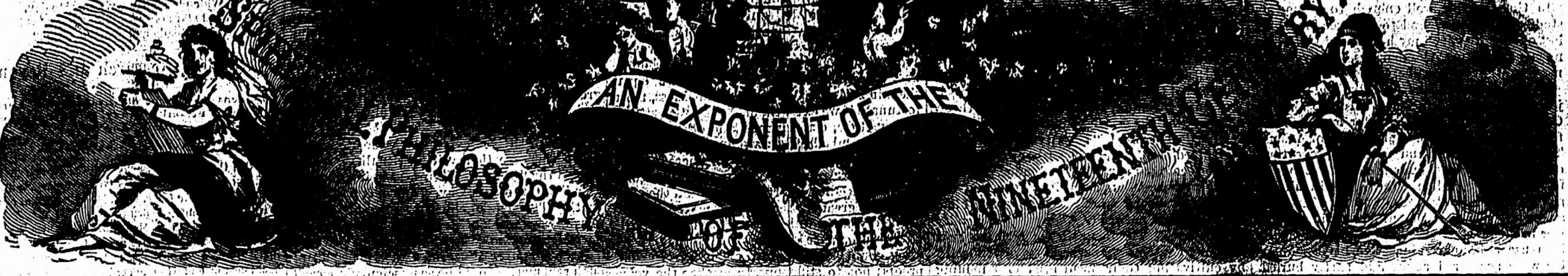


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 74.

COLBY & RICE,  
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.

\$2.50 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.

NO. 1.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
THESE THREE.

BY INDA HARTON HAYS.

If there would come to-night  
One thought above another,  
From whence the years with rapid flight  
Chase shadows on each other,  
Far from these scenes would fancy rove  
To one fair spot my heart laments,  
Around which south winds interweave  
Sweet drifts of rose and orange scents:

If I might gain to-night  
Of each vain wish the nearer,  
I'd clasp again, with soul's delight,  
Youth's old-time friends, the dearer:  
Though memory dies with lingering smarts,  
When absence bids it hope resign,  
Such deeper strength true love imparts,  
As age burns with a glow on wine.

Or could I call to-night  
From heaven's blue-vaunted space,  
Swift to my eager, yearning sight,  
One long-lost angel face—  
My mother's plying form bent low  
Would calm all weariness and woe,  
And bid me drink once more in life  
The Lethe of Time's bitter strife;  
Roll back, thou silent, shadowy gnome,  
And give me mother, friends and home!

## The Spiritual Rostrum.

Spiritualism in the United States.  
Historical, Critical, Prospective.

An Address before the Psychical Science Congress,  
Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Ill.,  
BY CILES B. STEBBINS.

HOWEVER firm may be our conviction that "through all things an upward tendency irresistibly streams," we realize that this is not by a steady and monotonous flow. There are periods of rest and of activity, times of apparent retrogression, as though the tide recoiled to gather force for a stronger upward sweep along the shore. Sometimes waves of light and life sweep round the world with a pulsing thrill that stirs many souls. Of Spiritualism especially in this country, which to me, as to millions, is one of these sweeping waves of celestial light, I am to say a few opening words. Modern Spiritualism it is fitly called, to distinguish it from that of earlier days, which runs through history and is an element in all the great world-religions. Forty-five years ago this great movement began in this country; its central and unitive idea the reality and naturalness of the life beyond, and of personal immortality, the return and real presence of those released from terrestrial bodies and clad in celestial forms, with the faculties and powers which were theirs on earth refined and enlarged.

It is all in one inspired verse of Elizabeth Doten:

"The world has caught a quickening breath,  
From heaven's eternal shore,  
And souls triumph over death  
Return to earth once more."

Facts without number have given the proof-positive of immortality, the blessed certainty of spirit return; "confirmation strong as holy writ" to millions in many lands. These facts have been, and still are, the despair of Science.

The voice within which says: "Thou shalt never die," the soul's testimony to immortality spoken by seers and prophets of many ages, is thus held as verified by methods such as the thought of our age demands.

The sweep of this movement has been wide, stirring and uplifting thought with a swift and subtle influence seldom, if ever, equalled in so short a time.

This Psychical Research Congress is the fruit and result of this great awakening. In the story of the New Testament many were healed in the pool after an angel had stirred its depths. Angels who were men and women on earth have stirred the waters of life, and we are being healed, and our blind eyes are opened.

All things come in the fullness of time. The ripening world of matter and of mind bears its many fruits, each in its season. When the growing commerce of the world needed something more than the boat clinging timidly to the shore, the mariner's compass came, and the wide seas are the highways of the nations. When slow time was a clog to the swift transmission of thought, the magnetic telegraph annihilated time and distance. When the development of man's spiritual nature made him more receptive to supernal influences, the spiritual telegraph came, in its fit time, to meet our need. To a rude barbarian the click of Morse's instrument is but a senseless clatter; to the inventor it was like the music of the spheres—to the waiting world a priceless benefaction. So the tiny rap, the simple mode of spirit-telegraphy, is only matter for ridicule or contempt to the bigoted and the blind, but it is the message from blessed immortals to the spiritual thinker and student, the means whereby we get such glimpses of a progressive immortality that we can say of an ascended friend as Lowell said of Channing:

"Thou art not idle; in thy higher sphere  
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks,  
And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here  
Is all the crown and glory that it asks."

More than forty years ago I began to investigate this great subject, family relations and near friends in Rochester, N. Y., being among the pioneers. I had no wish to be a Spiritualist, and little expectation that I should be, but resolved to be searching and critical, yet fairly

open to the truth. Strange experiences startled me. I asked myself—am I confused by some weird glamour, or are these signs and wonders from the life beyond? In a few months proofs not to be honestly denied or explained away compelled belief, and brought knowledge. I know that my friends have come to me from the life beyond.

Telepathy, mental expectation, unconscious cerebration, and this later sub-consciousness theory, failed me. I have tried them all. Sometimes they seemed to give a possible solution of the case, but soon would come something they could not reach, and they were given up as unequal to the task of ruling out the power and presence of invisible intelligences. No doubt the fine faculties of our inner life may account for some remarkable experiences, and this should not be forgotten or overlooked, but still the beautiful and inspiring truth that the grave is not "the bourne" whence "no traveler returns," will stand, not weakened, but made stronger by wise discrimination. To know of the life beyond, we must know of the life within, which is akin to it.

In a farm-house in western New York, on a pleasant summer afternoon, with only a few neighbors present, all save one unskilled as musicians, I rolled the piano to the side of the large room, its face to the wall, closed and locked it, keeping the key in my pocket; the curtains were drawn to exclude the bright light, and we all sat in a semi-circle around the instrument, with hands joined. I held the hand of the medium on one side, and that of the only pianist in the company on the other. We sat quietly, a familiar hymn was sung, and soon the piano took up its part, its fine tones keeping time and tune with the voices. A new hymn was sung, and the music changed in accord. We waited in silence. Soon sounds came as though invisible fingers were sweeping over the keys and cords to test their quality, and then followed varied melody, soft and sweet as the Eolian harp, and swelling to majestic power and grandeur. Familiar tunes were given sometimes at our request, but most of the music was unknown and strange, but wonderfully perfect. Faint strains of sweetest sound would be almost inaudible, seeming to float away and mingle with the soft rustle of leaves in the orchard just outside the windows, and then coming nearer, startling us as by the roar of a tempest, the crash of falling trees, the groan of strained timbers, and the sweep of the sounding sea as its waves rose and fell—all with such strength that it seemed as though the piano cords must break and its strong frame be shattered. Sometimes the keys were used, then they were untouched, and the cords swept with marvelous power and skill.

We had the noble strains of a grand march and then the uplifting harmony of sacred music. All the time the medium on one side and the only pianist present on the other sat quietly, my hands in theirs, and all others kept their places.

I asked the medium if she knew who the spirit musicians were, and she said, "Sometimes, but not always; and at times I see them clairvoyantly."

This lasted more than an hour, a season of delight and surprise, of tender feeling and ennobling inspiration.

Was all this unconsciously celebrated, or brought up from sub-consciousness?

If there be no spirit-return a strange delusion has gone round the world, spreading but little among the ignorant and debased, but finding its victims mainly among the thoughtful and intelligent. Thousands of messages have come in many lands, often with the names of those claiming their authorship. Has this claim always been unreal? Facts have been told to me, and to many others, of which I knew nothing, and of which all present were ignorant, yet these, by due inquiry, have been found true, and their occurrence often distant in time and space. For all this I can see but one simple and direct cause—the presence of invisible persons from the life beyond.

This one fact from my experience is given to illustrate like experiences of others, and to show the varied growth of these manifestations, which is the phenomenal history of Spiritualism. In discourses and books, and in journals (of which fifty or more are published in different languages), may be found its ideas and its philosophy. Some of these are of great value and wait for the wider appreciation sure to come. "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," by Epes Sargent, for instance, is excellent and interesting. The poems of Elizabeth Doten are rich in that inspiration which is genius. The simple rap opened the phenomena—simple yet wondrously stirring and effective. Then came alphabetic messages swiftly rapped out, automatic writing, trance speaking, independent voices, music in the air, piano and guitar music with no visible performer, moving and lifting of objects with no visible power, planchette, levitation of persons, the gift of healing, materializations, spirit portraits and pictures, and writing in languages unknown to the penman. Spirit messages are sometimes expressions of heartfelt good will and joyful recognition, and sometimes they affect the fate of nations; as when Abraham Lincoln listened for an hour, in a private room in the White House, to the wise words, eloquently spoken through the lips of a simple and sincere young woman, all unconscious of what she said, and laid his hand on her head and reverently thanked her.

Nettie Colburn Maynard had given him weighty advice as to the strong and early issuance of his immortal Proclamation of Emancipation.

The ability and eloquence of trance speaking

have sometimes been remarkable, and the gradual change from unconscious utterance to normal speaking, with a sense of inspiring help, has been a frequent experience.

The writing of able treatises, on subjects beyond the normal knowledge of the writers, and to which they had given no special thought or study, is also noteworthy. Sometimes these claim to come from a person in the higher life, and give proofs that the claim is genuine; sometimes they impress one as results of a superior condition in which the mind is open to the tides of impersonal ideas and principles—a soul-knowledge, deeper and wider than that of the outer senses.

