

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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NO. 15.

For the Banner of Light. THE PHANTOM ARMY. [Memorial Day.]

BY FRED L. HILDBERTH.

We gathered around this fair May morn
In the hall; and each gave a comrade's greeting—
Talked of the war; of our country's state;
And who had died since last year's meeting.
We marched to the music of army days—
Then with flowers and wreaths and flags a-flying,
Each soldier followed his captain's lead
To the graves where those we loved were lying.

A touch on the shoulder! I turned around,
When the air seemed full of long-gone faces;
From the prison cells, from the battle's smoke,
From the picket lines—yet I saw no traces
Of famine gaunt, nor of fell disease;
Nor of wounds, or aught that spoke of battle,
No clash of steel, no sentry's tread,
No rushing steeds, no cannon's rattle.

There's Willie Groat of the "Vacant Chair,"
Who died in the swift Potomac River;
I sure must dream! there's Col. Ward,
Erect and soldierly as ever;
Kind Devens's face looks calmly down;
And around about beside me speaking
In cheering words are the well-known forms
We thought 'neath the daisies were a-sleeping.

Whence come these forms? They phantom seem,
And yet beside us like misty outpourings,
Bright, happy, free, bedecked with flowers,
Are the friends that I saw torn and bleeding
On the battle-field far, far from home—
Their requiem only the singing river;
By our side they march a thousand strong,
Their step and bearing firm as ever.

A faith comes down from the Northern bold
That the dead o'er the rainbow bridge that arches
From this busy world to the land of souls
Return to lighten our weary marches.
Then what I saw was no idle dream
In our ranks this fair Memorial morn,
But our dead who fell 'neath the Southern skies
O'er the rainbow bridge to our side returning.
Worcester, Mass.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

Reply to Rev. Dr. Snyder's Com- ments on Spiritualism.

A Lecture delivered in St. Louis, Mo., Sunday,
May 27th, 1894.

BY DR. FRED L. H. WILLIS.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

ON the Sunday issue of the *Saint Louis Globe-Democrat* of May 20th, under the caption of "Timely Topics," by Rev. Dr. Snyder, of the Unitarian denomination—the Church of the Messiah of this city—we find the following:

"I heard a lecturer of considerable ability and culture speak on the subject of Spiritualism on last Sunday evening. And as I listened to his able advocacy of Spiritualism and the religion of the future, I was impressed with one very serious reflection: I am not acquainted with spiritualistic literature. I have been somewhat familiar with it for nearly forty years. I have known of mediums who did not hesitate to claim spiritual and mental ascendancy over some of the greatest minds of the past; and yet I have never seen a line of prose or poetry from the hands of these mediums which rose one iota above the level of their individual power. If Socrates, Plato, Paul, Seneca, Shakespeare, Byron, or any of the illustrious dead, are in communication with the living, they surely ought to be able to make some utterances that bear the stamp of their genius. I do not ask that Shakespeare shall write a drama theistic, or Hamlet that Byron shall duplicate Childe Harold. All that I demand is that the great bard shall add one sonnet to his exquisite collection, or that Burns shall give us another stanza of the 'Field Mouse.' Surely, this is not an unreasonable demand. The teller of a bank will not pay the smallest check to an unidentified man. Ought we to honor the draft made upon our faith until these mighty men shall give us the most obvious and rational proof of identity? If the knowledge should have clarified the intelligence of Daniel Webster, or Thomas Benton, or Alexander Hamilton; and yet we may safely challenge all the mediums in the world to present us with a coherent and satisfactory solution of the great economic and financial problems which so sorely beset us to-day. If Abraham Lincoln tells us through a medium that he is entirely happy in the summer land, the information is interesting, but a substitute for any man's religious purposes. If St. Paul tells us that the popular church have widely departed from the spirit and teachings of his Master, we would be apt to say: 'It needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that.' He could much more satisfactorily establish his identity by writing something that equalled the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. Or, if this demand cannot be complied with, give us another poem from Browning or Tennyson, or a single scientific suggestion from the great Darwin. I know, of course, what the answer to this demand will be: That the mighty dead can only use the intelligence of the living, and must be limited by the nature and capacity of that intelligence. In other words, that when Charles Darwin talks through John Smith, he talks like John Smith, and not like Shakespeare. Then what service does Shakespeare render the world? How can spirits of superior intelligence and knowledge teach us anything valuable? How can spirits of the highest intelligence, to the philosophy, the science or the religious knowledge of the world? Why should I listen to St. Paul filtered through John Smith, when I can have the lofty genius and spirituality of the saint in his own writings? Why should I care to talk with Darwin through a medium whose ignorance and incapacity cancels the genius of the great interpreter of nature? If Spiritualism can demonstrate the actual communication between this world and the unseen, it will have added immensely to our scientific knowledge, and the world will recognize its claim. But upon the basis of this single claim how can it consistently ask to become a substitute for any man's religious faith? Why should a man who becomes a Spiritualist cease to be a Christian, a Mohammedan, a Buddhist or a Christian Scientist? The Spiritualist declares that he has changed the faith of immortality into certainty. But religion means infinitely more than this. And in everything except this, Spiritualism has borrowed from sources outside itself."

At the request of many persons, several of whom are parishioners of Dr. Snyder's, I have reluctantly consented to reply publicly to this communication, for the reason that it is characterized by neither profundity of thought nor force of argument; and while I thank the gentleman for his kindly allusion to myself as a lecturer of "considerable ability and culture," and to my lecture, to which he listened, as an "able advocacy of Spiritualism as the religion of the future," I am compelled to say that I was sadly disappointed when I read the above article; for I had conversed with several of Dr. Snyder's parishioners, and had been as-

sured by them that he was broad and liberal in his attitude toward Spiritualism. But this article presents such a narrow conception of this great movement called "Modern Spiritualism"—that for nearly half a century has been so shaking the lands that to day there is hardly a spot on this broad earth where the languages of civilization are spoken, where its adherents may not be found: Coming as it did from a man who stands as a representative of one branch of so-called Liberal Christianity, it surprised and disappointed me.

Spiritualism has stood before the country nearly half a century. It has been accepted by very many of the most eminent scientists, philosophers, literateurs, jurists and statesmen of modern times. It would take me a long time to give you the names of eminent and distinguished men and women in this and foreign lands whom I know to be Spiritualists. I have met personally very many of them, not only in my own country, but also in England, France, Germany and Italy, and have corresponded with many more. I know several clergymen of Dr. Snyder's denomination who are deeply interested in it, and others who are enthusiastic believers in it.

But what is of far more consequence than this, is the immense fact that millions of the common people have "heard it gladly"; people whom the churches utterly failed to reach: "the great unchurched," as they were characterized by the late Rev. Dr. Bellows—atheists, materialists, skeptics, persons infidel to all matters of theological or creedal belief—have been reached by this movement, and converted to the knowledge of a demonstrable immortality, to a consciousness of the spiritual powers of their own being, and to a realization of the sublime fact that the chief end and aim of human existence is the highest and most harmonious development of all the powers of life to a complete and consistent whole.

In the presence of this grand fact, how do the carping criticisms upon the literature of Spiritualism, or the claims of certain individual mediums to be the representatives of exalted spirits, or the idiosyncrasies that may be manifested by individual Spiritualists, sink into absolute insignificance. In this one direction alone, Spiritualism has done a work that should command the respectful homage of every philanthropic lover of his kind.

I confess I am utterly at a loss to comprehend Dr. Snyder's position toward Spiritualism here in this community where his own denomination occupies just as heretical a position in the estimation of Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists, because of its denial of the deity of Jesus, called the Christ, as do the Spiritualists; and I affirm that had he really and sincerely at heart the true interests of Liberal Christianity in this community, he would never permit himself by voice or pen to utter or promulgate one word whose influence could tend to increase or strengthen its prejudice against this movement, whose genius and spirit, whose ideas, methods, forces and aims are all brought to bear in the one direction of liberalizing the whole human race, releasing it from bondage unto error, and hastening on the glorious time when the nations of the earth, freed from their idolatries, freed from their slavery to priestcraft and churchcraft, shall unite to formulate a world-religion, whose glorious temples shall be constructed of blocks of solid light from the quarry of Eternal Love, Liberty, Law.

More than thirty years ago Theodore Parker, who was my personal friend and adviser in the darkest, most cruel experience of my life, and who in every sense of the word was the noblest champion Liberal Christianity has ever had—belonging to the same "heretical denomination" represented by Dr. Snyder—looking at Spiritualism, not through the knot-hole of prejudice, but weighing it in the balance of his grand intellect, notwithstanding he could not accept its phenomenal manifestations, from his rostrum declared it to be the noblest ally Liberal Christianity could have. He, recognizing even at that early day its grand work as a liberalizing, reformatory power in the world, paid to it this tribute:

Dr. Snyder professes to have been familiar with the literature of Spiritualism for nearly forty years, and yet he says, "I have never seen a line of prose or poetry from the hands of these mediums which rose one iota above the level of their individual power."

This is the opinion of one person. To counterbalance it, we have the opinions of a large number of quite as competent literary critics as the reverend doctor himself, and I regret the exceedingly limited experience, or the bias of prejudice, that called forth such an expression of opinion.

