows, without learning something more of nature. The Teacher long ago said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow"; that is, in what manner they grow. We might say to you, Consider the corn, for in its unfolding, when the yellow tassels turn golden brown, as the shining locks of our children turn as they rise from babyhood to larger growth, it is as truly giving us manifestations of the Divine care and faithfulness. Very distinctly this pollen dust which it sends aloft into the air is a Divine expanding; and when we take an ear of corn, and count it, and find always the even number of rows, something must occur to the earnest thinker. The winds may blow, and this corn may suffer injury; row may run into row, become twisted and distorted, and yet, with a little observation, you will always perceive the design, an even number—eight rows, ten, twelve, or even a larger number—but never, never the odd number.

Why is this? It is the law of corn, the botanist may say, but we tell you that that which makes it grow, the unseen Spirit that works through sun and soil and moisture, and the countless forces that blend into perfect unity, knows the difference between odd and even—knows the difference in numbers. The old philosophical thinker who said "God geometrizes" stated a wonderful truth; and how a man can ever study geometry, and not believe in the soul, is a wonder and a mystery to us. If Nature is a constant revelation, whether on mountain or on island like the revelation

of old, she is always teaching us of this great Spirit that you call God.

Now when you ask us if there is a God who loveth, we answer, Yes; for God is love, God is good, and therefore good and love are God.

Is love an impersonal principle pervading the universe? Can you understand infinity? If so, you can answer the question for yourself; but as long as you are finite, you will perceive parts of the infinite whole, but never all of it. You will see manifestations of the Divine Presence and the Divine Intelligence, but it is not possible for you to understand Infinite Intelligence. Therefore to you that which runs through nature may perhaps appear impersonal, and when you consider it in order it may appear to you to have an infinite personality, but it will never be possible for you to perceive clearly and perfectly the infinity of the divine personality.

Will you please give us a definition of the personality of God? you ask. We would answer, If you mean by this, is there a God, like a man who keeps a certain place, who thinks as we think, and who feels as we feel, there is not; but if, looking out into space, looking at a glorious sunrise or sunset, looking at the beauties of nature, you can find there the manifestations of order and eternal care, then just so far and no farther have you received manifestations, and have attained an understanding of the Divine Spirit. No, there is no such narrow personality such as theologians have claimed, but there is an Infinite Love and an Infinite Intelligence, a Divine Fatherhood and Motherhood, of which earthly fatherhood and motherhood are only the shadow. This is as far as we can explain it, and we believe it is as far as any one can explain it.

Savage brings to you a most beautiful idea in the lines of a poem where the fishes of the sea ask to be shown the sea in which they swim, and the birds flying in the air ask to be shown the air in which they are flying. You are in the divine identity, and you can no more understand infinity than the bird can understand all of that marvelous home in which it is.

Is natural law anything more than a mode of operation without regard to a God or a lawgiver? What is law? Law is simply a method of operation, a method of expression. Natural law is the law that pertains to all nature, and is made manifest in everything created. Does a planet roll in space as a top might be manufactured and sent spinning away by the hand of a child? Oh, no! God does not spin the planets like tops to see how long they will run; not at all. The heart of the light, the soul of the love, is that which we call God; and there can be no love, there can be no expression without the Spirit that operates from within.

We come now to this question, which is very important to many: Are we Spiritualists Christians? Some may answer for themselves, and say at once, Yes, we are Christians; then there are others who may indignantly say, No, no, and repeat their decided negative. Then we ask, "What do you mean by the word Christian?" Everything depends on your definition of the term. If you mean Spiritualists as Baptists, Methodists or Presbyterians, who are in sympathy with the doctrines of old theology, then we answer, No, certainly not; but in the true sense of the word, in the broad sense, we must answer, Yes.

But do you know what real Christianity is? You have received it from your teachers over and over again, through sacred mediumship, in that Spiritualism that teaches mortals that it is right to take into their natures all that they can of the pure, of the beautiful, of the honest and the true, and that they have their own salvation to work out. But the great public, watching the records of the press, listening to the rumors that arise, and reading things so disgraceful, so shameful that we blush to think such things can be said, say, "Who are these people that figure conspicuously in these public reports?" and the answer is, "They are sometimes called 'Spiritualists.'" Oh! friends, would you be judged by these? You say "Oh, no; these people have departed from the straight lines of Spiritualism, have gone from its clear and honest light, and in the dark shadows of the selfish ignorance of their beings they have perpetrated these wrongs and stained their records." Oh! Spiritualists, Spiritualism is not responsible for these things, but the newspapers do not stop to consider that.

Now, when you realize that such things are done, we ask you to be as fair in judging others as you would like to have others be in judging you. Will you judge the true Christianity by the false? Come back to the fountain. Suppose in a time of rain we stand by some brookside down in the valley, and find its turbulent current overflowing its banks. Some one says, "In this valley is one of the most beautiful brooks that ever was seen. Crystal clear, and pure and cold, it comes from the heart of the spring away up on the mountain, but now as we stand and look at it, we see its broad waters sweeping and swirling with many a piece of bark and broken stick and dead leaves floating thereon." We might say, "Where is that crystal fountain? where is that silver brook?" He replies, "Friends, come up the mountain a little way, and we will seek and find the source of this stream, so pure, so clear, as down it rushes into the valley below." You stoop down and look into the deep and turbulent waters of the theological discussions and dissensions, and then you say, "We are Spiritualists; we are not Christians." Friends, just come to the fountain-head, and see if you cannot find there the good and the true.

A teacher who called himself the Son of man, and yet who sometimes, losing sight of his own personality, even in the glory of the truth that he had come to prove his oneness with God—this teacher, who would not accept worship when it was offered him, said, "Call me not God; there is no God save the Father." If we take all the parables that he gave and consider them, we find that the sum, the substance, the soul of them all, is in the one word "love." It teaches us to work out our own salvation, to do as we would be done by, to love our neighbor as ourself. That is Christianity—not the believing, not the hoping, but the doing. Not because they believe in this, or believe in that, are any Christians, but because they feed the hungry; clothe the naked, and visit those who are sick and in prison. This is Christianity, pure and undefiled; and we tell you that it is the light and life of Spiritualism. Pure Christianity is not name-worship, it is not man-worship, or idolatry in any form; but the truest Christianity and the truest Spiritualism teach us to rise from present narrowness, and to take into our lives all that shone in the life of the Nazarene, not because the Nazarene gave it, but because it is divine; and we believe that all true Spiritualists, when they recognize this, and strive to embody in their lives the principles of right living, and the divine spirit of helpfulness and kindness, are truly Christians in the highest sense of that word.

When you ask where the distinguishing difference is be-

tween Christianity, properly understood, and Spiritualism, we answer, friends, that Spiritualism and Christianity have the same religious element. It grows just as a rose does, from its heart. You do not see the heart of the rose. The heart of Christianity and the heart of Spiritualism is the same thing; it is love—love divine: it is that which shows you your friends in the spirit-land; it is that which shows us their faces and memories upon your lives. It is that principle of love which is the light of the world, and the only light that the world has ever spiritually received.

Are there any lines of difference? Spiritualism unfolds from the heart, and theology keeps its leaves closed. Like a closed gentian, it never seems to open. The world of theology is busy with its doctrines. The cause of Spiritualism is busy in helping those who need help, is busy in giving the light to bless and comfort humanity, to save it, not from some far distant hades, but from its present ignorance and selfishness. When we consider that which is called Christianity, we know that its narrowness is simply the covering. Under the soil the majesty of seven-hilled Rome still remains, although you may fancy you have discovered all that made old Rome grand; under that same soil there are forms of exquisite beauty in marble yet to be revealed, yet to be brought out to light by your search. The statue is far under the dust, in the soil and out of sight; but it is not dust, it is not soil—it is still marble, still graceful although unseen. And so in the nature of many a Christian there lies the hidden statue of the divinest Christianity. Under the soil, in more senses than one, lies many an ideal of eternal beauty. The world will sometime bring these ideals to light, and in the broad and true spirit we shall know these truths, free to all discoverers, to all who can appreciate. We shall know sometime that theology is the covering, and that the true Christianity is the simple spirit of kindness, helpfulness and divine growth.

