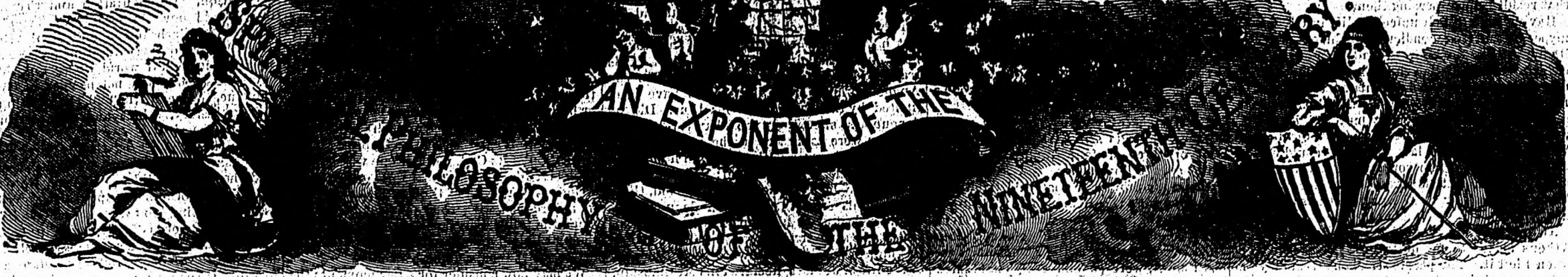


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# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 5.

## Written for the Banner of Light. IMPRESSIONS.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERS.

They come as birds of passage,  
Impressions light as air;  
As carrier-doves with a message  
To the soul that waits its care.  
They flutter and float on the sunbeam;  
They fly on the wings of the wind;  
A cloud of loving fancies,  
As they tap at the door of the mind.  
  
They circle its inner chamber,  
These ghosts of myriad loves,  
As suitors each for her favor,  
The soul with her carrier-doves;  
For they come with the spice of the roses,  
The sweets of the honeyed bowls,  
That fill in the world's wide garden  
For each of her hungry souls.

## The Spiritual Rostrum.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.)

### Jesus of Nazareth: The Man, the Myth and the Ideal.

BY WALTER HOWELL.

ON entering the parlor of a friend, we see a life-size portrait of our host, and venture a criticism of the artist's work, he would not accuse us of maligning his character, but would regard our opinion for what it was worth according to his estimate of our critical competency. Whenever one offers an opinion concerning the portrayal of the life of Jesus as set forth in the Gospels, some good follower of the Master feels that you are impeaching the character of his Lord, unless that opinion endorses current Orthodox belief. It is true that one cannot approach the history of such a sublime life without feelings of deep reverence and loving sympathy; but these very emotions should prompt the intellect to elicit the truth, and eliminate, as far as possible, the error. In doing this work we do not undervalue the good, deprecate the true, or fail to love the beautiful in the life and teachings of him who stands out in bold relief as the embodiment of moral excellence, religious ardor and spirituality of thought.

It is unfortunate that the writings of Tacitus, the Roman historian, and just at a time when, had they continued, they must have given us some account of so remarkable a personage as Jesus. It is unnecessary to remind the reader that the mention of Jesus found in later editions of Josephus is obviously an interpolation. Perhaps the adverse criticism of Greeks and the exhumed caricatures offer some evidence of the historic actuality of Jesus. One fact is worthy of mention, and that is, that from the earliest period in the Christian Era the Jews have borne the accusation of having been the instigators of his death. Now if such a man had never lived, as some are inclined to think, it is natural to suppose that the Jews who were first charged with the conspiracy would have declared their ignorance of such a man; but instead of this, they have been subject to the calumny and persecution heaped upon them by Christians, from the dawn of churchianity down to the present, and being such a tradition-preserving folk they would not be likely to have virtually acknowledged the existence of a man who never lived. This fact alone is, in my humble opinion, strong inferential evidence in favor of the historic reality of the founder of Christianity. Nevertheless, we must regret the meagreness of the evidence. The Jesus of history is relatively unknown, but the Christ of dogma is familiar to us all.

The New Testament was not originally in its present form or order. According to modern critics, the Epistles were first sent as letters to the churches by various of the apostles, and were not regarded as of great importance either by the writers or the receivers. As time passed, however, they became of more importance, from the fact that they served to settle disputed points. When all hope of Christ's second coming during apostolic time or the early part of the Christian Era had expired, records of the doings and sayings of Jesus and the actions and teachings of the apostles were in greater demand. It was about this time that books were written and gospels multiplied.

It would be a waste of time to enter into details about the exact order in which the gospels were written, how many editions have been issued, to what extent one borrowed from another or plagiarized from older manuscripts. The patient German critics have done enough in this direction to satisfy the most ardent fact gatherer. There is one criticism we may offer in relation to German writers, and that is their evident preconception of some pet theory which each tries to establish, while he seeks to utterly demolish the opinions entertained by predecessors and contemporaries.

Much of this might be abridged by taking the plain statement of early Christian writers. Let us take the evidence of the earliest, Papias. Now Papias had been in close communication with Polycarp and others who were disciples of the apostles. This early bishop of Hierapolis was certainly in a position to know what was accepted as authority by the Christian Church of that day. The writings of Papias are lost, but a lengthy quotation has been preserved by Eusebius which shows most clearly that in his day nothing was known of the Fourth Gospel, and the Gospels of Matthew and Mark were by no means in their present form. Papias declares his utter contempt for written records, preferring oral tradition. He says

that there are but two written records of any real authority—one a collection of anecdotes, taken down without method or order, related by St. Peter; to Mark, his interpreter; the other a collection of the sayings of Jesus, written in Hebrew and badly translated into Greek by various persons. When we come to investigate these much-entangled facts, we can thoroughly sympathize with Mr. Huxley's statement published in an article which appeared some time ago in the *Nineteenth Century*. He says that he has felt a great difficulty in his efforts to define "the grand figure of Jesus as it lies in the primary strata of Christian literature. What did he really say and do? and how much that is attributed to him in speech and action is the embroidery of the various parties into which his followers tended to split themselves within twenty years after his death, when even the threefold tradition was only nascent?"

Could we but put aside the veil of superstition, lift the curtain of myth, disrobe the figure of the teacher of his ecclesiastical drapery, and come face to face with him whom we seek, would we find a loving brother of humanity and sympathizing friend in every hour of trial? I think we would. But, alas, how difficult the task! This simple man of Nazareth has been metamorphosed by theologians into a being with whom we have little in common. When we shall be able to grasp his friendly hand across the gulf of the centuries and feel his kinship, then our hearts will pulsate in unison with his joyous spirit or beat in mournful rhythm with his sorrowing soul when passing through Gethsemane or ascending the rugged slopes of Calvary: for if we find in him a pure moral nature, an exalted spiritual teacher, and an altruistic example as a man, then what he was we may become; if he, on the other hand, is God incarnate, then could he be other than perfect? In recognizing his humanity, we are inspired to nobility of life and self-abnegation; but while endorsing his divinity, we are out of that relationship which would awaken hope, stimulate endeavor toward likeness, and prophesy our ultimate oneness with the ideal.

The date of the birth of Jesus is utterly unknown; the place of his nativity is also a matter of mere conjecture. It is assumed that he was born somewhere between B. C. 5 and A. D. 5, and it is most likely his birthplace was the village of Nazareth, in Galilee. Of his early career nothing reliable can be gleaned. According to Matthew, Jesus had four brothers—Joseph, Simon, James and Judas, or Jude. James is said to have afterward become the head of the church at Jerusalem, and the Apostle Paul's greatest antagonist. Jude is supposed by some to be the author of the anti-Pauline epistle ascribed to him.