Helps have thus come to us for a more perfect psychology. How can any one, who is not clear as to whether souls build bodies or bodies souls, give us a satisfactory psychological treatise? Even Herbert Spencer fails. Ghosts and hobgoblins, fit to make "each particular hair stand on end," can no longer be called up by incantations. Fearful superstitions and lawless miracles are no more, but all comes under the divine order. The rule of mind carries us back to the Supreme Mind.

"A single will, a million deeds."

Science and religion are reconciled by a divine philosophy.

It would seem that earnest desire and effort have helped spirits, incarnate and ex-carnate, to open new methods to bring life here and "over there" nearer and in more natural relations. The Blessed Damozel of Gabriel Rossetti's poem, "Leaning over the golden bar of heaven" to watch for the coming of her beloved, gives us this fine lesson:

"I wish that he would come to me,  
For he will come, she said,  
'Have I not prayed in heaven?—on earth,  
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
And should I lift afraid?'"

These experiences lift and light up the whole being, and their memory lives and glows for years. They are like sweet strains of music, brief because one could not hear them long and live in the body. Yet no earthly melody so thrills the heart as these voices from the spirit-world, while the philosophy of life toward which they turn one's mind meets the demands of the highest and largest thought, and the most natural and rational reverence.

Leaving out narrations not accurately given, a great volume of facts, verified in such ways as to be above criticism, could be gathered from journals in our country devoted to Spiritualism, and foreign journals would add another like volume. No truth of established science—not even the theory of evolution—has greater weight of evidence than spirit presence and power.

Starting with the Hydesville raps in the home of a respectable family, the whole matter was treated as a mystery soon to fade away, but instead of fading it spread. Its pioneers were persecuted and slandered, and its mediums were mobbed, or held to be deluded or insane or vile. It was a satanic device against which grave preachers held forth in their pulpits, a folly of ignorance which learned scientists treated with pitying contempt. Physicians in Buffalo solved the matter by a toe-joint theory, which soon failed and made them a laughing-stock. But all this helped rather than hindered. "What can it be?" was the question of the curious. There were waiting minds, weary of dogmatic traditions, and mourning hearts oppressed by hopeless sorrow, who turned to what might give light and hope. Societies were organized, speakers went over the land, journals were published and tracts and books printed—some of lasting value, others visionary and crude. Scholars, spiritual thinkers, men trained in mental accuracy and scientific exactness, brave reformers like William Lloyd Garrison, and preachers inspired and fearless like John Pierpont, investigated and believed. Women, divinely gifted like the Cary sisters, gladly accepted light from the spirit-world.

These were not a great company, for saints and martyrs who have the courage of their convictions do not travel in hosts along the dusty pathways of this world. They were "the glorious remnant" of Whittier's verse:

"Whose lips are wet at Freedom's fountain,  
The coming of whose welcome feet  
Is beautiful upon our mountain.  
Men who the gospel tidings bring  
Of liberty and love forever,  
Whose joy is an abiding spring,  
Whose peace is as a gentle river."

Their help and precious service came in the days of need.

Investigators to-day are apt to suppose that the phenomena of Spiritualism never had a thorough and critical sifting, such as they wish for. Let us correct this error. I knew Dr. R. T. Hallock and Dr. Grey, both eminent physicians in New York, and their thorough methods were noteworthy. The careful testing devices of those eminent scientists, Prof. Hare and Prof. Mapes, gave ample evidence of trained accuracy.

For instance, Professor Hare built a table, on which were grooves and rollers, pulleys and a disk, so arranged that the medium, seated at its end, only saw the sliding of a board beneath her fingers, and not the message spelled out by an index moving around on a disk out of her sight.

Holding the work of the scientist of large views and experience in due respect, we may rate as valueless that false "pride of science" which holds none but professional experts as competent investigators. I have attended séances with farmers and mechanics and womanly housekeepers, who were the peers of the

(Continued on second page.)

Original Story.

## FROM AGE TO AGE.

BY ALBERT E. ALLEN.

[Copyright, 1893, by A. E. Allen.]

Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The stern behests of duty,  
The doom-books open thrown;  
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,  
Are with yourselves alone.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

### CHAPTER I.

(Oh! let me learn, while life is new,  
To do what good I can,  
And with a fervor known to few  
To love my fellow-man.  
Though full of fault and vice he be,  
Though vain and fond of show,  
God loves him, and this is to me  
All that I need to know.)

There stands close to the Erie Basin, at angles with every surrounding object, an old-fashioned, rambling-roofed farm-house, built two hundred and forty-six years ago, and at the time these lines are written has the honor of being the oldest house in the great city of Brooklyn.

Its antiquity was its recommendation, when first I saw it, to make it my home, as I ever held in high veneration anything that had battled through the vicissitudes of wind and weather for half a dozen generations. So I contented myself with low ceilings, block-square rooms and frequent running to the well, rather than become more fastidious than my old Dutch ancestors, the memory of whom has almost walked out of the precincts of the City of Churches.

It is the mania of the miscreants of to-day to deprecate the monuments of the past by modernizing them. This to me always seemed sacrilegious, inasmuch as every age should stand for itself, that the antiquarian may go lovingly back over the milestones of the past and view with rapt admiration the productions of a people whose steps have long since led them one by one to the grave.

The house had been little improved since the original architect had considered it finished, save that one of the two immense fire-places built to burn four-foot logs had been altered into a very small affair, with a grate to burn coal.

I resolved at once to restore it to its original dimensions, and while the alterations were going forward under my supervision, I found, hidden from sight between the floor and ceiling of the cellar below, a bundle of manuscript protected by a sheepskin covering on which clung the dust and cobwebs of many years.

The mason and his assistant stood about while I read the first chapter of what proved to be the autobiography of a very uncommon individual. After which they came every evening after work and listened attentively until its remaining chapters were finished.

To get it published I found an easier task than I had at first supposed; and now having been successful in placing it before the eyes of the public, I respectfully withdraw, that they may peruse the strange account and form their own conclusion.

GEORGE H. BUSHY,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

### THE MANUSCRIPT.

Thursday, July 12th, 1804.

To these destructible pages I entrust the pent-up feelings of a soul that has journeyed many years through life's hard school with no other object in view than to be of friendly service to my fellow-mortal.

It was not at first my intention to make public the peculiar circumstances that found me in doubt as to man's true purpose on earth and left me in possession of a certainty as to his mission.

My relatives and friends to whom I made known my strange experience, it being my misfortune to be misrepresented by some and misunderstood by others, ridiculed me sadly; and it fell so heavily on my heart that I held my peace from month to month until years have gone by.

The remembrance of the suspense and doubt that filled my mind concerning the cause of existence, and that must in like manner fill the minds of others to a more or less degree, leads me at last to make an attempt to bring it into notice.

Doubt in my youth seemed my sole inheritance. The more I endeavored to fathom the great enigma of creation, the more perplexed and confounded I became. Christianity, full of kindly teachings and comforting thoughts, had many other things connected therewith that failed to satisfy a hungry, inquiring soul.

It did not seem complete. If heaven was the ultimatum, the difference in the human constitution did not give all an equal chance in this life to achieve the same result in the next. It was not within the bounds of reason to believe that a long life of trouble, infirmity and self-denial should be required quite the same as if they were never experienced at all, which would be the case should one die in infancy.

Philosophers from age to age have contended with this subject, with no degree of success. Speculation, theory and superstition have in different climes accounted in different ways for the cause and effect, but the facts in every instance were wanting. Man, it seemed, must pin his faith to the faith of others, no matter how untenable, or become lost in a labyrinth of perplexity.

Brahma, Buddha, Confucius, Mahomet, Socrates, Luther, Swedenborg and a host of others were studied carefully, but to none could I affirm that complete conviction went with them; and at length I became discouraged, and concluded it was for old death to unravel the mystery.

When quite a young man I had the misfortune to lose the one of all others on earth I loved. We were to have been married the very month she departed, and the poignant grief I experienced seemed almost insupportable. I knew that losses by death were common to many; I had already lost father and mother, and was a hearty advocate of a man's bearing up under afflictions over which he had no control, but when my loved one died, my very life went with her. She had been all to me that one soul could be to another. She had to a great extent made up for the loss of my parents. She was the one friend that remained for whom I cared, and now she was gone. Those about me reasoned that I must endeavor to forget what remembering could not heal. I must form new acquaintances and have a change of scenery. All this I believed, and in a measure practiced; but my darling was ever before my vision, and I prayed in my heart an earnest prayer that I, too, might journey to that unknown land where she had gone.

What is life, thought I, that it could thus fit away and leave no trace whatever? Whence had it come? Where had it gone? Many days my mind dwelt on the questions, endeavoring to fathom the mysterious obscurity of the soul.

The knowledge she had acquired, the experience of a thousand things she had gained, her love for me, her intelligence, her soul—whence had it all gone! Surely all the attainments of a life, the most of which are not ripe until our old age, are not lost forever in the grave? Forsooth! An immediate heaven or total annihilation seemed alike untenable.

One day as I sat meditating as had become my wont since my beloved one died, I was aware of a very unnatural feeling upon me. Pondering as I had been on the anomalies of human life, I had begun to think something might happen to carry me from my lonely thoughts, and I almost hoped that if I could not die, I would become insane, that I could lose the keenness of my grief. The peculiar feeling increased, slowly at first, but gradually faster, until I could hear a buzzing in my head, feel a numbness in my body; and, by degrees, my understanding gave way, and I fell into a lethargic stupor.

After remaining in this unnatural condition fifty-six hours, I was aroused by my friends chaffing my hands, endeavoring to bring the blood into rapid circulation. They gave me nourishment, which did much to strengthen me, but I was not myself. Life had returned, but I had not returned to my former health and activity. For days together I would lie on my bed unable to move. Even when I revived I had not the full command of all my faculties, and when totally lost to my surroundings, my senses had a sensibility and capacity never before known. My imagination was very vivid, or else all my faculties left my body, I know not which. I caught glimpses of scenes never enacted in this life and in other worlds than ours.

My religious friends thought me under the influence of the evil one, while others diagnosed the case as insanity, and proposed placing me in an asylum. Fortunately I was freed from confinement by falling into another prolonged slumber, and awaking myself—thereby losing the strange faculty I had been possessed of.

Although I had not contended with my friends in regard to the source of my strange faculty, I had, notwithstanding, my own idea on the subject. I was perfectly satisfied that my vision was not the mere delusion of a diseased brain. I had been able to do wonderful things in telling what was happening miles from me; had read aloud a letter while unconscious that I saw a young man in Spain writing to his mother in America. The letter reached the lady some weeks after, and contained word for word all I had foretold.



