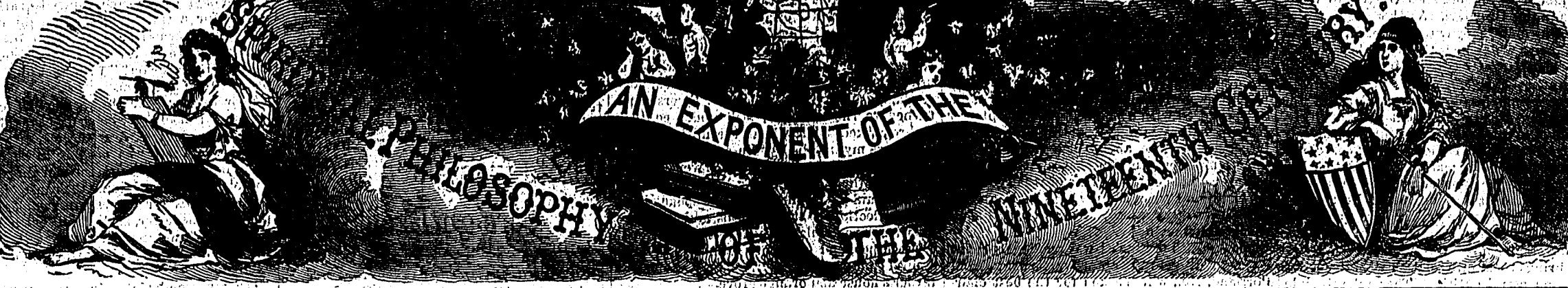


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 74.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

{ \$2.50 Per Annum; }
Postage Free.

NO. 23.

Written for the Banner of Light. GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY FRED L. HILDRETH.

Did you ever stop to listen—
When the bright stars gleam and glisten—
To the voices fond and loving
From the angels at our side?
Those we cherish in the morning
Of their earth-lives, ere the dawning
Of a grander, brighter future
Sweep their barks across the tide!

By your side a loving mother,
Beauteous sister, father, brother
Warns you gently, whispers softly,
"Turn, grim danger lurketh nigh!"
You, without an outward seeming,
Seem to grasp the hidden meaning
Of the voice and touch so gentle
Of those guardians from the sky.

Open wide your soul-doors, mortals,
Standing close beside the portals,
Ever striving, ever reaching,
There are hearts to guide and save.

Feet that wander, weak and weary,
In the paths so dark and dreary,
Lo! our Father's guiding angels
That we thought lay in the grave.

So along life's wondrous river,
Where the lights and shadows quiver,
As your barks sweep onward, onward,
Daily toward the spirit-land:
Would you shun the storms that gather
You must heed the loved, who hover
Close about you, guardian angels,
Fair and happy—joyous band!

Written for the Banner of Light.

Automatic Writing: A Homily. An Interesting Hieroglyphical Illustration.

BY SIDNEY DEAN.

THE incidents of life are often more marvelous than studied fiction. The operations of little understood and undefined laws and forces connected with our mental, spiritual, and even our material being, are a source of constant wonder, and afford delight to the spiritually-minded and devout of heart, who, like the old earth pilgrims referred to in the Scriptures, are "seeking a country, that is, an heavenly"—a spirit-habitation—to supplement the rough tuition of the earth-life.

The great Nazarene teacher said: "He that doeth the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine," which is tantamount to saying, "he who seeks to live in obedience to the laws of his threefold nature in earth—which laws are 'the will of the Father,' creation's God, as well as moral and material governor—shall know, through his spiritual and material life, the nature and blessedness of those laws." Hence, we have contended that Spiritualism means *spiritual living*; honest and pure living; benevolent and unselfish living; in a word, a life while in the mortal, in close approximation to that better-developed, educated and ennobled spirit-life, beyond the mortal environment.

In such a life here there will appear in some form or forms, or methods of manifestation, what the world, or those living a strictly mundane life, governed by its passions and appetites, its intensity of self-interest and greed, its indifference to the feelings or the welfare of others, its denial of the law of the spiritual and material brotherhood of the race—what all these who are denominated "the world" call phenomena. But to those who live the life and "know of the doctrine," much which the world calls phenomena is simply that which is natural and spiritually normal.

And among these is spirit-communication in its varied manifestations, yet but partially developed; the presence, fraternization, helpfulness and love, clearly expressed, of our absent ones who have gone on their immortal journey just in advance of us, and who return to give our souls the kiss of peace and inspiration. They manifest as we are best fitted to receive them; hence "gifts" and "powers" of mediumship, speaking and writing in "unknown tongues," "the interpretation of tongues," and all the varied phenomena which are puzzling the selfish, speculative world to-day.

Spiritual gifts inspire no personal pride or vanity, but rather the reverse. Instead of a spiritual medium becoming opinionated, positive, dogmatic, haughty and belligerent, the soul feels like walking humbly, and is distrustful lest self shall crowd itself in, even unconsciously, and mar the purity, the simple truthfulness and the glory of a spirit's message. There are doubtless some mediums, honest in their ignorance and inflamed in their selfish zeal, who pervert the law of humility as governing true spiritual living. They lose the sweet content and unmeasured peace of the soul, whose loss leads to poverty of spiritual gifts, and their final suppression because of unfitness for medial use.

I solicited of the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT the privilege of examining and, if possible, illustrating a single department of spiritual manifestations, involving various "gifts of the spirit," and the several steps taken will doubtless interest its readers. I beg the pardon, in advance, of the accomplished English brother who, as a medium, was instrumental in laying the foundation for this series of what I am convinced are medial or spiritual manifestations. He had been within easy reach by mail or otherwise, I should have solicited his permission, in view of his important connection with the series, and thus given the readers of THE BANNER the endorsement of his name. I do the next best thing by omitting his name and specific address, simply stating that he is an English gentleman of culture and wealth, en-

gaged in business enterprises in India, and possessing, in a marked degree, the gift of automatic writing. This was developed certainly as early as 1860, and he has since been a student of Spiritualism, its literature and psychical laws and manifestations. I am permitted to make extracts from a letter written by him, addressed to the editors of THE BANNER, from a specific address in India, dated Dec. 27th, 1893, in which he says:

"I read with great interest the articles by Sidney Dean in THE BANNER of March and April last on psychic phenomena, especially No. V. In THE BANNER of the 4th of March, referring to the strange artistic drawings or characters which came flowing through his pen by no effort or will of his own. I have had a similar experience since 1860, but, less fortunate, have not been able to get any meaning from or translation of them. The forms have an easy grace, and though no two are alike, there is yet unity of character for the production of which voluntarily I am quite incapable."

The letter was accompanied by some leaves, covered with automatic writing in hieroglyphical characters, and a statement that he had forwarded by mail one of the books, with the hope that some meaning might be obtained through some medium with the gift of interpretation. He further says:

"I would have sent this sooner, but I have to pass the hot months in the Mussonic Himalaya, the books remaining here. I may mention that there is no constraint on the hand itself, only a gentle leading or pushing influence is felt through the pen or pencil."

The remainder of the letter is devoted to business connected with the Banner Publishing House, and of no special interest to the reader.

The book arrived by due course of mail, and lies before me. It is a volume of nearly five hundred pages, in size six by seven and one-half inches, of heavy paper, bound in boards, covered with a coarse, dingy red cloth, the binding done, I should judge, by an amateur. On its fly-leaf, over a very artistic, elaborately drawn and neatly-executed hieroglyph of large size, is the endorsement "1863, from February 21st to March 22d."

But the pages themselves bear evidence of a message, a hieroglyphical language, a meaning and a purpose in the work. The figures are large, complicated, varied. They are artistic, graceful, unique and beautiful. They average five to the page, and are so compounded in their circles and angles as to be indescribable. They convey to me that undefinable sense of the melody of beauty. Psychometrically they brought a sense of sadness, of sympathy, of a desire to help, though no specific meaning was disclosed to me in the text. And yet the book attracted me, and after laying it aside for awhile, I returned to it involuntarily, as if a magnet was drawing me. Mere curiosity was lost in a sympathetic desire to help some fellow spirit.

I judge this feeling or sense to be psychometric, and my opinion is fortified by a single fact which forms a natural part of this record of experience. As the India letter and book were handed me, another letter from a gentleman in Manitoba, Canada, was also offered me, of the following tenor, addressed to the editors of the BANNER OF LIGHT:

"—, MANITOBA, CANADA, Dec. 24th, 1893. GENTS: Will the Controlling Intelligence (Message Department) please give us the interpretation of the message below? (Exact copy of the original.) It was received through the hand, automatically, of my wife, Sunday, Dec. 17th, '93. A large number are interested in this, for should it prove intelligence it will have great weight, as my wife knows nothing of dead languages. Any help, spiritually, you can extend would be appreciated, as there are but few of us here, and it means a struggle. But we have the truth, and it must prevail."

Then follows the copy of the hieroglyphical characters, which, in many respects, but in no wise duplicates, have been automatically written by my hand. There is appended the following, written in capital letters: "Query: What language? Ans.: Kabyli," followed by the signature and post-office drawer of the writer. To this I get no impression whatever. It contains no special magnetism, spirit or psychic influence, such as all originals possess, and it strengthens the theory that only the original carries with it the influence imparted by the spirit author.

But to continue the India book experience. A brief explanation preceding the record of subsequent events connected with it seems to be required in order to make the narrative intelligent to the reader. My family consists of myself, wife, and two grown-up sons, four in all, and all possessing mediumistic gifts. When sitting in circle spirit-presence is as unmistakable as any resultant act of consciousness, and distinct phases of phenomena, of a mental or spiritual type, are as natural and easy as family conversation. I had purposed to submit the book to our spirit-friends, and await what they might say or do. An intimate friend and companion of my sons, Mr. Louis Jones, the spirit-artist, made his usual informal call for an afternoon and night. In the evening he took his place, as customary, in the family circle. The book was introduced, its unique hieroglyphical characters examined, and their beauty, symmetry, and evident connection with each other, commented upon.

The artist took pencil and paper, and commenced to draw a human figure, with a rocky background; his form clothed in a long robe extending to his naked feet, denuded even of sandals; girdled at the waist, with loose, flowing sleeves; arms extended, with the lower arms uplifted, and open palms. The figure had an intelligent face, of Caucasian type, with full moustache and long flowing beard; a forehead high, smooth, and indicating great intelligence; head large, symmetrical, bald upon the top, but surrounded with long, curl-

ing hair extending to the shoulders, and uniting with the whiskers. The whole figure represented a person of marked intelligence and authority among his fellowmen. There was nothing in the sketch indicating a profession, or giving evidence of his position, except as indicated in the above description of his personality.

In the meantime the eldest son had taken pencil and pad of paper, and rapidly recorded the two poems, exact copies of which follow:

Whom are we that chant the praises
Of a people long since dead?
Who is he who oftentimes raises
Glorious poems to thy head?
Who is he who on these pages
Wrote the history of his race?
What is he among your sages
Whom of him could find no trace?

In the hidden, rock-bound archives
Of old India's rocky mountains,
Hidden deep, 'neath the stone arches
Where now gently rippling fountains,
In a cell, how gently, deeply
In the living rock and earth,
Are now stored the storied pages
Of this race's death and birth.

Out from ancient times and peoples
Came they to this land of spice,
Far from desert of sand and seashore,
Farther still from snow and ice:
Came they then to blessed India,
And with flocks and herds galore,
With their helpmates and their children,
And with every household store.

They were rovers like their fathers,
Who gave life unto their sons,
Who from place to place had wandered
Until here they settled down—
Never more to drive their tent-pins
In a desert plain of sand—
So their huts of bark they builded
In this fair and pleasant land.

Priests had they—the tribal fathers—
They as rulers served as well,
Like unto the Israel fathers
Of which sacred parchments tell.
But through pestilence and warfare,
And through famine's dire distress,
Few remained to build the nation—
Few escaped the wilderness.

Yet in time the nation prospered,
All went well as years rolled on,
And their customs changed slowly,
Slowly changed the ancient tongue.
Still the priests preserved the mystery
Which to them was handed down;
It was nothing but the history
Of the tribal wandering 'round.

It's of this that I have spoken;
This is that's hidden away;
'Tis the secret of the priesthood
That rules India's land to day.
Mingled with the history's story
Are the teachings of the past,
Priestly precept, old and hoary,
Star signs from the heavens vast.

All is well—their late descendants
Know not now from whence they've come;
Nor the hardships of their fathers
In their journeyings for a home.
Such is life of little moment
Seem the actions long since o'er—
But forever they're recorded
In the books of Heaven's lore.

Down from old India's hills and fertile plains
Sweep forth the hordes of savagery,
Bringing with them in endless chains
Their customs, sects, and written imagery.
Behold them! countless as the sands
Which line old ocean's surf-beat shore;
Rolling ever onward in continual band,
The countless thousands that exist no more.

Their fathers were of ancient birth and race,
Their tribal laws and rulings were as old
As Egypt's pyramids, and stony face
Which smiles forth from the desert's sandy gold.
Their race is run, successors have since come,
Their humble lives have long since ended quite,
Their flocks are gathered in a spirit-home,
Their day of earth is now an endless night.

The earth now knows them but by spoken lore
From father unto son still handed down—
The secret annals of the Brahmin's store,
But never to a stranger's ear made known.
Their name was Legion; now they are away
From earth; their mission long since past,
They live forever in a spirit day.
Their strolling, reckless, careless life is past
Forever to the earth, from whence it sprang—
The brute existence of a cruder earth—
The time by shepherd minstrel laid since sung,
The quickening pulses of civilization's birth.

The influence in the family circle was marked, distinctive, deep and profound. It seemed characteristic of another and earlier age and civilization, for we had received professed spirit intelligences, and been in touch with that age and development many times previously, and recognized the peculiar influence. Complete passivity upon our part had opened the door fully, and our unseen friends, the spirit visitants, seemed conscious of the great welcome accorded them. For nearly, if not quite, three hours the influence held its force, and still consciously lingered after we had separated for the night and I had returned the volume to my library table.

The same influence seemed to pervade the rooms all the next day, drawing me to the book, from which I could not detach my mind without an effort of the will. It continued, and it was not easy to prosecute my usual daily literary work. After nearly a week of this experience I surrendered to the influence, and the pencil, by dictation or impression, wrote what follows. There was, to my impressions or intuitive sense, an evident double spirit personality present. Whether I imagined, guessed, or was impressed interiorly, that my old earth friend and teacher in my younger life, Ellhu Burritt, "the Learned Blacksmith," was present in spirit, engaged in his congenial work of helping some spirit, as he so cheerfully helped

mortals during his earth-life, I cannot prove to another, though I may be satisfactorily convinced myself. I vouch for nothing save the fact that the following communication was written through my own hand. I am not a conscious forger or liar; yet how much, if any, of my own personal mentality crept into this, writing I am unable to say. The borderland between the unconscious action of two spirits in sympathetic rapport is so narrow that it requires a keener and more analytical mental and psychical philosopher than myself to determine when the two blend or act independently of each other. I give the communication for what it purports to be, wondering in myself at the versatility of my powers of invention if I should be adjudged its author. I leave it to scientists and the investigators in psychical societies to settle the matter to suit themselves, fully satisfied in myself as to its spirit authorship in text and translation:

"You have part of my message. I have followed it from the old earth-place of my birth and burial, to which I returned after the lapse of a great number of centuries, to find everything changed which is subject to the will of man. I came because I found awakening within me an increasing desire, growing until it became an unappeasable longing, to be enveloped again with the surroundings of my birth into being; to the place where consciousness first rose on my new-formed soul, as the dawn rises and dispels the darkness of the night; where I learned to reason that because I was conscious therefore I existed, for there could not be consciousness without life, and intelligent life also.

I learned from some spirit who, passing, observed me, paused, and seeing that my spirit was consuming itself with this longing, told me I could return and how. He was a bright, good spirit, from your section of earth and from your century. He radiated a benevolence so brilliant and glorious that I mistook him for a god. He said that if I came to earth I must come as a messenger to my race; must leave behind me, when my visit was over, some good token that I still lived, and something about myself and my people, now all faded from the earth; that I would not find in my visit a single one of my blood kindred, nor the tribal organization, nor the language, nor anything to remind me that we once lived on the earth, and that not even a history was preserved; that only my memory was left to me of all those earth-beginnings of my existence. He said that if I would study among the people I met who walked over our leveled graves and among our perished, forgotten tombs, I should find a scribe whose hand I could use, and who would yield to my strong desire and write for me what I should then feel and ought to say. He said that the child and the mature, the ignorant lad and the wise sage, were equally helped in their efforts to benefit others, and I might trust fully the audience.

