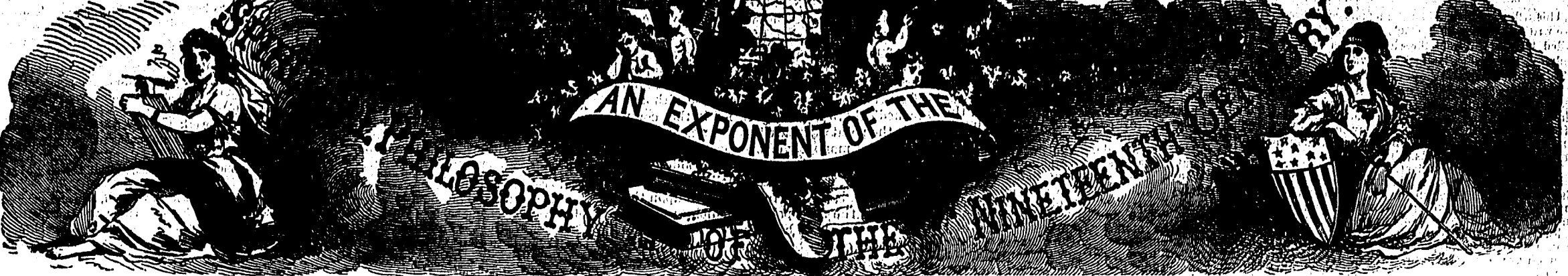


BANNER OF LIGHT



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NO. 9.

WHY MOURN OUR FRIENDS?

Why mourn our friends? For we shall greet at last
With outstretched arms each other, as we cast
Trouble and pain behind us with the past.
The dust we tread, beneath the falling showers
Develops higher life, in fragrant flowers
And golden grain throughout the summer hours.
The blooming flowers with fragrance cheer the day:
The leaves that fall, the flowers fade away
To reappear in beauty with the May.
From out the chrysalis a bright form springs
To light and wider life, on graceful wings.
Rejoicing in the change the new birth brings.
Death comes and calls our dearest friends away
Into the splendor of eternal day:
No tears nor passionate prayers their course can stay.
Look not on that which turns to dust, but to
The immortal body fair; look to the true—
The self which inner vision brings to view.
Why should we sorrow that from mortal sight,
Like birds from natal shells, to realms of light
From narrow confines they have taken flight?
It is not far, that heavenly country where
These friends now dwell: It touches everywhere,
Bounding our little space like viewless air.
There all is joy and beauty, and no care
Can ever come to mar the quiet air
Where they still live; yet love can reach them there.
At times it seems more near than aught beside;
Only this veil of flesh its splendors hide;
Its dwellers linger often at our side.
Not dead! Translated to a higher state
To which the Angel, Death, swings wide the gate
We, too, must pass; and there for us they wait.
Manchester, N. H. JAMES A. FRACKER.

Foreign Correspondence.

ECHOES FROM ENGLAND.

NUMBER FIFTY-TWO.

Specially contributed to the Banner of Light by its English Correspondent,
J. J. MORSE.

FOR a long space the usual contributor of these "Echoes" has been unable to forward his regular supply, not for any lack of materials, or through indifference either to his American friends or the editor of our oldest and yet, still far and away, best paper devoted to Spiritualism and the spirits, that is or ever has been published in either hemisphere. The fact is, that a multiplicity of anxieties concerning "the bread that perisheth," and the consequent strain upon energies and time, left little leisure for literary labors, while the terrible commercial depression, which the Old World, as well as the New, has experienced the past year, has made the business of daily life a toll demanding overwhelming attention to keep the ship afloat. But, at last, pen is in hand, and once again "the little Britisher" salutes all his old friends across the water, and craves hospitality in these columns for a short chat with old friends, tried and true, and mayhap some new ones, too.

First, let me say a word about our good old BANNER, and its veteran chief. One rubs his eyes to see that the Seventy-Fifth Volume has just commenced. Just think of it: for now closely on to forty years this *avant courier* of glad tidings has floated in the van, carrying the gospel of glad tidings—immortality demonstrated and communion with angels realized—to all the ends of the earth. When our Cause was young, and few could be found to advocate its claims, when to do so meant loss in pocket and reputation, then was our BANNER flung upon the breeze, and ever since its starry folds, blazoned by angel hands, have flown to the winds of heaven the wide world over. Times change, men come and go, periodicals rise, fall and vary their aims and scope, but, as enduring as Plymouth rock itself, and as instinct of liberty, our paper stands to-day, as ever, for the religion of the angels, whose creed may be thus expressed: "Freedom, Truth and Progress, and the union of the two worlds in one."

But one of its peculiar claims upon our people, surely, lays in connection with its long-sustained, admirably-conducted and marvelously-useful Free Circles. The communications given thereat have long since attained a world-wide celebrity. The facts and tests of identity, the clear-out and useful information these circles gave to the world, have made unknown thousands debtors to the wise intelligences who direct, and manifest at these gatherings. Sustained by the liberality of THE BANNER's publishers, these Free Circles, alone, entitle this journal to the grateful admiration and constant support of Spiritualists all over the world. And when, in addition, it is borne in mind that there is no other journal existing to-day in our Cause that can equal THE BANNER, in the opinion of one who has read it for twenty-five years, for its wide variety of interesting topics, its records of progress, phenomena, and the stream of inspired utterances constantly offered to its readers, there seems every reason for sustaining, by a wise and liberal patronage, an organ that has done, and is doing, so much for the great spiritual Cause for nearly forty years. Indeed, this is how the case strikes the writer, and such the thoughts that rise on seeing the Seventy-Fifth Volume has just begun.

The labors of Luther Colby, its able editor, have been herculean in this connection; and the very fine biographical notice of his life and work says not one word too much in his commendation. Bro. John W. Day, the present, sorber, heartily endorses all you say in THE BANNER of March 24th. Rapidly nearing the shores of that Brighter Land, whose people he has served so faithfully and well, we shall lose a most noteworthy personage from our mortal army when he is called higher—one, too, that it will be difficult to replace. No one entirely escapes detractors; all worthy people of ability have foes, open or covert. But safe

it is to say that few have less, and even those who may deem themselves ill-used may, in the end, live to see that Luther Colby is ever the last man to think, or say, ill of any—be he friend or worker in our Cause. While one word of the less publicly known, but none the less respected, Isaac B. Rich, the business partner, whose practical acumen is a potent factor upon the worldly side of an institution unique in business annals, may be also allowed here. For twenty odd years the writer has done business with the firm of Colby & Rich, and in every case has found it the soul of honor and probity, and exhibiting many instances of personal generosity also. But there, a truce to these reflections—sincere enough, without question, but nevertheless they only express sentiments common to all who know their objects. An old friend is apt to be garrulous; let his affection atone his fault, if fault there be.

Now to news nearer home. First, as to the Cause, in general. In private the interest is undoubtedly greater than has been the case for many years. More inquiry, more desire to hold circles and develop mediumship; more questioning and comparing of experiences and opinions, but not enough of sustained efforts. The present-day inquirer wants mediumship and spirit-communication "ready-made," so to say. He lacks the patience necessary to develop the conditions at home. Literature is in fair demand, providing it be reasonable—i. e., cheap! Undoubtedly the issuance of W. T. Stead's *Borderland* has contributed largely to arouse public attention. I understand its circulation is considerable, and that its sales have been satisfactory. It is eminently adapted for a neutral ground, but Spiritualists find it contains much they have long since learned. It brings into a handy compass, though, much that has hitherto been scattered through many channels. The absence of its promoter in Chicago undoubtedly affected its last issue. Publicly, the work grows apace. The public assemblies are well attended, and fairly well supported. They increase in numbers, too, both as to attendances and places. A firmer tone is running through the inspirations uttered through our speakers; and, in spite of severe commercial depression, most of our societies are financially sound. But let me add a word here—and so answer many who write me: English lecturers receive nothing like the remuneration for their services that is accorded them in the United States. American media or lecturers who possess some very special talent can, of course, command fair remuneration. A really good test medium, who gives full names and facts of identity, could do well. However, to resume. The Cause has been endeavoring to build up a "Spiritualists' National Federation" for Great Britain during the past four years. It wakes up annually, and holds a quite lively convention, of two sessions of about five hours, upon a Sunday, closing with a Public Demonstration in the evening, which has always been excellently well attended, our leading speakers being present and entertaining the people. A pleasant feature is the Concert and Tea-Party (i. e., supper) on the preceding evening, at which music, song and oratory are the features. Whether this latest and most well meant attempt will succeed in permanently establishing itself, is still an open question. The meeting for this year will assemble at Darwen, a small manufacturing town in the county of Lancashire, right in the heart of a cluster of industrial towns devoted to cotton manufacture. A large assemblage is confidently anticipated.

The work of the Children's Progressive Lyceum claims increasing attention from our people; there are now over sixty Lyceums in full working order. Their interests and welfare are considered by a Lyceum Union, in which are federated the greater number of the Lyceums. Brother Alfred Kiteon acts as Secretary to the Union, and it is no exaggeration to say he is an invaluable adjunct thereto. Singularly modest and retiring, sensitive to a degree, he is all unconscious of his ability and usefulness, both of which have been of incalculable service to Lyceum work in this country. Brother H. A. Kersey, as President of the Union, deserves all praise, for he, too, is one of those "who do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." Yet he has ever been unsparing in time, labor, pains and purse to serve the work he loves so well. Our Lyceum Banner has also rendered its meed of service, now greatly increased by reason of its enlargement. The outlook for Lyceum work was never healthier than at present.

The public progress of our Cause has of late been largely aided by the influence of our excellently useful periodical, the *Two Worlds*, now enjoying a circulation rapidly approximating to seven thousand copies per week. Mr. E. W. Wallis fills his post as editor to general satisfaction, and though the journal is not yet a paying property—which one of our papers is?—yet its losses are less each year.

Among the current items, so to say, concerning the Cause over here, is a lecturing tour now being conducted by Florence Marryat, the widely-known and justly celebrated author, and daughter of the famous writer, Capt. Marryat, of nautical novel fame. The tour commenced this week at Birmingham, with an audience exceeding eleven hundred persons, and a correspondent assures me the event was a literary and financial success, as well as a triumph for our Cause. The tour is the outcome of the energy and foresight of Mr. J. Fraser Hewes of Nottingham, and the President of our Society in that town. He deserves credit for initiating a matter that all hope will redound to the advantage of our Cause. In the current issue of *Light* there is an advertisement that all must regret to see. It an-

nounces the present withdrawal, from intended publication, of the *magnum opus* of Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten's literary labors, "The Spiritualists' Encyclopedia," a sufficient support to ensure its publication not having been accorded its distinguished compiler. No doubt the depressed state of trade here largely accounts for the insufficient subscription, and, possibly, in the no distant future, either here or in the United States, this important work may ultimately see the light.

Now my pen must stop; space is gone and the mail is closing. Since my previous article we have removed Morse's hotel to address below, and as it is a very central, quiet and excellent locality, our patrons have increased in numbers, and a fair sprinkling of Americans have sojourned here. Well, good friends, one and all, for this time adieu. May the good angels bless, guide and guard us all, until at last we join them in the sweet Summer-Land above.

Florence House, 26 Osaburgh street,
Euston Road, London, N. W.,
April 7th, 1894.

The Anniversary.

The Forty-Sixth Anniversary of the
Advent of Modern Spiritualism;
Commemorative Exercises held in
Milwaukee, Wis.; San Francisco
and Summerland, Cal.; Bridgeport,
Ct.; Hannibal, Mo.; Titusville, Pa.

(Especially Contributed to the Banner of Light.)

Milwaukee, Wis.

The Anniversary was celebrated by the First Society of Spiritualists on Saturday, March 31st, and Sunday, April 1st, with appropriate exercises at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand Avenue. The exercises consisted of addresses, vocal and instrumental music, tests, etc. At the close of the Saturday evening address by Bishop A. Beals, Dr. Rothermel gave many tests, which were all recognized; the large audience was delighted with Bro. Beals' address and Dr. Rothermel's wonderful tests. After the meeting supper was served by the good sisters, after which all joined in a merry dance until after midnight. The entertainment was considered a grand success.

The Sunday meetings were well attended, especially in the evening; the hall was filled with some of the best people of the city, and all the seats and extra chairs from adjoining rooms were filled; this was the grandest meeting known in Milwaukee since the opening of the spiritual era. Bishop A. Beals, whose fame and ability as an inspirational speaker and medium are world-wide, delivered eloquent and entertaining addresses appropriate to Spiritualism's natal day. Dr. Rothermel is one of the best test mediums on the rostrum; he gave entire satisfaction. A marked and agreeable feature of the meetings was the excellent singing by Mr. and Mrs. Scott, whose vocal selections were peculiarly appropriate, and rendered with grand effect. After ten o'clock the meeting adjourned, but it was hard to induce those comprising the audience to leave the hall. They seemed to feel as Peter did, "It is good to be here."

The interest manifested in these meetings has been very gratifying to the true workers here. The presence of hundreds of interested people on the occasion proves that Spiritualism has gained quite a respectable standing in this community. We are glad that we can stand erect in conscious integrity of purpose, and feel we justly merit the respect that the community has at last grudgingly accorded us. An interest and an awakening are being manifested in Milwaukee that have not been known before.

The celebration was a pronounced success in every respect; such gatherings and hearty co-operation on the part of those who wish the movement well, must always result in good.

H. C. NICK.

Summerland, Cal.

The Summerland Progressive Spiritualist Society met at Library Hall at 10:30 A. M., March 31st, to celebrate the Anniversary.

It being the first anniversary since our organization as a society, we wished to observe it in a proper manner. The meeting was called to order by the President. The exercises commenced with music by the Summerland Orchestra; a poem entitled "I Still Live" was read by Mr. A. L. Bourquin; after another selection by the orchestra, Mr. M. E. Taylor entertained the audience with a lecture, and an original poem written for the occasion. At close of his remarks the Messrs. Edwards sang, "I am Hiding"; another selection by the orchestra closed the forenoon service.

At 2:30 P. M. the meeting was again opened with music by the orchestra; Mrs. Turner read a poem, entitled "Sitting Bull's Message from Spirit-Life," by Mrs. Kate R. Stiles; after more music, Mr. David Davis, aged eighty-five, the oldest resident of Summerland, gave an address, after which the exercises closed with music.

The ladies gave a dance and supper in the evening for the benefit of the orchestra.

Sunday, April 1st, meeting opened with music; the "Tin Tin Galop," finely rendered by the Williams Family Orchestra, consisting of Mrs. H. L. Williams and her young daughter, Miss Edith Williams, Misses Rosa, Emma and Caro Morgan, accompanied by Mr. L. P. Benjamin; Mr. A. L. Bourquin spoke under control; at the close of the lecture, Miss Rose Morgan sang "Dear Heart," accompanied by Mrs. H. L. Williams on the piano; Mr. M. E. Taylor, by request, read again the original

poem he gave on Saturday. Meeting closed with an "Overture" by the Williams Family Orchestra, when all were invited to a social dinner in the upper hall.

At 2:30 we again assembled, for a children's entertainment; after music by the Williams Family Orchestra, Mr. M. E. Taylor gave the children a short talk; recitations and songs were next in order; Masters Lonnie and Allie, and little Miss Revie Ogsbury, with Master Ralph McKenney, sang "What will Grandpa do in Heaven?" to Mrs. Ogsbury's accompaniment on the guitar; the same little ones sang "Three Little Kittens" to Miss Pearl Bourquin's accompaniment on the piano; the children executed the Banner March; remarks were made by Mr. Schoonover, Mr. Bourquin and others; "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung, and the meeting dismissed.

Mrs. Wm. K. Turner, President.

San Francisco, Cal.

The Anniversary was duly and successfully celebrated at several places in San Francisco. I will only speak of one society which has been called "The Circle of Harmony" for several years—a meeting not officiated by several persons, but gotten up by one individual and her invisible inspirers, who endeavor to hold the forces in harmony.

The greatest freedom to the platform is granted, so that any one feeling an impulse or an inclination to speak, sing or give tests, or even to exercise the gift of healing, or to improvise poetry, is not prohibited in the least.

Our Anniversary differed from our usual meetings only in the abundance of flowers, the music furnished through the mediumship of a young lady, who sang in several different voices, meanwhile playing an accompaniment on the piano; the music on the guitar was fine, and the speeches made were in accord with the occasion.

We feel encouraged to still continue our work. We meet every Sunday in the Alcazar Building, O'Farrell street, San Francisco, at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.

[Our home is by the seaside (the Bay). Invalids from the East, or from any direction, who would like a quiet home, and yet only thirty minutes from San Francisco, at a cost of ten cents by rail and boat—local trains meet every half-hour in front of the door—can find accommodations.] Mrs. F. A. Logan.

Bridgeport, Ct.

The Anniversary exercises held April 8th exceeded in interest the expectations of our most sanguine co-workers. The meeting in the hall—the first time since its enlargement to nearly twice its previous size—was largely attended, every available seat being occupied, and standing-room utilized as well.

The decorations testified to zeal and love for the Cause; being all contributions from individual members as the spirit prompted, or circumstances permitted. One gentleman alone contributed four most magnificent palms, six large pots of deutzias and azaleas in perfect bloom of white and pink. Others contributed bouquets of pansies, carnations and roses. The palms decorated the four front corners of the double platform; their boughs meeting made an arch under which the speaker stood—"forming," as a morning city paper was gracious enough to say, "an Edenic bower of great beauty."

Mrs. George Hibbard and Mrs. S. S. Ewell rendered piano and vocal music. Mr. Victor Lovely recited an Anniversary Poem appropriate to the occasion.

Dr. G. C. Beckwith Ewell gave the address, which was received with marked interest by an audience made up largely of people not acquainted with the claims of Modern Spiritualism. The manifestations and principles of the philosophy were concisely and eloquently set forth; their harmony with historic descriptions of phenomena of ancient date was briefly shown; the names of many of the tried and brave exponents of the Cause in the past were mentioned with reverence, and due honor accorded them.

After the address nearly an hour was given by Dr. Ewell to the recognition of spirit-friends present, and delivering their messages—he giving also psychometric reading from the voice, in which he is very interesting and accurate. Improvisation on subjects from the audience closed the service—one to be remembered and enjoyed until Anniversary returns again to freshen the old themes, and add another year to history. That it may be replete with progress strong and true is our prayer, to which let us add our efforts in that direction.

PROGRESS.

Hannibal, Mo.

The Anniversary was observed at Bethlehem Hall April 1st—Cora Myrtle Carpenter being the principal speaker. The *Daily Courier-Post* of the next day stated that "the hall was literally packed, and more than one hundred were turned away on account of there not being room." The hall was beautifully decorated with plants and flowers, and presented an inviting appearance. Miss Carpenter's theme was "The Angels' Message," and she spoke, says *The Post*, "just one hour and ten minutes, during which time she held the audience in rapt attention."

"Miss Carpenter," continues *The Post*, "is certainly a wonderful young lady, and bids fair to become one of the most noted Spiritualist lecturers of the country. Last evening she took the position that communications are constantly going on between those of the spirit and the inhabitants of the globe, and that Spiritualism is yet in its infancy." She predicted that there would soon be trouble on the

Church-and-State question—after which "free-thought" and scientific investigation will be better recognized. Miss C. is decidedly the ablest Spiritualist that was ever located in this city, and the Society should use every endeavor to retain her here."