By many of my acquaintances what I have related, as I have said before, was attributed to a "supernatural" agency, under whose control I was when my vision gave it birth; but I ascribed it to some unknown physiological law which science would some day discover.

In time I grew well enough, to resume my studies in medicine, and to a degree forgot my lost one. I regained my health and vigor, had no more unnatural slumberings, and lived once more as other beings live.

So my life ran on uneventfully, and in time I journeyed with a friend on a visit to Europe. One day, several months after my departure from home, I stood among the ruins of Athens. The sight of the vast and beautiful proportions of its time-worn monuments made me thoughtful of the time when Greece was in all her glory; when the city was the centre of arts and sciences! Her once magnificent edifices were now in a sad state of dilapidation, and many immense columns and massive blocks of marble were scattered about and partly buried. Here I beheld the remains of a great city. Here and there one edifice stood in better preservation than others; but time and destruction had touched them all.

In my rambles I had stood where Demosthenes poured forth his volumes of burning words, and now I stood by the lonely columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus. Where, thought I, are the people who walked these halls so long ago? Where is the intelligence that shone in the great men of this ancient city? The power that created the beautiful thoughts we still cherish—what has become of it? Had it been destroyed with the flesh, its instrument of manifestation?

While thus meditating, I was seated on a fragment of a column; the sun was setting gloriously, and the mildness of the season and hour threw over the old ruins a melancholy grandeur. It was enough to make the least thoughtful man meditate, and as the twilight came on I felt the peculiar sensation stealing over me that I had felt at home. I made an effort to get back to the hotel before anything happened, but found my limbs so benumbed that I could not rise. I slipped from the stone on which I was seated to the ground. Here I lay, sometimes in a semi-conscious state which resulted in my becoming totally forgetful to the surroundings.

I felt myself traveling through space very rapidly. Soon I reached a peculiar country; more brilliant splendors were unfolded to my astonished gaze than ever my imagination had conceived. All things harmonized; the atmosphere was full of melody; vegetation was luxuriant, flowers were of such varied and fantastic shapes, possessing such delicate and blended colors, that it bewildered me to look upon them.

While standing thus perplexed, endeavoring to understand the situation, I saw a form gliding toward me. I supposed it to be an angel. His figure was clad in a robe of white, its folds falling gracefully about him. His countenance was fair and radiant with intelligence.

"Do not feel uneasy," said he; "I am but a humble creature endeavoring to do God's will by living an upright life. You are just from earth, and there is much here that you cannot understand. What I shall tell you is but a small portion of what you will in time learn. I have influenced your spirit to leave its material envelope for a time in order to gain a glimpse of a superior world, that you may be stimulated to follow the path of self-forgetfulness which leads to it."

I was shown that a master spirit of great intelligence and morality had charge of the spiritual world connected with our earth; that he made accounting to a superior being who controlled the solar system, who in turn rendered an account to some other system that was larger than ours. Where this ended, space being beyond calculation, I knew not. It could go on from system to system, from one great milky-way to another for trillions of years, until perhaps the fountain-head of all wisdom was at last reached.

"Here," continued the spirit, "you can discover and understand solutions of many questions hitherto beyond the ken of earthly men."

I, in some of the many existences undergone, have stumbled my way over the pathway of doubt. I have known human suffering, and experienced bitter trials, but I bless them now. They purified my spirit, making it worthy of entry into a world where souls without certain qualifications are not admitted.

This world is larger than your earth; its trees, flowers, animals and beings are in a higher state of perfection. Our shape is human, but our body is diaphanous—less material, less dense, and of greater specific lightness than earthly bodies. We are able to move from place to place without fatigue, as we float or glide instead of walking. Our food is in accordance with our ethereal organization; it consists of nutritive emanations, which issue from the embalmed atmosphere, consequently our bodies are not subjected to your coarse vicissitudes.

Life here is much longer than on earth, because we have no accidents or ailments to shorten it. Our bodies being almost fluidic, our dwellings are also almost ethereal, and we move from one place to another at will.

Our legislation is of the most simple kind. Having no crimes to punish, we require no penal code. No one wishes to injure his neighbor. Love and benevolence are natural features in every one. Pride and selfishness are unknown. Social difference exists only in the intellectual and moral superiority. No birth can give a being precedence; nor would we respect him the more if it were possible for him to be rich. What we value is morality and intellectuality, for these a man must purchase with great efforts for good.

I will show you a sight by which, when you know its full meaning, you can better understand the problem of life. It is for this purpose and that which follows it, that you are here. What you see is a prologue to the history and development of your own soul."

I saw not far from me a number of beings. They were of various ages, and seemed also to have different degrees of intelligence. One I noticed particularly looked more like an animal than a human being, having—as near as I can describe it—the shape of a gorilla, with head and face, perhaps, more expressive of thought, and far less hair upon his person.

My mentor's explanation was that he had shown me the past by means of what he called fluidic creation. He had reproduced the likeness of some of the human forms my immortal soul had animated previous to the present time.

I took some interest, as will be imagined, in the silent group of beings before me. Brutally seemed almost written in legible lines on one of the faces; another, the one most advanced,

looked quite the same as an ordinary person of the present day.

My guide said I would be held several times in a trance state during my life, and while so influenced would witness in their natural order a few of the existences I had undergone, before the one I was now fulfilling.

At the soft strains of melodious music die away to the ear, leaving in the vacuity it filled a sense of soothing sweetness, so my instructor faded; and I found myself lying by one of the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus. It was early morning, and the rising sun threw shadows—as the setting sun had done! "Old temple," thought I, "I verily believe I have worshipped here, years and years ago, and may yet see thee again in all thy splendor."

As I reasoned on the things seen and the words just heard in the strange world I had left, I became, naturally, a convert to plurality of existence. The inequality of men was now easily understood. Some had progressed faster by cultivating their faculties and subduing their passions than others. It was plain why some were benevolent, while others were selfish; why some had an appetite for strong drink, a propensity for dishonest acts and a brutality leading to murder, while others enjoyed the higher pursuits of life, fostering every good within them and rooting out the evil.

I saw that whoever strove to do his duty faithfully was fulfilling the purpose for which he was sent, and was building up in himself a future that would know less of sorrow. Man's progress toward perfection was, as it were, by stepping-stones. What he acquired by overcoming the evil that beset him in one existence was overcome forever. He laid the foundation in one life that he was to build upon in the next, and as soon as he deserved it, was born under happier circumstances and into better worlds.

#### CHAPTER II.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man,  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate—  
Nothing to him falls early or too late;  
Our acts our angels are, for good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

One day, long after I had returned to America and settled down to await the coming of what had been foretold, I felt a stupor suddenly falling upon me; it increased so rapidly that I had not time to reach my bed or call a servant who was in the adjoining room, before the earth had vanished and a new world lay before my eyes.

I was born deep down in a cave. Twelve hours thereafter my mother had me in her arms as she walked about with the rest of the band. In the same cave there dwelt about one hundred others—men and women—living in common. No notice was taken of me when my mother brought me for the first time into their presence.

It happened altogether too frequently that a child was born to make any ado about it; and I may as well mention here that there was just as little attention paid to a child that died as to one that was born. In either case none troubled themselves about it; but if an adult died, there was sort of a burial given; and if that adult was a chief, a rude ceremony was tendered him.

During the day I was left in the care—if I may call it such—of the other children. Sometimes mother would trouble herself to come in and relieve my hunger, but many times I suffered from lack of nourishment. On the bed of leaves where I lay were several other infants, and the little ones that had us in charge neglected us almost as much as our parents.

On one occasion when they were absent playing, some animals entered the cave and destroyed two of the children—but it disconcerted no one; there were enough left to make the loss of no importance. One day when I was a little older, but not old enough to leave the cave, the children quarreled over me, and in the melee my thumb was almost wrenched from my hand.

This gave me the most severe pain I had ever felt, yet no one noticed my agony, and my thumb, through want of care, grew from its normal shape. When I was old enough to take some care of myself, life was better worth the living; yet even then I was made to work for those older and stronger than I. My dislike for this work, and my readiness to openly refuse to do it, made me to some extent respected; and had I continued to push myself into notice, I might in time have become their leader. But as soon as the work was taken away, I was willing to lounge about like the rest, content to be nothing. Time did find me more ambitious, but during boyhood I was satisfied to gratify animal instincts, and tyrannize over those younger than myself.

The country about us was very hilly. On every side these hills seemed to rise one above another, and stretch away as far as the eye could reach. They were covered by great tall trees, and when one stood where a good view could be had there appeared here and there in the vast expanse of woodland a spot perfectly clear. These spots were the sporting grounds of different bands. Such places were always surrounded by the parties to whom they belonged. Every day, especially at sunset, the men and women would emerge from the thicket with clubs and stones to exercise and practice; here foot-races were engaged in, and feats of strength and agility exhibited.

Among these beautiful red hills lived the order of beings to which I belonged. Toward what I will call the east there were mountains, and on these lived an order intellectually lower than ourselves; while in the west, toward the sea, there lived still another race.

It must not be supposed that we were acquainted with the geography of our world by what I have written. What was beyond the mountains or beyond the sea never troubled any one, unless, indeed, it was myself. I had at times felt a desire to know what was behind the mountains I had so long seen in the distance; and I resolved to visit them at some future time. What kept me from starting at once was my youth. I knew the other tribes were not very friendly, and I was afraid to trust myself alone among them until I had grown to full strength.

As I look back and compare the sun as we see it here to the one I found in that strange land, the earth is by far the most favored, regarding heat and light. The seasons there were nearly twice as long, while its year would run into two of ours.

Another noticeable difference was that the prevailing color of the earth—green—was there the rarest color to be seen. Two or three tender flowers in the early spring partook of this hue, and in the heaven at night a beautiful star, which I now believe was no other than the earth, gave forth this magnificent color. Every principal object with us was red, from the minute blade of grass struggling weakly for life, to the great, surging, turbulent ocean, which seemed dashed unceasingly upon the rocky coast.

[To be continued.]

## Spiritualism in the United States.

(Continued from first page.)

beat scientists, and who showed a candor which the professional sometimes lacks.