I came, and have still continued to return at such intervals as my spirit prompted. I found my scribe, kind of heart and hungry of spirit. He felt my touch, though he did not know me; does not know me now. I commenced to write the life of my tribe, my race, my people. It grew, and grew, and grew. Will I ever finish it? He has sent you a volume of it. I have followed it. It is written in the only language we used, or I learned. The key is lost with the going out of my people. He can not read it, neither can you. There is no scholar on the earth who can read it. Unless some spirit-scholar of the earlier ages of earth's habitation by men with minds and souls volunteered to come to earth and interpret it, it will be a sealed book to man. The work has made me grow. I tell my people here what I learn, what I am doing and how, and they are growing. They read the history, for they understand it, talk about it, and are growing wiser, better and more useful, so that my work will not be wholly lost.

I thank you for receiving my work, my message and myself. A spirit friend of yours, one you know, an earth scholar, saw my deep desire for a learned companion to help me, and came with me. He is here. It is he who understood what I desired your pencil to say, and has directed it in your own form of speech. I give him, with you, the gratitude which finds expression in my increased love. He says that he will write that the pyramids of Egypt appeared after my earth-birth; that the sweet spices perfumed my baby-couch, and the peach and pomegranate blossomed above my grave. I sat with him in your sweet circle. The guide of the young poet brought the scenery surrounding my earth birth to his inner sense, so that the story which he wrote in verse is truthful. I stepped into the light of the inward vision of the young artist in the same circle, and he made a pencil sketch which does not flatter me, except as an earth-picture of an earth-man.

Now thanks, and good-by for the present. I have the purpose to come again and communicate further, with your consent and your generous Guide's help."

This was signed in hieroglyphical characters which I cannot translate, and there was added, doubtless by his attendant spirit and interpreter—"my old friend, to whom I have referred—the following:

"I cannot translate his signature, or render his name in English, because there are no English letters characterizing the sound."

THE SCHEME.
This closes the history, thus far, of this wonderful book from India, and my connection therewith. What further, if any, may appear to me "an unknown quantity." The same influence has pervaded my library and made itself felt in my person while preparing this strange history for THE BANNER. It is as positive and pleasant as the presence of a loving friend. It is welcome to abide its pleasure and to ask any service within my power to render.

I desire to make a personal explanation and suggestion, in closing. I am not a professional medium for any phase of spiritual or psychic phenomena; neither is any member of my family. I am not a student of cryptography, nor a translator of character-language. So many automatic, cipher or hieroglyphical messages were written through my hand, or by mental dictation, with no apparent meaning, that I was impelled to become positive and refuse to consent to such a waste of my time. I stipulated with my intelligent guides that only such messages should be permitted as would at once be rendered into intelligible English; and my wishes were subsequently respected.

In one other case a medium of wonderful gifts in the automatic drawing of vast horoscopes, cycles, groups and single faces, with evident descriptions of their meaning, in hieroglyphical messages, came, by impression, a stranger, to our home by the side of Narragansett Bay, and professed clear translations of her work were written through my hand. She has since been "clothed upon" with the life immortal. That was a work of love purely, and was to me unexpected.

I write this because I know that the gift of hieroglyphical or character-writing is very common among those developing mediumship, and all such seek translations. It will be useless to send their favors to me. There are professed translators of all this class of writings, who are always ready to serve the public, and those who have such messages to translate should send their favors to them.

To all my honest, but skeptical friends, who are inclined to class these and all other spiritual phenomena as either fraudulent or Satanic, I commend the reasonable statement of the great Nazarene philosopher: "He that obeys the law shall know of the doctrine."

Free Thought.

SUBJECTIVE IDENTITY.

It is to be regretted that students of occultism should still feel themselves bound by the traditions of the middle ages, not to divulge any of their knowledge and thereby assist outsiders. Much useful information, bearing on Spiritualists' experiences, can however be found in many summaries from ancient teachings, which are being re-published; now that all danger of persecution has passed away.

The leading conception which appears uniformly in all systems; both in the eastern and the western; in the Kabbala; in Hermeticism; in Alchemy; in Theosophy, is that man is a unit in, and of, a Universal Principle; a microcosm in the macrocosm. This reappears in Swedenborg and is confirmed in modern English and German philosophy of the transcendental or neo-Hegelian school, which affirms that man is a particular, or unit, of manifestation of, and in, Universal Consciousness, which principle is the ground and Reality of his Being.

Philosophy shows that this principle, as universal, that is as unformulate and diffuse, though conscious, cannot know itself; because knowing entails contrasts; comparisons; or implies parts to be contrasted. Therefore, in order to know and realize itself, the Universal Consciousness determines itself into differentiation and communicates itself into units, or entities; through the interaction and interrelations of which thought, knowledge, experience, come into Being.

Thus it will be seen that this Universal principle is present in every entity; it is the principle within us that cognizes and gathers up all our relations, or experiences, into the same identity. It is this "Knower" within us, therefore, that is the Reality of our existence. It is this principle, also, that is the Reality of what is meant when churches speak of God. The Reality of man's existence, therefore, is the presence of God in man; but for that communicated presence, man would have no existence.

Philosophy has the drawback of being too abstract for many people. Occultism is more practical. It teaches that this One Universal principle is really Life; and that all matter worlds, animals, men, spirits and angels, are manifestations of this One Life, in different stages of unfoldment. It is as if this Life made itself into actors and audience, at one and the same time. It appears as actor, in all the forms of life in the Universe, and it contemplates itself (as audience) in the knowing faculty present in every man. It is the presence within all these forms of the One basic Life, which is referred to as the subjective identity.

This teaching has a very important bearing on Spiritualism, because it shows that it is this Life, or Knower, within us, which communicates with other units of life (called spirits) around us, whether in the body, or out of the body; and occultism shows that we can only commune with those entities who are in a similar degree of unfoldment to ourselves.

Occultism teaches that life is inseparably accompanied by light, and this light varies in intensity or vibration, according to the degree of evolution of the life. Further: Light is another term for consciousness. Science is now discovering that light is inseparable from vibration and it is beginning to be recognized that thought is accompanied by vibration. Science is also discovering that only equivalents, or vibrations of equal pitch, will respond to each other, so that the position of occultism is confirmed, in this respect, by modern research.

Now it follows from this, that spiritual communion is limited by the mental and spiritual states of the medium. The vibrations of the medium's aura, will be regulated by the degree of unfoldment, to which he has evolved. Consequently, only spirits whose aura vibrates at the same rate, or pitch, i.e., in the same spiritual state, can commune with him.

This is evidently a most important consideration with regard to Spiritualism, and it will be of interest, consequently, to discover to what degree the life within man has evolved; as it is this factor that rules and regulates spiritual communion. In that respect, occultism teaches that matter, astral substance, soul and spirit, are consecutive modes or degrees, into which life progressively evolves

Itself. Each of these modes, or degrees, exists as a plane in the Universe. As man is an epitome of the Universe, these modes or degrees also exist within himself; and it is through that fact, that he becomes related to those planes in the Universe. As those degrees unfold within him, they entail his progression to the plane to which he is thereby related. It is thus that he has existence in each of these planes successively.

These principles do not unfold all at the same time within him, but progressively. Primitive savage races lived almost entirely in sensation; which is the degree of consciousness associated with matter. Civilization has developed the next principle and most men now live in the astral degree of life; which carries a ratiocinative or digestive quality of mind, and feeling or emotion, as its mode. The development of this principle in sensitive, brings them into relation with the astral plane and astral entities. The soul principle is yet latent in man; consequently he does not come into relation with that plane; or with soul or angels. The soul will soon begin to develop in man; however. Its first symptoms of action are evinced in intuition. Astral spirits know nothing of the soul plane; except what they may have heard from soul or angels, who may have taught them. The entrance to the soul plane is through the gate of a second death; so astrals can know no more about it than we can. The Kabbala calls it the creative plane. It is probably connected with the sun. The next degree into which life unfolds itself, is that of spirit. The mode of consciousness accompanying it is identity; or sharing in the whole of the experience of that state. That plane is quite unknown to man. It is referred to in the Kabbala as the Divine Archetype.

It will be seen that the only plane, with which mediums can commune (with rare and solitary exceptions), is the astral. But all astrals are not necessarily bad spirits, as is taught erroneously, in some schools. Good men progress there after death and learn gradually more than they knew when here. They stay there till the second death entails their re-birth into the soul plane. Bad men also go to the astral plane after death and remain bad for a long time perhaps, before they progress, and they may exert evil influences. But spiritual communion occurs under the direction of higher angels, and if the medium is pure and good, no evil need occur, only if he is impure will he attract similar influences. Undeveloped spirits, children, etc., may be brought to mediums, in order that the lost recollections of their earth lives may be reawakened, as a first necessary step toward their subsequent progress. This may often be unpleasant. But such mediums are of most valuable service, in assisting in the progress of other beings. QUÆSTOR LUCIS.

Paris, France.

Spiritual Phenomena.

What is the Good of Modern Spiritualism?

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

The following instances of psychical phenomena, or spiritual manifestation, have been sent by me to Rev. M. J. Savage. But inasmuch as they are interesting cases in themselves, calculated to edify your readers, awaken general interest and answer the skeptic's fling, embraced in the heading of this article, I send you the same account, as transcribed from the manuscript written by the medium's own hand at my request.

It is but fair to the medium to say, that she is a lady of unusual intelligence and spiritual insight. She is the daughter of one of Vermont's most popular and liberal-minded governors, who was elected to that office for three successive terms, and who was for several years chosen Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. Her husband belonged to a family of Hicksite Friends, the liberal or Unitarian division of that society—a man of unusual love of nature, in full sympathy with her varied charms; and who was besides, a man of rare hospitality toward persons and liberal ideas. Both were among the earliest to look into and embrace the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism. I may add that the scenes where the events related in these rehearsals transpired, were those of my native home. Most of the persons and all of the localities named are well-known to me from childhood up.

In transcribing the manuscript of the medium I have added a few words, which are included in brackets, but none that are not so included. JOHN ORVIS.

Jamaica Plain, Jan. 10th, 1894.

THE MEDIUM'S EXPERIENCES.

My experiences that you ask for were lived in Ferrisburgh, between the years 1854 and 1867.

I received a letter from a stranger of Peru, N. Y., saying that his wife was in poor health, was listless and incapable of exertion; without pain, but growing all the time weaker. I had no response interiorly until evening, as I lay resting on a lounge, when I was conscious of a quick passage through space—noting the familiar shores of Lake Champlain, past Split Rock, and on till I reached a brown house near the shore, approaching across a smooth-shaven tress; and entering met a woman in Friends' dress, who led me farther in, to her sick daughter. Another day passed, and I replied to the letter, giving a prescription of treatment with water, exhorting to faithfulness. If extra rapid action could not be called to the surface, bone scrofula would supervene. Before many days I had an angry, upbraiding letter from her husband. Weeks and months passed, when a letter came to me like this: "I write to tell you that I am tranquilly passing away. The bones in my right wrist are already broken up, and I write with my left hand. Mortal could not have foreseen my fate," etc., bidding me an affectionate adieu.

More months passed, and a stranger came one day—her husband—who made the journey to ask my forgiveness for his hasty letter. He described the brown house near the lake shore, and his wife's mother, a Friend in Friends' dress, and the charmed peacefulness of that sickness and death.

One day in midsummer a Mr. French of New Haven came, wishing me to go and see his daughter, who came to them on a visit from Pottsdam in the spring. She was very nervous, and finally became blind, with insomnia added, and had been shut in a dark room for several weeks, and would consent that no one but her mother should enter the room. She received me kindly, and we talked pleasantly on any subject but herself. I said on parting: "You must come to me if I do anything for you," and she came. She was put on a hard

bed, and I lay by her at night till she slept, sometimes touching her with my hand, but speaking no word. A green shade protected her eyes by day, and she often lay on the dry turf with the children about her head in the shade and her person in the sun. She took no medicine, ate simply, and clung to me as though her faith was great. The fourth day she needed no shade. The fifth she went home restored. But before she went I asked her never to wear high-heeled boots or shoes again. She promised with a smile. The next summer I had a letter from her, saying: "I entirely forgot my promise about high heels till the same symptoms came on that shut me in last summer, which reminded me of what you said on parting. I put aside my high heels, and all uneasiness disappeared. I am well, and shall never forget again."

One Sabbath at lunch I was reading from the BANNER OF LIGHT an advertisement from Portland, Me., which asked for the best clairvoyant description of the case of —, P. O. box —, indicating the number, [saying] that one hundred dollars would be paid. I said, "Let Mrs. Metter do it." M—[my husband] soon stretched himself on the lounge, and was asleep. Lunch was removed, and the summer sunlight streamed across the floor as I sat thoughtfully by myself, when there entered at the door an old friend who had passed away many years before, dressed in his usual brown clothes. I instinctively reached out my left hand, palm up, when he placed in it the end of a rope, that looked like a bundle of spun glass. At the end, the filaments of equal length flared somewhat. I closed my hand over it, and he passed out, carrying the extending rope out of sight. I sat some seconds, not a minute, when he returned, and placed the other end in my right hand, in the same manner. He said, "Look!" and was gone. My eyes closed, and I soon saw a cheerful, well-lit room, where a gray-haired gentleman reclined on an invalid's chair. I looked at him, rather I looked through at the vital organism, and was soon awake in my chair at home. I heard the word, "Write!" I wrote on and on—a description of his case, often in words I did not understand. I had just finished as M— woke. I told him about it, and he said I was crazy. I said I would never send it. In a week I received an answer. M— had curiously got the better of his skepticism and sent my letter. The reply stated that mine was the best diagnosis of the case; "that unbelieving friends were called in to read it," etc. I heard nothing of one hundred dollars.

One Sabbath afternoon Ezra Booth and his wife came to our house, and wanted me to treat him. A swelling or growth had been coming for many months about his neck, in the front and at the sides, till it was even from the point of his chin down to his breast, extending as far back as the ears, and of a fiery-red color. He met Dr. C— that day, who said to him, "Ezra, you are getting up a pretty job for the doctors."

I had a nursing baby, four and one-half months old, and shrank instinctively, because of its apparently malignant character, from engaging with the case. The Booths were old friends of my husband's family, and both he [my husband] and his mother pressed me to undertake it; and they "would do all they could for me." She was a staunch Friend, and I was surprised at her expression, as she had objected strongly before to Modern Spiritualism, but she now, "steadfastly beholding him, saw he had faith to be healed." She and M— also urged that if I were given the power it became my duty to exercise it.

I finally yielded, with these provisions: that they should send a child to our door for my written prescriptions, and a child should take them out to him.

For some days these directions were describing manipulations to be made over him by Mrs. Booth, till the protuberance became less red. Then he was placed on a bed considerably higher at the head than at the foot, with a tin vessel of water hung above him, and a leak graduated to two or three drops a minute, which fell on the front part of his head. Those drops of water of summer temperature became a terrible dread to him as the time went on, and before many hours he began to salivate profusely, when the water drops were discontinued. For many days he lay passive under this sickening drill, while the swelling slackened, and the mass grew thinner and thinner, till at dawn one Sabbath morning I went there [Booth's home] alone, and as soon as the family was astir, I was concocting a "witches' broth," over their cook-stove, assisted by one of their small boys, who appeared beside me just as I needed him, to go for such an herb, which he would find at such a fence corner; a green branch from a certain tree, a sprig from the garden, till I had a motley parcel of medicines that nature spreads around us. These were all steeped together, and strained, and a spoonful at a time fed to the invalid; soon after which the first surcease of that terrible stomach sickness began, and before noon he ate a morsel without loathing. The swelling kept lessening, till in a few days it had subsided entirely; possibly into the circulation, or off on that prolonged drill.

On my way home that day I met T. W. (the father of Mrs. B.) and his wife. He inquired after Ezra. I said he was better. He replied, "He had better be making his will."

He, Booth, rose from his bed a skeleton, and then another struggle began. A strong man had to attend him night and day, for his cry was, "Something to eat." I never saw him from the day of his first call till he was able to drive over, many weeks later.

A Good Test of Spirit Presence and Identity.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

While at the Camp-Meeting held at Onset, Mass., last summer, the following test of spirit identity was given to me:

One Sunday, after the lecture at the auditorium, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, the well-known public test-medium, took the rostrum to give tests of spirit presence to the large assembly there gathered. After giving a few, which were all recognized and pronounced correct, he said: "A young man now stands by my side and keeps calling for 'Josselyn! Josselyn!' Is there any one in the audience by that name?" I immediately raised my hand and told him that was my name. Then he continued: "This spirit wants to get a communication to Joe." It was rather obscure to my mind who the "Joe" alluded to was, as I did not happen to have any relative in this life by that name. Just at this moment Mr. Emerson descended from the platform and came directly to me in the audience, and said: "I see over your head a musical instrument; it is a harp." I did not quite understand the meaning of this, for on the instant my mind was on an autoharp, on which

I was practicing at home; but when he said it was a symbol of his name I knew who it was. Mr. Emerson became much agitated, and was immediately controlled by the spirit wishing to communicate, and grasping my hand he exclaimed with much earnestness, "I want you to know that Bud Harp is here; I want you to tell my people at home that I am often with them; and tell Joe that I shall be with him much and will help him all I can." Then, very cordially shaking my hand, Mr. Emerson returned to the platform, still under control, and remarked, "I now hear the initials A. J." (those are my initials.) "He says this man is sometimes called a crank." He went on and described the interior of my house as minutely as I could have done myself; he spoke of the large collection of stuffed birds and reptiles—mentioned particularly about two snakes twisted together, and said they looked like a large striped cane; he also described his (the spirit's) father's house and orange grove.