Is it true that whatever is, is right? This is a great question. Is whatever is, right? Well, Pope said so, didn't he? and there are those who are content to accept the old saying. Consider your own losses, consider your own pain and misfortune, consider the troubles that waylay you in this earthly life: Are they right? But there must be a certain qualification made in the settlement of that great question. We would answer, Yes; whatever is, is right, but it must be qualified. Everything that is, is right, considering its environment, considering its surroundings, considering what has produced this existing condition of affairs, but not as an ultimate—do not imagine for an instant that you are to rest upon this hard Kismet, making no effort to improve surroundings. A bud on the rose-bush is right as a bud, considering its environment; the blossom is right as a blossom, but it is not the end. Therefore in our lives we must expect what is, what is given us. It is for a purpose; there is something useful and good in it, if we can only discover it. Your sorrows are like so many caskets—there is something beautiful, useful and bright in them. Some of you have found the key, opened the case, and discovered the jewel; but some of you have never tried, and some of you, in utter hopelessness, are burdened down so you cannot rise, because you have so many of these iron caskets attached to your lives. Oh! friends, when you find the use, the helpfulness of sorrow, the good that lies in earth's so-called lessons of grief and pain, you will say, looking back upon your lives, considering circumstances, surroundings and influences: "Yes; whatever is, is right." Taking the subject *per se*, you answer at once, naturally and logically, life is very wrong; but when you rise out of the cañon, where the sky was only a strip of blue ribbon, when you stand on the mountain peak, you will know that no soul can be forever forgotten.

Here is a query that may seem to some to be somewhat irrelevant, but it is a good and wise question: "Would it be wrong to rob a rich man who does not need what is taken, and who would not miss it?" Friends, we may say that to you which may seem to some strange when we assert that, if a man has sought for employment earnestly and found it not; if he has offered to toil, and offered in the right spirit, and yet he finds not the opportunity to labor in order to provide for his suffering family; and if, when starvation casts its pallid shadow on the face of wife and child, that man takes bread, he does right; it is no sin if he takes just what he needs, and no more than that. That is a nice distinction, because that which he takes may assist and strengthen him to make a little more effort, until at last he finds the opportunity for escape from his life of poverty and despair.

But there are qualifications that belong to almost every commandment; you must look a little further than this. Would it be wrong for me? Understand that in this world many a wrong is done, deep, terrible, which is greater, darker, deeper than midnight to the man who first perpetrated the wrong, greater than to the man who suffers. The rich man would not be wronged—it does not wrong him; but there never is a wrong done to a human being that does not leave its shadow upon the life of the wrong-doer. If you take what you do not need—if you take that which you could do without.

So let this question and answer be taken deeply into your souls, and remember there are very few things we actually need in the world, but there are a great many things we think we need. Let this question be pared down, as one might say, to its original core, and you will find it simplify itself; and remember, while self-preservation is the first law of nature, the law of selfishness is that which blesses us most, and which keeps us in a condition to toil and to do, and which strips from our lives the vain and that we could better do without.

Do our thoughts originate in the brain, or is it the medium by which the soul expresses itself?

If thought originates in the brain—the physical brain—then when the spirit goes out and away it cannot think. It does not originate in the brain—the brain is only that which expresses itself, and sometimes very imperfectly. If a person in this earthly life should go out into the forest to cut wood, and should take with him a dulled axe, how much do you think he could cut in a day? If you were to give a woman a sewing-machine with only one needle, and that needle was broken off at the point, do you think she could do her work well? do you think she could do it cheerfully and with a Christian spirit? But, friends, remember the work shows that with which we work, reveals the condition of the implements we had to toil with. These brains of ours, while we are in the present house of the body, we must express ourselves with. Many of the wheels have broken parts. Many are covered and clouded with early difficulties, and men judge us by what we say and what we do, and back of the tired brain, back of the worn out machinery is the living, thinking spirit. Do you not think more easily than you can express yourself? Many a man is a poet, whose thoughts rise almost to the edge of expression, and though he cannot write poetry, he can appreciate it. He has not the gift of ex-

pression. Many a man is a musician; there are music and melody in his spirit, which rise almost to his lips but not quite. It is all there, pent up and impressing, and in its own way will escape. The father of Robert Burns was a poet, but he could not sing his songs except down in the depths of his soul until he passed out of this earthly stage; but the son sang the father's music, not because the soul of the father was reincarnated in the son, but because the plastic life of the son received the divine impression that was in the life of the father. And when this earthly body is laid aside, you will find your thought expressing itself as easily as the song of the bobolink; you will find it running like the waters of the river; you will find it blooming as naturally as the blooming of flowers, and in that better land you will recognize what truest liberty means.

If man is an immortal being—let us blot out that word "If." It makes a great deal of mischief—where was he and what was his condition in all the past, prior to his advent upon this earth? His body was in the sunshine, in the dew, in the rain. It was in everything, waiting its time to go through various changes into that which you now are. But the spirit has not a body. Where was the spirit? Where was the idea of the inventor before he made his first sewing machine? Where was the idea of the inventor before he made the first piano? Where was the idea of the Divine Spirit? Waiting—waiting in the vast space for the right time to come. It always comes in time. There is nothing delayed in the Divine idea: In the right time it comes. It may seem to you that you have a round-trip ticket, and you have been traveling for a very long time, but for us we believe that this is our first appearance upon any stage—the first appearance of the intellectual and spiritual nature, the first appearance of the human identity.

Friends, are you trying to measure the Infinite Intelligence, the Infinite God, with the inch rule and the foot rule of human comprehension? If so, you will find a great many questions staring you in the face. But be sure that you will go on and on, and by approximating other lives, by travel, by observation, by much that will come to you in the future, you will attain your education. We do not mean that your education will ever be finished, for do not imagine that your life is to turn round and round like a windmill. On and on forever, wave-like. How does light travel? In waves. How does heat travel? In waves. How do souls travel? In waves, and not in circles. Onward and onward, for you see it is a spiral path. It is not a pathway that ends where it begins and goes round and round, but on and on and on, in waves it travels. On and on, the pleasure and the pain, light and darkness, the bitter and the sweet, calm and storm, all these things, and in them all the rising—the eternal rising of your lives. That is the way you travel—it is not by repeated successes. We have our defeats and our successes, and you are not to lie down in the darkness of the valley, you are not to rest in the depths of the sea, but to rise and go on and on forever in this great infinity of your beings.

Last of all, yes, it is true of the great teacher, in the days when the light of heaven was shining upon and within him, and great truths shone out to his understanding; when nature was giving her divine revelation to him; when the great harmonia sent its influence into his receptive being; when the Divine Arbutus was within his reach, that he said, "There is a Spiritual Congress, and it controls the affairs of this nation"; meaning it arranged the mistakes of the people into matters of education, meaning that it took on losses, and changed them into gains. And now you ask, If this is so, what is this Congress doing? Well, friends, judging from present conditions, judging from the strange political disease which we might call congestion, we might suppose, if there is a Spiritual Congress watching over us—we might say that the wires are crossed—the nation seems to be breaking up; but it is not so. No; gradually the nation will learn a lesson. Sometime, not to-morrow, and not next week, but sometime, further on, you will look back, and say, "We had a lesson to learn from all that discussion." And, friends, the nation is learning now, it is at school, and the hours of its tuition are exceedingly long, but the heavenly guides will turn earth's strifes and struggles to use. Hope, and be patient for what is coming.

(From The Two Worlds, Eng.)

Striking Testimony to Spiritualism.

I have seen really scientific men, to whom spiritualistic phenomena were actually obnoxious, confounded in all their reasoning, and while still remaining skeptical to the claims of the Spiritualists, were yet convinced of the truly genuine and marvelous character of their manifestations. All these communications from friends that seem so strange, the revelations from unknown sources, are not more unaccountable than the experiences and manifestations of my friend who was not a Spiritualist. They belong to the same realm of activity. It matters little whether you call it Spiritualism or not, it is an activity that has an utter indifference to matter. On every hand I hear the evidence told that they whom we call dead are around us still; visit us when we know not; and exert an influence upon our actions through means undreamed of. And as men in a superstitious age thought that they were under the influence of some star, blessed or baneful, and others believed themselves accompanied by some familiar spirit, so I and hundreds now who are not Spiritualists are equally impressed with the feeling that some unknown soul whose love can never die is lingering in their presence to help and comfort and console. I cannot prove that it is so. I believe it will be so, if it is not so now, and all men will sometime realize it as a fact.