The aim of this Congress is to "prove all things, and hold fast only to that which is good." But let us bear in mind that we are not going over wild ground never surveyed. We may well appreciate and emulate the pioneer investigators. Fortunately if we equal them in zeal and care and devotedness, more fortunate if we excel them.

Magnétism, clairvoyance and other psychical faculties had already awakened interest, and their interblending with influences of the higher life was understood by these pioneers; but their leading efforts centered on the solving of the great matter of spirit-presence.

The cry of the waiting world was and is still: Give us assurance of immortality. Not to destroy, but to verify and emphasize the old proofs; not to stifle, but to awaken the voice within, which says: "Thou shalt never die." Give us a living faith, rational and inspiring, and add to that faith knowledge. Old traditions fail. Materialism opens before us a black and fathomless gulf. Give us light! To answer that cry has been the main work of Spiritualism, and the clear and inspiring reply has reached millions in many lands.

A catalogue of the workers in this wide vineyard cannot be given—only a few names among others as true and worthy. Mrs. Ann Leah Underhill (née Fox), eldest daughter of the worthy parents of the Fox family of Hydeville, N. Y., was known for years as an excellent medium. Then, for thirty-three years, her home, with her good husband, was in New York City. For the sake of family quiet publicity was avoided, but she gave, without fee, her mediumistic services to her friends, and to such as they introduced—a goodly company of worthy and distinguished persons. This large-souled woman, faithful to the end, closed her earthly life in 1891.

Frederick L. H. Willis, forty years ago a student in Harvard University, whose trial by the professors for being a medium made some stir, is a gifted lecturer, a physician, a gentleman, trusted and beloved by many.

Selden J. Finney, of Ohio, was a man of marvelous eloquence as a trance and normal speaker, a philosophical writer of marked insight and ability, a person of high character.

Mrs. Hollis Billing, of New York, going from London to Paris, was the frequently invited guest of Victor Hugo, who held her in high regard as a woman and a medium. I have seen his autograph note of invitation to his home.

The tests given by gifted persons like these, and the writings and discourses of those who have gone far along the lines of thought which such facts suggest, have had a deeper and more lasting power than many dream of. They emancipate and enlighten—not merely to smite down and break in pieces, but to build up nobler ideals.

But were there no shortcomings or mistakes? Certainly, as in all things human. They have been so much paraded and distorted that many have heard of nothing else. Measure any movement this way and you make it worse than valueless. Pick out all the rascals that have masqueraded under the garb of Methodism, for instance, keeping the knaves so near your eyes that no saints can be seen, and you make Methodists a set of knaves with a sprinkling of pious idiots. But you ignore John Wesley and Mary Fletcher and the spotless Bishop Simpson.

There are more persons in insane asylums in this country made crazy by evangelical revivals than by Spiritualism. Does that prove evangelism a school to fit graduates for bedlam? To be fair, we must count, not only the unbalanced temperaments, easily shattered, but the larger company of men and women who get truth from the best part of their creeds, and elsewhere, and lead sane and useful lives.

As a body, Spiritualists compare well with the rest of mankind. Some are of the best of earth, to whom their experiences have been means of grace. There has been too much marvel-seeking, an unwholesome stimulus that enervates but never uplifts.

There has been too much attributing of all phenomena to the spirit-world, ignoring the wonders of our own psychic life, and failing to discriminate between the work of the spirit within and of spirits above. There are some who talk of obsession by evil spirits, and of their own lack of power to resist, and so seek to avoid all responsibility for their meanness. In old times the monks exorcised fiends by "bell, book and candle," and men wore amulets as safeguards against evil spirits. A pure heart and firm will are defenses sure as a strong fortress against evil powers or persons in this or any other world.

Fleeting fancies and vain imaginings have sometimes been honestly mistaken for heavenly messages, especially when the high aim of interior culture and development has been held as of small account. No great movement, however good, has been wholly without guile. The pretended or deceptive medium, and the clergyman preaching what he does not believe, are on the same low and immoral level. Heaven pity them, and send them a better mind! Let them go their way; the tried and true we can honor. These errors of theory and practice have wrought harm to some, but many more have escaped or outgrown them, and gone on their upward way rejoicing.

Reincarnation, which has sincere believers, is a side issue. We can never be other than ourselves. To suppose that possible, leads to confusion worse confounded.

"Elementals" and "astral shells" find no abiding place in Spiritualism. It has no fragmentary creations, but only the terrestrial and the celestial body.

The conception of mediumship as merely a passive and negative control by some higher power, with the medium only a blind and irresponsible implement, has sometimes led to mental and moral shipwreck. The best mediums pray in spirit for moral growth, for interior illumination, for help to help themselves, for the opening of their own clairvoyant seership, before which the spirit-world lies open, and thus they gain in health of mind and body and in psychic power.

Mediumship is not a miracle, but a delicate susceptibility to influences and impressions, an opening of interior faculties marked in certain temperaments, and of which all have some share. The passive medium, or psychic, is psychologized by some positive spirit, as the will of the psychologist on earth controls his subject.

How can these things be? Tell me how we live, and grow, and think, and how buds become flowers and blossoms fruit? They are all in accord with natural law, as are the blooming of the rose or the rush of this great globe along its orbit.

A cardinal idea of the Spiritual Philosophy, taught and widely accepted from the first, is this rule of law. Yet but a few years since an editorial in the *Popular Science Monthly* said:

"The first article of a scientific man's faith is that Nature never breaks her regularities, but holds true to an unalterable method of law. Now the Spiritualist comes to him challenging his first principles. He denies his order of Nature as being unalterable, and says that he knows of that which is above Nature, that is greater than Nature, that interferes with it and breaches all its vaunted stabilities with infinite ease."

No jot or tittle of evidence can be brought to prove this assertion. No Spiritualist has ever denied the "order of Nature as being unalterable," but they have ever affirmed that great truth. The facts of spirit presence and power they always speak of as natural. Does the *Science Monthly* know the whole order of Nature? It is a matter of regret that a magazine of such real merit should be so unscientific as well as unfair, for the writer of this poor paragraph must have been ignorant, or worse, and it is unscientific to affirm what one does not know. In a day not far distant this error will be seen and regretted.

The great service of modern science is worthy of high appreciation, but it must move on with broader range and deeper insight. The ideas and experiences of Spiritualism and psychical science are strong and needed helps to a basis of thinking with a clear view of the meaning of this universe, which goes beneath external nature to guiding mind. That deeper philosophy must come; to vitalize and perfect our scientific method, and thus

"Create a soul beneath the ribs of death."

To recognize the range of the spirit as wider than that of the senses, and to realize the inner world of mind, ever shaping and ruling the outer world of matter.

Professor Newcomb says: "Science deals with the laws and properties of matter." With a deeper insight Buckle writes, "We know little of the laws of matter, because we know little of the laws of mind."

Sooner than we imagine the day will dawn when a Godless science will be an unscientific absurdity.

We should realize that, from its beginning, Spiritualism has recognized the equality of women in rights, duties and responsibilities. This recognition has been almost unanimous, and its great help to the wise and beneficent efforts for equal rights in this "woman's era" has not been fully understood or appreciated. The hour was ripe at the same time for these two great and kindred movements to begin, and Spiritualism opened its career with an instinctive perception of the intuitive wealth and fine insight of womanhood, a readiness for woman's higher education, her equality before law and gospel, in marriage or wherever she went, and a growing reverence for the sacredness of motherhood—all helping to a greater spiritual power in the world's enlarging thought.

Religion and science have gained, not by refusal to investigate, but by patient care and study, and devoted enthusiasm in the discovery and application of truth. What truth has greater significance, or is more needed, what facts open wider fields than immortality and spirit presence? If those who would serve mankind by being true teachers neglect this great matter too long, the tide of thought will sweep them aside as driftwood.

Spiritualism has been a search for proofs of immortality and of spirit-return, palpable to the soul and the outer senses. It has awakened man to deeper self-knowledge. Psychical science seeks to know more of man's interior life, and psychic powers, and infinite relations. They interblend. They are hemispheres of one globe. Each supplements the other, and neither can supplant or ignore the other. The splendor of the light within opens and illumines the pathway to the life beyond. Man is a microcosm; rock, earth and all flora and fauna reach up into his corporeal frame; all subtle forces that hold and sway suns and stars pulse through him; all ideas of freedom, justice, immortality, and the great truths that uplift and save this world of man, and all worlds of men and angels, are in and of his spiritual being. "The same in kind am I as the Supreme Spirit, though distant in degree," said a Hindoo sage in Vedic days.

So made up and related man must have great wealth of innate and intuitive knowledge, and wide and wondrous power of discovery.

This great spiritual movement of the last half century still lives, and gains more in private thought and experience than in organized public work. Its errors will die, but its truths will endure and win great victories.

It is the sweep of an ethereal wave from the evergreen mountains of life, overleaping all lines of sect and creed, walled in by

"No parallel of latitude,  
No mountain range or sea."

We are entering a new era, which the great awakening we have discussed has helped to open before us. The future historian will mark the closing century as one of mental freedom and activity, of inventive genius, material development, and opening spiritual light, and the century before us as one of psychical science and research, of spiritual culture, and the more harmonious development of man. We have learned much, and shall know more of the outer world, the realm of effects and results; and we shall study, as never before, the inner world, the realm of causes. Man, "a spirit served by a bodily organization," is the special field of psychical research, and the wealth of that field is a constant surprise.

Interior faculties and subtle relations open before us. We transcend the limits of the outer senses. Clairvoyance, hypnotism and their like are more powerful for good than for ill. To know the inner life of man is to know his immortality and the being of God. The spiritual body of Paul the Apostle, "renewed day by day within us," is being proved a truth by modern research. Its escape from the material body, to be the celestial form serving the spirit in the higher life, is "the survival of the fittest"—not death, but birth. It puts death under our feet. We cannot die. We can never lose our personality. How simple, yet how sublime! Whittier well said:

"No, I have friends in spirit-land,  
Not shadows in a shadowy band.  
Not others, but themselves are they."

I have frankly given my own views and convictions. Whether we all agree fully or not, our aims are so congenial that there is that "unity of spirit which is the bond of peace" between us. I am no builder of Procrustean bedsteads. I could not impose my opinions on you if I would. I would not if I could. We are in accord with the hopes and needs of our time. A Congress of Psychical Science sig-

les much and prophesies much. Let us go on, courageously and sincerely, with these noble words shining as a beacon-light along our upward path:

"Beyond the dim and distant line  
Which bounds the vision of to-day,  
Great stars of truth shall rise and shine  
With steady and unclouded ray."

