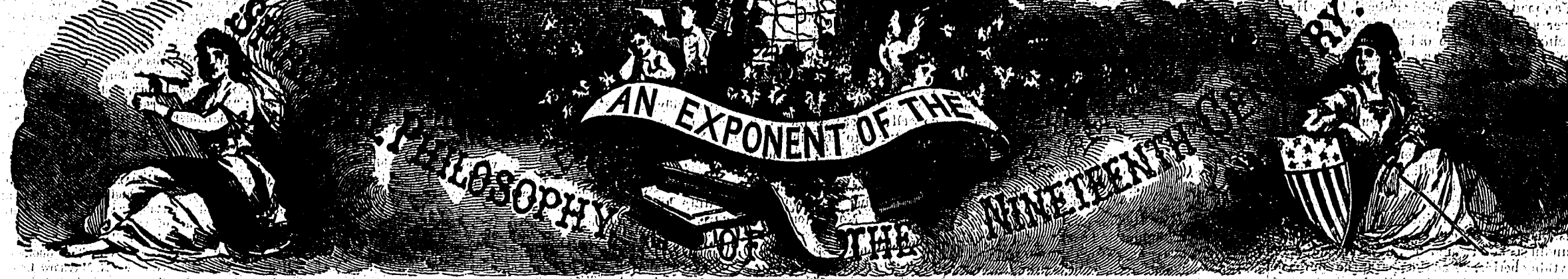


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NO. 14.

FIGHT THE BATTLE OUT.

What if the currents of your life
Are foiled and vexed and go amiss,
And trouble your whole portion?
Faint not; all victory comes through strife.
What if dark clouds make up your sky,
And every wind and tide's attack
Is pushing hard to beat you back?
Court not despair—still harder try.
What if your friends keep out of view,
And while you sorrow seem like those
Who wear the livery of your foe?
Fret not, but battle on anew.
What if a thousand shafts of wrong
And grievous obstacles and hate
Pursue you early, long and late,
Yield not, but keep your courage strong.
What if the world seems simply made
To sweep your dearest hopes away
And balk your efforts day by day?
Care not—move onward unafraid.
What if your best work brings but pain,
Perplexity and loss and doubt?
Faint not, but fight the battle out,
No worthy life is lived in vain.
—The Church, Union.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

Man and His Relations.

A Lecture first delivered in Oakland, Cal., in the summer of 1897, (and afterwards repeated in various places in the same State, with the result that the author was frequently requested to have it published.)

BY ELLA WILSON MARCHANT.

(Furnished for the Banner of Light.)

THE following anecdote is related of one of the noblest men this country has ever produced, and one who was also a Spiritualist. During the dark days of the war, Mr. Lincoln, who delighted in a joke, even on serious occasions, once broke out with his usual formula in introducing an anecdote: "That reminds me," said he, "of a little story. There was a man who prided himself on his game of chess, having seldom been beaten. Hearing of the Automaton Chess-Player, which beat every one who played against it, he went to try his skill against the machine. He lost the first game, the second and the third. Astonished, he rose from his seat, walked around the machine, and gazed at it for several minutes. Then, pointing at it significantly, he exclaimed, 'There's a man in there!' Be assured," said the President, drawing himself up to his full height, and becoming suddenly serious, "There's a man in here!"

It was in no boasting spirit that these words were spoken. They were said to friends, to reassure them that the one they trusted would act his part manfully.

David, once a shepherd boy, and afterward King of Israel, said, "When I consider thy heavens, the works of thy fingers; the sun and the moon which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor."

David's question, "What is man?" is what we wish to consider now; what he is in the abstract, and what he is relatively.

We may presume that from the time he became a being endowed with reasoning faculties man has always been a wonder to himself, and, more or less, a mystery to himself. Even his physical organism excites his wonder, and he exclaims, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made!" But far more wonderful and mysterious are his history, his relatives and his destiny—the threads, or invisible chains, of these extend either way—all ways—beyond his ken.

What is his history—his unwritten history? What the history of the world he lives on?

Theologians have taught us that the earth has only existed something over six thousand years, and that both earth and man were projected into existence at a bound, as it were, and made out of nothing, too, and that man was almost a full-fledged angel to begin with—only lacking the knowledge of an angel; but, strange to say, in seeking to enlighten himself that he might become as the gods, he fell from his high estate, and became an incarnate devil, henceforth bringing into existence a race of devils upon the earth.

The history of the world, as written upon the pages of the rocks, and translated by science, tells us that the world is almost inconceivably older than theologians have said. Then has theology told us the truth about the origin and history of man?

The Italian astronomers place the age of the world at eighty million years, and are agreed that it has been peopled for about fifty millions. Speculations as to its dissolution have been current in the past, and many believe that it is now tottering with old age; but why do they never think that its tottering is of infancy, rather than age? that it has not yet attained to the equilibrium of maturity?

The earth must have been long ages preparing for the advent of man. And what of man and his beginnings, and also his destiny? Victor Hugo, with his great genius, somewhat facetiously says of himself, in regard to his future: "I am the tadpole of an archangel." But what was the tadpole of primitive man? Conjecture is lost in the dim ages of the past's unrecorded history.

Let us come up to the time of David's musings. The world had certainly grown very much then, and man had progressed—not retrograded. And yet David's wonder was expressed when as yet the stars were considered, not as companion worlds sailing through infinite space, but as candles or torches placed in the sky, to ornament it, perhaps, for man's special delectation, during the absence of the

sun, which had gone down somewhere behind or under the earth to spend the hours of the night as best he might, until it was time for him to emerge from under it, to take his place in the sky again as ruler of the day.

David's standpoint of view, as compared with that of the scholars of to-day, is as the ant that climbs to the top of his little hill, and looking around upon its limited view, exclaims, "What a wonderful world I live in!" compared with one who stands upon a lofty mountain crest and, with a powerful field-glass, sweeps the far-distant horizon and the surrounding landscape. In the first place, we are told that the telescope in its highest power reveals one hundred and twenty-five millions of such heavens as the Psalmist saw! And when we learn of the awful magnitude and wondrous motions of those twinkling orbs, the wonder that David expressed is changed into utter confusion of thought and annihilation of self-importance.

In order the better to understand our position, let us take a brief glance at these heavens as modern science reveals them to us: According to astronomers our own solar system contains nine planets, some of them much larger than the earth, beside asteroids or planetoids, satellites or moons, and a great number of comets; and the sun, its central body, is nearly eight hundred times as heavy as all the rest of the system weighed together. We should have to travel ten thousand times the distance across the Atlantic Ocean to reach our nearest planetary neighbor revolving in company with us around that sun. To reach the most remote of the little family of planets belonging to our system, we must travel a million times as far as from Philadelphia to San Francisco. The farthest known body of our system—one of the comets—occupies such a distance from the sun, and describes such an immense circuit, that it takes four thousand of our years—four millenniums—to complete one revolution; and if we were to take an express train to go to that comet, we should not need to put on the brakes to stop the train for the same length of time—four thousand years.

But when we get out beyond our system, miles and years—all our common measures of time and distance—lose their meaning, and astronomers begin to use other units of measurement: First, so many diameters of the earth's orbit around the sun—certain stars are so many of these diameters distant from each other; and when this unit of measure becomes too feeble, then the stars are so many years apart, as light travels.

All the fixed stars—by which we mean all the stars that we can see, except those called planets, which are revolving in company with us around the sun, and which, to speak with strict propriety, are not stars at all, since a star is a luminous body shining by the light of its own fires, while these are opaque, shining only by reflected light—all the stars, then, are themselves suns, the lights and centres of other planetary systems, as large or larger than our own. Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, and it takes three years for the light to reach us from the nearest fixed star—the nearest neighbor that our sun has in the illimitable fields of space. Think of being so far away from our sun that it would take its light three years to reach us, instead of about nine minutes, as now, and then only show it as a dim twinkling star! There are eighteen millions of these fixed stars, or suns, in our firmament—that is, the heavens as we see them at night; for astronomers are said to have discovered four thousand such firmaments, and every increase of telescopic power adds to the number. Some of these stars are compound suns, that is, there are two or more suns in one solar system; there are sun-clusters; and besides these there are thousands of bright, misty spots arrayed over the sky, called nebulae, which no power of the telescope has yet been able to resolve into stars, so great is their distance from us, and so dim the light that reaches us from them; and yet it is probable that they are stars, from the fact that nebulae, apparently as irresolvable as any, have, by improvements of telescopes, been turned into clusters of stars.

The whole Milky Way is supposed to be the nebula to which we belong, and our sun, and all the stars that we can see, and very many that we cannot, belong to this nebula, which extends out so far into illimitable space that the light from a large portion of its suns is blended into a faint white haze by the time it reaches us. To an observer at the distance of one of those irresolvable nebulae, our whole firmament, including the whole Milky Way, would appear only as a bright misty spot, not larger than a star, and not so clear and bright. To sum up in brief, we are told, that our telescopes sweep a sphere of stars which it takes light seven millions of years to cross!

Compare this with David's limited view, and then consider how, taking the light of those times for their guide, theologians have tried to cram a universe into a nut-shell, an ocean into a drop. In view of the great discrepancies between theology and science, what wonder that the speculative mind should ask the question, "Is there a God? Above and beyond all this display of energetic power and incomprehensible magnitude, this pomp and splendor of flying worlds of fire, rushing with lightning speed and dizzying whirl, amid the aching wonder and awful mysteries of immensity, is there a Mighty Intelligence, an Omnipotent Will who created, and now controls?" Many at this point become materialists. Seeing nothing, knowing nothing but matter, and, in recoil from the narrow teachings of theology, they come to consider matter as the origin and the end of all things. Their wonder ex-

tends to doubt, and ends in despair, seeing the end of life in the grave that covers the decaying form. Our individual existence, the earth itself, is swallowed up in the immensity of the universe. While one astronomer has declared that an undevout astronomer is mad, another has proclaimed that he has searched the universe with his telescope, and has found no God—just as medical scientists claim that they have searched the human organism with the scalpel without finding the soul.

What gives greater reason and stronger impetus to this skeptical attitude—if, indeed, it is not the origin of it—is the narrowness of the limits prescribed for God and his universe, and for humanity, by the teachings of the churches, compared to this boundless view when we come to survey it through the telescope. And to go back and look at it from David's standpoint, both materially and spiritually, as he considered the heavens, the sun was the one great luminary of the universe, to rule the day, and created expressly for the purpose of furnishing light and heat to the earth for the sake of man; the moon, the second luminary of the universe, to rule the night; and the stars as far lesser sparks of fire, placed in the heavens probably as mere decorations of the otherwise black and gloomy dome which covered the earth at night; and all revolving around the earth as the centre of the universe—that which specially called forth the creative energy of God; and man the crown, the end and aim of all his works—and from David's standpoint, I repeat, I should make it narrower still, and say: The Jewish race, the crown, the end and aim of all his works. According to him, this great God, the Creator of sun, moon and stars, was the Hebrews' God. They were his chosen people. They claimed a special monopoly of his favor. All other nations he had cast off. Afterward, the Christians claimed him through Jesus Christ. By his death, as a particular favor, the Gentiles were permitted also to come under the banner of the Hebrew God. And the Christian Church—the earlier Church—with no higher standpoint, in many respects, than that occupied by David, taught that the earth is the principal part of God's creation (perhaps we should except that undefined place called Heaven). This earth was made that man might be—and we will not dispute that matter with them.

God created man with a certain end in view, which end failed because man fell into sin; or, in other words, God created man to test him by placing a command upon him, and a temptation before him, the first of which he was likely, in the very nature of the case, to disregard, and the second of which was likely to lead him astray. The result, which might have been foreseen, followed: man came under the curse of God, and henceforth he was to sin and suffer and die (as to what he would have done if he had not fallen we are left to conjecture), and unless some special remedy was found and applied he was to suffer forever in a lake of fire and brimstone, which was situated underneath somewhere, probably in the bowels of the earth, volcanic mountains being only the chimneys thereof.

But a remedy was found. God's only begotten Son—begotten for this purpose, it would seem—comes to the earth in a human body, and suffers and dies in order that a comparatively few of the race of man may be saved from this lake of fire. The greater portion, however, are doomed to suffer its torments forever.

