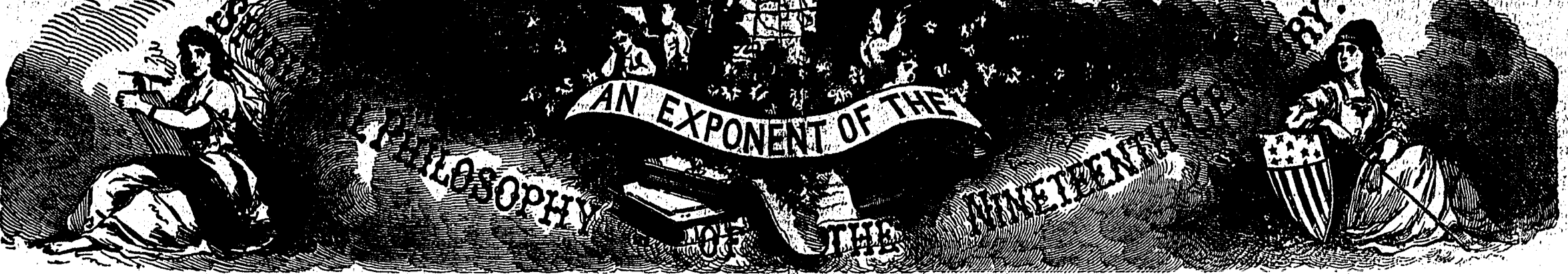


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 75.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894.

{ \$2.50 Per Annum,
Postage Free. }

NO. 19.

For the Banner of Light. SOUL MUSINGS.

BY MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE.

Those golden days, the youthful days,
So lovely, bright and sweet,
They come to me like tenuous rays,
My later years to greet.
The charm of voices sweet in song,
And mother's cheering smile,
Will ever to my heart belong—
Dear treasures all the while.
The father's kind and manly voice,
In words my life to cheer;
Brother's and sister's tones rejoice
My soul with love sincere.
And one so sweet—though years depart—
So loving, noble, true,
Still dwells within my very heart—
Can ne'er be lost to view.

Oh! may these thoughts of better kind
My true companions be,
And loving angels guide my mind
The better way to see.

Then onward, upward, lead my way
To sweeter, richer years,
And may the good, from day to day,
Dispel my doubts and fears.

Oh! make me strong to do the task
That heaven to me assigned;
True wisdom, too, I fain would ask,
That I may bless mankind.

White Water, Wis.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Some Experiences in Materializa- tion.

BY DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is my purpose to try and present to your readers an account of some remarkable experiences I had during the last week of my recent engagement in St. Louis, Mo., with Mr. A. Willis, the materializing medium of Cincinnati, O.

When lecturing in the latter city some three years ago, I was introduced to Mr. Willis, but for reasons I do not now recall, I had no opportunity to witness any of his manifestations, although I learned much of their marvels.

It was with pleasure that I learned of his arrival in St. Louis just as my engagement was drawing to a close, for, with but one or two exceptions, I have been very unfortunate in my experiences with materializing mediums.

I had my first sitting with Mr. Willis in the presence of a select circle numbering fourteen. He had but just arrived in the city from New Orleans. His cabinet was simply two curtains. His séances were held in two parlors communicating by folding doors. One curtain hung flush with the casing of the doors; the other, suspended about two and a half feet in front of this, reached only two-thirds the way up. They were made of ordinary drapery damask of good thickness. The sitters were given full liberty to examine thoroughly both rooms before the séance commenced, and were themselves permitted to look the doors connecting with the hall if they chose. There was but one window in the rear room, and the door constituting the only means of ingress or egress. Of that fact I convinced myself beyond any reasonable doubt by a thorough investigation. The window was securely fastened upon the inside.

I shall, for obvious reasons, confine myself to my own experiences, mentioning incidentally those which I shared with others.

At the first séance, as I have said, there were fourteen persons present. The light was supplied from a candle in a box fastened to the wall near the ceiling, opposite the cabinet. This box had a sliding door, from which a string passed through pulleys across the room to the cabinet, where it hung down between the two curtains composing it. To the end of the string was attached a knob, or tassel, and this was manipulated by the forces operating in the cabinet and varying degrees of light produced, from total darkness to sufficient to read even fine print easily by. The greater number of the manifestations occurred in a good light.

After sitting a few seconds in total darkness the voice of the controlling spirit of the cabinet, whose name I cannot recall, addressed the sitters intelligently with pleasant words of greeting, and predictions of a harmonious and successful sitting. Then the room was suddenly made light, and Mr. Willis, the medium—who, by the way, sits always outside of the cabinet, thus forming one of the circle, as does the young man who was with him, who man aged a fine music-box, which, when there are no singers present, furnishes the music—was requested to take hold of the small end of a long tin horn, or trumpet, the larger end of which I was requested to hold.

The trumpet was an ordinary tin tube, at least three feet in length. I examined it critically previous to the sitting. Scarcely had I taken the large end of it in my hand, when a voice—located about a foot from my hand—within the trumpet commenced talking with me. I exclaimed mentally, ventriloquism! Instantly the medium began talking with the sitters simultaneously with the voice that was carrying on a conversation with me in the trumpet.

The young man I have alluded to, and whom Mr. Willis averred was neither his assistant nor manager, but simply a friend traveling with him from New Orleans to Cincinnati, was also occupied in conversation with a sitter next him. This was the only trumpet manifesta-

tion I ever witnessed that occurred in the light, and it was exceedingly satisfactory.

Then I was requested by the presiding spirit to enter the cabinet with a friend of mine who was present and the medium. Accordingly, we stepped behind the first curtain and stood there, hand in hand. Like a flash three magnificent forms stood before us at once. One was that of a German physician, well known to my friend. He had a striking face, no ordinary type that could be easily simulated, but strongly marked with individual characteristics, instantaneously recognizable. He spoke to my friend, giving strong test-proofs of his identity.

The second form—that of a lady most wonderfully, most perfectly materialized—came also to my friend with test-proofs of identity. The third form addressed me. It needed not the declaration of the name "Edwin Booth," which fell simultaneously from the lips of the materialized form and my own. The likeness was perfect, also the figure. Everything about him was like Booth in his best days. He was a favorite actor with me, and I believe if I ever saw him, I saw him that night in materialized form.

We returned to our seats in the circle, and several forms came out from the cabinet. One seemed to start out from the atmosphere in the corner of the room by the cabinet behind the medium's chair, at least three feet from the floor, as if the atmosphere were a solid pavement to its tread. It did not come from the cabinet. It did not go into the cabinet on disappearing. It seemingly sprang from the atmosphere, and was reabsorbed into it again.

At the close of the sitting the presiding spirit of the cabinet, who, it seems, died in the army, appeared in full army costume, and made a closing address.

But I think the most striking manifestations occurred at two private sittings given to the friend to whom I have alluded and myself. Both of these occurred in the afternoon with no one present besides ourselves, but the medium and his friend. Nearly everything occurred with the room well lighted. There was a parlor organ in one corner by the cabinet, belonging to the house, which on the previous evening was untouched, there being no one present who could perform. One lady made an effort to, but it proved a failure.

A female figure with flowing hair, dressed in Greek costume, came out from behind the curtain as we four sat there hand in hand, took her seat at the organ and with a masterly touch commenced playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," in the key in which it was originally written and which is rarely used by amateurs. We joined in singing the grand hymn to this marvelous accompaniment. My friend, who is an accomplished musician, declared the effects produced in that accompaniment could have come only from a master-hand.

After this my friend, with the medium, was called into the cabinet, leaving myself and the young man sitting side by side alone. The room was well lighted, and I had one of his hands in mine, when suddenly like a flash of electricity, appeared a form in the chair the medium had vacated, and which was next but one to me on my left. It was a superb male figure dressed in the classical costume of ancient Greece. No masterpiece of Phidias or Praxiteles was ever more faultlessly modeled. The features were indescribably handsome, the face full of life, beaming with expression. I confess I was awed as I gazed for several seconds into the face of this mysterious apparition. I exclaimed, "Why, there is a spirit out here!" My friend and the medium insisted upon it that my voice expressed terror, and had a great deal of quiet fun over it. I was certainly thoroughly astonished. Suddenly the form vanished as it came. It seemed to have no connection whatever with the cabinet, but vanished without rising from the chair, as if dissolving in air. It was the weirdest experience I ever had, and left upon me the strangest effect.

My third and last sitting occurred the afternoon of Mr. Willis's sudden departure for Cincinnati, in response to a letter received by him that morning.

Although a hurried sitting, it was quite as satisfactory as those that preceded it, and of a similar nature. We had the same marvelous organ experience, with an equally satisfactory trumpet manifestation. My friend took some beautiful roses with her. The outer curtain of the cabinet was thrown up, and she was requested to sit in the cabinet, facing us. The roses were lying in her lap. Suddenly three forms stood behind her chair. The central one stooped and took the roses from her lap, held them over her head for a moment, and then the roses began to glow, becoming brilliantly luminous as they ascended above the cabinet and disappeared near the ceiling of the lofty room.

One very interesting manifestation, which was twice repeated, was the actual transit of matter through matter. I was requested to throw my handkerchief into the cabinet, and take my stand near the curtain to receive it if it should be passed through. A large knot was tied in my handkerchief after I threw it into the cabinet, and presently I saw the end of one corner coming through the unbroken mesh of the curtain. I took hold of it, and it came slowly through, knot and all. There was no seam near it, no aperture of any kind. The handkerchief came through the middle of a breadth of close-textured curtain material.

This last sitting was extremely satisfactory to me, from the fact that the instant it was over I was behind the curtains and in the rear room, and the medium immediately commenced dismantling his cabinet. It was utterly impossible that any confederates could

have escaped, or anything in the way of machinery or costumes could have been hurried out of sight.

We all searched for the roses, but no trace of them could be found.

It was very unfortunate that Mr. Willis felt obliged to leave St. Louis just as an interest was springing up in his manifestations that would have given more business than he could possibly attend to.

I consider him the most remarkable materializing medium I have ever seen.

Original Essay.

IN WHAT PROPORTIONS IS MEDIUM- SHIP DEVELOPED.

BY JUDGE JOHN W. EDMONDS.*

In the first place either man or woman must be of a nervous temperament to become mediumistic; for the spirit forces have to act on the nerve centre, then it pervades the whole system of the medium. In preparing for mediumship the mortal is not invested at once with powers; development is a gradual progression from a feeling that comes over you that you can hardly describe, as if some one were near you, and the looking up unconsciously to satisfy yourself that you are alone! Then you begin to believe certain impressions that you get as referring to certain events. If you are thrown in contact with those enlightened on spiritual matters more than you are yourself, you will be drawn to seek more light, and as the light is unfolded to you so you grow in mediumistic powers. There are some who develop their powers quicker than others; yet one who develops slowly and surely is the one that will become the strongest in the end. The mortal body is very antagonistic to the spirit control, and for that reason man's spirit has to be strengthened and made more self-supporting than it is naturally; for man in the mortal, until drawn by spirit power, allows his physical to control his spiritual. Thus you see every day man seeks to gratify his appetite, to accumulate wealth, to surround himself with every luxury, for his material comfort. That is a law of Nature to make the body as comfortable as possible—for then man enjoys rest from pain. Yet, when he forgets the law of Nature, and gives way to gluttony or to lusts, he will surely have to pay the penalty. There is no breaking of any law without punishment. If a man puts his finger into a fire, he suffers the penalty. Just so the minutest law—if broken, will bring its just punishment. Man can do great things if he will strive to keep God's laws, which are Nature's laws.