To dwell forever in the presence of those we cherish, to feel the pleasure of their sympathy and love in a world where clouds and tears and sorrows never come; where the divinest influences linger around the soul and no discord ever comes to mar the harmonies of being—this has been the fondest dream of every age and of all religions. But to find those joys to-day, to see the barriers of death crumbling away, the veils of darkness uprolling like a mist to hear the voices and heed the counsel and see the faces of those we love: this is surely a dream entrancing enough to captivate one who does not even believe that he has a deathless soul, and who only smiles about the myths of another world.

There are sad hearts for whom death has made this world a tomb, which have been cheered and lifted into light and glory by the outpourings of love from an unknown world, which, unseen, lies around us all. The gloom has been transformed into shimmering splendor by processes more marvelous than any physiologist has found. And souls to whom this world has been a hell have been suddenly awakened to find it a heaven; surpassing any tale of fairy or fairy. Rev. E. T. Sanborn.

The Connecticut State Building at the World's Fair, has been sold to a resident of Chicago for three thousand dollars, and he expects to transfer it to another Chicago man, who is a native of Connecticut, and who intends to keep it in private grounds and make it a museum, with a collection of curios and souvenirs of his State.

Original Essays.

KNOW THE TRUTH.

BY WHITE ROSE.

Spiritualism should be investigated by all rational men and women. The article of Mr. Sheldon, in the *Non-Sectarian* for October, regarding the subject of Spiritualism seems to me to be so empty of merit as an independent contribution to free thought and inquiry, that one asks himself after reading it, how an ethical cultist who makes any pretense to freedom, and who is an exponent of rational, independent investigation of the problems and phenomena of life, could have uttered such ungracious and conservative thought.

If man is right in believing, as doubtless Mr. Sheldon teaches—for I am not a stranger to his eloquent words and lectures in other directions, and I heartily agree with him in the thought—that to be and do good is our chief and present concern, so far as ethical requirements or duty are involved, he must think and reason for himself, and thus fortify himself against error and evil; in order to make any forms and phases of truth demonstrable to his mind, he must reason them out—at least he should corroborate all facts, so far as he can to his own understanding and satisfaction, and not take for granted what can readily be proven by investigation to exist; why then should man deny himself the prerogative of such study and inquiry, and rely altogether or at all on the authority of some body of so-called scientists, or the Psychological Research Society? In what respects, let me ask Mr. Sheldon, are such men better qualified for arriving at truth in these lines than the average unbiased intelligence, and what guarantee have we that such men as the late Dr. Carpenter, for instance—who was a scientist of no mean repute on his own lines—could and would approach the subject and facts with mind unbiased and open to conviction? Might they not not even as Sir David Brewster did, whose notorious and foolish remark that "spirits would be the last thing that he would give in to," disqualify him as a fair critic, and one possessing the true scientific spirit? Why was or is man endowed with reason at all, if its very office is to be passive and not active: to assent to rather than investigate and know the truth? We think Mr. Sheldon's arguments in this respect are contrary to the nature of the mind, the experience of mankind, and the consensus of opinion of truth-seekers who bow to no master but truth, and have no better and other guide than reason. It is not here claimed that there are many things that we must accept by faith, but where the possibility and opportunity exist to investigate any phenomena, even so-called spiritualistic phenomena, we believe it to be man's right and duty to know the truth, and nothing but the truth, by personal investigation. Let perfect love cast out of the soul all fear, and one need not be afraid of evil at séances or sittings with mediums.

If one is so constituted that he is more willing to let someone else do his thinking, or is weak-minded and physically disabled, then let such wait for the verdict of time and science to give the facts.

If you wish to know the facts, we feel that we are justified in advising you to investigate them for yourself—in that way alone will you come at once to the light! I feel that the truth is so precious, and has such bearing on the great problem of evil and life, that none can afford to say, "I'll wait until Dr. Carpenter or Sir David Brewster agree that the facts exist," for as surely as the days are passing into oblivion, just so surely will you find that these men will not agree, or they will make affirmations which you are unprepared to receive. What will Mr. Sheldon say of the conclusions arrived at by Prof. Wallace and Crookes as to the facts of Spiritualism? They admit of the reality of spirits and of the so-called spiritualistic phenomena and facts. Able, "wise" and careful investigators as these scientists are and were, in their own realms as well as in the examination of the facts of Spiritualism displayed under test conditions, will he and those timid ones who stand under his shadow, accept their conclusions? No! And why? Simply because they cannot; they have not investigated them for themselves; and so it will be with all such who follow his dictum until they personally enter the field for personal knowledge and satisfaction.

Facts are stubborn things—they will not meet us on our social and mental planes; Spiritualism is democratic, something that concerns the reason and life of all mankind, and we shall wait until doomsday, if we expect to be able to find truth appealing to us as we wish it, before we shall know the truth which shall satisfy the soul.

Men are—unless idiotic, insane, and imbeciles—qualified to study and examine the phenomena of Spiritualism, whatever may be their opinions and conclusions after examination. I fear the trouble with many is, that Spiritualism must first become popular, first become the science of newspapers, first reach us on our planes of social ease and caste, before they will be ready to seek an angel from the great beyond—seek for light in or from some despised Nazareth and Nazarene.

Well was it said by Mr. Sheldon that the soul is the study of man; yet is he—able and wise as he may be—after the over two thousand years of the study of man along lines which, the most brilliant minds of the past have pursued, and with all that they have given us—is he able to make any marked change in their systems of thought and the thought of the world, without the knowledge which these very facts of Spiritualism will give, and which he personally ignores? The old lines and systems of thought lead to doubt and despair. The soul, we admit, is immortal, even though the facts of Modern Spiritualism were unknown; and to do and be good is the duty of human souls, even though ethnic systems of religion had never come into vogue; yet how much more helpful to us all are the inner promptings and our own intuitions when verified and fortified by the knowledge which the facts of Spiritualism afford. How bravely we can fight for the beautiful truth that all should love and adore, enduring social ostracism and poverty, if needs be, when we know that the angel-world is all about us; that spirit intelligences in love and truth are ministering to us; that what we feel is our immortal part and inheritance is not fancy nor dream, but the fact of being, as corroborated by the facts of outward, visible phenomena! And we repeat, that all rational men and women not only should investigate the phenomena, study the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism, but they should know and feel that it is their duty to do so.

It is true that every one is not qualified to determine the scientific value and bearing of such phenomena in the practical issues of life, but the majority of earnest investigators are qualified to be satisfied of the reality of spirit presences, and of the fact of immortality and intercommunication of spirits and mortals through the phenomena. The patient and zealous seeker after truth is the one who gains at last the pearl of great price. Suppose some spirit-friend of Mr. Sheldon should rap at his table, would he seek personally for the cause and reason of it or would he be so foolish as to say, "I am not capacitated nor qualified to know what this means?" or what is worse, would he say inwardly: "I am afraid to investigate the source of these raps lest I might become a believer in Spiritualism; Spiritualism is not popular with the classes, and I should lose my position and prestige?" Would he—in view of this phenomenon, ask the Psychological Research Society or "some dear good outsider" to take up the study, and thus shift the responsibility from his own soul to that of a fellow and co-worker? But the "raps" are personal and come to him for his good, and he should and must awake to their importance and meaning or go into the great beyond a self-condemned man! And this illustration is but a typical one. Immortality is a fact of our being, and we personally should know it, if as we feel that knowledge is to be had of it, and we cannot see how any one can maintain a stubborn indifference and lofty egotism to the facts which cry out now in nearly every home.