We cannot follow Jesus step by step in his development of thought and sentiment. Who were his instructors? Was he, like Buddha, taught by the devas? or did he become a disciple of John the Baptist, and receive from him instruction in the doctrines of the Essenes? These are questions we cannot answer definitely. After the martyrdom of John the Baptist we find Jesus preaching, as John had done, the gospel of repentance, and the coming of the kingdom of heaven. It was not until later in his ministry that he proclaimed his Messiahship. Soon after this declaration, he is brought before Pilate, and condemned to death. As Pilate was recalled from Judea during the winter of 35 or 36 A. D., the crucifixion could not have taken place later than in the spring of 35 A. D. How long the mission of Jesus really lasted we can only guess. The fragments thus gathered furnish us with the slight knowledge we have of the Jesus of history. Of course, to give the reasons why the history is thus limited, and the methods of investigation adopted by critics in their researches, would be out of place here, and occupy too much space. Sufficient has been gathered to impress us with the unique character of Jesus, and awaken within us the tenderest emotions. None can read the tragedy of Calvary without shedding tears of sympathy. Every admirer of heroism must pay Jesus the tribute of his admiration and love.

Others may have taught more philosophy than Jesus. Men and women in every age have been willing to die for their faith; but there is a quality about what Jesus does, there appears to be such a union of life with precept, that we are impressed with his richness of soul, which seems to transcend that of other men. This may be our ideal of him. Even so, we will nevertheless thank God for such an ideal.

In the hour of temptation he is said to have been victorious; in the home of bereavement he was tenderness itself, even to tears; and in the agonies of a most excruciatingly painful death he is represented as praying for forgiveness for his murderers.

"Oh! may we triumph so, when all our warfare's past,  
And dying find our latest foe under our feet at last."

The life, teaching and death of Jesus probably made less impression upon the minds of his disciples than the resurrection. Their hopes had been shattered, and their faith shaken, but now comes a new hope; perhaps after all he will fulfill their expectations! He is risen! He is risen! Now a new enthusiasm fires them. Presently, however, they discover that he is in some marvelous way different from what he was. He is seen for awhile, and then he vanishes. Now he comes into their midst, "the doors being shut." They are sure it is he. If Jesus lives, they will live, and in the "kingdom not of this world," enjoy the fruition of their hope, or it may be that he will ere long establish his kingdom on earth.

There are many conjectures concerning this

occurrence. It has been suggested that perhaps Jesus was not really dead when taken from the cross, and as his limbs had not been broken, when he regained consciousness he may have come forth from the sepulchre. If soldiers guarded the tomb, they would, of course, be terrified, and probably run from their post. Others surmise that the disciples came by night and removed the body of their Lord. A few have held that Jesus's body was so etherialized through the process of glorification, that when the spirit really left it the body dissolved, and left the tomb empty. While yet others content themselves with the assertion that it was the spiritual body of the Master that arose, and that the vision of his disciples was opened so that they saw his spiritual form. When he appeared to Thomas some conjecture that he assumed a materialized form for the time being. Surely, it was not a material body that ascended. "For flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

The whole account, as we have it, may be a legend, and yet be partially true. We must not forget that the scattered remains of her Day, Osiris, and in this we may see the resurrection of Jesus anticipated.

Of one thing we may be sure, and that is, no matter how often truth or love are crucified, they will rise again. If we would learn the esoteric truth concerning the above, we must, like the women of the Gospel, see the angels, and hear their message. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" He is not here, but is risen." Mere creedalism and churchian forms, antiquated manuscripts and time-honored traditions are the sepulchre, and truth and love are the risen Christ. If we would commune with our spiritual Lord, we must ascend where he is—above graves, crosses, forms, shadows and creeds, for here and here only shall we find him for whom we seek.

From the vocabulary of enlightened people the word "miracle," as usually employed, has long since been expunged. All effects have a cause adequate to produce them. An interference with the immutable laws of nature would reflect upon that Infinite Wisdom, whose order is everywhere manifested throughout the material universe. If God is without variableness or shadow of turning, and the laws of nature are immutable, where is there room for the miraculous? While guarding against error in the direction of the supernatural, let us not close our eyes to facts, though the laws that underlie them are but little understood.

In these days of Physical Research we are made aware of powers of mind and latent forces within the soul hitherto undreamed of by those who stand aloof from such inquiries. The claim of adeptship in the East, the demonstrations of mediumship in the West, and the traditions of miracles in every age and among all people, are not without justification in fact. In an age when miracles were rather the rule than the exception, men were not critical, and much allowance must be made for exaggeration. Even in the nineteenth century there are those who unconsciously overstate their experiences. The day is not far distant when those phenomena that are now so obscure shall be classified; laws pertaining to the so-called occult will be better understood; and in place of a bewildering chaos, we shall have a domain of order. Those who now deem the subject unworthy their notice will ere long find in the spiritual facts of to day a solution of many of the enigmas that at present perplex them.

Was Jesus an adept? Did he possess any remarkable psychic powers? or, like the media of the present day, did he heal the sick and behold that which to ordinary people was invisible? These are questions we cannot answer without data. Seeing that the whole history is so enveloped in the mist of superstition and myth, we should be careful only to state as probable those occurrences for which we have some rational warrant. The healing of the sick by "the laying on of hands" is so familiar to us in the treatment of patients by the magnetizer, that we may readily assent to the probability of cures having been performed by Jesus. The story of Lazarus is doubtless legendary. It is scarcely likely that water was ever turned into wine. In the Bhagavat-Gita we find Arjun, the beloved disciple of Krishna, permitted to behold his Lord transfigured. In our New Testament John, the beloved, in company with others, was a spectator when Jesus was said to be transfigured before his chosen disciples. It is a little curious that these events should so resemble each other. We are therefore justified in valuing this miracle. The feeding of the multitude is a highly improbable occurrence, and we are not justified in assenting to wonders without adequate proof. If all the reported miracles of Jesus were proven to be without foundation, it would not invalidate one iota any moral principle or spiritual truth taught by him. Miracles do not prove the truth of any man's teaching; phenomena prove phenomena, that is all. If behind any phenomenal occurrence some intelligence is involved, then the manifestation of intelligence proves the existence of that intelligence; but if I utter a truth it is true, and all the wonders in the world would not make it a greater truth. The possession of magical powers may serve to attract attention, but the value of Christianity is in its ethics and spiritual teachings. People are not made better for having witnessed a so-called miracle. Men become nobler by living purer lives. We become truer by embodying the truth. Wonders and signs have their place, and are interesting as matters of science, but they neither affirm nor deny a truth in ethics.

We are not infrequently called upon to accept

(Continued on second page.)

## Original Story.

### FROM AGE TO AGE.

BY ALBERT E. ALLEN.

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#### CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

"It is all over with her," said I distractedly to the neighbors; "I fear she will never see the light of another day." A woman who stood near by whispered something to her husband, and I heard him tell those about that she must have had a fall or fright to bring on the trouble. How thankful I was for this timely explanation, otherwise I should, perhaps, have openly confessed.

I asked some one to get a physician; in the meantime I returned to the cellar and threw the club into the oven also; then returning to the store, I found the physician had just arrived, who asked me to give the circumstances concerning my wife. I related how she had gone on a visit to stay all night, but for reasons unknown to me had returned, and while endeavoring to descend the cellar steps, had slipped and fallen to the bottom.

She was gently carried to her cot, and everything done to save her, but she passed away, still unconscious, a few hours later. Whereupon I tore my hair and appeared bereft of my senses, but secretly I looked upon her death as a most fortunate event, for had she lived my existence would have ended in a manner most terrible to think of.

I never heard any mention of my victim, nor can I perceive how a person in those days could step out of the world without some inquiry being made as to his whereabouts. I have since thought that he was on a secret mission from his government. They soon after declared war against the Athenians, which makes me think the more in favor of the conclusion.

Now that my wife was dead I was quite alone. The thought of again working in the bake-cellar took more courage than my state of ignorance allowed me to exert. I had tried to remain in the house at night, but was forced on each occasion to abandon the idea and seek refuge among my acquaintances, who were good enough to conclude my recent loss caused me to seek their company, and thus my wife's death freed me from the suspicion that my actions would have otherwise aroused.