In seeking mediumistic development, man must be sincere in his study. He should live a good, honest, upright life. As such he will draw to him those who will aid him on to higher planes of existence. Thus he will develop, place his mortal self more in subjection to the spiritual, and be surrounded by God-serving guides that will make his mediumship such as to prove to the world the beauties of communion with those dear ones whom many think the grave closes over forever. Thus, one who conscientiously follows and tries to develop mediumistic powers, will so advance in spirituality that he or she can and will command respect, and will be trusted by his or her fellow-men.

It does not appear that the gift of mediumship is properly appreciated by the majority of those receiving that power, and many have lost what would have increased daily had they possessed the stamina to hold to their faith and await developments.

In speaking to your guides, some time ago, I told you that man must not expect to have his mediumistic powers developed in a moment. There is no living thing but that starts from a small beginning. Even man starts from a very small atom. Months pass before he sees the light of day. Then the years roll on, and in time he reaches three score and ten, and perhaps more. This all goes to show it is an unalterable law of Nature that all things must start from the smallest point; and so mediumistic powers are governed by the same law. A medium is first impressed, then led by easy stages and taught how to place himself (or herself) so as to receive the best good. He in time becomes strong. Spirits find him in easy rapport with them, and they use him in communing with their friends through his particular phase of mediumship.

Remember this: that in mediumship there is the infancy, childhood, youth and manhood; and when that point is reached, then that medium is bound, by all the ties man can be bound with, to seek to do his neighbor good, and to endeavor to show him, through his mediumistic powers, that the spirits of those who have been called from the mortal life can be, and are often, near those of their mortal friends.

It is true that man comes to the borderline just as he left the earth; many go on for a time in the same manner they did upon earth; but a desire comes to better themselves, and a guide is at hand to aid in leading them upward. Thus you see that even spirits do not attain heaven in an instant. If spirits must progress by degrees, then surely true mediumship cannot be expected to be developed at once. Time worketh all things, and so time will perfectly unfold true mediumistic powers.

*Received from Spirit Judge Edmonds, May 12th, 1894, through the mediumship of G. T. Coyne, Secretary of the First Society of Spiritualists, of Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Old gentleman (in horse car)—Madam, you are on my foot. Madam (severely)—If you were gentleman enough to give a lady a seat there would be no trouble. Old gentleman—But where is the lady?—Life.

Literary Department.

THE GHOST'S WAY.

A MUSICIAN'S STORY.*

PART EIGHT.

At a little city in Massachusetts the first incident of any note occurred, and it was the beginning of the end.

About midway in the concert a very excellent performance of one of Spohr's symphonies was encored, and I attempted to repeat it. Of course I failed, and my hands glided into an arrangement which I thought at first was the andante in A flat in Beethoven's symphony. But ere I had played two bars I found I was mistaken, and that it was one of my "unknowns."

What possessed me to do so I cannot tell, but I whispered to Tommy, "Original arrangement: Love's Question," and he shouted it out.

The piece was listened to in the profoundest silence, and well did it merit attention. As I say, it commenced like the andante in A flat, then it danced off into a kind of scherzo and then glided into the most pathetic music I have ever heard. My name was an inspiration. The whole arrangement was one grand question, and the anxious, timid, hopeful, half-despairing way in which the chords groped about in doubt, now feeling their way, now rejoicing at a little light, now beseeching an answer, now putting it off as if afraid of what it might be, has never, to my knowledge, been equalled in music. It was the cry of a soul to a soul, "Do you love me? Can you love me? I am not worthy even of a thought, but, oh! think of me tenderly."

It said, in music, what Shelley only could say in words. "The desire of the moth for the star" was the undertone of every note, and so strangely did it affect me that tears trickled down my cheeks as I played.

All of a sudden I was conscious of a human eye piercing me through and through. I looked in the dress circle, and on the front row of seats a dark-eyed, gray-bearded man was contemplating me with a look in which wonder and fear were so blended that I caught something of each. In the midst of the most delicate and tender movement of the piece, my hands were violently lifted up at my throat and then dashed down so violently on the keys that I heard the strings of the piano snap, and I heard and saw nothing more until I awoke to consciousness in the green-room on Ivan's knee, Skab standing over me wringing his hands and swearing like a trooper.

Finding that I had only been out a moment, I insisted on going back, for to tell the truth I was in an agony, fearing that my power had left me.

Such, however, was not the case. The ghostly hands still exercised their sway, and I finished the concert. Once I lifted my eyes to the dress-circle, but the man I had seen had left his seat.

It appeared to me—it may have been fancy, but it certainly seemed to me—that the cold fingers on mine trembled, and that the execution was not as vigorous as usual.

PART NINE.

Next morning, about ten, a visitor to see me was announced. I told the bell-boy to usher him into my apartment, and so fully convinced was I of who the visitor was that my pulse did not beat one whit the faster, and I was cool and collected when the man whose glance had terrified me so the night before came into my room.

After the usual civilities, a kindly inquiry after my health and a few compliments on my matchless playing, as he styled it, the stranger, begging my pardon for what might seem an impertinent query, asked me if I had ever taken lessons from or known Rudolph Aronsonheim. I answered promptly and truthfully that not only had I never known him, but that I then for the first time heard the name.

"Strange, sir," said my visitor, half musingly, "strange. Your touch, your execution, everything about your playing, even down to your rather peculiar fingering, is Aronsonheim's in every respect. And, stranger still, that beautiful concert piece you played was written by him. I never knew that any one but myself had even so much as seen the score. I have it with me. It is unfinished, and ends in a confused scratching of pencil-marks just where you were so unfortunate as to faint last night."

As he spoke he drew several stained pieces of music paper from his pocket and extended his hand, holding them toward me.

"You must excuse the dirty appearance of the sheets," said he in the same musing tone of voice. "The poor fellow cut his throat just before he finished the score, and that is his life blood on the paper."

"Gracious God!" I exclaimed, starting from my seat and waving back the accursed music. "I tell you I never heard of him before. Where I learned that horrible music I do not know. I said it was original only because I could not locate it. Take it away from me."

"Pardon me," said the stranger, rising. "I fear I have been impertinent," and he started as if to go.

I interrupted him. "Pardon me," I replied, "or rather my vehemence, I shall not, I cannot, permit you to

leave without giving me at least some information as to this unfortunate man, whose music I seem unwittingly to have appropriated."

"With pleasure, sir," he replied, "if it can be a pleasure to rehearse even in a few words so melancholy a history." Seating himself he went on: "Aronsonheim was born in Bavaria, educated in Munich. Before he was sixteen he was considered one of the finest pianists in Germany. Allured by flattering hopes held out to him by relatives in this country, he came to New York and gave a few concerts. He was very unfortunate in his selections; for he had an insane admiration for early Italian and German masters, and would play their compositions. Grand as they are to the true musician they were caviare to the general.

"Aronsonheim earned applause and admiration from artists, but the public only came to hear him once or twice. Chagrined and heart-sick he came to my native town with letters to me and boarded in my house. In a month's time he was desperately in love with the most beautiful and bewitching girl in our village, the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer there. An honest, openhearted gentleman, he declined to tell his love to the girl until he had the parent's permission, and with a frank manliness, that deserved at least recognition, he went to her father asking leave to address the daughter, who he believed was not indifferent to him.

"The usual result followed. Cursed as a beggarly Dutchman," he was ordered out of the house, forbidden to speak to the woman he loved, and insulted as a snob only can insult a sensitive soul.

"I met him at the door. His face was so pale it frightened me. He rushed by me into his room, locked himself up there for a day and then came out a broken man.

"He tried for a week to get a single word with his love. He was denied admittance. The letters he wrote were returned unopened. He believed, I know not why, that the young woman loved him and would leap all barriers and fly with him, could he only tell her of his love; but no opportunity was afforded him to see her.

"At last he confided to me his scheme: 'I will give a concert. I know she will come. I will play her Gluck's "Orfeo." I will play her some of Playford's music, and then I will ask her in music to be mine. Ach, Gott! I know she will come.'

"Nothing could dissuade him from his scheme. His concert was advertised far and wide for the 22d day of October, two years gone. He sat up from half-past ten the night of the 21st—"I gave a convulsive start as the stranger said this, the reader can guess why—"to daybreak the next morning. Just before breakfast I entered his room and found him, wild-eyed and haggard, writing the score I now hold in my hand.

"He would not come to breakfast or dinner, despite my entreaties. I went up to his room about four in the evening, and just as I put my hand on the door knob I heard him give a despairing cry. 'I cannot do it. It will not come to me.' I threw the door open, but too late. He had cut his throat from ear to ear, and his life-blood ran out on this score, which I have kept by me ever since, but never heard rendered until you played it last night. May I beg you to accept it?"

PART TEN.

It is unnecessary to go into any further particulars. Suffice it to say that the stranger left me no wiser than he came as to my musical knowledge or the source of my marvelous performance. But the horror that entered into my soul as he told his simple narrative can better be imagined than described. Had I, then, located my ghostly performer?

I had grown somewhat accustomed to my peculiar possession. I knew who alone knew my secret—and I had talked the matter over, and I was beginning under his repeated asseverations to believe that it was really imagination on my part, and that my genius took this peculiar shape. But now all the horror of my first night returned. I recalled with a shudder that it was about half-past ten on a 21st of October, night that I first felt those awful hands. It was true he died two years before, but it was on the anniversary of the day he commenced work on this piece of his that he—for I knew now it was he—came and took possession of me. Oh! the horror of it, the horror of it! I knew now why sometimes the touch of those hands felt moist and clammy.

Could I ever go near a piano again? Yes! I felt that I must continue to go on; to let him through my agency accomplish something, I knew not what. And then a great pity surged in my soul for the poor spirit whose body was mouldering into clay, with no loving hand to deck the mound under which it was to become dust.

As the stranger left me he made one request. "I beg of you, sir, to visit my town (here he

*Some time since we received from Mr. George A. Shultz, of New York a copy of *The Herald of the City*, containing the above touching narration, which we suggested the reproduction of in the columns of *THE BANNER OF LIGHT*. He endorsed it as "A good story, well told, and I think true, or founded on facts." The name of the author, as published in *The Herald*, was R. T. W. DUKA, JR.—Ed.

gave me the name, which need not be repeated here), and if you do, please play this score."

I made up my mind to comply with this request, and though Skab stormed and swore, and finally made me pay a thousand dollars forfeit, I carried my point, and on a lovely June day I found myself in the village of —, billed for a concert in its neat little music hall.

The stranger visited me at my hotel, but I declined his invitation to return the visit, and with some petulance, I fear, begged to be excused from going to see Aronsonheim's grave, as he urged me to do.

"My dear sir," I said, "what in the world is the man to me?"

I gave a little shudder as I said it, but I do not think he noticed it. He left me, again repeating his request that I would play the dead man's last composition that night. I promised to do so—"If I can"—and I must confess I did not like the curious way in which the gentleman looked at me as I spoke these words.

And now I did a very curious thing, which Skab never understood, and never will understand unless he reads this narrative.