I will now give the explanations, which will show the application of the test. Eugene Harp (generally called Bud Harp by his acquaintances, Bud being a familiar name used in the South for the oldest son of the family) was a neighbor of mine in Florida—as much as eleven hundred miles from Onset—who went to spirit-life a few years ago at about sixteen years of age; the Joe was a younger brother of his who was living away from home at the time. Saying that I was sometimes called a crank was true, for I am well aware that I am called so by some on account of my outspoken belief in regard to our Spiritual Philosophy, which does not disconcert me in the least. I have practiced taxidermy some, and have in my house a large collection of stuffed birds and reptiles; the twisted snakes were a king-snake twisted around a water-moccasin in fighting attitude. Bud Harp was an occasional visitor at my house, and took quite an interest in the stuffed birds, etc.; he would also sometimes bring me these things to stuff.

I gave these explanations to the audience, who applauded loudly.

I will here state that this spirit's parents have often asked me to try to get some word from him while I was among the mediums at Onset, but I hardly expected to, on account of none of the family being present. I will also state that Mr. Emerson was entirely unacquainted with me or my affairs.

A. JOSSELYN.

Crescent City, Fla., Jan. 18th, 1894.

Banner Correspondence.

Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—M. H. Prince writes: "On Friday, Jan. 26th, the funeral of WILLIAM ALCOCK, M. D. of this city, took place. Bro. Alcock had been one of those veteran Spiritualists whose passing to the other side causes a void that will long be felt. Mrs. Glading came from Washington, D. C., expressly to perform the last earthly ceremonies. He had been to her, in years gone by, a staunch friend; and is one who will ever hold a place in her memory. C. H. Barry, President of the Conference Association, 1325 Columbia Avenue, and Bro. Nett, pronounced eulogies.

The First Spiritual Association of Philadelphia dedicated its new hall, northeast corner 8th and Callowhill streets, Sunday, Jan. 28th, and observed the date as the anniversary of Thomas Paine's nativity, though one day in advance of the correct time. The hall was crowded from morning till night; in the evening Bro. F. Breen delivered an eloquent and highly interesting lecture in two parts, viz.: First, Thomas Paine as a mortal—second, as a spirit. He held the large gathering spellbound, and at the conclusion received the ovation he so richly merited.

Any Spiritualist visiting the City of Brotherly Love, and paying the First Spiritual Association a visit, will, I feel assured, be gratified in every respect. Bro. Benner, the genial President—war and spiritual veteran—welcomes all who come within the doors of the Association and upon to make a home at once at home; Bro. Breen, who delivered the above-mentioned lecture, is the Treasurer; and Bro. Morse the Secretary; they form a trio valuable to the Cause. Mrs. Glading will be here during February as lecturer and test medium for the Association."

Missouri.

OREGON.—Clarke Irvine writes: "Those gentlemen who call themselves, par excellence, philosophers, and deny the existence of God, are very fond of saying 'something cannot come of nothing,' yet by their theory they assert that something of vast importance comes from nothing. They declare that the human mind has developed from matter. Think for a moment! Can a mirror reflect things that do not exist? This earth is a reflection or development of forces in the universe. Everything upon it has developed out of sun-rays except mind. That mind did not emanate from these rays, or, if it did, then mind must be in these rays, and there you have God—pure intellect. If not, and mind has come from these rays, you have something from nothing. Surely that ought to be plain.

We know that the constituents of the materials that go to the making up of all things on the earth are the products of what we call Nature, which is the interaction of certain forces in the rays of the sun and in or upon the earth, a mighty orb revolving around a monster orb of light. That is Nature—blind, deaf, dumb, senseless Nature, producing nothing beyond or above herself. But stay! Here is self-conscious intellect. Whence came that? The intelligence of the lowest thing alive is far above anything in this Nature, is totally different while the will of man is infinitely above her. The alleged cause is totally inadequate to the effect. We must look elsewhere for the origin, and finding it, there is God. Either so, or else we must cease prating about 'something never coming from nothing.'"

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Brown, formerly Mrs. Ed. S. Wheeler, writes, on renewing subscription: "THE BANNER is to me indeed a light which I cannot do without; and I wish that the Spiritualists all over the country could realize the same, and send their names and subscriptions in—giving themselves thereby great comfort, and helping our glorious Cause. I must say a word about the wonderful interest which is being manifested among the Spiritualists here in Washington, owing in a great degree to the inspiring words from our gifted speaker, Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis, who was with us during the month of January."

Maryland.

BALTIMORE.—Edw. W. Wright reports that Dr. John D. Roberts during the month of January labored in this city as speaker and test medium, and that through his administration and earnest endeavor the cause is gaining ground. "We look forward," writes our correspondent, "to some time in the near future when we may be able to erect a temple dedicated to our Philosophy, when it is our most earnest, heartfelt desire to have him installed as the permanent speaker. As a test medium, his reputation is of the highest—and the audience he draws here (whatever the weather) fill the large and commodious hall to repletion. Sometimes one hundred tests have been given at an evening meeting—some in foreign tongues—and every one warranting recognition. In connection with our Society we have a flourishing Sunday-school, governed by a corps

of efficient leaders. We have introduced in connection with our other teaching the New Testament, holding up to the young minds the life, example and teaching of the Nazarene as an ideal.

On Thursday, Jan. 25th, Dr. Roberts tendered a testimonial benefit to the poor of Baltimore, which brought out a large throng; the donation was more than generous. It was placed in the hands of the ladies of the Society, and reached the worthy poor. On this occasion he was assisted by one of our young mediums, Bro. Ochs. Stengler—his first attempt before a public audience, and one which gave credit to his powers."

Glints from our Foreign Exchanges.

Specially translated for the BANNER OF LIGHT by W. N. EAYRS.

(From the German Review "Sphinx.")

The Illegible Signature.

"As we were thus walking and chatting we passed a little room that opened upon the winter-garden, and in it I noticed the little son of my host, sitting quietly in a corner before a table. The little fellow had allowed his pen to fall upon the table, and with a look that seemed to me full of melancholy, he was watching the arrowy flight of the swallows that were darting about upon the broad green lawn.

The sight of that little boy, a prisoner, on this glorious day, in a room that seemed almost darker than a cell in the Doge's palace in contrast with the brilliancy of the sun-lighted veranda, gave me pain, and I could not refrain from saying to my friend, 'How have you the heart, in this magnificent weather, to confine within doors that poor little fellow?'

Brignac, my companion, replied: 'My friend, as soon as he has learned to write I shall gladly give him his freedom. He is not yet five years old, but a very bright boy he is. He must first learn to write—and to write well, too.'

'You do this,' I said, 'because your own scrawl can hardly be deciphered?'

'Yes, that is partly the reason; we must try to save our children from the faults that have been a trouble to us in our journey through life; but then—'

'My good Brignac,' I cried, 'I do not understand how it happens that, living in the country so much as you do, you have become, as it appears to me, the model of a true man.'

Quickly interrupting me he said: 'Shall I tell you the true reason why I think a good, legible handwriting so important that I mean that my son shall acquire it before any other thing? It is a story of a time long past—way back in '63. In those days neither Baden-Baden nor Monte Carlo was more than a small settlement of fishermen; but thither all who who were smart—or who thought themselves so—hastened on the first days of July. I had that year remained in Paris because—but never mind why—and in my small bachelor's apartment, in the street Taitbout, I was dragging out an abominably dreary existence, until one morning a letter was brought to me that furnished excitement enough. It was simply a request for money; none of the usual rhapsodies of apologies and reasons, with the conventional assurances of everlasting gratitude, and so forth—no! it was short, clear and to the point: 'I have not a penny left; send me immediately three hundred francs, that I may pay my hotel bills and return to France; or, better yet, send me fifty louis to set me on my feet again.'

These lines—an abominable scrawl—were dated at Baden. The signature—impossible to decipher it! In vain I studied it, letter by letter. I ransacked my memory. Whom did I know that could have sent such a request? No clew to the writer could I get by such means.

In Baden? I had three hundred friends in Baden, and of these three hundred two hundred and ninety-nine were as likely as not to leave their last louis on the gaming table. What could this unfortunate name be?

For two days I did nothing but rack my brains over it; and to every one who came into my way I gave this infernal signature to decipher. No use—no two had the same opinion.

You cannot imagine the excitement into which this had thrown me. I wished earnestly to accommodate the writer, for I deemed it an act of cowardice to refuse money to a needy comrade. But who was he? What troubled me most was the thought that this accursed signature might conceal perhaps the name of some one to whom I was especially attached.

I telegraphed to a dozen or more of my intimate friends. No one of them had sent the letter.

Then I betook myself to the experts. One of them said that the name was plainly 'Casbriner.' No doubt of it; he would not hesitate to swear to it before the court. The second said, 'pooh,' and as stoutly asserted that no one could for a moment doubt that the name was 'Stictinal'; he was willing to make oath to that; the third assured me that it was not a name at all, but merely a word, 'Friendship.' I knew no one by the name of Casbriner or Stictinal; what could Friendship mean?

'At last, in a state of feverish excitement, I lost sight of the original purpose of my search, the chance to help a friend: Nothing interested me longer but to solve the riddle of this concealed name, and I felt myself driven to continue the search, as if by some mysterious and inexorable influence.

On the evening of the third day I went to bed early, and, worn out, I fell asleep immediately. Now you must know that then I used to keep my lamp burning all night; I do so today. I cannot bear being in the dark even for a minute.

On that night—yes, it is really a strange affair I am telling you, and since then I have never been able to think of it without a peculiar sensation—on that night I was suddenly aroused from my sleep by a noise as of something snapping or breaking. I woke! my room was totally dark—my lamp had gone out! A feeling of extreme nervousness came over me, and I saw a shape standing near my bed; I could not plainly enough distinguish the features, for I was not fully awake, but I heard—yes, my friend, I heard, I did not merely think that I heard—I really heard (now you will say 'Over-excitement of the nerves,' but no, that does not explain the matter)—I heard a voice saying to me in a faint whisper: 'Jaques Lermnier.' A cold sweat issued from every pore of my body. I could not have said why. In a second I was fully awake; I rose, lighted my lamp, and read the letter from Baden again. There it was, plain enough; why

could not I have read the name before? It was as clear as day to me then!

Lermnier! the most charming fellow; kind, obliging—a little hot-headed, to be sure; but in the days of my early youth I dearly loved him. For a time I had lost sight of him. Again, in a turn of the pathway of life, where one hastily presses the hand of his friend, and says: 'How are you?' I had met him, only to be separated for years.

Poor Jaques—for so we used to call him—when at school—yes, he shall have his thousand francs. I looked at the clock; just past midnight. There was nothing to be done at that hour, but as soon as the morning dawned I wrote to him, explaining the cause of my delay, asked his forgiveness, and enclosing the money in the letter, sealed and sent it; all the time the whispering voice in my ear, the very voice of Jaques, especially when he was much excited.

What a wonderful thing, this working of the memory in our brains! I said to myself: 'How came I to remember, when half asleep, the name of poor Jaques, and to hear his voice?' It was strange, very strange; but I had done my duty, and lay down again quiet and content, and thought no more of the voice whispering in the darkness of the quiet chamber.

Truly, I thought no more of it until the morning of the second day after, when a despatch came to me from Baden, informing me that my letter would be returned by the next mail, for poor Jaques, in despair and disappointment at not receiving the aid of which he had such need, and which he expected from the friend of his youth, had killed himself, about midnight of the day before yesterday, at the very moment when my lamp had gone out, and I had heard the snap of a pistol.

Brignac coughed slightly, as if to clear his throat, for his voice toward the last had grown husky with his emotion. 'It is for this reason,' he said, 'that I insist in my purpose that my son shall possess a good, legible handwriting.'

Premature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on heads already bald, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sclerian Hair Renewer.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday at 2 and 7 P. M., at G. A. R. Hall, 31 Green street, conducted by Miss G. Reynolds. (BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.)

ALLEGHENY, Pa.—The First Spiritual Church meets every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M., Wednesday at 7½ P. M., at 68 Ohio street.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—First Spiritual Society meets Sunday at 2 and 7 P. M., at corner Court and Main streets, at 2½ and 7½ P. M., at Henry Van Hook's, President; L. C. Keeling, Secretary, 646 Prospect Avenue.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The Religious-Philosophical Society meets every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. at Ralnes Hall, corner Baltimore street and Post office Avenue. Miss Estella Kapp, 1100 Clifton Place, Secretary.

The First Spiritual Church holds services every Sunday at 8 P. M. in Belmont's Hall, opposite Academy of Music. Mrs. Rachel Walcott, speaker.

CHICAGO, Ill.—The First Society of Spiritualists meets at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard, corner Ogden Avenue, every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Speaker, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

The Progressive Spiritual Society holds meetings in the Masonic Home Temple, 3122 Forest Avenue, every Sunday, afternoon and evening.

CLEVELAND, O.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets regularly every Sunday, 2 P. M., in Army and Navy Hall. Everybody welcome. T. W. King, Conductor.

CLEVELAND, O.—The Spiritual Alliance holds regular Sunday evening meetings free at Army and Navy Hall, at 2½ o'clock. Mrs. H. B. Lake, permanent speaker. Everybody invited. Thomas A. Black, Conductor.

COLORADO CITY, Col.—Meetings are held in Woodman Hall, Sundays, at 2 o'clock.

DAYTON, O.—The Spiritualists' Library Association holds meetings every Sunday at 2 P. M. in Central Block, second floor, corner 31st and Jefferson streets. J. C. Cox, Cor. Secretary.

DETROIT, Mich.—Fraternity Hall: Mrs. Minnie Carpenter lectures and tests Sunday at 7½ P. M.

Dubuque, Iowa.—Services are held every Sunday at 7½ P. M., and Thursdays at 7½ P. M., Lyceum Hall, at 2½ P. M. Dr. O. G. W. Adams, President.

EL PASO, Texas.—Spiritual Association holds public meetings every Sunday at 8 P. M., in the Lyceum Hall, at 2½ P. M. Dr. O. G. W. Adams, President.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

The Civic Church.

The plea of Mr. William T. Stead, the editor of *Borderland*, as well as of *Review of Reviews*, for "The Union of All who Love, in the Service of All who Suffer," now issued in a pamphlet, quarto form, for the retention of Christendom on a wider basis than that which is usually recognized by the Christian churches, is a reprint of various papers and addresses written and delivered by him in the last few months. The idea is one on which he has been expending the labor of the past four years. Mr. Stead's foundation conception for this projected movement is fairly enough set forth in his own statement that the Kingdom of God is wide enough to include all those who take trouble to do good to their fellowmen. He avowedly holds that those men and women constitute the Christian church who, in their various spheres, are doing that which Christ would have done had he been in their place, whether they are or are not in conscious personal relationship with him. Many men do good to his fellow-creatures, he must obviously do it by the influence of the Divine Spirit working through him, manifesting itself in spite of his imperfections.

Those who are the light of the world—to continue the citation of his sentiments and opinions—are those through whom the divine light streams, and, like an incandescent light, are in organic union with the central main in so far as they manifest that light. Those who live a life of self-sacrifice for the welfare of others are in Christ. If the religion of Christendom is to be brought about, we must not stand on such pedantries as the right or wrong name for the association on the basis of which Christendom will be reunited. By the term Civic Church, for whose establishment he is laboring, he understands all those people and associations that are willing to take trouble to make their fellowmen better, and to make the community in which they live more worthy of the Christian name. Wherever possible, Mr. Stead is quite willing to substitute the title of Federal Centre for that of Civic Church, so that any who are offended at the use of the term Church may preferably adopt the term Federal Centres. He has called it the Civic Church because the idea of good citizenship is free from all sectarian or national limitations. The term recalls to the mind of man that religion is concerned not merely with the salvation of the individual man, but with the regeneration of the whole community. The work of the Civic Church is to establish the Kingdom of Heaven here among men; in other words, to reconstitute human society, to regenerate the State, and inspire it with an aspiration after a divine ideal.