Titusville, Pa.

The Titusville Spiritualists' Association celebrated the Anniversary with appropriate exercises on Sunday evening, April 1st. The hall was tastefully decorated with flowers and plants. The exercises consisted of singing, congregational, solos and duets—with organ and flute accompaniment; reading selections appropriate for the occasion; reading inspirational essays and poems by mediums; speaking by medium under spirit-control.

Remarks and experiences by persons in the audience.

Our entertainment was all by home talent. Our Society is in a healthy condition, and we have developed in our midst some very fine phases of mediumship.

C. M. HAYES, Sec'y.

Remarks of Mr. Wilson MacDonald, ON THE DEPARTURE OF MAJ. CHORPENNING.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Maj. George Chorpenning, after a severe illness, culminating in a surgical operation which was hoped would bring relief, passed to spirit-life at the New York Hospital on April 3d. In order that he might be given a Spiritualist's funeral, Mrs. M. E. Williams, with characteristic kindness, gave the use of her parlors for that purpose, and at the services delivered a brief eulogy inspirationally, referring with feeling to the many virtues and the superior personal qualities and attainments which went to make up the character of this pioneer in Spiritualism. In addition to the immediate family, there were a host of friends present to pay their last sad respects to the deceased. Wilson MacDonald, the noted sculptor, delivered the address proper, which I herewith append.

J. H.

Friends: We have met here not to weep and mourn over the natural phenomenon that has brought to a close the earth-life of our good friend, Major Chorpenning, but rather to congratulate him and console his kindred and those who loved him, that he had been eliminated from the form which he wore for nearly seventy-four years. He is now born into the real, the spiritual world.

I knew Maj. George Chorpenning for more than a quarter of a century. He was an honorable man, a sincere friend and a true American in every sense which that proud title implies. His earthly life was one of constant toil—his struggles on the sea, the plains and mountains of the far West, in the service of the Government, were arduous and severe. He was one of the early pioneers of civilization, a pathfinder, who accomplished as much for the settlement of the great empire of the Pacific Slope as any other man. He was the first to transport the United States mail across the Rocky Mountains, and while he was a man of tried and undaunted courage, in his heart he was as simple and as tender as a child.

His earth-life and his religious and philosophical principles were founded upon the facts and established upon the truths of spiritual manifestations, and the teachings of the spiritual world.

His hopes of another life were not built upon faith, miracles, myths and traditions, for he knew that his birth into the spiritual world was as inevitable as the decay of his earthly body here. His expectations of an immortal life were based upon the solid rocks of fact and of demonstrated truths—a future life to him was a certainty. The spectres of doubt never invaded the serenity of his mind; with the calmness of a philosopher and the convictions of a scientist he passed peacefully into the valley, not of death, but of immortal life. He needed no ordaining clergyman to pilot his spirit through the pearly gates; he was fully prepared for his pilgrimage to the other shore. He knew that his friends and kindred would be there to receive him, and clothe him in the immortal robes of that land of harmony, peace and love.

Look, my good friends, on theasket that holds the earthly body of your departed friend; see the beautiful emblems of affection laid there by loving ones. The roses speak of his love; the lilies of modesty; the asphodels and anemones, his immortal life and of his new birth with that tenderness and pathos which no words can ever express. There is no place on thatasket for aloe, whose language is that of anguish and grief; no place for the aspen leaf, that tells of idolatry and superstition. The sweet aroma which flowers breathe is not unlike the spiritual essence of the human soul, and the substance of the flowers passes into invisible existence, so does the human spirit by natural law pass out of the physical body into the inner life, the only difference being that human essence preserves its indestructible identity, while the spirit of the flowers goes into the great reservoir of refined invisible matter.

The poets have done a great deal to impress upon the human mind that death is a terrible calamity; the end of all human existence; that death is the king of terrors, the implacable iron-crowned tyrant that turns all that is human into "unsympathetic dust!" In "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," that incomparable poem, the following verse occurs:

"Can sterner rest or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Or honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

There is no consolation in this; it teaches a hopeless philosophy. The Angel of Death to the sectarian is the most dreaded visitor. He brings in his train the pall, the bier, the gloom of the grave; the awful echoes of the dull clouds that fall upon the coffin-lids of loved ones reach the voids of broken hearts that can never know joy in this world again. But those of you, my friends, who have had the unmistakable evidence of a spiritual life and an absolute existence after the phenomenon of death—to you the grave can have no victory, death no sting! To our old and valued friend, who has just left the form, whose earthly body now lies before us, and who may at this moment be hovering in our midst, we offer our congratulations, and a continuance of our friendship and love; and to those who dearly loved him, we say: "Weep not at nature's transient pain; let your Congenial spirits part to meet again."

Mr. G. Graham, Hantsley, Walsgate, Woden, B. Fortson, at
Christiana; Russia, Etienne, Golspliz, Grand Belozers,
No. 7, Lod 6, St. Petersburg; England, J. Allen, Hon. Se
14 Berkley Terrace, White Post Lane, Manor Park, Essex
or W. O. Robson, French Correspondent, 186 Rye Hill, Ne
castle-on-Tyne.

Banner Correspondence.

New Hampshire.

LACONIA.—A. D. Swin writes: "Four years ago I became convinced, much against my will, that the genuine phenomena of what is termed Spiritualism were true, but said that what I saw which seemed so mysterious was only the reflex of my own brain, brought out by some law of psychology unknown to man, but soon to be developed into a scientific fact, for I had already learned that science itself is but an infant."

From sincere and devoted religionist of the Orthodox faith I drifted, from study of the Bible, the Koran, Vedas, Zendavesta, and other books obtainable in my circumstances, into a belief that there is nothing but matter, which to me includes the life-giving principle of all organisms.

I am a traveling salesman, visiting nearly every State and Territory in the Union, and since I began with an honest (but very skeptical) purpose to investigate Spiritualism, I find myself in the arms, as it were, of what is claimed to be my spirit-friends wherever I go. It is nothing unusual when in a public gathering, whether in Maine or California, for the lecturer, an entire stranger, to come to me in the audience and say, "Your son" (or perhaps your wife, or your mother, or your father, or some other relative) has been nearly forgotten, always giving names, wishes to tell you that he is here with you." In private sittings, also in public circles, nearly every one of my friends have come and called me by my full name (my two first names are very uncommon), giving their own names in full, as well as reminding me of many things of the past by which to identify themselves.

At Fort Worth, Tex., last January, I was fortunate enough to hold a dark circle, held by Mrs. Maud Lord Drake from Chicago. The circle was composed of ten ladies and ten gentlemen, nearly all being entire strangers to each other. We sat alternately, lady and gentleman, in chairs close together. The medium occupied a chair within the circle, and kept up a continual low conversation; also kept clapping her hands lightly, and placed her feet on those of some of the circle. When all was ready, with a small music box, guitar and paper fan placed on the floor beside the medium, the lights were turned out.

The exercises began by singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," when the music began to play, and the fan took a circuit around the circle, fanning each in turn. Small round lights, pale like the rays of the moon, could be seen slowly rising from the floor, and disappearing high above our heads. Soon there came to each of our deceased friends, who proclaimed their presence in whispers loud enough for all to hear. At one time there were two different ones talking to their friends near me, one in English and one in Spanish. Each sister claimed to recognize the voice of his friend beyond the shadow of a doubt. I easily recognized the voice of my deceased son.

Afterward a light circle was held in my own private room, which thoroughly convinced me that there could be no fraud whatever in connection with the manifestations. A curtain of thick material was borrowed for the purpose, and Mr. Drake, the medium's husband, and myself fastened it to the inner casing of two windows across a very small corner of the room. When the audience were seated in close proximity to the thus arranged cabinet, the medium's hands were placed on each of our heads, and she entered the cabinet, just as the lamp was turned partially down, but leaving light sufficient for all to see perfectly whatever might transpire.

At the instant the medium disappeared a hand was clearly seen by all protruding from the cabinet, between the curtains, and high above her head. One by one we were called to the cabinet for tests. When I approached, I was instructed to reach one hand in between the curtains, holding the curtains together with the other. This I did, when my hand on the inside of the cabinet was patted rather hard, and a hand reached from within the cabinet at the same time and patted me on the head in full view of the audience. I thought this an opportune time to discover fraud, if any existed, and reached further into the cabinet and saw the medium's feet, finding her when she entered the cabinet. I also pulled the curtains aside and examined closely to see if there were others beside the medium in the cabinet, but found no one, and it was not possible for any one to enter without detection.

After this the medium requested that as many as could should enter the cabinet with her and see that no one untied her. This we did, and she was untied in less time than is required for me to pen the fact.

As nearly all of your readers are perhaps better posted in Spiritualism than I, and are convinced of the reality of its claims, it would be folly for me to undertake to tell of the joys and beauties of such belief, or to picture to their minds the happy meeting with loved ones from whom death has separated us in this mundane life into which we are forced by no will of our own, and made to suffer the consequent evils connected therewith. The old Orthodox teaching of a wrathful God has nearly had its run, and we need a Deity of love better suited to a more highly-developed humanity."

Massachusetts.

LOWELL.—Ed. S. Varney writes, under date of April 19th: "This is Patriot's Day—our new holiday. It is an occasion gloriously and doubly significant in American annals, signaling, as it does, that heroic initial struggle of a century ago which eventuated in the birth of a new nation—the world's exemplar; and later, the martyrdom in the streets of Baltimore in behalf of its preservation. While the day is being grandly celebrated in Concord and Lexington, the thought occurs to me that the earthly participants in the above events, could they but look beyond the veil of mortality, would see a 'phantom army' of those they are immortalizing in processional, in song, in story and in speech. Could the world at large but understand the sublime truths of Spiritualism, all who take part in these memorial events would be thrilled with a realizing sense that the arisen heroes whom they are honoring are joining with them in the service of the day. And why not? They still love, they still care, they still die for, they still live to mingle with earthly friends and kindred. Then let us joyously and gratefully greet them in spirit. They have not perished."

"They are alive who seemed to die, In every breeze a soul goes by, And whisp'ers, 'There is nothing dead; Life stirs the very dust you tread; Haunted is every spot below; Spirits around us come and go, Opening earth's doors to heavenly air, With us forever, wherever we go.'"

BOSTON.—Mrs. H. Hildekopf, under date of April 23d, writes: "I could not resist the impulse to express through you my thanks to 'White Rose,' who, in the BANNER of April 7th, under the heading 'Illinois,' shows up in such a clear, common-sense light the inaccuracy and absurdity of the theory of the subliminal or subconscious self. The writer leaves nothing to be desired for forcefulness of statement, which carries with it the conviction of its being the truth—beautiful for its simplicity and freedom from all subtleties."

Texas.

WICHITA FALLS.—O. Eastland writes: "To the pessimist the assertion that 'all is good' seems an absurdity; in fact, to many who are even conservative or lenient in their criticisms of the acts of man, it seems hypothetical, for to be absolutely conscious that the expression is a truth requires more training in the realm of thought than one at first realizes. To-day we take up the records of the past twenty-four hours as found in the daily press; they are largely details of murders, crimes and crime, and we say, 'Surely the world is plunging headlong into the abyss of ruin,' and the pessimist triumphantly points to this as evidence to sustain his position. But let us not render a hasty verdict, for the press pan-

ders greatly to a perverted taste in searching out and delineating that phase of passing events while the virtues of thousands are never mentioned in flaming headlines. No one hears of how Mr. A.—quietly followed the wants of a widow and orphan in an obscure street, or how Mr. B.—found a struggling young man whom the ways of adversity had almost overwhelmed, and with timely financial aid had tided him over and started him on the road to prosperity. These are things, too, which occur daily, yet find no place in the news of the time, thus causing a misconception of the day's doings."

In forming correct conclusions we must go back of today into the records of past centuries, taking the condition of man as we find it then and compare with what we now find.

Who can then gainsay the truth that all is good? That we thus get at the true significance of this earthly existence is plain—it is a training school. All the experiences through which men and women pass have a higher meaning than we are wont to give them. It may be an experience full of pain, bitter anguish and sorrow, yet, in the far-reaching designs of the Infinite, all have a purpose to serve in our elevation. The process of elimination thus carried on will ultimately free the race of physical encumbrances that now hold it on the lower planes of being, and since they serve this eliminative process, who feels equal to asserting that all is not good? True, it is a mental process, the culmination of which will only be seen in the coming ages, yet with unerring precision the forces are aimed in that direction, and the slowness of the process does not detract from the certainty of results."

Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—M. E. Cadwallader says: "As usual, intelligent and enthusiastic audiences assembled Sunday, April 22d, both morning and evening, at the hall of the First Association of Spiritualists, to listen to the utterances of Mr. Willard J. Hull, who is very popular here. 'The Elements of Education' was the theme of the morning, the dominant idea of the lecturer being the necessity for a true education of the masses, which consists of something more than the mere memorizing of names, dates and events, which, according to Mr. Hull, is only machine education, and only relative in value. As an educator was forcibly illustrated, and much stress was laid upon the importance of proper environments in the attainment of knowledge, Mr. Hull contending that the child of the purest Anglo-Saxon would become a Congo savage in ideas and tastes if brought up among Congo savages; post-natal influences being quite as effective as the influences of heredity."

"The relation of Spiritualism to Secular Reform" was the subject for the evening lecture, the speaker asserting that Spiritualism embraces everything and deals with every reform; that those who would narrow its scope and confine it to the communication between the two worlds as embraced in the phenomena only, are still in the rudimentary stage of Spiritualism. Said he, "Do you think our beloved Denton, Hare, Edmonds, and the immortal Jonathan M. Roberts, as well as many other workers in our Cause, would say that Spiritualism has nothing to do with secular reforms?" Mr. Hull was loudly applauded in the course of his remarks.

Mrs. Mary Crail gave some remarkable tests at the close of the lecture. A Spiritualist, of which Mr. S. Wheeler is the President, had as its speaker Mr. J. H. Washburn on the same date. This lecturer always has attentive audiences, as he is the possessor of a vast fund of knowledge gained by years of travel and investigation. At the conclusion of the afternoon lecture a conference was held, followed by tests of spirit presence.

Hugh Moore of Dayton, Ohio, the renowned trumpet medium, is still with us. The tests given at his sittings are very convincing, as he sits outside the cabinet in full view of the circle. We hope to keep him with us for some time yet."

Ohio.

MILAN.—Mrs. M. L. Darrow says: "Mr. J. Frank Baxter lectured to an audience of nearly five hundred people in the Milan Opera House recently on the theme, 'Facts and Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, and the Good Spirituality has Done.' The rostrum was beautifully decorated with potted plants and a profusion of cut flowers."

Mr. Baxter is a fine speaker, a delightful singer, and a genuine test medium, and we sincerely hope he will be with us again in the future."

Oregon.

NEW ERA.—M. F. Moore, under date of April 19th, writes: "The Clackamas Society is to hold its camp meeting on the New Era camp grounds, commencing July 9th and continuing three weeks. Moses Hull and wife and other speakers will be present. A large attendance is expected, and accommodations will be furnished to meet the increased demand. The Society is to build a two-story addition to the hotel before the meeting opens."

The Portland societies are in a flourishing condition, and have large audiences."

The Spiritualists' Encyclopædia.

Emma Hardinge Britten's

LAST, BEST AND GREATEST LIFE WORK.

Statement and Final Notice.

APRIL, 1894.
For the past two years I have added to my other engrossing engagements the writing and compilation of the above-named great work—sending out thousands of circulars, letters, and notices—and receiving in return many hundreds of biographies, portraits of mediums, woodcuts, &c. Besides those sent me, I have collected many records of present-day Spiritual workers, whose addresses I have failed to arrive at, and written, from personal knowledge or other reliable sources, the wonderful experiences of the brave and devoted pioneers of the noble cause, most of whom have already passed on to the higher life, leaving none, but me, their friend and fellow laborer, to bear testimony to their dauntless courage and terrible trials.

As the progress of my great undertaking proceeded, I found it impossible to condense the record into less space than two large volumes of 500 pages each. To publish the first 1,000 copies, together with the numerous illustrations they were to contain, would involve, at the smallest cost, four hundred pounds (English) or two thousand dollars (American money), and that without leaving one penny of recompense for the time, labor, and preliminary expenses of the author. I have hitherto published all my large volumes, pamphlets, leaflets, &c., at a financial loss, and my last magazine venture has exhausted all my available means, and I can do no more without such assistance as the work in question imperatively calls for. I have, hitherto, sent broadcast circulars to the alleged "millions" of Spiritualists of the age, announcing simply the immense value and importance of the work I was undertaking, and soliciting the promise of subscribers enough to insure the bare expenses of publication. To effect this purpose, I have placed the subscriptions at the lowest possible rate, namely, sixteen shillings (English), or four dollars of foreign money, for the entire two volumes.

In response to the last circular announcing the completion of the work, the "millions" have narrowed down to fewer hundreds than would suffice to meet half the expenses of the first 1,000 issued. As I am neither versed in the art of begging, nor servile solicitations for what I insist on claiming to be a record which ought to be invaluable to every true Spiritualist, nothing now remains for me except to close up my fruitless and expensive efforts to awaken interest in what the Spirit-World and its noblest earthly missionaries have done for a generation too indifferent to preserve the record of their stupendous labors. In making this sorrowful and final announcement, I am cheered by the hope that when my own mortal career is ended this same record (left behind me) will find acceptance from a future and more spiritual age, and yet prove what incalculable blessings the Spirit-

World has conferred on humanity. In closing, I now kindly request those good friends who have sent money for the engraving of their portraits to furnish me with such correct addresses as will enable me at once to return their money safely, by Post Office orders.

To the noble few, but true ones, who have freely sent in their names as future subscribers, I hereby return my warm and loving thanks, and conclude with the fervent wish that there were one thousand such, when the spirits would no longer have to say (as they have too often done of late): "We have founded SPIRITUALISM, and all that we need to make it the world's religion is—SPIRITUALISTS."

EMMA H. BRITTEN.

The Lindens, Humphrey-street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, Eng.

May Magazines.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—This particularly attractive number opens with a charmingly-written sketch of "Emile Wauters: Portrait-Painter," by A. J. Wauters, with portrait of the eminent artist by himself, and eight beautiful illustrations of his work; "The Malcom Drawings at the British Museum," by Lionel Cuth, with six illustrations, is an exceedingly interesting article; Claude Phillips contributes a paper on "Early Italian Art at the New Gallery—II"; Austin Dobson furnishes Part I. of a biographical sketch of the noted sculptor, Louis Francis Roubillieu, with illustrations of his work; "In the Down Country," by Graham R. Tomson, with illustrations by Arthur Tomson, is an entertaining description of a most picturesque section of England; "Our Illustrated Note-Book" is especially good, and three exquisite full-page illustrations embellish this issue. The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East 17th street, New York.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—A pretty frontispiece, entitled "Song to Cheer," adorns the current number. C. N. Barham furnishes a fascinating story, "An Alderbrook Mystery." "A Family Doctor" tells of "The Pleasures and Perils of the Teapot," lovers of flowers will be particularly pleased with "Gardening in April," by a practical gardener; "Sir Guy's Room" is a weird story from the pen of William Calmes; A. E. Bonser writes of "People Who Face Death: Lifeboat Men"; other interesting articles appear, and the departments are well sustained. The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East 17th street, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES is especially interesting, and contains more than the usual amount of reading matter. "The Burial of Sir John Moore" is presented in prose; Herbert E. Crosswell contributes a paper on "Spirit"; "The 72 Verses in the Urin and Thummin" are followed by "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story," by Belle Cactus; a poem "On Absolute Truth" appears from the pen of Theodore Faber; Ernest de Bunsen furnishes two brief essays entitled "According to the Scriptures." Published by S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H. For sale by Colby & Rich.