Well, the astronomer who has been taught these things, upon looking through his telescope, discovers that even around our sun are many worlds that are probably capable of sustaining life, and probably do sustain life, and that in the immensity of space are worlds innumerable; and his thoughts must be something like this: "If God is over all, and the Creator of all, he must have created all this vast universe of worlds. If he has created one for an apparent purpose, as, for instance, our earth, then may he not have created all for a purpose, and may not these worlds be inhabited by beings similar to ourselves? Suppose these inhabitants of other worlds were tempted and fell, also; was the same penalty attached to their failure, and the same remedy applied in their cases? If so, did our God, have other begotten sons for their special cases? or did the only begotten Son have to suffer in each case? If that be true, would it not take him all the time living in some material form or another, and suffering forever on the cross for others' sins? And if so, how can he find any time to sit on the right hand of God to intercede for us, as we are taught that he is doing now? And then, where would there be a hell—a burning lake of fire and brimstone—large enough and deep enough to hold all these lost souls from all these circling worlds of space? And for that matter, too—although only a small portion of each be saved—where would there be a heaven large enough to hold even all the saved? And then another thing: It was a fallen angel—once a mighty archangel, it is said—who was the tempter, and is the evil genius of man, dividing the supremacy of this world with the Almighty, and taking by far the larger portion himself. Is it the same fallen angel who is to tempt the inhabitants of other worlds? Or is there to be a fallen angel for each world? If so, archangels must be very scarce in heaven by this time. Or can it be that this earth is really the only portion of God's works that is so cursed?

It is said that the devil, or Satan, rebelled because he could not obtain a high enough position in heaven; he wanted a share of the throne of Omnipotence, and it was denied him. If this earth be but a sample of other

worlds, then it would seem that God would have done better to compromise the matter with Satan, and allow him a share of his kingdom in peace, and prevent all this sin and suffering which he has caused; for, as it stands, Satan seems to be really the more powerful of the two.

Ah! my friends, don't you see what monstrous absurdities the churches are based upon, and to which they are still clinging? What wonder the scientist, seeing all these absurdities, throws away in disgust all his childhood's teachings in theology, and, rushing to the opposite extreme, becomes an outright materialist, believing in nothing but matter, and that, so far as we are concerned as individuals, death ends all?

And here, Spiritualism, with its teachings, comes in to save the world. Spiritualism teaches that the universe of matter is permeated and surrounded by spirit, and that spirit rules matter; that for every physical world there is probably a corresponding spirit-world, as there is to our world. Spiritualism teaches that man, on the earth, is both matter and spirit, and that the spirit lives on after the change called death; and this has been proven by spirits coming back and giving indubitable evidence of their existence. This they have done in many ways; such as referring to past occurrences in their lives known only to themselves and the one to whom the test is given; by foretelling things to come to pass, which are unknown, and often unexpected to us, but which they, from their higher standpoint of view and greater range of experience, are able to foresee; by appearing in vision bearing an unmistakable resemblance to their earth-forms and faces; by writing within closed slates, and performing other feats which prove the presence of some occult power, and which it is only reasonable to believe comes from our human spirit friends, especially since this power always claims to be such. In many, many ways too numerous to specify here, it is proven beyond a reasonable doubt that the spirits of our friends have survived the change called death, are still in conscious existence, and so, inferentially, that we, too, shall remain in conscious being when we shall have dropped the shell, the chrysalis, in which we are now encased.

David said of man, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels." Victor Hugo said, "I am the tadpole of an archangel." Spiritualism teaches that Hugo is the nearer right, and that the angels are only ascended and developed human beings. A distinguished Russian poet has said:

"I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the Spirit-Land.
The chain of being is complete in me—
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit—Deity."

But as we understand it, man does not even have to take a step to become a spirit—he is spirit now—spirit clothed upon, at present, with matter, which matter is only the shell containing the future angel. The two realms, matter and spirit, meet in him, and he holds, as it were, in his hands, an end of either chain, standing between two eternities. He has come up through the eternity of material evolution, and faces the eternity of spiritual unfoldment. He is the epitome of all that has gone before him in earth life, and the prophecy of all that is to come in spirit-life.

"Ah," says the confirmed materialist, "this is all very fine talk, but man is only an animal, after all; a very fine animal, it is true, the crowning glory, the blossom and fruitage of all animal life, but still, only an animal." We reply: In this, his chrysalis state, he is, in part, an animal, it is true; just as the worm in the cocoon is a worm, and not a golden-hued butterfly. But the germ of the butterfly is in the worm; the germ of the angel is in the man.

But there are wide and distinctive differences between man and other animals—differences sufficiently marked to indicate a higher order of being, or, at least, to show that that which has slept in the rock, and dreamed in the animal, has fully awakened in man. Let us note some of these differences: First, then, man is the progressive animal; second, he is the creative animal; third, he is the aspiring animal. I might have said that by some superior power, other than physical force, he is the ruler of all other animals. Physically considered, indeed, man is not proportionately developed as compared with the inferior animals. There are creatures far below us in the scale of being that yet possess powers proportionately far above us. It has been said that "if we could move through the air with as great relative speed as the common house-fly, we could cross the Atlantic Ocean and return in the time that we spend at our breakfast table every morning. If we could walk on the earth as rapidly as a relative gait, or change our positions with as great agility as insects that we hate and crush, we could spring to the top of the tallest steeple at a single bound, and walk a mile in five steps. If we could build ships that would carry us at as great a comparative speed as the boat-fly skims the surface of the water, we could leave our homes at noon, pass around the whole circumference of the earth, and return with the meridian sun directly above us all the way. If our vocal organs were as strong proportionately as those of the canary bird, we could make ourselves heard farther than the cannonade of Gettysburg or Waterloo without straining our voices. If, in short, man's powers were proportionately as great as the sum of powers given in separate gifts to the inferior animals, he could hurl the

mountains into the sea, and shake the foundations of the earth."

Our capacities for action and enjoyment could be increased a thousand-fold, and not exceed in proportional development these limits of power to be found among the inferior animals. But man is the result and epitome of all that has gone before him, and the promise of all that is to come, and what he lacks in physical prowess will be found in another direction. He lacks his proportional development of physical prowess in order to develop his mental forces. It is true he has then no natural weapons with which to defend himself; but he has mental powers by which he is enabled to make for himself weapons of warfare. It is true that nature does not generously clothe him with a warm coat of fur to protect him from the winter's storm. What then? Why, he must develop his ingenuity in inventing the necessary covering, and not only his ingenuity, but eventually his taste and love of the beautiful. It is true he is not able as soon as born, to run about, and hide himself from his enemies; but his very weakness develops the filial love in his parents, and so the finer, nobler sentiments are evolved, and hence he is the recipient of more tender care, and consequently receives a stronger and more lasting affection than he would were he less helpless; so he is provided for until he is able to do for himself; and he compensates this care when he in his turn tenderly cares for the helpless. Dependence upon the physical must be weakened in order that the latent powers of the unfolding mind be awakened and developed.

As Watts has said, "The mind's the standard of the man," and here he towers far above anything we have yet discovered in the material universe around us; here he is becoming every year more and more powerful in the way of his command over the forces of nature, thus enabling him to compel them to represent the physical power which, if proportionately developed physically, he would possess in his own person. This is far more God-like than mere brute force. It is not as a mighty giant form that God creates and controls, but as subtle invisible spirit.

Through the agency of his mental powers man has made himself eyes that pierce the darkness and distances of space; and by which he has been enabled to scan the rolling worlds, and their relative distances, and even weigh their contents. That he has thus and so far conquered their seemingly impenetrable secrets proves him to be their superior. Reversing the process, he turns his microscopic glance downward and penetrates far into the depths of the universe beneath him. Yes, man is the superior of all that the telescope and microscope reveal to us—emphatically "the lord of creation." Physically the most helpless of beings, in many respects he discovers the secrets of nature, conquers her forces, and uses them as his servants.

He is the progressive animal. While the lower orders of animals never make any improvements, and never add anything to their store of knowledge and skill from generation to generation (generally speaking), man is constantly improving, inventing and discovering; "and the greater the thing he does, the greater the thing he wants to do."

He is the creative animal. Said a recent writer: "The steamship, driven by her throbbing engines through the sea, is in kind, though not in degree, as much a creation as the whale that swims beneath." We may, perhaps, take exceptions to this, and say that the steamship lacks the evolving spirit that outworks through all the creations of nature. But if, as scientists affirm, not a particle of matter can ever be either created or destroyed, and all the differentiations of organic life, in plant, animal, and man, that we see around us, be but differences of combination, vivified by the living spirit that breathes through all nature, then we might claim that the steamship and all other of man's contrivances are really creations, and that man himself moves upon and through them, and that these creations only differ in degree from those of the Great Artificer. It has lately been said that the powers of man's invention are already attaining in some directions something like a total elimination of manual labor; and that wares have been advertised for sale that have not been touched by human hands in their formation, but were made altogether by machinery.

It has passed into a prophecy that the time will come when machinery of man's creation will be made to do every form of manual labor for him. If the dream of one age be the science of the next, then the next generation will witness man cleaving the air like the bird, and coursing through the depths of the ocean like the whale; he will turn night into day, and hold audible conversation all around the earth, across the continents and under the seas. Man is capable of reaching greater results than as yet we may dream, even on so little a standpoint as this earth. But it will require other spheres and higher states of existence for him to reach his fullest expansion. What that fullest expansion may mean I hardly dare dream, much less express at this time. To quote again from the writer before mentioned: "Man is more than an animal. Whatever be the intelligence that breathes through nature, it is in that likeness that man is made."

Reasoning backward from effect to cause, the distinguished Russian poet before quoted even reaches the conclusion of a God through reflecting upon himself.

"Whence came I here, and how, so marvelously constructed and conceived, unknown? This clod lives surely through some higher energy."
—Henry George.

For from itself it could not be.
I am, oh God, and surely Thou must be!

For in Thee

I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity."

Yes, man is the aspiring animal, too. He is never satisfied with present experiences and attainments. As the old saying goes, "Give him everything else, and he will cry for the moon." As long as there is an unknown he pushes his discoveries, and as long as there is anything higher his aspirations continue to climb. This reaching of the soul upward and outward for something higher and better is a law of reflecting, intelligent being. And the higher the order of intelligence the stronger is this yearning and upward reaching. The brute, so far as we can discover, does not possess this yearning instinct, but, apparently at least, is perfectly contented with present surroundings and attainments, never dreaming of anything better. And the nearer the approach of the human, to the animal, the less is there of aspiration, and the more of indifference, or stolidity. But what reflecting sensitive nature does not know the power of the soul's yearnings? May not the purest aspirations of the soul be only a kind of instinctive homesickness for that which, by some innate law, it recognizes as its proper and destined sphere, its own true element, amid the glories and blessed fruition of the Great Hereafter? It is the divinity that stirs within us, and which will never allow us to remain satisfied short of a near approach to the Infinite.

I have said before that man is greater than all of the material universe that he has yet explored; and I will say further, that he knows more about that material universe than he knows about himself—that is, generally speaking, and especially outside of Spiritualism. It is true that he pretty clearly understands the mechanism and the *modus operandi* of his physical frame, but there yet lies before him a vast realm of mind unexplored; for here, he is allied to the Infinite; here, he touches the throne of the Eternal; and a perfect understanding of his own mental nature—the source, powers, modes of manifestation, and destiny thereof—would necessitate a nearer acquaintance with the Infinite than has ever yet been vouchsafed to mortal man. Hence, while we have, here and there, faint glimpses of light from this mystic realm; while we are mystified and confounded, and occasionally startled and amazed, by the manifestations of Spiritualism, of clairvoyance, and mind-reading, of magnetism, or hypnotism—the power of mind over mind—by premonitions that amount to actual warnings—even though we explore to the very heart of occultism, yet we must acknowledge that the study of mental phenomena and spirit-power is a science over whose threshold, even, we have scarcely yet passed. I believe the time will come when mental telegraphy will be so well understood and practiced as to supersede, at least in part, the physical telegraph system. Then a man in New York can send a mental message to his brother in California, "Come at once; you are needed here;" and the latter can leap upon his aerial car, touch a spring, go flying through the air with the wings of electricity, and, in a few hours, reach his destination. Remember, "the dream of one age is the science of the next."