In time I sold my business, and endeavored to forget what had happened, but this was simply impossible. Go where I would, enter into business or remain idle, the one thought was ever in my mind. If I strolled into the country, the hurried step of any one behind me would cause a cold sweat to stand upon my brow. If I looked into the restless sea, the bloody face of the Spartan would rise and fall in the waves until I dared not look upon them longer. Thus from constant worry I grew to be an old man before my time.

My poor old mother still lived in poverty. Want, hunger and distress paid her frequent visits, and eventually closed her weary eyes. One day a messenger told me she was dead. I sought the little hotel that held her remains, and after gazing briefly upon her wrinkled face, ordered a woman that sat near by to wash, anoint and wrap up the body, that it might be ready for the grave. I placed a bowl of water in front of the habitation, that people might know there was death within. Soon after the woman had finished her task, my mother's mouth was opened and a drachma placed therein, that Charon should have his ferriage; then filling her mouth with honey and flour, the woman and I took the remains to the customary place, where they were burned and deposited.

Thoughts of my mother soon vanished, to make room for stirring events. Our city became involved in war with the Lacedaemonians, which event caused the inhabitants of outlying cities and villages to come thronging through our gates for better protection. As the tidings became more definite concerning the enemy, who were then marching with all haste into Attica, Athens, already crowded to overflowing, became a very uncomfortable place to live in.

The army we so feared came nearer and nearer, until now they could be seen burning the farm-houses and destroying the crops outside the city. The suffering of the people increased as time went on, and at length, unable to remain quiet longer, they grew unruly and cried that they be permitted to avenge themselves upon the foe; but Pericles, a man of great importance, heeded not their entreaties. Starvation made its appearance, and on its heels a great plague came which entered many a home and robbed it of its members.

My life became unbearable while living in a small apartment whose every inch was occupied, and where day or night one could not lie comfortably at length. I secured at an exorbitant price a room for my use, which soon, in spite of every precaution and protestation, became filled with suffering people, who, verging on starvation, would snatch from my hand anything I might try to eat.

Among the number that crowded upon me were several afflicted with the plague, which spread so rapidly that ere we made certain whether it was starvation or black death, two were dead. I beat a hasty retreat, only to en-

counter more misery. On the street I found fires blazing here and there which served to burn the dead. The thoroughfares had become deserted, save the appearance now and then of some resolute man who labored to dispose of the bodies as aforesaid.

While walking about, not knowing where to go or what to do, a young man who had just dragged a body to the fire, said: "Why do you walk so leisurely about when there is so much to be done? Are there not full thirty thousand people sick unto death in our city? Help those that are, through serious misfortune, unable to help themselves, that they on recovery may be guided by your example to help you in the time of need." I answered that it was little I could do—being both old and poor. "A poor excuse," said he. "Most of us must go, and it is better while life exists to do what good you can than to raise excuses for not doing it."

As he spoke the dead body of a woman was thrown into the street near us. We placed it upon the fire, and went together to where another lay, and so I assisted him all that day. When the dark, gloomy night had set in I fell exhausted in a doorway, there being no better place to lay my head. Next morning I was unable to rise, having fallen a victim to the dreaded malady. "My suffering was intense. No one came near to quench my thirst or render consolation. When those that chanced to pass my way saw my fate they would hurry by and leave me, so lonely and so wretched, to die."

The burning fever that raged within caused my lips to parch and crack, yet no water moistened them, no one heeded my cry or cared to hear it. While in this deplorable condition I felt some one grasp me about the feet and begin to drag me off. On looking up I saw the same young man that had spoken to me the day before. He thought me dead, and was about to place me on the fire. When I spoke, he remembered me and brushed the gray hair from my face. I asked him to put me back in the doorway, which he gently did. I asked if there was any hope of my recovery. He shook his head negatively. "I know I must go," said I, "and what I have is of no use to me now; if you live longer than the plague, spend this money." He took the bag of gold I gave him and threw it into the street, and turning to me said:

"My father was one of the richest men in Athens, but he is rich no more; the plague has left me to mourn the loss of all that was dear to me but Greece, and even she departs from me—for already the fever is in my blood, a few more bodies will be taken to the fire, and then I fall, as you, to die."

I saw him no more, but closed my eyes and awaited death. The acute pains that tormented me now came less frequently, and were followed by others more dull and lasting. At length I became calm, felt myself move slowly from one place to another. A strange face came close to mine, but before I could perceive who it was it was gone. Now everything seemed to be whirling, and I, caught into its motion, began to travel at a fearful rate. "What has happened? where am I going?" All thoughts of earth for the moment had fled, for I was no longer mortal, but a spirit.

It here becomes necessary for me to more fully explain the peculiar relation the spirit holds to the body when the physiological phenomenon called death takes place. Inert matter is insensible to pleasure or pain; the soul or spirit must therefore be the susceptible organ through which the various sensations that come and go within us are felt. The body is only an instrument through which the sensations are transmitted to the soul.

The perispirit (by way of explanation) is a fluidic or ethereal envelope which surrounds the soul when in the body. It is more or less refined or dense according to the moral advancement of the soul. Through this agent that intelligence comes in contact with matter. During the union of the soul with the body the perispiritual fluid pervades the latter, both becoming united during gestation. Thus the perispirit becomes the vehicle of the physical sensations of the soul and serves it as a medium to command the motion of the body.

The extinction of organic life in the body causes the soul to leave it by breaking the fluidic force that acts as an electric current on the brain and muscles of the body. Thus through the several causes that produce death the spirit withdraws its life-giving support, and takes itself elsewhere, leaving the body a mass of flesh quite as insensible as the slab of cold stone it lies upon.

It will not be difficult, from what has been said, to understand that this perispiritual force radiates from the soul, filling the body with life; and that when this force is withdrawn through sickness or accident, life in the body becomes extinct.

The sufferings at death are subjected to force of adherence which unites or connects the perispirit with the body. Thus the body is a school for the soul. He who allows the body to get the mastery over the higher self (the soul) finds it difficult after the death of the



body to leave the world where he has just undergone an existence. In other words, it often requires a long time to break the earthly ties that have been woven by passions which blind it to the earth, for the same sensual desires manifest themselves without the gratifications that result from appeasing them.

Having led a selfish unfeeling life in Greece, my spirit suffered condign punishment after its flight from the body. I had from boyhood entertained the belief that man was born to die, after which event he returned to the elements. The consequence was that when death came to set me free from my material body I was like a tenant who refuses to be ejected. When the tie was at last broken I could not sever myself from the world to depart into a higher region, but hovered about localities that were familiar to the transactions of my past life.

At first I did not know that I was dead. Old Athens looked to me quite the same as it had when I left it. The plague-stricken streets lay before me, the dead were as numerous as yesterday, and mechanically, though invisibly, I went forward to drag a body to the fire. As I placed my hand upon the corpse I felt nothing within my grasp, which caused me to become impatient. Seeing a fellow creature near by I asked if he could explain why I had lost my sense of touch—mentioning the peculiar circumstance that had just taken place. He in return showed his ill manners by making no answer, or even looking my way. I thought him deaf, but on repeating the same question to another I could not persuade myself that he too was also afflicted. I tried again, with no better success than before.

"Ye gods!" cried I, rushing toward my unoffending countryman and bringing an invisible fist several times upon his head, "will you not answer a civil question?" Of this as before he took no notice whatever, and as if unmindful of me, I saw him, when no one else was near, rob several of the dead that lay before us. I, too, tried to secure a little money in this way, but for some reason I accumulated nothing, which, to say the least, was discouraging work. Finding no one to whom I could converse I grew very lonely, as I walked among the dead and dying. I thought the dead were surely dead, but what the living were I could not bring myself to conclude. "If they be mortal," reasoned I, "such a blow as was dealt one this afternoon would have convinced him more than it did."