While the aim and object of the Civic Church seems to us essentially Christian, possibly Buddhist, and Moslem, and Hindu may find the conception as essentially Buddhist, or Moslem, or Hindu—for all religions are but attempts made by man to define the angle at which he looks at God. This angle of vision varies indefinitely according to the standpoint of the observer, and the objective upon which he fixes his gaze. The Civic Church recognizes this, and embraces in its comprehensive synthesis all the religions, from the fetish worshiper to the Christian philanthropist. It is the comradeship of soldiers of different regiments, with different uniforms and different weapons, who have, nevertheless, a common objective to gain, and a common enemy to overcome, and therefore ought to have a common headquarters, a common intelligence department, and a common directing staff, if they are to make the best use of their collective strength against the common foe. The Christ-ideal translated into a realized life is, practically, to take trouble, to sacrifice time, to do good to others; that is the rudimentary and essential truth of the whole Christian religion.

Mr. Stead maintains that it is the necessary and natural outcome of the development of civilization in our times. The world is fast passing under the sway of the democratic idea; it has been reserved for the close of the nineteenth century to bring us within sight of the realization of the apostolic ideal, which is so essentially democratic. The days are gone forever when any one church can hope to lord it over God's heritage; all must meet on the common ground of the Service of Man. Christ did not come into the world to stink labels on his brethren; he came to succor and to aid, to re-create man in the image of God; and every one—Jew, Infidel or Hindu—who helps to raise men from the level of the brute, is *ipso facto* of necessity working together with him to achieve this end. The Civic Church is an attempt to get these undispolished, scattered crowds into line. We are only waging a guerilla warfare, where we might be carrying on a regular campaign. Has the time not come when the attack on evil should be conducted with ordinary common sense? If we could but visualize, so as to bring into strong relief before the mind of man, the consequences of this neglect of the ordinary rules of business in the sphere of moral reform and spiritual progress, the federation of all good men would be accomplished without difficulty. Religious men will continue to waste powder and shot on each other because of varying views as to the door of heaven, while "the gates of hell" are being firmly established in their midst. Evil that is not sensational is ignored.

The fundamental idea of the Civic Church is that of the intelligent, and fraternal co-operation of all those who are in earnest about making men and things somewhat better than they are to-day. No man or woman is excluded from the pale of its communion because of speculative differences of opinion upon questions which do not affect practical co-operation. We cannot afford to refuse the co-operation of any willing worker because he cannot pronounce our shibboleth. An atheist of the type of Charles Bradlaugh would no more be excluded from the Civic Church because of his inability to reconcile reason and revelation, than you would turn a red-haired man out of a life boat crew. For the basis of the fellowship of the members of the Civic Church is their willingness to serve their fellowmen; and he is accounted the best Civic Churchman who devotes himself most loyally, most utterly and most lovingly to work out the good of the whole community. The object of the Civic Church is the reconstitution of human society, so as to establish a state of things that will minimize evil, and achieve the greatest possible

benefit for the greatest possible number. The enemy to be overcome is the selfishness which, in one or other of its innumerable forms—either by indolence, indifference or downright wrong-doing—creates a state of things which renders it difficult to do right and easy to do wrong. Its field of operations is the whole range of the life of man so far as it touches the life of his brother man. And it is constituted on the principle of brotherly co-operation on the part of all who are willing to take trouble to make things better, so that the collective moral force of the whole community may be brought to bear to promote the welfare of the whole community.

What we want is the formulating of a New Confession of Faith of what is assuredly believed amongst all those who care for their fellowmen, as to what constitutes a normal standard of human comfort, or rather what should be within the reach of each child of man in order that he may have a fair chance of developing the best and repressing the worst elements of his complex nature. The New Confession of Faith of the Civic Church covers the whole field of active human life. There is little doubt that the good people in any city could rule if they would take as much trouble to organize and work for the victory of justice, honesty, purity and righteousness, as the bad people take to secure the rule of the opposite element. The Civic Church could be made an electoral centre—a moral caucus, created for the purpose of making conscience supreme in the government of the affairs of the town. For all the peculation and pandering which disgrace so many of our cities, the responsibility lies at the doors of the churches. They have, for the most part, abandoned the electoral field to "the world, the flesh and the devil"; and then they piously marvel how it is the Kingdom of Heaven is so long in getting itself established amongst us. In all its electoral work, the Civic Church would endeavor to educate the electors rather than to ostracize candidates. The objects which, by universal consent, lie outside all party warfare and afford a good field in which good men of all creeds can unite, are the creation of an enlightened public opinion, the establishment of a high standard of public morality.

Then the Civic Church would have social obligations; it would generalize, for the benefit of all, the advantages which have hitherto been confined to the few. It would owe a duty to the infant by increasing the sense of responsibility on the part of the parents; to the child, in postponing child-labor until at least thirteen years had been allowed in which to grow and play and learn, in its education and play, in its orphanage; to the youth of a country, in assisting to obtain the best education which school or university can afford, in teaching physiological truth about their own bodies, in technical education; to the adult, as a citizen, as a worker, in sickness, in prison confinement, at leisure, in business, out of work, at home, in death. And if a determined worker, who can look at the community as a whole, and who will resolve that he or she will never rest until the whole community is brought up to the standard of the most advanced societies—if such a worker is to succeed in his or her enterprise, he or she must endeavor to get into existence some federation of the moral and religious forces which would be recognized by the community as having authority to speak in the name and with the experience of the Civic Church.

The way to accomplish this desirable result, proclaims Mr. Stead, is by house-to-house visitation, and by individual work in a great variety of ways. Within the past three years practical efforts have been made in Great Britain to realize the ideal of the Civic Church—for which space for a recital of the details is here forbidden. Civic centres have been constituted; conferences and public meetings have been held; the most notable progress has been made in Manchester; standing committees have been appointed on the housing of the poor, on the police-court mission, on temperance, on recreation and on gambling, social purity, education and recreation, labor, and conditions of home-life. The objects are to obtain all necessary information, to inform and develop public opinion, to put existing social laws into operation and promote fresh legislation, and to co-operate with existing social organizations, and, where necessary, to initiate others. At Rochdale, in Edinburgh, in Liverpool, successful attempts have been made to constitute working civic centres on broad lines, and the movement has engendered considerable activity in the direction of federation among the Free Churches. Non-conformist Councils have been constituted for the united consideration of moral, social and religious questions in Birmingham, London, and in other towns, and a movement for co-operation on these lines is under way in Victoria.

The idea is excellent, and the plan is worthy of universal support, so far as it includes practical measures for the civil and social improvement of human conditions. To act up to the motto that expresses the inspiration of the movement—"For the union of all who love, in the service of all who suffer"—would be a practical and blessed realization of the kingdom of heaven on earth, because it would imply good will everywhere to man.

February Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY has many fine articles in its present issue, but by a majority of its readers the palm will be awarded Dr. O. W. Holmes's truly splendid tribute (poetry) to the late Francis Parkman, historian; "For Falstaff has been Dead," Grace McGowan Cooke, is a sketch to awaken alternate smiles and tears; "Philip and his Wife" (Mrs. Deland), and "His Vanished Star" (Graddock), are entertainingly continued; other papers, sketches, etc., are given, and the regular departments are full of good things. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publishers.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL opens with a continuation of "Pomona's Travels," by Frank R. Stockton, and is followed by interesting sketches of "Clever Daughters of Clever Parents"; Katherine Foot writes most entertainingly of "My Tabooed Playmate, Adeline Patti"; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett concludes in this issue her exceedingly charming series of papers telling "How Fauntleroy Really Occurred"; Adelaide Ristori del Grillo writes of the "Methods of My Art"; "The Aberdeen Waltzes," by Frances J. Moore, will be gladly welcomed; William Dean Howells contributes an installment of his series of autobiographical sketches, which grow in interest with each succeeding number. The departments are fully sustained. "The Social Side of Life" being particularly valuable in hints and suggestions concerning winter entertainments. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH has for its frontispiece an excellent portrait of William Dean Howells, which accompanies a phrenograph from a personal examination, by Edgar C.

Deall, M. D., "How to Study Strangers," by Nelson Sizer, is of more than ordinary interest; the same writer also contributes a sketch of the phrenological character of Mark Twain. P. Wilder, under the title of "Character Studies," of deep interest to all parents is the discussion of temper and its proper treatment in the department of "Child Culture." Other valuable and instructive articles appear in this specially strong number. Fowler & Wells Co., publishers, 27 East 21st street, New York.

ST. NICHOLAS.—Rudyard Kipling contributes the second number of his fascinating story entitled "Tiger Tiger"; "Towed by an Iceberg" is a thrilling sketch from the pen of J. O. Davidson; the interest in Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman's "Recollections of the Wild Life," continues unabated; "Benjamin Franklin" is an instructive paper by Brander Matthews, and is accompanied with an excellent engraving of this illustrious American, with *fac-simile* specimens of his work as a printer; an installment of Mark Twain's entertaining and humorous serial, "Tom Sawyer Abroad," appears. Other articles not mentioned here make up the table of contents of the current number of this popular young folks' magazine. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH contains more than the usual amount of well-told stories by pleasing writers, the "Young People's Department" is especially good, and the departments are full of useful information for the busy housewife. W. A. Wilde & Co., 25 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

Annual Convention.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light: The Twenty-Fifth Annual Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association was held at Waterbury, Vt., the 10th, 20th and 21st ult.

Agreeable to call, Friday, Jan. 10th, at 2 o'clock P. M., the members held an informal meeting in the parlour of the hotel, at which a social interchange of thought was had in reviewing the advances of the Cause during the past year.

At 7:30 P. M. the Association met in the hotel parlour, President Smith in the chair. After a song by Mr. Myers, the President opened the session with some very interesting remarks, and then called upon Mrs. Abbie W. Crockett, who spoke of the nearness of the spirit-world, and its important teachings. A duet by Mr. Withall and Mr. Myers was followed with a short address by Mrs. E. Hubbard, of East Montpelier, Vt. Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, and Hon. A. E. Stanley made highly interesting and earnest remarks, after which the meeting was adjourned.

Saturday morning a conference was held in the hotel hall, President Smith presiding. After remarks by the President, and A. F. Hubbard, appropriate resolutions were read and adopted, and ordered sent to Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn and Mr. and Mrs. Sabin Crockett, Eden Mills, Vt., expressing the deep sympathy of the Association with them in their great bereavement caused by the death of their son and grandson, Sabin B. Sanborn. Remarks were then made by Mrs. Wiley and Mrs. Paul, after which Lucius Colburn gave an interesting lecture, dealing with his subject the song rendered by Mr. Myers, "A Light in the Window."

The afternoon session was opened with singing by Mr. Myers, after which Hon. A. E. Stanley gave a very scholarly and highly appreciated lecture, which held the close attention of the entire audience. The Association then consented to release Mr. Stanley from further engagement, that he might minister comfort to the bereaved family of Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Eden Mills.

At the conclusion of the lecture the President called a business meeting for the election of officers for the year ensuing with the following result: President, E. Smith, Brandon, Vt.; Vice Presidents, A. F. Hubbard, Tyson; Sarah A. Wiley, Rockingham; W. B. Parish, Stowe; Secretary and Treasurer, Janus Crockett, Waterbury; Board of Managers, Mrs. Kate Stafford, Stowe; Mrs. Emma L. Paul, Montpelier; Mrs. Abbie W. Crockett, Waterbury; Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, Rockingham; Mr. A. F. Hubbard, Tyson; Mr. E. B. Clement, Barnet; Mr. Lucius Colburn, Manchester; Mr. B. F. Rugg, St. Albans; Mr. W. B. Parish, Stowe.

Saturday evening, President Smith presided. After singing, remarks were made by Lucius Colburn and others; duet, rendered by Mr. Withall and Mr. Myers; very scholarly and highly appreciated lecture, which held the close attention of the entire audience. The Association then consented to release Mr. Stanley from further engagement, that he might minister comfort to the bereaved family of Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Eden Mills.

Sunday, 10 A. M., Vice-President A. F. Hubbard in the chair. Conference opened with singing by Mr. Myers; remarks were made by Mrs. Kate Stafford, Mr. Myers, Mrs. Withall; Mrs. Crockett tenderly to our loved and arisen sister, Fannie Davis Smith, who had been present with us two weeks ago, and to extend to our worthy President our sympathy in the loss of so excellent a companion, and bid him ever listen to the voice of the spirit of that wise guide, his angel-wife.

Resolved, That we as an Association, feeling deeply the loss of our dearly-loved sister, Fannie Davis Smith, who is absent from us in body, but present with us in spirit, do hereby extend to our worthy President our sympathy in the loss of so excellent a companion, and bid him ever listen to the voice of the spirit of that wise guide, his angel-wife.

After singing, Mrs. Emma L. Paul gave one of her best lectures. At the Sunday afternoon meeting President Smith presided. After singing, the conference was participated in by Mr. Sherman, Mrs. Filsa, Mrs. Wiley and Dr. Smith. Following singing and invocation by Mrs. Wiley, Mrs. Abbie W. Crockett gave a very able lecture. The large hall was well filled, and great interest was manifested.

At the last session, held Sunday evening, President Smith in the chair, short speeches were made, interspersed with songs; remarks by Mr. Withall, Dr. Smith, Mr. Paul, Mrs. Wiley and Mrs. Crockett; Mr. F. Hubbard made the closing remarks, and offered the usual vote of thanks to all who had in any way assisted in making this one of the most inspiring and harmonious conventions ever held in Vermont. JANUS CROCKETT, Sec'y.

Waterbury, Jan. 24th, 1894.

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He was wounded April 2d, 1865, at Petersburg. He is one of the few privateers who have ever received a medal of honor from the U. S. Government for distinguished bravery. He stood on the wall of the fort at Spottsylvania in the bloody angle, and was the only man that lived in that spot. Mr. Noyes was wounded seven days before the final surrender, and up to that time never lost a day during the whole war, enlisting when seventeen years of age.

His wife had an equally interesting experience. We give it to our readers in her own words expressed in the following letter:

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Isaac B. Rich, Business Manager. John W. Day, Banner Editors.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the Editors. If business letters should be forwarded to the BUSINESS MANAGER.

New Trial Subscriptions!

The BANNER OF LIGHT will (as announced in its prospectus) be furnished to NEW TRIAL subscribers at 50 cents for 3 months.

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

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

The History of Anti-Vaccination in England.

William Tebb of London has written and compiled a variety of historical reminiscences relating to the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination, which we have before us in timely pamphlet form. It is a historical survey of the agitation which has been carried on by the Society, and exposes the unfair treatment which it has received at the hands of the Royal Commission. In the beginning of the year 1880, notices calling a meeting for the formation of a new society in London were sent to every anti-vaccinator in the metropolis. There followed only eight responses. This mere handful of courageous persons met in an upper room in Chancery Lane to expose the miserable and mischievous Jennerian delusion, resolved not to cease warfare until the abrogation of the cruel and pernicious Compulsory Laws was accomplished. They were called impracticable lunatics and pestilential agitators, dominated by inordinate vanity, whose chief object was to spread smallpox through the land. They were greatly assisted in the inception of their work by the previous publication of William White's masterly historical treatise—"The Story of a Great Delusion"—and only felt that, while not pioneers, they were taking a new departure. All the London journals were dead against them, nothing but ridicule and contempt being heaped on them. The medical journals warned their readers against them.

They began their work by publishing instructive literature. Instead of being deterred, they were stimulated by the opposition made to them. Their adherents multiplied, and fresh centres of activity were established. The *Vaccination Inquirer*, which had been established in 1879, gradually increased its circulation, being fortunately conducted from the beginning by writers of great ability and literary reputation. P. A. Taylor, member of Parliament, joined the society in 1881, and was a most valuable accession, being at once elected president of the society—a generous benefactor and a powerful advocate of the cause, he enlisted heart and soul in the work of securing parental freedom at the hands of Parliament. In the course of two years three hundred thousand valuable pamphlets were published and distributed; monthly conferences were organized, which many of the leading medical opponents attended, amongst them the late Sir Andrew Clark, Gladstone's long-time physician, and Prof. Carpenter. Large offices in a central locality were soon taken, and the late Mr. William Young was made Secretary. The most interesting and notable event in the history of the movement occurred in 1885, and was known as the Leicester Demonstration; previous to this open revolt, prosecutions had been carried on with unrelenting zeal by the authorities of the town for non-observance of the compulsory law.

A number of the most upright and patriotic citizens had been imprisoned and treated as malefactors, being subjected to the most degrading punishments, some being dragged handcuffed openly through the streets. There were then about ten thousand "defaulters" (revolvers) in the town. The demonstration was a grand protest against the growing tyranny. Representatives were present from nearly all parts of the United Kingdom, and the demonstration was an imposing one. The procession was some two miles long, displaying hundreds of flags and banners, with pictorial illustrations of every form of attack upon

the Jennerian imposture. The vaccination acts of Parliament were publicly burned in the market-place, amid the execrations and rejoicings of a vast concourse of enthusiastic and determined people.