I sent for him, and ordered him to call in our advance agent and cancel every future engagement. My six months' contract had expired about a month before, but I had gone on with my performances on the same terms.

PART ELEVEN.

The reader can imagine the scene that followed. I do not care to dwell on it.

I agreed to pay all expenses incurred, and to give Skab the entire proceeds of the concert that night, with the understanding that I was to have my old place in the Bijou orchestra. This last he promised with great eagerness, but in the most earnest manner begged and pleaded with me not to throw away our fortunes, as he was convinced I was doing.

I told him with seriousness that this was my last appearance as a pianist, and I was convinced it was to be. A very strange feeling had come over me as soon as I had arrived in the town. I felt that I was called there to fulfill some purpose, and that I was to be relieved of what was now a terrible burden. No amount of fame, no sum of money, not all the applause of all the world, could have induced me to continue to suffer what I now suffered every time I touched the piano.

The effect on my nerves ever since I had the interview with Aronsonheim's friend was shocking, and I had grown irritable, wakeful, peevish, and as capricious as a spoiled child.

"Oh!" said Skab, the manager reëntering itself under his rage and disgust, "Oh! why didn't you give me a chance to advertise your farewell performance?"

And with this disappointment rankling in his soul he left me.

I walked to the hall that night with a feeling of relief so great that it almost overcame the usual feeling of horror and reluctance with which I approached a performance.

I found the hall packed and jammed, and the applause that greeted my appearance was, I think, the heartiest I ever received.

The usual cold chill took hold of me as I seated myself at the instrument; the phantom fingers grasped my own, and I played on just as usual. I suppose I had executed over two-thirds of the number of pieces I usually gave, and had retired for a rest behind the wings, when Skab came around and spoke to me.

"You are not playing in your usual style," said he. "What's the matter?"

I told him that I was unaware of any difference. But I was conscious I was not exactly candid in the statement, for there was a nervousness apparent to myself, and a strange tremulousness in the fingers that grasped my own.

I returned on the stage and took my seat. Just before I stretched my arms out to the keyboard I happened to raise my eyes, and saw in the box just in front of me the most gloriously beautiful woman I ever looked upon. She was not exactly a blonde, yet not a brunette, with rich chestnut hair, an exquisite complexion, and eyes the light of which no Italian sky ever equalled; blue they might have been, for black they were not, but if blue it was like the azure of the illimitable sky reflected in the blue depths of the unfathomable ocean. You lost yourself looking in them.

I saw that this beautiful creature was watching me intently. Her rich red lips were parted, so that a gleam of her snow-white teeth could be seen between them. She was leaning slightly forward, and before I touched a key I felt that I could not withdraw my eyes from the strange light that gleamed in hers.

And yet I was conscious that she, while watching me, was looking beyond me, over my shoulder, and if I could have done so I would have turned my head. But before I could stir a muscle the hands seized me with a grip—this time so hard I gave an involuntary cry—and I heard, as if in a dream, the opening strains of Schubert's serenade.

Never have I heard this wondrous melody played as I then heard it. But for once my sense of hearing was dimmed, so completely had the sense of sight taken possession of me, so entirely was I lost in the gaze of the magnificent eyes that looked through and beyond me, that I only knew when the music ended by the applause of the audience.

PART TWELVE.

An encore was demanded. Still watching the beautiful girl, who seemed now for the first time to be aware of my gaze, my hands touched the keys, and ere a single note was sounded I knew what was coming. "Love's Question." I heard Evans shout, and I saw the beautiful face above me redden and then grow as white as sea-foam.

Oh! how that music sounded. My flesh grew cold, my eyes were flooded with tears, my heart beat against my bosom as if it would burst through my flesh. On and on, in a strain whose ravishing sweetness no earthly melody ever equalled, I heard Aronsonheim at last tell to the bride of his soul the love earth had forbidden him to speak.

She heard it. I saw her rise from her seat, push back with a magnificent gesture the hair that rippled over her forehead, and lean across the brass rod that encircled her box. Her bosom was heaving like a tempest-tossed billow; her breath, I could see, was coming fast and short. Her lips were wider apart, and her eyes looked as the half-opened gates of Paradise must look to a condemned soul.

I partook of her agitation. Swaying from side to side, I felt that the climax was approaching. The discord at the awful ending of the written score was coming. I, too, breathed sharp and hard, but clenched my teeth in terrible fear.

Would those hands clutch my throat? those cold, clammy fingers tear me as the despairing

soul felt that music could not tell its anguish? The last bar was reached, but instead of the crash of discordant notes, pure and sweet as an angel's song, a sublime symphony crept from the keys and made the warm blood leap in my heart. It was no questioning music any longer; it was a joyous knowledge that filled the soul and overran the senses with a silvery flood of harmony.

"Thou art mine!" it said; "mine forever and ever and ever! No more despair, no more doubt, no more fear! Joy, joy, joy! even as the angels feel in the presence of God. Mine! mine! mine!"

My head swam; reason reeled; but above the music I heard a voice cry, "Rudolph! Rudolph!"

In a mist I saw white arms stretched out toward me, but not as I saw the lovely woman's head fall on her bosom and her form sink back, the arms still stretched out as if to clasp and hold a beloved one, I felt the cold fingers loosen their grip upon my hands, and with a light caress leave them forever.

When I recovered from an attack of brain fever I found myself in Pittsburgh; faithful Tommy Evans my nurse and Skab my general body-guard and watcher. For a long time I asked no questions, but one day as I sat in an easy-chair on the balcony of my room I mustered courage to ask Evans a question.

"That girl—?"

He interrupted me, his face white and troubled.

"Dead," he replied, and from that day to this I have never mentioned the subject.

I am still leader of the orchestra at the Bijou Theatre, but the piano, at my request, has been removed. I use my bow or a handsome baton Skab has given me.

I have never touched a piano since my last concert, and I do not think I ever will again.

(From Olive Schreiner's "Dreams.")

A VISION.

And we came where hell opened into a plain, and a great house stood there. Marble pillars upheld the roof, and white marble steps led up to it. The wind of heaven blew through it. Only at the back hung a thick curtain. Fair men and women there feasted at long tables. They danced, and I saw the robes of women flutter in the air and heard the laugh of strong men. [The world of the careless rich.]

What they feasted with was wine; they drew it from large jars which stood on the floor in the background, and I saw the wine sparkle as they drew it. [Wine as here used represents acquired wealth which is expended in gratifying the passions, appetites and selfish desires of those who revel in the fruit of the wine-press. The figures employed in this allegory are as striking as they are apt, and in the range of this kind of literature I know of nothing finer than the imagery here used.]

I said to God, "I should like to go up and drink." And God said, "Wait." [The first impulse of the awakened soul is to enjoy that which, though transient as a dream, allures, as does the flame the moth.] And I saw men coming into the banquet house: they came in from the back and lifted the corner of the curtain at the sides and crept in quickly; and they let the curtain fall behind them; and they bore great jars they could hardly carry. And the men and women crowded round them, and the newcomers opened their jars and gave them of the wine to drink. [Those who have, through special privileges, class laws, and speculation, acquired vast fortunes, find the world of the dilettante ready to welcome them if they are lavish with their unearned wealth, and are careful to drop the curtain behind them.]

And when others had well drunken they set the jars among the old ones beside the wall, and took their places at the table. And I saw that some of the jars were very old and mildewed and dusty, but others had still drops of new must on them.

And I said to God, "What is that?" For amid the sound of the singing, and over the dancing of the feet, and over the laughing across the wine-cups, I heard a cry. [That cry is a warning louder and louder every hour.]

And God said, "Stand away off." And he took me where I saw both sides of the curtain. Behind the house was the wine-press, where the wine was made. I saw the grapes crushed, and I heard them cry. I said:

Do not they on the other side hear it?"

God said, "The curtain is thick; they are feasting."

I said, "But the men who came in last? They saw."

God said, "They let the curtain fall behind them, and they forget!"

I said, "How came they by their jars of wine?"

God said, "In the treading of the press these are they who came to the top; they have climbed out over the edge and filled their jars from below, and have come in the house."

And I said, "If they had fallen as they climbed?"

God said, "They had been wine."

I stood away off, watching in the sunshine, and I shivered. God lay in the sunshine, watching, too.

Then there rose one among the feasters who said: "My brethren, let us pray." And all the men and women rose, and strong men bowed their heads, and mothers folded their little children's hands together and turned their faces upward to the roof. And he who first had risen stood at the table head and stretched out both his hands. And his beard was long and white, and his sleeves and his beard had been dipped in wine; and because the sleeves were wide and full they held much wine, and it dropped down upon the floor; and he cried, "My brothers and my sisters, let us pray."

And all the men and women answered, "Let us pray."

He cried, "For this fair banquet-house we thank thee, Lord."

"This is this house," said I.

"For us, thou hast made it."

"Oh! fill our jars with wine, dear Lord."

"Our jars with wine."

"Give peace and plenty in our time, dear Lord."

"Peace and plenty in our time."

I said to God, "Whom is it they are talking to?"

God said, "Do I know whom they speak of?"

Then the feast went on, and after awhile I saw a small, white hand slipped in between the curtain's edge along the floor, and it motioned toward the wine jars. And I said to God, "Why is that hand so bloodless?"

And God said, "It is a wine-pressed hand."

And men saw it and started to their feet; and women cried, and ran to the great wine jars, and threw their arms around them and cried, "Ours, our own, our beloved," and twined their long hair about them.

I said to God, "Why are they frightened of that one small hand?"

God answered, "Because it is so white!"

And men ran in great company toward the curtain and struggled there. I heard them strike upon the floor. And when they moved away the curtain hung smooth and still; and there was a small stain on the floor.

I said to God, "Why do they not wash it out?"

God said, "They cannot." [When one, two, or three white hands reach under the curtain and index fingers shake menacingly at the revellers, conventionalism crushes the offenders in the name of order. But the stain of an unjust deed cannot be effaced.]

And they took small stones and put them down along the edge of the curtain to keep it down. Then the men and women sat down again at the tables. [When the demand for justice becomes urgent, laws are passed which act as stones to hold down the curtain for a time.]

And I said to God, "Will these stones keep it down?"

God said, "What think you?"

I said, "If the wind blew—"

God said, "If the wind blew?"

And the feast went on.

And suddenly I cried to God: "If one should rise among them, even of themselves, and start up from the table and should cast away his cup and cry, 'My brothers and my sisters, stand! What is that we drink?'—and with his sword should cut in two the curtain, and holding wide the fragments cry, 'Brothers, sisters, see! it is not wine! not wine! not wine! My brothers, oh, my sisters!'—and he should over-"

God said, "Be still—see there!"

I looked. Before the banquet house, among the grass, I saw a row of mounds; flowers covered them and gilded marble stood at their heads. I asked God what they were.

He answered, "They are the graves of those who rose at the feast and cried."

And I asked God how they came there.

He said, "The men of the banquet rose and cast their down backwards."

I said, "Who buried them?"

God said, "The men who cast them down."

[The conventionalism of to-day builds marble monuments to the victims of the conventionalism of yesterday. Garrison, who, for calling out to his fellow revellers, was anathematized by press and pulpit, and who was dragged through the streets of Boston by a well-dressed mob, who reflected conservative public sentiment of that time, is now honored by the children of this same conventionalism by being represented in a huge bronze monument, erected upon the most wealthy and fashionable boulevard of Boston.]