While thinking about these perplexing questions, I stopped in the doorway of an old building, and saw to my wonderment the dead body once mine, lying full length upon the hard pavement that formed the doorstep. "Impossible," thought I; "it must be a delusion, for here I am myself, and I cannot be here and there at the same instant." Yet it was so.

In the street lay an empty bag that a few hours before was suspended about my neck, holding within it the gold I had so long worshipped, and lost so much happiness to secure. I remembered the young man that had refused this bag as I lay dying. One thought led to another, till I arrived at the point where memory left me.

What was it that caused me to survey my dead body? "Strange," thought I, "it has not made itself plain to me before. If that is my dead body, what am I? Surely I am something?" Had I, during my material life, believed in a hereafter, it would have aided me in solving the difficult problem, but under the circumstances I spent months continually worrying on the subject.

It occurred to me after incessant thinking that as life and thought left the body they must go somewhere, and as I still retained them and left the old body, it must follow that the mind did not die with the body, but outlived it. When I fully realized I was in the spirit-form I was more frightened at what I saw and heard about me than I was surprised at the discovery I made.

I no more visited the earth, but traveled in darkness more dense than the blackest night. No friendly clock or stated period divided my time, or gave me reason to hope that an hour would come when my wanderings in this everlasting gloom would be brought to a close. I remembered, as I traveled my dark and lonely way, how I had once belonged to a race of beings who had at least the consolation of thinking that death would put an end to all their sufferings, but this hope was untenable here. I was already dead and in the very midst of death. The shrieks and cries of unseen tormented ones told only too plainly they too, like myself, were full of sorrow.

I longed for companionship. So had my mother on earth, and I gave it not. I cried that some one would come and say a kind word to me—would say there was an end to my wanderings, no matter how distant—but none came, for I had not been charitable.

One terror that beset me more than all others was the dread some great harm was about to befall me. This, with the ghastly face of the Spartan forever following me, caused me to suffer untold agony.

In the course of several centuries I became convinced that my life in Athens was the cause of what had since followed. Had I loved to see others happy, the Spartan and my wife would not have gone through my instrumentality to the grave. The poor old mother would have long blessed her son, and even the son would have enjoyed life far better had he been less absorbed in himself, and more thoughtful of others.

Light began to break through the darkness that had so long enfolded me. I saw my misdeeds pass before me like a panorama. I saw wherein I had wronged my fellow-man, and how there were many lives yet to live before I could be a perfect being.

I no longer felt my way about: it was all light. Spirits who, like myself, had emerged from their mental perturbation, stood all about me, ready to say a cheerful word, or do a loving act. Many of the number were disappearing. I learned they were going back to the world to take upon themselves another existence. Still our number did not lessen, as others would redeem themselves by coming to a true sense of their sinfulness, and thus become fitted to take up another life.

At length my time came to re-visit the earth. I was again born, this time in the days of Herod the king.

#### CHAPTER V.

The faults men have do not condemn—  
They suffer more from them than them;  
They are but punishments to men—  
Here none from them are free.

When Rome had put her foot on the world, and Herod his foot on Judea, I again made my appearance in the flesh. The time, according to the chronology of this day, was 7 B. C. My birthplace and home was Nazareth.

The condition of the world at the time of my

entry was neither pleasant nor propitious. There existed what was called universal slavery; it was an age of luxury, of prodigality, of licentiousness. Unprecedented prices were paid for dishes to please the palate, rich presents were passed among the rich, and costly edifices were erected for their entertainment. But the other side of humanity presented a spectacle as opposite as one thing can be to another. The poor were oppressed to a fearful extent. Tax after tax was imposed upon them, that there should be abundance for a few.

The Tetrarchs of various provinces would grind their subjects still a little more, that a present of three or four hundred drachms might be sent to Rome.

Of the many provinces that paid tribute to Caesar, none were the Roman yoke more impatiently than the Jews; none revolted so often; none were less easily reconciled; none so importunately clamored for their ancient laws; none, in short, were so eminently dissatisfied and disagreeable as the Jews.

Their scriptures said they were to be a free nation, and they made themselves and every one near them as miserable as possible because they were not free as the scriptures said. Almost every Roman procurator that governed their province learned to hate them so heartily that they received mercy only by appeals to Caesar, which they made without number. My lot fell among these people, and without more ado I will proceed to relate the narrative of my life.

The first years of my childhood were uneventful and unworthy of detailed mention. I was one of a multitude of children born every year, many of whom died before reaching their twelfth month, while the hardest, despite inattention, survived to perpetuate the race.

Our family was large, consisting of eight boys and five girls; so, owing to the size of the household, I grew from year to year without particular attention being paid me. I was named Jacob.

[To be continued.]

#### Jesus of Nazareth.

(Continued from first page.)

knowledge that the Lord's Prayer and Sermon on the Mount are evidences of inspiration. Those who make such demand forget that the sentiments expressed are to be found in the writings of older systems of religion and philosophy, sometimes in the exact forms of expression, and sometimes slightly altered. "To love your neighbor as yourself," "To do good to evil," "To do unto others as you would have others do unto you," and other precepts of like character, are to be found in the Egyptian ritual, the Vedantic writings, and in the teachings of Confucius, as well as in the Zoroastrian religion. The Talmudic or Rabbinical literature of the Jewish people and the current precepts of the age in which Jesus lived are evidence of the fact that the Sermon on the Mount was not original with him, but this fact does not lessen its value. That Jesus taught the noblest sentiment and most spiritualized thought of the age is evidence of a spiritually receptive mind if nothing more; but it is probable that the real power of Jesus lies in the union of precept with daily life. One advantage gained by the Sermon on the Mount, even if never delivered in the form in which we have it, is to attract particular attention to the precepts which constituted the burden of the morality emphasized by Jesus, and which has, since the dawn of the Christian Era, been the foundation upon which the religion rests.

In the preaching of both John the Baptist and Jesus, we see the blending of Essene and Pharisaical doctrines concerning the coming of "The Kingdom of God." Jesus, however, was not a Puritanical Essene; on the other hand, he was no Pharisaical ritualist.

Jesus heralds the speedy coming of the Messiah, but at first never appears to allude to himself as the long looked-for deliverer. He, like John, called upon the people to repent of their sins and make ready their hearts for the coming of the new order of things—a reformed and regenerated society. The exalted ideal of God entertained by Jesus led him to a conception of Deity and his relation to man of the highest moral import. God is our Father, therefore all men are brethren. God is perfect, and we are exhorted to be perfect as he is. Here is a vital relationship.

Love to God and the neighbor are spoken of as containing the essence of all the law and the prophets. Jesus possessed the faculty of awakening within those who came in contact with him, love which embraces devotion, charity and enthusiasm; he inspired hope, confidence and a faith that converts failure into success, defeat into victory, and the loss of all things into boundless wealth; he kindled within those who listened a longing for holiness, or wholeness of life. No matter what he says, it may have been the stock maxims of the ages, but his voice, his expression, his earnest gaze, and above all, that magnetic force which must have accompanied the words, resulting from those marvelous combinations of moral and spiritual qualities, made up his unique character. The beatitudes point to the influence which Essene and Pharisaical doctrines had upon his mind. It matters little whether these were uttered upon a geographical mount or not: We are conscious of their descending to us from the mount of spiritual exaltation.

In one of the Gospels we read, "Blessed are the poor. Blessed are ye that hunger," etc. Now we cannot imagine the poverty and squalor with which we are acquainted in modern times as blessed, but one can see readily enough that a minimization of our wants to a point within our ability to supply would greatly mitigate our suffering. Then, too, there are different measurements of poverty and riches. The savage who knows nothing of the needs of the civilized man—though poor, is not so poor in comparison as the latter whose wants are multiplied beyond his means to satisfy. Buddha tried to solve this problem, and came to the same conclusion as did Jesus. There is, however, an esoteric side to this beatitude. The chemist feels his poverty in the presence of the mysterious atom; the geologist feels his impoverished condition when interrogating the rocks. In fact, without this sense of poverty none of us would seek an entrance into the heavens of science, art, literature, or the kingdom of the spirit. This must serve as a key to unlock the inner truths of other beatitudes.