The late Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer, one of our best-known lecturers, widely beloved and deeply lamented, many years ago gave the following wholly impromptu poem, under what purported to be an inspiration of Burns, in response to the mental question of a lady friend, "Have you met and wed your Highland Mary?" It is an exquisite production, marked most strongly by the Burns characteristics, even to the dialect, and pronounced by critics to be worthy its alleged source.

Mrs. Hyzer told me that in her normal condition she had no facility whatever in rhyming, and knew nothing of the Scotch dialect:

BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer of Montpelier, Vt., is sometimes influenced to write both poetry and prose, purporting to emanate from departed spirits. She had just been reading some of these productions to a lady visitor, who asked her if Robert Burns (the lady's favorite poet) had ever communicated to her. She replied that she had never been conscious of his presence, nor was she familiar with his writings. The lady remarked that she hoped he would sometime make known his presence, and answer a ques-

tion she had in mind, which question she did not express. A few days subsequently Mrs. Hyzer felt impelled by spirit influence to peruse the following, which, on being shown to the lady, was found to be an appropriate reply to the query she had in her mind:

"Fair lady, that I come to you!
A stranger-bard, for 'weel I ken,
For ye've known naught o' me, save through
The lays I've pour'd through Scotia's glen;
But when I speak o' auld Ayr,
O' hawthorn shades and fragrant ferns,
O' Donn, and Highland Mary fair,
Mayhap ye'll think o' Robert Burns."

I am the lad—and why I'm here,
I heard the gude-dame when she said
She'd know, in joyous spirit sphere,
If Burns was wi' his Mary wed.
I sought to tell her o' my joy—
No muckle impress could I make—
And, lady, I have flown to see
If ye'd my message to her take.

Tell her that when I pass'd from earth,
My angel-lace, crown'd wi' flowers,
Met me 'th' glowing love-lit torch;
And led me to the nuptial bowers;
That all we'd dream'd o' wedded bliss,
And more, was meted to us there—
And sweeter was my dearie's kiss
Than on the flow'ry banks o' Ayr.

Where Love's celestial fountains play'd,
And rose-buds burst; and seraph sang,
And myrtle twined our couch to shade,
I clasped the love I mourn'd as lang;
And while by angelic notes play'd
The bonnie bride-servant said,
Though na' gown'd priest the Kirk-rite said,
Burns was wi' Highland Mary wed!

There's na destroying death-frost here
To nip the hope-buds ere they bloom—
The bridal tour is through the spheres—
Eternal the honeymoon!
And now, my lady, if ye'll bear
These words unto the anxious dame,
I think I can ye so reward,
Ye never be sorry that I came."

[Published originally in the BANNER OF LIGHT for March 7th, 1889.]

Miss Lizzie Doten, another of our early workers, while upon the rostrum gave a poem asserting its own claim to being an emanation from the spirit-brain of that brilliant, erratic genius, Edgar A. Poe. The *Springfield Republican*, of Springfield, Mass., at that time edited by the late Samuel Bowles, whose ability as a literary critic was unquestioned, and perhaps unexcelled, published this poem with the comment that it was worthy the source whence it claimed to have come, and was the most astonishing thing Spiritualism had produced. Let me read it to you, that you may judge for yourselves:

REQUIEM:
From the throne of Life eternal,
From the home of love supernatural,
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor—
Mortals, I have come to meet you,
Come with words of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine forevermore.

Now I come more meekly human,
And the weak lips of a woman
Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burnings
as of yore.
But in holy love descending,
With her chastened being blending,
I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial shore.

As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother,
From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth
once more,
Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness,
And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a frost-freeze, freezing, burning,
Did the golden gates of glory through its fevered
channels pour.
Till the golden bowl—Life's token—
Into shivering shards was broken,
And my soul, and chiding spirit leaped from out its
prison door.

But while living, striving, dying,
Never did my soul cease crying,
"Ye who guide the Fates and Furies, give, oh! give
me, I implore,
From the myriad hosts of nations,
From the countless contending nations,
One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too, can
adore!"

Through this fervent aspiration
Found my fainting soul salvation,
For from out its blackened fire crystals did my quick-
ened spirit soar.
And my beautiful ideal—
Not too saintly to be real—
Burst more brightly on my vision than the loved and
lost Lenore.

'Mid the surging seas she found me,
With the billows breaking round me,
And my saddened, sinking spirit in her arms of love
upbore;
Like a lone one, weak and weary,
Wandering in the midnight dreary,
On her saintly, saintly bosom, brought me to the
heavenly shore.

Like the breath of blossoms blending,
Like the prayer of saints ascending,
Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend our souls
forevermore:
Earthly love and lust enslaved me,
But divinest love has freed me,
And I know now, first and only, how to love and to
adore!

Oh! my mortal friends and brothers!
We are each and all another's,
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure
hath the more.
Would you lose your life, you find it,
And in giving love, you bind it,
Like an amulet of safety, to your heart forevermore.
(From Lizzie Doten's "Poems of the Inner Life.")

Miss Doten's claim was that in her normal condition she was wholly inadequate to the production of many of the poems in her volume entitled "Poems from the Inner Life."

Take my own case. I solemnly aver that in my normal condition I have not the slightest ability in the direction of rhyming. I never attempt even doggerel. Were my life at stake, and its ransom was offered me on condition that I should compose a poem of six or eight stanzas worthy the name of poem. I should have to forfeit it. And yet years ago at the residence of Mrs. Gov. Davis, in Worcester, Mass., in the presence of as brilliant a company of literary people as can be assembled in any city of the Union, I passed rapidly from one entrancement to another, giving a series of brilliant poetical inspirations purporting to have come from Shelley, Southey, Byron and Edgar A. Poe.

Mrs. Davis was the daughter of Rev. Dr. Bancroft, a distinguished Unitarian divine, the sister of Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, and the wife of "Honest" John Davis, who was twice Governor of Massachusetts, and served his country for a term of twenty or more years as United States Senator. Mrs.

Davis, during their long life in Washington, was the centre of a brilliant coterie of distinguished men and women in the days of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Sumner and Wilson. She possessed a keen, bright intellect, was highly cultured, and after the death of her distinguished husband, who, together with herself, was an earnest Spiritualist, she drew about her a circle of as intellectual people as could be found in the Old Bay State. It was at the residence of Mrs. Davis that many of the most marvelous phenomena of my mediumship developed themselves in the presence of her friends. On the evening referred to the company was an unusually brilliant one. At the close of the séance many of the guests clustered about me, and Mrs. George Bancroft, who was among the number, voiced their sentiments by saying, "Mr. Willis, we have to thank you for a most brilliant intellectual feast." That "feast" consisted of a series of inspirational poems given through the lips of a young man that were as far above the level of his normal power as Dr. Snyder's intellectual ability is above that of a clodhopper. One purporting to be from Shelley held the company spellbound, so exquisite was its imagery, so faultless its diction.

At a brilliant reception extended to me in the city of London some years ago there were present many eminent and distinguished persons, among them Alfred Wallace, F. R. S., the intimate friend of the great Darwin, and Prof. Crookes, who was, I think, at that time, editor of the *British Quarterly Journal of Science*. I gave an entranced a poem which, from the exalted influence resting upon me at its close, as consciousness returned to me, I knew must have been a remarkable production. My impression was confirmed by Mr. Wallace, who, coming to me, said: "Dr. Willis, that was a marvelous poem. It was as fine as anything in the English language." And this expression was assented unto by several other members of the distinguished company.

But the literature of Spiritualism with which Dr. Snyder claims to be so familiar is to me but a small part of this great movement, notwithstanding it numbers among its contributors such names as Owen, Hare, Wallace, Crookes, Zöllner, Varley, Flammarion, Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, William and Mary Howitt, Epes Sargent, and scores of others eminent in the domain of art, science, philosophy, literature and religion.

Dr. Snyder asks how can Spiritualism add anything to the philosophy, the science or the religious knowledge of the world?

The late Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D. D., of Dr. Snyder's own denomination, right in the Athens of America, deemed the revelations made to a clairvoyant medium concerning life present and life to come of sufficient importance to the world to justify him in writing over his own revered name a somewhat lengthy preface to the little book that announced those phenomenal, mediumistic experiences and revelations to the world. This was simply one of innumerable illustrations of the fact that great minds do differ in their opinions.

"If Socrates, Plato, Paul, Seneca, Shakespeare, Byron or any of the illustrious dead are in communication with the living, they surely ought to be able to make some utterances that bear the stamp of their genius," says Dr. Snyder.

The brilliant and erratic Rev. Thomas L. Harris, after his Mountain Cave episode in connection with one Dr. Scott—which reflected upon infant Spiritualism as much disgrace as the excesses of that early church at Corinth, which called forth those scathing denunciations of the great Apostle in his epistles to the Corinthians did upon infant Christianity—returned to the world and gave such remarkable evidences of spirit-power in the improvisation of those really brilliant poems, "A Lyric of the Golden Age," "An Epic of the Starry Heavens," and of the "Morning Land," that they went far toward obliterating the memory of his folly, and wrung from the grudging pen of his critics many unqualified admissions of the striking similarity of style stamped upon the poems to the renowned poets whom he claimed were his inspirers. And many competent critics laid aside their prejudices so far as to admit that they were poetic marvels, and fully worthy any authorship. They were spoken entirely impromptu in the presence of witnesses, under circumstances that were proofs of their abnormal origin.