Before dismissing this subject of mind and mental powers, dropping the mysterious and unknown, and taking up only the more familiar manifestations thereof, let us suppose a human being built up of the brightest and best of all that has been known of man, all the loftier virtues that ever have characterized individuals of the race, pure patriotism, lofty self-renunciation, broad philanthropy, and all the rest; and combined with these, give him all of the grandest manifestations of mental power, including the phenomenal powers mind has sometimes shown in certain directions; as, for instance, the disproportionately developed musical powers of "Blind Tom;" mathematical prodigies, lightning calculators, and so on; let him have the philosophical development of a Bacon or a Newton; the poetical genius of a Milton or a Shakespeare; the mechanical powers that have marked some men during the present century; the inventive genius of an Edison; the oratory of a Demosthenes or Cicero; and so on—what a remarkable man he would be! What a good among men!

And yet can we not conceive it possible for manhood, in its highest manifestations, if given ample time and opportunity for development, to even reach such a symmetrical rounding out of powers? When that which is perfect, or approximately so, shall have come, in a higher state (or states) of existence, is man not capable of becoming the archangel to which Victor Hugo aspired?

Naught but immortality, with eternal progression, can justify the creation of man with all his powers, possibilities, hopes and longings. The very desire for immortality, the instinct within us that craves to live again, that yearns to meet loved ones in another sphere, points to another life and another sphere. These are the desires of earth's purest and best, and of all classes, except, perhaps, those who have come to fear the future through false teachings. Aside from these super-earthly longings—I do not call them supernatural, because I maintain that they are perfectly natural—a sound human constitution for things that do not exist. Hence, we must conclude that the desire for immortality, which is natural for virtuous or normal minds, has over against it, in God's eternity, such an immortality to fulfill it. All this aside from any more substantial proof which Spiritualists claim to have received until it amounts to actual demonstration.

Having frequently mentioned Victor Hugo, let me give you a beautiful expression which came from him the short time before his death. He said:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, 'I have finished my day's work'; but I cannot say 'I have finished

my life!' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight, to open with the dawn."

My friends, can you, with President Lincoln, lay your hand upon your heart, and say, "There's a man in here"? There's a man in here—a man with all his glorious, unbounded and unfathomable possibilities! One who can so say, even though the physical form be gaunt and homely, yet if the angel within be developed, and still aspiring for further unfoldment; if "with malice toward none, but charity for all; and with firmness to do the right, as God gives him to see the right"—then is such an one well entitled to the claim. And if we have made or would make such a claim, can we afford to be sordid and groveling, narrow and selfish? Rather should we not endeavor to live up to the highest and best within us, helping others, as far as lies within our power, to do the same, considering it the proudest boast to which we can lay claim to be able to say, in its truest sense, "There's a man in here!"

CHARLES FAUVET.

A Biographical Sketch.

BY W. N. EATERS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Rather more than sixty years ago, there appeared in France a small group of remarkable men, whose life and labors were to contribute very largely to the amelioration of the condition of their countrymen and to add a lustre to the fame of their native land. They were men of elevated character, high aims and exceptional mental gifts. They were Spiritualist philosophers, but their philosophy did not find expression in mere sentiment or curious speculation. They were great enough to turn their doctrine to a practical account, and many of the most beneficent reforms in French systems of education, law, politics and society, owe their inception and accomplishment to these men.

Early united by a firm and appreciative friendship and cooperation in their long and useful life, they are practically united in death; for it is a noteworthy fact, that of this number all but two have passed to the higher life within the last six months.

Who that has followed the progress of free thought in France during the last thirty years, does not know Eugene Nus, Bonnemère, Desormes, Considérant, Courty? They have gone from the arena in which they fought their good fight. Two are still waiting for the summons to join them.

The latest to leave the ranks is M. Charles Fauvet, who peacefully closed his eyes to the material world in February at the age of eighty-one years. His clearness of sight, his intellectual vigor, his composure of spirit, remained unchanged to the last. A noble soul, a true man, large-hearted, modest and sympathetic, his fortune was always at the service of the distressed, and to every enterprise by which progress in mental and political life was to be aided, he gave a prompt and generous assistance.

Recognized as the head of his school of Philosophy by men of learning, his house at Asnières has been for more than thirty years the favorite resort of the friends of liberty, the defenders of new truth, the men of great heart.

As he was for sixty years closely attached to all intellectual and moral movements, he became early interested in Modern Spiritualism, and founded at Paris the society for the scientific study of psychic phenomena. For many years he, as President, directed its work with great zeal, ability and courtesy.

His contributions to the literature of the New Philosophy are large and valuable. His pen was never idle. His writings are characterized by a generosity of spirit and a soundness of reasoning, clearness of conception and wealth of learning, conveyed in a style of remarkable clearness, beauty and force.

The last years of his life were spent in the preparation of two works of exceptional value—"Nouvelle Revelation," in which a new interpretation of life and a new method for the attainment of absolute truth are exposed; and "Théonomie," in which he applies the methods of scientific investigation to demonstrate the existence of God.

In each continent the old heroes in the struggle for true religion and virtue are passing away from mortal sight; fortunately for humanity, not from the sphere of activity. Though dead, they yet live to carry forward the grand causes that engaged their affections here below. The present age, with its crass materialism, may fail to recognize their worth; but a day will come when they will be honored among the greatest of the benefactors of men. They are great because they know that spiritual forces are mightier than material; and in the belief that if they could make their convictions in religion, morals, law and social life go far and deep enough, they could create a new heaven and a new earth, they set to work to make them go far and deep enough!

Minor Rules for Health.

Sleep with the head to the north. The earth is a magnet, and so is the human body. Do not keep lights burning in your room. They burn up the oxygen.

Cultivate music. It is harmonizing and clearing to the soul.

Neither eat nor drink while over-heated. If you would reduce your fat, abstain from drinking water, and wholly from eating carbonaceous foods; rice, Irish potatoes, corn-starch puddings, etc.

For a tonic effect, bathe in a warm room in cold, or cool water, rubbing the body immediately with a coarse towel till the skin is warm and red.

Clean the nails thoroughly of both hands and feet before retiring at night.

Have regular times for going to bed, for rising, for eating and for attending to the demands of nature.

Do not indulge in nor listen to neighborhood gossip. If you have ill feelings against persons do them kindnesses. The exercise of love and good will conduce to health.—J. M. Peabody, M. D.

"I do not believe in women voting; at least I should never want to be a leader in politics." I should—and why, my dear?—"I fight a losing battle to go to the penitentiary!"—Plain Dealer.

A Good Appetite

Always accompanies good health, and an absence of appetite is an indication of something wrong. The loss of a rational desire for food is soon followed by lack of strength, for when the supply of fuel is cut off the fire burns low. The system gets into a low state, and is liable to severe attacks of disease. The universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to its great merits in restoring and sharpening the appetite, in promoting healthy action of the digestive organs, and as a purifier of the blood, constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine. Surely, who has never used Hood's Sarsaparilla should surely do so this season.

Original Essay.

FOLLOW THE LIGHT.

BY G. D. STEEDMAN.

THIS is a day of great awakening. The "Hydesville" "raps" have gone round the world, and have stirred the air to new vitality.

Never was the inner life studied so freely and so well; never was the life beyond so near and so natural to growing millions. Not that all this study is wise, but its tendency and outcome are toward wisdom.

Meanwhile, there is a confusion of tongues, a perplexing array of names hardly known yesterday. Mental cure, faith cure, Christian science, prayer cure—all have their roots in the truth of the supremacy of mind, and the uplifting and healthful power of spiritual aspiration; and all have an element of the miraculous and "supernatural" which may well be put aside.

Clairvoyance, hypnotism, or magnetism, psychometry, telepathy, are powers and faculties of the life within. To know and appreciate them adds to self-reverence.

Fabulous narratives, astral bodies, smelling of graveyard mould, and weird reincarnations unable to tell us anything definite or valuable about their past, mystic and varied career, invade us from Hindostan; strange devices and survivals of the *unfittest* in Oriental lore—their theosophic advocates complacently hold superior to Spiritualism!

Of books on these topics there is no end. In one of the last Mr. Hudson revamps the unconscious cerebration theory of Prof. Carpenter, and makes our inner consciousness a faculty omniscient, but void of conscience, in a way satisfactory to himself, absurd to an experienced Spiritualist, yet not displeasing.

Out of all this discussion, perplexing as it may be for a while, will come, a better knowledge of the sublime truth of spirit-presence and manifestation, and of man's inner life and infinite relations.

What Spiritualists especially need to bear in mind, and to tell the waiting world, is that nothing can supplant their *proof-positive* of a continued life beyond that change which is death to the body, but the opening of a higher existence for the undying soul—and which verifies the intuitive belief in immortality.

Whatever truth can be found elsewhere can be well used; but not to supplant this proof-positive; and no truth conflicts with another when we see both clearly. Clairvoyance, for instance, which psychic science is investigating with new earnestness, may lead us to discriminate, and not attribute all to exorcism and nothing to incarnate spirits; but such discrimination will make the return and presence of "souls triumphant over death" a more sober certainty.

Doubtless the blessed immortals in higher spheres are banded together in this age as never before to bring us this light from the spirit-world, that we may see better how to work out our own salvation.

Let us follow the light, and gain in spiritual culture and divine wisdom in daily life.
Detroit, Mich., May 26th, 1894.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The following letter to the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, from Mrs. M. T. Longley, was read at the Third Annual Meeting of the Society, held May 21st, 1894.
W. H. BANKS, Clerk.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE VETERAN SPIRITUALISTS' UNION, OF GLOUCESTER, MASS.:
Dear Friends and Sisters of Boston, Mass.: We give you greeting and heartfelt love as our spirits turn toward you and the dear old Bay State where your work as an organization centers, and from which it radiates out in many points of blessing to the world. Once more the ties, which have long sped into the spirit-world, will be strengthened by the date of its formation, and hold its annual meeting of love and goodwill to humanity.

How pleased my companion and I would be to participate in those Anniversary exercises, and to mingle with you, dear co-workers, on that bright and happy occasion. For although we have traveled thousands of miles since we last gazed into your friendly faces and heard your kindly words, although we have listened to many cordial tongues that have welcomed us in our travels, been entertained by royal hearts, and received the blessings of angels and mortals; although we have wandered through sunny lands, and mentally tasted mentally and materially the luscious fruits, gorgeous flowers and intellectual gifts of the Pacific slope, yet our thoughts turn in love to good old Boston, and we would fain clasp hands in greeting with our Veterans. True friends, the day when they meet to commemorate the birth of their useful and heaven-appointed organization.

But while our faces will have turned eastward before that happy day, we will not have reached Massachusetts until it is past. We have longed for the unrecalled past. And so, all we can do is to send our loving thoughts and our Good Speeds to you all as a body of spiritualist workers, and to each one individually, as a friend, and as a personal friend. Believe us, dear friends, and as a personal friend, that we have the interest of the Veteran Union at heart; that we recognize its importance and its usefulness; that we feel it is destined to work still greater benefit of the cause of human beings than it has accomplished. And yet it has already performed great works. It has blessed and strengthened human lives from Maine to California. The twenty-five dollars that the Veterans have collected and paid in monthly installments of five dollars each, during the last winter, to an aged medium in San Francisco, were the means, to my personal knowledge, of bearing, beneficence and blessing to the lives of three wretched, suffering, and invalid, her invalid daughter, and her young grandson. And this is but one instance of the great and practical good work of the Union.

As I travel I have found no organization approaching it in beneficent work for humanity, and I trust that its funds will be increased, and its power of usefulness strengthened through the generous contributions of interested souls who love humanity, and who desire to aid in bringing about a more prosperous and happy state of affairs for the needy and suffering ones of earth.

Branches of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union should be organized in every city and town of our country. The importance of its work is recognized by Spiritualists at large, there will be no difficulty in creating such branches of the parent organization on every hand. But to do this the Union must have financial means, and in order to continue its practical beneficence to suffering humanity it must receive donations of money or of other property. It is not much we can do personally, but we desire to add our little to the contributions of the Veteran Union for the blessing of humanity.