It is a question, after all, whether advice pro or con in this matter counts for much, for when the spirit of investigation is aroused among rich, poor, wise, ignorant, who will or can stand in the way of their knowing the facts? Palliatives, temporizings, compromises, indulgences, are the soothing syrups that those who still love the old regime, and are not ready for the unvarnished and saving truth, and who thus quiet their consciences. Their hour and remorse will come, never fear. The scales of justice are held out to them by the spirit-world, and if they are found wanting, retribution for neglected opportunity will come to them. All such certainly care more for their "ism," "nostrum," "soothing syrup," "system or caste of thought," than for the truth, for if this were not so it is evident that they would give these up for it, whatever it is or wherever it leads them—at any rate, they would gladly and earnestly seek to look through "the rift in the clouds" for the light—which will be the light of the world—which Spiritualism and its phenomena alone afford.

A CRY FROM THE PULPIT.

BY DELTA.

There has come an anguished cry from out the heart of an Orthodox clergyman, uttered in an Orthodox pulpit, almost under the shadow of the White City. I have been expecting many such all along the line of a dead formalism, for a living, quivering, sensitive heart, in spite of its brain manacles and its submission to dry dogma, must revolt against the shriveled husks of creed, and in its starved condition must find voice. Spiritual life has long been imprisoned in the garb of dogma and dead formalism, a scrupulous tithing of the "mint, anise and cummin" of pure worldliness has taken its place in the active life. Mere speculations have been offered hungry souls crying out for living, spiritual bread, and the fashionable wells of churchdom are yielding no "living water" from the eternal fountains to slake the thirst of the heart. Hungry and thirsty multitudes, in both pulpit and pews, are wondering when "the times of refreshing," prophesied ages ago for another people, another race, and other conditions, will come to them. It has come, but they will neither see, hear nor acknowledge it. They prefer husks, with their old ideas, rather than living bread without them, dry wells, rather than living springs of the water of life.

Causes for this famine and thirst in the churches have long been sought, and in individual cases, professedly found. But the finding abates not a tittle of the soul-hunger and thirst. Some bold hearts, tired of the shams of an empty formalism, and heart-hungry for spiritual life, are making emphatic cries from the pulpit. They are boldly facing ecclesiastical indolence and trials, in their vehement accusations. They are placing the most irritable of bilsters upon the thick outsoles of the easy, formal, fashionable, irreligious leaders among the laity, who rob, and steal, and skin their brethren under the forms of commercial law and custom, six days in the week, and are sleek, sanctimonious, and apparently devout communicants on the seventh. Evidently, the friends on the hither side of life have entered churches, pulpits and hearts in them and made the famine and thirst a matter of anguished consciousness. I bid them Godspeed in their noble work of elevating human character and fitting men and women for a higher than merely earthly condition upon their passing the mortal boundary.

Among the latest of these heart-cries, to which the secular press has aided the pulpit in giving voice, is that of the pastor of the First Baptist church of Evanston, Ill. In a recent sermon he took for his topic, "What is the Difficulty? or the Slow Growth of the Kingdom." Among other pungent things, he said:

"What means it that the church is so vexed and tried by the many interpreters and prophets of the day? We were never in a more frightful jangle as to creeds, and the bells of all ecclesiasticalism are out of tune. We are worshipping our nets and fishing tackle, but failing to catch the fish that swarm around our boats. The devil never laughs as loud and long, I think, as when evangelists stand up and tell us to read the Bible, and pray for seasons. That is all we can expect from those who make prayer a religious thing and daily conduct another and secular thing."

But let us be glad that the victims of mere theology are losing their force upon men's minds; that the advice to pray and not vote as to a national crime seems as impracticable now as the prophecies of the old-time almanac. For the dreams men wrangle about, fight over, and pound their Bibles with passionate emphasis of fact, men care not a farthing.

If Christianity has no ear for the babes' cries, the widow's tears, and the inhuman system of licensed grogshops, murderously debauching and slaying the fairest of the land, no practicable effort for the suppression of these wrongs, then she only advertises the impotency of her system, and the absence of life in her organism.

This is the lesson that God is writing in the news-papers of to-day which mock us for our lack of fidelity to men and their weal. This is the lesson which will be taught by those leaders who can sing gospel hymns to the starving and the wretched, while so many professed Christians can eat and drink, laugh and feast and dance in the shadow of sorrow and pain spreading from the haunts of crime—often supported by the ballots we cast.

The church of God is sick at heart for the advent of strong, soul-like leaders who dare wage a battle of

iconoclastic might against our idols and shams. We are finding dryness in the staid old formulas, deadness and blindness in the old gods and teachers, and sighing, how deeply!—for the power of the living Christ.

God's call to you and me to love men—men of every class and condition—to help artisan and mechanic, laborer and capitalist to solve their problems, is far louder than any call he sends for us to interpret the Book of Romans or the prophecy of Daniel. No truth is ever revealed to men apart from the life that shall live it and interpret it."

Free Thought.

The First Spirit Rappings.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

In looking over the BANNER OF LIGHT of July 1st, I noticed an article headed "Spirit Rappings," which I read with great interest. It reminded me of a story I had heard from my earliest childhood about the "Rub-a-dubs" my mother had heard when quite young. She passed to the spirit-life years ago, but I found upon inquiring that there was one person still living who also had heard them, and was well acquainted with all the people connected with them. So impressed was I with the idea that I ought to write the story up for the benefit of those who had never heard it that I called to see her, and she gave me all the details as clearly as if they had happened only a week ago. The lady is now eighty-eight years of age, but her mind is perfectly clear as to events that happened years ago rather than on those of more recent date.

I think what I have to write will prove that the "Rochester Rappings" were not the first that startled mortals with the idea that spirits could communicate with them in a way to be understood.

In the year 1813, in the town of Y—, there stood, at the head of Marshall's lane, a hotel. Captain Charles R—, the host, had a daughter Lydia, who, as in our day, had several young lady friends. Among them were two, named Maria C— and Polly L—. One night Maria stayed to sleep with Lydia, and after they had put out the light and retired, they heard gentle raps on the headboard of their bed.

Maria asked, "What is that?"

Lydia answered, "It must be rats."

Still the raps continued, getting louder. Then Lydia said, "Come, old 'Rub-a-dub,' play us a good tune." And they did rap out the time to an old tune named "All the Way to Galloway," which used to be played on the fife as the militia paraded, and which the girls had often heard. They were now thoroughly frightened, and began to scream for Lydia's mother, who came in with a light to see what was the trouble. The raps ceased as the light appeared, and telling them not to make any more noise, she went out. As soon as she was gone the raps began again, louder than before, and they called for her to come back, telling her to blow out the candle, that she might hear for herself.

She did so, and the raps were so loud that she was more frightened than they, and called for her husband, who appeared on the scene in great haste. He listened, and said: "It must be caused by something in the wall," but on tearing the ceiling away next day nothing could be found to cause such a sound. He then declared that "it was a trick of the girls to fool the old folks." They denied it, but Lydia's mother took them in to a room by themselves, and stood them on a bench, so there was no possible way for them to move without her seeing it. The raps came so loud, that, as she told afterward, "it seemed as if the floor, bench and all would come up."

As this story became more public people came from many places to hear for themselves. Questions were asked on various subjects, and answered truthfully. Doctors, lawyers and ministers assembled to investigate, but could not solve the mystery. One evening when many were assembled, feather beds were piled up, and the girls placed on top, so there was no possible way for them to make a noise, but the raps answered, as before. When the question was asked, whether the force would reveal itself if they went together in a room by themselves it rapped loudly, and many times in the affirmative. The girls were frightened, and would not go, although assured by many present that they would stand at doors and windows to see that no harm came to them. Thus much was lost that might have been known in regard to the reality of the spirits' power to come in a visible form.

People believed in "ghosts" in those days, and many tales have I listened to of spirits appearing; still no one seemed to believe it a reality that they could take form, although many supposed in this instance that this might have been the spirit of one Captain L—, who they had reason to think was murdered by pirates on his passage from the West Indies.

There were still many skeptics, Captain C— among others. His ship was ready to sail, "waiting for the wind to haul round." He came into the hotel and said he would like to know when he was going to get away. Maria came in and he asked her, but there was no answer. "Well," he said, "am I going to die?" Still no answer. "How many years am I going to live?" No answer—and no answer when he asked, "How many months?" "How many weeks?" But when he asked, "How many days?" three loud raps came. He did not believe, but on the third day, at about the same hour, as he was going to his ship, he fell dead in the street.