Notwithstanding his brilliant mediumistic gifts, he afterward abandoned Spiritualism, and gave himself up to an exceedingly eccentric career that can be rightly designated only as Harrisism.

Dr. Snyder asks if when Shakespeare talks through John Smith, he talks like John Smith and not like Shakespeare, then what service does Shakespeare render the world? "Why should I listen to St. Paul filtered through John Smith when I can have the lofty genius and spirituality of the saint in his own writings? Why should I care to talk with Darwin through a medium whose ignorance and incapacity cancels the genius of the great interpreter of nature?"

These questions answer themselves. It is obvious it would be a miserable waste of time. And yet such communications might prove to be of as much practical value as is a great deal of the theological trash of the day. But these questions are in the exact stereotyped line of the questions that have been propounded for the past forty years.

The man of science stands in his laboratory surrounded by the paraphernalia of his calling, and says in mocking tones: "If your spirits

can do all this that you claim, let them come and use my instruments; let them come and demonstrate to me some problem of my special branch of science."

The clergyman asks the same questions from his pulpit: In tones of contempt he repeats the declarations of some individual Spiritualist, or the rationalizations of some "John Smith" type of medium, and with a most triumphant, consequential air, *a la* Talmage, asks why these spirits do not visit him in his study, move his ponderous book-case, inspire his lips—perform wonders through him! And the world recoils the demands of its materialistic, scientific and religious teachers, and asks why the spirits do not come and do its work for it, revealing all mysteries and all truths unto it, leaving nothing to be achieved through the reason, the judgment, and the practical powers of industry, which are the god-like prerogatives of mankind.

Even Dr. Snyder demands that Shakespeare and Byron and Burns shall expend their efforts as enfranchised spirits in supplementary evidence of their individuality; and challenges all the mediums in the world to present us with a coherent and satisfactory solution of the great economic and financial problems that so sorely beset us to-day.

I submit that this is looking through the veriest peep-hole at this great movement that has commanded the respectful attention of so many of the foremost minds of the age.

I submit that there is a realm higher, diviner than the intellectual realm, sublime as that realm is—the realm of the spiritual. Like a magnificent dome, it overarches the intellectual; and it is in that realm that the forces of Spiritualism are expended and its grand work accomplished.

It is no new thing. It is as old as the soul of man. It dates back beyond the days when the only means man had of recording his progress was with chisel and hammer; to cut his very life into huge boulders of stone, which have baffled the corroding finger of time. Away back in the dim morning twilight of reason, in the very infancy of man's intellectual development, these questions arose: "Who am I?" "Whence did I come?" "Whither am I bound?"

With those queries, in answer to the many and varied speculations they aroused in the mind in response to the yearnings of the soul for their solution, man was brought face to face with the infinite source of his life through spiritual agencies, and that was the birth of Spiritualism; and those Rochester rappings, as they have been termed, that originated in the little village of Hydesville, N. Y., were but the echoes of it that have sounded down through the ages from time to time to keep it alive in the heart of humanity.

Those primitive men were so wrought upon by these spiritual agencies that they retired from the busy hum of external life, with its varied distractions, into the depths of the primeval forests, and there voices from the realm of the spiritual responded to the deep yearnings of their souls; beams of inspiration illumined their brains; glorious visions flashed before their rapt gaze. The radiant forms of the loved departed who had triumphed over mortality, and entered upon the fullness of immortality, presented themselves, answered their queries, and unfolded to them the mighty scheme of the universe.

Here, we repeat, was the dawn of Spiritualism—away back in the earliest glimmerings of human civilization—and it formed the basis of the religious faith of mankind. It formed the basis of every system of religious belief that has ever been projected from the mind of man. It has been the source of the inspirations that have formulated those systems, not excepting even Christianity. They have all been good, excellent in their origin, but have degenerated from pure Spiritualism into ecclesiasticism. Hence, as I affirmed in the lecture which Dr. Snyder kindly referred to as an "able advocacy," Spiritualism, *per se*, is the culmination, the essence, the flower of all the great religious systems that have preceded it.

Dr. Snyder in alluding to the 13th chapter of Corinthians passes by the 12th chapter, which contains the great apostle's most accurate statement of the gifts of mediumship as they exist to-day. "Now there are diversities of gifts," he says, "the gifts of healing, the working of miracles, prophecy, discerning of spirits, speaking with divers kinds of tongues, the interpretation of tongues." Where do you find these gifts manifested to-day? Yet the apostle commanded: "Covet them earnestly," and the Master declared: "These signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they handle any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Where, I ask again, will you find the signs the Master said should designate the true believers in him, or the spiritual gifts the great Apostle urged should be coveted earnestly? It were utterly vain for you to search for them in any of the so-called Christian churches of the land. They are not there.

Go to that form of faith that has been condemned and mocked and despised by the priesthood, even as it was in those primitive days when Jesus and his apostles declared its truths and expressed its signs! Go to Modern Spiritualism, and there alone will you find the true believers, expressing their faith in the very signs enumerated by the great teacher in the New Testament.

And why have our religious teachers been thus hostile to this movement from the day of its advent in modern form? Simply because it

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Before the coming light of Truth Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—*Spirit John Ripout.*

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While thanking its regular subscribers for their continued patronage, THE BANNER'S publishers desire that this journal, which is devoted to the spiritual movement, as well as to secular reforms in behalf of our common humanity, shall receive ample support from the public at large. COLBY & RICH.

As June 18th

Is a legal holiday, the friends are hereby notified that the BANNER OF LIGHT establishment will be closed on that occasion.

Parties having advertisements for theseventh page, which they wish to renew in THE BANNER for June 23d, must make application at the Counting Room by Friday afternoon, June 15th, or they will be too late, as our first forms go to press one day in advance for this issue.

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Address all letters to LUTHER COLBY, BANNER OF LIGHT, 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass.

Aerial Navigation.

A book has recently been published on "Progress in Flying Machines," consisting of a series of articles contributed to the *American Engineer* by Mr. O. Chanute. The author does not believe that flying machines can ever fully meet the expectations of the popular mind in the way of transportation of freight or passengers, or in military operations.

Many conditions are to be taken into account in any explanation of the failures of the almost innumerable flying machines that have been constructed, which have resulted from so many different causes. Each of these conditions virtually constitutes a separate problem, which without doubt can be solved in more ways than one. And then, as has well been said, these various solutions must be harmoniously combined in a design that shall deal with the general problem as a whole. Mr. Chanute enumerates ten of these problems or conditions, and shows that many of them have been approximately solved, especially since 1889, while the difficulties to be overcome in the case of the rest are better understood.

The resistance and supporting power of the air is the first problem to be solved. The formula of Duchemin in respect to "lift" and "drift" are accepted as approximately correct. The second problem relates to the motor to be employed. Mr. Chanute demonstrates that, under favorable circumstances, the wind may be turned to account, and that it will furnish an extraneous motor which costs nothing and imposes no weight upon the apparatus. In regard to the selection of the instrument of propulsion, screw propellers or propelling wings are deemed about equally effective; but wings

are to be considered only as propelling instruments, and not as sustaining surfaces. This is the conclusion as to the third problem. The fourth problem concerns the kind or form of apparatus for sustaining the weight, whether flapping wings, screws, or aeroplanes. The author believes that, in a machine of sufficient size to sustain one man, the weight of the apparatus and the man will be about three-fourths of the whole, thus leaving but about one-fourth of the total weight applicable to the motor and its adjuncts, including the fuel and the supplies for the journey.

The amount of sustaining surface required depends upon the speed, a small area of high speed being able to sustain as much weight as a larger area at a corresponding lesser speed. As to the sixth and next problem to be solved, there is much uncertainty concerning the best materials to be employed for the framing and for the moving-parts, and likewise as to what should be the texture of the sustaining surfaces in an actual flying machine. This problem cannot be said to be solved. The main object hitherto has been to construct a model that would fly at all, and experiments with models have not thrown much light on the question of materials. It seems probable to Mr. Chanute that bamboo, the lighter of the stiff woods, and some varieties of steel, will be found to be the preferable materials for framing. Aluminum is inferior to steel per unit of weight, but does not corrode, and may on that account be recommended. But the author thinks that textile fabrics will probably be the first to be employed for full sized apparatus. This fluttering of textile fabrics, however, is thought likely to give trouble to experimenters. Hence thin wood, parchment or pasteboard may prove preferable, the latter being corrugated lengthwise of the direction of motion in order to gain stiffness.