In 1888 there unexpectedly appeared an article in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the ninth edition of which was then being issued, by Dr. Charles Creighton, a distinguished Cambridge graduate, and one of the ablest pathologists, who, at the invitation of the editors, had undertaken an exhaustive and conscientious investigation of the vaccination question. Though it started out with a strong bias in favor of the popular medical dogma, the result was to convince the investigator and writer that vaccination was without any scientific foundation, a popular medical mistake, and no more entitled to respect than the practice of venesection, smallpox inoculations, and other fallacies which have become medical delusions. The article was, of course, vehemently and minutely attacked by the medical journals, but came off with flying colors; but it profoundly disturbed the medical profession. Next appeared the historical work "Jenner and Vaccination," and succeeding that a critical inquiry in two volumes, "History and Pathology of Vaccination," by Edgar M. Crookshank, Professor of Comparative Pathology and Bacteriology in King's College, London. It was a remarkable book, and performed great service for the cause of anti-vaccination.

Before the issue of these publications, laymen bore the burden and brunt of the attack upon compulsory vaccination, and medical writers excused themselves from condescending to reply to fanatics without medical training. Members of Parliament habitually raised the same objection, and considered it conclusive. Mr. Tebb's experience in correspondence and interviews with medical men, vaccine physicians and medical health officers in all parts of the world, exceeded by few members of the profession, only disclosed the fact that they were very imperfectly acquainted with the facts of the question, and were content to be satisfied with things as they are. But these three publications, indictments from recognized authorities as they are, are justly regarded as sounding the death-knell of compulsory vaccination throughout the British Empire, to be followed at no distant day by permanent deliverance throughout the world.

As Mr. Wm. White wrote: "A front of brass has been maintained toward the public by the medical profession." The most that is now claimed by the medical men is that smallpox is mitigated by vaccination, yet scientific evidence on the point is unobtainable. It is likewise claimed that the operation is benign and free from peril; yet hundreds of pages of evidence have been brought before the present Commission to show that loathsome and incurable diseases, including leprosy and syphilis, have been introduced into healthy persons at the point of the lancet. Coercion is therefore the attempt to crush out the honest convictions of good men by means of physical force. The final report of the Royal Commission, which has been five years in the making up, is expected to contain from necessity a recommendation for the discontinuance of the compulsory clauses of the existing Act, since if it takes experts five years to make up their minds on it, the case for compulsion from a medical point of view is extinguished. The history of the Royal Commission is given by Mr. Tebb, not one of the fifteen being a recognized opponent of vaccination. The press was excluded from the sittings, which was an unusual proceeding. The leading graduates of the practice refused to appear before the board for cross-examination. On the 23d of November last, the executive committee of the Society adopted a series of resolutions, befitting the situation, reciting the gross unfairness of the Commission.

The Ethics of Human Life.

The subtleties disclosed in the varying changes of a human life, including its incongruities, form a chain of mysteries which puzzle careful observers and honest thinkers. The world's increasing intelligence should be the *quasi* guarantee of an increasing stability of personal and moral character; the establishment of the character upon fixed principles of equity and right as governing all social and business relations with one's fellows, making the sacred term friendship something more than a selfish convenience.

There are such glorious elements, such high, noble and angelic powers and possibilities, in human life! Consider a single section of it. Who can comprehend the power, the fruitfulness and the blessedness of the human affections? And who yet has fathomed the sorrow, pain and deepest depression consequent on their perversion? And why should the positive pole of obedience to their law of unfoldment and give to their possessor a nature so harmonious and sweet, so angelic, not to say God-like, and their perversion transform the same person into a being as opposite in character and life as light and darkness, good and evil, virtue and vice, benevolence and selfishness, love and hate? Upon what a slender pivot is the human character poised? How easily and how quickly the transition is often made?

We have canvassed this subject in our own mind and by close observation for many years, and human life, in this respect, is still a mystery to us. Where is the beginning and the ending of this great power so delicately poised and involving such stupendous results? It cements or it ruptures families, social and religious organizations, communities, States and nations. It is like the dove of peace, and the angry eagle of war. To it is to be attributed the now generally acknowledged fact in the moral economy of the universe, that good is born of evil, and evil born of the joys of good. May both of these arbitrary terms have a negative as well as positive significance? But whatever may be the minute workings of the law governing the changes of these moral states or conditions of individuals, society, and the larger aggregations in nationalities, it seems to us when in our most spiritual moods as a wise ordination of divine intelligence, in the immensity of his infinite ideas, which, at present, and in an earthly environment, are incomprehensible by man.

THE BANNER will print next week the (special) report of a lecture recently delivered in Cleveland, O., by HUDSON TUTTLE, Esq., entitled "THE POWER OF BELIEF."

An editorial—necessarily of length to do justice to the views expressed—will be found on our third page, wherein are measurably given the ideas of W. T. Stead as to a "Civil Church."

The Use of Money.

No subject so engrosses public attention as money does at the present time, showing first of all that society could not long hold together without it as a representative of value and a medium of exchange, and consequently as an instrument in the necessary work of social intercourse for which nothing can be substituted. Hence it is of the first importance to every one that he or she should have an intelligent and clear understanding of what money really means and what is its supreme service in the work of exchange, and therefore of civilization. The average mind has but a meagre conception of the use of money and its strictly representative character. Once having that, however, the whole matter would appear in a different and larger light. What is simply and only for use ought never to be worshipped as something to be sought and held as a possession. Take away this function of use from what the world of civilization agrees to call money, and it is worth nothing unless as it may be made a means of ornamentation. Keeping this fact all the while in mind, it does seem in the last degree foolish or worse to make the eager and tireless pursuit of what merely stands for value the main or sole object of one's life. And regarding it, as we should, only from the side of use, it ought to occur to every one that beyond that it is really of no worth. And certainly not of any such degree of worth as to give it, the more representative, the rank and importance of the reality. Because it will exchange for every form of property known, it is by no means property itself. And even if it were, one ought to see at once that to let a greed of possessing all forms of property, or only a limited number of them, supervene, is a most unworthy valuation to put upon one's whole time, talent, effort, ambition and hope. Money's meaning only property of all kinds, are we become so infantile, irresponsible and insensate as to give our whole lives, with all the rich store of our affections, aspirations, humanity, intellectual and spiritual possibilities, to the blindly eager struggle to obtain the personal possession of it, whether we need it for any actual service it will do us or not? If people generally would, but pause to consider the matter in its true light, an era of reason would soon succeed to the weltering confusion into which this mad chase for the possession of money is driving them. They would no longer measure the value of others by the amount of this or any other form of property which they may claim to possess, but rather cease valuing and estimating altogether, and pursue life's occupations only to gain that real wealth of the spirit which will belong to it always.

An Unjust Decree.

At the time when the civilized world is engaged in lifting the burdens from the heart, shoulders and social life of its mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, which the old theocratic form of government, in a now dead, barbarous and bloody age fastened upon them; when, step by step, the most unjust and tyrannical laws are being set aside for an era of justice, equality and right, and woman as woman is assuming her proper place in the civil and social economy of the world, there comes the news that the only absolute, despotic government in Europe has dishonored itself and all its self-respecting women who prefer honorable toil to male dependence and slavery, by an imperial decree, closing the avenues of honorable office and service to woman simply because of her sex.

There are no pretensions made that the women of Russia have shown themselves incompetent, unfaithful or dishonest in the execution of their trusts, but simply that the Czar and his imperial court have certain political reasons for this act so repugnant to the spirit of the age. It is more and more apparent that an angel ministry pregnant with the world's best and highest progress is disbarred from the councils of the Czar, and has no welcome as it can have little, if any, influence there. The only method, as it seems to us—of reforming or supplementing this relic of an ancient age, is to be found in the enlightenment, progressive justice and civil equality of all other governments and peoples.

With such an universal example before it Russia must yield her old iron rules, and become modernized. The angel ministry seeking the reformation of human society and the salvation of the race, are not in sympathy with tyranny, nor with plots, assassinations, murders, involved in the ends and aims of anarchists, and the destruction of human life. These angel workers serve with the patience of God, and are imbued with his spirit of love.

Mrs. Ada Foye, the veteran platform test medium, has been giving evidence of her powers at Conservatory Hall, Fulton street, corner Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., every Sunday in January, and will continue there during the Sundays of the present month. On the eighth page, present issue, will be found an interesting account of an experience through her mediumship—appearing originally in the BANNER OF LIGHT some years since, from the pen of Judge Nelson Cross of New York. Since its publication, years ago, much interest has followed the narrative, and the additional matter which in this instance prefaces it has just been furnished us by Wm. J. Rand, Secretary of the First Brooklyn (N. Y.) Society of Spiritualists.

OF HOWEVER great importance we may believe ourselves to be to the cause of truth, yet our error in judgment in that regard is made very apparent when we see better and more efficient workers drop out of the ranks of earth to receive their eternal crowning, and the ranks close up, while the column moves on undisturbed and undaunted. It is true of the human, as of the watery sea, that "the parted wave leaves no furrow from the keel." Human pride and self-importance convey no spiritual force, and give an impetus to nothing more valuable than personal vanity. Let us be modest, humble, spiritual, and the superior working spirits on the eternal side of life can more readily and efficiently use us.

Mrs. Thaxter, who occupies Room No. 3, at 84, Bowditch Street, Boston, is a fine medium for spirit-communion. We are assured by those who have had sittings with her that her tests of spirit identity and her diagnoses of disease are remarkably correct. Our experience with her is in the same direction—therefore we confidently recommend her to the public attention.

Our readers in America can peruse with profit to themselves the history of the anti-vaccination movement in England (in another column), as condensed from Mr. Wm. Tebb's narration. Would not some action of the kind—well narrated in—be a good thing on this side of the Atlantic?

Phenomenal evidence of a pronounced character as to the verity of spirit-return and soul-communion, will be found on our second page.

Decease of Mr. W. Palce.

The business managers of *Light*, just before going to press, have heard with inexpressible sorrow of the departure of their dear friend the editor, Mr. W. Palce, M. A. For some time he had been out of health, suffering lately, he believed, from rheumatism of the muscles of the chest. He was present on Monday evening at the Conversazione of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and on Tuesday evening he called at the printers' to settle some details in regard to this week's issue. On the following evening (Wednesday), about six o'clock, he suddenly expired. He was a good and conscientious co-worker, whose services in the Cause of Spiritualism could ill be spared. We tender to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy. —*Light*, London, Jan. 27th.

The Gypsy Moth.—We see that "the Commissioners" ask the Common Council for more funds—as they say—"to destroy this pest." One of our Boston contemporaries truly remarks: "That this gypsy moth business has been eating its way into the State's finances is pretty well shown by the demands of the Commissions." Here are the figures: "Up to January, 1894, they had spent \$241,000. For this year they want \$105,000; for 1895, \$150,000; ditto, 1896, \$100,000; for 1897, \$50,000; 1898-1902, \$125,000. The claim has been pushed forward each year. From what we have heard such people [farmers] say of it, it is the last way in which they want to see State money wasted." True, every word. Now, we have been assured by a scientific man in Massachusetts that he will eradicate the pest in one or two years, at least, for five thousand dollars: Falling to do so, he will not charge the State a cent for his trouble. His method is the simplest one possible, and he has every confidence in its efficacy.

On our eighth page will be found the announcement of the decease of Mr. ADRIAM SMITH of Sturges, Mich. We are also indebted to Mr. Thomas Harding of that city for a previous note to the same effect, which unfortunately arrived at this office too late for last week's issue.

Dr. R. W. Flint, a veteran medium in the field of sealed-letter-answering, has passed to spirit-life. See memorial sketch in another column.

Read the announcement made concerning the Lake George Camp Association, on another page.

Spiritual matters in Baltimore are reported in "Banner Correspondence."

"Philadelphia Notes" under Banner Correspondence.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

"BLESSED ARE THE POOR." Where have the finest roses been. Whose forms of fragrance fair The universal heart could win From thoughts of sin and care? Ah! where but in the lowly place Has blossomed out love's highest grace? WILLIAM BRUNTON.

"What is the lesson taught us in the parable of the five wise virgins?" asked a Sunday school teacher of his pupils. "That we should always be on the look-out for a bridegroom," said the smallest girl in the class.—*Post*.

A recent astronomical writer says that one thing, however, seems to be certain with reference to the planet Jupiter, now so conspicuously visible along with Venus in the heavens, and that is that it is the world of the future, a world in the process of creation and of preparation, still too hot to be inhabited by beings like those upon the earth, and that may not attain to a condition resembling that of our planet before the human race here has disappeared or has given place to some higher product of evolution.

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE.—The law of the jungle, which never orders anything without a reason, forbids every beast to eat man except when he is killing to show his children how to kill, and then he must hunt outside the hunting-grounds of his pack or tribe. The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns, and hundreds of brown men with gongs and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the jungle suffers. The reason the beasts give among themselves is that man is the weakest and most defenseless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him. They say, too—and it is true—that man-eaters become mangy and lose their teeth.—*Rudyard Kipling*, in *St. Nicholas*.

Miss Mary P. Eddy, a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of New York for 1893, has received a physician's diploma from the Turkish government—the first issued to a woman.

The fishermen of Brittany, so the story goes, are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep us, my God, my boat is small and the ocean is wide."—*Presbyterian Messenger*.

The use of chameleons as a living snail pin has been introduced by the F. C. A. Societies in New York and Massachusetts.

Connected with burial (among the Parsees) is the popular conception as to the efficacy of a dog's gaze after death. Dogs are sacred, and supposed to guide the soul of the dead to heaven and to ward off evil spirits; hence it is customary to lead a dog into the chamber of death, that he may look at the corpse before it is carried to the Tower of Silence, where the remains are consumed by the birds.—*Nineteenth Century*.

A modern philosopher says: "Experience would be a splendid commodity if it could only be sold out for what it cost."

What's within our ken, Owl-like, we blink at, and direct our search To farthest land in quest of novelties, While here at home, upon our very thresholds, Ten thousand chances hustle into view Of interest wonderful. —*Mrs. Browning*.

Navigation of the great lakes during the season of 1893 resulted in the loss of 123 lives. The number of vessels lost was 53, with an aggregate tonnage of 24,258, and valued at \$1,040,400. Partial losses by strandings, collisions and fires bring the total up \$2,112,588. Lakes Erie and Huron proved specially dangerous.

The following remarkable recent experience of a Portland lady is a fact: She had been absent from her home all day, and that night she had a dream. She thought that she had started to descend the cellar stairs when a great snake came climbing up. It reared its head close to her, and stood there, swaying back and forth, and suddenly the head began to change, and assume the form of a human head, and finally the face of one of her neighbors was grinning at her on the serpent's head. She awoke with a scream. The neighbor was one whom she knew but slightly, but with whom she was not favorably impressed. The next morning her servant, a most excellent cook, and so generally superior as to have become almost a member of the family, told her that she must leave her, as the neighbor of the dream had come to the house during her absence the day before, and offered higher wages and less work, and better advantages generally. The result was the servant went to the neighbor's, and the lady feels that her dream was appropriate. She had had no intimation or suspicion that this neighbor had designs upon her cook, and there was nothing, apparently, to inspire her dream.—*Portland Transcript*.

A philosopher in the *Boston Transcript* says that it does not matter much if everybody thinks you are an ass, so long as you get the lion's share of the good things in life.

Night or day, weak or strong, Rights right, and wrong is wrong.

The announcement that the congregation of Sacred Rites had pronounced Joan of Arc worthy of veneration, has made a deep impression in Rome. The Pope ratified the congregation's decision as soon as it was presented to him.

WANDERING RATHER THAN "COINCIDENCE."—One of those coincidences that are as mysterious as they are interesting occurred in connection with the death of John Nolan, an officer of the Superior Court of New York. One day recently he "took a notion" to make his will, and as he was in excellent health was chaffed by friends whom he asked to witness it. It was signed and sealed that afternoon, and the next day he died of heart disease.—*New York News*.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notices under this heading, to insure insertion the same week, must reach this office by Monday's mail.)

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, during her sojourn in Washington, D. C., while ministering on Sundays for the society meeting in Metzger Hall, will on Wednesday, February 15th, at 2 o'clock, give a lecture on "Healing," the other on the "Soul, and Higher Teachings." Those wishing to join either of the above will address Mrs. Richmond, care 610 1/2 street, Washington, D. C.

Many friends of Mrs. C. M. Sawyer will be pleased to learn that she is now located at her parlors, 200 West Thirty-Eighth street, New York City, where she is holding a series of physical and materializing circles.

Mrs. Kate R. Stiles will be in Pittsburgh, Pa., during the month of February, and would like to correspond with parties desiring to meet with her in the city. She also has the two first Sundays of March open for engagements, and would like to communicate with officers of societies en route from Pittsburgh to Boston. Address: Mrs. J. H. Lohmeyer, 20 Kirkpatrick street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bishop A. Beals speaks in Oakland the Sundays of February. Can be addressed 222 1/2 3d street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock speaks in Baltimore, Md., during February, and Pittsburgh, Pa., in March. She would like to arrange to speak week-nights within a hundred miles of her place, or at these cities. Address: Mrs. P. O. Baltimore, care of Pittsburgh, Pa., in each month, or care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

Moses Holl speaks in Anderson, Ind., the Sundays of February and March; in San José, Cal., the Sundays of March and April. He will be in California and Oregon; July 6th to 22d, he attends and speaks at the Oregon Camp-Meeting at New Era. He will respond to calls to deliver week-day lectures in the vicinity of his Anderson and San José apartments.