"The Teacher spake unto the people in parables." Here we come face to face with the fact that Jesus had two forms of teaching—one for the multitude, and the other for his disciples. "To you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom, but to them it is not given." It is more than probable that words have been

put into the mouth of Jesus by the partisan spirit of his followers, which are contrary to the general tenor of his instruction. How far Jesus shared the spirit of exclusiveness with the Jew it is not certain.

Did Jesus teach the dogma of eternal punishment? We cannot be sure. If he did, he simply shared the opinion of others. It could not have been the expression of his loving heart, but of his circumscribed intellect. It is freely admitted to-day, even by leaders in the Anglican Church, that Jesus must have been limited by the ignorance of his time. Did he denounce so sweepingly the Pharisees? Many of them were as sincere in their faith as his could be. It was not charitable in him to use such language, if he really did; and then, if, as the church believes, he was really God, these were of his creation, and such denunciation would reflect upon his own offspring and himself at the same time.

It appears likely that toward the latter part of the life of Jesus he declared his Messiahship, and when at last he openly rode into Jerusalem accompanied by a throng who cried, "Hosanna in the highest! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," we are not surprised to find the authorities becoming alarmed. Of course it was not to be expected that they should understand the nature of the kingdom he sought to establish. Whether Jesus at last was inclined to regard himself as a temporal king, there is division of opinion among learned men, and we may, therefore, accept whichever interpretation we think most probable; but it appears very much as though he had come to believe himself to be the deliverer of the Jewish people from Roman tyranny.

The account of the *logia* of Jesus is so involved that one can scarcely hope to know what he really taught. We are reminded of the schoolboy who wrote, "Homer's poems were not written by Homer, but by a gentleman of the same name." It matters little by whom a truth is spoken; the truth stands upon its own merit. If Jesus did not say the good and true things attributed to him, they were spoken by some one who occupied the same spiritual and moral plane of thought we accord to Jesus.

If we assert that the sayings ascribed to Jesus were in existence centuries before the dawn of the Christian era, we are justified no doubt, but we must confess them still more marvelous when we remember that they were uttered in an age so remote, and as we think, so barbarous.

The charge of plagiarism is often urged against Christianity, but I am inclined to suggest another explanation. If men of all ages have been spiritually exalted, it is no matter of wonder if they, viewing truth from similar heights, should express them in like form. The spirit of a man is universally clothed in human shape, and shall religious truth and sentiment be an exception? The fact that religions resemble each other shows that at centre they are one. Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, Pythagoras and Jesus utter thoughts from the sun-kissed heights of moral and spiritual summits—hence their similarity.

In the Fourth Gospel we see the beginning of the theological dogmas: The shadow of a Trinity appears, and the identification of Jesus with Plato's doctrine of the Logos. This Gospel is admittedly the most modern. In some particulars it is spiritually in advance of the other three, but in simplicity it is not their equal. It competes for the supernatural palm with the rest, and wins it without question. While acknowledging the extra-natural, and conceding inspiration, we must not jump to an extreme and endorse every improbable wonder and immediately regard as inspired that which has filtered down the ages and comes mediately to hand. Then, too, inspiration is a living act, and should be distinguished from the record of inspired thought or traditional account of what men inspired.

There is much that is truly beautiful in the Fourth Gospel; but we must not hide from ourselves the fact that it is an attempt to deal with theological questions that arose during the first century of the Christian era, and that it was not written until about 180 B. C., or even later than that.

From the first century down to the time of St. Athanasius, dogmatic Christianity underwent such an evolution as to so transform it that one familiar with the one would scarcely acknowledge the other as having any very near kinship.

As illustrating this point, let me refer you to the three creeds of Christianity. The apostles' creed is decidedly Unitarian, the Nicene creed is semi-Trinitarian, and the Athanasian creed is tri-personalist. So long as the doctrine of the Trinity was unknown, no such dogma as substitutional atonement could be entertained, and in the teachings of Jesus, as far as we can learn, no such doctrine was ever uttered. The Master said nothing about original sin, predestination, regeneration in baptism, or salvation through faith in his blood. These were formulated by the ecclesiasticalism which succeeded Jesus and his apostles. As Christianity became more and more concrete, it became less and less spiritual.

A belief in church and creed were of more importance than a good life. To doubt an article of faith was to be damned; to endorse the dogma of an immaculate conception was of greater value than to give birth to Christ-like actions from an unsullied virgin heart. Even to-day, notwithstanding our boasted enlightenment, there are those who look with greater horror upon a liberal thinker than upon a licentious man.

Swedenborg has done much toward transforming the doctrines of the church into a system that is more in harmony with the rational and affectional nature of man than any other Christian writer we know.

If Jesus is our brother, seeking to bring us into closer oneness with God through his example and teaching, we recognize such an atonement. Is Jesus our friend, pleading the cause of love, goodness, purity and truth with us? If so we accept him as a medium of these qualities; but if he be represented to us as an attorney at law, pleading our cause with God, we then ignore his office, and cannot even venerate such a Deity.

Theological Christianity of the ultra-orthodox school rests upon most untenable grounds. The iconoclast has shown its weakness, and therefore any lengthy effort here would be out of place. Suffice it to say, that, stripped of Orthodoxy, Jesus becomes worthy of all acceptance, and, following in his footsteps, we may enter the heaven of a higher morality, tenderer sympathies, and the religion that binds all hearts in one fraternal brotherhood. We can afford to dispense, if necessary, with all the so-called supernaturalism in the Gospels; we may abandon, if we please, the church-land dogmas concerning Jesus's divinity, his

vicious atonement, the fall of man, the Trinity, everlasting punishment, the idea of election or free agency; but so long as we have the ethics, the example and love of the highest and of the noblest taught and illustrated in the life of Jesus, we have all that is most valuable in the system—yes, in all religious systems. Let the doctors of divinity debate, let theologians wrangle and creeds crumble; but as for the soul, it shall rise above those dark temples where its highest hopes and aspirations have been so long held in slavish chains, or buried in gloomy cells—rise above the cloud-capped towers and domed cathedrals, where in sunlight glory it shall enjoy the inspiration and revelation of its God, while these vast edifices "dissolve like the baseless fabric of a dream." Religions were born of the soul, and took form in accordance with their environment, and when the fullness of time shall come, the spirit shall give birth to other forms better adapted to express the soul's highest ideal.

We may now consider for a few moments the mythical aspect of our subject. The religions of all nations resemble each other. The myths of varied peoples are so much alike that one would almost think they had a common origin. In solar mythology we see what at first astonishes us, after having been led to think that Christian ideas were originated by Jesus and his disciples. For lo! in the fiery Scriptures of the sky we behold a record of the sun-god and the illustrious twelve.

When the first Catholic missionaries went to India they wrote home, saying, "The devil has been here before us, and forged our religion, and called it Buddhism." When the Jesuit missionaries visited China for the first time they found that their account of the miraculous conception had been anticipated by that of Fuh-Ke, born 3468 B. C.

Chaldeans, Egyptians, Babylonians, Chinese, Mexicans and Peruvians had myths almost identical, based on the sun's annual passage through the twelve signs of the zodiac. When the sun-god crossed the autumnal line, and passed through winter constellations, he was said to suffer death. By-and-bye the sun reappeared, and lo! he was re-born. It is worthy of notice that one of the most universal myths is that the sun-god is born of a virgin mother.

It appears to have originated about 6,450 years ago, when the sun, which now rises at the winter solstice in the constellation of Sagittarius, rose in that of Pisces, with the constellation of the Virgin, with upraised arms marked by five stars, setting in the northwest. This myth of an infant born of a virgin mother, occupies a prominent place in the religions of India, China, Chaldea, Egypt, Siam, Greece and Rome.