I said, "How came it that they threw them down and then set marble over them?"

God said, "Because the bones cried out, they covered them."

And among the grass and weeds I saw an unburied body lying; and I asked God why it was.

God said, "Because it was thrown down only yesterday. In a little while, when the flesh will have fallen from its bones, they will bury it also and plant flowers over it."

And still the feast went on!

For the Banner of Light.

LOVE.

BY LITA BARNES SAYLES. (*)

I do not know, when Love is by our side,
Why we repel his ardent glance and tone,
Till he, reproved, shrinks back in sad surprise,
And patient waits a morning of his own.

I do not know why, when the feast is spread,
We do not of its treasures quick partake,
But push the viands from our hungry hearts
And promise of future welcomes make.

I do not know why tender words should fall
Unheeded from the lips we truly prize,
And we perversely wrap our souls away,
The while we look into the other's eyes;

Life all too serious is for coquetry—
For playing fast and loose with human souls;
And so am puzzled oft, nor can explain
What curious vacillation we control.

Is it because the Perfect looms above
Th' imperfect present which alone we greet,
And the ideal love so far exceeds
The partial offerings laid beneath our feet?

We fain would wander in the valley fair,
Where streams flow ever and the grass is green,
Where flowers perennial sweeten all the air,
And Nature in her fairest mood is seen;

But mountain-paths must claim our earnest tread;
Mere pleasure cannot feed our onward urge;
And they who would attain—wisdom and wed—
O'er rugged ways their weary feet must urge.

Will those who meet us in the beauteous vale,
And walk beside us in that quiet road,
Fall not with patient step to keep our side
In our ascent from Nature up to God?

We fear the hurts our souls too oft have known;
Defections sore from those who were not strong,
Though starting with us on our upward way,
Who from our eager steps have wandered long.

And so, when Love is lingering by our side,
We hesitate—and bit all unconsciously—
To come within his all-enclosing arm,
Where only we can gain desired rest.

For Love is perfect haven of the soul,
And only in his smile we truly live,
And if his dearest boon is not our own,
May we not freely take the best he'll give?

Shall we, because full bounty is denied,
Starve daily, till all appetite shall fall;
Living on hope alone, till "hope deferred
Sickeneth the heart" with uncompleted tale?

The ideal love for which we live and move,
And secretly retain our holiest grace,
Shall know and greet us in the coming time,
Forgiving all our strivings in the race;

All our endeavors to discern the true;
All our mistakes when falsehood we accept;
And turn to rainbow colors every tear
Our self-condemnations have so freely wept.

Then shall we not, when Love is by our side,
Gather all sweetness that he choose to shed,
Nor wait till, repressed and sad, he goes
To lay him down beside our other dead?

(*) We received this poem from Mrs. Sayles just previous to her recent decease, and now give it to our readers in utter confidence that its talented and sensitive author has, in the Dotted Land, met the full fruition of all that her world-weary soul longed vainly for while here.—Ed.

Real Faith never grows weak by having to wait. Sufferers taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for chronic complaints should be patient, and the result will be satisfactory. Hood's cures.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Banner Correspondence.

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.

Massachusetts.

BEVERLY.—Mark Dennett writes, July 3d: "Our divine religion was most beautifully exemplified Sunday, July 1st, at Camp Progress, Swampscott, from the lips of various inspired mediums; and was listened to with rapt attention by a large audience. The services were opened by Dr. C. H. Harding, of Boston, with an inspired invocation. He then gave an elaborate and interesting discourse, followed by many tests of spirit presence, and messages to their mortal friends—which tests were responded to as correct; excellent music, by Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. Hayes and Mr. Gardner, with organ accompaniment; addresses were given by Dr. Rufus Foster, of Boston, Mrs. Baker, of Marblehead, and President Barrett, of the National Association of Spiritualists.

In looking over the audience I was pleased to see many gray heads of most respectable people, which denotes that the thinking public are becoming interested in this religion of humanity, which teaches us how to live here and promote the happiness of our fellow beings—thereby preparing ourselves for a happy future. I am sorry, however, for others who are allowing prejudice regarding our divine religion to prevent their investigating it, and learning its origin and merits.

I received notice last night that a veteran Spiritualist, Mr. Marion Tuttle, of Salem, eighty years five months ten days old, had passed on to receive the reward of a well-spent life; he has been patiently waiting, during several months of suffering, for the boatman to convey him across the river of life to the immortal shore. Spiritual service will be held this P. M. presumably by Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Cambridgeport.

WORCESTER.—E. H. Hammond, Secretary, writes: "We closed our Lyceum the last Sunday in June until September next—when we shall reopen with renewed strength for another year. The past season has been very pleasant, and we hope the seed we have sown will bring forth abundantly when the harvest may come."

July 1st (Sunday) the Lyceum and its many friends held a basket picnic at Sutton's Grove, on the banks of Con's Pond, a very beautiful sheet of water. We had a very enjoyable time, and came home refreshed.

Many of our number are now preparing to attend the various camp-meetings that so invitingly surround us. The hard times, however, will prevent a goodly number from going—your humble servant among the rest—who, absent in body, will surely be present in spirit."

Delaware.

WILMINGTON.—S. N. Fogg writes: "Mr. George K. BAUGH laid off the mortal Sunday, June 23d, 1894, in the eightieth year of his age."

He had been an invalid for several years, and for some time past had been confined to the house. For about four weeks he could not leave his bed, and he finally passed peacefully away. For years his greatest desire was to go home; but his wife, friends told him to be patient and wait for his time to come. His hearing had become impaired, but he enjoyed reading—especially the BANNER OF LIGHT.

The funeral services were conducted by a Swedenborgian minister, and his remarks on the life that now is and that which is to come, were very acceptable to the Spiritualists present.

Bro. Baugh had been a Spiritualist for over forty years. About 1852 he was prevailed upon to attend a private seance in Wilmington. He went as a skeptic and came away a believer; all present received an unexpected test, for while sitting in their room with doors and windows closed, they were told to run, as a certain building in the city was on fire. They went out, and found it as they were told. This useful intelligence satisfied him that there was something in the phenomena, and he has been interested in them ever since.

In 1855 he moved to Massillon, O., and there he became one of a developing circle that met regularly for a long time, and were rewarded with marvelous manifestations, some of which have been given to the readers of THE BANNER, and many more have been told to me. One or two I think are worth mentioning. At one of the seances held Friday evening, April 7th, 1855, they received the following: "One week from to night a startling event will happen that will throw this nation into mourning." The next Friday night Abraham Lincoln was assassinated! At another seance a business man was present; he had a partner who was then in Philadelphia. At 10 o'clock he inquired where his partner was just at that time. The answer came that he was at 10th and Arch streets. The next day he wrote him a letter, and asked where he was at 10 o'clock the night before. The answer came that the city clock struck ten as he was passing 10th and Arch streets."

Illinois.

"CHICAGO.—"Veritas" writes: "The First Society of Spiritual Unity, which meets every Sunday in Custer Post Grand Army Hall, 65 South Sangamon street, on the West Side of this city, about one mile from City Hall due west, dedicated this hall as its Spiritual Temple on April 29th, the first Sunday after its completion and dedication by the Post on April 28th. The hall is one high story of tasteful brick and stone front, a few steps above the sidewalk, lighted by top windows, and capable of seating about three hundred. It is very finely furnished with folding opera seats, and has ladies' and gentlemen's waiting rooms and other modern improvements."

The platform of principles under which this society was formed and is acting embodies love, truth and justice—aiming to teach harmony for the purpose of creating a greater unity among mediums and members, and Spiritualists generally; and the effect of such action has been taken under these principles is already noticeable in many directions.

Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, the gifted inspirational speaker, has been engaged for a year, and has entered upon her mission with all the force and earnestness that characterizes this grandly-attuned instrument of the Angel World. Her delivery is full, clear, rapid and well sustained in power, and of such high intellectual caliber as to draw together refined and highly developed minds wherever she has been engaged. She is often grandly eloquent and soul-stirring upon national and patriotic subjects, and when used as a teacher upon occult lines is simply a sublime instrument for giving light concerning the higher branches of our philosophy.

In September next we expect to start a Children's Lyceum, a ladies' society and a course of occult lectures for advanced students, of which more particular notice will be given later.

E. N. Pickering, a Boston boy and a worker in the spiritual ranks for some years, is the President of this society."

Canada.

PICOTU (Ontario).—John S. Barker writes: "In the BANNER OF LIGHT, June 16th, is recounted 'Elias Howe's Great Dream,' as copied from the secular press—headed by the remarks 'that great inventors are also great mediums in their special departments, and are capable of receiving novel ideas by clairaudient whisperings, clairvoyant sight or visions of the night.' It might be interesting to THE BANNER readers to know that I, also, believe that a great many such impressions as Elias Howe had are lost to the utility of the world's people by not being carried out as given to said mediums—either by want of means (as in my case) or by the credulity or indifference of the receiver of them."

I have had illustrated to me in vivid dreams, both land, water, and air conveyances, that if put in motion here as I received them there at various periods of my dream-life, would not

only be novel to this world but would be an advancement, and a very remunerative speculation to the manufacturers thereof, as well as of great utility to mankind. I tried for five years to interest individuals in the importance of a vehicle I rode in vision, but incredulity and indifference was the result until I got tired of referring to a practical conveyance that would be as popular as the bicycle, and of more usefulness to man and womankind for pleasure and profit. The same could be said of boat-propulsion and the air-float. I have ridden on these, and have asked mental questions thereafter that appeared to be answered affirmatively.

I had occasion to sit with a man—who had a badly fractured leg, who related a vivid dream he had of the operations of a novel saw-mill that seemed to be a far better appliance for cutting up logs than any in use that he knew of; and he felt sorry he had not investigated further and made some practical drawings of what he saw in the dream after he awoke from it; but the world is full of regrets for what might have been. If only some one, or a limited ability company, would take hold of such cases and help to practically develop these useful things, would it not be better than to let them pass into oblivion again?"

Maine.

LEVANT.—Under date of June 26th, Mrs. M. J. Wentworth writes: "One year ago last October seven Spiritualists of Levant felt the need of union, and organized under the name of 'Good-Will Association of Spiritualists.' Mr. L. McLaughlin was chosen President; Mr. Haskell, Vice-President; Mrs. Sarah McLaughlin, Treasurer; Mrs. Manly, Secretary. Soon others joined the society. Fine local mediums, the three sisters and brothers known as the Packard Family, also Miss Nellie Chase, test and inspirational medium, and others susceptible to spirit power, came forward, speaking and giving tests in the circles held once in two weeks, and in meetings once a month, until the present June, when the society, with a membership of eighty-five, invited your correspondent to speak for them June 10th and 17th."

The meetings were held in Wilson's Hall. Miss Chase and Mrs. Howe kindly rendered inspirational songs and music; selections were also rendered by the choir, and Mr. Wells of Kenduskeag contributed recitations.

The interest in these meetings was so great that your correspondent was invited to speak two more Sundays—once at Wilson's Hall and once at the Universalist Church in Herman, kindly proffered by residents of the town. In the meetings Mrs. Vaughn of Corinth, an inspirational medium, and Miss Nellie Chase, test and inspirational medium, and others susceptible to spirit power, came forward, speaking and giving tests in the circles held once in two weeks, and in meetings once a month, until the present June, when the society, with a membership of eighty-five, invited your correspondent to speak for them June 10th and 17th."