BORDERLAND.—The current number opens with "Chronicle of the Quarter," and is followed with "The Other World from the New World; or, Psychical Study in America." After citing numerous instances of wonderful cures and great skill exercised in surgery by irregulars, under the heading of "Gifts of Healing and Bone-setting: A Rebuke to Materialism in Medicine," the writer most pertinently asks, "Is medicine a Science or an Intuition?" in the same line of thought is an able editorial condemning the action of the German court that recently sentenced Gottfried Jost of Dörlshausen to sixteen months' imprisonment for presuming to heal without a diploma; "A Colonial Investigator" relates many remarkable experiences in Australia and New Zealand in an admirable paper entitled "After Twenty Years of Spiritualism"; other articles not here mentioned, of an eminently interesting nature, also appear. Published by W. T. Stead, 125 Fleet street, London, E. C.

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Message Department.

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The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss Ida L. Spalding, an expert stenographer.

LUTHER COLBY, Chairman.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office 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 receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane side of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by personally informing the undersigned of the fact for publication.

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SPIRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held February 9th, 1894.

Spirit Invocation.

Unto thee, oh! Father, would we render thanks at this hour, asking thy divine presence, that thy spirit may guide every word which may be spoken, knowing that thou art all wisdom, all love, all patience with thy children, ever ready to supply their many needs. We would ask that thy angel messengers may be sent out unto every home to bear the glad tidings that their loved ones live, are conscious of every act when present, and only come through the love and sympathy they bear them, and also to aid them in every good work, thought and word. Oh! Father, hasten the day when thy children upon the earth-plane may realize more of the companionship of those who have passed on to the higher life, that sorrowing hearts may be uplifted and blessed thereby.

We thank thee, oh! Father, for spirit-communion, and we ask that the doorways may be ever kept open, that we may consult together. We realize more and more of thy goodness, but still we ask for more light. We ask that more charity may be given to thy children of earth, and more knowledge, that they may meet halfway the loved ones who have passed through the portal of death. We ask also that some loving one from the pure realms beyond may at this hour give one word which will remove darkness and give earth's children more light, that those who are sorrowing to-day may be uplifted and comfort and consolation bestowed upon them; that where ignorance reigns knowledge may be given; and unto these would we ascribe all praise, both now and evermore. We ask that thy benediction may rest upon all humanity at this hour. JOHN PICKFORTH.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

"Eva," to Fred Evans.

How true the words that have been spoken, "And a little child shall lead them." Many families to-day have reached out in their spirits for the little ones that have been transported to that higher life, and have learned to know they are with them, when, at the time the little ones were taken from the home, they felt there must be another world—that was all—or that they must wait until "the great judgment day" before they would know of spirit-life; but now they have learned to know, in part, that the judgment day is every day, and every hour in the day. I never could comprehend why, if God was just and created us in his own image, that, if we disobeyed one law, we were lost eternally. I could not understand that, and my reason would not allow me to accept it. Now I understand, because of my experience, that it is not so. I think sometimes that experience is the best teacher we can have.

I have listened to words that have been given here often in your building. I see the changes that have been made, and I find it is much easier for spirits to report now than formerly.

I would like to speak a few words in regard to my home beyond, and I know, Fred, you will be glad to hear from me. I will not be personal, for reasons back in the past. Arthur stands beside me, whom you will be glad to know is here, and says: "Please, Eva, say to Fred, my brother, that I am here, and brother Walter, also, for we are all brothers and sisters." He wants me to send these loving words to Fred, who will know why Walter and Arthur have learned to know each other in spirit, and are so attracted together.

While I am speaking to you I gaze yonder, and I see four colored women come into this room. All are welcome, for we are all God's children, and all of one family. He loves them all, created in his own image, and is no respecter of persons.

This message is to go to Lafayette, Ind., where they take the paper in which these messages are printed, and they will be glad to get a rub from me, for Fred will well understand the words I am giving, and why I am a little close in regard to what I say. They are only for you, Fred. A little while since, a few weeks in the past, I perceived that a little downcast feeling came over your spirit, but there was no ground for it. All will be light again. I have often said since becoming an immortal, we can, we do aid you mortals very much. You cannot always comprehend how much, but give us credit just as far as you know, and that is all we ask.

These words are from Eva, to Fred Evans.

Robert R. Crosby.

As I have been kindly invited upon this platform to-day by the Rev. John Pierpont, who stands beside me, I come very gladly.

I was and am a friend to all true mediums; and if ever one mortal needed sympathy it is a true medium. I love the name of truth, as has been said by others, and when in the mortal I have many times sheltered mediums; I have many times given shelter to the prisoners, also,

and I have never had one regret for all that has been done by me in that direction.

It made me happy to do this work, and I spared no time, money or influence for the good. Oft have I visited the prisons, and I say to-day to all, Be the prisoner's friend, be the inebriate's friend, and when these conditions and habits, as I might say, follow them, let us have charity. Many have been driven to intemperance by inherited habits, which perhaps they have fought against, but yet could not overcome. Mr. Chairman, I know you agree with me, for as I look into your face to-day I see you have weathered many storms, yet you have been protected in every gale; and, sir, I feel to make the assertion, you will still be. I am interested in all humanity and in all reforms, but I would advocate temperance at every opportunity. Rev. Warren H. Cudworth stands at my left; he coincides with every word that I have uttered to-day. No one upon the mortal plane who remembers me but what would say I was a friend to mediums, to prisoners and to the intemperate. I feel now to say I will ever work on, and for each unfortunate my pity, my sympathy and my charity go out. We do not have charity enough on this mortal plane, so I say, Learn to be more charitable.

Dr. Gardner asks to be remembered, and says in the proper time you will hear from him.

There are many—yes, many!—who gather in the halls of your city where spiritual meetings are held that will remember Robert R. Crosby. There are many others also in Boston by whom I shall not be forgotten.

Nona Bell.

The spirits have not forgotten to bring flowers into this Circle-Room; three vases filled with the choicest flowers from the Summer-Land stand on this table, and the little spirit children eagerly reach up to grasp them, although we have all heart could wish in the spirit-world.

I desire also to say that we all who gather here in spirit gain a great deal of light from the messages which are given by different spirits, for each relates his personal experience, and that is always instructive. This is a privilege for which all spirits who come here are grateful. Many little children gather in this Circle-Room, all coming with their hands full of flowers, and their innocence brings an influence of love and harmony.

I am the medium's guide, Nona Bell.

John F. Dean.

It is a pleasure to respond to the invitation to report at this Circle Room, for the loved ones that I have left here upon the earth-plane have sorrowed so for those that have passed on, yet they have only a knowledge in part that we live and can visit them; but there is a reaching out in their spirits to know more.

How oft we hear these words spoken through mortal lips: "If they are here, as they tell us so many times, why is it they cannot, through some demonstration, make us know it?" We are governed by law as much as you upon the mortal plane. That is the only explanation I can make, for I have been but a short time out of the mortal form.

I felt, when I stepped upon this platform, that perhaps what I might say would hardly have a feather's weight with mortals, but there is a handful with whom it will, for each one has a feeling pervading his spirit that he wishes so much to hear from his own. That is natural; we won't find fault with that.

I have often heard Sarah say, in thought, "How I do wish John could report through the BANNER OF LIGHT," which is a light to many poor sorrowing mortals upon this earth-plane, as I have learned from others since passing on to join the happy number.

You will find this story has been repeated often: No one has a desire to return to stay. No! I wish to say to you, Sarah, I am happy, very happy, but not perfectly; no one is, as they tell me, for if we were we should need no progression. Therefore it is right that we should gain all we can in spirit—not wholly for ourselves, but that we may extend it to others, either mortal or immortal. Sarah, often have you heard little sounds, and sometimes the thought would come, it may be. Still I know doubts will come to mortals; but try to rise above these doubts, and say within your spirit, I am only too glad that the loved ones can come and sympathize with us in our joys and sorrows, for love is eternal.

I am looking forward to the day when I shall come and open the gate for you. I am happy in the knowledge that we shall live on forever in that happy land that knows no illness, knows no selfishness; where we as living, active people work and seek to aid others on both sides of life.

These loving words and the little light you may gain from them will, I trust, do some good; but I must not be selfish by taking up too much of the precious time here—for I do appreciate every second that is given me to-day.

John F. Dean, Birmingham, N. Y.

Eunice Stone.

How sweet to feel a welcome as we step on to this platform.

Seventy-six years would seem quite an age in mortal, but how short it seems to me now. I feel no weight of years in the spirit-life.

Dear Charles, in all the sadness that has overshadowed you since Lutie left you in the form I find her with you in spirit; but no name is so dear as mother. Charles, you have a knowledge that we live and are constant visitors with you, which some of the other children cannot realize as plainly as you do, and therefore feel so serene and happy. I would ask you, Charles, to remain as you are, for it is much better; you are comfortable; all is done for you that willing hands can do, although I know it is not just the same as it was when dear Lutie was with you. I think of those sweet poems, I think of those beautiful flowers often, and we compare (we are together so much) the flowers in the Summer-Land and the flowers that were given through angels while here in the form.

My husband, Ephraim, is here, and father and mother stand so near that I must just speak of them. I would say: Dear boy, go on; learn all that it is your privilege to learn; although I know that physically you do not feel strong, yet spiritually you do. I have noticed you when you have been perusing a paper where you have thought perhaps you might catch one thought from us through it, and I felt it would be only justice that I should speak a few words here. Certainly I appreciate this privilege; and the dear, good Spirit-Parents, so kind in aiding every one, has assisted me also.

We would say, Learn all you can, not wholly for yourself, but to extend light to others. I feel so strong; and I feel in perfect health, and also young. I know, dear child, you will say, "Mother, I am very glad that you have

left the old weakened frame, and have a new form that never grows old."

I am very happy, but still we are waiting patiently for the time when the Angel of Life shall come and bear our own to us. The reunion that shall take place is grand, is glorious for I have witnessed so many as they have met their own. When passing out I saw bright angel forms around me; there was no gloom of death, for it was a joy to be separated from the material form.

Always, when it is your privilege, come into communication with us, either orally or mentally.

Eunice Stone, Rock Bottom, this State.

William S. Beeson.

It seems to me sometimes, when I hear a person make the statement, "I am a good Spiritualist," that I would like to say, Perhaps you don't know yourself. "Learn to know thyself," is a great command. When we show in our lives, our acts, our charity, that we are living a spiritual life, we can then very properly say, "I am a Spiritualist." I may be wrong, Mr. Chairman; if so I will bear chiding; but we on the spirit side of life are taught in this way. Your lives should show what you are, not your tongues, for by your lives you are building your heavens. Then let us be charitable; let us not watch for every flaw nor see every mote; but let us with charity pass over them, and try to give kind and sympathetic feelings to our fellow mortals.

I do not wish to convey the idea that I think I am perfect, but I hope, and I know, I have learned more charity since laying off that garment of flesh here, and I feel I can do more good and exert more influence than I could here. It is my mission, as I come upon the earth-plane, to try to aid some one the best I know how. No one is obliged to give an account for what he does not know; it is the use we put the talents to that are given us, as far as we have knowledge, for which we are responsible.

I knew a great deal of spirit communion, and I enjoyed it. I might use the term, it was my meat, my drink. Silently have I communed with many that had preceded me to that better land. Many times, silently, did I feel I communed with angels; and what better companionship could we have than that? I ask for no better. I was satisfied on some points, yet there was continually a reaching out in my spirit to know more and more of life and labor in the spirit-realm. I gained a great deal, not only through my own organism, but from others that I have come in contact with.

We meet together in the spirit-world in our places of worship, which are as real to us as yours are to you, and I am never found away from my place of worship. Worship? What does it mean? I will explain, as far as I have learned. It is not worship of a personal God, but communion with more advanced intelligences, from whose experiences we may gain light that we may extend it to others upon the earth-plane. How few mortals to-day recognize the fact that immortals may impart any knowledge or strength to them. We feel that this ignorance has gone far enough. Now we, as individual spirits, are active, and are working in every possible way to bring more and more light, that mortals may know and learn while here something of that which lies beyond this veil, which is very thin, and will soon be rent in twain, that they may learn still more of us.

I did not think to make an extended speech, but I feel so earnest for all humanity to gain more light in the grand and glorious truth of spirit-communion, that I have spoken longer than I expected to.

William S. Beeson, Sailorsville, Iowa.

Abbie B. Ordway.

It is very pleasant to listen to others here, the same, Mr. Chairman, as you would go into a lecture-room. Sometimes you will feel interested; sometimes you find some points you may gather from what has been spoken; other times you will not. It depends upon the light the speakers are able to give.

My own dear boy, I would like to have you know that mother will give a few words that will be of some comfort to you, dear child. I know I need not speak of the past, for that has been imprinted upon your memory.

Maria is here—your sister—and sends greetings to you, also your Aunt Sophia; and now father comes, and desires to be remembered.

I should not have spoken here had I not been urged by Dr. D. J. Stansbury, who said it would give a little light to some one. I must stop right here and say he has aided many, many spirits in the short time he has been an inhabitant of the spirit-world. His was a very spiritual nature long before he dropped the covering of clay, and for the last few years his life showed more of the spiritual than of the material. I am very happy to know him better and better in spirit. We often meet and converse together, and it is very pleasant to know your neighbors, as we term it. There are many upon the earth-plane that do not.

Joshua, you would say, "Mother, there are some we care not to know." Oh! let us not be selfish; let us be charitable, for no selfishness pervades the spirit in what is termed heaven. Each one, dear boy, builds his own heaven, and I well understand, through burdens in the past, you have gained a great deal of comfort, besides knowledge. Being of a very sensitive temperament, there are some places where you have no interest in staying; others you do. It is because sometimes your magnetisms do not blend—that is all. I know that, for I can understand the sensitive nature of my own dear boy.

Father and I dwell together, and Maria is with us a part of the time, but not all. We visit the same as you would visit upon the material plane; here you visit each other when you can, but with us the desire overshadows our spirits, and we are with them. I would not ask to return to stay, but I would ask to visit you every day, and to make you sense my presence, if possible. I am your own loving mother, Abbie B. Ordway.

These words are to my dear son, Joshua Merrill Ordway, Haverhill, Mass.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES.

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

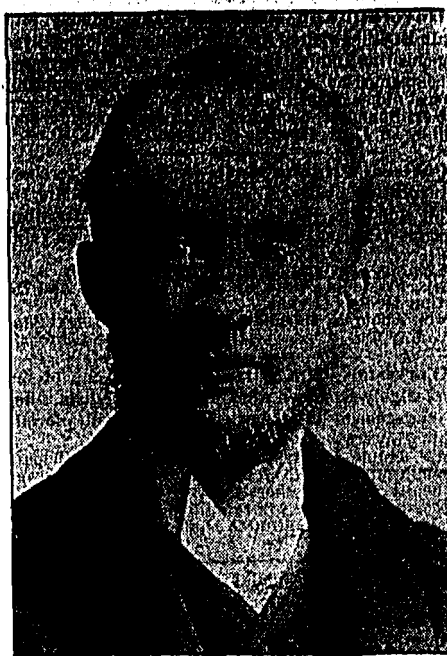
Benjamin Colton; W. Sprague; Capt. Isaac Brewer; Sarah A. Spriggs; Minnie H. Davis; Jeffrey Hollingsdale; Lulu Davis; Jessie A. Shepard.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By "Inquirer."] Do you accept evolution? If so, as we belong to nature, we grow as does nature, by a fixed law; then how do we have free will, any more than the flowers, trees or animals?

ANS.—We decidedly accept the premises, and as decidedly do we deny the conclusion of our present questioner. Evolution is as good a word as we can find to express the process of man's development of self-consciousness, which is potentially involved in every ego, but manifested gradually, and rendered actually operative through an evolutionary process.

Evolution is, of course, according to a fixed law, but this law provides for the evolution of man's freedom of action as much as it provides for the evolution of his body. It is a groundless assumption to state that man has no more free will than vegetables and animals, and it is also quite erroneous to class vegetables and animals together in this connection. Vegetables have no power of locomotion, but animals have; therefore animals have manifestly a large degree of freedom impossible to trees and flowers.

We always ask our students to consider the logical sequence of the following statement concerning evolution of human freedom. We place before your mental vision an expanding ladder of four rungs. The first step of this ladder we name Experience; the second, Knowledge; the third, Power; the fourth, Freedom. As we grow through experience, and thereby increase in knowledge, so do we, by means of power to use knowledge, increase in liberty of action.

All false statements are partial statements, and therefore may be relatively correct in certain connections. Some people may not have grown to a point where they can recognize their freedom; it is germinal in them, and as the processes of evolution continue, they will discover and use the freedom they now disown. No one can employ more of anything than he has evolved, though all powers are involved in his constitution.

The immutability of law secures to man his freedom, for were the law mutable man could be sure of nothing. Freedom for us all is a growing quantity, but our freedom is, of course, within the circle of infinite law. We are not free to break or change the order of the universe, but we are free to study that order and act accordingly.

We make statements which, to the unreflecting, may sound like contradictions; but investigation will prove them sound and consistent with each other. For example, we say sometimes that all people can obtain health, happiness and every blessing they desire despite all appearances to the contrary. That sounds like rash, baseless assertion to untutored ears, but when the proposition is amplified and elucidated it becomes evident that the spirit of the teaching is thoroughly lawful. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." If we desire pleasure and peace we must act wisely; this we may learn to do, and gain the end we desire to reach by a natural, orderly path; but it is impossible for us to obtain true pleasure and genuine peace while pursuing the way of folly. We are not free to obtain results in any way we may elect, but we are free to study how nature permits us to obtain them, and then use our knowledge to further the ends we desire.

Our questioner needs to study metaphysics mathematically to get out of his present haze; his conclusion is not logically deduced from his premises. To put the matter syllogistically we should restate the proposition thus, and thereby truthfully express our own convictions: We must all develop according to a fixed law, and that law is universal. This law ordains that man shall be free to find out how to win all treasures he seeks, and there is but one way of really gratifying any desire. Therefore, as through an evolutionary process man's self-consciousness is developed (and all men are not at the same stage in growth in this direction), it follows that men are unequally and increasingly free at this moment. So soon as we find out how to do anything we are free to do it or not to do it; but if we accomplish anything it must be through the agency of an unchanging method involved in nature's order, discoverable but unalterable.

Q.—[By S. W.] How can we explain the glaring inequalities of opportunity in this life? Take this example: One child is born of noble parents, with a sound body and mind, amid plenty, and has all favorable chances for developing properly. Another child is born with a defective brain, of vicious, ignorant parents, in abject poverty, and is surrounded by bad influences. The former starts under immense advantages, the latter under great disadvantages. It is generally assumed that the accident of birth and heredity accounts entirely for such phenomena. Is there not a deeper cause back of the law of heredity?