Therefore, with the sanction of our beloved spiritual guides, and with the approval of our own judgment, Mr. Longley and I have decided to bestow, as a gift, upon the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, our summer cottage, known as "Lotus Lodge," at Maranacook, Maine, the same to be retained as a summer home of rest for poor mediums and Spiritualists, or to be sold for the benefit of the charitable fund of the Veterans' Spiritualists' Union—proceeds of said sale to be used for the relief of human need and suffering—as the best judgment of the Board of Directors of the V. S. U. may decide. The cottage is a beautiful one, well built, located on the best of sanitary conveniences, situated in a most delightful country upon the shore of Lake Maranacook, Maine. It is in close proximity to the city of Bangor, and is well known to Spiritualists, among whom may be mentioned Isaac B. Rich, Wm. S. Butler and David W. Craig. We value Lotus Lodge, with such of its furniture as we will donate to it, to the V. S. U. at one thousand dollars; and although the present offering of the money market might prevent the realization of that sum from its sale just now, we think it would readily bring that amount if reserved until better times prevail.

As soon as possible after our return to Boston, we shall take steps to deed the property without reserve to the V. S. U., with the understanding that whether it be sold or retained, the proceeds shall be used for the benefit of the needy and suffering ones of our country. It is our desire that the property be accepted by the Veteran Spiritualists' Union as the

joint gift of Spirit Lotus, and of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Longley, and we trust that others in our ranks who are able to add their mite, or to donate something of a substantial character to the treasury of this useful and heaven-blessed organization, will be induced to do so by our example, and, although it be, made with the desire to benefit our kind, to encourage the Veteran Union in its good work, and with the hope that it will arouse others who are able to give of their means, to the impotence and worth of this Union, and the determination to support it by their financial aid.

May the angels of love and peace abide with you all.
Your sister in the cause of Truth,
MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.
Pasadena, Cal., May 1st, 1894.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society.

Held Memorial Services at 1031 Washington street, Boston, on Sunday, May 27th—the hall being handsomely decorated with flowers, which were contributed in abundance.

The afternoon session opened with singing by the choir, and an eloquent address of welcome by Mrs. A. B. Waterhouse. After a song by Mrs. Gertrude Isaac on Mrs. J. F. Estabrook, and the following Memorial Poem, [?] which was written by her for the occasion:

MEMORIAL POEM.

By Mrs. Julia F. Eaton.
Nature is smiling with life—with the beauty and fragrance of spring!
Blossoms lift up their bright faces in praise, and the birds sweetest melodies sing:
For all earth has awakened to life—from the winter to the spring of May.
And a tribute of joy we should bring on this our Memorial Day.
But the heart is a temple of love, and we long for a grasp of the hand.
For a sound of the voices of our loved who have passed to the bright border-land;
And we gather the holy and rose, and tearfully gaze on the footprints of angels we see on the threshold and stairway of Time.
Leading down from the tower of Light where the bells of fond memory chime:
Coming to whisper of peace and of rest—of the boatman who dips the shell out.
While rejoicing in knowledge of life just over the sun-setting line!

But our tears are commingled with smiles when the night is lost in the morn:
For the gate to their mansion parts wide when our faith into Knowledge is born—
When the footprints of angels we see on the threshold and stairway of Time.
Leading down from the tower of Light where the bells of fond memory chime:
Coming to whisper of peace and of rest—of the boatman who dips the shell out.
And as pilots on Life's boundless sea, when a storm sweeps down from the sky,
They stand at the helm and hold to its course, though the billows deep over us roll.

Not an action of kindness or good, but an angel inspired the thought!
And the jewels of Justice and Right are gems which they've lovingly brought.
Teaching us to be honest and kind, and woman to be gentle and true;
To be brave of heaven, who knowing their duty dare to do it.

To carry the torchlight of Truth and illumine the candle of earth.
Till the world shall accept and be glad to welcome and hallow its birth:
Till its brightness dispels the thin veil, and proves the depth of its grandeur and glory.
Through which man passes the world to live, when earth's dreaming and seeming are o'er!
That the eye which is closed when the Angel of Death hails the sleeper to rest,
Opens to a world of delight in the home of the true and the best;
That the words of glad welcome are heard in the world of reunion and bliss,
Ere the mortal prayer and farewell has ceased and is silent in prayer.

Then weep not, for our loved are not dead—nor yet sleeping beneath the green sod;
They have risen in glory to light, to the knowledge of heaven and God!
And they come on the wings of our thought, bringing comfort and balm for the wounds in Life's wearisome conflict and strife.

And we welcome to-day in our midst the loved of the yesterday time,
Who carried the banner of spirit-return emblazoned with precepts sublime;
Who led its grand and glorious march, and guarded with tenderest care,
Lest among their bright teachings of Truth should grow errors of thistle and tare.

On these walls their sweet faces we see enwreathed with a halo of love; [?]
They are living and truly on earth as they live in the heaven above;
And the words which we speak at this hour, the flowers we lay for them here,
Are as real to them as to you—and bring them a solace and cheer.

Then with fervent acclaim let us render them praise for good and true they have wrought.
For the lessons all sparkling with love which they have unceasingly taught:
Let us lay on the altar of Truth a new pledge this Memorial Day;
That our faith shall be proved by our work, and the stone from our tombs rolled away;
That we wear "In Memoriam" flowers—not a garment of sable or gray.
But let us, workers for the cause which has cost some of us a winter to sunshine of May:
For our smiles form a ladder of love by whose rounds the departed descend,
And to bask in the light of their presence our faith must be grand and true blend;

We must open the blinds to our heart and let sunshine into it roll;
Brush the ashes of doubt from its hearth and let love be the fuel of its fire;
Lest the fountain of tears-drops be dry, and all sighing and sorrow be still.
Till the "Holy Night" song fills the breast with a measure of "peace and good will."

Then will joy like a beacon arise and send forth its radiant light, illumined with Faith and the wrong gives away to the right;
Till the angels plait backward the mist with a star of wisdom and sight,
And a gleam of a poem of love and an anthem of holy delight.
Then when the angels' sweet kiss on our lips shall have sealed them into wisdom on earth,
We shall wake into newness of life—and the joy of the heavenly world.

Mrs. C. F. Loring spoke in her usual earnest manner. Mrs. M. F. Brown rendered a reading very effectively. Mr. John Slater, after singing, gave many convincing tests—all being recognized. The meeting closed with remarks and tests by Mrs. J. K. D. O'Brien.

After a pleasant intermission, which the many friends present socially enjoyed, the evening session opened with singing by the choir and a fine address by Dr. E. B. Storer; an original poem, written by Mrs. C. F. Loring, was read by Mrs. Brown, after which she gave several tests; Master Charlie Hatch, accompanied by Miss Lilla Fay, pianist, played a selection on the violin, which all enjoyed; Mrs. Sarah A. Brown, a worker for the cause when it cost something to be an acknowledged Spiritualist, spoke with enthusiasm on the growth of the phenomena since then; Mrs. Shackley and Mr. Arthur McKenna then gave a number of good tests.

The many friends and societies to whom Mr. Cleveland has so generously contributed his services the season will be glad to hear that a testimonial to be given him, at 1031 Washington street, on Thursday evening, June 7th—the use of the hall having been tendered for that purpose.

[This poem was also read at Berkeley Hall, during the benefit meeting given to F. A. Heath, on the same day.—Ed.]

[Referring to the life-like portraits of some of the early pioneers of Spiritualism, which adorn the hall of the Ladies' Aid Society.—Ed.]

"Hello, Mr. Workingman! What are you digging?"
"Digging potatoes."

"Have you any to sell?"
"No."

"What are you doing with them?"
"I sort them into four piles."

"What do you do with them?"
"The big piles of fine potatoes you see over there I give to the landlord as land rent for the privilege of living on the earth; next to the biggest pile I give to the money lord as interest for the privilege of using the tools that some other workingman made; the third pile I give to the hog, and the fourth pile I give to myself. So you see, between the landlord, the money lord, the politicians and the other hogs I give my living."

"But what do you do with the hogs?"
"I give them to the railroad company for hauling the big potatoes to the land and money lords."—Ed.

Peacemaker—"I wouldn't fight, my good man." First Combatant—"He called me a liar, sir." Second Combatant—"He called me a lazy loafer." Peacemaker—"Well, I wouldn't fight over a difference of opinion; you both may be right."

June Magazines.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—The principal article of this eminently attractive number is "Neal Dow and His Life-Work," by A. A. Minor, D. D., finely illustrated, and accompanied by an excellent engraving from a photograph taken on the great reformer's sixtieth birthday; John C. Wyman writes of "Rhode Island at the World's Fair," showing the commendable display made by that little Commonwealth; Herbert Laws Webb describes, in a lengthy paper, "The Telephone of To-Day"; Clifford Hoffman Chase contributes a pleasing story, entitled "The Critical Hour"; "The Emancipation of Mr. Samuel Banks," by Charles S. Lander, is a pathetic narrative. Other interesting articles appear, interspersed with poems. Warren F. Kellogg, publisher, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—The current number is especially attractive, and beside installments of the serials and entertaining short stories there are, in the series of articles on girls' colleges, a sketch of "Life at Girton College," by Raymond Blathway; "Royal Authors and Their Books—From Richard I. to Elizabeth," by R. Maynard Leonard; "Gardening in May," by a practical gardener. The department of "Up to the mark" is up to the mark. The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East 17th street, New York.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL opens with a photograph, from a personal examination, by Edgar C. Beall, M. D., of the noted pioneer in the field of woman suffrage, Susan B. Anthony; John W. Shull contributes the first part of an extremely interesting article on "The Faculty of Language"; under the heading of "How to Study Strangers," Nelson Sizer writes of shapes of heads; Charlotte Fowler Wells furnishes phrenological biographical sketches of John Neal and Dr. B. A. Parnell; much useful instruction is given in the department on "Child Culture"; "Notes in Anthropology" contain many curious facts. Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 27 East 21st street, New York.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGIENE.—W. A. English, M. D., writes an intensely interesting letter from Colombo, Ceylon, in which he gives a brief sketch of the life and teachings of Buddha; R. T. Colburn furnishes the second paper on "Bread and Bread-Making"; "Notes Concerning Health," by the editor, is especially valuable; Jennie Chandler writes of education under the heading of "Hygiene for Women"; many timely subjects are interestingly discussed under the title of "Topics of the Month." Dr. M. L. Holbrook, Editor, 40 East 21st street, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES opens with "A Prophecy" concerning the future state of several nations, a literary curiosity which appeared in the Boston Patriot of Feb. 10th, 1810; Edward Dingle contributes information concerning "The Asteroids and Satellites of Uranus"; "The Symbol of the Indian, Egyptian and Christian Cross" is an interesting extract from "Tradition, Its Origin and Development." Other curious facts and instructive matter are presented in the current number. Published by S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H. For sale by Colby & Rich.

ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE is one of the strongest of recent issues—the departments being wisely selected in subject and material. It is thoroughly original in authorship in everything that is presented. Charles H. Mackay has given much food for thought in his department of "Practical Occultism." The reading in the lighter vein cannot fail to attract, which is also true of the poetry. In this line the poem, "For these things men say 'God be thanked,'" will amuse as well as cause reflection. "Just in Time" is a pleasing story by W. E. Shannahan. S. Jesse Black has an interesting story, "The Duel," which was not much of a duel after all. The storyettes are not the least to commend the current number. T. J. Gilmore, publisher, 2819 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

NEW THOUGHT [for April] is a most interesting issue, containing, among other articles of merit, an installment of "Joan, or Spiritualism in France," by Moses Hull; "Sketch of Carrie E. S. Twing," by Mattie E. Hull, accompanied with portrait of that remarkable medium, which forms the frontispiece of this number; "Along the Line," by Mattie E. Hull, which contains matter for thought, as does also the editorial on "Funeral Reform." Published by Moses Hull & Co., 29 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

THE THEOSOPHIST [for May].—H. S. Olcott contributes an installment of "Old Diary Leaves"; "The Sankhya Yoga" is continued by Rama Prasad; Bireswar Bannerji, B. A., furnishes a paper on "Altruism," read before the Bengal branch of the Theosophical Society; "The Spirit of Theosophy," is the substance of an address delivered by Mrs. Besant; "Who Was Sptama Zarathushtra?" is interestingly discussed at some length by Nusservanji F. Bilmoria; "The Hindu View of Transmigration" is clearly set forth by R. Ananthakrishna Shastri. Other articles not here mentioned also appear. Published at the Theosophical Society's Headquarters, Adyar, India. For sale by Colby & Rich.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE [for May].—The present number of this most excellent magazine opens with a thoughtful article on "Psychic Development," under the heading of "Sunday Services in Boston," a synopsis of a lecture delivered by Mr. W. J. Colville at the First Spiritualist Temple is given; the serial by Mr. Colville, "Onesimus Templeton" is continued; subjects of interest are discussed in "Our Book Table" and "Correspondence." Published by H. E. Saunders, 352 Ogden Avenue, Chicago. For sale by Colby & Rich.