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BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Booksellers, 9 Bosworth Street (formerly Montgomery Place), corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritualist, Progressive, Reform and Literary and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

Wholesale.—Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid by O. D. Orders for books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—ones and twos preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications can be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co. at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for issuing the order, which is 5 cents for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from the BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondence and editorial articles are subject. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return cancelled articles.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for publication, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.)

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Bosworth Street, corner Province Street,
(Lower Floor).WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston.THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

COLBY & RICH,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Isaac B. Rich, Business Manager.
Luther Colby, Editor.
John W. Day, Associate Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be forwarded to the BUSINESS MANAGER.

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

New Trial Subscriptions!

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

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

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.

Sealed Letters Answered.

The editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT has secured the services of a competent medium for the answering of sealed letters.

The terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, including three two-cent postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within three or four weeks after their receipt.

We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactorily, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, but do as well as they can under the circumstances.

Persons sending money and sealed letters to be answered will please not include any other business matters with such.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.—In order to keep them separate from all business letters to our firm, we desire those who send us sealed letters for answer, to mark on each outside envelope, in addition to the mail address, the words "sealed letter," thereby avoiding all possible complication.

L. C.

*A correspondent in Plainville, Ct., asks: 1.—Ought the name of the spirit to whom it is addressed to be written on the outside of the sealed letter? Ans. No. 2.—Can a number of questions be asked of one spirit, that the one to whom the letter is addressed? Ans. We should prefer that only one spirit be questioned at a time; more, would tend to confuse and confuse the elements brought to the medium by the letter.

To prevent any misapprehension, we hereby state that Mr. J. V. Mansfield has nothing to do with answering sealed letters at this office, either directly or indirectly. On the contrary, such letters are answered by another medium.

Why Not Think?

If men would only stop to think, or rather control and guide their thinking, instead of letting it drift no-whither and aimlessly. We are nothing except as we are conscious. Then of course our consciousness is on a lower, or physical, plane or on a higher one—intellectual or spiritual. The latter is superior to the other two planes, and includes and subordinates them. If we are all the time thinking of our seeming bad conditions, do we not thereby impart reality to them and make what is unreal existent? Now it is an undeniable fact that we grow more and more like what we dwell upon, if we do not indeed become what we think about so continually. Thought must have a focus somewhere; otherwise it subsides in stagnation. The great normal reality for it to rest upon is—God. In thinking of God as all life, all love, as everywhere far and near, as within and without, as all in all, human consciousness takes on the divine character, is open to the divine harmony; but in thinking of self and its narrow interests, it becomes disordered, diseased, inharmonious, and abnormal. In divine companionship there is no discord, and there can be none. When in thought we change from a controlling self-consciousness to a ruling God-consciousness, we find harmony and through harmony health.

Why is it so? Is it inquired. Because God is Love, not merely lovely, but Love. Love

pervades universal spirit, as gravitation inheres in universal matter. We all live in it as in a vast atmosphere, whether consciously or unconsciously. It gives us life and vigor. It drives out fear, which "hath torment," and so kills. It heals. Send out thought-messages of love in any direction, and patiently see if they do not come back in sweet echoes to the spirit chambers. Mirrors do not more certainly reflect and re-reflect light in a series than do such messages echo back to those who send them out to others.

And love, as it comes in to occupy the chambers of the spirit, makes the entrance of its opposite an intrusion and unwelcome. It keeps out the intruder altogether; there is no room for it; only the good is a welcome guest. The lower forms of love, as they occupy the consciousness, have been well called kindergarten for the training of its broader spiritual manifestations. For example, we love our dogs, cats, birds, horses and other animals, and make pets of them; it is by no means a waste or dissipation of the love-force within, but rather a school of object-lessons for the training and expansion of our love on a higher and broader plane. Parental love, family love, lovers' love, all signify only the truth that love is the only real life and the universal law.

Love is thought-ministration. If we love everything, we shall find that everything will love us. If we direct our love to our very trials, perplexities and pains, they will become transformed and be rendered disciplinary and educational. The Scripture text rightly has it—"Love never faileth." How little we realize its power to make our common duty a superior privilege, and our state of weakness one of strength. Do we know how it thrills mind and body alike, exciting a fresh glow in the cheek, imparting a new brightness to the eye, invigorating all the physical functions, and electrifying in a divine way the nerves and tissues of the system?

We need to hold our thought fixed constantly on the connection of the individual consciousness with the Universal Life. It is a part of it. When we conceive concerning ourselves separately, the divine influx closes, and the spirit grows dry and hungered. For what is life if it is not a constant, continuous divine communication? Humanity is all the time made alive with the pulsations of God's heart-throb. It is not life that dies; only external manifestations change, and outward forms perish; life goes on without interruption.

A Crippled Enactment!

THE BANNER has already noted that a very "mild" (though precedent-making) specimen of the genus "doctors' law" had passed the Massachusetts Legislature, and received the Governor's signature. Under ordinary circumstances it would thus have become an active agent in this Commonwealth; but by reason of certain mistakes, (just discovered) as to the amendment of its lines—amendments made in one branch of the Legislature which were left out in the other—it seems doubtful, after all, that if looked on from the standpoint of legal criticism, it can bear the test of the courts, if sought to be enforced. (The present status of this enactment is fully given on our eighth page.)

This is an unhoped for relief, under the circumstances, as it seemingly cripples this medical registration enactment beyond repair for this year—as the weary law-makers have now gone home to rest.

Of course, however, this limping enactment will have power and precedent to open the door to tighter amendments by the next Legislature; therefore, as THE BANNER said last week, let every reader of this paper in Massachusetts, no matter to what party he may belong, interest himself, at the primary meetings this summer, and oppose the nomination (or renomination) of any man to the next Legislature who is in favor of further legal restriction of the right to practice the art remedial. See to it that the candidates nominated are for freedom and the people's right of choice in medical matters; and if personal interests produce candidates who are in favor of a "medical trust" let the liberals in each instance rally at the polls to secure their defeat.

A Kindly Gift to the Banner's "Poor Fund."

Colby & Rich most gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$50—which sum was bequeathed by the will of the late Miss ELIZABETH F. BLANCHARD, of Wakefield, Mass., to be by them applied for the fund for the relief of the destitute poor, which THE BANNER has for years been enabled to maintain by the assistance of many generous souls all over the world, who, like this sympathetic testator, had a heart of tenderness for "others' woes."

We accept the bequest of Miss BLANCHARD with gratitude, and will endeavor to so disburse it that from her spirit-home she may feel that her donation has worked for the good of suffering humanity.

Who will follow the example of this worthy lady, and further aid the Fund, so that we may be able to answer the frequent calls made upon it in these trying days?

Maranacook Lake, Me.

J. Frank Baxter lectures at this fine and popular resort on Sunday, Aug. 5th.

THE BANNER editorially referred last week to the Spirit Invocation by Father Pierpont published in the same issue, recommending to a few Spiritualists here and there its special perusal, as replete with just such excellent advice as every good faithful Spiritualist should fully endorse and practically illustrate in daily life. He asked that we might all learn to be more submissive, more charitable in our thought and speech; that we might learn more of the interior life; that we might have the companionship of the angels, and gather from their ministrations light and knowledge that we may bestow upon others; that the doorways of communication between the two worlds may be kept ever open, that mourning hearts may be made to rejoice, knowing that in only a short time they shall join the happy number that have crossed the threshold of death; and that the tears of the sorrowing may be dried, knowing that their dear ascended friends are only at home with those that preceded them to the higher life. These blessings are asked for from One who is ever ready to bestow them. These weekly Invocations are always worthy of reverent perusal, forming a most valuable, as also a characteristic, part of the Spirit Message Department.

We Must Pay the Price.

It is to be understood once for all that in his economy God effects his objects in this world, not by miracle or direct interposition, but mediately, through mollifying agencies, in accordance with general law. He usually acts upon men through human agencies, so that men are measurably able to quicken or retard its operation, though unable to arrest the law or change its influence. When they point out to their fellowmen the inevitable action of the law and its power for good, they quicken that influence; when they either weaken the faith of others in the existence of the law, or assert that God arbitrarily suspends its operation, they retard its action. This latter is what has been done for centuries by zealous men, in what most seriously affects morals, and what they continue to do to-day.

The law is of universal operation, that every action produces its appropriate result, whether it be favorable or unfavorable to the actor. There is no deviation from this law. It runs through the lives of all men. It is never suspended from its operation. Men have in all times and ages sought to evade it, inventing various methods of detaching sin from the cause of sin. But thus far to no purpose; the sun might as well shine and give no light as that consequence should not follow cause. The effect ceases only when the cause ceases. It is the height of immorality to teach that the effect of sin can cease while the sin remains. The penalty remains, and will remain.

Therefore it is both demoralizing and of thoroughly vicious tendency to teach that character and conduct in this world do not determine our state of being in the next. And it is not less profoundly and influentially true, on the other hand, that the settled conviction that, by an inevitable law, well-doing here decides our well-being hereafter, is one of the most powerful incentives to morality.

New Mediums.

For several years the foreign journals that come to our notice have deplored the fact that the advance so much desired in the study of Spiritualism was retarded by the want of mediums. The spirit-world, it would seem, has taken to heart this complaint, and affairs appear to be on the way to a satisfactory condition; for now nearly every Spiritualist paper from abroad announces in each issue the appearance of new mediums of the highest order.

From the most recent number of the Russian journal, *Rebus*, we learn that the journals of Warsaw announce the appearance in that country of two new and remarkable mediums, in the persons of two young ladies. One dwells in Warsaw. She is a daughter of a merchant of the city, and is twenty-four years of age. The phenomena that occur in her presence have for several years been studied by a group of seven persons: three physicians, a chemist, two pharmacists, a civil engineer and a man of business.

The second is a lady of twenty years, who lives at Sedlitz. Her powers have become so widely known that she has been summoned to St. Petersburg.

In a little city in the heart of Russia, Souzdale, the members of a small party of persons who were occupying themselves with the phenomena saw the table rise suddenly into the air. This new and unexpected phenomenon was ascribed by them to the agency of the devil. The table, as if in contradiction of this statement (it is recorded), made, while in the air, the sign of the cross, and resisted every attempt made to pull it down.

A Strange Affair!

Le Messager states that under this heading a journal published in the south of Russia relates the following:

"There died at Samara a few days ago a venerable old lady who, during her life, had refused to allow a portrait of herself to be made.

After her death her relatives desired to have her photograph taken, as there had never been one. They summoned a photographer to take her picture as she lay in the casket, but at the moment when the artist had directed his camera toward her the apparatus was struck by a blow that came apparently from within, and completely ruined. The photographer was obliged to go for another camera. When he returned he found the body already in the cemetery. He again directed the instrument toward the old lady's face, but again his operation was prevented, for by a more violent blow the instrument was thrown to the ground and shivered into fragments.

So the old lady's wish to leave behind her no portrait was realized."

Thomas Lees—J. Jay Watson.

The cordial thanks of THE BANNER are accorded to our earnest brother in the Cause of Modern Spiritualism, Mr. THOMAS LEES of Cleveland, O.: He is a faithful worker in the field—especially so in regard to our spiritual Lyceums, besides doing much to advance the interests of this paper in the West.