Master S. F. Goodrich (the 12 years' old medium of Portland, of whose various correspondents have written us, and a good photographic likeness of whom we have received,) will answer calls for platform tests. Address of Froble street, Portland, Me.

Able N. Burnham spoke in Manchester, N. H., Feb. 4th; and will speak there again Feb. 18th; in Stoughton, Mass., March 4th. Address, Station A, Boston, Mass.

Our congratulations and best wishes are extended to that veteran worker, Prof. Joseph Rodas Buchanan, who recently celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birth.

Facts Convention.

The Facts Convention still continues its meetings Sundays at Dwight Hall, and interests those who desire to study psychic laws and their relations to all classes of occult phenomena.

These meetings are not confined in any way to narrow lines of thought; the interested astrologist, mesmerist, mental healer, theosophist, Spiritualist and phrenologist have a perfect right to ask questions and state their views on any subject under discussion. Psychometric readings and tests made up the program for Sunday morning.

In the afternoon Mr. Jacob Edson gave several illustrations of prayer-cure, which were interesting as they showed that the magnetic condition in prayer in healing made it a spiritual circle, and capable of producing, under some conditions, healing power. Other speakers interested the audience on this and other subjects.

In the evening, after a few remarks by the Chairman, the assembly was addressed by Dr. Buswell, showing that the power which heals must be, to a large extent, psychological. Dr. Pfeiffer made interesting remarks on hypnotism and its agency in healing. The influence of astrology on conditions of vegetable life as favorable or adverse to health was explained by Rev. Mr. Rousley and others. Dr. Coombs under control, gave several very perfect astrological and psychometric readings. Dr. Trapp presented correct readings to several persons who had placed articles in a bottle with a glass stopper, after he was blindfolded.

Next Sunday at the morning session experiments in thought-transference, mind-reading, tests, psychometric and phrenological examinations and other phenomena will be in order. The afternoon subject will be "Reincarnation." Mr. George D. Ayers, the President of the Boston Theosophical Society, will make the opening address, followed by others. All questions welcome. Evening subject, "Swedenborg: His Life and Works; Was He a Medium?" Opening discourse by Dr. Buswell. Mediums especially are invited free.

Mr. Colville's Work.

On Sunday, Feb. 4th, W. J. Colville lectured in Pythian Hall, Purchase street, New Bedford, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., to large and truly appreciative audiences. Though a severe snowstorm made walking difficult, the large hall was three-fourths full at both services. Subjects for lectures and poems were chosen by the audiences, and embraced topics of great interest. The general interest, Mr. Colville's lecture in the same place again next Sunday, Feb. 11th; subjects to be chosen by the audience at 2:30 P. M.; "New Light on the Great Pyramid" will be the theme at 7 P. M.

Mr. Colville lectures on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays in Hartford, Ct.—meetings under management of Mrs. E. M. Sill, 38 Trumbull street.

Mr. Colville's work in Boston during the month of February is carried on exclusively at Copley Metaphysical College, 18 Huntington Avenue, where he is delivering a course of lectures on "Bible Characters in Modern Life, or Ancient Pictures in Modern Frames," on Mondays, at 7:45 P. M., Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 2:30 P. M. All letters, etc., intended for him may be addressed in care Colby & Rich, 9 Bowditch street, Boston.

Clear Evidence.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light: I would respectfully report a fact for the Psychological Research Society to investigate: Dr. H. F. Tripp of Boston reads articles placed in a glass bottle; stepping upon the platform, and after being blindfolded, and having enclosed an article placed there by some one in the audience—a held behind the medium's head, and he proceeds to give a full, concise reading from the article within, often describing the home, parties who are sick, spirit-friends, etc.

He cannot see the article, and, as being a non-conductor, he cannot sense the magnetism. How, then, can the reading be accounted for except as a purely spiritual work? Is the question for the Psychological Research Society to answer. F. A. HEATH.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

In THE BANNER OF Feb. 3d I find the statement that "the report of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union made at its monthly meeting, held Jan. 3d, states that the Relief Committee of that organization paid out in aid of the needy the sum of \$83.00 during the year 1893."

As this statement is only a partial report, and may mislead many to infer that the sum is the total amount of the benevolent work of the "Union" for the year, will you allow me a brief space in your columns to give a report of the amount received and expended especially for benevolent work? The amount received does not include membership fees.

The appropriations made to the Quick Relief Committee, to be paid out at their discretion in cases of emergency, is but a small part of the benevolent work of the "Union." It may be interesting to your readers, whether members or not of the "Union," to know something of our doings in this special branch of our work. The amount received and appropriated for benevolent purposes, including \$500.00 subscribed for the building of a "Home," is \$1,751.00, of which \$831.00 has been paid out in monthly installments, and donations to needy persons located in ten different States of the Union, in sums of from \$5.00 to \$50.00, to which should be added the sum of \$85.00 expended by the Quick Relief Committee, making the total sum of \$916.00 expended during the year 1893.

The total amount of donations paid out since the organization of the "Union" in May, 1891, is upwards of \$3,200.00, in about five hundred different payments.

Moses T. DOLZ,

Treasurer Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

A Beautiful and Complete Catalogue.

The Catalogue for 1894 issued by Mr. John Lewis Childs, Seaboard and Florist, of Floral Park, N. Y., is a real treat to the eye, and a most interesting catalogue-making. It consists of about two hundred pages, and is in the form of three distinct catalogues bound together, one representing Seeds, another Bulbs and Plants, and the third Nursery Stock. Its stiple lithograph cover and numerous colored plates are really handsome. Each one of the thousand or more cuts are new, and of a unique design. All the reading-matter has also been re-written, so that the entire issue of this large Book-Catalogue is new, and the matter, designs and make-up are entirely new. The paper used is of a fine finish, and the press-work is done in exquisite bronze violet and brown colors. It is the most charming Horticultural work ever issued.

A Good Offer of Seeds.

Is made on last page of our paper by the great seed house of Peter Henderson & Co. of New York, who will send sixteen varieties of seeds for the price of the famous Emily Henderson, together with their illustrated catalogue, at about half the regular rates. Read the advertisement.

CONNECTICUT

Newrich.—Sunday, Jan. 27th, Mr. and Mrs. Lillie closed a very successful engagement with the Norwich Spiritual Union. The afternoon discourse upon "The Age of Reason" was treated with the eloquence and logic which marks the utterances of this inspired speaker.

On Sunday, Jan. 21st, highly impressive services were held in memory of eight members of the Union who have passed to the higher life. Mrs. Lillie referred to each of the ascended ones, voicing their individual individuality in poetical expression, with messages of love and comfort to the friends assembled.

Mr. Lillie's fine vocal selections have been excellent, and well appreciated by the audiences. Mr. and Mrs. Lillie have left here for two months' work in Florida.

Mrs. Jennie Hagau-Jackson will occupy our platform the Sundays of February, and on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Feb. 12th and 13th, Mr. and Mrs. Lillie will give their illustrated lectures on "The World's Fate for the Followers of Our Society."

MRS. J. A. ORAPMAN, Sec'y.

MASSACHUSETTS BENEFIT LIFE ASSOCIATION

(FOUNDED 1878)

A Triumph of Natural Premium Insurance. REMARKABLE GROWTH.

STATEMENT OF BUSINESS FOR 1893.

Insurance in force.....	\$105,881,605.00
Policies written during the year.....	6,744
Insurance written during the year.....	\$16,056,000.00
Emergency or Surplus Fund.....	\$1,027,706.08
Amount carried to Surplus Fund during the year.....	\$230,068.59
Dividends paid to Policy-holders during the year.....	\$174,532.73
Total Membership.....	55,004
Amount paid in Losses.....	\$1,511,868.72
Total amount paid in Losses since organization.....	\$8,404,272.57

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Feb. 10.

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Important Announcement.

THE Guides of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND have consented to and are superintending the publication of the serial series of Lessons—continuation of those on "The Soul in Human Embodiments"—and the work will be issued soon as a sufficient number of names has been obtained to secure the price of publication. The entire volume of five or six hundred pages will be but \$5.00 to subscribers. Names and addresses may be sent to MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, Rogers Park, Ill. 4w Feb. 10.

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Dr. Fred Crockett,
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Feb. 10. 2w*

Lizzie Kelley Hartmann,
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Feb. 10. 1w*

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Feb. 10. 1w*

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Feb. 10.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Until further notice the undersigned will accept Clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00. We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists in its and our behalf.

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CONTENTS.

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Message Department.

The Messages published from week to week from the spiritual world under the above heading are heretofore given in private, and reported as per dates on our Public Circle-Book has been permanently closed.

Questions propounded by inquirers in the "Message Department" will be answered by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer.

It should be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to take to the heart the fact that those who pass from this life do not depart with this or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our desire that those who recognize the published messages of their spirit friends will verify them by informing the undersigned of the fact for publication.

It is especially desired by our spiritual advisors that notwithstanding any banner has returned to its original idea of holding its sabbath in private, we should continue to place upon our circle-table chosen natural flowers, as formerly, many spirit-visitors being in consequence pleased and attracted thereby. Those friends who feel disposed to do so, are consequently requested to donate flowers for this purpose as they have in years past.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department should be addressed exclusively to COLBY & RICH.

SPRIT-MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. B. F. SMITH.



Report of Séance held Nov. 24th, 1893.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou eternal Father, thou Parent of all good, we would lift up our hearts to thee at this hour. Not merely by service of thy hand in spirit would we praise thee.

We would ask thee, oh! Father, to send forth unto all humanity thy messengers of love, peace and charity. We would ask thee to receive an understanding of our duty as thy children of earth, and we would ask that we may know more of the companionship of those spirits of light that are dwellers in the immortal spheres; and may thy messengers, as they go from home to home, give comfort to sorrowing hearts. We ask for the guidance of thy spirit; we would become more humble in our childishness.

Oh! Father, be with us this hour, as we and another endeavor to come in rapport with the material plane, and send forth messages of comfort to their loved ones here, and may each message carry with it an influence of peace, and thy blessing.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Nathaniel Soule.

When in the mortal I knew very little of spirit-communication, although often the feeling would overshadow my soul that the ones gone before were not far away. How truly it has been said that there is only a veil—a thin veil between us; for we walk with you daily, oh! friends, so close to you who place us so far away in thought.

Nathaniel Soule knew more of things spiritual than was unexpressed by him that mortals gave him credit for. I did a great deal of thinking in regard to what is called the next life—I must change that a little, and say the continuation of life here. I did not find the next life, I did not find another world literally, for it is one, only I hope the people are a good deal better than they were here; but I find, in my mother's words, that there are none so bad but that there is a little good, and there are none so good but that they could be a little better.

I was well known in East Boston and Plymouth, this State, and I hope and believe there is yet left upon the material plane some one that does not forget me. We as living entities would like to feel, as we walk your streets here, that we are not forgotten by all. Many, however, have passed through the portal of immortality since I was called upward, but there are some who will like to hear from me.

I cannot remember the number of times I have been around here; but once—years ago—I spoke a few words from your platform.

Louisa J. Stone.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. I come to you with sympathy and in all kindness of spirit, for I was cognizant of these truths when here. Seventy-eight years seems a good while to walk this earth, but oh! how quickly they sped away. I have sat by the side of the dying, watching the spirit as it has taken its flight, and I feared not the change. I was ready, but still there was a holding to this life, to the earth plane; I realized how lonely my dear husband Ira must be. The Angel of Life called, and when I passed on, the most beautiful of all things that came to me was the reality of everything, as I beheld my mother beckoning me onward to the home my life had built for me.

I sympathized with mediums; I loved true medial power, for I knew it came from the source of all good. Many times we entertained mediums who were in the lecture-field at our home. I bring my warmest greeting to dear Cora, and say: God bless you; the good band that is about you will protect you. It is of Cora Richmond I speak, who in years past was known as Cora Scott.

I shall be remembered by many that are yet upon the earth-plane and that knew me well. I feel it is but a short time, although I know it is a number of years since I passed on into the purer and more perfect life.

[To the Chairman:] I appreciated all that I could gain from your good paper, the BANNER OF LIGHT, that has diffused so much spiritual truth throughout the world.

When I knew I must meet the change I died I did not, only on account of the sorrow which I knew it would bring to my dear husband Ira, and Eugene, and I said: "God, take care of them," and I think he has through his good angels. There are angels everywhere; and if you ask for their guardianship you will not walk here alone.

I am Louisa J. Stone. My husband was Ira C. Stone of Napier, Ill., formerly of Waterford, Conn.

Dennis Mongin.

[To the Chairman:] I suppose all are welcome here? [Yes.] I have been informed that the soldiers were welcome as any one else, or I should not have come as I am today. I feel some one will be benefited by the few words I may say. I was not a speaker, and I am not here for that purpose now. I'm here as one thread of proof in the web of immortality; and not only that, but I return, as do many others, to aid mortals, for you all need it, every one.

Fifty years were given me here. I was a volunteer in the Fourteenth New Hampshire Regiment. I felt never to flee from the enemy. No one could ever have said that Dennis Mon-

gin would flinch from his duty as it was made known to him.

In Gardner, Mass., I shall be remembered well. Oh! the sadness that overshadowed my spirit when I knew I must leave the one with whom I had walked in mortal, and the children too! But in a very few moments a change came over me; I lost that feeling, and was filled with joy, joy unspeakable, to know I should not be alone, and it would be well with me. I feared not what is spoken of as hell, and I have got the heaven—I have got the home my life built for me. I could not expect anything else, and I have no desire for anything else. I have learned in this short space to know that progression means to go on learning eternally, not alone for our own advantage, but that we may aid others, which we are taught in the spirit-spheres is the great duty of life.

Eliza Wells.

Many years have passed since I went to the spirit-world. I have sensed within the minds of my friends many times a desire to know if I found it as beautiful as had been pictured to me. In the old days I feel I had a great deal of medial power, but I have not the meaning. I was confident that I was not alone many times; I felt the invisibles near me, and often I have looked about thinking some one was near me, so closely did I sense the presence of some one, but I knew not the meaning of it. Since the change came it has been made very plain to me that those sensations were caused by the presence of the spirits of those who once inhabited your earth.

We are, you will remember, and I say to-day, you will find different degrees of happiness in the spirit-world, when it will be your privilege to learn more and gain faster, if you will, than you could here upon the earth. I find some have advanced a great deal faster than others, just as some mortals learn more rapidly than others.

I am happy, very happy. The question has been asked, Are we perfectly happy? It was perfectly happy there, there was no progression. Oh, no! We do not arrive at perfection at a bound, but in the great school of life we are constantly learning from more advanced spirits.

It is pleasant to feel we are not forgotten, but much pleasanter to know we can speak to you through medial channels; for the desire of congenial communion with the loved ones is a trait that is never lost by the spirit.

In Indianapolis, Ind., I do fear they will remember me as Eliza Wells. Many friends of the past know of the invalid condition of the physical, but I am glad to say I feel stronger in the new form than in that which I wore here.

Yes, Sarah stands beside me, and Miranda, too, asking to be remembered to the handfast yet upon this plane.

Maria Hill Gilman.

I wish to say to the loved ones in Ogdensburg, N. Y., that it is true we live and are active people who are in contact with you on earth. We do try to influence you, though many times we fail. Then when you sense our presence, speak to us, if it is only mentally, for it helps to hold us near you. Our love goes out with us into the great Beyond, for it belongs to the spirit. We look upon our old forms as a tenement, out of which we moved when we no longer had any use for it. Many times in my life I felt a sadness creep over me that my form would sometime be placed in the earth, but it left me, and I had no clinging to it when I passed on into the more perfect life.

Eliza has said to me often, "Maria, why need we fear, and make ourselves unhappy because of this have left?" It is the affection that draws, attracts us back to those yet upon the earth-plane; and now while I speak to you many wistful faces I see wishing their loved ones might know of their presence here, and yet they have never spoken through mortal lips to let them know. Creeds have held them a little, from which they must be loosed before they can make themselves known. I am thankful that I have none to hold me at this time.

My name is Maria Hill Gilman. My husband stands beside me, and sends warm greetings to the few yet left here.

Emma Salome.

[To the Chairman:] Please, sir, may I talk? [Certainly.] I am glad I was a little afraid at first, but the gentleman said nothing would harm me. "Go right along, little one," he told me.

I go to school, and have a lovely teacher. Perhaps you would like to know who she is; she is Miss Alice Cary.

I want my mamma to know I came here, and papa, too.

My name is Emma Salome, and I lived in East Boston. My papa and mamma live there.