TALKS WITH MOTHERS.—No. 3.

HAPPY BABYHOOD.

Every mother wants her baby to thrive, because a healthy child is a happy child. The question of how the baby shall be fed is demanding the attention, as never before, not only of the mothers in the land, but of the entire medical profession also, because it is now realized how much the health of a child can be influenced by proper nutrition during the years of babyhood. As the result of the improper feeding of the infant, the vitality of the child is impaired, and he grows up weak and puny. In these days when artificial food is being so generally resorted to for infants, the demand for a substitute for mother's milk has brought out many foods for which great claims are made. Gustav Mellin, an English chemist, was the first to discover and combine the requisite properties necessary for an artificial food, and with his discovery the rational feeding of infants commenced. Mellin's Food is the only perfect substitute for mother's milk, and it has done more to make babies strong and healthy than anything else that has ever been invented. Mellin's Food possesses all the requisite heat and flesh producing and bone-forming constituents necessary to give a child health, vigor and vitality. Infants are exceedingly fond of it and thrive upon it when nothing else can be retained upon the stomach. If they have been weak, fretful and troublesome they become happy, healthy and active; bright eyes, rosy cheeks, firm muscles and a strong constitution are the inevitable results of using this excellent preparation. Mellin's Food, being highly nutritious and easily digested, is also perfectly adapted to the wants of invalids and convalescents.

GIVE THE BABY

MELLIN'S

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

FOOD

THE ONLY Perfect Substitute for Mother's Milk. Send for our book "The Care and Feeding of Infants," mailed free to any address.

COLLIER-GODDARD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

After the exercises in Unity Hall he returned to Boston, where he is now settled for the present. Huntington Avenue, suite 4. Reliable parties desiring his services for any dates during July and August are requested to communicate with him immediately at the above address.

JUNE CARNIVAL!!

25 per cent for the Benefit of the Fire Sufferers in Boston.

A repetition of the Dances of the May Festival to be given in the

Boston Theatre, June 9th, 1894,
AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

A MOST BEAUTIFUL ENTERTAINMENT

Of Dances and Solos by well known Young People and Children.

Two Hundred People in the Cast!

The Entire Performance under the Management of Mrs. W. S. BUTLER and Mrs. LILLA VILES WYMAN.

Tickets 25, 50 and 75 cents, according to location. Tickets can be procured of Mrs. C. T. WOOD, 107 Tremont street, Mrs. W. S. BUTLER, 411 Marlboro street, and at the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, 9 Boston street.

Buy a Ticket and Help the Cause!!

Sharp Letter from Prof. Wilder.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The notion that to disease a person by vaccination is sanitary or salutary, is absurd enough for the brain of a cretin.

The Brooklyn Health official has dismissed his vaccination corps; and the anti-vaccinators of Brooklyn have appealed to the Mayor to withhold their pay from the public treasury. Certainly it would seem that if they have been employed in illot acts they should not be paid for the committing of the offenses. Probably, however, this is too much to expect. This is a doctor-beset community, and the animal must bear his rider as the bride guides him.

Lorenzo Dow was once challenged to preach from a text to be given him by a minister just as he was about to begin. The text assigned was from Numbers xxii, 21: "And Balaam rose up in the morning and saddled his ass."

"This text," said Dow, "embraces three distinct ideas, which I will explain. First, Balaam, the wicked prophet; he denotes your minister. Second, the ass, which is the salary which he receives. Third, the ass; this means the people of his congregation. The improvement of this is: that your minister has his ass tied fast upon you, and is riding you to inevitable destruction."

Of our friends in Brooklyn I say, as Chatham said of the American colonists: "I am glad that they have resisted." It may be that martyrdom is in store for the friends of personal freedom and pure bodies; we shall see. We read that when the apostles cast the Python-spirit out of the southwark girl (Acts xiii), "her masters saw that the temple of their gains was gone," and in the mad fury of their disappointed cupid, caught Paul and Silas and dragged them to the agora, under the charge of teaching illegal and pernicious customs. The multitude—the majority—rose up en masse, and the magistrates beat them and cast them into prison. Doctor craft is about as malignant and obnoxious to day. It abides no law, no constitutional safeguard that conflicts with its selfish ends.

The medical legislation of America from 1793 to 1835 and from 1872 to 1894 proves beyond dispute that a lust of pelf and power inspires the men seeking its enactment. Give them their way without check, and our liberties would be sacrificed, our manhood obliterated, at the behests of a caste of men endowed with exclusive privileges. Such legislation, and judge-made law in keeping with it, would fill the country with citizens arbitrarily transformed without a crime into outlaws and culprits—men without a country.

The decision mentioned by Dr. Ripley, of the court in New Britain, was what I expected. I think that the remedy is suggested that will be surest of effecting relief, viz.: the establishing of a private school where vaccination will not be required.

It is very possible that our people, desirous to assure health as well as justice, will have to follow the example of the Huguenots of France and establish institutions of their own outside of those of the State. It would open the way to peaceable revolution, and be a protection from oppressive administration.

A year or so ago Bridgeport had a city judge who ruled differently from this one. He is out of office now; but he was intrepid and fearless. The eclectic physicians of Connecticut have for years declared against vaccination. They are generally hard-headed, and have won in hard-fought battles. It has required all the sinuosity which has been characteristic of the State Board of Health to get round and flank them. I wish that others of the same medical faith were equally sound and true—but as a rule, men are seldom much better than the community in which they live.

We need men as intrepid as Samuel Thomson and Samuel Adams, earnest as William Tobb and Bernard Hazzard and Samuel Darling—and aggressive as Henry Bergh.

ALEXANDER WILDER.
Newark, N. J., May 30th, 1894.

(From the N. Y. Evening Telegram, May 31st, 1894.)

Did Vaccination Cause Death?
Deputy Coroner O'Hare certifies that improper vaccination caused lockjaw to develop. Health Board officials are troubled over it. Mr. Doyle is positive the virus was pure and that a New Needle was used!

The death of Frank Evans, three and a half years old, which Deputy Coroner O'Hare has certified was due to tetanus or lockjaw from improper vaccination, caused a stir in the Health Department to-day.

The child died on Monday morning at his parents' home, No. 333 East 80th street. Dr. C. B. Murray of 327 East 90th street, who attended the little patient, certified that death was due to meningitis, and this opinion was shared by Dr. J. E. Falsburg of No. 318 East 79th street, who had been called in consultation by Dr. Murray.

As the child had been vaccinated only a short time before he was taken ill, the parents believed that vaccination must have had something to do with his death, and they sent for the coroner [with the result set forth in the heading].

John Slater.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

This well-known platform test medium from San Francisco, Cal., held a test séance at Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, Boston, on Sunday evening, June 3d. The hall was packed with people, and late-comers had to be contented with standing-room.

For one hour and a quarter Mr. Slater held his audience (which was composed of many of Boston's well-known people, including many skeptics) spellbound with wonder at the many marvelous "tests" given during the evening. People in the audience bore witness that the tests that they received were correct, and that it was utterly impossible for Mr. Slater to have known any of the circumstances given, as it was the first time they had ever seen him at a similar meeting. Names, facts, dates and even word-for-word conversations were repeated to people—and every instance was acknowledged correct.

Mr. Slater speaks bluntly and without the use of unnecessary words. All present were delighted, and unanimously requested Mr. Slater to hold another séance next Sunday, and at the same place.

DR. W. FRANKS.

There is one hotel at least in Boston where the strict law of compensation is fully carried out, for when the butter is strong the coffee is weak!

Unfortunate People.

Who do not live near the leading dairy regions, can now use products of such dairies owing to the perfect preservation of milk in all its mother purity, as accomplished in Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream.

Spiritual Camp-Meetings.

Echoes from Meetings.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

These meetings opened on Saturday with very unpleasant weather, still many were present, and enjoyed the speaking and mediumship.

Mr. L. L. Whitlock, the President, made a few remarks, and Mrs. Moody (of United Spiritualists of America) presided at the organ.

Mrs. Whitlock being obliged to leave to reach her Sunday engagements, made the first address; it was full of interest. She hoped these meetings would prove a great advantage to the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity.

The next speaker was Mrs. Chase of Swampscott. She made all happy by her words of cheer; also gave descriptions of spirits, which were recognized.

Dr. Arthur Hodges, so long and favorably known in Boston—now living in Lynn—gave recognized spirit-descriptions.

Mr. Jencken—son of the youngest sister of the three Fox sisters—showed his ability to give tests by the alphabet and raps. In this way the name of "Mary Mead" was obtained. An old gentleman asked which Mary it was, and the signified responded, "Daughter." It was the same time. Come and give a recitation, and the session closed.

The Salem Quartet had been engaged for Sunday, and its musical entertainment was highly appreciated. Mrs. Amanda Bailey, the soloist, sang with her usual power and expression.

Mr. Walker, the organist, rendered several instrumental pieces with pleasing effect.

It is the intention of the management to make music a leading feature in these meetings.

Mr. L. L. Whitlock, the President, made the opening address of welcome. He said we are not here in the interest of fame, sects or creeds; we but only desire to teach the truth, and study the laws which control these psychopowers, some to Theosophy, others to Spiritualism, and still others to Astrology, etc.

The question still remains—What is truth? These meetings are not in the interest of any society—all are welcome.

Do not feel you cannot come if you do not care for the meetings; there are about fifty acres in this park and thousands of beautiful trees—there is room for many meetings at one time. Come and bring your baskets, hammocks and children, and in these beautiful shades find a day of rest and pleasure.

During his remarks Mr. Whitlock also said: "I want you all to remember the BANNER OF LIGHT of Boston; it is the oldest paper of its class in the world; it has done more for mediums and spirit-phenomena than any other publication ever has accomplished, and we of Boston and vicinity owe more to it than all others combined; it is our home paper; it is always ready to advertise our meetings. Do we do our part to support it?"

I do not intend to underrate any others, but to suggest that THE BANNER should be supported by every Spiritualist, and especially every medium. Many papers and magazines, devoted to these subjects, have existed and died since THE BANNER, nearly forty years ago, made its first appearance. Its agent is here, and will be glad to supply you with copies. I shall say more on this point next Sunday."

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham made a speech which was full of interest, followed by fine descriptions by one of her controls. Mr. John Slater made brief remarks.

Mrs. Julia Davis, after a short address, gave a descriptive séance, followed by psychometric readings. Dr. Hodges and Mr. Jencken were then introduced, and after a few well chosen remarks in reference to the advent of Modern Spiritualism and the Fox sisters, Mr. Jencken tried a few experiments, which proved some intelligence could communicate through the raps and alphabet. Dr. Hodges then gave an interesting séance.

Mr. Heath made remarks and gave names and descriptions.

Mrs. Butler of Lynn spoke a few words of welcome, and promised more extended remarks some other time.

Many were present who went away before being called on—or who would have been called for later.

Next Sunday Mr. Joseph D. Stiles will be at Echo Grove, and his name is sufficient wherever "Swift Arrow" has been heard to guarantee a large audience.

Representatives of the Massachusetts State Society of Spiritualists—Dr. George A. Fuller, President—will also be present and hold a session in the interests of that organization.

Public speakers and mediums are invited free.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Nothing is heard of hard times at Onset. Throughout the winter builders have been busy, and cottages have multiplied, and still they are at it. Several edifices, even handsomer and more elaborate than those which seemed heretofore to answer every requirement for comfort, have just been finished.

Mr. Poole's Hotel and the Brockton House have been open all winter. The Brockton House, with its new dining-room and forty-four lodgish rooms, in charge of Landford Holt, opens this week. The Union Villa, greatly improved, is in charge of Henry Lewis, who, instead of doing as the prophets foretold, and his friends feared, has taken a turn, recovered his health, and will be on hand to secure the comfort of his guests. By the 17th of June, the Washburn House, Hotel Onset and Bay View Hotel will be ready for permanent boarders or transient guests, and Bullock's Restaurant will justify the reputation of past years.