A.—There is a far deeper law than that of heredity, for the prevailing teaching in so-called scientific circles is shallow and misleading on all spiritual questions, though its influence is often useful in helping to improve purely material states.

There are two diametrically-opposed views on this point entertained by thinkers whose thoughts deserve consideration. The views promulgated in many philanthropic periodicals devoted to the betterment of human conditions are doubtless correct in the main, so far as the effect of heredity can be traced in

its action upon exterior soul-conditions; and society has a perfect right to do all in its power for its own benefit and to promote the physical as well as intellectual welfare of all its members.

Hereditary tendencies, and particularly immediate ante-natal influences, can be distinctly traced in the development of criminals and lunatics, on the one hand, and of benefactors of the race along moral and artistic lines on the other; therefore, to call attention to spirit-culture as applied to the human family is right and useful.

The second view of the subject is that of theosophists and all who agree to any extent with the Oriental doctrine of Karma, or who in some slightly different way teach the doctrine of reincarnation or the successive appearances of the same soul through a chain of earthly expressions. This latter view does away with the old dogma of transmitted merit and demerit, and makes each unit of consciousness responsible for its own condition.

We understand, however, that leading minds in the Theosophical Society acknowledge hereditary influences to a limited extent as factors in shaping the external garb of the manifesting ego. We are rather disposed to speak of hereditary and ante-natal influences in the light of tailors and dressmakers, who have a great deal to do with clothing or draping the individual, but have no power to change the essential character of the entity itself.

Now from a purely spiritual standpoint the lenses of observation are directed to inward instead of to outward states, and the soul is judged not by its outward appearance or accomplishment, but by its interior disposition. The spiritual harvest of a life is its garnered intentions, the sum of its efforts, the total of its motives and desires. We are in spirit life what we wish to be; we go where we will to go; we associate, through the law of attraction, with those to whom we are most powerfully drawn.

It is a great mistake, though an intensely prevalent one, to judge lives superficially. We ask, What have they been? what has so-and-so done? in a purely external way, but when we grow to see the psychic effects of thought, and how silent thoughts affect even the physical atmosphere, we shall readjust our glasses.

We teach that every soul has a distinct mission to fulfill in an earthly embodiment, and that the conditions furnished to any individual are such as to enable that individual to fulfill his mission if he embraces his opportunities, and makes the best of them, using the phrase in the light of the idea of transformation and transmutation.

We see manifold illustrations in nature of the loveliest blossoms springing from the vilest slime, and surely instances are not lacking of souls who are rising to great spiritual attitudes while environed with all that superficial judgment would pronounce insuperable impediments. Genius springs from hovels as well as from palaces; virtue and vice are not exclusively common to grades of society, or to special localities; therefore it is manifestly erroneous to conclude that spiritual development is dependent upon surroundings. The impulse from within the soul determines the use it makes of its environment, just as the same property within seeds regulates their bloom, and these we all know are widely diverse, even in cases where outward conditions are identical.

Let us do all we can to improve outward conditions, and make earth brighter, but at the same time let us never doubt that heaven's beneficent design is ever fulfilled, and no soul is cheated of its birthright, or deprived of what it has earned.

Q.—[By L. T., Martinsville, Ind.] Are not good and bad men and women born so? and are not pre-natal paramount to all other conditions?

A.—No one is born either good or bad, but all are born with some distinctive tendencies which may be cultivated or overcome. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's statement, "There is nothing we cannot overcome," is absolutely true, and her poem on heredity is of priceless worth because of that opening line. If it were impossible to triumph over pre-natal tendencies to disorder, schools and reformatories would be farcical, and the only institutions for the weak and crippled in mind would be homes for so-called incurables and incorrigibles, while in reality there are no such people.

We are not seeking to discount the advantage of good ante-natal influences, for we know them to be powerful indeed; but we do claim that no weakness is invincible, though as yet we have not learned how to conquer everything.

There are two very profitable lines of work open to all philanthropists: the one is to instruct the rising generation concerning the vast importance of formative influences during pre-natal life; the other is to take in hand, lovingly and bravely, those unfortunate children and adults whose heredity has been unfavorable to their harmonious development, and grant them practical, efficient aid to a higher condition.

Q.—[By the same.] We are taught in the Spiritual Philosophy that all human beings have guardian spirits. What are their chief objects?

A.—A guardian angel is a parental soul, one who is qualified to fill the position of teacher, guide and overseer. There may be many guiding influences, but only one guardian angel. Angels are spiritual entities so highly unfolded that they are competent to assume the rôle of watchful parents. We shall become guardian angels to others when we have risen so far ourselves that our intellect and moral infancy has given place to maturity.

Q.—[By the same.] It is taught that some have spirit controls: What attracts them, and what is their purpose?

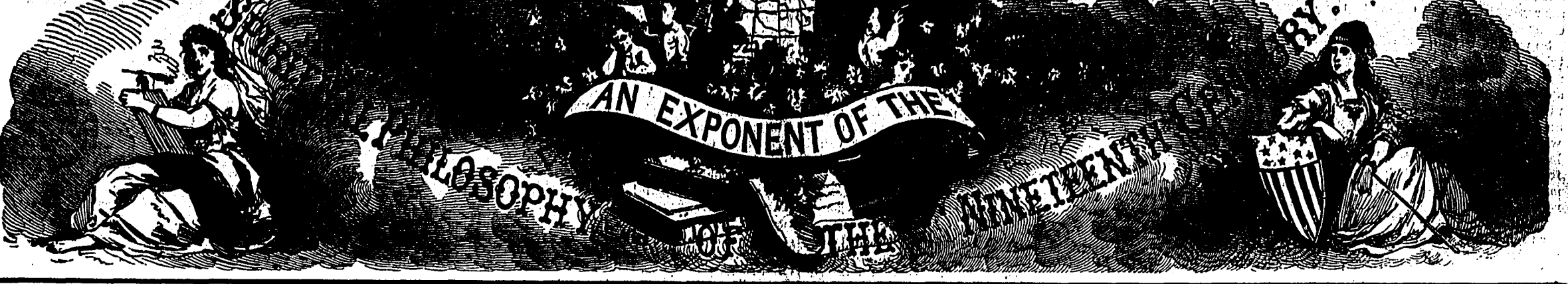
A.—The word control does not express our thought, therefore we do not use it. Such words as guides, teachers, inspirers, etc., are all in harmony with our understanding of the Spiritual Philosophy. The law of attraction works universally; therefore whatever influences are attracted to you must correspond to your own interior condition in some way.

To generalize inclusively, we should say there are three distinct orders of intelligences attendant upon every one. Guides are those who are beyond us in attainment; their mission to us is that of teachers and directors, and by their aid we accomplish much that we could not unaided perform. Familiars are such as are on our own level of attainment, and are familiar friends, associates with whom we have nearly everything in common. Pupils are often mis-called evil spirits, while they are really only the comparatively ignorant and undeveloped, whom we can teach and uplift as we can be taught and uplifted by those whose present state is in advance of ours. We ought not to wish for onward advantages; if we receive from the higher, we should help the lower gladly.

Q.—[By the same.] Can we give the spirits any aid, or assist them in any way to fill the purpose of their coming, and their being?

A.—This question is the conclusion of the preceding one. Our previous reply answers this. Whenever any dark or sorrowful soul comes to us in any way, we must send out our best and most loving thought to help him to a higher condition. Whenever we do effective work among the sad and suffering on earth, we help the unseen ones also who are in consolation with them.

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 10.

HE CHOSE THIS PATH FOR THREE!

He chose this path for thee,
No feeble chance, no hard, relentless fate,
But love, His love, hath placed thy footsteps here;
He knew the way was rough and desolate,
Knew how thy heart would often sink with fear,
Yet tenderly He whispered, "Child, I see
This path is best for thee."
He chose this path for thee,
Though well He knew sharp thorns would tear thy
feet,
Knew how the brambles would obstruct the way,
Knew all the hidden dangers thou wouldst meet,
Knew how thy faith would falter day by day,
And still the whisper echoed, "Yes, I see
This path is best for thee."
He chose this path for thee,
And well He knew that thou wouldst tread alone
Its gloomy vales and ford each flowing stream,
Knew how thy bleeding heart would sobbing moan,
"Dear Lord, to wake, and find it all a dream,"
Love scanned it all, yet still could say, "I see
This path is best for thee."
He chose this path for thee,
What needst thou more? This sweeter truth to
know,
That all along these strange bewildering ways,
O'er rocky steeps and where dark rivers flow,
His loving arms will bear thee "all the days,"
A few steps more, and thou thyself shalt see
This path is best for thee.
—Unton Signal.

Original Essays.

PSYCHIC GLEANINGS. Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated.

BY ALBERT MORTON.

NO. IV.

PERHAPS, when the Dialectical Society has determined the present point, it will set on foot a similar inquiry into the correctness of the theory of the Copernican system, of that of the circulation of the blood, of the principle of gravitation, of the identity of lightning and electricity; for Spiritualism, having now received the assent of about twenty millions of people, in all countries, after personal examination, stands fairly on the same basis of fact that they do. I am simply asserting what appears to me a most prominent and unavoidable truth. Next, the "Investigations" of Professor Hare, in which, as a great electrician, he details his severe and long-continued scrutiny into the nature of these phenomena; both he and Judge Edmonds having undertaken these inquiries in the full persuasion that they should expose and put an end to the pretensions of Spiritualism.—WILLIAM HOWITT, Letter, Feb. 26th, 1893.

"If Messrs. Hemholtz, Huxley, Pasteur and Edison were simultaneously to announce themselves as converts to clairvoyance, thought-transference and ghosts, who can doubt that there would be a prompt popular stampede in that direction? ... Now, the present writer (not wholly insensible to putting himself on record as a false prophet) must candidly express his own suspicion that sooner or later the cat must jump this way. The special means of his conversion have been the trances of the medium (Mrs. Piper). ... The trances I speak of have broken down for my own mind the limits of the admitted order of nature. Science, so far as science denies such exceptional facts, lies prostrate in the dust for me; and the most urgent intellectual need which I feel at present is, that science be built up again in a form in which such facts shall have a positive place."—DR. WILLIAM JAMES, Forum, August, 1892.

It is evident that the cat has jumped a long way, and that way is in the direction of fearless expressions of progressive thought in the midst of conservatism. The difference is strongly marked between the conduct of the professors of Harvard, in their one-sided, prejudiced and cowardly course toward Spiritualism in 1887, and the manliness and honor of William James, Professor of Psychology at Harvard University, in his public advocacy of that he has demonstrated, by patient and scientific investigation, to be a truth.

It is a truth that should be apprehended by time-servers and fence-straddlers—that the time has now come "that science be built up again," and the fact proclaimed, as demonstrated through Spiritualism, that the labors of scientists and thinkers do not cease at the brink of the grave, but, in the glorious life beyond its confines, there will be no limitations to the acquirement of knowledge in congenial pursuits; that the arisen spirit will be free from all environment of conditions which here tend to limit the aspirations for "light, more light," and that every height attained but points the way to still more glorious achievements.

This is the all-sufficient answer to the frivolous "Queen Sabes?" "What good does Spiritualism do?" But little good to those who seek its ministrations in a spirit of curiosity or selfishness; but inexpressible good to those whose spirits have been bowed down by the belief that friends have gone to "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns"; who, if they live, may be doomed to spend eternity in that dire abode "where the worm dieth not," as theologians have taught, until the shackles have rusted off; the good springing from the knowledge that,

"As sweeter air comes from the shores immortal,
Inviting homeward as the day declines,
Almost we see where from the open portal,
Fair forms stand beckoning with their smiles divine."

One of the first to make a thoroughly scientific investigation of the spiritual phenomena, with ingenious apparatus invented for the purpose by himself, was "Robert Hare, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, Graduate of Yale College and Harvard University, Associate of the Smithsonian Institute, and member of various learned societies." The standing of Dr. Hare is further indicated by the fact that he was the author of more than one hundred publications "for the most part on chemistry and electricity, yet always intermingled with political, moral and financial essays." Surely the investigations of such a profound and versatile thinker entitle him to a courteous hearing on the part of intelligent people.

The apparatus by means of which Dr. Hare demonstrated the existence of a power, external to humanity, was formed by suspending a board on a fulcrum, the extreme end of the board being attached to a spring balance, three feet distant; near the fulcrum was a vase of water in which was immersed a wire netting supported independently of the board or vase. By means of this ingenious device he learned that the insertion of a young medium's hands in the water, without other contact, indicated a power acting upon the spring balance equivalent to a weight of eighteen pounds. He also noted that if the water was not of an agreeable temperature for the medium the power was diminished—an important item for consideration, being evidence of the necessity for providing favorable conditions in order to obtain the best results.

In many instances we have had the evidence that much greater weights have been lifted by means totally inadequate to produce the manifestation, if physical power is advanced as a solution of the problem; notably in the séance at the house of Mr. Laurie, when a grand piano, bearing the weight of President Lincoln and three other men (over fifteen hundred pounds' weight, probably), was lifted and moved around the room, while the only human agency was the hand of Mrs. Miller resting upon the piano. (See "Was Lincoln a Spiritualist?" p. 90.)

I have had many experiences wherein very much stronger manifestations of power were made than occurred in the personal experiences related by Dr. Rush, which must be accepted only on my statement, as I took no precautions to have them scientifically verified. These manifestations have been witnessed not only with professional mediums, but in the privacy of my own house. I placed my finger-ends on the edge of a table top, one bright day in February, 1872, when the sunshine was streaming into the room through the unshaded windows, and the table gently rose above my head until its legs pointed toward the ceiling, without any exercise of power on my part of which I was conscious, and I was as fully in the possession of my senses as at the present time of writing. The only human being present with me in the room was Henry Slade, who was seated upon a lounge about ten feet distance from the table. My testimony may be valuable to scientists, but the effect produced was very tangible proof of an unseen power to me; and that I was in a hypnotic condition affords no explanation, for many prominent mesmerists have expended their powers upon me without avail.

Similar exhibitions of unseen power have been of frequent occurrence during the past half century, and have been attested to by many of our eminent countrymen; yet the spirits are now commanded to "do it all over again," for the especial benefit of wisecracks who modestly claim that no evidence is worthy of credence unless given in accordance with their scientific requirements.

To return to the investigations of a scientist: the amount of power exerted is not of especial value—in a scientific sense—in demonstrating the fact that, inexplicable by known laws, the power exists. The movement of a pound by unknown agencies would be as worthy of investigation as would that of a ton; and it is reasonable to claim that the experiments of Dr. Hare demonstrated conclusively that such a power exists. The apparatus invented by Dr. Hare to test the intelligence directing the power may be briefly, without illustrations, described as follows:

The table used was six feet long and sixteen inches wide, having the legs upon one end resting upon casters; the opposite legs were perforated for the passage of an axle, having rollers on the ends, one of the rollers being grooved. Upon the side of the table having the grooved roller was a dial which revolved on an axle, and a fixed index, a cord being used as a belt between the grooved roller and dial, which any lateral movement of the table would cause to revolve. Upon the face of the dial were the letters of the alphabet, not in regular sequence, and several words. At the back of the table the medium was seated, the alphabet not being in her sight, her only physical connection with the table being her hands, which rested on a board placed upon two balls. It is apparent that an exercise of power on the part of the medium could have no other effect than to press the table to the floor, or roll the balls upon the table.

Through this method of communication Dr. Hare received many messages, giving him conclusive evidence that the power was not only controlled by intelligent beings, but that it was exerted by those who had passed to a higher life, and the means he so ingeniously devised to show the fallacy of spirit-communion proved to be an open sesame to the doors opening up an avenue of peace and light, which he had considered as delusive. In a letter referring to Spiritualism, under date of July 27th, 1893, he said: "I recommend to your attention, and that of others interested in this hallucination, Faraday's observations and experiments, recently published in some of our respectable newspapers. I entirely concur in some of the conclusions of that experimental expounder of Nature's riddles"; but he soon learned that Faraday's conclusions in relation to Spiritualism were as fallacious as those of Dr. Lardner, the noted scientist, who derided the absurd proposition to cross the Atlantic by vessels propelled by steam. The "expounder of Nature's riddles" proved to be erroneous in his hasty conclusions, and the "hallucination" Dr. Hare accepted as one of the most profound and important truths we can learn.

We are not accused of weakness of intellect for accepting the statements of explorers as to

what they found in "Darkest Africa," or of astronomers of the wonders they see in the starry heavens; but if we trust the evidence of our own senses, that we have seen and conversed with those we know—those whose lessons from the spirit-world inspire us with hope and courage to press onward and upward, immediately we are proscribed as victims of delusion.

As Dr. Hare said: "The wisest man who speaks in ignorance, speaks foolishly to the ears of those who perceive his ignorance. The great mass of men of science appear in this light to Spiritualists when they argue against Spiritualism."

Summerland, Cal.

FAST DAY.

BY WILLIAM POSTER, JR.

RECEIVED my BANNER Wednesday, April 18th—a day in advance of the usual time—being reminded thereby that the old Bay State had abolished "Fast Day," severing another chain which, for more than two centuries, had bound her to Old England's ecclesiasticalism! Massachusetts has shown her good sense in this one particular. "Fast Day" died hard, but it had to succumb to the spirit of the age. Long ago the world outgrew the ancient superstition, for this setting aside a day to wear a long face, say prayers, and go to bed hungry—as though such a procedure could be pleasing to God—is the acme of foolishness! This fasting business, in a religious sense, was always more or less perfunctory. The clergy insisted upon it as a means to keep their flocks in hand and exercise their old-time rulership. When Massachusetts and Connecticut were dominated by the Orthodox clergy, Church and State were practically united. It used to be that only church members voted; and so rigid was the ecclesiastical government that everybody was forced to help pay for "stated preaching," and attend divine service as prescribed by law or be subjected to a penalty. Gradually this rigidity relaxed. New sects came up; opposition developed, and straight-laced Calvinism became diluted, eventually losing its absolute power.

Massachusetts and Connecticut were *par no-bile fratrum*—ecclesiasticalism of the bluest type being incorporated in the law. But large masses of the people were ever restive—protesting in various ways against the rigidity of the laws, and the intolerance upon which they were based. Fast and Thanksgiving days were as sacred as the Sabbaths; the proclamations of the Governors ended with a reminder of the fact by announcing "all servile labor and vain recreation are by law forbidden." The liberalizing tendencies of the age culminated in Connecticut, in 1818, in the adoption of a constitution, when the union of Church and State was dissolved. Some of the obnoxious laws lingered for a few years on the statute-book, though they were practically dead letters after the adoption of the Constitution.

Up to this time yearly, at the inauguration of a new government, there was an election sermon from one of the "standing order," and the Orthodox clergy of the State assembled at the capitol, formed a part of the election parade, and were subsequently *wined and dined* at the expense of the public treasury. The sermons on Fast and Thanksgiving days were generally in both States devoted to political topics, an extollation of Federalism, and vigorous warnings against the seductive influences of "Tom" Paine, Tom Jefferson and the devil—a trinity which the clergy much feared. Liberalism they pronounced to be French infidelity.