## Psychical Research and Beyond.

Condensed Report of Inspirational Lecturer  
Given at Lake Brady, O., Wednesday,  
Aug. 30th, 1898.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

NOW that the phrase "Psychical Research" is on the lips of all, it may be well to make the attempt to define the term, and also, if possible, to make plain its relations to Spiritualism.

It is quite true that Modern Spiritualism has been before the public for over forty-five years, and that Spiritualists all over the world have often, at much personal cost of suffering and difficulty, lifted the standard of Spiritualism bravely and faithfully in the face of determined and unreasoning opposition. True it is, also, that the claim is just that credit should be given to these courageous, conscientious workers, not exclusively to those who, at this day, prefer to designate themselves "psychical researchers," but granting all this—and we would be the last to withhold honor intentionally from those to whom it is so manifestly due—we are still compelled to take issue with the position of those who fall to see in the present "psychical" movement an important outcome of this faithful labor. If it be a question of words and derivations, then the principal difference between psychists and Spiritualists is that the one party takes a term borrowed from the Greek PSYCHE and the other from the Latin SPIRITUS. Psychical Research does not include any investigation not germane to Spiritualism, but the ladies and gentlemen of the "research committees" are perhaps particularly engaged in collecting evidence concerning the powers of man as at present embodied, and proceeding from telepathy and kindred phenomena to the more advanced question of life after material dissolution.

There are certainly two great branches or divisions of "occult" phenomena, the one relating to the here and now, the other to the hereafter; and as many people seem unable to begin anywhere except down here where they now find themselves, it is probably quite essential that such should be reached on their own plane, and in the way they can be approached most readily. Few there are, comparatively, who are broad enough in their sympathies to embrace the universe, therefore the phenomena appealing most directly to the majority must touch the senses at some point, and in some degree affect favorably this present existence. The great charm of mental healing is that it promises to rid the mind of anxiety and the body of suffering, and in many ways to make daily existence more desirable, and common enterprises more successful. The great boon offered by telepathy is that it virtually undertakes to annihilate the distance between absent friends, rendering the dread of hopeless separation obsolete; while to the anthropologist, who should be both psychologist and physiologist, there is necessarily a charm attaching to any study or experiment which opens the door wider for inspecting the hidden mysteries of human consciousness.

The Psychical Congress at Chicago settled little, but it opened to many, for the first time in their lives, the whole subject of "double consciousness." It may be objected that many of the papers and addresses were ambiguous, and that some contradicted others; but the best summary we can give of the proceedings is that, with very few exceptions, all the speakers and writers strove to be fair in all their dealings, while every one presented his own theory, or related his experience as *his own*, without seeking to hamper or convict his colleagues. *Psychical Research is no substitute for Spiritualism*, but it is an introduction to it, for it is not possible that intelligent persons should go far in any branch of mystical inquiry without arriving at some knowledge of direct spirit communion.

The great improvement in popular feeling to-day is that apathy and blind opposition are both being supplanted by earnest inquiry. The captious, persecuting spirit is dying; so is the supercilious ignorance which prides itself on foolish denial of unknown truth. It, without any arrogant assumptions of large prerogatives on the part of "leaders," an efficient organization of Spiritualists in every district or locality could be effected, it would be at this time a great help to honest seekers for light. Local societies can do much good if they do not attempt to dwarf a movement by seeking to confine it. Spiritualism cannot be limited by red-tape or any form of officialism; the spirit-world operates wherever conditions invite—thus it is the height of folly to raise barriers and fix limits to a movement which is essentially unutterable.

We extend cordial welcome to all avenues through which truth can reach humanity; and we certainly do not think it in accord with the teachings of a spiritual philosophy to refuse fellowship with honest people because their methods may differ slightly from our own. With mere vandalism we have no sympathy; with pessimism and negativism we cannot affiliate, because these systems carry no torches, and they reveal nothing; but with every attempt to add to man's knowledge of his real nature, with every attempt to turn attention to the soul, however feebly or remotely, we are happy to be in fullest accord. Whatever has for its object the search for an unfound soul should receive our heartiest cooperation; but not one of us should disguise any portion of the knowledge which is ours because our neighbors do not as yet possess it.

We cannot look at all the old problems with the eyes of our fathers, nor can we make use of all the old phrases for the expression of our beliefs. There has been movement around us, and we have been caught in its sweep. Modern science has been familiarizing us with conceptions of the universe and of the history of the human race which are irreconcilable with some of our forefathers' conceptions. There is nothing more characteristic of modern science than the vigor and success with which the principles of the philosophy of evolution are being applied in all directions; and evolution has discredited opinions about the history of the world and the history of man which were once supposed to be integral parts of the system of Christian truth.—*Rev. D. M. Ross, M. A.*

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Jan. 14. 1898.



A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Thou and I in spirit-land,  
A thousand years ago,  
Watched the waves beat on the strand,  
Ceaseless ebb and flow;  
Vowed to love and ever love—  
A thousand years ago.

Thou and I in greenwood shade,  
A thousand years ago,  
Saw the wild rose climb the glade,  
Murmuring soft and low;  
Vowed to love for evermore—  
A thousand years ago.

Thou and I in yonder star,  
Eight hundred years ago,  
Saw strange forms of light afar  
In wild beauty glow;  
All things change, but love endures  
Now as long ago!

Thou and I in Norman halls,  
Seven hundred years ago,  
Heard the trumpet blow on the walls  
Loud his trumpet blow—  
"The angel comes to you,"  
Seven hundred years ago!

Thou and I in Germany,  
Six hundred years ago,  
Then I bound the red cross on  
"True love, I must go,  
But we part to meet again  
In the endless flow!"

Thou and I in Syrian plains,  
Five hundred years ago,  
Felt the wild fire in our veins  
To a fever glow;  
All things die, but love lives on  
Now as long ago!

Thou and I in shadow-land,  
Four hundred years ago,  
Saw strange flowers bloom on the strand,  
Heard strange breezes blow;  
In the ideal love is real—  
This alone I know.

Thou and I in Italy,  
Three hundred years ago,  
Lived in faith and died for God,  
Felt the fagots glow;  
Ever new and ever true,  
Three hundred years ago.

Thou and I on Southern seas,  
Two hundred years ago,  
Felt the perfume even-breeze,  
Spoke in Spanish by the trees—  
Had no care or worry;  
Life went dreamily in song  
Two hundred years ago.

Thou and I mid Northern snows,  
One hundred years ago,  
Led an iron, silent life,  
And were glad to flow  
Onward into changing death,  
One hundred years ago.

Thou and I but yesterday  
Met in Fashion's show;  
Love, did you remember me—  
Yes, we kept the fond oath sworn  
A thousand years ago!

Spiritual Phenomena.

A New Phase.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Like many others of your readers I had, after years of investigation, both of the phenomena and philosophy, settled the question in my own mind as to the beauty of the spiritual teachings and the indisputable fact of spirit-communion, as demonstrated through so many different phases of unfoldment; I have often, indeed, heard the question: "What more can spirits do to aid or elevate mankind?" and the answer has been "What more can we ask for?" Think of it: almost every demonstration, mental and physical, possible, has been given us from the brighter side of life, until one comes to the conclusion that all practicable phenomena have been accorded. Well content, I had settled down to a close and comparative study of the philosophy and phenomena; the philosophy giving faith and belief in "the beauty of holiness" (or goodness); the phenomena (as demonstrated) as precious gems, known to me in my hands. My recent experience has, however, brought a (to me) new phase of mediumship for the benefit of suffering humanity. This was met with in the person of Dr. Chas. E. Watkins, the independent slate writer of world-wide reputation, who, by his gifts, has been able to confound, and possibly to convert, some of the brightest scientific minds of the day. In this new development he, in examining a patient, traces the disturbing element or cause, in many cases, back to childhood or to heredity—describing truthfully the effect and location—not only this, but the slate also brought into use more, and a diagram is drawn (independently), showing or claiming to show the exact condition of the diseased organ, so that the patient may "see himself" as the doctor sees him. His many testimonials show that his cures, like his diagnoses, are marvelous.

I understand that a very interesting experiment was tried a short time since: Two physicians attending a hopeless case, placed their diagnoses in writing, with Dr. Watkins's slates (on which were drawn the diseased organs), in the hands of a disinterested party. The patient passed on in a day or two. A post mortem examination followed, showing that while the physicians were reasonably near the truth, the slates gave an accurate presentation, going into the most minute detail. The physicians were startled by the demonstration.

Mediumistic Experiences of John Scott.

I was born in 1849 in Runcorn, Cheshire, and brought up in Lancashire. When about twenty-five I became a member of the United Methodist Free Church, and was a Sunday-school teacher seven years, but I could not find rest for my soul in that sphere, therefore I launched into Free thought. In 1881 I emigrated to County Durham, and again for a short time became a member of the Wesleyan Methodist, at the little village of Middleton near Merton. I became acquainted with a gentleman who told me he was a Spiritualist, and invited me to a meeting, and when Sunday came I went. Several ladies and gentlemen came, among them Mr. Dobson of Ferry Hill, a gentleman well known as a prominent Spiritualist. The lady of the house put the window shutters in, and looked the door, which caused me to look anxiously around the room, thinking I should see the spirits. Singing was followed by a prayer by Mrs. Haynes. She then gave an address, which I felt met the requirements of my soul. At the next meeting we drew up to the table, and as soon as I placed my hands upon it they commenced to vibrate rapidly, and my attempt to stop them caused the perspiration to pour down my face. Mr. Dobson advised me to take my hands off, but this made no difference. I rose to my feet and commenced to speak, a thing I never could do before, as many a time I had tried to address the children in the Sunday-school and of hope, but always failed. During the lecture I thought I saw a young man standing close to me, and pushing out my hand towards the person sitting next to me on the head. It was very dark, and he wanted to know who he was. I replied, "I did, because I thought I saw a man standing there." He wanted to know if I could describe him. I replied "Yes," and did so. He at once recognized the description to be that of his brother, who was lost in an explosion in Wales. When I replied "No," but soon after in the negative I went on the Saturday, calling at Ferry Hill for one Mr. Marlow, one of the gentlemen I first met with, to go with me. On Sunday I could not eat any breakfast.