But the most difficult problem remaining to be solved, in the author's opinion, is that of the maintenance of equilibrium. Almost every failure in actual experiments has resulted from lack of equilibrium. This is the first and last requisite, safety being clearly the supreme test of successes in aerial navigation—safety in starting up, safety in sailing, and safety in coming down. The flying machine, like the bird, must rise, and must fall, and it must encounter whirls, eddies, and gusts of wind. The bird meets these by constantly changing his centre of gravity; he is an acrobat, and balances himself by instinct; but for an inanimate machine the problem is very much more difficult. The latter requires an equivoque, automatic, if possible, which shall be more stable than that of the bird. The alighting safely anywhere is likewise an unsolved sub-problem, and one of vital importance. These last two problems, the rising and the alighting safely, without special preparation of the ground, are acknowledged to be very difficult of solution, and will probably be the last to be worked out.

Although it is plain that the mechanical obstacles to be surmounted are very great, Mr. Chanute deems it fair to say that none of them are impossible of vanquishment, and that material progress has been made toward their solution. The only problems remaining to be solved are those of the guidance, the starting up and the alighting, as well as the final combination of these several solutions into one homogeneous design. The author's conviction is, that once the sub-problem of equilibrium is solved, man may reasonably hope to navigate the air, and that this will probably be accomplished, perhaps at no distant day, with some form of aeroplane, provided with fixed concave convex surfaces, which will at first utilize the wind as a motive power, and eventually be provided with an artificial motor.

Medium versus Magician.

Mrs. Kate R. Stiles of Boston is a psychometric reader of no common gifts. In the December *Cosmopolitan* magazine (1892) appeared a letter entitled "Light on the Black Art," written by Hermann, the "magician," in which he claimed to be able to "expose" all that is done through the agency of spiritualistic mediums. Recently, while fulfilling a public engagement in Pittsburgh, Penn., Mr. James McClure of that city wrote him, asking for a personal interview of but a few minutes. Receiving no reply, Mr. McClure proceeded to publish his letter to the magician in the *Pittsburgh Leader*. In it he recites the fact that, having his curiosity aroused, he determined to investigate for himself. Mrs. Stiles came to Pittsburgh, and on the evening of the 8th of February last Mr. McClure brought an article with him to the public scene and placed it on the table fully twenty minutes before the medium came into the hall. When she commenced to read the various articles placed upon the table by different persons in the audience, the one placed there by him was the first to which she directed her powers, and she told the audience its whole history in detail, with as much accuracy as he could have done himself. And he simply asked the magician to meet him in any place in Pittsburgh he chose to name, promising to bring that same article along with him, as well as a witness to verify what he said; and he engaged that if he (Hermann) could give him the same reading from it that Mrs. Stiles gave, he would be satisfied that the Spiritualists were deceived.

He received no answer to his letter, and he thinks the magician by so doing has tacitly admitted his inability in the premises.

At Last the Medical Law.

While nothing has appeared of late in the public press concerning the "doctors' plot law," proposed for Massachusetts, we are informed, from private sources, that the bill which has gone through the Legislature, is in the hands of the Governor, and will without doubt become a law!

While the measure as it now stands is extremely mild in its provisions, it yet overturns the precedent which THE BANNER and the liberals in medicine in Massachusetts have for seventeen years or upward sustained—i. e., that the statutes already existing against malpractice were sufficient, if enforced, to protect the people, therefore no additional legislation was necessary. The door is now open, and a few amendments next year will widen it to admit the Allopathic wolf into the sheepfold of the citizens' dearest rights. Free Massachusetts is—medically—free no more!

Correspondents must be more particular as to dates, the spelling of proper names, etc., in articles and reports sent us. We are glad to furnish the news at all times, but do not wish mistakes to appear in our columns.

Spiritualistic Lyceum Festival.

This grand festival at the Boston Theatre June 10th was repeated under the auspices of Mrs. W. S. BUTLER, who was so successful—in a pecuniary point of view—at Music Hall, May 5th, as well as in the presenting of a very beautiful entertainment. This lady has since been solicited by many friends, to repeat it. She complied, and it was a complete success. The idea was a wise one of Mrs. Butler's to devote a quarter of the receipts to aid those made destitute by the recent disastrous fire in this city.

As set forth in the program, the matinee was one of the most delightful occasions ever witnessed in Boston. The evening performance ditto. The little "tots" were joyously happy, as well as the large audience of adults—judging from the latter's frequent applause.

As the program was somewhat similar to that which we published concerning the May Festival, it is unnecessary to repeat it. It is enough to say that all the participants acquitted themselves admirably.

We must not, however, omit to state that the orchestra, composed as it was exclusively of females, except the pianist, was in itself a novelty. Their competency was self-evident throughout, taking into consideration the large amount of work they had to perform.

We give below the remarks of the *Boston Herald* of the 10th inst. regarding the evening session:

Last evening a packed house greeted the children of the Progressive Lyceum in Boston Theatre, when they made their final bow before the generously disposed in aid of the Roxbury fire fund. A specialty that brought forward La Petite Adelaide, the youthful daughter of New York, proved a great drawing card. Wonderfully fascinating in her grace and extreme self-abandon is this little French girl. Little Adelaide was received with great applause and given many recalls. Miss Louise Horner was another at the feature, being possessed of a beautiful soprano voice. The role of the sailor-boy was filled by Master Eddie O'Halloran, whose captivating songs of the sea made his audience loath to part with him. The dances of the program were exceptionally well done, and Gov. Greenleaf's staff won the confidence of the midgets by assuring them that "the entertainment was the prettiest thing they had ever seen."

When one considers the untiring energy and money that Mrs. W. S. Butler has expended to perfect the affair, its untrammeled success is not to be wondered at.

This is a great compliment to the lady manager, and, indeed, she amply deserved it.

Timely Reminiscences.

That truly consistent and persistent, as well as eminent Spiritualist, Hon. Luther R. Marsh, whom we are sincerely happy to call our personal friend and efficient co-laborer in the Cause, has recently furnished *The Conglomerate*, published at Middletown, N. Y., by the patients at the State Homeopathic Hospital, with a chapter of recollections of Rev. Dr. William Adams, for a long period the liberal pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City, and finally President of Union Theological Seminary in that city.

Mr. Marsh says, "He (Dr. Adams), like Dr. Bellows, was a broad man, wishing to embrace all true religionists, of whatever name, within his catholicity. He had none of that littleness and bigotry of which we, in our time, have witnessed specimens. He might, and at the present day probably would, have included Spiritualists in his enumeration of those 'who believe in the communion of saints'; for one cannot well believe, as the creed has it, in 'the communion of saints' without believing that saints, who once lived on the earth, can commune; in other words, that the spirits of the so-called dead and of those yet unfiled may hold communion together. If this is not Spiritualism I would like to know what is." Mr. Marsh says the true difference between the churches and the Spiritualists in this matter is that the churches accept it as a matter of theory, while the Spiritualists hold it as a matter of knowledge and practice. Surely the phrase "the communion of saints," was not intended by the Fathers of the Church as a blind, as a mere taking euphemism, "but rather was meant to convey an actual and vital truth. Anyway, it is engraved in living letters over the gateway of Spiritualism."

Another "Haunted Ship"?

THE BANNER recently published the story of an English ship whose remarkable experiences caused various crews to believe that she was "haunted"; this vessel was finally abandoned by a frightened crew on the high seas, and subsequently lost.

We now encounter another case, occurring recently in New York, where a vessel bearing a similar reputation with "sailor men" (whether rightfully achieved or otherwise, we of course cannot presume to say), has arrived in that city—as per press reports:

"The *Lydgate* lies at her anchorage off the Battery, N. Y., her agents having made vain endeavors to secure a crew for the ship so that she may make the return voyage to Liverpool. She is a four-masted vessel and is almost new. When she started from Liverpool to America she had on board a crew that was enthusiastic over her fine lines and general appearance. It was expected that the voyage would take twenty days. Instead of that it took six months, and when the *Lydgate* finally put into port last week the sailors with one accord packed up their kits, clambered over the rails of the vessel, and swore never to set foot on her again. As they were all shipped for the round trip, their desertion cost them the six months' wages they had already earned. The sailors think she is a 'hoodoo' ship."

Demise of Lila Barney Sayles.

This estimable lady—one of the earliest and most widely-known advocates of Spiritualism and other reforms in America—passed to the reward of a well-earned life on Tuesday, June 5th, 1894, from Dayville, Conn. Her funeral was announced to occur on Friday, June 8th.

Mrs. Sayles wielded a facile pen, and was equally at home in the domain of poetry and prose, though she preferred the latter method of expression. Examples of her outspoken sentences have appeared several times of late in our columns—as they have at intervals from the earliest history of this paper. She was an unflinching friend of truth in its every form. Recent readers will remember her fine tributes to the public services of Mrs. Spence; her essay on "Compensation," etc., etc. DeLoos Wood of Danielsonville, Conn., writing of her demise, says of Mrs. Sayles: "She was a kind friend to my mother, Mary Macomber Wood, in her pioneer work as a trance lecturer." We hope to present in a future issue additional details concerning Mrs. Sayles and her work for the Cause.

The liberal Progressives, taking alarm at the treatment accorded Dr. Briggs and Prof. Smith, are now forming a league for the purpose of more unitedly combating the pressure of the conservatives, who far outnumber them. The battle for expansive freedom in that church, against constricting bigotry, will be fought to the bitter end.