The fame of Onset, as the most beautiful shore resort in New England, has gone abroad, and almost all rooms have been engaged by many families never here before.

The program for the coming season will be ready in a few days.

THE ANNUAL OPENING DAY will be on Sunday, June 17th. Tickets from Boston to Onset and return, on that occasion, will be \$1.75. Go on any train Saturday, but not Sunday, and return Sunday night, or on any train Sunday, as Monday is the legal holiday, this is very practically two holidays to the visitor. Public exercises in the afternoon at the Temple, or at the Auditorium, if fair, and the new seats are in place.

Camp Progress.

The Lynn and North Shore Association will hold grove meetings during the summer at Upper Swampscott—the same grove as last season—commencing Sunday, June 10th. Take Loring Avenue car.

Mrs. N. H. GARDNER, Sec'y.

CALIFORNIA.

Summerland.—The Third Annual Camp-Meeting of the Spiritualists' Association will commence on Sunday, Aug. 26th, and close September 10th, '94. For information in regard to tents, lodgings or other particulars, address, Wm. F. ALLEN, Sec'y.

Los Angeles.—The meetings of the First Spiritual Society are held at New Music Hall, 231 South Spring street, every Sunday (Children's Lyceum at 1 o'clock P. M.). Lectures by Dr. Ravlin at 7:30 and 7:30 P. M. Music under direction of Carlisle Peterselle.

The following officers of the Society will gladly furnish any further information: President, Carlisle Peterselle, 208 Broadway, New York; Vice-President, H. C. O'Brien, 706 Montreal street; Secretary, Robert S. Ewing, 323 West 24 street; Financial Secretary, Mrs. S. E. Cramer, 118 North Hill street; Treasurer, S. D. Dye, 322 West 1st street.

The friends are respectfully cautioned to pay no money to any person or persons except the Financial Secretary, Mrs. S. E. Cramer, 118 North Hill street, Los Angeles, who will give a receipt for all money received. Public invited to attend.

NEW JERSEY.

Newark.—The Independent Spiritualists' Society has changed its name to The First Church of Spiritual Progression, since entering the new house at 27 Franklin street, which was opened and dedicated on Sunday afternoon, June 3d, at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham delivered the dedication lecture to an excellent audience.

Meetings will be held here every Sunday evening at 7:45 o'clock. Mrs. Brigham will lecture for us again on Sunday afternoon, June 10th, at 3 o'clock. H. C. O'Brien, our regular Sunday evening meeting, we hold a circle every Wednesday evening.

Mrs. G. A. DONN.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago.—The Illinois State Spiritualists' Association has just closed a most successful engagement with that well-known and popular speaker and test medium, Mr. G. V. Cordingby of St. Louis, Mo., this being his eighth month's engagement with us, and the last two years. He has lectured to large audiences, and his tests have been recognized by the country. His readings are acknowledged to be correct in every instance. Spirit-rappings are given through his agency, and he possesses the gift of psychometry as well as clairvoyance, and giving names and dates, etc., in the most positive manner. We heartily recommend him to all societies.

G. L. S. JEMPER.

Tired Professional Men.

Use Horford's Acid Phosphate.

The tired professional and literary men will find nothing so soothing and refreshing as Horford's Acid Phosphate. This is the testimony of thousands of these classes of men.

A Spirit-Picture Taken without a Camera.

Reported for the Banner of Light, BY D. O. CHAPMAN.

Some little time ago I chanced to see an article written by Mr. J. Trill Taylor, a friend of mine in London, Eng., relating his experience in spirit-photography, in which he obtained spirit-pictures without a camera, by simply holding the plate-holder, containing a sensitive plate, in the hands of the medium and one other person.

After reading that article I concluded I would see if Spirit "George Christy" would not try the experiment for me through Mr. Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, the medium. On mentioning the subject to him he readily consented to sit for the experiment. As Mr. Keeler is a slate-writing medium, I thought that perhaps if a plate-holder was constructed with slate sides it would be more likely to be successful. I therefore constructed one, and together we tried it. After sitting a few minutes, Christy wrote through Mr. Keeler's hand, saying that there was something the matter with the plate, and for me to take it home and develop it. I did so, and found the holder was not light-tight, and the plate was spoiled.

I then reconstructed it, and put in another plate; I also put a plate in my regular holder, which I knew was all right. In company with my wife I went again to Mr. Keeler's rooms at two o'clock in the afternoon; after sitting at the table a few minutes without any response Mr. Keeler said: "You had better write on a slip of paper, and ask for some person to come and help us." It occurred to me to call for my old friend and spirit-photographer, Mr. Mummer. So I wrote his name on a bit of paper, and held it in my hand. Immediately Christy wrote through Mr. Keeler's hand, saying, "Mr. Mummer is here, and says he will take my picture in the checked suit I used to wear on the stage."

(It will be remembered by many old Spiritualists that Mr. Mummer was a prominent medium for spirit photography). As the holders containing the sensitive plates lay on the table in front of us, Christy wrote that Mr. Mummer said that he preferred to use the regular holder. We therefore took the holder up and held it between us for perhaps five minutes, when it was announced that the picture was made. I took it home and developed it.

Washington, D. C., May 31st, 1894.

(The result, as received by us, is a small portrait (full length) of a man in a "high-checked" suit; it is outlined in blue upon a thick paper or pasteboard plate, and carries with it the "pose" of a man of the stage. It is indeed a remarkable production of spirit-power.—E. J.)

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

G. H. Brooks goes to the Orion Camp, Mich., for two days, beginning June 9th; the 10th and 11th, to Bowler's Mills, where a grove meeting is to be held; then to Muskegon for a couple of days; thence to the extreme western part of Illinois for grove meetings. He also takes his place as Chairman of Havett Park Camp, again, this summer. He is open for fall and winter engagements. Address him at 114 North Liberty street, Elgin, Ill.

Emma M. Nutt, 634 Jackson street, Milwaukee, Wis., will answer calls to lecture.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock's camp engagements are at Queens Park, Va., Lake Sunapee, N. H., and Little Falls, N. Y. She will give a few Sundays in June and July which she would like to fill. Societies desiring her services for the season of '94 and '95 would do well to correspond with her. Address "Station A," Boston, Mass.

Mr. Oscar A. Eagerly closed, with the termination of his late engagement, the lecture season at Pittsburgh, Pa. (to be resumed in September) though we are informed by John H. Knight, Vice President, that the Conference meetings are still continued.

Mr. Frank Baxter will lecture the next two Sundays, 10th and 17th insts. in Somersworth (once Great Falls), N. H.

Wm. H. Eddy's address is South Worthington, Mass. He is desirous of engagements in the West for camp meetings.

Dr. Juliet H. Severance has returned to Chicago from her winter work in Florida, and is now located at the corner of Grace and Sixty-fourth streets, Waukegan Building, where she can be addressed for engagements.

KANSAS.

Cherryvale.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals of Cherryvale will hold its second annual Grove Meeting sometime during the month of September.

Societies or individuals in Southern Kansas, Indian Territory or Southwest Missouri, who would like to assist in making this meeting a success, are invited to correspond with H. P. Dryden, President, or Cherryvale, Kan. W. E. BONNEY, Sec'y.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It is more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Jan. 6. '90

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Eligible Rooms to Let—At No. 84 Bowdoin street, at reasonable rates. Inquire at the Bookstore of Colby & Rich, next door.

Dr. F. L. H. Willie may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 6.

Andrew Jackson Davis, Physician, will take no new cases for treatment until June 1st. Patients enlisted can come Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. May 5.

J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London, Eng., is agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keeps for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 per six months, to any foreign country, by prepaid order to the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 for six months.

Send for our Free Catalogue of Spiritual Books.—It contains the finest assortment of spiritualistic works in the world.

If each subscriber to the Banner of Light will charge himself with getting one new subscriber, the circulation of the paper will be speedily doubled.

That Tired Feeling

Hood's Sarsaparilla Demonstrates Its Building Up Powers.

"I was troubled with diabetes, and tried several doctors and different medicines without avail. After I had taken one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla my friends noticed a change in my looks, and inquired if I was not getting better. After taking three bottles my blood was in better condition. I had a good appetite, and was free from

That Tired Feeling.

In fact my general health has been much improved. When I hear people complain I advise them to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, telling them what good it has done me, for I honestly believe it had not been for

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla I would have been dead some time since." J. S. WAYMIRE, Deedsville, Indiana.

Hood's Pills are especially prepared to be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c. per box. May 20.

STRONG, HEALTHY MANHOOD

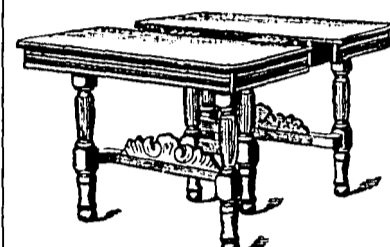
These Afflicted with Weakness, Loss of Power, Nervousness, etc., will find relief in the use of Dr. J. C. FELLOWS' "FELLOW'S" PRIVATE COUNSELLOR. This is a most valuable and reliable medicine, and is the only one of the kind in existence, with evidence of success. Address: DR. J. C. FELLOWS, Vineland, N. J. I trust the friends of progress will give me their patronage. DR. FELLOWS, Vineland, N. J., 1893.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

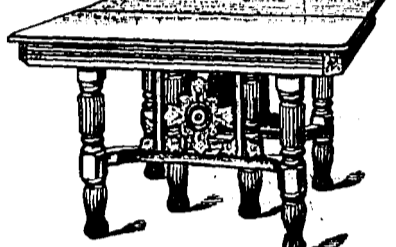
Until further notice the undersigned will accept Clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00. We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists in its aid and our behalf.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers.

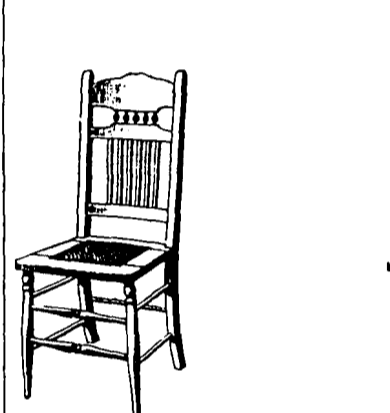
HERE THEY ARE: Solid Oak Dining Tables and Chairs.



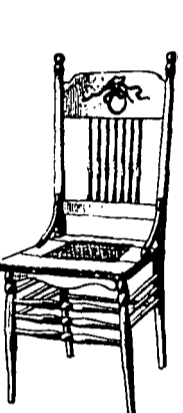
This 8 ft. Table
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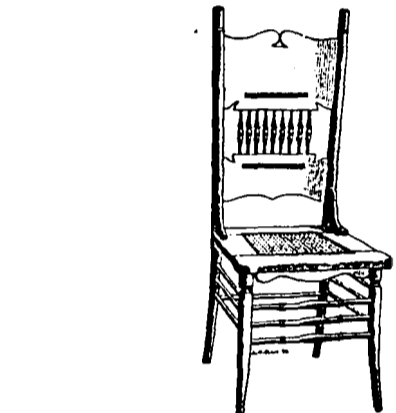
This 8 ft. Table
Only \$10.00.



Price \$1.00.



Price \$1.25.



Price \$1.50.

The above cuts represent some of the leading bargains in our Dining-Room Department. Call and see these goods and satisfy yourself as to their value. We are showing a line of very finely finished Sideboards to match these chairs and tables.

One of the best bargains in this line is our Number 125 for \$17. Ask to see this Board. We are always pleased to show goods. Call and see our exhibit of Dining-Room Furniture. Also Parlor and Chamber Furniture. Goods delivered at any reasonable distance from Boston.

A. McARTHUR & CO., HOUSE-FURNISHERS,

16 TO 26 CORNHILL,

Two Doors from Washington Street, Boston.

By Request—Important.

By request of a large public, and for the information of the readers of this paper, we publish the following list of our Agents who keep for sale Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis' A Treatise on the Human Mind, and Wild Cucumber Pills.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

Carter, Carter & Kilham, Boston, Mass.

Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Fuller & Fuller Co., Chicago, Ill.

RETAIL AGENTS.

Hudnut's Pharmacy, 218 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Fred B. Coleman, 61 Congress st., Portsmouth, N. H.

John Berry, 147 Main st., Biddeford, Me.