I have before me a sermon preached Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29th, 1798, at Charlestown, Mass., by Jedediah Morse, D. D.; wonder if he is of the tribe of "Rising Sun" Morse, one of the Congressmen who has been very conspicuous for airing his piety and bigotry from his seat. This sermon is illustrative of the pulpit of the times, and in a copious appendix seeks to still further work up the public mind to sustain Federalism and Orthodoxy, which were then in close alliance. The clergy clung to their prerogatives with tenacity, and sought to keep on the church fethers, but in vain. Gradually, one after another, the ecclesiastical laws were repealed, or became a dead letter, and finally the union of Church and State was dissolved.

Our forefathers were godly men—I fear too godly! Their God was only a hugely overgrown man, jealous of his own glory, governing his creatures for that particular purpose, under a code of laws arbitrary in the extreme. Their theology and religion were rigid and stern—utterly wanting in the milk of human kindness. They gave no play to free thought, insisting that every one should pronounce their shibboleth or submit to the penalty of the law, whose code was devised and framed to build up the church and enforce its dogmas. Their religion was incarnated bigotry; their commonwealths in all departments based on the creed of Calvinism, and hence even bloody and persecuting.

I am reminded of an incident which occurred in Ashford, Ct., under the sectarian regime: A citizen of stubborn independence would not attend "divine worship," and was called before the magistrate, who decreed that the offender should be publicly whipped. On the prescribed day the culprit was taken to the whipping-post, which was surrounded by a great crowd, composed mostly of the churchites. As the constable was about to apply the lash, a stranger on horseback rode up; rising in his stirrups he exclaimed: "Ye men of Ashford, ye serve God as though the devil was in you! Do you think you can whip the grace of God into men? Christ will have none but vol-

unteers!" There was a great commotion, and while the crowd wondered and stood dazed the stranger put spurs to his horse, and quickly vanished in the distance—probably fearing an arrest for his contumacy in thus upbraiding a "due course of law." It must be acknowledged that in matters ecclesiastical and religious our pious forefathers did serve God as though the devil was in them. But time has diluted the old-time bigotry. Soon no semblance or reminder will remain.

The spirit of the age demands free thought, and with this the rights of conscience will prevail, and no bigot will dare to assume to be his brother's keeper:

"The dead old centuries, when priest and king
Bore rule, have ended, and the race of men,
Humanity itself, revives again."

The Spiritual Rostrum.

THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM.

Delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists, Chicago, Ill., under the inspiration of his Guide, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by
WHITE ROSE.

NO problem commands deeper and more wide-spread attention among all classes of people than the one which is generally known as the industrial problem. The capitalist who seeks the secure means for the investment of money, and the poor laborer who subsists on his meagre and daily earnings, together with the members of both classes and masses, are directly interested in the solution of this problem; and as vested interests are involved in the question at issue, all men, as they are influenced by selfish or fraternal motives, are watching the signs of the times, and, so far as they are able, are shaping the affairs of the industrial world for selfish or unselfish purposes. The security of fortune, whatever may be the form of it, is nowhere regarded as impregnable—nay, all collateral matters of bonds or real estate, though locked up in iron vaults, or rooted to the globe, seem to many to be at the mercy of this problem, which is slowly yet irresistibly working out its solution.

The question of capital and labor has long since been one of the deepest ever given to man to answer, and so intricate is it in its multitudinous ramifications, amid the social and political, as well as religious and educational life of the people, and so involved in the great problem of the human will and freedom, that there seems to be to many not one visible possible way out of the difficulty. And while the wheel has many spokes, and yet revolves on one central axis, the mystery is, how can the various spokes, as illustrated by the vast populations that people the planet earth, be made to move harmoniously and regularly in the direction of the wheel, and in accord with the will of the Infinite Intelligence that rotates the axis, of which the wheel—which here symbolizes society—and the spokes which symbolize the members of it, are composite parts. No local or national remedy will avail which has not in it the cardinal and radical reform, the well-being not only of one State or nation, but the gross numbers of the entire population of the world; and laws, whether summary or constitutional, which make external law and appliances of government a matter of local option or selfish interest, or as it is here in the United States, a matter of party legislation, and not a question and matter of conscience and humanitarianism, as broad and vital as the obligation of duty, are laws which shall need repealing and mending until they shall respond to the growing needs and character of the whole people. A legislation, in short, that pleases America though it curses and pauperizes the empires and peoples of other continents, wise and seemingly conscientious as it may be, is but a form of government that "robs Peter to pay Paul," without improving the conditions, either material or spiritual, of Peter and Paul. For that which enriches one nation by impoverishing another; that which, as the orthodox form of Calvinism puts it, gets one class into heaven by putting another into hell—by a sort of Darwinian necessity, or a survival of the fittest—that, in fine, which builds up homes on this side of the water by desolating homes on the other side (diplomatic and clever as the strategy may be), is not reform, is not freedom, is not righteousness, is not what we mean by a solution of the industrial problem. It is simply carrying out on a grand national scale what is operated by the individual; it is making selfishness a matter of national diplomacy and government, and is but the mirror in which the individual consciousness or soul is clearly reflected. We say that you cannot enrich nor bless the human race by cutting asunder the bonds of whites and blacks, of nations and empires; and the selfishness which has popularized the saying, and perverted it also, that "charity begins at home," has done more to restrict the opportunity of nations and homes, and degrade their sovereigns and people, than all the anarchy extant. For anarchy is the antipode of selfishness, and while the one confiscates to get but not to help, the other, anarchy, confiscates to help but not to get, and both are built on sophistry, false logic and perverted generalizations of human experience. Anarchy is not to be feared one-half so much as that selfishness which generates it, which, masquerading under the fair robes of liberty, stabs the goddess behind her back, and seeking its own, sows seeds of national wrongs, popular dissent and industrial evils which give rise to strikes, lookouts, outs of wages, business depression and war. So we maintain that a reform to be radical and helpful must have the

concern and good of the whole human family in view, and not a few as against this overruling majority.

The various schemes which have been lauded by revolutionists and politico-economical teachers and philosophers are very well in their place, and will in time come in for a full share of public approval and patronage; but ere any special reform which is partial, and deals with the wheel of society and not with the individual spokes, shall come in vogue, a deeper and more harmonious state of the spokes must be attained. To what end will be the effort to have the wheel move, if the tire is sound and the spokes lack arrangement and adjustment? Such a wheel will accomplish but unsafe and unsound locomotion, and mar and jar rather than carry the burdens that may be placed or depend upon it. Thus far the schemes of the reformer, while generous and humane in purpose, have been directed against government: as if you should make government a reflex of the divine harmony of the spheres and yet unchanged and unaffected the spiritual state of the citizens who compose society and make government, that fact should avail: Nay; government will always be ineffectual, a restraint or a dead letter, so long as it is not the effect of a cause—the cause the result of the legislation, and the legislation the result of the people's improved social, political and moral condition. Government is but an external device, a machine used by the State, which the people authorize and employ to perform the functions for which government stands, and not to usurp or take the place of conscience or personal rights. And while Henry George's system of political economy is true; and Laurence Gronlund's idea of socialism is the natural evolution of government; and Edward Bellamy's dream of Nationalism is the ultimate state of society—while all this is true, yet these conditions of society as incorporations of government cannot become popular, that is, practical, until the people have reached the inner state of soul that creates them, for these reforms are spiritual as well as material in aim and scope. Plato's idea of the Republic, though impracticable in details, yet hinted at a spiritual condition of the people that might easily make or have made it a realization; yet, like More's Utopia, it sails like a mirage before the vision, in sight, but not tangible; a thing to hope for, but not to be realized. And over the centuries it came—still taking on roseate tints as the human mind dreamed of it—a veritable ark that floats the flood of humanity's passions, and rests at last upon the Mount Ararat of the soul—typifying the highest heaven-kissed mount of vision that humanity has. And this is because the idealists and not the materialists, the Christs and not the Sanhedrims, constitute the minority of the people. They live in the realm of ideas as well as things, live close to the bosom of the Father and not in the quagmire of self; live for and in the soul, and not for and in the material. And hence we do not prospect the state of any nation when we follow natural lines of rational history, and affirm that no reform can eternally and truly avail the people that reaches them from government and by government, from the external to the internal, and not from the seat of all government, which is the soul. It needs not a very reflective mind to see that government as it exists on the face of the globe, whether family, tribal, monarchical or democratic, is what it is because of the inner state of the people. In this sense it is true that a river cannot rise higher than its source, for the effect is always in exact ratio in quality and momentum to the cause—as the rays of the sun are always proportioned to the sun's electrical power—and there cannot be in government what is not, in some form or another, the index of the life and state of the people. If government is complex or simple, the people and their interests are complex or simple. If it is brutal and tyrannical, whether monarchical, republican or democratic—and we use these words in their broadest sense—either the rulers or people who may be sovereign are responsible for it; and the point we make is this, that to change the character of government so that it will be governmental in the truest sense, and not a mere form or automatic expression of a heartless people, the character of the people must be affected. So that after all—after all external remedies have failed, the way to solve the industrial problem is to probe into the sins of and set right the man, to change and spiritualize the inner life of the people, to sanctify the sovereigns who by proxy or representation make government; and when this shall have been done, as we believe it is being done—however feebly and slowly—these utopian and spiritual conditions for which the reformers are toiling and the masses sighing, shall assume objective form and proportions. There is in one of the temples of the Orient, but held in solemn privacy away from the vulgar gaze of the world, a curious bit of workmanship, wrought, it is said, by the ancient Egyptians to illustrate their idea of the soul in relation to the outward or external life. It is a miniature building of a temple of worship, symbolizing man. The external form is beautiful to behold, perfect in symmetry and design, adorned with gold and precious stones; but within, as you look into the windows and door, is a smaller temple, but one similar and far more beautiful and dazzling in design, and splendor—the gems glowing in iridescent light. The external corresponds in form to the internal temple, and was shaped from the design of the one within, which represented the divine pattern—the soul. Thus government is related to man's spiritual state; for as each individual exhibits in his conduct or

character what he is, and this fact demonstrates itself at last in spite of masks, deceptions and reputation, so government as law is but the reflex of what we are, for government approximates if not embodies the collective expression of the character of the people.

So we come to the real solution of the industrial problem, not by considering Government as not needing mending or as not a factor in social and industrial reform, but altogether as playing a minor part, as being simply the effect and function of what is causal, what is vital, what is the prime source of all reform and legislation—man! Would we change and affect Government, we must change and affect man! Now what is man in the light of these reforms for which the untiring and earnest body of humanitarians is toiling? Is he ready for them? The industrial problem to be solved must be solved regardless of personal and class interest—is man ready for such indiscriminate, just, righteous solution? Do we want or are we ready for justice, truth, love, fellowship? Are the rich and poor willing to surrender their pride and selfishness to thus bring about the condition where none vaunteth himself, is not puffed up, seeketh not his own, is willing as a spoke to be fixed unto the rim of the wheel, and revolve obedient to the law of nature, which is the will of God? If not, then another reform must come first, and one which is radical and basic, one that platforms all the other reforms; and as the trunk of a tree holds and vitalizes the branches, so it gives stability and vitality to all that proceeds from it; and that reform is a development of manhood, a spiritualization of the inner being, an unfolding of the soul into the life and love divine; all of which shall humanize men and bring them into affinity, and have them realize that they are all spokes of the same wheel, and that the wheel can roll only and do efficient work as each one, in love and truth, does his part to give the proper and easiest revolution to the wheel moved by the Divine Will. And when this reform is effected, men will not be such irate demagogues and partisans, intent upon seeing one party rule or one political platform prevail, but they will throw aside political bias, and all which is not with love divine, and move toward the world-wide life, the cosmopolitan soul, the entire human family, until the human shall be one with the divine love, and man and God act in harmony!

So you see this state must precede all the other collateral states; this reform must antedate all other reforms; this soul-growth must create all true government in the circumference of which each soul, as the spoke in the wheel, shall have and exercise the rights and freedom that belong to it; and society as the wheel revolves around the central axis of God's eternal love! And when you say that this is too vast and grand to become a realization, a state too supernatural and angelic to be attained in the earth, you confess that you are not ready for that, nor willing to toil for that state of life which alone will bring to pass, in an external, objective way, what seems and is so beautiful, good and true in theory.

Oh! my friends, when we contemplate the awful state of human society to-day from our standpoint, and see the black shadows blotting the white robes of the soul, the angel in the cradle stifled in sin, starved and pinched with cold, cursing where it should be singing praises to God, wearing rags and festering in hovels where it should be robed in the garment of love, do you wonder that our heart aches and our soul cries out against these wrongs which blight and kill, making life a mockery and the earth almost a veritable hell; and all because of selfishness! And must this tragedy continue through other scenes, more pathetic and fearful to relate, ere each man and each woman will rise in their soul-might and dare to be true to the best and divinest that is in them. Each must do the noble part, for upon and from such action must rise and flow the love that will save the world. We may try expedients and nostrums, they will all fail, as long as the organic state, the reality of soul from which all effects proceed to bless or curse, remains as it is. To have a government that shall be spiritual we must be spiritual, for God has given us the forerunner of all symbolic and human forms of government in the natural world—a world which shines with love divine, and is perfect even to the rotation of an atom—that we may govern our lives and make them divine by being perfect as God is perfect. When we are ready for the kingdom of God, and will sacrifice self to possess it, then and not until then shall we expect to see any visible and deep change in the present order of society; but meanwhile, and until we bend the knee to duty, we shall be carried through the hissing flames of the fiery furnace, until the dross and alloy of the soul are burnt away, and we as sons and daughters of God seek the Father, and serve and worship Him in the beauty of love and holiness.

Arise! The night is dark, but day sits throned on high!
Arise! Can we despair when God Himself is nigh!
Go forth to meet the day with true and valiant heart,
Ourselves by the way—this is thy noblest part!
The social world is cursed with tyranny and sin!
Strike off the clanking chain and free the soul within!
The giant self strikes on the victory to win—
Arise in love, oh man, and make the whole world kin.
Self bids the wanton prize for gold and godlessness—
Love sends the angels nigh the tolling world to bless;
Love blasts and ruins lives—love thrones the truest where
All harmony is Law, and peace is everywhere!
Each one makes up the race, each soul the kingdom fair
That shines through angel eyes amid the viewless air.
Would man have heaven without he must have heaven on within;
This is the way to free the human race from sin!

Agriculture in England is said to be at its lowest ebb. Every year sees more and more land going out of cultivation. Last year the decrease was one hundred and seventy-six thousand acres, and since 1878 nearly two million acres have been abandoned.

A Blessing Indeed.

What would this poor, weak humanity do were it not for those strong, noble, restless spirits who are ever searching the caverns of knowledge for the good of mankind? Dr. Greene, of 54 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who a few years ago gave to the world that priceless boon, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, has now introduced another blessing for the sick and suffering. He is the most successful specialist in curing all nervous and chronic diseases, and he offers to every one, far and near, the opportunity of consulting him, free of charge, through his system of letter correspondence.

Write him about your complaint, and need for his symptom blank, and he will return you an exact explanation of your case with advice, free of charge, and tell you how you can be cured. He gives most careful and explicit attention to all letters, and his answer always gives the sufferer a perfect understanding of the disease. If you wish to avail yourself of this great physician's skill, write him at once about your disease, and you will undoubtedly be cured.

Persecutions of Mr. Boens, a Wonderful Healing Medium!

(Translated for the BANNER OF LIGHT from La Revue Spirite, Paris, by W. N. Evans.)

Among the many mediums endowed with the divine gift of healing, there is at present perhaps no one more remarkable for the magnitude of his power and the simplicity of his methods than the subject of this notice.

For twenty years M. Boens of Belgium has been pursued with relentless hate by the "Regulars" of his country, for the only reason that by the virtue that went out from him he cured the sick whom they with all their ticketed science were unable even to relieve; but God rules; and strangely has this man, his faithful servant, been protected. Repeatedly arrested and condemned by the tribunals of his country, he has, after each condemnation, been providentially saved from the decreed punishment by the royal favor of King Leopold II. The courts of his country have condemned him; the king has as often pardoned him, and under the hand of God, King Leopold, without knowing it, perhaps, has become the support and defender of Spiritualism!

In 1880 Belgium, wishing to celebrate with splendor the fiftieth anniversary of her independence, organized a national exhibition of the products of her arts, industries, education and commerce. The king was naturally proud of the progress that his little kingdom had made in so short a time under the reigns of his father and himself.

M. Boens was one of the exhibitors, and to this exhibit of curative apparatus the king paid a visit daily, and one day in answer to the question that M. Boens addressed to him: "Is not this, sire, an instructive exhibit?" the king replied, "Yes, yes, and this is why I address my prayers to God that he will graciously continue to protect and bless you."

Somewhat different from this was the scene that occurred at the last trial of this noble old man.

The judge of the municipal court of Charleroi asked a witness:

"Did M. Boens treat your husband?"

The Witness: "No, sir; he only cured him."

The Judge: "What? I do not understand you. Explain your meaning more clearly."

The Witness: "Well, sir, my husband was suffering horribly from rheumatism in the legs. The doctors who had visited him did nothing but increase his suffering; but M. Boens cured him instantly."

The Judge: "By what means? pray tell us."

The Witness: "M. Boens asked for some clean linen, and rolled my husband's legs in it."

The Judge (bursting into a sneer): "Really, that is an extraordinarily expeditious means of curing the rheumatism. Ha! ha! ha!"

And every one in the court room joined in the ridicule with the judge.

The Judge: "And, pray, how much did this precious man make you pay for this miraculous cure?"

The Witness: "Nothing, absolutely nothing, except that M. Boens seeing a poor old woman, my neighbor, walking on the cold ground with naked feet, begged me to buy for her a pair of shoes, and this I did gratefully."

The Judge (after a look of astonishment): "You may sit down."

Let us record here the fact that at this trial M. Boens was acquitted.

At Chapelle-Herlainmont, where our medium was living at the time of the following incident, his house was daily crowded with people who came from far and near to meet him. One morning the mother of a young miner, Hubert Duvivier, came in terror to his door; but, intimidated by the sight of so many richly-dressed ladies who were within, she would not enter. Remaining at the threshold, she called to him in a tone of great distress: "M. Boens, Barrella and Copin, the doctors of our district, are coming the day after to-morrow to cut off the foot of my Hubert. Must I let them do it?"

M. Boens said to her: "You see, Marie, that I am busy now with these ladies. In half an hour I will be at your house."

In half an hour he was there, and, going to the sick boy, he said:

"Well, friend Hubert—here I am; now let me see what is the matter."

"Oh, Monsieur! see how Barrella and Copin have cut into my foot."

"Yes, my boy, I see: they have indeed made there some famous cuts, even to the bone; but you see, Hubert, it was to find out the nature of your malady."

"Yes, but they said that the gangrene was increasing, and that my foot must be cut off as soon as possible; they are going to do it on Friday."

The medium, after a few minutes' reflection, said to the father:

"If you will promise me to oppose vigorously, and prevent the doctors from carrying their decision into effect, I will cure your son immediately. In nine days he and I will take a walk together to the inn."

"I promise you—I swear it!" cried the father, full of joy and confidence.