After his death people feared to ask questions, but the raps still continued to follow Maria wherever she went till about six months after, when they ceased altogether.

Whatever may be told of ghost stories, I know that this is a true statement of a supernatural manifestation, and many a time have I listened to this story of the "Rub-a-dubs," but not to take in its full meaning. I am not a Spiritualist, but I think I have always believed in ghosts or spirits, as they now call them, being around us, and having the power, under certain conditions, to become visible even to persons in a normal state.

Should any one wish to assure himself of the truthfulness of these statements I shall be pleased to give him the address of the lady who furnished me with the notes from which I have written.

S. E. T.

Boston, 1893.

E. N. Choir.—Is your church supported by voluntary contributions? Dr. Howells' No, say by involuntary contributions. It's less like drawing teeth get der cash outen my congregation!—Pick.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WINELOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Spirit of the Press.

A Haunted House at Birtley.

A CLAIRVOYANT DISCOVERS THE GHOST.

"Say not it is false, I tell thee some
Are warn'd by a motor light;
Or a cold wind rustling calls them home,
Or a voice on the winds by night."

Mrs. Hemans must surely have been under "the influence" when she wrote in the above strain, or perhaps had some such experience as was vouchsafed at the "haunted house" in Birtley [some time since] through a clairvoyant. A walling sound was heard [sometimes by day] about eleven o'clock, and again early in the afternoon; but the time of most disturbance was said to be between nine o'clock and midnight. "Twixt the gloamin' and the mirk" on Thursday night the miner and his wife kindly received a special party of investigation and discovery, including Mr. Robinson, the well-known Spiritualist; Mrs. Brown, a local clairvoyant and personating medium; her husband, and a representative of The Leader.

The head of the house had given up his notions about a natural explanation of the unearthly sound, and was not averse, with his wife's concurrence, to a trial of the supernatural, of which, however, he had no conception, having seen nothing of the kind. Mrs. Brown is not a professional medium, she only made the visit at the request of Mr. Robinson, and she is the mother of a large family. Sitting in the kitchen, with the light only from the glowing fire, for it was quickly falling by the window, the clairvoyant looked herself like a visitor from the other side, so thin and pale are her features, and this effect was not relieved as she became possessed by her familiar spirit—that of a negro girl named Flossie. She shook and shivered, gave convulsive throbs, and seemed at first like one in an epileptic fit.

The clairvoyant in low, and at times rather incoherent tones—quite different from her own voice—began to tell what she knew the group wanted to know.

"Me see a woman sitting by the fire," she murmured.

"Is she happy?" queried Mr. Robinson.

"Me like to talk what I see," said the clairvoyant's familiar, in a dull to the questioner.

The clairvoyant then put her elbows on her knees and rest her head on her hands. She does not know I am here.

The clairvoyant now swung herself backward and forward, and appeared to be in sympathetic anguish. She proceeded to describe this ghost that she saw sitting on a stool beside the fire, and said she seemed to be worrying herself more than she had any cause. She appeared to be from twenty-eight to thirty years of age, and had dark hair parted down the middle.

"Yes, that's his first wife," exclaimed the young mistress of the house, and her husband acquiesced.

The clairvoyant was in an agony of perspiration as she made the revelation.

The husband admitted that his first wife had a habit of sitting on the stool pointed to, and rocking herself in the way mentioned.

The clairvoyant proceeded to declare that the ghost was not unhappy because he had got a second wife—that he had nothing to do with it. She did not seem to realize yet that she had "crossed the bourne," and was still fretting and worrying at her own miserable self.

The present wife, with a child on her knee, here interposed with a question, "Is it because of any ill usage to her children?" There is a report here that I ill-use them—I if I was away I only wish some one would be as good to me as you are.

The speaker gave one the impression that she would be as good as her word, and the husband has all the appearance of being among the best of his class.

Flossie, the familiar, deprecated any personal grievance on the part of the ghost, but said she wanted her husband to forgive her. He did not know what for, but said he was quite willing, like a man.

It now appeared that the ghost had been drawn toward the medium by the more experienced Flossie, who wanted the deceased wife to control her, and in this transmutation the medium became hysterical and sobbed aloud.

The clairvoyant's familiar had evidently got alarmed for the medium, and stopped the control of the ghost. Proceeding, the medium said that the late wife had died with a grudge; she was very miserable, and could not leave the place. She told that she had left two girls and a boy, which was sent to be corrected by the more interested listeners, and proceeded to declare that the misery of the ghost was not on account of jealousy or feelings of revenge. She was just beginning to realize that she had passed away.

The medium now came out of her entranced state to rest. In conversation it appeared that the present wife has been married for about four years, and has two children. She knew the first wife, who had been dead about six months before she was married to the head of the haunted house. At this stage a county councillor and two local preachers obtained entrance, the blind was drawn, and the gas lighted, but the weird sound came not. There was a good deal of talking outside, and the preachers and the Spiritualists got into disquisition and discussion. The clairvoyant became entranced again and again, rather a painful or less pleasant, but the set influence appeared to be disturbed. A circle was formed around the spirits suggested opening with the hymn "There is a land of pure delight," but Flossie, the African familiar, said that the disturbing effect on the crowd outside would more than counterbalance any good in the way of promoting the psychological influence, and so after more disquisition and stories on the supernatural, the visitors left the cottage for the night.

The medium in her entranced condition had no doubt but that the sound heard was caused by the miner's first wife, and felt that had the disturbing influences not occurred Flossie would have brought about her control by the troubled spirit, and in the process of communication and contact with higher intelligences been relieved from her distress. The first wife died from consumption, and the husband, as he quietly and feelingly stated, sat up with her every night for six weeks.—The Northern Leader (Eng.).

Make the World Better.

"Make the world better," were among Lucy Stone's dying words. They were spoken only a few hours before the end came, and were addressed in weakened tones to the famous woman's daughter, who bent tenderly over her mother to hear what she might say. It was a touching scene, and the above stirring sentiment uttered at such a crisis in life only serves to show the strength of character of the noble woman who, at that very moment, was passing away.—Boston Record.

The dying words of this brave woman, if heeded, would make all gospels and all religions superfluous. If every one thought, spoke and lived to make the world better, churches would be unnecessary, and the clergy would have nothing to do. All of life's saddest, bitterest experiences utter this command: Make the world better. A peculiar force is lent these words by the dying voice of a woman whose whole life was one long struggle to improve mankind. Lucy Stone put into those few words what she had been doing for nearly twenty years. It was the voice of her heart that moved her lips. The last message of this great woman to her daughter was addressed to all human kind. A woman who had made the world better had the right to speak such words.—The Boston Investigator.

In his own flowery kingdom the heathen Chinee who desires to become a benedict does not dream of approaching his desired bride until he has heard what her father has had to say. The interview with papa on these occasions is largely occupied by a prolonged haggle over the amount the suitor is to give, until the bargain is adjusted to mutual satisfaction.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1104 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial bottles of Kola to all who send for them by mail to agents from Asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

Pennsylvania.

TRAINING.—Rev. J. H. McElroy writes: "As I said in a previous article in THE BANNER, my conversion to Spiritualism was quite slow, at least the public announcement of it; but I think I know where I stand, and why. Of the church—Protestant Episcopal—which so kindly fostered me, and in whose loving service I spent many of the happiest years, I have no need to say any but the kindest things. I resigned, after the earnest entreaties of many friends to remain with them."

I am a Spiritualist, by experience and ample evidence. The question of lecturing or writing on it never has had any knowing thing to do with my open hearty espousal of it. But talking having been my calling, in part, I feel that I should do duty in that kind of service, should the way open."

[We are glad to welcome the brother to the work. We have inserted his name—as are all others in our lecture list—free. We would state that he has been misinformed as to all the Spiritualist lecturers being public test mediums as well. Such is not the case by any means.—Eds.]

Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption by a New Discovery.

Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. It is a suffering to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

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Banner of Light.

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This offer is made to introduce the paper to those among the public who have not yet formed practical acquaintance with its valuable and sterling contents.

Thanking its regular subscribers anew for their continued kindness, THE BANNER'S publishers desire that this—the veteran journal of the spiritual movement—shall receive its share of support from the new comers into our household of knowledge. With this hope the above offer is made.