C. H. Sawyer, 52 Main st., Sagos, Me.

Austin Keith, 415 Bridge st., Lowell, Mass.

Albert E. Lynch, Ph. G. cor. Berkeley and Central sts., Somerville, Mass., 119 Hampshire st., Cambridgeport, Mass.

Blandford & Blandford, 54 and 58 Weybosset st., Providence, R. I.

H. P. Gould, 589 Congress st., Portland, Me.

H. S. Henry & Co., Westboro, Mass.

Timothy Owen, Canton, Mass.

And by Druggists generally.

W. WEBSTER & CO., 63 Warren Ave., Boston, Sole manuf. factors.

June 9.

ONSET BAY.

OPENING DAY.

Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss Ida L. Blanding, 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. COLBY & BICH.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held March 16th, 1894.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Eternal Father, who art all wisdom and love, we ask thy guidance in every word that may be put forth from this platform by these angel children at this hour. May thy bright messengers be sent forth from home to home throughout the land, that thy mortal children may learn of thee and of thy love, wisdom and power, and of their own interior life. We ask that light may be given at this hour from those dear ones who have passed through the portal of death to those friends yet remaining on earth, that they may receive new thoughts and learn to be more charitable. We know that strife is abroad, and that seeming evil prevails, but in thy wisdom thou canst overcome these. In thee we place our trust, knowing thou wilt never fail us. In the trials, tribulations and sorrows that have come to us in the past we see thy purpose, and we know thou wilt fulfill every promise. May thy mortal children learn more of thee from day to day; may they realize more of thee, who dost hold our lives in the hollow of thy hand; and unto thy name would we ascribe all praise, both now and evermore. JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Capt. Ephraim Harding.

When I passed to the higher life I was fully ripe and ready to throw off the garment of mortality, and receive the bright and beautiful garment of immortality. Seventy-nine years seems a long time to dwell in the form. The last thirty years of my life, however, seemed very short compared with the first.

I understood a great deal of spirit-communication that was silently given me. I braved the waters, I feared not the storms or the winds, for I felt that he who watched over his children on earth had power to stay the tempest.

How many times has the thought come to me when apparently alone, "Who is beside me?" Feeling that some one might give me a sarcastic glance, I kept all such thoughts to myself. Since entering the higher life it has been made plain to me that I sensed the presence of those who had passed on before me.

A handful of friends in Hingham, Mass., well remember Capt. Ephraim Harding, for that was and is my name. I want them to distinctly understand that instead of a life of rest I have found a life of activity. Since passing on I have found not one who has expressed the wish that he or she could go back to earth to live again—not one. I don't think "going back" is the proper term to use in this connection, because we are so near you upon the mortal plane that it is only a step from you to us.

I forget not my mother's early teaching, "God is everywhere." What man terms God we are now taught by wise, advanced spirits to be the supreme higher intelligence.

I was conversing with Mr. Carroll but a short time since, and he said, "I feel young again, and I have no more need of crutches or staffs."

[To the Chairman:] I greatly appreciate the few moments granted me by your Spirit-President.

Mrs. Mary T. Grave.

How willing and ready I was to take the step onward and upward; for I knew well, from what I had learned while here, that a happy home awaited me in the other life. For nearly eighty years I dwelt on earth. The body was feeble, but the spirit was young.

How I did love, Mr. Chairman, to read in your paper the messages that had been given by one and another who had passed on; and when I read them the thought would come to me: "Only a little while longer, and then perhaps I may be privileged to speak in that Circle-Room myself." Oh! how grateful I was when Mr. Pierpont reached out his hand to me and said: "You are welcome to speak."

I did not realize when in the flesh that it was so difficult to take control of the vocal organs of a medium. I supposed if we gained permission to speak, the rest was easy enough; but it is not so, although I find some can control easier than others. I was told that I should be obliged to visit this Circle-Room a good many times before I could learn how to control the medium's brain, and subsequently her vocal organs.

My darling children, how sweet the music was that greeted me when I became detached from the mortal form—the music you remember I loved so well. Flowers were blooming everywhere. There was no extreme heat or cold to oppress us or make us suffer, but it seemed like the sweet summertime.

Dear children and friends, as I was passing away I gazed upon the faces of those I had

known in years gone by, and who had ascended to the heavenly life before me, and I knew I was nearing the other shore; but do not think I realized any suffering—although I knew of every not that was performed so kindly for me. Everything was done that could be, and I was perfectly satisfied with all.

I am very happy, and I would not return to stay; but I do wish to come into communication with you, dear children and friends, if possible. I cannot give the time; but when it will be pleasant for you, seek to come into communication with me in our own surroundings upon the earth-plane, and I promise that I will never fail you.

I am Mrs. Mary T. Grave, Long Lake, Minn.

Ichabod Thomas.

It is a privilege to come into communion with mortals, and is so regarded by thousands of what are termed "spirits." Well, I find no fault with that term, but I do find fault with our being spoken of as "spooks" or "ghosts." Be careful, friends, how you speak of us, for as you are we once were, and as we are you will be; then your hearing will be so sharp that you will hear words spoken lightly of you, as we do. I am not here to find fault, mortal friends; but I must say that we have only passed on a little before you, and if you are only more careful in your conversation regarding us you will be able to look back upon your life here with more satisfaction than you will if you see you have wounded our feelings instead of giving us some happiness.

When we come upon the earth-plane it is pleasant to hear our names spoken in an affectionate manner, and I long for the time to come when our mortal friends shall realize more of our companionship. I do wish they would not continue to call us "dead." Such a feeling overshadows us when we are spoken of in that way, though we know it is only the result of early teachings. I wish, however, that they could get away from those early teachings sufficiently to use a term more appropriate, such as "passed on a little before us," for we are still living, active entities.

In Stowe, Vt., there are some who remember me, while others have forgotten me. My name is Ichabod Thomas. Enos and Amos Thomas and Aunt Thamar are here, too.

[To the Chairman:] I am very much obliged for having my words recorded. I have visited your Circle-Room many, many times, and have gained power and light by so doing.

William Elmore.

[To the Chairman:] It is very pleasant to listen to what others have to say here.

I have heard the question asked upon the material plane. "If spirits do come back, what good does it do them? What are they here for if they are happy there, as they say they are?" There are many answers that could be given to that question. I answer not for others, but I do for myself. In the first place, would we not be very selfish, if we are happy, to keep it all to ourselves, and not divulge one particle of light nor let any of you know where we are, or how we are, or what our work or mission is? In the next place, it is best for us to progress, and progression means gaining knowledge and experience. To gain this knowledge and experience we must fulfill our mission as fast as we can, not only in spirit, but by returning to the earth-plane to minister to those who remain here.

I am very much pleased that Spiritualism is making quite an advancement upon the mortal plane, although many may understand nothing or very little in regard to it. We in spirit-life are not idlers, but workers in the cause of human enlightenment, and we ask you, our brothers and sisters, to work with us. In Springfield, this State, I was known as William Elmore.

Dr. Leland Graves.

[To the Chairman:] Your Spirit-President, Mr. John Pierpont, has given me the privilege to speak, this being the fourth time I have asked permission.

I'm not going to preach you a sermon on the "Doctors' Plot," but I'm hand and spirit with the physicians on our side of life against the miserable plot. One brother in the profession announced not long ago from this same platform that he thought slavery had been abolished; so did I; but here in the good State of Massachusetts I see your legislators are trying to enslave the people.

When in the physical form I well knew the power of clairvoyance; although I never expressed it. Many times when I have been riding over the hills in New Hampshire, apparently alone, and worn out with so much work visiting patient after patient, night after night broken of my rest, I realized a power about me supporting and strengthening me. After I threw off that worn-out garment of flesh many have said they should not have supposed I would go out so quickly.

As I said before, I knew a great deal of the power of clairvoyance, but being a physician I was very reticent in regard to it. I did not say much, but I thought a great deal; yet if I had been called upon to take action in any way I think I should have gone against it. Thank heaven I was not called to, for I can see now that I should have taken the wrong side. I do not know why we should desire to have such laws enacted as that that the doctors are trying to push through your Legislature, for I supposed we were all free, and that our reason was given to guide us in the affairs of this life. I recently had a conversation with Dr. Fisher, with whom I have become acquainted since passing over, and with Dr. Pillsbury, who resided in Lowell in his last days, and we agreed perfectly in regard to these facts. But the truth will prevail sooner or later.

I am Dr. Leland Graves, well-known in Claremont, N. H., and surrounding towns.

My children I know will say, "I should not suppose father would go to a spiritual meeting." I do not know of any others, for I am sure I did not frequent churches; I had no time, and Caroline would say the same.

Nancy Eaton.

While that good physician—which I should judge he might have been—was speaking, I saw many that gathered around him, and coincided in all that he was saying.

I am here to send loving words to some that long to know more of our life and labor in the spirit-world. In Chattanooga, Tenn., I am remembered by some.

I would not have thought while in the mortal that I should ever have spoken from any platform, but the desire is so strong within my spirit to speak a few words here that I gladly avail myself of the privilege, hoping it will do some good somewhere.

Formerly I lived in the East; but in the last

years of my life my home was in Tennessee. I know there are some who will say, "I should not have thought she would speak. In a public circle like that," although they knew well I held sweet communion with my husband frequently before I passed on. Rebecca, you knew well I gained a great deal of comfort, and that the advice imparted to me from that source was worth a great deal. I feel to make the statement here that if mortals would consult their friends in spirit more they would have less trouble here. I think they often pass our words by a great many times, as if we knew less instead of knowing more than we did when here. If it is a life of learning we have entered upon, why should we not gain knowledge with years? You would think here it would be very strange to send your children to school if they made no progress. I do not mean to convey the idea that I have learned all I can; oh, no! I am a scholar yet, who has much still to learn.

When the Messenger of Light came to me I felt ready and willing to go, yet there were some tender ties that held me here.

I have conversed with Mrs. Nancy Bolton and Mrs. Griffith since passing over, for we became acquainted with people there the same as here.

I would say that Lydia is here to-day, also Frank, and many others I might speak of.

I am Nancy Eaton.

Robbie Linell.

I have dear children upon the earth-plane who would be very much pleased to hear from father—yes, and mother. My dear children, your mother is here with me, and wishes to be remembered to you.

Poor Lydia, how your spirit yearns for us, not feeling well. The tears will come in spite of you when Martha says, as she has many times, "I would like so much to talk with father, mother, sister, brother—yes, and the dear old grandma, who labored long upon the earth-plane."

How grand will be the reunion when we shall all meet again. That is what we have to look forward to, and so do some of my children, but not all. We are the same father and mother that we were here, only we have been removed a step from you; but when you realize as much as Martha and Lydia do, you, Kidder, William and Paulina, will know a great deal more than you do now. I am not here to speak one word of reproach, but I would say, Live harmoniously; mortal life is too short to be used up in bickerings or in giving vent to ill feelings. Father brings just as much love, and mother sends as much to one as another.

Yes, I know there have been times, poor Lydia, when your heart has been so full, and yet you could not speak of it. I know you desire to come to us now, but the time is not ripe yet for you to join our number.

Fred Eugene (for I know it will please you to be called the old name), when you are away do not listen to those who would tempt you to stay out, but go home to mother. It's all right to gather with others at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, but when you leave there go home to mother. Dear boy, grandfather loves you, and I would like you always to be a bright and shining light. Mother has done for you when you could not do for yourself. Your father, Theodore, asks me to speak of his being present at this hour.

We enjoy very much, Mr. Chairman, the hospitality that is extended to us in your Circle-Room, and there could not be a happier and better institution than this. The question arises: Does it not need money to provide means for us as spirits to communicate in this manner with our mortal friends? Most certainly; and my prayer goes out to those who have the means not to forget to lend a helping hand, for it will be given back to them ten-fold in spirit-life.

Some of my children receive the BANNER OF LIGHT, and peruse its columns over and over again; therefore they will know who has spoken from this platform.

I am Robbie Linell of Wellington, Maine, although I was well known in Saco and Skowhegan, where I used to dwell. Hannah, my daughter, and Bryant, my son, are here.

Oliver Campbell.

I have been many times a listener here, and some time ago my name was given by a guide in a hall in Cambridgeport. Now I desire to give a message, knowing it will be printed, and perhaps convey some light and knowledge to some one yet on the mortal plane.