We were gratified to learn by Bro. Lees' report in a recent BANNER that our old musical friend, Prof. J. Jay Watson of New York, paid a flying visit to Cleveland recently, en route from Pittsburgh, Pa., to Detroit, Mich. We desire all our friends to see Prof. Watson, and hear the truly "divine" strains of music from Olé Bull's veritable violin. Bro. W. is a whole-souled man and a true Spiritualist. We know him thoroughly, and have for years.

We trust when Prof. W. returns to Cleveland (as promised), that Bro. Lees will see his way clear to arrange for that genial musician the public ovation which he deserves.

The Congress Abandoned.

The *Moniteur Spirituel*, of Brussels, announces in the June number that the *International Congress of Spiritualists* which was to be held at Liège, in August of this year, will not be held. In 1889 the sessions of the Congress were held in Paris, and were attended with magnificent success. Irreconcilable disagreements on questions of policy in the conduct of the projected Congress have arisen and the project has been abandoned.

The theme which more than all others is now agitating the Spiritualists across the water, is the question of the existence of God. Mr. Arthur d'Anglemont, whose monumental work recently published, entitled "Omni-théisme," has attracted wide-spread attention, has taken this moment to publish a brochure entitled "God Evident for All." In this, he presents the Deity in aspects wholly new; stripped of the mystery with which the idea of God has been enveloped by the ignorance and folly of man.

The Result of Lax Immigration Laws.

We published in THE BANNER of June 23d an editorial on the "Low Grade Immigrants" that have been thrust upon our shores from time to time by some of the governments of Europe. Now we see the effects in the West: The destruction of property as well as human life.

The native-born American had begun to feel the pressure of the incoming undesirable tide, and persistently pointed to this deluge of uncouth material that was rolling in upon our shores, which—composed of individuals ignorant of and apparently unwilling to assimilate with our institutions and customs—presented a continual menace to the future existence of this Republic.

Our words were prophetic. But the fault in this sad state of affairs in the West is not wholly on the part of the poor, ignorant people who have been foisted upon us by the cupidity of our capitalists, to secure cheap labor at the expense of native skilled workmen! This is the chief source and inevitable result of the present mammoth antagonism between Capital on the one hand and Labor on the other. The whole thing hinges on the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few at the expense of the many.

Mrs. J. K. D. Conant,

Having taken a lease of THE BANNER's former circle-room, 8½ Bosworth street, Boston, (up one flight), will hold sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., except Sundays, when she will answer calls to lecture, and give public or private sittings, as the case may be. The friends and the public generally are respectfully invited to call at her new quarters, where she hopes to give satisfaction to her patrons as a psychometrist, etc.

Camp-Meeting Notice.

For summer reading at our numerous camp-meetings we advise the visitors to by all means procure the grand books, magazines, pamphlets, and other liberal publications advertised in THE BANNER Catalogue, all which works are in the interest of HUMAN PROGRESS! Do not neglect, at the same time, to buy the BANNER OF LIGHT—the best paper in the world.

THE BANNER has followed with increasing interest (by aid of its translator, Mr. W. N. Eayrs) the course of a series of articles that appeared in the Portuguese journal, *"Reformador,"* published in Brazil during the past year, referring to Prof. Lombroso and his attempted explanation of the spirit phenomena. It was our intention, on the completion of the series, to call the attention of our readers to these papers, inasmuch as we consider them to contain the ablest exposition of Lombroso's errors that has yet appeared. We are glad to see that these admirable articles have been collected and published in French, in a neat and attractive pamphlet of fifty pages, with the title "Professor Lombroso and Spiritualism"—the receipt of a copy of which we thankfully acknowledge.

The author, who modestly withholds his name, deals with the Professor with judicial fairness; for in the opening article he gives *verbatim et literatim* the Professor's account of the phenomena produced by the mediumship of Eusapia Paladino and his explications of them; and then, proceeding to examine the Professor's points, one by one, he shows their insufficiency in such clear, logical and forceful argument that leaves nothing further to be said. So close is the reasoning of this masterly defense of Spiritualism that it is impossible, within the limits available by us, to make a satisfactory analysis of it.

The Lamas of Tibet have a curious way of using the table as a planchette. In the middle of the room is placed a round table, the top of which is covered with finely-sifted ashes. From the ceiling, directly above the table, an arrow is suspended so that it will just touch the ashes. The Lamas, arranged in a circle, rest their hands upon the table, which soon begins to turn; the arrow moves, and writes upon the ashes answers to the questions that have been asked.

Le Messager of Liège, June 1st, 1894, says that it learns from Rome that from new experiments made with the celebrated medium Eusapia Paladino, Dr. Charles Richet, whose position toward mediumship and spirit phenomena has been, until now, one of caution, has declared that he has no longer any doubt as to the reality of these phenomena. *L'Etoile* of March, April and May last, contains a full report from Richet's own pen of his searching investigations.

By reference to our sixth page the reader will find a partial report of the March 31st Anniversary—exercises in Melbourne, Australia; and special attention is called to the practical advice of Mrs. Mellon (herself a veteran instrument for form manifestations) to the mediums for materialization everywhere. Her counsel to them in the direction of a careful conservation of their forces, covers what THE BANNER has frequently enjoined in this same (and highly important) direction.

Mr. Thomas Harding and Mr. H. C. Rawson, of Sturgis, Mich., will please receive our thanks for the reports of the doings of Spiritualists in their State—the Sturgis June Meeting, and the thirty-sixth anniversary of the dedication of the Free Church, held June 23d. Keep THE BANNER readers posted, dear friends, and aid us all you can to make our paper as useful to the Cause as possible.

We received a pleasant call on Monday, 8th inst., from Mrs. Albert Preston, of Socorro, New Mexico, who visits the East to benefit her health, and attend some of the Spiritualist Camp-Meetings. Mrs. Preston has been a reader of THE BANNER since its first publication.

Interesting information regarding the Spiritualist Camps at LAKE PLEASANT, MASS., LAKE GEORGE, N. Y., VERONA PARK, ME., LAKE BRADY, O., PARKLAND, PA., and the INTERSTATE CAMP at Lake Harbor, Mich., will be found on our third page.

We have To Let, at a moderate price, a large, airy room, with two windows, up two flights of stairs, with steam and gas. Those in want of such a room, located at 8½ Bosworth street, Boston, are requested to call at No. 9 and examine the premises.

Mrs. Emma Harding Britten, the gifted lecturer and writer, was announced to address a meeting at Armlay, England, recently, on the occasion of the opening of a new hall.

Mrs. Henry Wood, the author of "Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography," speaking of *materia medica*, notwithstanding it may be respectable and "regular," its logical assumption is fallacious. It lacks an exact and scientific basis. It is an antiquated experimental system of modifying and dealing with results. It would be reasonable, provided that the soul (man) were a function of the body. Its philosophy can only be interpreted by the assumption that such is the case. Where would this hypothesis lead? *Materia medica* is a complicated cumulative structure of formula, which assumes a resident energy in material objects which have no life or force in themselves wherewith to add to the vigor of the human organism. God's life or spirit in man—conventionally called "nature"—will always express itself healthfully when unobstructed. "Loose him and let him go." Fashions and fads—of which the "Ellixir of Life" and "Lymph" are recent examples—are no less capricious in medicine than elsewhere, and nowhere do they reign with more autocratic sway. Diagnosis, and even death itself, is sometimes subject to fashion and conventionalism. At the present time the correct exit seems to be via "heart failure."

Corrupting by Compulsion.—The *Philadelphia Item* recently contained on its first page a cartoon representing "The outrageous manner in which our school children are to have deadly microbes introduced into their systems," and calling on the mayor to forbid it at once. In the picture is represented a burly board-of-health policeman in coat and hat, seated in a chair and holding a little girl, a scholar, grasping her about the throat and neck as she vainly struggles between his strong knees, while a spectacled doctor inserts the corrupt virus in her bared arm in the name of "compulsory vaccination." In the upper left-hand corner of the cartoon is a huge skeleton death's-head, on whose eyes, cheeks and upper jaw are inscribed the ominous labels: "scrofula," "microbe," "doctors' bills," "undertaker bills" and "death," the whole bearing the title "Virus magnified one million times." Nothing could more plainly illustrate the arbitrary way in which a certain class in the modern community called doctors have set up to date accomplished by legislation what they set out to do in the name and disguise of public safety.

Magnetizing Birds and Beasts.—Some people, who become very excited if asked to credit the fact of magnetic influence in healing, unconsciously give themselves wholly away in reciting cases of magnetic influence over birds and beasts, and are quite ready to regard that as entirely legitimate and regular. Mrs. Ludwig of Montague, Sussex County, N. J., is said to possess a gift of magnetism that gives her wonderful control over animals, birds, reptiles and insects. The most vicious horses, which are utterly unmanageable by any one else, become perfectly tractable and obedient under her voice and touch. Dogs, cats, and other domestic animals, whether belonging to her or to others, seem to understand every word she speaks, and they do the most astonishing things at her order. Shy, suspicious and unapproachable as the wild fox is, he will not only fly at the approach of Mrs. Ludwig, but will come to her at a word of command. Wild birds follow her when she walks about her farm, and frequently will not be driven away by her.

Almanac Superstitions.—The reverence paid to old-fashioned almanacs is said to be perhaps nowhere greater, at least in Protestant countries, than in central South Carolina—a region embracing three large counties, settled by Germans and Swiss about the middle of the last century, with a small admixture of English, Scotch, Irish and French, and, later, by large numbers of negroes. These South Carolina farmers believe with unshaken faith in the influence of the moon upon the weather, and the almanac is anxiously consulted for information as to when fair weather or foul may be looked for. Crops which are made under the ground, such as potatoes, peanuts, turnips, etc., they hold should be planted in the "dark," or wane, of the moon, while a waxing moon indicates the proper time to plant corn, peas, beans, and all other crops which fruit above the ground. The bottom course of a rail fence should be laid when the nights are light, or the rails will sink into the ground and rot. In covering a house the work must be done in the dark of the moon, or the shingles will warp.

Compulsory Arbitration.—This is the need of the hour. It ought to be impossible for capitalist "trusts" to haughtily declare "they have nothing to arbitrate" when approached by their workmen with proper demands. As a contemporary observes—and with truth—"How much would have been saved the people of this country if the original difference at Pullman had been placed in the hands of arbitrators! What the country is coming to is some form of compulsory arbitration. It has become a necessity for peace." The *Hartford Times* also says on the subject of arbitration:

"In looking over the situation, the necessity of lawful arbitration in such cases seems to us to be very great; and in boards of arbitration we would have the workmen's interests carefully guarded. If a doubt arises as to a decision, let the benefit of that doubt be given to those who labor and whose families need the benefit of good wages on the part of husbands and sons. The day has come when cool counsels are needed and just decisions are sustained."

A Presentiment.—William Brummer, a sixteen-year-old boy, employed by a druggist at Union Hill, N. J., when he came to the store on a recent Tuesday morning, told his employer that he had a strange presentiment that something serious would happen to him before the end of the day. The druggist, as reported, endeavored to dissuade him from giving credence to his feelings; but later in the day, when the boy (grown more cheerful) had gone into the back room of the store, the druggist heard a tremendous explosion. He hurried into the room and found that a small cannon, which he had never had exploded, the contents lodging in the abdomen of the unfortunate youth, who lay on the floor in the agonies of death. It is supposed that the boy had undertaken to load the cannon—with fatal results to himself.