If some Osirian priest who had been in a state of coma for a few centuries, or, say, five thousand years, were to be awakened, and were to visit the gallery at Dresden, and look upon Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, what would he suppose it was but a splendid representation of the Egyptian Horus in the arms of Isis! That school of Egyptologists who affirm the Osirian origin of Christianity, have much data upon which to base their claim. The images found in the tombs with the embalmers now in use in the Catholic Church were in vogue thousands of years ago, and these images which represent Isis and Horus, the Crux en Sarta, the Latin cross, with other symbols of Osirism, are all emblematic of sun, moon, stars and celestial phenomena.

How remarkable, too, is the fact that all our church festivals are in harmony with astronomical epochs. The advent is celebrated when the sun-god is born; the crucifixion is commemorated when the sun crosses the line; the resurrection is regarded as having taken place at the time when the sun-god ascends the royal arch of summer. The reason of this may be that the followers of Jesus, like the disciples of ancient avatars, believing that there was a relation between their Lord and the orb of day, sought to make the life of their Master and the career of the sun correspond.

The first of the miracles was turning water into wine. The sun does this annually. Feeding the multitude with five barley loaves and two small fishes is but another of the sun-god's wonders. Where fact ends and myth begins it is difficult to ascertain.

The eucharist, sprinkling of water as is now done in Catholic churches, and many other ceremonies and rites thought to be of purely Christian origin, were well known in Egypt and other lands long prior to the advent of Christianity. We must make all honest concessions, and our opponents will deal justly by us.

The lives of ancient avatars resemble that of Jesus; that Apollonius of Tyana so nearly approaches the character of the former that friend and foe alike stand willing to acknowledge the likeness, must be conceded. We frankly admit the interweaving of myth, dogma, superstition and fact in such a way that one wishing to be fair to all and honest with himself, fears to enter the domain, lest he might unwittingly mislead his fellow-seekers after truth.

If the critics succeed in demolishing the whole historic basis of the life of Jesus, the ideal would still remain. If the early Christians did borrow from more ancient systems, has not the focusing of rays of light from India, Egypt, Greece and other countries formed a concrete nucleus around which our hopes and aspirations may cluster? The human mind in an uncultured state cannot grasp abstract truths and principles, and therefore needs a personification of those truths and moral excellencies that make for righteousness. I do not care whether Buddha, Zoroaster, Apollonius or Jesus be that embodiment, so that human needs are met and the heart-hunger of the world satisfied.

To-day, Jesus is a thousand different ideals to a thousand different men. In some he is scarcely conceived; in others, just born; in yet another class, struggling with temptation; in a few he is sacrificing self for the good of mankind; in here and there one he shakes off the last remains of brute inheritance, and is rising from the grave of matter into the sphere of the spirit. To one he is the voice of warning; to another a smile of approval; in some he is a rebuking spirit; to yonder man he is the inspirer of peace; in all the ideal Christ is our highest conception of humanized truth, purity, goodness and love. If we cannot comprehend the absolute, we can appreciate the relatively perfect. It is this men yearn after, and which all the intellectual criticism in the world cannot destroy. The spiritually-minded will ever take refuge in the ideal.

We may doubt the immaculate conception, but we never deny the birth of the best action of life from virgin motives. We may not see in Adam an historic person, and we may have doubts about the personality of Jesus; but we can discern in the former the earthward love

of our nature, and in the latter the heavenward pilgrimage of the soul and the longings of the spirit for oneness with its God.

In the scenes pictured in the life of Jesus as set forth in the gospels, we see our Mounts of Exaltation, Transfiguration and Crucifixion. We behold our Wilderness of Temptation, Garden of Gethsemane and final triumph. We perceive our resurrection and ascension into the immortal world where questions of myth or history will not perplex us, but all the true, the beautiful and the good in myth, dogma, history, ethics and religion shall be ours if we merit it.

It is the ideal Christ that inspires some to establish orphanages and say to the parentless and "homeless" children, "Come Unto Me." The ideal in others prompts them to visit the battlefield, bind up the wounds of the injured, and whisper words of consolation to the dying. In that name the fallen and despicable are encouraged to retrace their steps. Many a kindly word is spoken; many a good deed done; many a reformatory effort put forth in memory of him who went about doing good. Many a so-called lost one has been aided to return to a life of chastity and sobriety through the loving labor of one who, following in the footprints of the ideal man, goes out to seek and save those who have gone astray. The dogmas of theology have made otherwise sincere men and women anything but Christ-like, while the ideally loving, merciful, true and forgiving man has aided in the development of the divinest elements in our natures.

Are we out upon the stormy sea of life, feeling that our bark any moment may be overwhelmed? The picture of the ideal Christ appears, in spirit we hear the words, "Peace, be still," and lo! "there is a great calm." Are we nearing "The Valley of the Shadow of Death"? Hark! what is that cheering message we hear? "Let not your heart be troubled"; "In my Father's house there are many mansions." In the hour of human grief the Man of Sorrows has been the companion of millions; in the strength of manhood's prime, the ideal has softened the heart; in disease, a vision of that sympathizing face has made affliction sweet; and when the waters of the River of Death were already too powerful for our feeble strength and threatened to overwhelm the soul, the thought of the ideal Christ has given triumphant strength, the spirit has boldly launched out upon unknown waves and swam safely to the sunlit shore where our ideals are realized and our souls divinely idealized.

We have passed in review the historical, the mythical, and the ideal aspects of our subject. We have seen some reasons for believing that Jesus was a real historical personage; we have found the personality much involved in the meshes of tradition and myth, fact and fancy being so interwoven in the writings of ancient historians; yet notwithstanding the mists which surround the Gospels, we were inclined to accept, in the main, the Sermon on the Mount, as fragments of the actual teachings of Jesus. It was our wish to catch some glimpse of the Oriental spirit which pervades the thought and sentiment of the teacher. We did not hesitate to express our conviction that much had been put into the mouth of Jesus which he probably never uttered, and, again, some statements, if made by him, point to Jewish exclusiveness. We noticed the blending of Essene and Pharisee in him, while denouncing the formalism of the latter, and rejecting the ultra-asceticism of the former. The gradual development of the idea of his Messiahship was observed, and his probable mistaken attitude on entering Jerusalem. The two-fold nature of the "Kingdom" was merely suggested, while the spirit manifested by the martyr was recognized to be one of heroism, forgiveness and self-sacrifice. While acknowledging the possibility of many occurrences, which, owing to their laws not being understood, are called miraculous, we tried to avoid countenancing absurd and unreasonable stories that have little or no foundation in fact.

In considering dogmatic theology, we saw that it had but little in common with the recorded teachings of Jesus. The development of creedal Christianity was to us apparent, and we considered it best to divest ourselves of the ultra-doctrinal accumulations of churchianity, and value rather those precepts of the Master that appeal to our moral and spiritual natures.

We briefly referred to the myths of the ages and pointed out those similarities which cause so many to regard the foundation of Christianity as mythical. It was acknowledged that most of the forms and rites of the high Anglican and Catholic churches were anticipated by more ancient systems of ecclesiasticalism.

The evolution of an ideal Christ was recognized, and the cherishing of that ideal commended. We saw plainly that, in the domain of the historic and literal, there was confusion and conflict. The refuge for those weary of dispute was found in the ideal. That ideal may in India be called Buddha; in Egypt, Horus; in China, Confucius; in Christendom, Jesus—it matters not. The sun is the source of light in every land, and the Divine Human Ideal is, no matter what its name, like the sun, the light of the world.

#### Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

Our readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 8th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

SO HUMAN,  
To Shakespeare I'm an ardent slave;  
To Milton, Byron, Moore;  
To be honest with honest folk,  
My own verses I adore.  
—Octavia D., in N. O. Picayune.

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TO MY PEN.