I knew nothing of Spiritualism when here, and I never attended the meetings held by Spiritualists, or had any interest in them; but I was not so foolish as to think for one moment that this life ended all.

I went out very suddenly. It was a hard blow for Emma. With the mother bereft of reason and in the asylum, it was hard for her to have father go; but I had no voice in the matter.

Mr. Chairman, I should not have been here to speak in your meeting had it not been for James Edgerton and A. S. Hayward. I was not acquainted with Dr. Hayward when here, but I was intimately acquainted with Mr. Edgerton. He once gave a message from your platform, he informs me, and he felt so much happier in consequence that I was induced, through the experiences of these two kind gentlemen, to visit your Circle-Room, and here I am.

Sophia and John are with me, and also William, a cousin of John. They will receive benefit by coming, although by reason of our earthly education we should have been the last people to think of visiting this place. Educated not strictly, but in the Universalist faith, we had no desire to know anything of Spiritualism.

It would be a great happiness to me if I could let my friends on earth know the truths of this philosophy, especially Emma. I would that the poor lonely child could know that father has not been so far away; but that he has visited her almost every day. I would say to her, You have spared no pains or money in the care of your mother. She will always be the same here, but in spirit her reason will be given back to her.

I am Oliver Campbell of Cambridge, Mass., where I was best known.

Dr. Jenness.

I am going to speak somewhat plainly. I know, and I want it distinctly understood by the people of Lowell, that it takes money to carry on any institution; and I say, Come to the front in Lowell—yes, I say to those in thousands of places, not only in the East, but in the West, the North and the South—and aid in supporting the work carried on in this institution, THE BANNER OF LIGHT, which was established by the spirit-world long ago.

I want this printed as I say it; I want mortals to know that we who have passed on can see much clearer and understand much better than when here in the flesh.

Dr. Pillsbury says, "Yes, I coincide with you." He was well known in Lowell, and he has got a son there. Dr. Asa George of Calais, Vt., is here. I want it distinctly understood that we who have passed through the portal called death are not dead people, but are truly active entities.

Dr. Jenness of Lowell, Mass.

Spirit Messages.

The following messages from individual spirits have been received (according to dates) at THE BANNER CIRCLES, through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. SMITH; they will appear in due order on our sixth page:

March 10.—Joseph Lane; Mrs. Eliza F. McKinley; Plummer Carter; John Smith; Althea Drinell Dudley; Sophia Murphy; Frederick Hans; Ann Tibbets; John Metcalf; Luella Hollis Brown.

April 5.—Frederick W. Combs; Horace Jerome; Edward F. Jacobs; Mary Morrill; Richard Currier; Lulu Smith; Jonathan Wilson; Corbett Gould; Moses Brown; Henry W. Nutter; Eddie Alfred Home; Howard Rowell.

April 20.—Arthur Devlin; Caroline Kendrick; Robert Pratt; Festus Stebbins; Ella Adams; Alice Stewart; Harriet Louisa Harris; Julia Ann Clark; Charlie Seavey; March Olase.

April 27.—Polly Churchill; William Lamont; Mrs. P. S. Dickinson; Oscar Gary; Mary Webster; George Rier.

May 4.—S. B. Nichols; Thomas Middleton; Thomas Stevenson; Katie A. Kinney (Spirit Violet); Carrie Trask; Bessie Peck.

May 11.—Dr. Joseph B. Burr; Mary A. Parker; David Hopkins; Martha M. Boyington; Sarah B. Rockwood; Asa Thayer; Jane Woodruff; John Gray; Dr. Terry.

May 16.—P. H. Conant; Mrs. Winifred G. Martin; Capt. Isaac T. Davis; Lottie M. Wellington; Joseph W. Butler; Annie Polson Thayer; Jennie Foster; Dr. Milton Parker.

May 25.—Adelaide Lethrop; Horus S. Leland; James Malbone; Bessie W. Cranston; Nellie Welch; Sallie Snow; Tracy Nichols; Joseph F. Morris; Samuel Williams; Rev. Lyndsey Fay; Charlotte A. Rice; Lottie Wood.

June 1.—Sadie Evans; Oliver Watkins; Henry Jacobs; John McGuire; Nancy Kitchener; George O. Sherman; Nellie Conley; Katie Donnellson.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By "Delta," Torrington, Ct.] Are there any persons so advanced in occultism as to be able to temporarily disintegrate the body, and render it invisible?

ANS.—Whether persons do or do not actually disintegrate their physical bodies, we know of many who accomplish the seemingly miraculous feat of appearing to friends at remote distances, to all intents and purposes, in propria persona. Occultism, so-called, has many attachments which are decidedly questionable, if not demonstrably spurious, and it is because of a lack of perfect frankness on the part of the advocates of a mysterious system that honest and earnest inquirers are often needlessly baffled in their researches.

From our standpoint there is no necessity for bodily disintegration for the purpose of producing an appearance in a desired place, no matter how distant, and we see no reason for assuming or supposing that adepts or mahatmas do unnecessary things for the sake of bewildering their disciples. As to rendering the body invisible, this certainly can be done, but it is not due (usually at least) to a molecular change in the organic structure, but to a psychical effect produced upon the surrounding atmosphere.

When Moncure Conway wrote of H. P. Blavatsky's alleged miracles in India, he attributed her powers to "glamour." Now all students of esoteric phenomena know that much that is commonly called glamour is genuine psychic phenomena of a subjective but not of an objective character. A highly-developed master of his own aura can so regulate his own aural envelope that he can temporarily obscure his physical form from all his neighbors.

Many scientific students of mesmerism and kindred facts have declared that it is apparently impossible to so psychologize or hypnotize a mixed multitude of persons as to compel them all to see whatever the hypnotist wishes them to see at the same time to the same degree. This statement is undoubtedly correct, but there is another aspect of "glamour," usually overlooked entirely by those who consider mental action on human beings exclusively. An "adept" is one who has gained considerable control over the elements of nature, and has reached a wonderful height as regards the control of his own aura. To render one's body imperceptible to the bystanders it is not necessary to affect them in any way whatever; all that is required to render one's self thoroughly invisible to them is to retire within an aural projection from one's own interior. Of course, there are but few people in the outer world to-day who can practically conceive of such a conquest over ordinary limitations of personality; but as the individual will develops more and more, the atmosphere lends itself plastically to psychic manipulation.

We do not deny that there are those who have power to effect literal chemical changes in their bodies, and render them temporarily immaterial, as the questioner suggests, but usually there is much gratuitous assumption on the part of those who would explain a manifestation which the phenomenon itself does not require to interpret it. Absolutely speaking, there is no limit to the possible control of the human organism by its developed possessor.

Q.—[By the same.] To what extent does the law of spiritualism require that we should submit without resort to verbal abuse from vulgar people?

A.—The law of "spirituality" requires that we should rise so far above vulgarity that abusive language cannot affect us. The sublime attitude of total indifference to attempted injury is the only safe, as it is the only strong and spiritual attitude for any of us to assume.

What is there in vulgar language that can possibly hurt us unless we are weak enough to allow the prattle of ignorant tongues to break up our serenity?

The weakest, most stupid and degrading sentiment ever expressed, is couched in the words "I will get even with you," which necessarily implies that you will degrade and vulgarize yourself by stooping to the low level of one who knows no better than to be foul-mouthed in the absence of ability to sustain a decent argument. The old adage, "two wrongs cannot make a right," is essentially true; and what can be more pitiable than to see presumably respectable and well-meaning people forfeit their own self-respect by condescending to fight with carnal weapons or degraded speech those who, if answered at all, should be replied to with the "soft answer" which turneth away anger.

If you can, when assaulted by those whose utterances are impolite, so reply as to make your retort a lesson to the offender, some good may be served; but surely the fulfillment of spiritual law is only accomplished when we who are better educated than some of our neighbors set an example and exert an influence to the end of lifting them nearer our higher level. Nothing can be gained by brutalizing ourselves; but much good may be done by setting an example of genuine superiority to everything coarse and sordid. When we curb our own passions, and exercise our best impulses in times of severe provocation to the contrary, we perform the two-fold use of helping on our neighbor's advancement and our own. Are not vulgar people ignorant, and do we not lower ourselves by joining in their vulgarity when we answer them on their plane? No spiritually unfolded person ever gets insulted, for he never takes an insult; his equal would not, and his inferior cannot insult him. Never let us be moved to resent error by copying it; only the dignified opposite course is ever safe or useful.

Q.—[By the same.] What are the emotions of anger, fear and hate, from a strictly scientific standpoint? and what physiological change or condition does each produce in the brain?

A.—Briefly stated, we should pronounce anger the result of indignation, coupled with a sense of weakness on the part of the indignant individual; therefore, an angry Delti cannot be omnipotent. As man progresses in power and knowledge he loses all tendency to anger, as an angry emotion is unphilosophical and unrighteous. "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."

Fear is also due to ignorance and weakness; people fear whatever they do not comprehend, and they tremble in proportion to their lack of stamina.

Hate is another base emotion, growing out of stupid rivalry and jealousy, and is impossible to those who intelligently appreciate the universal activity of the eternal law of attraction.

The physiological effects of anger are inflammatory conditions of brain and body, resulting, in extreme cases, in such accelerated action that total collapse of normal functions ensues. Fear deranges all the functions, lowers the general tone of the entire constitution, and cripples every activity. Hate poisons the life-currents, renders the blood impure, and so corrupts good food as to render the simplest and most wholesome diet positively noxious.

To overcome anger one must cultivate a sense of power to bring all disordered states into harmony with cosmic order. To vanquish fear, it is necessary to transfer the thought from the perishable material to the deathless spiritual. To abolish hate, an intense loving regard for some one or some thing must be developed as a preliminary step. We always prefer to deal in universals, and to take our stand on universal brotherhood and sisterhood; but we are willing to accommodate teachings and treatments at all times to the special necessities of those applying for instruction and relief. We recommend as an antidote in all cases of anger, association in some way with a person or scene whose influence is at once suggestive of peace and strength. In all cases of fear, the idea of confidence and strength, with a sense of security, must be induced. Wherever hate possesses the mind, an object which inspires love is the necessary counteractive. From a purely scientific standpoint, anger, fear and hate are a triplet of follies, the progeny of ignorance, only to be overcome by calm, philosophic study of the universe.

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT of the 5th of May was a communication purporting to come from WILLIAM S. BEESON of Saylorville, Ia. I knew Mr. Beeson personally for several years before his decease. He was an outspoken Spiritualist, and well esteemed as a neighbor and friend.

Some years ago a message purporting to be from Spirit TINA ISRAEL of Des Moines, Ia., appeared in the BANNER. On inquiry I found the family of which she was a member, and her mother verified it in a communication to that effect published at that time.

B. N. KINTON.

1440 West 22d street, Des Moines, Ia., May 15th, 1894.

I find in the Message Department of THE BANNER of Feb. 24th an interesting communication from CLARENCE DENNETT, my youngest son, who passed to the higher life four years ago the 5th of June of malarial consumption. He was Assistant Engineer on the United States ship Essex. In November and December, '77, and January, '78, he was on the west coast of Africa. Being ashore much, he contracted the malaria, which terminated in consumption. After steaming from St. Paul de Ullio to St. Helena, where they spent twenty days, they went to Rio de Janeiro, and from there to Montevideo. At the latter place he was judged by the naval surgeons too sick to continue on the cruise to Cape Town, South Africa, and was allowed to come home, where he arrived the last Monday of May, and passed away the 6th of June, 1878.

MARK DENNETT.

Beverly, Mass., Feb. 28th, 1894.

In THE BANNER of Dec. 23d, 1893, I find a communication I wish to verify. It is from CAPTAIN NUTTER, who is my father.

I am convinced he gave the message, and I will say that I am very glad to receive from him such words of encouragement and love.

John and Mary, of whom he speaks, were my brother and sister, and Nancy was his mother.

FANNIE JENKINS.

Saugus, Mass., April 18th, 1894.

I wish to express at the earliest moment my gratification at receiving the communication from my mother, ANNIE B. ORNDWAY, through the Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT of May 5th. I am perfectly satisfied that it is from my own loving mother, as the same individuality pervades it which pervades the many tests I have had through the mediumship of many others. She says she would not ask to stay, but would ask to visit me every day, and make me sense her presence. I can truly say that hardly a day passes that I do not realize