The Electric Light in Disease.

Electricity, as understood to-day, is the motion of the molecules of the different substances which are the subjects of electric action; heat, light and sound are defined after the same manner as different modes of motion. The velocity of sound is comparatively slow, but that of heat and light is decidedly rapid. The movement of the electric current is somewhere between that of sound and the rapid motion of those heat-waves that have the slowest movement. Hence the wonderful adaptability which electricity possesses, for every form of operation is due to its rank in the scale of energies.

The reason why this agent had remained so long undeveloped in former years is found in the fact that we had not duly cultivated that sensibility which responds to the peculiar vibrations within the range of electric manifestations. Heat currents, so far as we are able to make use of them, are more efficient than electricity. But the fact that the rate of vibration in the electric current—while it is high enough to admit of rapid transmission, is nevertheless not sufficiently high to be destructive—establishes its superiority in the treatment of disease. It becomes transformed into heat, and thus its penetrating and vivifying powers are rendered most efficacious.

The Electric Light owes its advantages over the older methods of applying electricity in diseases, and its satisfactory results, to its judicious combining with both the light-rays and the heat-rays. The method employed by the Electric Light Medical Institute is the only scientific procedure which thus far has been devised for the purpose.

Those desiring advice in regard to this subject will do well to call at the Electric Light Medical Institute, "The Pelham," 74 Boylston street, Boston.

Burial While Alive.

On our third page will be found an article by a correspondent in Missouri setting forth three local cases with which he is personally conversant, where parties supposed to be deceased have narrowly escaped burial while alive, at the hands of their mistaken friends. THE BANNER has repeatedly urged that the greatest care be used to establish beyond doubt the fact of demise before the final act of inhumation is accomplished.

There is need, everywhere, that heed should be paid to the admonition. Hardly a day passes in which we do not encounter the record of some case in point, in the daily press. We submit two accounts which have recently so appeared, in proof of our assertion:

"A few days ago a fifteen-year-old daughter of J. Luckish, living at Cresco, Ia., had a tooth pulled, and an anesthetic was administered during the operation. The next morning she was found dead in bed. The following day she was buried. Two or three days later the grave was opened, and it was found that she had, as suspected, been buried alive. The glass in the coffin was broken to fragments, the body was in a condition of fearful contortion, the hands were out and bloodstained, the hair torn out, the corpse was turned over, and the body was found face downward."

The other instance to which we refer was recently recorded by the press wherein a young lady was fully prepared for burial, but escaped inhumation and gained her freedom by tapping on the glass of the coffin-lid.

Our Providence (R. I.) correspondent, Wm. Foster, Jr., writes June 10th, that Mr. Samuel Darling of that city "is again on the warpath vs. vaccination. His card, inserted in our local papers, has profoundly stirred the health officers, and they are threatening a prosecution for his advising resistance to compulsory vaccination. The Superintendent of Health has recommended an enactment for a general compulsory vaccination; but I think it will miscarry; if not, there will be warm work, for there are many who will never submit."

At the first annual meeting of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs, held recently at Marlboro', the exercises were of much interest. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was re-elected President, and a resolution was passed unanimously declaring:

"That the standard of morality and purity, by which our own sex is gauged, is equally binding upon men; and that a deviation from that accepted standard, which debars the one from social and public life, should debars the other also."

Mrs. Stoddard-Gray, and her son, Mr. De Witt C. Hough of New York—materializing and trance mediums—have recently arrived in Boston, purposing a season of work in this city—their first appearance here for some eighteen years. They will hold sances each evening for two weeks at No. 484 Columbus Avenue. When in Boston, so long ago, their sittings were mainly for physical phenomena; but they have since been developed for full-form manifestations.

A general summing-up of late intelligence received at this office from speakers, mediums and the laity alike, evidences that the interest in the cause of Modern Spiritualism all over the world is on the increase. While the local assemblies are adjourning for the "heated term" in various localities, the camp-meetings are rapidly deploying for the summer campaign, and good work may be confidently expected of them.

The enterprising Boston firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co. have again shown their public spirit by offering a list of prizes to be competed for by New England artists. The firm purposes giving a grand exhibition of original works, representative of New England, in oil and water-color painting, to be opened November 20th, 1894; the picture winning the first prize of \$1500—10 to be presented to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

A Berlin dispatch of June 10th states that the Pope's attitude toward cremation has been officially announced at Breslau, to wit: Cremation, while heretical in principle, may be allowed under special conditions. The Catholic clergy may officiate at services over bodies which are to be cremated, but not at a crematorium. Which, it would seem to us, amounts to a practical endorsement of the new and beneficent rite of incineration.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, says *The Woman's Journal*, insists that women who want to vote are "andromeniacs." This is a word of his own coining, probably, with the intention of insinuating that a woman who desires to help make the laws to which she must submit, is a monster. The *Philadelphia Record* remarks that "there was reason to fear some dreadful thing of this kind when the parsons should break loose."

THE BANNER will give its readers next week an interesting story, written for its columns by HANFORD VEON of Beaver Falls, Pa., entitled, "The Music of a Dream."

The practice of a well-known magnetic physician is offered for sale in another column.

CURRENT TOPICS.

What The Banner has Done for One Subscriber.—E. N. Swinburne, Mexia, Tex., writes, on renewing his subscription: "Twenty-five years ago I first saw the bright pages of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and since then it has ever been my guiding star. It has taught me that life is not a failure, neither is creation a crime—while, if Calvinism were true, it would be far beyond the highest conceptions of the human mind! Evidences of the immortality of the soul multiply as the days come and go; that a life of spiritual progress awaits us has been clearly taught by returning spirits through your bright columns; we are taught how to do our part well on earth—how to meet the manifold trials incident to human life and our responsibilities to each other. THE BANNER'S spiritual teachings are always practical and valuable. Neither my tongue nor pen can express the soul-felt happiness that I realize from its regular visits. It is the bread of heaven to me, and to others whom I know."

Pleasant Words from England.—Florence Morse, daughter of J. J. Morse, the distinguished trance speaker, and co-editor of *The Lyceum Banner*, writes us from London—in appreciation of our publishing her recent discourse in Great Britain: "I feel" (she says) "that it is a very great honor indeed to have my first attempt printed in the oldest and best Spiritualist paper. I have no intention of present following in my father's footsteps, and becoming a public worker in our Cause, but I may in the future."

I was much interested some weeks ago in an account of a test given by Mrs. Ada Foys in Brooklyn five years since—which you published in THE BANNER. I was deeply interested because my mother and myself were in Conservatory Hall when it was given, and we have often spoken of it to people here as being a good example of Mrs. Foys's ability as a test medium. We both remember it distinctly."

The Whole-World Soul-Communion.—The Whole-World Soul-Communion, says the *New Orleans (La.) Picayune*, is an exercise that is observed, as we are assured, by large numbers of people in various parts of the world, and its observance is said to be rapidly spreading: It is observed once a month, on the 27th, for half an hour, from 12 m. to 12:30, Salem, Oregon, time. In order that people living in other parts of the world may observe precisely the same time, the managers of the Whole-World Soul-Communion have calculated a time table, giving the corresponding time in some seventy-six places in different longitudes. According to this table the soul-communion should be observed in New Orleans from 2:11 to 2:41 P. M. The object of the exercise is stated to be "Through unity of aspiration and co-operation of thought to seek higher truths and secure universal peace." The conditions of the exercise are: "Self must be lost sight of during the half-hour of communion, and every soul given up to universal love. Be wary on the side of the right and true!" The promoters of the business say that this monthly Whole-World Soul-Communion is having a great effect in advancing the peace of the world, and in uniting the whole human race, and claim that among its fruits are the World's Parliament of Religions held in Chicago last year, the Federation of Religions, etc.

Spirit Azur.—We are in receipt of a photograph from C. H. Horne of Chicago, taken from an oil painting of Spirit "Azur, the Helper," guide of Mr. A. Campbell, also of Chicago. The picture was produced—as reported—at a sance held by the latter last winter. A canvas was placed in a cabinet formed by a folding screen across one corner of the room, Mr. Campbell remaining at the entrance. Soon a smell of paint was perceptible, and after a period of three-quarters of an hour the canvas revealed the features of a man clad in Eastern fashion. Two weeks later another session was held to round out and finish up the picture, and the result was a portrait pronounced by those who have seen it to be a work of art that would do credit to any mundane artist to accomplish in a month.

The Burden of Arms.—M. de Blowitz, in *McClure's Magazine* for June, has a remarkable article on the peace of Europe, and what may be done for its preservation—in which he refers to the old-time conditions among trans-Atlantic nations. Peace was lasting then, he says, for a curious reason, namely, just because the rival armies were not too heavy a load for the nations to carry. This brings thinkers to the course which must be pursued to-day, namely, "to reduce the military burdens in times of peace so that these burdens may become tolerable over long periods, and not form in themselves a determining condition of war."