M. Boens then touched with his finger the disabled foot, and wrapped it in a clean cloth. The cold and lifeless flesh of the foot revived. The suffering boy said that he felt as if something like a warm and soothing fluid was enveloping him and flowing through him. Under the action of this divine fluid, the corrupted matter produced by the disease fell from his foot upon the wooden chair on which it was resting. The boy, astonished at the change that had taken place in his condition, feeling no more pain, but a sense of health and strength, rose and ran about the chamber, crying in a tone of deep emotion: "I am cured, I am cured. Thank you, thank you a thousand times, M. Boens!"

"Not so—not so, my boy; not to me give your thanks. Remember that I am only the instrument of the good God. It is to Him that you must address your thanks."

The hour appointed for the amputation had come. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and M. Copin got out of his carriage at the door of Duvivier's humble cottage. The women of the neighborhood crowded about, expressing their pity for the poor boy.

M. Copin entered the house, and, without saying a word, threw upon the table his case of surgical instruments. He began to tear the linen and make the bandages.

"What are you doing, M. Copin?" said the uncle of the young man, who had come from Charleroi to assist in preventing the operation.

"What business is it of yours?" said the physician rather sharply.

"How? What? None of my business? Much more mine than it is yours. Am I not the uncle of this boy? No, sir, you shall not cut off the foot of my nephew."

The doctor, amazed at what he considered

an impertinent opposition, threw upon the speaker a look of scornful inquiry and said:

"Well, my fine fellow, have you become a fool? I tell you, on my word as a doctor, that the foot must come off or your boy will soon die. The mortification is increasing, and there is no time to lose."

"But," interrupted the father, "he is cured; he is cured, and you shall not cut off his foot."

The physician, now thoroughly angry, stubbornly refused to make an examination and judge for himself. Uttering an oath, he poked up his instruments and left the house, saying: "Duvivier, you shall repent of this, I swear it. Do not you ever ask aid of me again."

Eight days later M. Boens and Hubert were walking together in the streets of Chapelle!

M. Boens goes regularly to Couvin each week. As the passage is made by railway, and as a change of train has to be made at Marlembourg, it happens that travelers between Charleroi and Couvin are frequently obliged to wait an hour or so at the station, owing to the failure of the trains to connect.

One day he was on his way home from Couvin, and while waiting for the delayed train at Marlembourg he saw, coming through the crowd, a young man, carrying upon his shoulders a comrade, who was uttering piercing cries. A man near to the medium said to him that the young man who was in such suffering was a soldier, who that morning, while making merry with his comrades, had met with an accident and injured his foot, and that he was now endeavoring to find a physician.

Hearing this M. Boens, moved by a feeling of pity, drew near to the sufferer with the firm will to cure him.

"Oh! don't touch me—don't touch me!" cried he; but as some one said that it was perhaps a doctor who was near, he allowed his foot to be touched. M. Boens placed his hand upon the wounded foot and said: "Young man, put on your shoe and rejoin your comrades. You are cured."

The young man looked with curious eyes at M. Boens; then, putting his foot to the ground, he cried out in a tone almost comic:

"What! I don't feel any pain! I can put on my shoe! I can walk!" and bursting through the crowd he disappeared.

M. Boens, now the centre of attraction for the wondering crowd, would have been glad to escape as easily as his patient had done. Before he could extricate himself, however, he saw coming to him the young man, accompanied by his mother. With expressions of the deepest gratitude the lady said:

"Please tell me, sir, how much I owe you for having cured my son."

"Nothing, madame, absolutely nothing. Only do me the kindness to accept from me, you and your son, a glass of beer at the neighboring inn, for I am dying to get away from here!"

The next week on his visit to Couvin his patient said to him:

"Monsieur, everybody in the country here is talking about a marvelous deed that happened at Marlembourg last Tuesday, but nobody knows the author of it. I thought that it must be you."

"Yes, it was I; but do me the favor to speak no more of it," replied the medium.

California.

SANTA ANA.—O. G. Brown writes, on renewing his subscription: "I have taken Tex

BANNER since its first publication, and know all the brave leaders in the spiritual ranks—when I lived in the old Bay State. As long as the firm and true BANNER OF LIGHT waves, so long it will find courageous defenders supporting the principles advocated by Luther Colby, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Hon. Sidney Dean, and those in spirit, Partridge, Kiddle, Pierpont, Brittan, and others like them. May the spiritual host sustain you, is our prayer."

Vermont.

WEST BRAINTREE.—"Member" writes:

"The Spiritualist Association here commenced its meetings for the coming season Sunday, April 29th. In the forenoon Dr. S. N. Gould (West Randolph, Vt.) delivered an able address, subject, 'Charity Covers a Multitude of Sins.' His address was followed by very able and timely remarks by Mrs. George Pratt."

In the afternoon choice selections were read by Mrs. George Tarbell; poem, read by Mrs. S. N. Gould, the President, 'What I Saw' 'Over There.' Interesting descriptive tests by Dr. Gould."

Sunday, May 6th, and Sunday, May 13th, Mrs. Emma Paul (Morrisville, Vt.), one of our ablest lecturers, speaks for the society."

Officers elected for the coming year: Mrs. S. N. Gould, President; Mrs. Geo. Tarbell, Vice-President; Mrs. Geo. Tarbell, S. N. Gould, S. R. Batchelor, Board of Managers; S. R. Batchelor, Secretary; Mrs. S. R. Batchelor, Treasurer; Geo. Pratt, Auditor."

The society is doing good work. All through the past year many interesting meetings have been held, and the coming season the Board intend to make the seasons still more interesting by employing some of our ablest speakers."

Saturday evening, April 28th, Dr. Gould, assisted by Louis McAlister, gave a very fine stereopticon entertainment for the benefit of the society, which was much enjoyed by the fine audience assembled."

Massachusetts.

WORCESTER.—E. H. Hammond, Secretary, writes: "Our band of workers struggles hard to keep the wheels moving, and spread our grand Philosophy broadcast in this city of churches. Our Lyceum is doing its work ably, but surely, and every day adds lustre to the Cause for which we fight. April 29th we had a pleasant session, the little ones enjoyed it so much, and the older ones also. Bro. Hildreth, our faithful Conductor, is ever with us, with his smiling face and happy greetings; his excellent wife is a fine medium; her little control, 'Sunbeam,' came on Sunday, and talked to the little ones especially, and did us all good. There are also other grand souls working among us."

California.

SACRAMENTO.—F. W. Rogers writes: "I was privileged to attend a séance held by Mrs. Maggie Waite on the evening of April 25th. What a pity she will not remain longer with us. As a test medium she is to my mind—without a peer. She passed among the audience, bringing joy to many a sorrowing and aching one; and an old veteran like myself good to witness her work."

She spoke kind words for THE BANNER on the occasion described, and urged each and all to subscribe for it."

The Reviewer.

"A Man and His Soul."

No book that I have ever chanced to read has interested me so much as this latest work of Mr. T. C. Crawford, whose long sojourn in the higher walks of journalism has given him an authority upon many important points. This book is valuable from two positions: First, because it mirrors life, political and social, as it exists in Washington, the only distinctively fashionable city in America; and the other on account of the occult bearing of the story, in which the true genesis will be found.

The casual reader will probably pass all the suggestions of a spiritual nature with "curiously interesting"; while those whose eyes have been opened will see that the author is either wise in his time and generation, or else is subject to a sort of inspiration which has led him into unknown realms. He that as it may, it is certainly encouraging to see with what elegance of diction, clearness of statement, and yet depth of penetration, he has taken up the pen and laid before the public the scheme of perfect happiness.

Capt. Harcourt is a gentleman from the Island of Nolos, who is spending the winter in Washington, and who has attracted the attention of the writer by his placid, quiet demeanor and apparent unconcern. Upon being addressed, he bears out the first impression, and, being communicative, says:

"On my voyage to the Island of Nolos I met Dr. Longman; and, through his teaching, wholly regained my health; and found a contentment so perfect that no one could believe without understanding fully its basis. In other words, I have to-day perfect health and perfect happiness."

"You must, then, have everything that you desire or may wish to have."

"Everything."

"Oh! wonderful man, will you, some day when you know me better, give me your recipe for perfect happiness?"

"Yes, I will."

"Can you give it to me here, or must I go to the Island of Nolos and undergo a novitiate?"

And then the Captain goes on to tell his inquirer that there is no need of his going away to find either health or happiness. "You must first be convinced," he remarks, "that I am happy; if I can make you see that, then there will be no difficulty about your arriving at the second stage."

Naturally, such a statement struck the listener with surprise; and, out of mere curiosity, he determined to cultivate the acquaintance of a man who declared himself in the full enjoyment of two of life's richest and grandest blessings. So, with the greatest care, his every act, word and movement was watched; and it was observed that while he was ever glad to right a wrong, he was never desirous of punishing the wrongdoer; that when listening to any earnest conversation, he seemed to be always looking just beyond—just back of the speaker—apparently seeing something not visible to others.

"One day," says the author, "I said with mock earnestness: 'Oh! perfectly happy man, what is it that you see that others do not? Do you possess means of entertainment beyond those given to ordinary men?'"

He waited a moment, and then replied: "I am glad to see you are to be accorded the privilege which I have so long enjoyed."

"What, may I ask, is this wonderful privilege?"

"The double power of seeing things exactly as they are, in contrast with what they seem to be."

Then he enters into a long Theosophical dissertation, and closes by stating that every individual should be introduced to his own soul.

"Introduce one to his own soul, you mean, in a figurative sense."

"No; I mean exactly what I say: a man can become introduced to his own soul, when he knows what soul is and carry on as distinct conversations with the same as can two individuals. In illness, whatever contributes to the perfect contentment of the mind does more for recovery than any medicine. Perfect happiness means perfect health."

"How did you learn all this?"

"In talking with my soul."

"Do you often see the individual you speak of?"

"Every day. It is always with me, and always visible."

"How do you know it is visible?"

"As an individual. It is myself perfected. As I study it, I see wherein I am lacking. My intelligence, my brain, is dominated by a spirit, in contradistinction to the soul. The spirit and the soul are the real subconscious existences in our brains. Therefore there are, apparently, three lives in one. The soul is perfect, and can never be degraded, while the body is under the domination of the spirit. The influence of

spirits, although not yet perfected, hovers about those who are given to high aspirations."

"Then we may have lived many lives? How can we profit by the lessons of the past?"

"The record of these experiences is known to the spirit, and this can be learned by a study of the soul. If the vision of the 'sixth sense' were to-day to be given to every one, few would avail themselves of the privilege. You shake your head; well, tell me how many there are whom you know who really desire to better their condition."

It will be seen by the above that the author has the gist of the Spiritual Philosophy well in hand (according to your correspondent's view), and is able to put his statement in such an understandable way as to impart the idea intended, the whole motive being that a perceptive knowledge of the higher self is a spiritual and physical necessity, if one is to attain unto perfect happiness. That all this is impracticable will be asserted by nearly every secular business man one meets; and yet Captain Harcourt so deftly arranges his theories as to bring the loftiest principles down to the most commonplace hypothesis.

"I believe that the world can be stimulated to as high deeds as to great developments in the time of peace as was brought forth by the cruel stimulus of a war, or of a revolution. Throughout there is a demand for a higher motive in political life, the necessity for a greater forgetfulness of self, and a nobler devotion to duty."

The story itself is one of rare interest, which seems, in a way, apart from the occult interest of the book itself; and yet, so deftly interwoven are these peculiar theories that one seems to have been introduced into the ideal world, where one's best thoughts are found, and our highest emotions stimulated.

Spiritualism, during these years which have been largely devoted to phenomena, has not emphasized the intellectual side of the subject as much, perhaps, as some of its advocates might wish; and it remains for many thinkers outside the acknowledged ranks of Spiritualism to carry forward this part of the work. It must be remembered that the strength of the movement consists far more, numerically considered, with those who have not yet seen the wisdom of becoming, openly, defenders of the truth. In such ways as Longfellow in "The Footsteps of Angels," Lytton in "The Strange Story," or Crawford in "A Man and His Soul," do we see revealed the far-reaching power of a movement that has come to declare the universal in religion, as in Nature herself. A more graceful, eloquent or valuable offering has not been placed upon the altar of Spiritual Thought than this latest and highly interesting work.

J. W. R.

New Publications.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF NATIONAL LAW. By Henry Wood. pp. 305. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston.

Mr. Wood has taken a dry subject, and made it not only instructive, but positively entertaining. He has shown, not the theoretical and artificial, but the natural and practical sides of his subject, conclusions aimed at after many years of careful study of the practical phases of social economics, in their relation to natural law. Each chapter is thoroughly original, and current in its tone. The recent depression in business, and the causes which led to it, are handled in a masterly manner. There is not a dull line in the volume, and though the ordinary individual may not possess taste to discuss economics, yet he cannot open a page anywhere and not find much to interest him. The single chapter treating on the evolution of the railroad is a striking example of the truth of this statement. "Money and Coinage" is another most entertaining portion of the work, treated by the application of natural law which governs money. Mr. Wood evidently believes in co-operation, as declared in outspoken terms throughout the work, and views a community of interest between employer and employees, capital and labor, in a stronger light than many reformers essay at the present time. It will do everybody good to thoroughly digest this work.

IN THE KING'S COUNTRY. By Amanda M. Douglas. pp. 300. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston.

This is a story of special interest to members of the Society of Christian Endeavor. It does not lack romance, notwithstanding the fact that a religious sentiment pervades the book. The tone of the story is to touch the hearts of the readers, and to create a desire for the best things in life. Mrs. Douglas has wielded a pen too long not to know how to attract all hearts and minds unto her. She knows, too, the good coming from good works, and it is not strange that the characters in her latest effort make an impression upon the reader, creating purer and higher ideals. It goes without saying that many a one will be moved to emulate the example set forth in this interesting story.

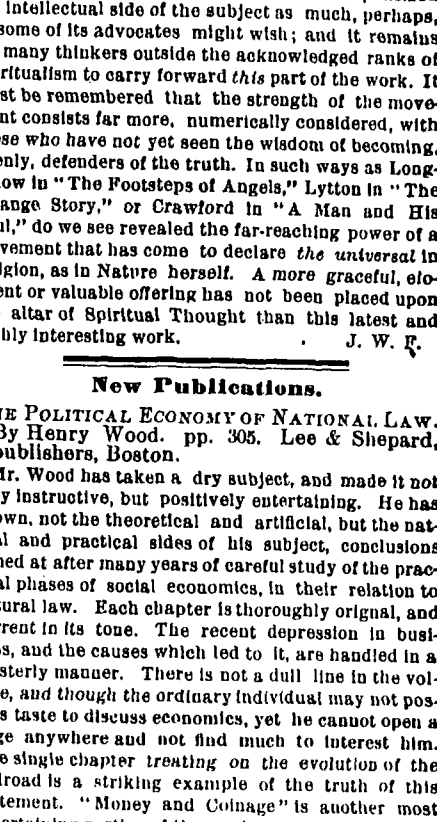
Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Skowhegan, Me., April 17th, Joseph M. Frost, aged 70 years.

Bro. Frost had been for some years a resident of Portland, Me., and was a member of the First Spiritual Society. Being sick, and unable to attend to his business, he went to Skowhegan (where one of his sons resides), and passed out from that place. He had been a firm Spiritualist for many years, and was a valued member of our Society. For him there was no fear of death—indeed, he was impatient for the time of transition to come, when he could join the loved companion who preceded him to spirit-life some years ago.

"Dear brother, we do not say 'good-by,' but rather 'good-bye.' We shall miss you in our meetings and social gatherings, but shall look for your return to us in spirit. Portland, Me., April 28th, 1894. H. C. BERRY."

(Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average in English. No notice admitted under the above heading.)



Raised on a Bottle.

Raised from infancy to healthy, happy childhood, upon the only perfect substitute for mother's milk—MELLIN'S FOOD. This food contains all the nutritive properties of breast milk, without any of the injurious farinaceous substances found in many other infants' foods.

Mellin's Food

will make the weakest infant happy, robust and vigorous.

Our Book for the instruction of mothers, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," will be mailed free to any address, upon request.

DOLIBER-GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1894.

Cremation as Practiced in New York.

In the New York Sunday Sun is a detailed and highly-interesting account of the new-style funerals, as they are called, at the crematory over at Fresh Pond on Long Island. It is enough to take away all the ordinary repugnance from death in connection with the disposal of the body, and even presents attractions for the contemplation of funeral rites such as accompany the disposition of the remains of one's self and loved ones. The account states that a romance might be founded on cremation in these days, with the culminating scene in a crematory as grand and beautiful as the writer chooses, without overstepping the limits of probability.

The simple little brick furnace at Fresh Pond has grown into a temple, two-storied, with the wall decorated with Roman niches for the ashes of the dead, and with a grand organ all ready to take away all the ordinary repugnance from death in connection with the disposal of the body, and even presents attractions for the contemplation of funeral rites such as accompany the disposition of the remains of one's self and loved ones. The account states that a romance might be founded on cremation in these days, with the culminating scene in a crematory as grand and beautiful as the writer chooses, without overstepping the limits of probability.

In the two great rooms of the stone assembly hall there are 550 niches, and people are already buying them, as the others purchase lots in cemeteries, half a dozen to a dozen being purchased at a time in advance of any demand for them. Each family decorates its niches uniformly, to distinguish them from those of their neighbors. Sometimes a single one is purchased by a man or woman whose relatives do not share his or her views on cremation; and sometimes, out of a large family, only two or three will provide themselves with niches, the rest preferring the old mode of earth interment.

The management of a modern crematory ceremony is become as much a matter of routine as the old-style burial. A body designed for the crematory is prepared as for the grave, and taken to that place in a hearse in the same old fashion. Services may be held at the house before the body leaves there, or at a church, or at the crematory before the final rite of incineration. In one instance, that of a young woman of a noted theatrical family, the body was incinerated and the ashes were then carried in a casket to one of the largest Episcopal churches in New York, where the rector officiated in a precisely similar service that would have been performed if the body itself, instead of the ashes, had been before him. The funeral ceremony now very often takes place in the new building connected with this crematory, and the scene is as impressive as it could be made at any funeral.

It is an important consideration, above all the rest, that a last examination of the corpse at the crematory adds still another safeguard against burial before death. Beside the coffin, before the body is removed, a cradle of Swedish horseshoe iron, capable of withstanding intense heat, is laid; sheets of linen, saturated with a solution of alum, are laid on it, and the body having been placed on these sheets, they are brought over it so as to envelop and swaddle it, almost as if it were in a mummy's casings; and it indeed looks like a mummy after that, even the head being wrapped up, so that no part of the corpse is exposed. Then this cradle, containing its burden, is lifted upon a catafalque, or tall rack on wheels, and run on wheels into the furnace-room: the top of the catafalque is on a line with the doors of the retorts, and it is run up to one of these doors. Then the body on the cradle is wheeled into the retort, which is heated, first dark red, then brick red, and then orange yellow, to a temperature of 2,000° or 2,200° Fahrenheit. All present are permitted to look through the eyelet-holes in the furnace door during the process of incineration. But it is little that they really see. The first part of the body to succumb to the great heat is the abdomen; spectators see the middle of the mummy sink in—that is all; after a time, nothing remains in the broad, clean oven but the few pounds—three or four—of white ashes of what, so short a time before, was a human being.