Nay, not so fast! A mottled steed thou art.  
And swift to dash across the wide, white plain!  
But ere we on our morning's journey start,  
Let us resolve some certain point to gain.  
It matters not what road we shall pursue,  
The rocky aisles of forests cool and dim,  
The city streets, the shores of ocean blue,  
Or the wide rocky steeps of mountain grim.  
It boots not if we dip in old romance,  
Or weave a rhyme to lull a babe asleep,  
Or sing the trifling pleasures of the dance,  
Or tell of happiness serene and deep.  
But we must reach at eve the goal content,  
By level or by labyrinthine way,  
And feel the bygone hours were not ill spent,  
Nor wasted so we may not humbly say.  
"A word there was with loving kindness fraught,  
A hint that might a drooping faith renew,  
A plea for softness, for a purer thought,  
A message hopeful, of a better true."  
And were no man helped onward for a mile,  
No fainting brother lifted from the dust,  
No wan face won a moment to a smile—  
"I were better, pen, we should forever rust!"  
—Julia Ditto Young, in the Buffalo Commercial.

Spirit of the Press.

An Historic Vision.

Izaak Walton wrote a life of Dr. John Donne, dean of St. Paul. Donne went to Paris with the Ambassador, a journey which at that time, the middle of the seventeenth century, occupied six days.  
"Two days after their arrival there," pursues Walton, "Mr. Donne was left alone in that room in which Sir Robert and he and some other friends had dined together." To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour, and as he left so he found Mr. Donne alone, but in such a state, as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; inasmuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer; but after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say: 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you. I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders and a dead child in her arms. This I have seen since I saw you.'  
"To which Sir Robert replied: 'Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.'  
"To which Mr. Donne replied: 'I repeat what I am sure that I now live than that I have not slept since I saw you, and am as sure that, at her second appearing, she stopped and looked at me in the face and vanished.'  
"Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day, for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate and so confirmed a confidence that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said that desire and doubt have no rest, and it proved so with Sir Robert, for he immediately sent a servant to draw Mr. Donne with a charge to hasten back and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive, and if alive, in what condition she was in regard to her health.  
"The twelfth day the messenger returned with the account that he had found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in bed, and that the child had died at about the hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw his wife pass by him in the chamber."  
Walton himself has no doubt whatever of the reality of the phenomenon, and reminds the skeptical of the appearance of the spirit of Julius Caesar to Brutus on the eve of the battle of Philippi; of the apparitions which presented themselves to both St. Augustine and his mother, Monica; of the manifestation of Samuel to Saul; of the spirit which passed before the face of Bilgah, as related in the Book of Job; of the angels which released Peter from prison and of the same apostle's appearance to Rhoda, the maid servant of Mary, the biographer of John.  
The biographer likewise submits to the minds of the incredulous the following consideration: "That there may be many pious and learned men that believe our merciful God hath assigned to every man a particular guardian angel, to be his constant monitor and to attend him in all his dangers, both of body and soul."—Ex.

A Remarkable Lake.

Indian Legends of the Place.  
Long before mankind ever heard of this little earth and started its conquest from sea monsters, says the Tacoma Ledger, the area that is distinguished by the name of the Palouse country had been subjected to violent upheavals and radical changes in topography. A great inland sea rested here for many centuries, and the chemical action of the waters enriched the soil simultaneously with leveling the sediment in the form of a vast plain. Internal convulsions, whether from volcanic action or from shrinkage of the planet consequent upon the cooling process then going on—perhaps both combined—raised the submerged plain high and dry, with a steep decline to the westward. The rushing flood out the land into ridges and ravines, high bluffs and lonely rocks being scattered promiscuously in living evidence of the revolution. The surface thus presents a broken and picturesque scene. Chief among the products of these prehistoric convulsions and deluges is a cañon over in the northwestern part of the Palouse country containing Rock lake, a sheet of water twelve miles long by about one hundred rods wide, bordered by cliffs ascending perpendicularly to heights of seventeen hundred to twenty-five hundred feet. The cañon of Rock lake runs east to west. It is a deep hole in a plateau of solid rock, and the bottom has never been sounded by man. The eastward extremity falls abruptly from the bed of a small creek down five hundred feet over another cascade, down another plunge of six hundred feet and finally over a second cascade three hundred feet to the bottom. Down at the bottom is a valley, one by three miles in extent, and covered with the prettiest coat of tropical foliage to be found anywhere. The climate in this locality is as tropical and delightful as that which gives Hawaii an envied fame all the world over. The temperature seldom falls below 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and rarely goes above 90 degrees.  
The cold of winter is seemingly unable to reach the level of the valley, owing to the internal warmth naturally belonging to a hole so deep. The heat of summer is tempered by the cooling influence of the lake adjoining. The west end of this little Garden of Eden jumps abruptly over a precipice one hundred feet into Rock lake, and the western end of the lake, twelve miles further on, finds an outlet through a narrow passage-way between hills sloping sharply and soon breaking into dismembered pyramids of basalt rock.  
An Indian legend of this remarkable lake makes it the home of a monstrous sea serpent. The remnants of red tribes which used to frequent its shores tell their white neighbors that no Indian can venture into the water, either for a bath or a pleasure trip in a canoe, without being swallowed whole by the hideous reptile, and to this day the aborigines look upon Rock lake with the same apprehension that an old-time Orthodox ponders over the terrors of purgatory.  
Their legend declares that an entire tribe was lashed to destruction and eaten not many centuries ago, all to satisfy the greed of this very monster. At another time during the outbreaks quelled by Colonel Steptoe in 1835, a band of noble red men, in their eagerness to escape the vigilance of Uncle Sam's bluecoats, tried to conceal themselves above the lake in the little paradise, but were overtaken by the great fish, the legend avows, and sent to eternity.

A New Cure for Asthma.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma. The cure is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.  
CHARLESTOWN.—"J. O." writes: "The word 'God,' which is used to convey man's idea of a superior being, is evidently a transmission from the earliest ages, when man's spiritual unfoldment was in its infancy, and was then suited to his condition of mind. The few who had arisen from extreme poverty by their greater development were recognized as lords by the masses, while the former considered themselves superior by birth, endowed with talent and with power over their fellow-men.  
Thus we see how inadequately the word 'God,' or 'Lord,' conveys to an enlightened mind an idea of superiority in wisdom and knowledge. No wonder men of thought and intelligence discard the word as applied; it particularly suits those of narrow views. It is a term suited to the minds of long ago, but our ideas have changed immeasurably. Therefore let us who are Spiritualists use language that shall conform as nearly as possible to our belief."  
GREENWICH.—Mrs. Juliette Yeaw writes: "The Independent Liberal Church of this place resumed meetings Sunday, Sept. 17th, under the most auspicious circumstances. The floral adornments were hardly excelled by those of the closing Sunday, 'Children's Day.' The people gathered from near and far, and greetings were cordial and cheery. The Lyceum children were out in good numbers, and joyfully fell into line of march. During vacation, at a business meeting of the Society, it was voted to take preliminary steps, between Oct. 1st and 15th, for organizing under the laws of the Commonwealth.  
The prolonged illness of Mr. Eli W. Smith still holds him, bodily, closely confined within doors, but the clear, active mind is still intent upon opening prison doors to those who are bound in spirit, and many a weary hour is lightened for him thereby."  
BOSTON.—A correspondent, "B. H. A.," writes in remembrance of the practice of some of those who have charge of Spiritualist meetings in not commencing the exercises at the time announced, but waiting until all have arrived that may be expected. "Let it once be understood," says this writer, "that services will begin on time, and only a few Sundays will be required to rid the attendants up to the fact. When this is accomplished, it will make the duties and trials of the managers lighter, and will enhance the pleasure of those in attendance."  
ONSET.—D. N. Ford writes: "Mrs. L. A. Coffin of this place, who is well known to the readers of THE BANNER, met with a serious accident while visiting her daughter in Somerville, on the 9th inst., by falling the whole length of the cellar stairs. She was taken up unconscious, and for a week her case was considered critical, as a partial fracture of the skull was feared, but she is now improving rapidly.  
For a long time previous to the accident Mrs. Coffin had a premonition that during the month of September she would pass over. It was a narrow escape for her."  
District of Columbia.  
WASHINGTON.—J. Homer Altemus writes, Sept. 25th: "There is wonderful interest manifested in our city in the Cause of Spiritualism. On last Friday evening I attended a séance held at Wonn's Hall, by Miss Maggie Gaulé of Baltimore, Md. The hall was crowded by those who were eager to get some tangible proof of spirit-returns, and others who were drawn there merely by curiosity, and she gave some thirty or thirty-five remarkable tests, all but one of which were recognized. The one for whom that was intended came to the medium at the close of her séance, and told her in a confidential manner that she was afraid to tell the facts, as she was a non-believer.  
There was one test that struck me as being exceptionally wonderful and forcible. A gentleman from Indiana, who came to the city only the day before, was told by Miss Gaulé's controls that his sister was present (giving her name), and that she was glad to be able to speak to him through the medium. She went on to relate his object in visiting Washington, which was in regard to a legacy left by the sister. Miss Gaulé gave him the names of each of the people mentioned in the will, and what each was to receive. The gentleman seemed somewhat dazed for a moment, then he rose, and said that in justice to the medium, and others, he must state that every word she said was true, and to prove it he produced a copy of the will, which was in his pocket, and which no one in the city had seen, and he read the names just as Miss Gaulé gave them; he said it was the most wonderful thing he had ever heard.  
Miss Gaulé brought loving words of comfort and good counsel to many a poor, sorrowing heart that night, and it made a vivid and I hope a deep and lasting impression on all.  
Miss Gaulé will go to Cincinnati for the month of October, and then will resume her work with us during the fall and winter months."