At the meeting I stood up to sing, holding a hymn-book with a gentleman, but trembling so much I had to sit down, and, while sitting, these thoughts passed through my mind, "Well, I am here for good, and if you, the spirits, can use me for that, do so." I knew I was very sensitive, and believed all the spirits told me. I could, and can yet, hear them speak very plainly. One beautiful morning in August, 1881, I was going to work at 3:30, when, all at once, I was surrounded by a band of spirits, and could not go further, till five o'clock, when it was too late to get down the pit. I returned home and knocked at the door; my wife letting me in, wanted to know the cause, because I looked very pale. I was soon in bed, and there I remained for three days, and could not even help myself. I could not drink water. My wife advised me to go back to the chapel, but I could not, there was something better for me to do, and since that time, I am thankful to say, I have been the means of making scores of Spiritualists, and have had the pleasure of hearing some of them speak from the platform. As I went on I found I could get in rapport with any one sending me a letter, or anything that belonged to them, and made many Spiritualists by that form of mediumship.

While living at Ferry Hill I frequently went into a fair-minded neighbor's house. One Sunday I went in as usual to see if he would go for a walk. I had scarcely sat down when I saw a spirit enter the room and go to the mantel-piece and try to write his name. I soon found out that his name was Davis, and a very near friend to Mr. Davis, my neighbor, to whom I mentioned what I had seen, and stated that I could not make it all out, but his name was Davis. They asked me if I could describe him. I did so, when Mrs. Davis exclaimed, "That is your father, Ned!" "Yes," he replied, "but my father is not dead." We went out for a walk, and had not gone three hundred yards from the house when we saw two men coming down the lane. Davis remarked, "Here comes my brother-in-law from Spenny-moor." In a short time we met, and his brother-in-law gave him a yellow envelope. He took from it a telegram, and, with a stern look at me, exclaimed, "Dead!" "Yes," his father was coachman for a gentleman in Wales, and early that morning was riding a splendid horse, which threw and killed him. These things were common to me before I knew what Spiritualism was. I could always see things, but paid no regard to them, and many times when I saw such things and did not tell any one it made me ill; but on the other hand, when I told any one I was all right.

While living in Middlesbrough I received a telegram from a gentleman at Saltburn-by-the-Sea, wanting to know if I could make it convenient to receive three friends next morning, as they wanted an interview with me. I answered "Yes," about 10:30 next morning there came two ladies and a gentleman. He was a reverend, and I went under the control of his daughter, and she gave her father some very striking incidents relative to one Arthur, a nephew in Australia, and said that he was dying, which the gentleman admitted to me in my normal state was true. I also wrote him a curious letter. He wanted to know if I could read it. I told him I could not, I was a scholar. He assured me it was written in the Greek language, he could read it, and that it was news for him. Shortly after, when sending a few words to the gentleman, he came to see me, and told me he was talking to a brother minister some short time before in Birmingham on Spiritualism, to whom he gave one of my letters, asking him what he thought of the penmanship. He replied, "That man is no scholar." Then he presented the letter I wrote under control, saying at the same time, "What do you think of this?" He replied, "This man is a good scholar, and knows how to use a pen." My friend then asked him if he thought one man wrote the two letters. He replied "No." My friend assured him they were both written by the same person, and that he saw my name on the envelope.

On another occasion I received a telegram from ex-Councillor Lister, when living at Hetton-le-Hole, asking me to come to Middlesbrough on the Saturday. On arriving at the station I was met by Mr. Lister. We walked on to his house, and went into the sitting-room, and to my surprise there were Councillor Rushford, Detective Thorpe, and some more gentlemen. This was only my second visit to Middlesbrough, and some time before this there had been a little girl, Mary Ann Cooper, murdered and found dead in the park. These gentlemen wanted to know what I could tell about a meeting in the park to see if we could find out anything about the murder. It was a long time before I would consent. At last they persuaded me, and Detective Thorpe got the keys of the park and we went there. It was in the fall of the year, if I remember right, about August, 1886. We arrived at the park about 8:30 p.m., and went in at a side gate. There were about nine of us, most of whom are living. I asked, "Would they allow me to lead the way?" I then Detective Thorpe desired to know if I knew where the park was. The girl was found? I replied "No, but there is a spirit friend here wants to lead me to the place." They consented. At last we stopped, and I looked over some bushes, and said, "That is the spot where you found the child." Detective Thorpe asked, "How do you know?" "Simply because the spirits tell me so," he replied, "You are perfectly right." We formed a circle round the spot, sang a hymn, I offered up prayer, then commenced to describe some children playing on the ground. Close to was a man lying on the grass. I described the man, everything I said was taken down by the detective. I saw the man plucking daisies. He called the little girl to him, then he led her to the spot where we were. I saw him place his left hand over her mouth and draw from his trousers' pocket with his right a dirty white-hafted knife and out the child's throat. I saw him go through the bush on his hands and knees, to a path which led to a large pool of water. There I saw him throw something away. I further traced him out of the park, describing the road he went, that it took him under a railway arch, which the said was right. I further said that in the second street on the left hand the houses went up with two steps. They replied, "They do." In the middle of that street there is a beer-house on the right hand. "There is." In that house the murderer is now having a glass of beer. With that they had to carry me away, I became exhausted. The detective with another man went to the beer-house, and asked the landlady who had been in from 9:30 to the time he arrived, when the woman gave the exact description of the man I had described. On the Monday morning, I received a note from Councillor Rushford asking me to go to dine with them; I accepted the invitation. On arriving I found Detective Thorpe. He said to me: "On Saturday night you spoke of that man having a knife, and throwing something away at a certain place. At the place you spoke of we found a knife. If you saw that knife, could you distinguish it?" I said, "Yes, amongst a hundred." He and Mr. Rushford went into another room, and on their return Detective Thorpe held two handfuls of knives (pocket) and threw them on the table, saying, "Now, Mr. Scott, pick the knife out." I therefore walked to the table and took the knife in my hand, and placed it in his, saying, "That's the one." He replied, "Yes, it is. But how do you know, as you never examined the knives?" "Because I had no need. There was a spirit-light thrown on the knife, that was only seen by myself." I opened the knife, then were marks of blood. This knife was in the presence of four persons, viz.: Mr. Wardle of Hartlepool, Mr. and Mrs. Rushford, Detective Thorpe and myself. Three of the four are living at present. They further traced the man to Hull, then let him slip through. All these things are facts to many people living amongst us and readers of your paper.

[To be concluded.]

IRONING WITH THE CLOTHES WRINGER.—An authority on domestic economy advises the housekeeper of limited means to save her fire and strength and do as much ironing with the clothes wringer as possible. Plain pieces, like towels, pillow-cases, sheets, merrins and stockings, put through the wringer will be smoothed enough for practical purposes, if the rollers are tight.—The Bulletin, Kent, O.

The Reviewer.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR, by Hubert Home Bancroft. Part II., in typographical and pictorial work, fully equals Part I., Chapter III., which treats of the evolution of the Columbian Exposition, is concluded, and is finely illustrated. Chapter IV. is devoted to a clear and comprehensive description of the site, the plan of the grounds and buildings, etc. The illustrations are exquisite in finish, and the details are brought out with remarkable clearness. Among those worthy of especial notice may be mentioned the Woman's Building, Convent of La Rabida, a fountain surrounded with feathery ferns and graceful palms in Horticultural Hall, a view of an Eskimo mother, babe and child, in front of a hut in the Eskimo village, and a beautiful Arabian lady. "Arabia, Midway Place," has such a picturesque, Oriental air, that one can scarcely believe it to be an imported portion of the East. The approach to the Administration Building gives one an idea of the grandeur and beauty of the "White City." "Exposition Management, Congress Auxiliary and Finances," are treated of in an entertaining manner in Chapter V. Among the illustrations one is immediately attracted by the beauty of a section of the colonnade in the Fisheries Building, and the delicate workmanship of the arches that extend in almost countless succession in a portion of a Moorish palace. This superb work, which is published in installments, and which is to present all the features of the Fair, artistic and industrial, will be a source of entertainment and instruction to people of all ages and places, and should be in every household. The Bancroft Company, publishers, Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill.

PROOFS OF EVOLUTION. One of a Series of Popular Lectures before the Brooklyn Ethical Association by Nelson C. Parshall. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr and Company. This thoughtful and instructive little volume will be read with more than ordinary interest by all thinkers. Its arguments are lucid and forcible, and are exhaustive in scope. In support of the theory of evolution proofs are adduced from geology, morphology, embryology, metamorphosis, rudimentary organs, geographical distribution, discovered links, reversion, etc.

THE BOOK OF LIGHT AND LIFE; or, The Essence of the Sohar, pertaining to the Mysteries of Man, the Christ, and his Coming Kingdom, by P. Davidson, is a neat volume of two hundred and forty pages, in paper covers, published by the author, Louisville, White Co., Ga. Chapter I. treats of "The Bible of Humanity," Chapter II., "The Mysteries Pertaining to Man," Chapter III., "The Christ of the Kabala, etc.," Chapter IV., "Mysteries of the Soul," Chapter V., "The Christ, the Cross, the Church, etc.," Chapter VI., "Death, Ancient Initiations, etc.," Chapter VII., "The New Advent, the Coming Reformer, etc."

The following have been received: WEATHER BUREAU BULLETIN, No. 10, The Climate of Chicago, by Professor Henry A. Hazen, issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. Catalogue and Announcements 1892-93. Philadelphia: Printed for the University.

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guiding its interests to establish what has since been known to our readers as

## "A God's Poor Fund."

Said fund was inaugurated by a special committee of philanthropic spirits, in order to aid really destitute people in the mortal world who might have come to want by and through various causes beyond the control of the sufferers.

We were asked if we would be the recipients of such a Fund, and dispense it to the needy as the spirit-world workers might suggest. After carefully weighing the responsibility attendant upon such an important and responsible undertaking, we complied with the request of our spirit-friends, and have ever since faithfully carried out the mutual agreement, under the careful advice of our spiritual coadjutors, from year to year—as our columns amply attest, we having relieved thousands of deserving applicants through this Fund; and we are still conscientiously fulfilling to the best of our ability the delicate mission assigned us.

It required a great amount of faith on our part, at first, we must admit, to acquiesce in the request made by the invisibles, although they promised that donation funds to carry on the work successfully would be promptly responded to—and they were. This is what determined us to continue in the special work assigned us.