Cremation, said the attendant of a cremation company's office in New York, progresses faster in that city than in all the States and Territories of the Union. The rich and influential citizens have declared for it, and the poor are adopting it, forming societies for the cremation of their members. Since 1886, he stated, his company had incinerated nearly 2000 bodies, last year alone 232 bodies. The New York Cremation Society, the oldest, has 150 members, who pay \$4 each a year. They include all classes of persons, high and humble, rich and poor. The Manhattan Cremation Society charges \$1 a year and \$1 initiation; and though a very young society, already has one hundred members. The Workmen's Cremation Society has over three hundred members, and has a branch in Union Hill, N. Y. The members of all these societies have resolved to have their bodies incinerated. The crematory at Fresh Pond, L. I., contains 550 Roman niches in its large building, costing from \$10 to \$25 each, those nearer the floor bringing more than the others higher up.

There is, in fact, no fixed rule of comparison between the expense of cremation and of burial, a customer of the company being at liberty to spend what he pleases. The operation of cremation itself costs \$35; one society in New York is under arrangements with an undertaker to carry the bodies of its members to the crematory in a hearse, and prepared as for burial in the old way, for \$21.50. That would bring the cost up to \$56.50, and he would guarantee to arrange for a thoroughly nice and complete cremation for \$55; or, with a niche for the perpetual resting-place of the ashes, for \$65. Of course that would not include the cost of carriages to accompany the body to the crematory, nor a fancy urn.

In the window of the cremation company's office in New York referred to, attracting the attention of a great many passers-by, are a number of cremation urns for the ashes of the dead. Some are of marble, some of stone, and others of copper and brass. They are nearly all conventional in form, being mainly round vases, either with a handle at each side or a

carved symbol of flame rising from the top. One is square, suggesting an ornamental hallway lantern. There are also to be seen pictures of bodies that have been exhumed after old-fashioned burial in the earth. They are put there to contrast with the neat urns or vases of the modern treatment of the dead.

On a window sill are a number of black iron jars, containing ashes from the Fresh Pond Crematory. Each one is full, and weighs about five pounds, the ashes of the men being slightly heavier than those of the women. These boxes are of about the size of tomato cans. The lids are fitted with a catch that looks over a projection in each can, or jar, and this catch is made fast with a black silk bow-knot, the ends of which are flattened against each box and held in place with a large red seal stamped with the seal of the company. A little piece of white paper fastened on each box, or jar, bears the name of the person whose ashes are inside.

The greater part of the mass of ashes in each box is very fine and soft, but some of the bones do not crumble so fine; they come out of the retorts in pieces the size of peas. Most human ashes, which are, of course, only the ashes of the bones, are very white and pleasing to the eye. Some show a pinkish and others a greenish cast. The company's President inspects each can, or jar, of ashes as it comes from the crematory before he ties and seals and stamps it.

The little black boxes of iron above described are the ones in which the company delivers the ashes, at no extra cost above the usual fee, \$35, for cremation. Sometimes no other urns are used, as in cases where ashes are buried. The cost of the coffin into which the dead is first put is trifling, because the company's rule is that it must be thrown away. No coffin carried to a crematory can be again carried away from there. Those purchased are therefore very cheap, as a rule. In some cases the purchasers insist on personally seeing them destroyed, and their demand is invariably complied with, though the same thing would be done if it were left to the disposal of the employees without any direction.

IN MEMORIAM.

Passed to spirit-life at Hyannis, Mass., April 18th, 1894, BACON COLEMAN, aged 73 years 2 months 22 days.

The above lines convey to those who knew and loved him a sense of personal loss; yet the feeling is not altogether one of sadness. I can imagine how those who were near and dear to him mourn his loss, and my heart's best emotions go out to them in kindly sympathy. As the shadows grow "longer, longer" at the close of this bright, beautiful Sunday, I might be able to tell THE BANNER'S numerous readers (of which he was one for years) many things concerning the good old man who is what they call "dead" now; but of a truth the poet has written that,

"When the heart is fullest the hushed tongue
Not less trembles like a lute unstrung."

And my pen and tongue are under the same guidance. But of him, Bro. Coleman, (as I loved to call him) it may be truly said that he existed here, but he lived in another world; one that was all real to him! I call to mind one dark stormy night on shipboard, when a lady passenger asked him if he thought it was safe to retire to bed; I can see him now as he turned his kindly, smiling face toward her, and said: "Why, certainly, young lady; Albert is up there in the pilot house, and near him right close to him (I can see them, but he can't) are spiritual guides who care not for darkness nor fog, and soon now, I don't know how soon, but it won't be long, I shall go to sleep here, or somewhere, and I will get rid of this old worn-out body; this old faded suit of clothes; and then I will be able to tell him all I see and hear. My eyes will be sharp and keen then, just the same in the dark as in the broad, open day. I will not be color-blind, and I will be able to hear every sound, and whisper in his ear all about it; and I will never have trouble with my breathing any more. Think of it! it is not something glorious to look forward to, and, turning around to me, he said, "You think I am visionary, but I am not; I know it; have known it for more than forty years," and the almost "saintly" expression upon his dear old face was a rebuke to my doubts. Then he asked me to repeat a few lines that I had quoted from memory to him a few days before; the one verse in particular that he wanted the young lady to hear was:

"Could you but look on this vain world of tears,
Light would your sorrows be, harmless your fears;
All this darkness to you would be light,
All would be sunshine, where now is but night."

Oh how I envied him his faith! it was the key to his whole life. To him the future was as real as the present, and in his last hour I know he had the same faith. I have seen death come to many, and I cannot think of but one experience of that nature without a shudder; but I can fancy him as calmly realizing all his hopes. No longer were real glimpses behind the veil denied to him—spiritual presences were there; the same that had been about him for years, guiding, guarding, consoling him; they were all there; he saw them surely, as in a vision he had for so long seen them, to him as clear as the bodily presence of his friends. I was not there to witness his "passing away," but I know it was as but a "falling asleep." There was no doubt, no shrinking from the inevitable mystery. To him, the entrance through the portals of Spirit-Land was no more a grim and doubtful journey than passing into dreamland through the gates of sleep. He no more doubted the certainty of a life beyond the grave than of a sunrise following the night.

In another part of the State, in a little seaport town where I was born, I remember the arched entrance to the "Garden of the Dead," and I call to mind the inscription thereon, deeply cut in the enduring granite:

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away!"
I can remember just the outlines of the harsh, uncompromising creed of my parents, and as a boy I seemed to see an element of injustice, keeping my friends (or myself) there for ages perhaps, and then calling them forth to be judged "according to the deeds done in the body"—and after all to be condemned maybe to eternal torture!

This good old man's life—death—have told me of another and holier truth; I shall love to think of his kindly spirit while keeping in touch with those of the "hither world," still held to us by the weightless bonds of love and friendship with a clasp that even the grave cannot weaken!

The thought of his unconquerable spirit, whose cheerfulness no sickness could subdue, no disappointment could embitter, will always be to me a lesson, an inspiration. To him my "good-by" shall be no farewell. I say but "good-night," and in some fairer land shall hope that we all may bid him "good-morning!"

Spiritualism

Is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx. It is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capabilities, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous, Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe, of the relation of spirit and matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion and the highest philosophy.—*Harbinger of Light.*

If you want a reliable dye that will color an even brown or black, and will please and satisfy you every time, use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

May Magazines.

THE ARENA.—The present issue closes the ninth volume of this ably-conducted monthly, whose columns are open to the expression of opinion of the social reformers of the various schools of thought. Important social and economic questions are discussed by various eminent writers, and the table of contents as a whole is particularly attractive to those interested in advanced thought. Rev. M. J. Savage writes most interestingly of "The Religion of Lowell's Poems"; a fine portrait of Lowell appears as the frontispiece; a thoughtful paper on "Heredity" is from the pen of Helen H. Gardner; the saloon evil is discussed in a symposium; "The First Steps in the Land Question" is a contribution by the noted Single-Tax leader, Louis F. Post; Prof. Frank Parsons furnishes an article on "The Philosophy of Mutualism"; the editor writes on "Emergency Measures for Maintaining Self-Respected Manhood"; the brilliant papers on "The Ascent of Life," by Stinson Jarvis, close with the current number. The Arena Publishing Co., Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

THE QUIVER.—"Elizabeth Ann's Bank Holiday" is a pathetic story by Ethel F. Heddie, illustrated by W. Rainey, R. I. F. M. Holmes furnishes a most interesting description of "Two Notable Children's Services," Sunday visits to the Orphan Working School and the Foundling Hospital of London, Eng.; the Rev. E. J. Hardy, M. A., contributes the second part of "Earthly Paradise," which he terms happy homes. Other entertaining and instructive articles, together with installments of the serials, appear. The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East 17th street, New York.

THE ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE.—Among the entertaining stories in this number deserving of special mention is "The Voice of Silence," by Chas. Edson; "The Backwoods Relative," by Lillie Shaw Husted; and "Grace's Romance," by Rosie Stettler. Many interesting subjects are discussed under the heading of "Timely Topics"; N. C. Fisher, M. D., tells of the superiority of fruits, nuts and cereals over flesh as food in Health and Hygiene; as usual, Charles H. Mackay ably conducts the department on "Practical Occultism." This popular periodical deserves a place in every household; for terms see advertisement in another column. Publication office, 2819 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

Presentiments.

"Do you believe in presentiments?" was asked by a West End belle.

"No? Well, I do," and she shook out her tawny ringlets, down which the electric light ran sparkling with a dash of flame.

"You see I am not a somnambulist," she went on, "but one morning last March I awoke to find myself standing in my nightdress before my mirror. The cold, gray light of morning was creeping, creeping, crawling in through the windows, and my eye by a glary look that made me shudder. My hair hung in tangled tresses. I was white as the snow that was drifting round the house. The wind was moaning like a lost soul. I knew, then and there, that this all meant something; and even as I was there, my brother called to me, 'Father is dying!'"

Dear father, whom I had left at the dinner table a few hours before, in the full flush of health!

The last time Sam Ward went down Pennsylvania Avenue, he said: "I have just given my last dinner."

The friend at his side laughed merrily, and said: "Sam, old man, you'll never give it till you die."

"That's all right, Tom; but I'll die to-day." His friend was startled by the answer, and started back. Ward looked the picture of health. In three hours he had solved the riddle of death.

How did he know? How have myriad others known their coming fate? Presentiment? Yes! But what is presentiment?—Washington (D. C.) Times.

Death of A. T. Colby.

At his residence, Muncie, Ind., after a brief illness, on April 20th, 1894, A. T. Colby, only son of Mrs. A. T. Colby, died. He was 42 years of age.

He had no thought of a future life save that acquired through the Philosophy of Spiritualism, hence the change caused him no fear, though consciousness was acute. The calmness and freedom with which he talked of this change showed him to be a philosopher indeed—he only regretting that he could not remain in the world to give the address. His mother became a medium in his childhood, and when he was but seven years old she went before the great public to battle against the religious and political dogmas of the age.

He was first married in 1878; in 1880 his wife passed away, leaving him with a little daughter for five or six days only. In '83 he again married, and now leaves this wife and five children to mourn his loss—and what a loss this is! His kind and loving nature, his love for his wife and children could not have been greater, and from him his little ones know nothing but tenderness; they mourn for him as only love can mourn, and when they stand the grave in which we deposited his remains they can truthfully say: "Here lies the body of my father, who was never unkind to me. With his love, memory will be beautiful."

His funeral took place at his home on the 22d ult., with a large attendance. For years he had frequently said to me: "Mother, I shall go away before you do, but you will be with me, and I will only want you to give the address, but take charge of the entire funeral services." In sorrow I complied with his request. A quartet of five voices rendered most beautiful music. A spirit friend gave the address; then with untold anguish came the last look, and the slow march of the funeral train to the cemetery, where we placed him in the earth, and he was at last at rest.

The same evening of the funeral I communicated with him through the trumpet medium, Mrs. Hilbert. He begged me not to mourn and sorrow; but our lives are broken, the strength has left our home; my only boy has gone, and I am lonely indeed.

HIS MOTHER.

It Don't Cost Much

To get well.
Only a dollar or two and a little faith.

The case of Mrs. Lillie Meyer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is an example. Some time ago she began to feel sharp pains in her abdomen, with bearing-down feeling and pains in her back. She tried doctors, and got no relief.

At last, a friend told her of *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*, and, after using it, the pain left her, and menstruation now comes without suffering.

Your druggist will tell you what a great medicine this is, and the price is only one dollar. You see, it don't cost much to get well. It will expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development.

It is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx. It is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capabilities, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous, Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe, of the relation of spirit and matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion and the highest philosophy.—*Harbinger of Light.*

If you want a reliable dye that will color an even brown or black, and will please and satisfy you every time, use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

Written for and delivered during the Exercises at Whitman, Mass., March 31st, 1894.

BY EDWIN POOLE.

'T was on the thirty-first of March,
In eighteen-forty-eight,
The spirit cable, newly-laid,
And in imperfect state,
But yet improved from olden lines,
Gave forth the potent sound,
The little "rap," whose import vast
Has reached the earth around.

Those tiny raps! The alphabet
Of language infinite!
The germ of possibilities
Unknown, indefinite!
Like pebbles in the ocean cast,
Their widening circles spread,
Still reaching farther, farther toward
The glorious Fountain-head!

Was Science pleased when Nature thus
Gave her a broader field—
Unlocked for her the storehouse vast,
And priceless gems revealed?
Nay! Her concealed votaries
Looked on with threatening frown,
And said: "'T is superstition's work,
And we must put it down!"

What said Religion, groping on
In darkness like the night,
When little children ope the door,
Admitting heavenly light?
Now was the prophecy fulfilled,
"A little child shall lead,"
Once more the angels sang of peace,
Did so called Christians heed?

Ah, no! for they, with thoughts not raised
Above the bigot's level,
Attributed these heavenly sounds
To toe-joints and "the devil!"
Oh! mystic joints! Oh! de'il abused!
What comfort ye have given
In leading souls from dark despair
Into the light of heaven!

The years but number forty-six
Since first those raps were heard,
And yet, in this brief period,
The whole world has been stirred.
From Hydeville's humble village small
To far Australia's shore
Those tiny raps reverberate—
An earthquake's mighty roar!

And to this truth, divinely sent,
Shall we in worship bow?
Nay! Truth no flattering homage craves,
But bids us, here and now,
Show to the world, by morals pure
And daily acts of love,
That we enjoy companionship
With spirits from above!

So let us sing, till every heart
Shall with the music thrill,
The old-time song of "Peace on earth,
And unto man good-will."
And angels from the higher spheres
Will swell the glad refrain,
Till all mankind shall feel and know
That Christ is born again!

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COUGH BALSAM.

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Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss L. A. SPALDING, an expert stenographer.

LUTHER COLBY, Chairman.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office 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 receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—or more.

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane side of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by personally informing the undersigned of the fact for publication.

COLBY & RICH.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held February 16th, 1894.

Spirit's Question.
Oh! thou whom men call God, ask thy presence at this hour, that every thought, every act, every word of these thy children may be guided by thine own spirit. We ask that thy bright angel messengers may be with us this hour, to give mortals that light which they crave so much while yet in ignorance they cultivate the spirit of selfishness. We ask thee, oh! Father and Mother of us all, to take from them that mantle of selfishness and clothe them in the garment of charity instead.

We ask thee, oh! Father, to send forth thy ministering angels from home to home, that thy children upon earth may learn more of the interior life and become less absorbed in the material. May thy messengers of knowledge and light be sent forth to those who sit in sorrow, refusing, as did Rachel of old, to be comforted; and may they receive that quickening of spirit that shall turn all their sorrow and lamentations to joy and thanksgiving. We pray thee that every door of spirit communion may be kept open, that more may be learned of the loved ones who are still attracted to the homes left desolate by their departure therefrom; and unto thee we ascribe all praise, now and evermore.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Benjamin Colton.

[To the Chairman:] They tell me all are welcome in this Circle-Room, and certainly you would be surprised if the veil could be moved to witness the large congregations that have assembled here. I see that in the mortal there are only a select few, but it is much better for us; we spirits do not have to work so hard, neither do we draw so much on the nervous power of the medium; so you will understand by that that it is a good chance.

When here, if I had anything to say, I said it. They used to say to me a great many times, "Well, Uncle Ben, you're pretty outspoken." None too much so. I never had any patience with a deceitful person. Therefore, I meant to be honest in what I called my dealings, and if I made mistakes, why that was only because I was mortal. This life is made up in part of mistakes, but I'm not here to hunt them up.

Chauncey and Leonard, my sons, come with me. They passed on before me, and I don't think any one in the mortal could form but a faint idea of how glad we are when we meet those that have passed on before us. We fail to find language to express ourselves. My mother, who had passed on so long before, and her mother, the grandmother, I saw, and witnessed their hands moving in a beckoning way before the spirit had taken its flight. It is happiness to know you are not alone in that hour. I feared not; I felt for a long time that they were coming nearer to me; but instead, I suppose it was both ways—I was going nearer to them and they coming to meet me. I can't understand why people on this earth are so obstinate and willful, and make the assertion that we do not come to our friends here.

I am very glad of the privilege granted me to speak. This is the fourth time I have asked for permission to express myself, but your good Spirit-President, Rev. John Pierpont, said "Not yet, as there is one before you." Once or twice little children were here, and we were not allowed to step in front of them. It is a rule which we find no fault with, not at all. At one time here, when a lady had permission to speak, there was a little child came up, and the good Spirit-President said, "Wait a few moments." That's right; and the lady felt that it was right, too. You see there is a tender feeling of good spirits for the little children.

I am Benjamin Colton, and I was known in Springfield, Mass., and Chicopee, and other places.

Achsa W. Sprague.

I always delight to be one of the number that gather in this Circle-Room, for my interest is ever with those earnest workers on both sides of life who seek to keep open the highway between the two worlds. I loved mediumship, which I regarded as a God-given talent; and I say to-day, let us cultivate the sweet graces of charity and love, that our spirit-arguments may be bright and light. There is an attraction that draws me to the Green Mountain State, but I feel that my home is where the spirit of charity dwells, and this is why I spoke to you through the lips of another excellent medium last summer.

[To the Chairman:] Kind friend, often do I visit your Circle-Room, and I feel that I can send out an influence from this place that will be of great benefit to others, even if I do not

utter a word; but as your good Spirit-President, Mr. Pierpont, has invited me to speak to-day, I have accepted with pleasure.

Well do you remember Achsa W. Sprague, and the deep interest I had in the grand and glorious work of Spiritualism. You, dear friend, have always been a worker for the upholding of the truth. Brother Lewis B. Wilson stands beside me, and coincides with me in every word.

There is one point that I would emphasize, and that is the need of kindness and charity in the treatment of mediums. They are the mouthpieces of the angel-world, possessing God-given talents. Many of the old mediums who have passed on to their reward still take an active interest in the work of Spiritualism. I say earnestly to-day, Oh! Father above, protect all mediums who are seeking to do their duty in their particular line of labor.

Dr. Gardiner was present as a listener in your last circle, and I heard him say, "Oh! Father, shed abroad the spirit of charity, that it may enter the hearts of thy children, so that when mortals and immortals clasp hands, thy immortal children may not feel there are thorns within the hand reached out to them."