New York.

ROCHESTER.—Mr. Latham Gardner, whose seventy-sixth birthday occurred in September, writes that he recently attended one of Mrs. Stoddard-Gray's materializing séances. He adds: "When everything was arranged and music had been rendered by the invisibles, forms began to appear. Among the first was old Dr. Baker, who has been gone half a century or more. He magnetized paper so that the spirits present could write to their friends in the room. Deacon J. received a letter from a young woman who was to be married to him more than fifty years ago. One spirit came from the cabinet and called for 'Andrew.' A gentleman whom I have known for thirty-five years responded. He went up to the spirit, took her by the hand, led her around the room, and introduced her as his wife of forty years ago. Then a spirit came who seemed as pleased to see his friends as they were to see him. He was well known in this city, and most of his friends present were satisfied that it was Hiram T. King. A number of others also were recognized by their friends."

Connecticut.

BRIDGEPORT.—John Walters, under date of Sept. 25th, writes: "Good work is being done in this city for the Cause. Dr. G. C. B. Ewell lectured and gave readings, Sept. 12th, which were highly appreciated.  
We received from him an invitation to visit 'Rocky Rest' Camp-Meeting on the 14th to hear the lecturer, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds of Troy, N. Y. Seventeen of us went, and were greatly pleased with the lady's address.  
Through the kindness of Mrs. Belknap, one of the best of Spiritualists in Bridgeport, who threw open her house to all, we had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Reynolds again in this city. Her guides handled the subjects presented by the audience in a philosophical and scientific manner. Her tests at the close of her lectures were very satisfactory, and the quaint sayings of 'Winona,' an Indian control of the medium, were enjoyed by all.  
Two lectures were also held, which were quite successful.  
All were delighted with her and her work, and we hope to have her with us again soon."

Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.—Mrs. Geo. Tyler, under date of Sept. 28th, writes: "I would be pleased to have you give space in your bright paper, if possible, to what I consider a very remarkable test given to me last Sunday night by Mrs. Maggie Walte, the California medium. She announced the name of a spirit, which I said I recognized. She continued: 'He says he is your husband, and your name is Ellen. He says not to worry about your son, the one that is taking up the Cherokee land.' This

was all true, and no one but myself knew the last circumstance mentioned. She said, 'A Baptist minister is here; he says his name is the Rev. Mr. Bragott; he died by falling from a single-load of wood.' I had not thought of this man for some years until he was thus brought suddenly to my mind. I have often read of Mrs. Walte in THE BANNER, but never met her until last Sunday.  
The society here seems to be in a very flourishing condition."

Ohio.

TOLEDO.—"Reporter" writes: "The Spiritual Society of Toledo has commenced winter operations with a new lease of life and vigor. Last Sunday a lecture was given by Mr. Coulson Turnbull of Cleveland, O., on the subject of 'Astrology: Its Relation to Man Physically and Psychically.' Mr. Turnbull is a young inspirational speaker just entering the field, but he handled his theme with ability and clearness; took dates of birth and gave planetary readings, which was a novel yet interesting experience.  
Our Society meets at the corner of Cherry and Summit streets, where we shall be glad to welcome all visitors to our city."

Maine.

ROCKLAND.—A correspondent, under date of Sept. 25th, writes: "Many strangers came on Sunday, the 24th, to hear the discourses given by Mrs. Matilda Cushing Smith, and all were delighted with the beautiful thoughts expressed and the manner of their presentation. The logio was irresistible, and carried conviction to the earnest and attentive listeners. Dr. Charles H. Harding followed with numerous convincing tests, and Mrs. Gena Fairfield gave original poems and inspirational music."  
Mr. A. E. Tisdale will be with us through October."

New Publications.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY THE BASIS OF SANITARY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE. By T. L. Nichols, M. D. Nichols & Co., Publishers, 23 Oxford street, W., London, Eng.  
This is an earnest, practical work, free from technicalities, in which the author clearly and ably treats of this most important subject. For convenience the volume is divided into six portions. In Part First are considered the most advanced social grades, giving statistics of disease, and premature or preventable mortality; poverty, its evils and miseries; ignorance, drunkenness, dishonesty, crime, immorality and their consequences. Part Second treats of matter, force and life; the vegetable and animal creation; man, and the wide differences between him and all other creatures; the peculiar nature and immortal destiny of humanity. Part Third describes the human body and its most important organs and functions; the building up, sustaining and repairing of the physical form; the peculiarities of individual organizations; the phenomena and laws of life and death. In Part Fourth is discussed the law of heredity. Part Fifth treats of health, of disease and its cure. In Part Sixth the author applies the leading principle of the work to education, morals and society, and seeks to point out the kind of social organization required by man's nature, which will give occupation to all his faculties, bring out the higher, subjugate his lower nature, and "give to every individual his greatest use, and therefore his highest good and happiness."  
To elevate the tone of society by uplifting the individual through a knowledge of and obedience to the laws of life and health is clearly the author's object, and his valuable and instructive work should receive the attention of all who are interested in the welfare of the race.  
THIRD HAND HIGH, a novel, by W. N. Murdoch. The hero, a plain, honest, upright New England countryman, who possesses the utmost respect of his townsmen, most unexpectedly falls heir to a million dollars, by which circumstance he is enabled to wed a lady socially his superior, of whom he has long been enamored. The sudden appearance of a will imperils his claim to his uncle's vast wealth, but the unfortunate event proves the affection of his wife to his satisfaction, the will is of no effect, and all ends happily. The characters are not overdrawn, but the story is bright and entertaining, and event follows event with such rapidity that the reader's interest is not allowed to flag at any point throughout. Published by Lee & Shepard, 10 Milk street, Boston, Mass.  
PLEASURE AND PROGRESS, by Albert M. Lorenz, LL. B., is the title of a volume in which the author attempts to prove that the pursuit of pleasure is indispensable to the highest intellectual, moral and social development of mankind. While his arguments are not always conclusive, there is ample food for thought and reflection in much that he places before his readers. Issued in The Truth Seeker Library series, by The Truth Seeker Co., 28 Lafayette Place, New York.  
ANCIENT WORSHIP, by John Chapman, is a compilation of valuable information concerning religions among the various ancient races, with descriptions of their temples, ceremonies, priests and gods. It is written in a manner that will please and entertain the general reader, and is sufficiently brief to render it available as a reference book. Published by the author, 10 Dunkeld street, Liverpool.

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MR. JOHN H. GOLDING.

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