There are other specialties to which THE BANNER agencies have been devoted, and of which our oldest patrons are fully aware: Among these are the North American Indian Question, the Doctors' Plot Question, and other issues that have agitated the public mind for many years.

The most important of all the work done by THE BANNER has been in the direction of the advancement among men of a knowledge of DIRECT SPIRIT COMMUNION—a subject of the deepest and most momentous importance that could or can enlist the attention of mortals. Modern Spiritualism has indeed grown from a small beginning—a mere twig—until the branches of the mammoth oak now cover the earth.

Among Spiritualists themselves a few things are essentially necessary to be kept in mind at this stage of the progress of its vital truths. Chief of all is the need of mutual respect, forbearance, friendliness and united endeavor. Rivalries cannot exist where Spiritualism is itself spiritual, and nowise selfish or inclined to conceit.

The systematic liberal education of the children of Spiritualists is the next important matter in laying the permanent foundations for the spread of its principles and the growth of its truth. It is time to begin and carry forward a broad and well concerted effort for the proper education of the children of believers, that the great Cause may be advanced in the future by those who, through life-long familiarity with its principles, are most capable of imparting its instructions.

Through varying vicissitudes and changes this work has been wrought, until THE BANNER has reached the present epoch, wherein it becomes necessary that it should admonish all good and true Spiritualists—now that it has opened to-day yet another volume—that it needs and should have them take a deep interest in extending its circulation—deeper than ever before—if they desire it shall be as useful in the future as it has been in the past.

## The Lyceum Again—An Appeal.

Additional to what was given in THE BANNER week before last, as the substance of an appeal for the spiritual training of Spiritualists' children by means of the Lyceum—advanced with much earnestness and force by Mr. Alfred Kitson—we are glad to refer this week to the subsequent utterances of the *Two Worlds* itself, in which it refers to the recent grand gathering of the district lyceums in Manchester, Eng., and ascribes all honor to the workers who so faithfully and zealously gave their service and sympathy to this important branch of labor for humanity. But, adds the editor, what is being done is not a tithe of what ought to be accomplished. The Lyceums are inadequately officered, and there is increasing need for improvement in methods. And he says with serious truth that a heavy responsibility devolves upon those Spiritualists, who, having time, means and educational advantages, neglect to exert their influence and help in the work for the rising generation. There is an imperative need, says the *Two Worlds*, for moral and spiritual teaching; ordinary schools neglect moral enlightenment, and what religious instruction they give is of the orthodox and sectarian kind, dealing with non-essentials rather than with basic principles.

The Lyceum method, in the opinion of the *Two Worlds*, should be education and permeation, for the purpose of bringing out the latent powers of the children and of influencing them by example. The object, he says, should be to set before them illustrations of love, honor, gentleness, patience, forbearance, kindness, sympathy and a truth-loving disposition. Spiritual graces need to be made manifest, and represented in conversation and conduct rather than in lessons. The Lyceum should supply the lack of the day-school by giving direction to the feelings, emotions and thoughts of the children; and roughness, harshness and impatience need to be guarded against, so that the spirit of love, sympathy and harmony may be fostered, and the soul-nature shine forth in an atmosphere of affection, regard and good-will. The ideal of the Lyceum is so high, and its office and scope are so all-important, to the race, that the indifference and apathy of the great mass of Spiritualists, especially those who regard themselves as the educated and cultured, are regarded rightly with dismay, if not with indignation. They who, because of their attainments and advantages, should be in the front of this educational movement, lag in the rear or hold off altogether.

The editor complains with justice that our literature for the young has no practical exist-

ence, and is likely to have none unless funds are supplied by wealthy and generous Spiritualists. And he proceeds to put these direct and highly pertinent questions—Where are those who, with the pen of the ready writer, and the heart filled with love for the children, can write books such as will be read with interest and profit? Where are those who, from books already published, will make a list of such as are known to them suitable for use in Lyceums, and for prizes of gift books? Where are those who, with open hearts and ready means, will listen to the cry of the faithful few Lyceum leaders—"Come over and help us!" "Give us of your wealth for the sake of the little children?" And where are those who may say: "Silver and gold have I none to spare, but I will give time and service to the little ones, for of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

It is an argument and an appeal not to be resisted by professing Spiritualists anywhere. We trust it may be heeded here in America, as well as in England, for the need is great and the harvest all ready for the reapers.

## The True Christianity.

THE BANNER of August 19th contained a report of an inspirational discourse by that widely reputed and truly superior medium, W. J. Colville, on the true origin of Christianity, many points and thoughts in which will repay the reader's more reflective attention.

Speaking of the character itself of Jesus, the impressive lecturer observed that, simply on the literary side, it is an intensely powerful one, being such that, if it were only imagined, would make the one who could perfectly conceive it as really wonderful as his conception itself. It was pronounced infinitely complex, and so many-sided—though wholly consistent with itself—that it would repay endless study. Jesus never tolerated the prevailing assumptions of the native inferiority of woman. His wisdom, insight and sagacity were truly marvelous. The gospels could never have been the production of illiterate, uninspired fishermen nor the work of priestly invention. Renan portrays the character of Jesus too weakly, Strauss too dubiously. The fourth gospel is platonic, agnostic, mystical, and in these respects differs from the other three.

The common people heard Jesus gladly, while the aristocracy detested him. Ecclesiastical sacerdotalism is founded upon Paul, not upon Jesus. Calvinism and Lutheranism are almost exclusively Pauline; so much so that the epistle of James, which comes very near the teachings of Jesus, was, in Luther's eyes, "an epistle of straw." The gospels recognize intuitive perception of truth, and preach the indwelling spirit; whereas Paul, before all things, was a scholar, a cultured, intellectual wrangler. Jesus was a true seer; Paul was a sage, gifted with occasional seership.

The need of the times is not "higher criticism" of documents, but earnest, philanthropic work for humanity. "He went about doing good," is an all-sufficient biography even of the greatest character ever conceived. Esays, dates and probabilities are only food, often indigestible for the historian, but are no part of a living gospel. We need more and more to experiment with the gospel teachings; our present society condition is unsatisfactory; we are chiefly in want of practical reform measures. The burning question of the hour is, Do the teachings attributed to Jesus furnish the key to what we need?

Christianity and Churchianity are two, but most people confound them. We are all too narrow and sectarian; too much in love with our pet exclusiveness; we stand aloof from our neighbors when we might easily, if we chose, work benevolently with them. We shall discover truth and learn from one another when we work side by side to bless our brethren. Primitive Christianity was not ecclesiastical, but communal, cooperative, fraternal; what we need is to be so filled with the spirit of brotherly love that we give freely, according as all have need, not because we are commanded to, but because we love to.

The mission of true Spiritualism is to move the popular will in the direction of practical, equitable benevolence. The Spiritual Philosophy is identical with the Gospel Truth, but utterly opposed to creedal assumptions. On entering the spirit-world, the soul finds itself blessed only by the results of good accomplished; not necessarily external acts, for thoughts are entities, and they travel and produce results.

"Psychical Research is no Substitute for Spiritualism," says Mr. W. J. Colville, in the course of the condensation of his Lake Brady, O., lecture, which the reader will find (as made by a friendly correspondent for THE BANNER) on our second page. We are willing to acknowledge, with him, that to many, psychical research does introduce the matter of spirit-return to investigators who might otherwise not at once become drawn to a knowledge of the great fact of spirit communion; but, as he intimates, such psychically-introduced questioners could not proceed far before the fact of the action of an intelligence outside the medium, and not ascribable to by-standers, etc., would be encountered by them. Hair-drawn phrases, full of scientific "suggestion," but meaning nothing practically in the last analysis, will never settle the great question; but the universal declaration of the manifesting spirits offers the true solution to all who dare accept it.

THE BANNER is of opinion—plainly and emphatically—that but a very few genuine spirit-photographs have been made since those by Mr. Mumler were produced; notwithstanding the fact that many persons have from year to year (up to the present time) advertised to produce such photographs. This paper has exposed many times in the past these impostures upon the credulous, stating that such photographs were merely transfers, the process of producing which is extremely simple—so much so that any photographic artist can make them. This statement may surprise some people who really believe they have bona fide pictures of their spirit-friends; but we know whereof we speak, as we have tested this matter for many years under the strictest scrutiny, with the assistance of several of the oldest and most competent photographers of this city.

## Rooms to Let.

For Secular Purposes. Suitable for Lawyers' Offices or other Business. For further particulars apply to COLBY & RICH, No. 9 Bowditch Street, Boston.

We have received, since last report, in aid of the veteran medium, ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the subjoined Mrs. L., \$8.00; S. C. Crane, \$1.00; Mary V. Townsend, 50 cents.

## Not Wild Ground!

In that admirable address made before the Psychological Science Congress at Chicago, Ill., and given in full in another part of THE BANNER, Giles B. Stebbins maintained to the full the prior claims of the Spiritual Revelation, and plainly told the adolescents of to-day that the veterans of the years ago—who gave up their hopes of earthly advantage and profferment that they might advance the new truth, and present an open answer to the world's frenzied demand for an added assurance of immortality—carefully surveyed the field, and had demonstrable reasons for their action.

Bro. Stebbins's dignified and concise remarks go straight to the point in this direction: "Investigators to-day are apt to suppose that the phenomena of Spiritualism never had a thorough and critical sifting, such as they wish for. Let us correct this error. I knew Dr. R. T. Hallock and Dr. Grey, both eminent physicians in New York, and their thorough methods were noteworthy. The careful testing devices of those eminent scientists, Prof. Hare and Prof. Mapes, gave ample evidence of trained accuracy. The aim of this Congress is to 'prove all things, and hold fast only to that which is good.' But let us bear in mind that we are not going over wild ground never surveyed. We may well appreciate and emulate the pioneer investigators. Fortunately if we equal them in zeal and care and devotedness, more fortunate if we excel them."

## The Spiritual Camp-Meetings.

It gives us great pleasure to know—from the full reports furnished THE BANNER—that these meetings all over the country have been fully attended this season from week to week by parties desiring to listen to the grand teachers of the Spiritual Philosophy, and be convinced of direct spirit-return by the many excellent test mediums on the grounds. All which betokens auspicious convocations next season, with increased attendance.

We take this occasion to cordially thank all our correspondents for their very able reports; and also the managers of the different camps for their kind expressions in behalf of THE BANNER.