Charlie can play the music lovely, but Charlie lives here. Well, I don't live but a little ways off.

One day I was going right along in the spirit-world, and I met Mr. Shackford. He used to live in the same place, and I used to meet him here when I was going to school, but he never looked at me; he walked right along, "cause he had so much thinking to do. When I met him in the Summer-Land he looked at me and smiled, and he said, "Why, Emma, how do you do?" Then I said, "Pretty well, thank you. You didn't use to speak when you were going down to the wharf, and you used to meet me." He smiled, and said, "I didn't see any children then; I was thinking of business. He spoke to me in the Summer-Land, but he didn't speak to me here, and I remember that, but he's a nice man. I've met Mr. Cudworth, too.

Hallie Canfield.

[To the Chairman:] I want to speak to you, sir, if you don't mind. I think I can speak; I'm older than that little girl.

Grandma Canfield is with me, but I want papa to come and talk with me sometime, and mamma, too. She said a good many times to Grandpa Balcumb she wanted to hear from me; but mamma had the baby to take care of, and so she could not come. Well, I know they think of me, but they don't bring me close enough home. A good many times I am close beside them. Sometimes I put my hand out to baby and say, "Baby, I'm here," and she laughs. When I am around it makes them think of me, and that's what they tell me is called an impression.

I want them all to know I come in this meeting, with a good many other people. Aunt Laura is here, and she is with the children she takes care of, and great Grandma McCarthy, two great I guess it is, for it's more than one—she here, too. She went out a good ways off—down in Nova Scotia. I never went there till I went from the body.

In the Summer-Land it's all sunshine. I am in Aunt Laura's class. When she was here she didn't have a class and she was not a teacher; but she is now in the Summer-Land.

I'm Hallie Canfield, and when I went to the Summer-Land I lived in Lynn. My mamma and papa live just out a little ways. They do not live in the same house or the same place—not just the same; it's in the edge of Saugus. Grandpa has your paper, and I see him read it. He reads all those papers. Grandpa leaves them on the table, and grandma reads them when she isn't sewing. Grandma knows we come—Aunt Laura, Aunt Anna and Belle, and all.

I've seen Millie a good many times; she's lovely, and Miss Frances is lovely, too. I wish you would say that letter that I've seen Millie Johnson.

Mary Lewis.

My name is Mary Lewis. It is many years since I passed on, and they said I was dead. How those words clashed upon my hearing! And with all the power I possessed I could not speak and deny it. I realized that what was passing, all the sadness of my friends, and I sympathized with them.

I stood beside my form, but I had no attachment for the old tenement, only a great respect for the service it had done me. Some seem to suppose it is hard for us to leave our bodies. Not at all; and I do not know why those here upon this plane should think so, or why they should think we should like to return here to stay and be one with them. I have never had a desire to come back here and

live again in the old form, but I have had a longing many times to come as a visitor. Affection for the dear ones left here attracts us back, and wherever we see we do not say, "I do not want to go," but I am spending more particularly my own experiences. It is a life of activity that we find when we leave the physical form. We have a desire to aid others; we long to do some good and be of some use, and it is certainly a very pleasant feeling to realize that we have assisted another. When in the form I used to hope some one would be made better by my having lived, and feel the same now.

I am from Springfield, this State.

Edmund Gage.

When I passed away I found the spirit-life was only a continuation of life here. Do not think I was troubled by doubts and uncertainty before I left the mortal body, for I well understood these things for some time previous. I was a little positive in my nature, and I was positive in regard to this grand truth.

I feel an unpleasant sensation in my hip, for I had been there before I passed on. I was thrown upon the walk by a horse. They picked me up and carried me home. They sent for a physician, and he said I would not live three weeks, for my age was against me; but I stayed between two and three years. I was well along in years—up into the eighties—and I was one of the directors of the bank where the accident occurred.

My wife Lydia is with me. She has joined me since I passed over.

I was what you call a firm, staunch Spiritualist, if I do say it. I used to talk a good deal with people on the subject. I well remember one time one of the ministers said to me: "Mr. Gage, where do you expect to go when you die?" "I am going where I am a mind to," I replied—and I do. He looked at me—he knew me well—as much as to say "I am fearful." I did not ask for the prayers of the ministers; I felt I was sure of the road I had taken, and I made no mistake in it, either.

In Haverhill, Mass., where I was well known, many remember me to-day, but as I go through the rooms into the room where I lay so long, strangers, in one sense I find, occupy the place. I know they keep the homestead, yet I find strangers there.

Lydia has said to me, "I well know now I had worments that partly were the means of taking me into the higher life," but she rejoices that they did. Willie, you will go on and on, one step after another, and I would say to-day, Be careful. He was no child of mine, but it will be understood.

Almira, my first, is with me. She promised me faithfully, through many mediums, that she would come to meet me, and I did not doubt it. The first one I beheld was my mother, with outstretched hand, and she said, "Edmund, come; all is ready." Then, seemingly in an instant, I saw Almira and Mattie together, and I knew that the change had come; but as much as I clung to mortal life, I was glad to know I was safely there.

Edwin, I cannot reach you as I would like to, but your own spirit tells you I visit you and come to you often in your own home; and I am in the hot house many times, where I walk about as I was wont to do.

[To the Chairman:] My daughter is in California, and your good paper goes there, so I think she will get this message, and Clara in Chattanooga, too.

I lived in Cincinnati at one time, and was engaged in the leather business, but in my last years I had no particular business.

Miss Irene Palmer is here also.

I did not live eighty-seven years without learning something of human nature. I am Edmund Gage.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES

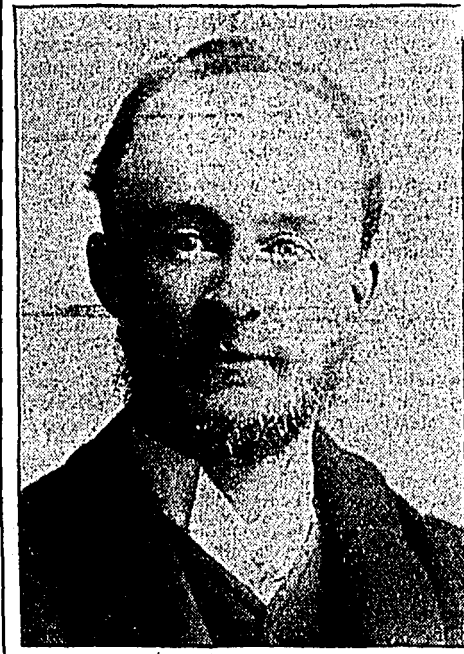
TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Dec. 1—Theodore Malvin; Lydia Tuttle; James B. Eastman; Helen Chappell; Edgar R. Roberts; James McLaughlin; Betsey Gardner; Charles Laffay; Clarence Kneidel.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

W. J. COLVILLE.



QUEST.—[By Subscriber, Out.] What does the Guiding Intelligence think of Christian Science, and the claim that people are never sick, but only think they are?

ANS.—The claim that all is mind, therefore there can be no matter, is a very old one. The Vedas teach that the Supreme Reality is pure spirit, and that anything appearing to exist separate therefrom is of necessity illusion. It certainly does appear to many reflecting minds that the ultimate of all things must be a unitary substance, of which all apparent substances are but partial expressions or manifestations.

As to the statement that people never suffer except in thought, to this we can take no exception primarily; as we are convinced that all ailments, as well as harmonious bodily conditions, have a mental origin, though not of necessity in the thought of the specially afflicted person.

The physical body is, as all physiologists teach, in a state of perpetual change and motion; it has no permanent stability; but its molecules are always removing, to give place to others. The sufferings which appear to be physical are really mental, and the physique is simply the most external plane on which mental states are registered or finally expressed. Right thought as a cause, produces bodily vigor and symmetry as an effect; wrong thought is expressed by discordant organic conditions. No one can dispute that purely mental emotions, such as fear, fright, anger, and many others of equally inharmonious character, not adversely upon the vital organs, impoverish the blood, unduly excite the nerves, impair digestion, and in manifold other ways produce havoc in the body. The only way to successfully cure a malady is through the law of contradiction. Anger is overcome by love; fear is vanquished by courage; doubt, by confidence, etc.

A true mental healer is one whose mental condition at time of treating a patient is diametrically opposed to the pathological condition of the sufferer. He is undertaking to relieve. For instance, a timid person is capable of becoming courageous; he applies to one who is already courageous for treatment, and the treatment given is a radiating vibration from the awakened centre of courage in the healer, directed to and absorbed by the dormant corresponding centre in the patient.

It is by no means necessary to deny the fact of superficial illness in order to remove it by mental methods, nor is it wise to tell a person while experiencing great pain that he only thinks he suffers. A great many blind and

foolish statements are made by some mental healers, which arouse needless opposition to mental healing by provoking antagonism, where a wiser course would serve to bring enlightenment and rationality.

We teach that physical derangements are due to unbalanced mental states at all times, and that no mental, magnetic or medical treatment can ever avail to secure permanent good results unless it aids the sufferer to live a more orderly or stronger individual life in thought thereafter.

Hypersensitiveness is a fruitful source of disease; so is bowing to accepted usage, regardless of its content. Through mental yielding to the contents of a vitiated atmosphere, on all planes; derangements are invited. To overcome disorder it is essential to establish order. All remedies which are really useful (and all useful remedies are quite harmless) products of the vegetable kingdom, are themselves psychical expressions, and by virtue of their interior psychic potency they act first upon the susceptible mental, and afterwards upon the physical plane of those to whom they are administered. Action is mental in all cases, but there is a physical reaction. The mind acts on and through the physique, which in its turn reacts on the mind by way of reflection. Whether health or sickness is to be manifested, mental conditions calculated to externalize the one or the other must be present. Mental healing is clearly demonstrable.

Q.—[By Mrs. H. C. Comstock, Newport, N. H.] Last August at Sunapee Lake Camp, a well-known spiritualist at public sabbath said to me, "I see the spirit of a beautiful little boy. He comes to you so grateful and so thankful for what you have done for him, especially at his death and burial." I could not recall any such circumstance, but she said, "You will place it sometime." I thought it a mistake, and did not think of it again till since the death of my darling grandson, Nov. 21st. Who was it that came to me? Was it his spirit while he was in good health? or was it given for consolation in my hour of need? Will you kindly answer?

A.—We think it highly probable that a friend of the questioner in spirit was able to foresee a coming event, and gave a message which really came from the guardian spirit of the child, and it is also quite possible that the lady has mentally assisted some other child who passed to the unseen state previously; and as her work in that direction was interior, she does not recall it by means of outer memory. It is not unusual for a person to do an immense amount of real good by rendering the most valuable assistance to others who are in pressing need at the time, and that without their own apparent volition, though sub-volition is always a factor in the case. Memory itself is never defective, for every thought is faithfully registered upon the psychic scroll; but our control over the contents of our memory-chambers is usually very imperfect, and consequently we are surprised and often amazed at the things we have done which at the time we cannot recall. It is a frequent experience with sensitive persons to feel that they are called upon to render some aid somewhere in the psychic state, but they receive no clear idea of exactly what it is they are requested to accomplish. Then, again, we do many things in sleep which we do not remember when we awake.

Fail we have as a people, attained to far greater control over our memories than we have as yet, there will continue to be a vast number of statements mislabeled tests, which, though perfectly truthful in themselves, cannot be verified without much greater knowledge of man's inner consciousness than is yet possessed by any save a few genuine adepts. All such instances as the one related by our present questioner are worthy of tabulation and careful record, and probably in at least nine cases out of every ten, if a person receiving such a message would retire for tranquil reflection, awaiting an explanation, profitable information would enter the interior of the mind.

It is always consoling and edifying to learn that we do more to help others than we are conscious of doing when our wills are benevolently inclined. One of the most delightful experiences entering spirit-life for all philanthropic people will be their speedy realization that their lives on earth were far more useful, and that their kind thoughts accomplished much more than they had any idea of.

Q.—[By J. Jay Watson, of the Musical Conservatory of New York.] Faith is not superior to knowledge. This is a cardinal fact of the nineteenth century; hence common sense asks, If the present age be truly an eclipse of the Christian faith dominant fifteen centuries ago, can it be considered an era of progress which has preceded so much as with the fourth century of the Christian era?

A.—"Add to your faith knowledge" is always a wise command. In the sense in which faith is usually understood, knowledge is very far in advance of it, so much so that every believer hopes to see the time when faith will be exchanged for sight. Faith is all that we can enjoy in earlier stages of our development, but as we mentally progress it melts into knowledge.

Have you never stood at daybreak in some lonely spot to which you were a total stranger? You arrived there after nightfall, and went to sleep; when you awoke the sun had not risen, but it was just "peep of day," and you wondered what would be revealed as the sun mounted higher in the heavens. You were quite sure you saw the outlines of something, but you could not decide clearly what till fuller light broke through the mists of dawn. Or have you never known what it was to feebly apprehend what some one else seemed to understand perfectly, till gradually your own expanding intelligence enabled you to grasp it also?

The nineteenth century has given to the world the doctrine of EVOLUTION, a truth very imperfectly perceived, and then only by a few exceptional seers in the fourth century. The theological controversies of that period between the Arian and Athanasian schools have certainly their parallels in the disputes between Unitarians and Trinitarians in the nineteenth century, but they differ widely from each other in this important respect: the general average of knowledge is very much higher to-day than fifteen hundred years ago, though there were many great scholars at that time.

There is always a place for faith, but knowledge comes and removes that place continually. "What I know now you shall know hereafter." "I have many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now," and many other passages in the gospels, prove that the evangelists contended for a progressive revelation on the authority of the direct teachings of their Master.

Faith, in its ethical sense, yields the palm to nothing; belief and unbelief are no superior as virtues. Belief and faith are not the same in essence, or in correct etymology. A believer in anything, no matter how true, may be a rascal. No dogma is more immoral than that of salvation through simple belief; this hideous heresy afflicted the earliest church, and to condemn it St. James wrote his magnificent epistle. Martin Luther, and others, in the sixteenth century, revamped this abominable doctrine, and called it the greatest extremity. As Luther (and his colleagues) could not stand the plain declaration "devils also believe," he did not satisfy himself by throwing ink at an imp who visited him in his cell, but the Lutheran ink-pot emptied its contents on the Apostle James, or rather on his epistle, which, to accommodate the Lutheran dogma, must be bled from the canon.

There are many abuses in the Church in the sixteenth century, certainly; but the old Catholic doctrine that good works are necessary to salvation is now being accepted everywhere, and by no people more thoroughly than by Unitarians and others who are as far as they can well be from accepting the Athanasian creed, which is the veritable embodiment of the purest ignorance and the grossest superstition. Cardinal Newman called the Athanasian creed a beautiful poem; he accepted it as poetry, and no doubt made much allowance in his own mind for "poetic license"; but even as poetry its contradictions are too flagrant for modern acceptance or even toleration.

Human sentiment is in advance, oftentimes, of human intellect. Calvinists are often kind-hearted people, but they are so in spite, not in

consequence, of what they profess to believe. We can reasonably allow latitude to belief without knowledge, but belief against knowledge is self-evidently absurd. The doctrine of a divine Trinity in Unity is beyond our comprehension. Nobody fully understands God; therefore definitions are useless and bewildering when not positively blasphemous. We cannot prove or disprove theological affirmations of a purely speculative nature; it is, therefore, the height of folly and wickedness to teach that souls are condemned forever because they fail to accept what nobody can prove.

Faith is very beautiful when reasonably exercised on matters beyond our intellectual ken. Faith gives us ideals; it stimulates hope and courage, but it is in such instances not opposed to knowledge, but the herald of it. We shall know in the future what we can only believe in the present.

The theology of to-day is taking a decidedly practical turn; its trend is away from dogmatic and mysticism, in the direction of philanthropy. One of the loveliest sights seen last year in Chicago was an array of ministers and laity of all denominations, including Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis, assembled to devise means for the erection and support of a good home for crippled children.

The twentieth century will not be at all like the fifth, and we are sure the nineteenth is extremely unlike the fourth, though the latter, as well as the former, has a period of great theological upheaval. Hence the difference: Then, liberal thought was silenced; a triumphant bigotry prevailed; now, liberal thought will triumph, and the nightmares of a less enlightened age will be put to flight in their encounter with heaven-born illumination.

Q.—[By C. F. Ray, Milwaukee, Wis.] What is thought, as understood from a spiritual point of view?

A.—Thought is the active operation of an intellectual entity. When we say we think, who are we and what is it we are doing? I think describes a mental act as much as I walk describes another mental act, the difference between the acts consisting only in this: that the one is outwardly declared through a physical process, and the other is not so completely uttered. Without thought there could be no activity, and thought must be expressed through some machinery, medium, calculated to express it. The intellectual ego is the thinker; the thought is the vibratory effect of the thinker's motion; the brain is the instrument upon and through which the thinker acts; and the external form, whatever it be, is the final consequence of this thinking.