Agriculture.—The quantity of wheat exported from the Argentine Republic in eleven months of the calendar year 1893 was 12,992,000 bushels. We could not believe this was a correct statement, for all other reports indicated much larger shipments from that country; but recent information has estimated the exports from the Argentine Republic for the year at 33,840,000 bushels, out of a crop of 55,440,000 bushels, and predicted that the coming crop would be in the neighborhood of 80,000,000 bushels, of which 33,000,000 could be exported. The rapid development of the wheat-growing industry in this South American country is a matter of much importance to the wheat-growers of the United States. The evidence of this is now becoming apparent.

Her Father was Calling Her.—An exchange states that Miss Kate De Mertin, of Indianapolis, was engaged to a party who became estranged from her. She sent for him to see her, and after a stormy interview, they concluded to break off their engagement. As he was in the act of leaving her, she threw up her hands, and, screaming that her father was calling her, fell over in a faint. "As soon as she was revived, she went into violent convulsions, and died the same evening. Before her death she continually repeated that her father was calling for her. Her father died nine years ago."

In View of the persistent efforts of a certain bigoted class of "regular" physicians to restrict the practice of medicine to their own school, for the alleged purpose of "protecting the people," the following account of a remarkable cure effected by Louis Freedman, the Australian medical clairvoyant and magnetist, of 215 East Eighty-ninth street, New York City, is especially interesting. In a recent communication to THE BANNER from Mr. William Orr—243 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street, that city—he says:

"Several weeks ago my wife had to take to her bed, with inflammation of the bowels and prostration of the whole system. Having had previous experience with the failure of 'regulars' in my family, I called on Dr. Louis Freedman, who described my wife's complaint perfectly. He simply magnetized my wife every other day for a period of three weeks, and without the use of medicine she became a well woman. Considering that for eight days she could keep nothing on her stomach in the shape of food, her cure must be regarded as remarkable to liberal-thinking minds."

I am not a Spiritualist, but I would not suppress such evidence of the possession of the gift of healing. This gentleman has made other wonderful cures in and about New York."

Attention is called to the "Banner Correspondence" column (on second page). Our friends in every part of the country are earnestly invited to forward brief letters, items of local news, etc., for use in this department.

Our occasional correspondent in St. Augustine, Fla., Mr. John F. Whitney, has located for the summer in Rockingham, Va.

Insane After Vaccination.

Mrs. Catherine Garrity, of 915 Forest Avenue, wife of William J. Garrity, became violently insane in her home on Thursday, and in the Morrisania court yesterday she was committed to the care of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction. Mrs. Garrity was healthy in mind and body until three weeks ago, when she was vaccinated. Her arm became badly swollen, and she suffered much pain. Finally she became sick, and later lost her mind.—*New York Recorder.*

Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

LUTHER COLBY, Chairman.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its department of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Consulting-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 & RICH.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Seance held March 23d, 1894.

Spirit Invocation.

Once again, oh! Father and Mother God, we ask for thy blessing at this hour. We turn to thee in every time of need, knowing that in thy wisdom thou wilt provide that which will conduce to our best good. We ask thee to send forth thy ministering angels into every home, that other hearts may be touched with their healing ministrations and be made to realize that their loved ones who have been taken out of the family circle, as far as the material form is concerned, are about them and can aid them in every trial that comes to them in earth-life. May those who sorrow because of the bodily absence of their dear ones learn that they are only at home with those who have preceded them to the Better Land. We ask that we may be aided to be more charitable and patient in our dealings with our brothers and sisters, and that inharmonious may be done away with. We ask also at this hour that those immortal children may bring some proof to their friends on earth that they still exist and are active, living entities, not so far away but that their visits may be frequent and of value to those upon the material plane. We ask that thy benediction may rest upon all humanity; and unto thy name we accord all praise, both now and evermore.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Henry Webster.

[To the Chairman:] I have always had a desire to report from your Circle-Room, that some might know I am still an active person, for so I was called when I lived upon the earth-plane. In Peoria, Ill., I was well known. I cannot tell how long it is since I passed out, but I should judge it must be some ten or fifteen years ago. It matters not; only I know many will criticize such a statement from a spirit, not realizing that we do not reckon time as you do here.

How little mortals understand the process we must pass through in order to report here! I have been one of the assemblies here and in the Circle-Room of the past, and I have seen how hard it is for some to come into the atmosphere of the medium to control, while others take possession of her organism very easily. I will make the statement here that you mortal friends can make it easy for us to come, or very difficult, by the feelings that you bring with you into the seance-room. When you understand more of the laws by which spirit-communication is governed you will not bring so much inharmonious into your circles.

I am not here to find fault, but to say I am happy, very happy, and that I found the spirit-world more beautiful than can be expressed in mundane speech.

I did not understand when in the flesh that spirits could return and report in this way, although I firmly believed our spirit-friends lived, were around us, but in what manner I was not prepared to say.

I was not used to speaking in public, sir, therefore bear with me if I do not express myself as readily as some others. Henry Webster.

Mrs. Mary E. Stuart.

I understood a great deal of mediumship when here, and I believed these medial gifts were possessed from birth, although sometimes lying in a crude or undeveloped condition for years. I was very young when I passed on to reap what I had sown. I understood a great deal of spirit communion, having medial powers myself. It was sweet to hold communication with those in the higher life who came to visit me upon the earth-plane.

[CREMATION.]

I desire to say a word here in regard to cremation: How superior it is to the old method of disposing of the cast-off garments of flesh! It was my desire that my body should be disposed of in this manner, and my request was granted. I stood and gazed upon that body as it passed through that purifying process, and was reduced to a handful of ashes; and I say, oh! mortal friends, the adoption of cremation ensures the health of the living. The air and water are polluted by your cemeteries, and many diseases arise therefrom. I have conversed on this subject with Laura Clancy, a highly intelligent spirit, and she expressed herself in like manner.

Oh! how hard are the partings on earth! I lost a dear husband, and my little boy was so early bereaved of a mother's tender care in the mortal, but the spirit-mother hovers around her child upon the earth-plane. The term "a motherless child" should be changed, I think, for the mother still keeps guard over her children after she passes to the higher life.

In earth-life I seemingly always knew that the spirits were with me, and the book of memory is very sweet to me.

Our life in the immortal world is real to us. Flowers bloom everywhere. We have places of worship, places of amusement and places of instruction. We feel no weight of years there, and I did not when here, where my mission was to aid, through the agency of some power from on high, the loved ones above to come into communication with their friends on earth. Oh! what a holy mission it is to be a true medium—for mediumship is God-given—unblessed by selfishness!

Oh! mortals, your loved ones who have passed beyond are so eager to come into communication with you, that you should not close the doors against them; you would not do so when in the mortal, then why should you now they are immortal? How often has my heart been filled with pity for those spirits who have yearned so much to commune with their loved ones here, but have been barred out through ignorance and because of early erroneous teachings.

I am Mrs. Mary E. Stuart of Buffalo, N. Y.

Minthorn Burk.

[To the Chairman:] Grandpa Burk said you would write what I say—so grandpa and papa and mamma and every one would know it was me.

I'm Minthorn Burk, and grandpa is James. I was named for a gentleman who used to be with papa; I guess it was his last name, but I don't know. I want papa and mamma to know I go to school, and I'm a much larger boy than when I went away.

Oh! mamma, we have such lovely flowers where I live! and I would bring you a basketful if I could get them through the mist; but I can't. Aunt Betsey says we'll have to wait and let mamma come for them. I think that will be very nice.

Uncle John is here, and George, too; he belongs to Ida. These ain't all the people that's here, though.

I want you to be sure and say I'm learning very fast, because the teacher says so.

We have lovely music, and we have musical instruments like those you have here. Grandpa says spirits had them in the spirit-world before you had yours on earth. [By the Chairman: No doubt of it.]

Mamma, I knew when you were sick, but the angels helped you to feel better; and, papa, when you go away I'll go with you, but you can't see me. Sometimes you think that perhaps some of us are with you, yet you do not know as well as Uncle Eddy does; he realizes our presence more. Lily sometimes knows we are all with her.

Grandma, grandpa felt bad because you did not come to see him when you came to Uncle James; but I suppose you could not, because you were tired. [To the Chairman:] She's a good deal older than me, so she gets tired sooner.

Uncle Herbert, I've come out to the farm with you lots of times. I'm a bigger boy now. [To the Chairman:] That was up in Madison, N. H. He lives where grandpa did; but I did not live there—I lived here in Boston. Grandma lives there now, and Uncle Herbert, and Aunt Lizzie and Lily. Papa and mamma lived in Boston.

I want mamma to know I've gone into higher classes, and that I go home and help them all, and sister, too, although she does not see me.

Aunt Betsey says I must tell Uncle Jerry that the sun will shine brighter by-and-by. That means sometime, I expect.

Oh! I want them to know I play with the children just the same as I would if I had stayed here all the time.

I do not see, mamma, why you don't talk to me at home; you can a part of the time. Grandpa says if you and papa and Uncle Eddy will sit by yourselves we can make our presence known.

Isaac Crosby.

It matters not how many years we spend upon the earth-plane, it is only the physical form that feels the weight of years, for those who pass out old in body feel young again in the spirit-world. I said many times when here that if there were no change in passing to the other life, this life would be preferable; but I have found that this world is the shadowy one and ours the real.