Let us be more charitable, more Christlike, if mortals can understand that term; I fear there are but few who do. As I understand it, it is to be humble, contrite in spirit, helpful and pitiful to the poor and fallen. "A kind word turneth away wrath," is a saying as true to-day as when it was first uttered in olden times. I would clasp hands with all the true, honest workers upon the material plane, and ask for the Divine blessing to rest upon all humanity. I say to all earth's children, So live, that when the time shall come for you to go higher, you may not look back upon your material career with regret and remorse.

Capt. Isaac Brewer.

[To the Chairman:] Good day, sir. They tell me all are welcome, and most assuredly I feel a welcome as I come into this Circle-Room. If we who come from the spirit-world with glad tidings to mortals can have a feather's weight of influence, it is worth something to come. Sometimes one spirit may leave a word that may sink deeper into the heart of a mortal than another.

I am not going to preach a sermon, for I was not given to speaking in public when here, but I did come for a particular purpose, and that is to ask all reasonable people (and I don't want to talk to any others) to put all their influence, force and energy at work against this miserable "Doctors' Plot," which is intended for gain to a certain class. Come with me for five minutes—that is all I ask of you—into your general hospital, and there you will find young boys just experimenting on somebody. For what? To make doctors of themselves. If that makes a doctor I don't want to know anything more of the profession! I have been there and witnessed these things. These boys go to school for a little while; by-and-by somebody puffs them up a little, and they think they are "regular" physicians.

I was conversing with a very wise physician in spirit realms—old Dr. Fisher—and there isn't a wiser spirit in the medical profession than he that I have run across—and he said: "Well, brother, we must be charitable; but still we should work for the truth, and when we see there is too much medicine used we must try to teach the people not to use it." I asked, "Doctor, if there is any used, isn't that too much?" He looked at me with a pleasant smile and replied: "There are times when it is necessary to call a physician, but they are called too often, and people come to rely so much upon their doctors that they lay aside what reason they are endowed with and do not use their own knowledge."

Perhaps you will think I am too radical and positive; but when I was in the form, if I had anything to say I felt it was best to speak to the point—be honest with myself and all the world. I don't mean to bear on too hard, but I do feel the time is fast approaching when we—*not you*—term medicines will be unknown. Magnetic forces are the strongest remedial agents; and why not? They reach directly to the seat of the difficulty.

I heard a sick man in a home not so very far from here—in Brooklyn, N. Y.—ask a physician who had been called to attend him: "Doctor, can you cure me?" The physician replied: "We have no power to know what medicine will do." "Then," said the patient, "you can go; I will take my own chances." I thought he had a good deal of wisdom.

Now why I speak of this is because there is a great work going on in the spirit-world in rapport with the people here to teach them to take proper care of the mortal form in order to prevent disease, and also to teach them that the true restorer of health is magnetism.

Capt. Stickney stands beside me, and he says: "Capt. Brewer, I coincide with you in every word you have spoken."

I give this with no ill feeling toward any class or profession, but I do say in all kindness and charity that many a poor mortal is sent out of the body as the result of experiments made.

I am Capt. Isaac Brewer, of Springfield, this State. I was well known in Chicopee, and Chicopee Falls. I am very grateful for this opportunity to express myself through mortal lips.

Sarah A. Spriggs.

[To the Chairman:] A sensation like that which I had before I passed away creeps over me as I come in contact with mortals. I had a cough when here, but I shall be all right in a moment.

I have some friends in Melbourne, Australia. George, I would say, go on. Those talents which are unfolding were always yours, only they were lying in a dormant state, and they will become more perfect hereafter, I feel to say.

I have been in the little séances where a few have gathered to gain what they might, and sometimes some have been highly gratified and benefited spiritually. I have always felt there was a power that should be made known among the children of earth more strongly than it has yet been made. From our standpoint, we of the spirit-world feel that the day is not far distant when you mortals shall realize more perfectly the presence of your loved ones in spirit who walk beside you, and the time will come when it will not be necessary for you to go into the séance-room, for materialization will come in your own homes, and the forms will appear so plain that you will recognize them at once, and so much darkness will not be required. I feel that it would be better if the managers of your materialization séances would consult each individual spirit to see how much light he could bear, instead of tempering it as they see fit. I was in a séance in Cincinnati, and there each spirit was allowed to temper his own light. Spirits are, like mor-

tals, constituted differently, and one can bear more light than another; some do not weave their garments so thickly as others, and that is why they cannot bear as much light. I have been into different séances in Boston, and I have witnessed many genuine manifestations. I speak of these things in the light of my own experience.

My name is Sarah A. Spriggs. There is a handful of relatives yet dwelling on earth, and some in Cincinnati have not lost all memory of me. It is many years since I passed to the higher life to reap what I had sown. All mortals are builders, who build their own homes, or heaven, if you choose to speak thus. In time, dear friends, you will pass on as we have done, for this change must come to all—to some in one way and to another in some other form. Some stay longer upon the earth-plane than others, but we know not why any more than you do.

I am highly pleased that such an institution as your Circle exists, for all feel a freedom to come and report. It is such a privilege to know that we who cannot reach our friends otherwise are privileged to speak here, and I hope that some one will see the words I have spoken here to-day, and gain a ray of light thereby.

Minnie H. Davis.

[To the Chairman:] I have been invited here to report that what I say may be printed in your paper, for there are some who would be pleased to receive a message from me. I have never before spoken in public, but I have been a constant visitor to this Circle-Room for a long time.

Seventeen years is a very short time to live in the mortal. I felt for a long time before the Angel of Life came for me that I heard God whispering to me. I would say to mamma, "God whispers to me." I found, after passing over, it was the angels that whispered, and said, "Come, come, you cannot stay a great while longer." Two or three days before I passed away the angels whispered in my ear, "On Saturday you will come," which I did; then who can say it was not God speaking through the angels, who are his ministers? Often has he said to you, dear mamma, "Do not weep for Minnie; she is very happy, and you have no reason to doubt it."

Dear mamma, Uncle Mervin says, "Please say to them I have my sight perfect now, which I did not on earth"; and as he gazes upon one and another he seems so happy that he can behold you all.

Uncle Anson is here too, and says, "Minnie, while you are speaking you can just name me."

Yes, mamma, I know you will keep your promise, and bring brother so he can come into communication with me. Only the long tress of hair he wants, but how much happier would he be to converse with me.

Mamma, I have heard you say to auntie a number of times, "If it had not been for knowing I should find Minnie again I should have gone insane." Now, you do not know so, although I know, mamma, you mourn for me very deeply. It is all the world to you to know I still love, and can commune with you. My dear schoolmates I love yet, but mother comes closer than father, brother or schoolmates.

Auntie, the trials you have had to undergo will come out all right. Aunt Mandy says, "You trouble over many things, like Martha of old." She smiles when she speaks that way.

I have long thought I would like to speak here in this Circle-Room, but I hesitated because it was in public. Your good Spirit-President gave me the privilege once before, but as a little child came in front of me I stepped aside.

I am very happy, mamma, very happy, but not perfectly. If we were perfectly happy, the advanced spirits tell me there would be no need of progression.

[To the Chairman:] I knew before I passed on that I could return. I do not think I was any more convinced after leaving the mortal form than I was before, on account of those whispers, as they would come to me for months before I passed away. I passed away with consumption, I suppose, but it matters not what, for I am very happy.

Mamma, I have been to Rollie's, and he thinks of the home a little more seriously than he did when with you all. Then let us be charitable, overlooking faults, which all mortals have. I would say right here, mamma, always, when it is possible, come into communication with us if only for a moment, for then it aids very much in staying close beside you.

Dear mamma, these words are more particularly for you, although I hope Tinnie and Carrie, auntie and uncle, and all, will be glad to peruse these few words I have given to-day.

I am not forgotten in Southbridge, this State. Minnie H. Davis.

Jeffrey Hollingsdale.

I'm not going to allude to the way I passed out; I don't suppose it's necessary, is it, Mr. Chairman? [No.] It's a period I don't care to go back to. I have progressed out of that, with the aid of very kind spirits. My wife, Em, has aided me, and also Curtis, and that pure spirit, Lilly.

I feel as did that other spirit who spoke here, in regard to using the term Spiritualist—that it is very inappropriate unless spiritualists go with it.

I feel that I shall progress faster for having spoken here. I was a very sensitive person when in the mortal form, and feel so now in taking control of the medium. I do not know whom to thank for this privilege, so I will merely say that I am thankful.

I want to say to Mrs. Allen that it was a comfort to go to her place, and the time passed so quickly as we conversed of those who had passed on. I do not think I was quite right in the brain when I passed over. I was thoroughly discouraged. I had no work, I did not know where any was to be obtained; and there was very little of the wherewithal to do with. When I have sat in her room it has been pretty hard work, sometimes, to force a smile, but it would come. I have sat with my hands clinched and said, "Oh! God, why can't I go and be one with them?" I see now it was not that; but I was so thoroughly discouraged I felt I must go. Friends, think not the worst of me—think not hard of me, but have a little spark of charity for me. I have grown out of that condition, and am happy now. I have conversed with Ed., and he has expressed the same feeling.

When I have been in old Newburyport I have many, many times, communed with George, who had passed on. My belief in spirit communion and the spirit-life is a knowledge now, and what a glorious thing it is to know we are going to find our own!

Mr. Chairman, you have labored long, and grown weary physically and in spirit; but still

have you kept open this highway between the two worlds.

I was no stranger to the truth of spirit-revelation, and I felt happier and felt less discouraged when I could commune with my arisen friends, even though silently. Sometimes I was not in the right condition for them to come near enough to me.

I am a little surprised, as I started to say once before, that none of Dr. Cobb's people have tried to come into communication with me, or any one else to my knowledge—I will not say they have not. I have taken a great deal of comfort in conversing with them, and have walked away many an hour in their pleasant parlors.

I send greetings and love to all; I will not be personal.

I found my own dear companion and children—yes, and many that I had known in earlier life—when I opened my eyes in the life immortal.

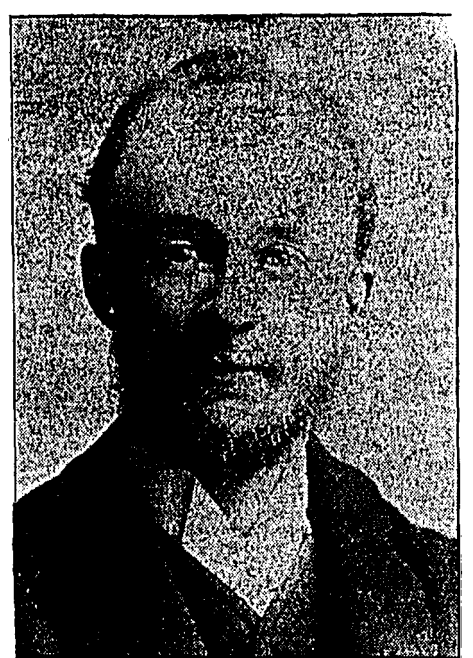
My name is Jeffrey Hollingsdale, Boston. Some may be glad to hear from me, and some may cast my message lightly by.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Lulu Davis; Jessie A. Shepard; T. J. Castile; Martha A. Fort; Sarah Rouse; Mamie K. Western; Charles Barry; Ida Dame.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By W. Templeton, Cambridge.] It is well known that the earth-life of Henry Kirk White was not a bed of roses, and while in one of his despondent moods he wrote:

"Yet in my dreams a form I view
That thinks of me, and loves me, too.
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I sigh that I am all alone."

White possessed a highly spiritual nature, yet he makes no distinction between dreams and visions. Is there not a wide difference between the two? Are our nocturnal wanderings impressions of things to come? There seem to be many phases of this phenomena. On returning to our normal wakeful conditions we may possess a vivid recollection of having met and had dealings with persons we know to be in earth life, but the transaction is entirely foreign to earthly conditions; in other cases we seem to have met and been on familiar terms with those known to be in spirit-life; again, we seem to have met as acquaintances those who, to our normal senses, seem to be strangers; yet again, some unfamiliar forms are presented to us, and we find ourselves treating them magnetically, without any knowledge why we are so doing. We know that the materialist will say this is only the vagary of a tired brain, and in some cases this may be the true solution; but we cannot think it so in all. Where can the line be drawn between dream and spiritual vision? Was not the dream of Henry Kirk White a real vision, in which his spirit had wandered to its own, and retained the knowledge of a fact?

ANS.—Dreams and visions are not, properly speaking, the same, though visions are often enjoyed by us while we are in the dream-state, or, to speak more precisely, when we are passing beyond the ordinary dream-state to a higher subjective condition.

We are not prepared to say that we have two minds; but though each of us may have only one mind, this unitary mind has certainly two distinct departments, as the single human brain contains the cerebrum and cerebellum.

When we are simply dreaming we are in a sort of borderland condition, where we usually see things confusedly, and therefore nothing appears clearly, as it really is. Our true visions are not so numerous as our dreams until we have reached a much higher spiritual eminence than most of us have yet attained, but eventually we shall not dream any more; in place of dreaming we shall enjoy every night for several hours a spiritual experience which will instruct and fit us for the perfect performance of the work of the succeeding day.

The spiritual world is only the unseen realm, and it is unseen only by those whose interior eyes are not yet open. Vision means sight; a true vision is, therefore, the actual sight of an actual scene. Visions are of two kinds: First, those which are such in a directly objective sense; second, those which are symbolical representations of present or coming events.

The Apocalypse of John is commonly called a vision; it is properly a two-fold vision, and displays two distinct elements. The first part of the book deals largely with the literal conditions of seven churches, established in Asia during the first Christian century. Those religious fraternities did actually exist, and John, banished by command of Nero to the Isle of Patmos, in a cave under the ocean, saw clairvoyantly the exact condition of those seven churches, and came into direct individual contact with the guardian spirits and presiding elders of those churches. Later on the narrative becomes prophetic, and glowing correspondential imagery is introduced; clairvoyance is still the medium of revelation, coupled with clairaudience, but the form of the vision has changed from sight of what is actually taking place on earth to what is occurring in the spiritual world, and about to be expressed on earth at all events through the progress of the centuries.

In the case of the poet whose words are quoted by our present questioner, the vision came in a dream; that is, Henry Kirk White was asleep and dreaming, when the presence of a beloved friend living in the spiritual world addressed him and made herself known to him.

There are many reasons why visions are more often experienced when we are asleep than when we are awake. Foremost among these we place the release from mundane anxieties which profound sleep evinces. Wakefulness is occasioned by worry, and not until the mind is

released from worry is sound, refreshing sleep possible. The cure for sleeplessness and bad dreams is always a reversal of mental pictures. For that reason successful psychologists have always practiced in accordance with the law of mental suggestion. The truest antidote of mental distress of every kind is to meditate steadily upon something which persistently suggests to you the very opposite of what has been troubling you. Were people complete masters of their own mental states there would be no work for any healers of any school; but until people have learned to completely govern their thoughts they can be greatly assisted by harmonious, well-balanced friends in both states of expression. Our friends in spirit are just as willing to communicate with us by day as by night, but certain passivity or right activity on our part is necessary to give them opportunity to make themselves known.

As to treating people when you are asleep whom you do not approach when you are awake, that is easily accounted for so soon as you begin to comprehend the ceaseless workings of the universal law of attraction. Supply and demand are always seeking equilibrium. We do not know people spiritually because we are acquainted with them personally, nor are we strangers because our physical shapes have never encountered each other. The law of mental and moral affinity works to draw together all who are in contiguous as well as identical spheres of thought and affection; thus it stands to reason that universal order being what it is, when we are temporarily and partially released from sense-bondage—as we certainly are when soundly sleeping—we meet and deal with those who are our true relatives and associates in spirit.

It is impossible to draw a sharp line between dreamland and vision, because visions often come to us while we are in dreamland; but the reality of a vision of a desirable sort may be proved as follows: When you have enjoyed a truly edifying vision, you have been brought in close contact with intelligences higher than your familiars; in consequence of having kept such unusually good company, you enjoy an exhilaration of mind and clearness of perception which follows you through the succeeding day at least, making you brighter and more useful than ordinary. If you are careful not to let go of this exalted feeling, which is the aftermath of your spiritual experience, you can embody the result of your vision in your system, and cause it to increase your psychic power and perceptiveness for all time to come. Unreliable dreams and distorted visions are due to partial mental aberration, and always leave behind them lassitude, nervous excitement or sense of fear.

Q.—[By E. Simmons, Hartford, Conn.] Are not the untruthful and unreliable prophecies and messages which we so often get through mediums an evidence that they are not true, and that the explanation given by Theosophists of the failures is correct?

A.—We consider that the answer given by some members of the Theosophical Society to this question is entirely incorrect, as they have gone out of their way to invent a theory of galvanized shells, discarded astral bodies, etc., entirely undemonstrable and quite unnecessary for covering the ground considered in this question.

We would ask these would-be Theosophists whether there are no false statements ever made by people on earth, and whether no mistakes ever occur through imperfect transmission of intelligence between persons who are somewhat reckless but not willfully untruthful. The Spiritual Philosophy gives a clear, concise, sufficient answer to all that is involved in this inquiry, viz., that as we drop the fleshly robe, so are we in the next state of existence when we enter there. All sorts and conditions of spirits only show that all sorts and conditions of men and women are making their way up gradually from mental infancy to angelhood.

Then, as to mediumship, we have always declared that until sensitives are carefully guarded during development, until they are strong enough to bear the brunt of the rough world, they will reflect the changing conditions which surround them from hour to hour.

By no means are all prophecies unfulfilled, and by no means are all messages untruthful. Mediumship often includes mind-reading and other psychic phenomena, and being complex, demands careful study.

Q.—[By Leonard Godfrey, Chicago.] If universal brotherhood is to be the ruling order of the new dispensation, what will become of the universal selfishness of the old or present dispensation? Is not selfishness a part of man's nature, and therefore one of the laws of nature; and as such is it not ineradicable?

A.—Our questioner has, in our judgment, fallen into the common error which confounds selfishness with self-preservation. The former is abnormal; the latter is natural and necessary. A cooperative commonwealth does not imply a state of society wherein one is always being sacrificed for others, but where an intelligent understanding is reached as to the best means of promoting the common weal. One does not need to be sorry that another be glad; one need not be ill that another be well; one need not be foolish that another be wise.

Self-preservation, culture and advancement are all recognized by those who fearlessly advocate and sincerely believe in the practicability of cooperative industry to an unlimited degree. Selfishness is that detestable inversion of the instinct of self-preservation which becomes, when thus inverted, neighbor-destruction. Man is not selfish by nature. Children can be taken even from gutters and placed in homes where the cooperative principle reigns, and they will show no disposition to invade mutual rights and liberties after they have received a little judicious training at the hands of those who preach and live the Golden Rule.

We are not called upon to injure ourselves to bless our brethren, but we are called upon to work with not against others to insure general peace and prosperity. We are prepared to defend the gospel of unlimited cooperation on the grounds of common-sense self-preservation, if no higher ground is taken. When purely spiritual grounds are accepted the case is only so much the stronger.

Every newspaper man, sometime in his business experience, has met the man who now takes more papers than he can read. He was in town last week. He paid twenty-five cents for an almanac, wiped his nose on an awning, tried to blow out the electric light at the hotel, tried to light his cigar at it, put a nickel in the slot at the post office because the mail would not appear, wanted to lock the cashier of the bank because it closed at four o'clock, and watched a sign over a jewelry store, looking for it to strike. —*Bull Nye.*

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1894.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

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