A Brief Review and Its Lessons.

This is not the time when true and tried Spiritualists who have followed closely the varied and progressive manifestations of spirit-presence, intelligence and power, should yield an iota of spiritual truth, half-mast the flag of spiritualistic freedom and certitude, or compromise their philosophy—based upon the facts of spirit-return and spirit disclosures of the laws of both realms of human existence. These revelations began in the most modest manner—so modest and simple, in fact, that their investigators and disciples became targets for all the sarcasm, buffoonery, and social and credal ostracism which the low, prejudiced and non-progressive in community could pour upon them.

But the realm of spirit made its manifestations in its own time, place and methods. It was not for the uninformed denizens of earth to dictate as to how, when and where the master spirits, conversant with their own powers, their own laws and modes of action, should communicate with their brothers and sisters in earth. For long centuries the intellect and heart of the race had hoped, believed and guessed that existence did not end with bodily death, but it did not know. In religious credulism the faith of the heart had been forced to the front of the reason in acknowledgment of the soul's immortality, but it was a faith, and not knowledge based upon present, living facts. Every religious system had its graveyard, its gehenna, into which was cast all troublesome mysteries, all questions which logically arose touching the future, continuous existence for the race, and the nature of that existence. These questions multiplied like spring leaves with the intellectual culture of man.

The return of exanimate spirit-intelligences, their disclosures, from an alphabet to a profound spiritual philosophy; their revelations of the laws of spirit in this as in all stages of unfoldment, under the one great, universal law of evolution, have closed the graves of mystery, have banished the gehenna of credal teaching, and have disclosed to man a rational creation and a rational government of that creation by law, in whole as in part, in abstract as in concrete.

Spiritualists have simply followed: the immortals have led. Step by step, as fast as an honest and devout discipleship could comprehend and accept, the area of manifestation has been enlarged, the manifestations themselves have been varied, but the advance has been from the material to the higher intellectual, intuitional and spiritual plane. More and more forcible have been the convincing appeals reaching the thoughtful, the scholarly, and the devout, until to-day its discipleship is numbered by millions, and their quality has driven the old sarcasm and buffoonery into the social realm of the low and vulgar wits where buffoonery takes the place of sound thinking, and where sense and self respect have no place.

There are two classes who neither accept nor wish to believe that their dead live and manifest that life by their conscious presence in earth—to wit: materialistic atheists, and bigoted church credulists. While the antithesis of each other, they are united in denying and combating the facts and the philosophy of spirit revelation. They prefer to live and die ignorant rather than to be informed in an unorthodox way. Now that scientific and cultured minds have yielded to the pressure of evidence, and the learned professions are utilizing spirit forces, under this revelation of its

laws; now that able scientists in all enlightened nations have acknowledged themselves disciples of this modern gospel of light and comfort, a radical change is taking place in the relation of society to it and its disciples.

The spirit world continues to direct its own disclosures, and affix the conditions of any and all revelations. It has never yielded that right, simply because, as we reason, it cannot. All spirit manifestations and revelations must come to mortals through their obedience to these conditions. Willful defiance of spirit rules on the mortal side means no spirit disclosure. Right here human pride and scientific and credal stubbornness meet their Waterloo. The willing and the obedient eat of the fruits of the tree of life; the stubbornly disobedient sit behind their own self-created barrier and starve.

Old Spiritualists who realize these facts have always prophesied the failure of all attempts at compromise by societies organized for the purpose of examining phenomena in order to find, if possible, a physical basis for their existence and manifestation. These associations have either all failed or are destined to fail. The so-called "Seybert Commission" made a total failure of both investigation and report. The English society with its long name has spent years in studying the nature and powers of the human mind and soul—a very important and interesting study—and has had some glimpses into the hereafter of life when it threw away the crutches of its self-conceit. The later organized American society, composed chiefly of Protestant clergymen, have come nearer to the comprehension of the imperative laws of spirit intercourse, and have, consequently, been more successful. Some of its members, if reports are true, have been soundly converted to the truth, with corresponding comfort to themselves.

The lessons we desire to impress upon true Spiritualists are: Stand firm to the Cause as directed by our angel friends; permit no interference by selfish, outside organizations; let none such "lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind." Let no credulists, atheist, materialist, or agnostic, have your countenance in seeking to lead, or to destroy this angel mission of life immortal. Fly the old flag; obey spiritual directions; conform cheerfully to spirit conditions, and you will see the triumph of soul freedom, and the supremacy of this practical gospel of immortality, as it passes from the mystic region of soul-faith to the solid realm of convincing fact.

"Medical Slavery through Legislation."

In Henry Wood's admirable article bearing this title, which appears in this month's issue of *The Arena*, the author takes the position that THE BANNER has always held in regard to this important matter. So thoroughly has it been considered, and so exhaustively has it been treated in these columns, that to add one word to what has already been written would seem like supererogation on our part were it not for the dogged persistency of a certain class of "regulars" whose very mediocrity precludes the possibility of their successful competition with well-developed natural healers, gifted clairvoyantly, and skillful practitioners of other schools.

In this connection Mr. Wood truly says: "This is the class that have moved heaven and earth to have the business of healing 'regulated.' They are extremely anxious to have the dear people protected from cheap quackery. No wonder that honorable physicians, not in league with these zealots, are concerned for the honor of their profession."

He adds that in several States of the Union the homeopaths and eclectics have become so numerous and influential that, as a matter of policy, they have been invited to enter the monopoly, although the allopath considers the homeopath a heretic, and will not meet him in consultation; but that, "greatly to the honor of the homeopaths and eclectics, they have generally declined such an unnatural alliance."

In respect to the right of the State to enact laws regulating healing, Mr. Wood affirms that "Governmental dictation regarding the style of homes, furniture or costumes, would be mild in quality compared with that which concerns life and death." He continues this line of thought in the following trenchant words:

"Our Government is founded upon the intelligence of its citizens. Our legislators are not dictators but servants, and every citizen is a reigning sovereign in his own personal domain. The essence of popular government is control from within rather than from without. Democracy takes it for granted that citizens are not imbeciles, but free, intelligent, moral agents. Within proper limits they are to exercise the power of choice, and that even where the choosing may not always be the best. Educational progress in any department is only possible where the individual is left free—even to make mistakes. A community shut away from everything experimental would never learn anything more. Even if a legislative majority had infallible wisdom, it would have no right, by organized force, to thrust it into the internal recesses of a personal life. . . . The vital question is, Shall the State step in between the invalid and his deepest convictions and most sacred rights, and veto them?"

The writer asserts furthermore that legislative medical coercion is not only oppressive and immoral but unconstitutional; and expresses the hope that some thorough test case from one of the monopoly ridden States may soon find its way to the highest tribunal of the land on constitutional grounds.

It may not be generally known, continues this able exponent of medical liberty, that only three out of the large sisterhood of States—Massachusetts, Maine and Rhode Island—remain entirely free from medical usurpation; and that if any one in a great majority of the States is healed of disease by means of any treatment denominated "irregular," the person who has thus served him is liable to arrest, punishment, and classification as a felon, to cure "irregularly" is as much of a violation of the law as to kill! Some of the most despotic governments of Europe, adds Mr. Wood, in substance, accord a larger medical liberty to their citizens than do most of the States of the American Union:

"The poor man who cannot pay a fashionable fee can be accommodated by cheaper practitioners and even apothecaries. Medical fees average about three times as much in America as in Germany. Our rich people do not mind this, but to many a poor man, with a chronic invalid in his family, it is a crushing burden."

But the liberty-loving people of America will never rest quietly until every vestige of medieval proscription is swept from the statute books. There still exists an intangible but real residuum of the same spirit which burned Bruno, imprisoned Galileo, and whipped Quakers. Those brave souls were the irregulars of the past. Assumed infallibility, whether in religion, astronomy, therapeutics, or any other department, has always waged a warfare against progress. . . . Every human growth and advancement has been born of influences outside of conventional boundaries.

He pertinently asks: "Do the people need to

be 'protected'? Are they incompetent to choose their system of healing, and do they suffer in consequence? There is no evidence of this in the comparative mortality records. On the other hand, some carefully recorded experiments in certain European hospitals show a much larger ratio of recoveries in the same diseases where simple nursing was administered, than where it was combined with drug treatment."