How often do we hear the expression from mortals: "If a spirit can do this, he can do that." You make an assertion about that which you know simply nothing. We are governed by laws and conditions the same as you are, but we cannot tell why any more than you can.

[To the Chairman:] I have never reported from your Circle-Room before; but do not misunderstand me and think I have not visited this place, for I have often, and I have gained a great deal of light and knowledge by coming here. I feel it is a school where we may gain much by listening to the experiences of others. I have been much interested in the discussions on the "Doctors' Plot," but I am more interested in the subject of Cremation. The time will come when you will need no more cemeteries; I cannot tell you how long, but in my opinion that time will come much sooner than mortals look for it.

I was known in Boston and its suburbs, and I have a deep interest in the welfare of the people of your city. Isaac Crosby.

Sarah Bishop.

I have been kindly granted the privilege of speaking here to-day. This is the fourth time I have asked permission of your Spirit-President, Rev. John Pierpont; but there was always until to-day a little child before me; therefore I have stood aside and waited for another opportunity to report from this good Circle-Room. Why I use the term "good" is because I find here a harmonious feeling pervading mortals and spirits alike, and this feeling aids us very much in manifesting.

I do not think I should have had the courage to ask again if I had not been for Dr. Stansbury, who stood beside me and told me if I spoke, my words might have some interest for some one in Santa Monica, Cal. That may seem a long distance to you here, but we can travel in spirit with a speed you cannot understand. You may speak of the great speed attained by your steam engines, but we are conveyed much quicker from one locality to another.

I think I shall be understood when I say that Addie has realized my presence, as well as some others of the family in their own home, for I have dear friends here in the East to whom I am strongly attracted. Seemingly not a day passes without our leaving some good influence with those yet dwelling in the flesh.

Maria is with me; Abbie also wishes to be remembered to the family that I speak of, and this will be understood by them.

I feel that I have a great work to do upon the earth-plane. I feel that there is need for us from the spiritual realms to visit mortals often, and bring power to help them bear their trials and troubles and afflictions. When inharmonious arises, friends, say, as did the Master in olden times, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Cultivate the spirit of him who went about doing good, and was charitable to all. Let us, as we are commanded, love one another, for I always believed we were not placed here to live for ourselves alone, but to aid each other.

I am Sarah Bishop of Santa Monica, Cal.

Raymond Dodge.

I wish to send a few words to my people on earth: In Santa Barbara, Cal., some of my friends yet remain, and some are in your State.

I have words of encouragement to give to those in the home. No one had a dearer, sweeter father and mother than we. I often feel, as I come on to the earth-plane, how good it is that my form is perfect now. There is no trouble with the hip. All that belonged to the physical. As Grandpa Dodge says, There was the cause, and I received the effect; but oh! how glad I was when I learned it did not follow me in my new body.

Mamma would always say, "Raymond, how patient you are." I tried to be, but when Harry went out with the pony I would stay upon the sofa, and follow him with my eyes. I wanted to go, too, but I could not. When he went duck hunting I would wish to go, too, but my poor hip would not let me. Now I am strong, and I can go wherever I like. Grandpa says it is a great deal the best to have the poorest life first. Tough, but true.

Mamma, don't ever put on that look of sadness, for it makes us sad through sympathy when we come near you.

I know papa felt better for going to Santa Barbara, yet it did not do the cure. Harry felt better, too. Yet, when the angels call, we must go; we want to go. I did not fear to go, although a boy of only fourteen.

I am much older now, and my teacher says my past experiences fitted me to gain very rapidly in knowledge. I love music, and I have the privilege of cultivating my taste for it.

How many, many times have I found you, my dear papa, when close beside you, reaching out in thought for your "dear boy," and although you could not see me, you sensed my presence. Grandma has often said on such occasions, "Marcus," thy spirit shall be gratified in God's own good time, and you will have your boy back again; but not the little boy, for he has grown in stature and knowledge.

I know my people will see this message, for in their spirits have they longed and longed so much for a word from "Raymond," as grandma always called me. My name is Raymond Dodge.

Dear mamma, I am very happy, and we do desire to commune with you as much as you long to hear from us. It is sweet to the spirit to know we shall be reunited, and that there will be no more partings over there.

James Pushee.

[To the Chairman:] As I looked upon that young man the thought came to me that he possessed more spiritual wisdom than I could display.

I have heard the question often asked by mortals, "Why don't such-and-such a one report at your Circle-Room?" I make this statement as the answer which has been given me by your Spirit-President, Mr. Pierpont, that this institution was established purposely for those who cannot reach their friends otherwise or in private. For instance, if some spirit can communicate whenever he desires with his friends through the organism of some other medium, the band here feels that it is not necessary for him to come to this open avenue and report, simply for the purpose of seeing one's self in print.

I am not here, Mr. Chairman, to dictate; but as that thought arose in my mind, I expressed it. Most certainly I would do all I possibly could to aid any immortal to come in contact with his friends on earth, no matter whether they were in the Southern States or in the Northern, for all have a desire to know a little something of where their friends are after the physical form has been removed from them. I will add that if mortals would seek to know they would soon gain the knowledge; but they cannot expect to if they close their doors so closely against their spirit-friends. You as mortals must do your part if you would receive communications from your loved ones who have gone before. Dear friends upon the earth-plane, do not think spirit-communication is anything new. It always has been, and it always will be, as I am taught by advanced spirits.

I am James Pushee, of Boston and Cambridge. I was also known in the suburbs.

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 30.—Joseph Lane; Mrs. Eliza F. McKinley; Plummer Case; John Smith; Albia Dwyne Dwyne; Sophia Pratt; Frederick Brown; Ann Tubett; John McCall; Luella Hollis Brown.

April 6.—Frederick W. Coffin; Horace Jerome; Edward F. Jacoby; Mary Hester; Richard South; John Smith; A. W. Gould; Caleb Caldwell; William Reer; Jonathan Wilson; Corbett Gould; Moses Brown; Henry W. Nutter; Eddie Alfred Howe; Howard Rowell.

April 20.—Arthur Devlin; Caroline Kendrick; Robert Pratt; Frederick Brown; Elia Adams; Alice Stewart; Louisa Harris; Julia Ann Clark; Charlie Seavey; Marsh Chase.

April 27.—Jolly Churchill; William Lamont; Mrs. F. R. Dickson; Oscar Cary; Mary Webster; George Rice; Mary L. B. Nichols; Thomas Middleton; Thomas Stevenson; Katie A. Kinney (Spirit Violet); Carrie Trask; Bessie Pease.

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

May 18.—P. M. Conant; Mrs. Winifred G. Martin; Capt. Isaac T. Davis; Lottie M. Wellington; Joseph W. Butler; Annie Folsom Thayer; Jennie Foster; Dr. Milton Parker.

May 28.—Adelaide Lottin; Horus S. Leland; James Malbon; Bessie W. Oranston; Nellie Welch; Willie Snow; Tracy Nichols; Joseph F. Martin; Eliza Adams; Rev. J. L. Sander Fay; Charlotte A. Rice; Lottie Wood.

June 1.—Sadie Evans; Oliver Watkins; Henry Jacoby; John McCall; Nancy Hatchelor; George C. Sherman; Nellie Conley; Katie Donnellson.

June 8.—Robert C. Cummings; Almira O. Spaulding; Sally Reed; Rosa T. Amodey; Henry C. Wright; Sarah A. Bruce; Jonathan Alcott.

[A SUBURBAN WALL.]—An editor works three hundred and sixty-five, and a quarter days per year to get out fifty-two issues of a paper—that's a labor. Once in awhile some one pays a year's subscription—that's a little money. And then the editor takes the paper for a year or two and vanishes without paying for it—that's anarchy; but later on justice will take the last named creature, for there is a place where he will get his just deserts—that's hell.—Eric Record.

Many a poor devil who has the whole world before him never catches up.—Puffin Dealer.

Prevention is better than cure, and you may prevent that tired feeling by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will keep your blood pure and free from acid taint and germs of disease.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently.—22c.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Delta, Torrington, Conn.] Could a spirit remain in a burning dwelling without discomfort? or are spirits susceptible to such influences, the same as mortals? If they are, what effect or change would it produce on a spirit were he compelled to remain in the fire?

ANS.—If our questioner accepts the science of correspondences, he may admit what is taught by many students of spiritual law, viz., that for every physical effect there must be an efficient mental cause. In the case of a burning building the development of the special spirit in question would have very much to do with the sensations experienced. Really advanced spirits—we mean those who have actually triumphed over ordinary limitations through inward growth—have such volatile organisms that they cannot be held in mortal edifices, nor can they be affected by what will consume a material fabric.

After all that can be said on any other side of the subject, the great fact is that according to the direction of one's affections does one suffer or not suffer in the midst of any so-called calamity. Spirits are not compelled to remain in burning buildings unless they are so earth-bound through an intense attraction toward material things that they are literally haunting ghosts. If a fire ever does take place in a genuine haunted house, the unseen inmates who are burned out are really benefited by losing what held them in unnatural bondage. With the exception of such dwellers on the threshold as we have mentioned, we know of no exorcise human intelligences who are in any way painfully affected by physical conflagrations, as their bodies and all their appurtenances are entirely proof against fire and flood and all material elements.