The Registration Act.—The *Boston Herald*, after announcing the passage of the act for the registration of physicians in Massachusetts, and calling it "one of the most important pieces of legislation for the year," remarks:

"The real difficulties involved in putting this act into operation fall upon the Governor, who is called upon to hitch together three doctors of the allopathic school, and two each of the homeopathic and eclectic schools to be a State board for the registration of physicians and surgeons. If the Governor succeeds in doing this, he can be credited with having achieved a triumph in diplomacy."

"A Vision."—No thoughtful person can peruse the article bearing this heading, which we print on our second page, without a thrill of indignation, and a sense of awful responsibility resting upon society as to-day organized and operating. Disciples of Nationalism can draw from it a clear and practical argument in favor of this (advocated) reform.

"The Phantom Ship."—Mrs. Lucy Healy of Charlestown was ninety-nine years old on Monday, July 9th. She was born in that place, and her father was a soldier in the Revolutionary war. She is a firm believer in the story of the historic phantom ship *Falaine*, and claims to have seen it off Block Island.

Unai.—Much as the clergy may desire to hide the fact, nineteenth century practical life is clearly proving that theology is not a fitting agent, at this age of the world, to correct the manners of the day or work out the civilization of mankind.

The Science or Religion of Spiritualism, call it what you will, is daily gaining new converts, and no little credit is due that sterling paper, the BANNER OF LIGHT, for the great interest being manifested of late in Spiritualism. It does much to spread the doctrines of that belief, and should be taken by every one interested in matters pertaining to the spirit-world. We publish the prospectus elsewhere, and call the attention of all our readers to it.—*The Newmarket (N. H.) Advertiser.*

Mrs. Jennie Reed Warren, a noted test medium, will devote a few weeks to Unset this month.

SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail, or left at our counting-room for answer. It should also 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 expressions as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact of publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in the flesh, and desirous to place natural flowers upon our edifying table, the reasons for which were stated in our editorial columns of a recent date. Also, we are requested to state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, pertaining to this department, should be addressed to the undersigned.

LUTHER COLBY, Chairman.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held April 20th, 1894.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Divine Father, we lift our hearts to thee in adoration and praise. We thank thee for life and its disciplines; we thank thee for the boon of health, for the sweet home associations, for the companionship of friends, and for all the blessings thou dost bestow upon thy children of earth. We ask that thy bright messengers of love and light may be sent into every home here below, that thy mortal children may learn more of thee, of thy nature and thy laws. We ask that at this hour some words may be spoken here, some sweet messages given forth that may lighten the hearts of poor sorrowing ones and make them realize the presence of their friends who have passed on only a little before. May those who mourn cease their lamentations, feeling that their loved ones who have left the home-circle are waiting in their spirit-home the coming of those left on earth. Teach us to be more charitable in our dealings with our brothers and sisters, and may our lives show that we profit by the companionship of the angels. Forgive all in the past that thou hast seen amiss; and unto thy name would we ascribe all praise, not only at this hour but forevermore.

JOHN PIERPONT.

Eddie Alfred Horne.

I am very much pleased to know we are all privileged to speak. I should not have spoken here to-day, but Grandfather Churchill was very earnest that I should send a few crumbs of comfort to mother and father.

Mother, I direct these words to you: I wish Sammie would listen a little more to what you say to him in regard to Eddie. I know he is but a young boy, yet how much happiness it would give him if he knew his brother Eddie was with him so much.

Sammie, it seems as if there is hardly an hour in the day that I am not with you.

Mother, dry your tears; shed not another one for us; we are at home, happy with our friends; I know you cannot talk with your boy as you did when I was in the mortal form, but you can commune with me silently. I promised you long ago that when I gained permission to send you a message I would do so. I have been here and listened to what others said many times, and I have asked permission to speak twice before. To-day Mr. Pierpont, the Spirit-President, said to me when the meeting opened: "There will now be an opportunity for you to send a few loving words to your parents."

I hold the same love for you, father, mother and Sammie, that I held for you while in the earthly life. I am very near you, so near I hear you conversing often, for there is only a thin, filmy mist between us.

I am much interested in sketching and painting, and I am taking music lessons. You will be pleased to know, mother, that your Eddie is making progress in the spirit-world—it will be full as much pleasure to you as it would have been if I had stayed here and gone through college, as you desired. Mother, I know you have shed many bitter tears for me, and it has made me unhappy; so smile, and be as happy as you used to be. Say to Aunt Lou I do not forget her; I have tried to aid her as well as you. I find my mission is to do all the good I can through my influence with others.

Mother, watch closely, listen, and you shall be repaid for all the time you give me, for I will produce such manifestations that you will know I am with you. Give us a few moments at the twilight hour, when it is possible; we come much easier then, for the conditions are better for us at that time; and always when you sense my presence speak to me, as you would were I in the mortal.

Grandfather and Grandmother Churchill send love to you all.

Father, I feel that I shall speak with you upon the earth—that is, I shall communicate with you through some medium.

Eddie Alfred Horne, Lowell, Mass.

Howard Rowell.

I have longed so much to speak a word here, for those dear to me in Charlestown have not forgotten me. Father and mother well remember how very quiet I was. Not a muscle of my face moved when they told me I could not stay longer in the flesh; and it was remarked by some how very patient and placid I seemed when they said: "Howard, you cannot get well." Twenty-two years ago is a short time to live; and, as mother said, her only one had been taken.

I am very happy, and it will not be long before we shall all be reunited. Death has no terror, for life is everywhere beyond; and so sweet is the companionship of our loved. Dear Grandfather Hill, who had so much sympathy

for mediums, know well it was a life eternal beyond the veil while he was upon the earthly plane.

I would send love, not only to my kindred, but to all my friends, and say that I am perfectly satisfied with my home, yet through progression I shall be able to make it even brighter and more beautiful. Dear ones, I will come to the gate, and meet you there when you join our happy number.

Arthur Devlin.

They tell me all are welcome in this Circle-Room, and I have gained permission from the Spirit-President, Mr. Pierpont, to speak here to-day, hoping what I say may have a little weight with some one for good. I do not expect for one moment that the few words I shall add to the thousands of messages that have been reported here will convince all of immortality, but my aim to-day is to teach some mortal more of the life beyond, and to convince him that this life is not all there is of life. I would not make the statement that existence here is a shadow; it is a reality while we dwell upon the earth-plane as far as mortals can comprehend. To those on earth I would say: Drop not your tears for us, for only a thin veil separates us from us; so wear the smiles you wore when we were with you, knowing our visits are frequent. Do not think of us as far away, but near you. When our old-time friends and neighbors come to us across the crystal river we are glad to welcome them to our homes.

In Melbourne, Australia, there are some who will remember Arthur Devlin. I have attempted several times to make myself known, but have failed to do so. Twice I felt that some one thought it was I, but it was not satisfactory, and they passed it by. Now, by recalling the circumstance in your Circle Room, Mr. Chairman, they will remember the time when I tried to make myself known to them. To-day I am very sure I have said sufficient to convince a few of my identity.

Caroline Kendrick.

Mortals always speak of us as invisible; I would change that term, for there are so many earth-dwellers who have the power of clairvoyance and can see us; under certain circumstances, too, they can see us with their physical eyes and take us by the hand. How grateful I am at this hour to feel that the time is fast approaching when we shall not need regular materializing séances, for we shall be able to materialize right in the homes of our friends.

Spirits and mortals alike are learning much about the laws governing communication. We are now enabled to come into the atmosphere of our friends far easier than formerly, but we cannot do the work alone. We ask them to meet us part way, and then how much we can accomplish.

By coming into the atmosphere of people upon earth, I find emanating from the spirits of a large class a desire to know more of us. The question arises in their minds, "When we are so anxious to have them prove their presence with us, why cannot they manifest?" Dear friends, when you are over-anxious you retard our work. Try to be as passive as possible, and you will make it easier for us. On the other hand, total indifference or incredulity will not be satisfied with reasonable evidence, is also detrimental to us in our endeavors to manifest.

I look at the matter in this way: If we were still here upon the material plane in our material bodies, and came to visit you in your homes, you would make our coming as easy and our stay as pleasant as possible; but when we come to visit you as immortals, some of you—not all, by any means—seemingly try to make the conditions as hard as possible for us. We are anxious to make you know we are with you, and would like so much to converse with you, but we certainly cannot do all the work. Then lay aside early teachings; lay aside all prejudices, for they do not give you happiness. You may think so for a time, but after awhile you will learn that errors do not feed the spirit.

It is my desire to do all in my power to spread the light, to tell mortals of our life and work in spirit, and to teach the grand truth of immortality. As we come upon the earth-plane, we bring all humanity our love. Our kindred, it is true, come a little nearer, but our desire is to aid all mankind as much as we possibly can.

I was known in Boston and surrounding towns as Caroline Kendrick.

Robert Pratt.

[To the Chairman:] In welcoming us here I suppose it makes no difference to you where we throw off the old garment of flesh. I was well aware it was an old garment, grown threadbare, which I was destined to wear for a space.

Mr. Chairman, I was in the war of the rebellion. I was well acquainted with Andersonville Prison, where at my right and left I witnessed the boys who had been faithful to duty and never flinched in the face of danger, dying by inches. The privations of the soldiers in the long weary marches were as nothing compared to prison life, and I never flinched from my duty.

It is many years since the close of that war; but the wars are not yet over, and the fiercest battle of all is the battle of life. I am glad to be freed from that mortal form, for I know I can do more good and be of more use to my kindred and to others now than before I took a step higher.

I am Robert Pratt. I have friends in Boston.

Festus Stebbins.

In Springfield, this State, I know I am not forgotten by a few.

[To the Chairman:] I did not know of these truths when in mortal life, but it didn't take me a great while to learn I could come on to the earth-plane so easy after I passed away. I can't explain it any better than by saying that to die, as you call it, is like stepping from one room into another. I have never met any one on our side of life who said he experienced any suffering in passing over.

Often when in the flesh, as I have gathered with others in places of worship, have I thought, "How can it be possible for God to punish us forever?" It is said he fashioned us like unto his own image; then we must be part of him; and if he punishes us forever, if he do a little wrong here, he must be punishing himself also. I couldn't understand it, and I'm certain I have not tried to since passing over. I find that what is required of us is to be good and do good, as I tell my son Joel.

Festus Stebbins was my name on earth, and I haven't changed it since passing over.

Ella Adams.

How sweet it is to feel a welcome as we en-

ter this Circle-Room. I have been one of the attendants ever since you opened your circle. In this office for those who have passed on to the higher life, Mr. Chairman.

I would say to father and mother, be patient a little while longer, and the family reunion will take place. Poor mother! with all the ills and aches you have had to bear, you have never been alone. Many times have Aunt Lizzie and I come to you, and found you worrying so much over father, instead of giving a little thought to yourself.

Not long since, as I was conversing with Mr. Thomas King, I asked him if he would come to mother's home and see if he could not aid her somewhat with the influence he could bring. He said, "Yes; anything I can do that will benefit another I am glad to do." He did as I had requested him, and then we visited his home, hoping to bring good influences to help his family in Minneapolis.