In regard to the necessity for common laws against malpractice, which no thoughtful individual will dispute, he asserts that they "put every one of every school, who assumes to heal professionally, on the defensive. Under them, any recklessness or ignorant assumption is perilous to the pretender."

Mr. Wood closes his vigorous and zealous protest against medical coercive legislation, which is obviously a direct violence of the rights of the individual, with the following earnest and practical sentences:

"It is especially to be hoped that New York will make an effort, at the next session of its legislature, to throw off the yoke of medical bondage and become as free as Massachusetts. Such a victory by the progressive people of the Empire State would be a great moral inspiration all along the line. An organization, even if small in each State, through which liberty-loving people may concentrate their strength, seems highly desirable."

What Spirit Is and Does.

In the realm of the spirit all things correspond to spirit, just as in the realm of matter all things correspond to matter. It is going to be a great disappointment to the one who expects to take his physical organism and its requirements into the realm of spirit. All will have the conditions they have fashioned for themselves. The walls of the spiritual habitation that is predicated on the experience of the senses will be narrow and close, and the spiritual existence will be extremely limited and confined, that must have only a attenuated matter for its spiritual form instead of the spirit itself.

It is in no sense to our bodies that the spirits speak, but to the spirit alone within us. There would be no need of physical manifestation or materialization if spirit could speak directly to spirit, soul to soul. Tongues are inspired and lips made to discourse, because the barriers rise from the physical side of life; and when we awake to the knowledge of the spirit, we shall see with surprise and wonder how this garment of the dust has been pervaded by the spirit, how this house of clay has been clothed with energy and made to do the will of the spirit, and how the life was fragrant from the spirit while it was in the human form, and the dust was made to exhibit some small portion of the soul that pervaded it.

Little indeed know we as yet of the soul, of which these feeble bodies of ours are the fragmentary expressions. We fondly imagine or believe that what clusters around the physical organism is all there is of us; that the names we bear, the places we live in, the streets we walk through, the farms, hills, and mountains we visit are the real and the whole of our life. In that larger life of spirit we shall experience a feeling of shame at the thought of having limited the powers of the spirit to the confines of this feeble earthly habitation, and with having measured immortality by a grain of sand. Atoms shall return to their primal atoms, and each chemical attribute to its primal source, and every vibration be reduced to its primal source, but the soul, fetterless and free in its own realm, works the wonders of the universe.

The soul wreaks its expression on everything here; there is no rhythm in the book of nature, no music in the song of bird, no blade of grass that gleams with emerald spears, no waving branches, no sounds that come forth from music, that are not attuned to wonderful harmony, from the soul of man in his present existence. It cleaves this outward air with something of the divine. What would all things be without the soul? The universe would be dead. Thus are we instructed that all the wonders that are wrought in this visible universe are from within.

There is no subtle alchemy working in the veins and fibre of human existence that does not bear the stamp of that Divine Intelligence that sets the globules in motion and bids them carry forward the message of life for this brief season of being here. But the songs of the angels, the sounds of that matchless sphere that are broken by the discordant jars of earth, the wonders of that realm that, through all affection and prophecy and longings, human hopes have yearned for here—what is the meaning of these hopes of ours for a diviner possession yet to come? What does it mean that man expects physical life to reveal itself in still greater perfection, unless he knows that the spirit in himself is the power that will do all this? Does the nature around us declare this? No, it is blind and deaf and dumb; but the wonder-worker within and around man declares it; prophet, seer, sage, poet, human consciousness all declare it, all proclaim it, and by the inspiration of the upper realm, by the voices that breathe upon him from the world of souls, will be wrought these wonders in the world which are painted and described as the millennium.

Dr. W. H. Terry.

The editor and publisher of *The Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, Australia, is in town, and it behooves the Spiritualists of this city to give him a cordial reception. He is a talented man and a firm Spiritualist, and is known as such not only in Australia, but in England and North America as well.

He is a great friend of the Spiritual Lyceums, and all other methods—as Bro. Peebles avers, who knows him well—which are blended with the dissemination of strictly unadulterated Spiritualism, just what THE BANNER has been inculcating for many years. Here is what Bro. Peebles said of our English contemporary in our issue of Oct. 21st, '93:

"When [Bro. Terry] reaches San Antonio I intend to put him into the sunniest room in my Sanitarium, feed him upon hygienic food, cover his writing desk with roses, and talk with him over the spiritualistic battles fought and victories won during my two lecture visits to Australia."

So we intend to tell our friend something of our great battles for the promulgation of the divine truths of Spiritualism in this country as well as in Europe, and how wonderfully we have been sustained through the machinations of selfishness in our ranks and the vituperations of the outside enemies of our glorious Cause, the bigoted denominational clergy.

We clasp the hand of our spiritual contemporary from the island-continent with the utmost cordiality, and hope and trust that while Bro. Terry remains at the Hub all our spirit-friends, who are numerous, will likewise give him a cordial greeting.

Who is Responsible for this Kind of Work at the World's Fair?

The strictly secular free school has always been the sort of public school contended for by THE BANNER. It has steadily insisted that it should be wholly and thoroughly secular. In that character alone rests the common hope. But it is evident that the same Protestant bigots who tried their utmost to close the World's Fair on Sunday have been using it, or its visitors, to obtain alleged signatures to a petition to put the Bible into the public schools of Chicago. The well-known editor of the *Children's Corner in The Truth Seeker* recently wrote of a visit she paid to the Skinner school, and likewise that the Bible had not been read in Chicago schools for sixteen years. She says that one day after that visit, while passing a section in the educational department of the Liberal Arts Building, a lady held forth a paper to her and solicited her signature. On reading it, she found that it asked to have the Bible put back into the public schools. A copy of the petition is given in her letter.

On being told by the correspondent that she was not a resident of Chicago, she was answered apologetically that there was another petition for non-residents. When asked frankly if the schools had become demoralized in the last sixteen years without having the Bible read in them, she answered, "Oh! yes, very much indeed; the schools are in a wretched condition; you have no idea." The condition of the Skinner school with its twelve hundred and fifty pupils was cited to the contrary, the teacher having informed the correspondent that the scholars were not worse without the Bible, but were obedient, moral and well-behaved. There was no reply made to this, for there could be none. The lady offering the petition for signature said she had already secured fifty thousand names! Who could tell how many of them were bona fide residents of Chicago?—and it would seem that no others should rightfully have a voice in the matter! This is the way the bigots work their schemes for place and power.

Honors to a Distinguished Australian.

The Cleveland (O.) Leader of the 31st ult. gives an account of a reception tendered Dr. William H. Terry, of Melbourne, Australia, the evening previous, at the home of Mr. Thomas Lees, our Cleveland correspondent.

The exercises consisted of speeches by the doctor—who gave an interesting account of his conversion to Spiritualism thirty years ago—Mrs. H. S. Lake and others, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music.

Dr. Terry is virtually the head and front of the spiritualistic movement in Australia, where he has done much good for the Cause, and is also the publisher of that excellent and successful magazine, the *Harbinger of Light*.

The doctor, who came to America to visit the World's Fair, is making a tour of the principal cities of the country, and expects to reach home the latter part of January, the mid-summer of the southern hemisphere.

In a recent personal note to the senior editor, W. F. Nye of New Bedford, Mass., wrote of his surroundings, etc., at the World's Fair, and added:

"I shall witness the expiring days and hours of the great drama of the world's progress with intense interest, and try to realize its fraternal possibilities, and feel more of the spirit of Thomas Paine, whose country was the world and to do good his religion. He, brave soul, I've no doubt, has watched it from his home above, and clearly sees that out of the 'rebellion' of dogma and superstition a grander 'revolution' is sure to grow than he once declared the struggle for American Independence to be, when John Adams introduced him to the Philadelphia Assembly."

A devoted friend of THE BANNER writes: "I am glad you have made such excellent arrangements for the future of the Message Department, by the engagement of Mrs. B. F. SMITH, the superior trance medium, for communications, and Mr. W. J. COLVILLE, the most wonderful medium of the nineteenth century, for answering Questions, under evidently powerful spirit-guidance. I earnestly hope you may soon enter upon a more peaceful and successful epoch in every way."