It has been well said that God thinks, and man thinks God's thoughts after him. Intelligence is never idle, and the ceaseless motion of intelligence is the cause of all the forms we see. As the individual human intelligence learns to perfectly master the apparatus through which it works, forms on earth will become beautiful counterparts of their prototypes in spirit. We often hear people lament their inability to express their thoughts. They have thoughts, often good, wise, noble ones, but they have not mastered the instrument through which these thoughts can be manifested; consequently, until they have learned to operate the machinery at their disposal, they are like musicians who have music in their souls, but none as yet in their fingers.

New Publications.

A HANDBOOK OF FREETHOUGHT. Containing in Condensed and Systematized Form a Vast Amount of Evidence Against the Superstitions and Doctrines of Christianity. Selected by W. S. Bell, Cloth, pp. 384. The Truth-Seeker Company, Publishers, 28 Lafayette Place, New York.

The title-page tells the whole story of the volume. Without commenting on the aims and purposes, it can be said that the compilation has been thorough and systematic. The work will set many a reader to thinking, and thus the object is likely to be attained. It is interesting as a book, and useful as a work of reference.

HOMILIES OF SCIENCE. By Dr. Paul Carus. Cloth, pp. 317. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

These papers first appeared as editorial articles in The Open Court, and were widely read, and commented upon at the time. The author claims for them that the principle pervading them is to teach an ethics that is based upon truth, and upon truth alone.

The object further is to counteract a very popular error, namely, the view that a full knowledge of the laws of the world would rather dispose a man to become immoral than to purify and ennoble his soul. The Homilies of Science are not hostile toward the established religions of traditional growth; they are hostile toward the dogmatic conception only of these religions. The pages devoted to "Death and Immortality" are exceedingly interesting, and worthy of careful perusal.

A SPINSTER'S LEAFLETS. By Allyn Yates Keith. Cloth, pp. 137. Lee & Shepard, publishers, 10 Milk street, Boston, Mass.

If the new year has brought one thing more than another to lighten and cause a smile, it is this little word-painting of an exceedingly useful life. Pretty and quaint in detail, there is not a page nor a paragraph that is not engaging even to intensity. The character-drawing of the village-folk, especially of the two deacons, is very true to life; the one ever expounding the terrors of Divine wrath, forgetting its mercuries—the other the merriest soul in town, choosing to view religion from a far different standpoint. The book teaches that happiness is attained by doing good unto others. Hope, tenderness and ambition lead to a wholly unexpected and strong climax, and bring out the elements of a noble nature. It is worthy a place on every library table, and will make a beautiful gift.

MEDIUMSHIP AND ITS DEVELOPMENT, AND HOW TO MEMORIZE TO ASSIST DEVELOPMENT. By W. H. Bach. Published by the author, at St. Paul, Minn.

It is doubtful if, upon sixty-five pages, any author, no matter how able, honest or faithful, could cover a subject so vast as the one which this work proposes to embody. No one can read the pamphlet thoroughly without being convinced that the well-known lecturer and demonstrator of psychic phenomena is influenced by the desire to show that his deductions are from practical experience, and not from theories. Mr. Bach has spent thirteen years in the investigation of psychic phenomena, and the results of his experiments are plainly and explicitly stated in a manner that cannot fail to interest the seeker for truth in this particular line of research and study.

THE PRELIMINARY REPORT on the Income Account of Railways in the United States for the Year Ending June 30th, 1893, has been received from the Interstate Commission



Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

Spiritual Gifts and Powers.

A HALF AND UNPUBLISHED PUBLIC TEST MANIFESTATION THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. ADA FOYE, AT CONSERVATORY HALL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

On the 21st day of May, 1889, Mrs. ADA FOYE made her appearance in the city of Brooklyn, for the first time in twenty years. She arrived from Philadelphia at five o'clock P. M., dined with a private family at six o'clock, and stepped upon the platform before a large audience at eight o'clock.

After a few telling tests the following "narration of facts" occurred: The communicating spirit was once a well-known lawyer who lived in St. Marks Avenue, Brooklyn, whose name was Edward H. Spooner. The gentleman who received the communication is also a lawyer, a member of the Union League, and whose name is Herbert S. Ogden, residing at No. 1250 Pacific street, Brooklyn.

The report of this wonderful rance has been copied into nearly all of the leading spiritualistic journals and magazines in the world. It was republished in the *Two Worlds*, a journal, and in the *Unseen Universe*, a magazine, in Manchester, England, both edited by the well-known public speaker, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten. In a foot-note the editor commented thus:

"It is only proper to state that Judge Cross, the eminent and well-known legal gentleman and Spiritualist of New York, the person for whom this statement was written, added also his own unqualified endorsement of the truth of the statement, and of the high and honorable character of the spirit. If such testimony as this is not quite so authoritative as any rendered in public courts, wherein questions of life and death are decided, we would like to know where to draw the line between truth and falsehood; until thus informed, the above testimony, rare and unprecedented as we claim it to be, is sufficient to prove the fact that the death of the body does not affect the Real Spirit Man."

APPENDIX.—The gentleman who received this communication succeeded in securing his name for four years. Accidentally his identity has become known, and his name is here given. It cannot now be said to the detriment of the Cause of Spiritualism that there was collusion between him and the medium, neither can it be said again that any lawyer could have written it to deceive the public, for Mr. Herbert S. Ogden will not deny that he received the communication and wrote it out for publication.

INTERESTING REPORT OF A MYSTERIOUS INTERVIEW.

The following narration of facts may be relied upon as true in all particulars. The writer is a practicing lawyer, having an office contiguous to mine, and at my request reduced them to writing. It seems to me not a little singular that one so clear-headed and self-reliant as my friend is known to be should feel called upon not only to disavow any belief in any species of phenomenon of the truth of which his personal experience furnishes a remarkable example, but to willfully bar the door against further investigation.

NELSON CROSS.

NO. — BROADWAY, N. Y., May 27th, 1889.

DEAR SIR—At your request I write out what to me was a remarkable occurrence, and concerning which there cannot enter the element of uncertainty. To understand the matter thoroughly I will give a short introduction. You know that I am a lawyer in active practice in this city, with all the conservatism of my profession, a disbeliever in all spiritual phenomena, and at an age when one's mental powers are presumed to be in their prime. A number of years ago I formed the acquaintance of a lawyer who occupied an adjoining office—a man much older than I, 8—by name—and between us sprung up a very close friendship. He was a cool, wary, shrewd man, of a daring and philosophic turn of mind; a disbeliever in all systems of religion, carrying his disbelief to the extent of denying the immortality of the soul and the existence of a God. He was truthful, honest, fearless, and lived and died without a blemish on his name—the possessor of a fortune accumulated by his own efforts. We were accustomed to argue constantly on all subjects of current interest, and frequently would attempt the solution of problems in the realms of mental science. On one question, the immortality of the soul, we radically differed, and many an argument we had thereon, till one day we made the following agreement, which was known by him and me, viz.: That the one who should first die should inform the survivor of the simple fact whether he was living after what we called death. My friend died about a year ago, and, having the agreement in mind, I attended one or two spiritualistic meetings as an experiment, and not with the slightest idea of receiving any communication, for I was and am a skeptic of the skeptics as to any, every and all spiritualistic doctrines, teachings and phenomena. On Tuesday, May 21st, 1889, I received an invitation from a client to attend a meeting; out of curiosity I accepted, and on my way told the gentleman who invited me the story of myself and friend, and laughingly remarked that I would call up 8—.

We arrived late; the hall was crowded and brilliantly lighted; we took our seats at the rear, well to one side, and almost screened from observation. After the lecture the speaker, whom I never saw or heard of before, invited those who wished to communicate with some departed friend to write the name on a slip of paper, fold it securely, so to hide the name, and put it in the hat which would be passed around. I did so; wrote my friend's name on a slip I tore from a blank check, placed it in the hat with, I suppose, a hundred others, and saw the hat placed upon the table. At this time the only sentiment that moved me was a kind of scornful curiosity, a pity for what I considered sentiment "run mad," and a sort of impression that the audience were about to be cleverly humbugged. After perhaps half an hour had passed, and a dozen, more or less, communications had been received, which, to my mind, were very unsatisfactory—because, either through the thoughtlessness of the parties sending or receiving the messages, there seemed to me to be an unlimited opportunity for fraud or non-identification—the medium took up the slip, unopened, that I had sent up. Suddenly she stopped, hesitated, and without opening the slip said:

"There is a spirit here, 8— by name, who says that he has come to communicate with one who has long been anxious to see him." I then rose and said: "Madam, I think that must be for me. Will you ask the gentleman for his Christian name?" She answered, "Edward." The unopened slip, meanwhile, was delivered to a stranger in the audience. I will now go on and give you the colloquy. Mind you, I was not in the slightest degree nervous; I was as cool and skeptical as when cross-examining a witness on the stand; and in fact, for the time being, my professional instincts got the better of me, and I framed my questions accordingly. I now take up the questions. I spoke to him by name, as I would to a witness:

Q.—What was the middle letter of your name? A.—H.

Q.—What was your business in life? A.—Lawyer.

Q.—What city did you practice in? A.—New York.

Q.—On what street when I first knew you? A.—Broadway.

Q.—What number? A.—73.

Said I: "You are wrong." The medium hesitated a second, appeared to reflect, then replied: "The spirit says that he is right and you are wrong; you were in 71; he was in 73." This was true, but I had forgotten the fact; it was all one building, and he was on the opposite side of the hall in No. 73, while I was in No. 71.

Q.—Where did you die? A.—Plaintiff, N. J.

Q.—Did you have a corporation for a client on Chambers street? A.—Yes.

Q.—Name it? A.—American News Company.

Q.—What kind of a suit did you have for them in which I helped you? A.—Libel suit.

Q.—What was the result of the trial? [No answer.]

Q.—What was then done? A.—Appealed.

Q.—Where to? A.—General term.

Q.—What court? A.—Superior Court.

Q.—What result? A.—Judgment reversed.

Q.—What was then done? A.—Appealed to Court of Appeals.

Q.—What was the state of the action at the time of your death? A.—Appeal pending.

Q.—Give plaintiff's name. A.—Marie Prescott.

Q.—What was your belief when you died? A.—I believed in none of the systems of religion. I went further: I disbelieved in the immortality of the soul.

Q.—8—, how did you come to attend here to-night? A.—I came to redeem the agreement you and I made at 71 Broadway, that the one who first died should inform the survivor whether or not he lived.

I confess that at this point I was startled; I felt that either my mind was an open book to the medium, or else that I had called up "the devil"; and I put but one more question. Said I:

Q.—8—, what are you doing now? A.—I am studying, learning, teaching, and sometimes I assist you. Good night!

This was all. I knew no one except the gentleman who attended with me, and he was as great a skeptic as myself. He never left my side. I was at a distance of fully forty feet from the medium, and between her and myself must have sat fifteen or twenty persons, and within a less radius fully three hundred. As I said before, I never saw her, and never told any one of my agreement save the gentleman who was with me, and him that night on our way to the meeting. I have no theory on which to account for it. As I have stated to you, and as you well know, I am a person of strong will. I have never seen any one able to mesmerize me. I am skilled in trying cases, and in concealing from witnesses and litigants my thoughts, and have never yet seen one who could do more than guess at the working of my mind. I leave to wiser heads than mine the solution of this incident. I shall never again call up the spirit of my friend, or give any one the chance of reading my thoughts, whichever way it may be decided; and I write this out at your request upon the express agreement that my name is not in any way to be used nor published, nor am I to be bothered with the queries of any one concerning the transaction. I remain, as ever,

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I confess that at this point I was startled; I felt that either my mind was an open book to the medium, or else that I had called up "the devil"; and I put but one more question. Said I:

Q.—8—, what are you doing now? A.—I am studying, learning, teaching, and sometimes I assist you. Good night!

This was all. I knew no one except the gentleman who attended with me, and he was as great a skeptic as myself. He never left my side. I was at a distance of fully forty feet from the medium, and between her and myself must have sat fifteen or twenty persons, and within a less radius fully three hundred. As I said before, I never saw her, and never told any one of my agreement save the gentleman who was with me, and him that night on our way to the meeting. I have no theory on which to account for it. As I have stated to you, and as you well know, I am a person of strong will. I have never seen any one able to mesmerize me. I am skilled in trying cases, and in concealing from witnesses and litigants my thoughts, and have never yet seen one who could do more than guess at the working of my mind. I leave to wiser heads than mine the solution of this incident. I shall never again call up the spirit of my friend, or give any one the chance of reading my thoughts, whichever way it may be decided; and I write this out at your request upon the express agreement that my name is not in any way to be used nor published, nor am I to be bothered with the queries of any one concerning the transaction. I remain, as ever,

Your very sincerely,

NELSON CROSS.

NO. — BROADWAY, N. Y., May 27th, 1889.

DEAR SIR—At your request I write out what to me was a remarkable occurrence, and concerning which there cannot enter the element of uncertainty. To understand the matter thoroughly I will give a short introduction. You know that I am a lawyer in active practice in this city, with all the conservatism of my profession, a disbeliever in all spiritual phenomena, and at an age when one's mental powers are presumed to be in their prime. A number of years ago I formed the acquaintance of a lawyer who occupied an adjoining office—a man much older than I, 8—by name—and between us sprung up a very close friendship. He was a cool, wary, shrewd man, of a daring and philosophic turn of mind; a disbeliever in all systems of religion, carrying his disbelief to the extent of denying the immortality of the soul and the existence of a God. He was truthful, honest, fearless, and lived and died without a blemish on his name—the possessor of a fortune accumulated by his own efforts. We were accustomed to argue constantly on all subjects of current interest, and frequently would attempt the solution of problems in the realms of mental science. On one question, the immortality of the soul, we radically differed, and many an argument we had thereon, till one day we made the following agreement, which was known by him and me, viz.: That the one who should first die should inform the survivor of the simple fact whether he was living after what we called death. My friend died about a year ago, and, having the agreement in mind, I attended one or two spiritualistic meetings as an experiment, and not with the slightest idea of receiving any communication, for I was and am a skeptic of the skeptics as to any, every and all spiritualistic doctrines, teachings and phenomena. On Tuesday, May 21st, 1889, I received an invitation from a client to attend a meeting; out of curiosity I accepted, and on my way told the gentleman who invited me the story of myself and friend, and laughingly remarked that I would call up 8—.

We arrived late; the hall was crowded and brilliantly lighted; we took our seats at the rear, well to one side, and almost screened from observation. After the lecture the speaker, whom I never saw or heard of before, invited those who wished to communicate with some departed friend to write the name on a slip of paper, fold it securely, so to hide the name, and put it in the hat which would be passed around. I did so; wrote my friend's name on a slip I tore from a blank check, placed it in the hat with, I suppose, a hundred others, and saw the hat placed upon the table. At this time the only sentiment that moved me was a kind of scornful curiosity, a pity for what I considered sentiment "run mad," and a sort of impression that the audience were about to be cleverly humbugged. After perhaps half an hour had passed, and a dozen, more or less, communications had been received, which, to my mind, were very unsatisfactory—because, either through the thoughtlessness of the parties sending or receiving the messages, there seemed to me to be an unlimited opportunity for fraud or non-identification—the medium took up the slip, unopened, that I had sent up. Suddenly she stopped, hesitated, and without opening the slip said:

"There is a spirit here, 8— by name, who says that he has come to communicate with one who has long been anxious to see him." I then rose and said: "Madam, I think that must be for me. Will you ask the gentleman for his Christian name?" She answered, "Edward." The unopened slip, meanwhile, was delivered to a stranger in the audience. I will now go on and give you the colloquy. Mind you, I was not in the slightest degree nervous; I was as cool and skeptical as when cross-examining a witness on the stand; and in fact, for the time being, my professional instincts got the better of me, and I framed my questions accordingly. I now take up the questions. I spoke to him by name, as I would to a witness:

Q.—What was the middle letter of your name? A.—H.

Q.—What was your business in life? A.—Lawyer.

Q.—What city did you practice in? A.—New York.

Q.—On what street when I first knew you? A.—Broadway.

Q.—What number? A.—73.

Said I: "You are wrong." The medium hesitated a second, appeared to reflect, then replied: "The spirit says that he is right and you are wrong; you were in 71; he was in 73." This was true, but I had forgotten the fact; it was all one building, and he was on the opposite side of the hall in No. 73, while I was in No. 71.

Q.—Where did you die? A.—Plaintiff, N. J.

Q.—Did you have a corporation for a client on Chambers street? A.—Yes.

Q.—Name it? A.—American News Company.

Q.—What kind of a suit did you have for them in which I helped you? A.—Libel suit.

Q.—What was the result of the trial? [No answer.]

Q.—What was then done? A.—Appealed.

Q.—Where to? A.—General term.

Q.—What court? A.—Superior Court.

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