Q.—[By the same.] Frequently, when writing (sometimes when speaking), on any subject which deeply interests me, I temporarily lose the sense of my surroundings, and seem to be in some familiar and distant locality. I never can recall anything connected with the distant place in question (which is never twice the same) that might be suggested by my subject, but the impressions are often very vivid, as much so as if I were really there. What is the explanation?

A.—You actually are *en rapport* with the locality you seem to visit. It is not necessary to infer that you go there in the psychic body, leaving your physical body behind you; but your consciousness gains a wider perspective, and you are for the time oblivious to all intervening barriers of distance. On a small scale every one experiences this phenomenon in some degree.

Whenever you are intensely interested, positively engrossed in contemplating some relatively distant object, you are unconscious of all that intervenes between you and that object. All the senses can be appealed to in a similar way. We can hear one voice at a distance to which we are distinctly paying attention, catch every syllable of its utterance, and hear no sound from the many throats which may be active in our much nearer vicinity. We can gaze at a distant scene, and see it clearly, meanwhile knowing nothing of intervening scenery.

Concentration of mind is all that is needed to bring this about, and it is easy to concentrate wherever our interest is greatly aroused. In the case of very sensitive persons, they are often drawn to distant places by the thought of people who are there, and wishful to communicate with them. This faculty is a very useful one, and with patient persistency can be so developed that, without the aid of crystals, magic mirrors, or any other external adjuncts, we can at will place ourselves in communication with such persons and places as we are most interested in.

A great deal of knowledge soaks into us subconsciously, of which we are temporarily unconscious in our objective condition; but all information received by an internal process is of use, and will be forthcoming as occasion requires.

The propounder of this question is a good sensitive, and can, if he will, by concentrating attention upon a definite distant object, so relate himself voluntarily thereto, as to gather important and conclusive evidence from the mentally near though physically remote spot.

Q.—[By M. E. C. Fox, Chicago.] What do you see as the result of "The Coxy Movement," the strikes, and the unrest apparent? Labor makes its demands, with hunger-bell of those demands; what are we going to do about it?

A.—The Coxy movement is certainly one of the most conspicuous phases of present unrest, and though it is by no means as important an uprising as some people suppose, it is a certain indication that there are elements of discontent in the community which will soon get the upper hand unless practical steps are speedily taken to greatly better the condition of the working people as a whole. From our point of view, which is decidedly optimistic, we do not foresee the tragedies which many people foretell, but we do feel it to be a part of our well-defined mission to suggest lines of action along which the Republic may safely ride to increased safety and prosperity.

In the first place, let us premise that the unemployed masses have a just cause of complaint. There is a real grievance, not a sentimental outcry, for while it is only too true that there are willfully idle persons in all communities, it is at this day beyond dispute that there are large numbers of honest, capable men and women who are both able and willing to work, but cannot find any employment.

Processions of the unemployed through pub-

lic thoroughfares with banners and transparencies are not necessarily erroneous; indeed, in some instances they are calculated to do real good by calling attention to needed measures of reform, but sometimes rash statements displayed on such emblems exert a deleterious influence, because the words employed are not in full accord with the highest sentiment of equity. Not very long ago in Boston there was a great hue and cry in many quarters over a motto which read, "The State owes every man a living." We at once took occasion to say to a large public audience that the State does not owe every man a living in the bald sense of such words, but the State does owe every man and every woman the opportunity to earn a living, and that a sufficient as well as an honest one.

The threatening attitude taken by strikers on the one hand and employers of labor on the other, is exceedingly unwise, as it suggests two parties with vital interests mutually antagonistic, and should such feeling gain ground and spread extensively, it would of necessity be a source of danger, a menace to peace and order, resulting, if not checked in time, in the opposition of a plutocracy to a proletariat. While it is possible to foresee what would take place if the worst passions of infuriated men were roused to their utmost and unrestrained, we consider that it evinces a glaring lack of spiritual perception to overlook the countervailing agencies at work engaged in preventing a bloody outbreak.

Comparisons are often ridiculous as well as odious, and while the trite adage, "history repeats itself," has an element of truth in it, it is usually so misinterpreted that the quotation leads to the most erroneous conclusions among thoughtless people. Rome indeed fell by reason of a conflict between its patrician and plebeian citizens, and there are signs of demoralization in America to day which bear a distinct family resemblance to many of the diseases which afflicted the once mistress of the world before her dissolution; but there are great cheering evidences of youthful, vigorous constitution, when we attempt a scientific diagnosis of Columbia's condition, which were entirely absent in the economy of Rome just previous to her downfall. There is ample room for everybody in America, and there is immense wealth in the country itself, its natural resources being practically boundless. The present agitation is largely due to two distinct causes, one of which is the difficulty the Republic experiences in connection with phenomenally rapid growth, and an endeavor to speedily amalgamate large numbers of persons of different nationalities, and the other is the failure on the part of the majority to see that temporizing with the *zeitgeist* is a failure, for the spirit of the times refuses to be compromised.

We are ready for a new system, and we shall get it; but not through any other method than that of evolution of a new form out of existing elements. It is absurd, and indeed wicked, to stir up incendiary feelings, or to appeal to fright in a crisis which demands the coolest statesmanship. No one wishes a captain to become hysterical at sea when the vessel of which he is in command has to breast unusually heavy breakers. The Republic to-day is like a ship in a storm, a good, stout, sea-worthy bark, but needing skillful piloting through the boiling waters.

Our prophecy is that very soon indeed there will arise many truly inspired teachers, whom the nation will recognize and accept as heaven-sent leaders to steer the ship of state into calmer waters, and that the next great work undertaken by Congress will be the opening-up of great national industries, affording remunerative employment to all who are ready to embrace the offer. A cooperative commonwealth is surely coming, and our most earnest advice to all who love humanity is to so think, speak and act that they may be entitled to rejoice when the words are uttered: "Blessed are the peace-makers."

June Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY introduces its contents for the present month with Chapters XVII-XIX of Margaret Deland's "Philip and His Wife"; Dr. J. W. White (of Philadelphia), writes of "A Summer in the Scillies"; Bliss Carman has a highly dramatic poem on "The Grave-Digger"; "The End of Tortoni's" (a famous Paris café, which closed last year), is an almost pathetic picturing of the conclusion of an historic resort, which passed away because of the change in modern tastes in Paris—the new French people desiring less elegance and more "English comfort"; Kate Douglas Wiggin contributes an entertaining tale, entitled "The Nooning Tree"; another installment of Frank Bolles's travel sketches is furnished in "Ingouish by Land and Sea"; the condition of the city of Hamburg before its attack by cholera, and since is sketched by Albert Shaw, many details being given of the sanitary defenses now prepared against the scourge; the reminiscence of the Kearsarge (Contributors' Club) will be perused with interest. Regular departments, etc. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston.

THE ARENA.—The current number auspiciously begins Volume X, and opens with a profusely-illustrated article on the fashionable quarter of Boston, "The Back Bay," by Walter Blackburn Harte, showing the immense value of church and other property there, with a moral deduction from the facts; an appreciative sketch of Benjamin Hathaway, "A Pioneer Poet," is furnished by Mrs. Helen E. Barrett, and is followed by a charming poem, "The Enchanted Wood," by Mr. Hathaway; "The Single Tax in Actual Operation in New Zealand" is an important paper by Hamlin Garland, which will be read with great interest by practical thinking men, as will also "The Nationalization of Electricity," by Rabbi Solomon Schneider. "The Fall of Babylon," a poem by James G. Clark, of other facts are given—among them being: "The Sixth Sense, and How to Develop It"—a valuable contribution by Paul Tyner; in the Symposium on "Child Slavery in America," many startling facts relating to the inside of factory life for children are presented by able writers. A fine portrait of Victor Hugo forms the frontispiece of this number. The Arena Publishing Co., Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

THE HUMANITARIAN opens with a most interesting report of an interview on "Labor and Social Problems" with the Rt. Hon. Sir John Eldon Gorst, M. P., by Sarah A. Tooley, accompanied with portrait of this eminent reformer; in "Glimpses of the Future" the Rev. J. Rice Byrne, M. A., reveals much that is promising for humanity; of particular interest to parents is the first installment of a valuable paper on "Infancy: Its Perils and Safeguards," by Hugh R. Jones, M. A., M. D.; "Workhouses and Pauperism" is ably discussed by the Rev. T. B. Harder, LL.D. Other articles not here mentioned are contributed by well-known writers. The present issue closes the Fourth Volume of this excellent magazine. The next number will contain articles by Sir Henry E. Roscoe, D. C. L., F. R. S., M. P.; the Very Reverend the Dean of Ely; Lady Violet Greville, Lady Burton and others. Henceforth it will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., 34 Paternoster Row, London, Eng.

Whiskers that are prematurely gray or faded should be colored to prevent the look of age, and Buckingham's Dye excels all others in coloring brown or black.