We especially invite Spirit M. V. Lincoln, late of Boston, to visit our séances, which are held at this office every Friday forenoon. He was formerly a newspaper publisher, and later a firm Spiritualist, through whom spirits could speak in foreign languages with which the medium was not conversant, proving beyond doubt direct spirit communion.

Railroad Smashups.

The table of the killed and injured by so-called "railroad accidents" in this country, so far in the present year, which *The Times* quotes from the *Wall Street News*, will be found to be very suggestive. It seems that up to and including the latest and worst of these fatal accidents—the massacre at Battle Creek—the victims of these "railroad accidents" who were killed outright reach the shocking total of two hundred and one—while of the maimed and mangled, but not actually killed, the number is five hundred and forty-eight. No fewer than twenty-seven were actually killed at Battle Creek. Our Wall Street contemporary lays the blame to the depleted treasuries of the railroad corporations concerned, a depletion caused, according to *The News*, by hostile legislation, and by undue competition. These causes, says *The News*, have led to "ruthless economies" on the part of the railroad companies.—*Hartford (Ct.) Times*.

Just what THE BANNER has contended from the first.

A wedding notice—unattended—has been received by THE BANNER from New York. The party said it should remember that no attention is paid to anonymous contributions at this office. The notice will be printed when some person is willing to endorse it.—Other contributors, in various parts of the country, will please remember also to give us their names at least, with their articles.

The Lowell, Mass., papers announce that Prof. J. W. Cadwell, the well-known mesmerist (and Spiritualist, too, we would add), is now filling a four-weeks' engagement in that city, under the auspices of the Lowell Reform Club, in their new hall on Palmer street. Success to you, Professor.

THE COLUMBIAN ALMANAC for one hundred years, from 1825 to 1925, consists of calendars of the usual month and day order, each at the top of the page, with a space for memoranda beneath. It is useful for all having occasion to refer to the past, present or future. M. H. Cleaves, 35 Pearl street, Boston, publisher.

A. B. Severance (whose card appears on our seventh page) writes from Milwaukee, Wis., on renewing subscription: "I have taken THE BANNER most of the time since it has been published, and expect to as long as I live on this side of life."

Mrs. J. Rhind has returned to Boston, and will be found at her old address, 104 Washington street, where she will be pleased to greet her friends. Sitings daily, and circles Thursdays. She will answer calls to lecture and hold séances.

New Zealand has given women equal political rights with men. The new law grants all women, married or single, the same right to vote as is now possessed by men; the first election under it will be held in December next.

Spiritualism in Washington, D. C.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light.

Thinking that an item pertaining to the forward movement of the Cause in this city might be acceptable to your many readers, I venture to send you the following:

The presence here of the officers of the National Spiritualists' Association, in attendance at the first regular meeting of the official Board of Trustees, which, agreeably with the vote passed at Chicago, was held in this city on the 1st and 2d inst., has stimulated an interest in Spiritualism, not only on the part of acceptors and believers, but on the part of the general public, that could hardly have been anticipated. Doubtless a full report of the result of this meeting will be officially declared at an early day. Meanwhile let me state that one of the important acts for which the Trustees convened was happily accomplished in having properly prepared and in duly filing the necessary articles of Incorporation with the District Registrar of Deeds, which fact places the National Spiritualists' Association on the same legal footing with other duly incorporated religious bodies of the land. The names of the incorporators are as follows: Harrison D. Barrett of Lily Dale, N. Y., Cora L. V. Richmond of Chicago, Ill., Robert A. Dimmick, Theodore J. Mayer and Milan C. Edson of Washington, D. C. The objects of the Association are stated to be "not for worldly profit, but for the purpose of religion; to promote religion and morality; to provide for the erection of temples and lecture halls, or other suitable places of worship, where the religion of Spiritualism may be taught, and to provide for the education and licensing of proper persons as authorized lecturers and preachers of the religion of Spiritualism."

The management of this National Organization devolves upon a body of nine trustees, the members additional to those above named being Mr. J. B. Townsend of Lima, O., Mrs. Marion H. Skidmore of Cassadaga, N. Y., Mrs. Elizabeth Sloper of San Francisco, Cal., and George P. Colby of Lake Helen, Fla. The headquarters of the Association are to be in this city.

By way of happily recognizing this National Organization, the society known as "Seekers After Spiritual Truth," tendered the entire body of Trustees a public reception on the evening of the 1st inst., at their beautiful hall on G street, N. W., on which occasion the hall, handsomely fitted up, was filled to its utmost capacity, and a most delightful time it proved to the many who had the pleasure of being present. The meeting was presided over by (Rev.) E. B. Fairchild, formerly the Chairman at Onset Camp-Meeting. An excellent program of vocal songs and instrumental music interspersed the speaking, the latter naturally partaking of the key-note of the occasion—the needs and advantages derivable from organization, especially by Spiritualists. Each of the officers, according to rank, responded to the call of the Chairman, and the many beautiful and weighty words which fell from the lips of the several speakers were warmly applauded by the sympathetic audience. Mrs. Richmond made the principal address of the evening, which was replete with solid argument, and was presented with all that grace of diction and charm of manner that so characterizes her public utterances. Only a few of the congregation had ever heard her before, and they now impatiently await her return to this city, as she is engaged here for two months during the present season. Excellent addresses were also made by Prof. Barrett, the President of the Association, by Mrs. Sloper of California, Mr. Townsend of Ohio, and Mr. Edson of Washington. By invitation of the Chairman, Mrs. Jaquess, entranced, also briefly addressed the meeting.

On Thursday evening of this week, a social reception was extended to Mrs. Richmond and Ouna, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Bacon. This was a particularly enjoyable affair. Intended simply as an impromptu and informal gathering of a few friends, it really partook of a warmly fraternal and social meeting. Mr. Bacon, in welcoming the assembled friends, regretted for their sakes, as well as his own, the absence of the lady of the house, his good wife, who was visiting in New England, and whose heart he thought he could hear flutter when she learned of this event at which she was not present. Assuredly her welcome was to be added to his own. He also regretted, for this occasion only, that his home was not larger than it was, for yet more friends to be present. He pleasantly alluded to the fact that Spiritualists when thus brought together were never satisfied without being talked to, especially by those who generally knew so well how to do it. In glancing around the parlors, he encountered an embarrassment of riches in the talking line, but he thought that after two or three representative friends had voiced their sentiments, the major part of the evening ought to be given to her in whose honor they had come together—Mrs. Richmond and her guides. Following Miss Annie May, who rendered a sonata by Beethoven, Mr. Barrett, the newly-elected President of the organization, expressed his appreciation of the extreme kindness which the entire board of officers had received from all with whom they had come in contact during their too brief stay in Washington. It had proved to be a red-letter occasion. The only item that had marred their enjoyment was the threatened serious illness of Bro. George P. Colby, with pneumonia, but he prayed that this would prove to be but temporary.

Mr. Bacon said that the performance of Hamlet with the part of the Prince omitted was like unto a gathering of this kind with A. A. Wheelock present and he not participate. Mr. W., who ohanced to be in the city for a couple of days, responded to the call in a felicitous manner, as did also Mr. J. L. McCreery. Mrs. Sloper, entranced, also made most acceptable remarks. Mrs. Marie Wheeler Brown from Onset gave an exquisite musical improvisation on the piano, expressive of the feelings of one of Mrs. Richmond's arisen friends.

The remainder of the evening was allotted to Ouna, the ever-valued poetic control of Mrs. Richmond. Following a brief address of great pertinency, a chair was placed in the center of the rooms, and Ouna invited some half-dozen persons in turn to sit in it, when, placing the tips of her index fingers to the sides of the head of the sitter, she gave in verse a rare poetic reading of the real character of the individual, incorporating within it, sparkling like a diamond, a symbolic name indicative of the inner life—a poem expressive of the soul-germ of the person who was thus being revealed. Pleasantly the hours sped, when, after refreshments, the company at a late hour separated, with many expressions of good-will all round. Washington, D. C., Nov. 4th, 1893. PENN.

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