## Natural and "Supernatural."

A recent materialistic writer affirms that the sentiment of religion is a natural error, not a "supernatural" perception; it is a mistake, not an insight or intuition superadded from a foreign source. On the other hand, Spiritualism declares that there is no "supernatural," and proceeds to demonstrate it. It asserts that religion, or an instinctive natural longing for immortality, is a natural testimony to that immortality. With Spiritualism all is "natural," nothing is "supernatural"; and an instinctive desire for continuous life is the natural evidence of immortality.

THE Westminster Gazette—a London daily publication—has in a recent issue the following, concerning spiritualistic inquiries in Vienna, Austria:

"The interesting experiments of Professor Kraft Ebing with an amateur female medium (writes the Vienna correspondent of THE Times) were looked upon by many medical men as inconclusive on the ground that the possibility of deception was not entirely excluded. The results obtained on that occasion, were, however, of such a striking character that both the skeptics and those who were disposed to accept the genuineness of the phenomena decided to follow the matter up. At a largely-attended meeting of the Psychical Society of Vienna (composed, by the way, exclusively of physicians), which has just been held, a local doctor and his assistant conducted a further series of experiments prepared long in advance with the same lady medium. The result was to convince both Dr. Mayer, the gentleman in question, and a well known specialist for nervous diseases, Dr. Sigismund Freund, the latter of whom dwelt on the great importance and seriousness of the subject, that Professor Kraft Ebing was justified in his belief in the reality of the manifestations. Further séances are to be held, and it is evidently intended to subject the whole affair to a thorough investigation."

Mr. Samuel D. Bowen writes as follows: "I have forty volumes of the BANNER OF LIGHT, complete, and thirteen with from one to eight numbers missing in each volume. They are in good order, and each volume tied separately. If you know of any party or institution that would like to have them, and would be willing to pay express on them, I will gladly box them up and forward as you order."

Address Colby & Rich, 9 Bowditch Street, Boston, Mass., for particulars.

THE First Society of Spiritualists, New York City—of which Mr. H. J. Newton is President—will resume its meetings at Carnegie Hall on Sunday, Sept. 10th, with Dr. Beckwith-Ewell as speaker the present month. He is a very remarkable platform test medium, we have the best authority for stating. Tests will be given at the close of each lecture.

We have just learned that Professor and Mrs. M. T. Longley are on their way to the Pacific Coast. The spirit physician of the lady intimated some time ago that she needed a change of conditions for the benefit of her health. As the readers of THE BANNER are aware, Mrs. Longley (formerly Miss M. T. Shelhamer) has been the medium for THE BANNER Free Circles for the past fourteen years.

We regret to learn, by a private letter from our friend Dr. Fred L. H. Willis, that his beloved wife and our valued correspondent, Mrs. Love M. Willis, has recently been called to pass through a severe and almost fatal illness—as far as the physical embodiment is concerned. We are glad to be able to announce that she is now regarded as out of danger.

In aid of Dr. T. A. BLAND of Washington, D. C., the Indians' Friend, we have received since last report, the following: Mrs. Susan L. Porter, \$5.00.

The problems arising from foreign immigration find interesting treatment in "Questions and Answers" department on the sixth page, present issue.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.—This able monthly magazine (for August) came to our sanctum rather late, but contains an apology therefor by its editor, Mr. W. J. Colville, in which he says that it will appear regularly at the beginning of each month hereafter. The number before us opens with a lecture by Mr. Colville, entitled "The World's Parliament of Religions." It is rather lengthy, but deeply interesting. "The Serious Statement of Individual Experience in Mental Matter Follows." Published at the Health College, Chicago, Ill., and for sale at the Bookstore of Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass.

Miss Lettie Fowler is located for the winter, we are informed, at 455 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., where she will give sittings afternoons daily except Sundays. Appointments made and letters on business answered. She is a veteran worker for the Cause in America and Europe, and deserves well of the Western friends and inquirers.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

**The First Electric Light.**—The State Department at Washington has recently received through official channels an account of electrical apparatus owned by Dr. Franklin during his last stay in England. It appears that he made at that time an electric light by which he was easily enabled to read, so that his discovery and invention is a good century ahead of that of Edison. The lamp Dr. Franklin then made is in a good state of preservation, and has been recently tested by its owner, who resides near London, who finds that it works as satisfactorily now as when its distinguished inventor experimented with it. Its principle is that of the arc light without carbon points. The cylinder within which the light is produced is about a foot in length and three inches in diameter. Each end is connected by attachments with the positive and negative poles of the machine, which at that stage of discovery was the only means of generating electricity with which men of science were familiar. The ends of the tube are partly closed, and the light given off is brilliant and steady. The machine used by Franklin for generating electricity for this novel experiment is, like a grindstone, turned by a crank, and was the most powerful and complete in construction of any electrical machine of that day. The crank turns a ponderous cylinder of glass, which is rubbed by brushes with silk covers. These brushes convey the electricity collected from the cylinder to the positive and negative conductors, supported on large glass pillars, where it can be used for experimental purposes.

**Crowded Boston Tenements.**—The latest report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics and Labor, compiled by Statistician H. G. Wadlin, deals with the tenement-house census of Boston, the receipt of a copy of which document is hereby acknowledged. A previous report dealt especially with the rooms and rent of tenements. Both censuses were obtained by a house-to-house canvass, conducted by special agents throughout the city, all classes and grades of tenements being covered. The present report presents in a grave light the crowded condition of Boston's poor and the unsanitary state of so many tenements. Of 71,000 families, 16.77 per cent. live in tenements classed as excellent; 40.60 per cent. as good; and 39.87 per cent. as fair. Taking the city at large, 8,226 families, or 37,613 persons, live in tenements having poor or bad outside sanitary conditions. 9,014 families, comprising 26,201 persons, are found in poorly ventilated tenements. The number of sleeping-rooms without outside windows is 3,857, while the population living in these tenements aggregates 14,269. There are 53,189 families renting tenements without bath-rooms; in other words, only about one-fourth of the total number of families and persons living in hired premises are supplied with bath-rooms. Over 17,000 families are without outdoor yards of any kind; and in one case, 41 families, comprising 219 persons, have but a single yard at their disposal. Other figures are eloquent for the reformation of present conditions.

**Restoring the Tilfish.**—The fish commission of the United States reports having recently caught twenty tilfish about ninety miles southeast of Sandy Hook, not a specimen having been seen before in fifteen years. The fish taken are fine and plump, weighing on an average from ten to fifteen pounds. One of them was on exhibition in Fulton Market. This small catch may lead to the important discovery that tilfish can be caught in large numbers once more. That would be a very valuable addition to the fish-food supply of New York and the country at large. The tilfish is a very good food fish, its meat resembling that of a big blackfish. Boiled or fried, it is firm, delicate and extremely good. It is believed to be an excellent chowder fish. The fishermen went out for them previous to 1875 or 1878 just as they did for cod, and took them in great quantities. Suddenly, when their fishery was rapidly increasing, something happened down on the ocean bottom—nobody ever knew what—and killed them by the millions; it may have been a submarine earthquake; sea captains all at once found themselves sailing through acre after acre of dead tilfish, the area of dead fish being more than one hundred miles long by twenty-five to thirty miles wide. These fish live in very deep water, and are ground feeders, like the cod. They are usually taken with trawl lines, in the same way as cod. They are not a game fish, being practically paralyzed when brought to the surface, the diminished pressure of water upon their bodies causing some of their internal organs to be materially displaced.

**Employment for Idle Hands.**—Col. Albert A. Pope, of bicycle fame, sends out for general distribution a circular, proposing as an alleviation of the present distress of labor, and to provide against worthy workmen and their families becoming objects of charity, that the State legislatures and city and town authorities should take immediate steps to furnish employment in the construction of public works, and especially in the betterment of the highways. The Massachusetts highway commission reports that the loss from bad roads in the State amounts to between five and ten million dollars a year, which is probably a larger sum than would be required to put the roads in good condition. It has been estimated that Illinois loses a hundred million dollars every year from bad roads. By thus giving the idle employment at this time, there would be a direct gain to the community, and also a promotion of health, happiness and prosperity, and the prevention of poverty, degradation and crime. It is further suggested that Congress should make liberal appropriation for the irrigation of arid lands, thus opening up vast tracts for agricultural purposes and returning the cost of labor. It would ultimately prove to be a profitable investment to the government. There is no question that the above suggestion is both timely and beneficent, and we need not add that it has our hearty approval.

**The Phenomena and their Cause.**—In the biographical English story of "Quinlan," published in London in 1877, as a footnote to one of the chapters the author gives his views on the phenomena of Spiritualism, of the cause of which he professes to have no special knowledge. If we deny the phenomena themselves, however, he asserts that we not only deny the validity of human testimony but the integrity of our own senses also. As to their cause he has no opinion, denouncing opinion as the curse of the world. If we do not, or cannot, know, why forestall judgment with opinion? Give us your knowledge, but not your opinion. Let us pray for knowledge, modesty and tolerance. Nevertheless, he fancies the invisible beings influence us in mysterious ways, and in common with the devoutest Christians he believes, with one of the leading characters of his story, that children on earth may have guardian spirits. At the time of his writing the book noticed, the phenomena were more a subject of discussion than now, having long since passed the stage of incredulity.

**The Plin in Budend Law of Heredity.**—"You are no child of mine!" is a frequent frenzy of speech by an angered parent to an ungovernable offspring, on the pages of fictitious literature. "Oh yes, I am!" could be the ready response, "and this very act of mine proves it! Nature blabs her secret through me. Let us cry quits! You put the cursed taint in my blood when I could not protect myself. I am the one to complain, not you. Face your record made in flesh and blood. This life of mine is Nature's reply to your life of license and uncleanness. I am your lineal descendant!" In this just but terrible strain of denunciation of a guilty parent by a cast-out daughter, Helen Gardner preached the doctrine of heredity at one of the meetings for the promotion of social purity to an audience that was thrilled with the electric meaning of her words. That is the effective way to teach heredity as one of God's distinct and immutable laws. The sins of the fathers are indeed visited upon the children; to the third and fourth generation. There is no escape in this world from its penalty.

**Dr. Dumont C. Dake,** who has been visiting Lake Pleasant, Mass., has returned to New York, recuperated mentally and physically; and is ready to resume his work.

**Now is the time to subscribe for THE BANNER—the best paper in the world.**











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100