Thus you see that whatever worrisome or trials you as mortals have to endure, you are not alone, for we from the beautiful realms beyond come to visit you often, and we never come without bringing with us a sympathetic feeling. Seemingly we are on the earth-plane far more than upon the spiritual, for you need us so much.

Dear friends, it is so beautiful in the spirit-world—so beautiful that I cannot find words in which to describe it. Each one must see it himself before he can realize it, and realize how much like our occupations, pleasures and studies on earth are those of that other life.

Many times as I have listened to the spirits giving their messages in these circles, I have thought, "How happy their friends must be in receiving a few words from them," and I have said that sometime I, too, would send a few words home, but always before I have held back, for fear I would be in some one's way. I trust my message will throw some light on the subject of spirit communion, and be an evidence of its truth to some who have known me in earth-life, whether kindred or not.

I am Ella Adams, and had friends in Boston.

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:

April 20—Continued: Alice Stewart; Harriet Louisa Harris; John A. Clark; John A. Clark; John A. Clark.

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

May 4—S. B. Nichols; Thomas Middleton; Thomas Stevenson; Katie A. Kinsey (Spirit Violet); Carrie Tracy; Jessie Peck.

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

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

May 25—Adelaide Lehigh; Henry S. Leland; James Malbon; Jessie W. Cranston; Nellie Welch; Sallie Snow; Tracy Nichols; Joseph F. Merrill; Samuel Williams; Rev. Lyndauer Fay; Charlotte A. Jones; Lottie Wood.

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

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

June 15—Col. Robin Pond; Joseph Kinsey; Eudais B. Russell; Lydia Morrill; Arthur Russell; Samuel Hagen; Benjamin Brittain; Margaret M. Mendenhall; Henry Chapman.

June 22—James Mason; Mary A. Moore; William S. Arnold; Winifred Means; Capt. Richard Freeman; Thomas Gales Foster; Rosie Chick; George Draper.

June 29—Martha A. Coker; David T. Jones; James Woodworth; Charlotte Colson; Dr. Beck; John Pierpont.

July Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Among its varied contents for the current month, the Tales of Travel by Frank Bolles find pleasant continuation in "The Home of Glooscap"; "high" life in overcrowded New York is vividly depicted in all its summer humidity, in an unsigned article on "The City on the House-tops"; "The Red Bird" is a striking romance of Japanese love-life by Lafcadio Hearn; "Phillip and his Wife" is further presented by Margaret Deland; Mrs. Hartwell Catherwood has a superb story of French Canadian life, in "Pontiac's Lookout," in which the "ghost" of that great war-chief is made to sustain a pivotal position; these, with others not here named, "The Contributor's Club," reviews of new books, etc., make up a number of the true vacation flavor, which tourists should take with them in their rambles. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.—"The Heraldry of the Plains" is a most attractively written article, by Alice MacGowan, descriptive of a certain phase of western life; "Human Documents" contains a series of portraits of Lord and Lady Aberdeen and Capt. Charles King; "Alphonse Daudet at Home" is a report, by R. H. Sherard, of the great novelist's own account of his life and work; Bret Harte contributes one of his intimate stories, "An Ingenue of the Sierras"; Ida M. Tarbell writes of the Paris Municipal Laboratory and what it does for the public health under the heading of "A Chemical Detective Bureau"; Robert Louis Stevenson's serial, "The Ebb Tide," is concluded. Published by S. S. McClure, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH opens with an instructive and thoughtful article on the value of systematic method of moral education, by H. S. Drayton, M. D., under the heading of "A Suggestion for a Manual"; Charlotte Fowler Wells contributes a most appreciative and interesting sketch of the life and work of that eminent preacher and fearless reformer, Rev. John Pierpont; Nelson Sizer continues his series of papers on "How to Study Strangers"; the same author furnishes a "Character Study" of Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy, late Secretary of the Navy in President Harrison's cabinet; other articles of special interest are "Studies from Photographs," by Edgar C. Beal, M. D.; "The Faculty of Language," by John W. Shull; "Sensible Treatment of the Sick," Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 27 East 21st street, New York.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—Frank R. Stockton's continued account of "Pomona's Travels" holds unabated the interest of the reader; "What Constitutes a Good Husband?" is the question answered by such eminent writers as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Mary Halleot Foote, "The Duchess," Amelia E. Barr, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, "Grace Greenwood" and Mary J. Holmes; Mary Merton contributes a bright and entertaining sketch of the life and literary work of the popular writer, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood; William Dean Howells furnishes an installment of his autobiography, entitled "My Literary Passions." Other articles not mentioned here appear, and the department, as usual, are well sustained. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

THE ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE.—Charles H. Mackay gives an exceedingly interesting account of "A Trip to Mount Hamilton," upon whose summit rests the famed Lick Observatory, which contains the greatest telescope in the world; bright and entertaining short stories by favorite writers appear; under the heading of "Timely Topics" reasonable subjects are ably discussed, while in the department of "Health and Hygiene," many valuable suggestions are made regarding diet and care of the health during the summer months. T. J. Gilmore, Publisher, 2519 Oliver street, St. Louis, Mo.

NEW OCCASIONS (for June) contains the report of an eminently interesting and scholarly lecture on "Locomotion and Its Relation to Survival," by Dr. M. L. Holbrook. While the importance of physical culture is fully shown, the evils of athleticism are also pointed out. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe street, Chicago.

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ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Palgrave Parkington, Rockville, Ct.] Would society be improved and life better worth living, if all men and all women were to become cosmopolitans, without love of home, locality or country?

ANS.—This question implies that cosmopolitans have no love for home and country, and cannot appreciate a beautiful locality. Such an inference being false, the supposition that cosmopolitanism might be the reverse of a blessing is foundationless. Love always begins to manifest itself as a point: love of self broadens into love of family; love of family into love of tribe or clan, and eventually into love of all mankind.

There are now forty-four States in the American Union, and the distance is fully three thousand miles across the country from ocean to ocean. A loyal, patriotic American citizen is rightfully expected to love this immense country, from shore to shore, and to seek the welfare of the consolidated Union. How much greater and better this is than sectionalism; we surely none of us desire to see barriers raised between North and South or East and West. A man who only loves Boston as his home is surely not so desirable a member of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts as one who loves the entire State, the city of Boston included, with no village left out of his affection. Then he who loves the entire United States is in a far more desirable mental frame than he who loves only Massachusetts. Carry this thought still further, and we are forced to admire the liberal sentiment of Thomas Paine, who claimed the whole world as his country.

Love is always good and hate is always bad, because hate is the emotion of love inverted, and inversions are always evil, and the only evils there are. Because we love everybody and can make our home everywhere, does not prove that we fail to recognize the practical working of the law of attraction, which draws us for a time to a special spot and causes us to feel wedded to it as long as we can be of greater use in that locality than in any other.

The happiest condition to be in is to be able to feel at home wherever there is work for us to do; and as we are indifferent to time and place, we are happiest wherever we are most useful. Phillips Brooks has often said that the longer one lives and travels to some good purpose, the more one realizes that the important question is not where we are or with whom we associate, but the spirit with which we are imbued, no matter where we may be or with whom we mingle. A larger love can always contain a vast number of lesser affections, though a smaller love cannot hold a greater. As every one has his special place and work at any given time, there is always room for a recognition of "home, sweet home."

Q.—[By Edgar Butterick, New York.] Has the science of Mental Healing a cure for enlarged joints?

A.—Mental Healing, in one or other of its many phases, has certainly a remedy for enlarged joints, and all rheumatic affections. If people would observe how their own bodies register their thoughts, they would soon learn the law of correspondence, and be able to give mental treatment to themselves and others intelligently.

We all know that swellings are often clearly due to a sense of being burdened, and that slow-moving thought retards the quick circulation of blood and prevents flexibility of muscle. Learn to think freely and quickly, if your joints are stiff, and if they are painfully swelled, get yourself into as calm an attitude of mind as possible.

The most effective healer for any case is one whose own condition is conspicuously the reverse of that of the one he treats. Thus, a very limber-jointed person gives forth a psychic emanation peculiarly beneficial to one whose joints are rigid, provided there is a sense of harmony between the two; but in no case should treatments be begun or taken if a sense of discord exists between the demonstrator and the recipient.

Q.—[By the same.] Can a highly developed soul dominate matter as to prevent or cure baldness?

A.—Baldness can be more readily prevented than cured, though a cure for baldness can sometimes be found. Hair being merely an integument necessary to animals, but scarcely more than ornamental in man, its loss is by no means always a sign of weakness; on the contrary, it is quite frequently a sign that the constitution is centrally vigorous, and concentrates energy upon the vital organs without spending much force upon exterior decoration. In the case of many consumptive patients so much strength goes to the hair that their looks are superabundant, while their lungs are wasting away. Hair is often rejected by a system which does not need much covering; thus we often find very healthy persons with very little hair.

If the loss of hair worries any one, then it proves that he or she is under the dominion of an anxiety or annoyance which steals away vitality. Persons have a natural right to all the hair they want, and if alopecia is regarded as an affliction by any one, we recommend the practice of treating the scalp scientifically by holding persistently, though unexcitedly, to the thought of abundant hair.

Physically speaking, the state of the hair registers the mental condition with reference to most external things. Worry induces baldness in those who admire thick hair, and on the contrary it may lead to hirsute appendages of

great strength with those who consider too much hair an annoyance.

In spiritual correspondence baldness means destitution of externals only. Prophets need no hair. Elisha's baldness was simply typical of his power being entirely internal, while Absalom's luxuriant hair signified his glory in superficiality, and accompanied destitution on the spiritual plane.

At the Antipodes.

Jubilee Convention of Spiritualists in Melbourne, Australia.

The Jubilee Convention of Spiritualists referred to last week, commenced in the Lyceum Hall, Victoria street, Melbourne, on Saturday evening, March 31st. For the matter given we are largely indebted to the *Harbinger of Light*.

At 8 p. m. the chair was taken by Mr. George Spriggs, the President of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, and the platform was filled with the following pioneer Spiritualists: R. Cunningham, W. H. Terry, John Carson; H. J. Browne, Mr. Kennedy, R. D. Bannister and J. N. Morse, also Mr. R. Williams, the conductor of the Melbourne Progressive Lyceum, Mr. Luke, the present speaker for the Association, and Mesdames Mellon, James and Packer (delegates from the Sydney Psychological Society), Mr. H. P. Murphy (delegate from the Adelaide Society), and Mr. R. R. Terry, a gentleman bringing introductions from Spiritualists in England. All these spoke briefly, referring mostly to their early experiences. Mr. Murphy, who was the concluding speaker, after responding to the welcome that was extended to the lady delegates from Sydney, and himself, referred to the noble example before the meeting, in the presence and testimony of so many veteran Spiritualists, who, after their long experience and many years of investigation, were still steadfast in their belief.

THE BANNER referred to the remarks of Mr. W. H. Terry (which followed), in its issue of July 7th, 1894.

An original poem by Mrs. Harris was read by Mr. Terry.

Monday evening, "mediums' night," was devoted to exercises suggested by its title; mediums present told their personal experiences, or caused them to be read to the assembly, by Messrs. Spriggs and Williams. Mrs. Jessie Rising, unable to be present, contributed a paper, from which we make the following extracts:

"As to my own experiences in connection with Spiritualism, I have been clairvoyant and able to see spirit-forms, describe them and give their names from the early age of four years, and during my six years' experience as public medium in Melbourne, I have been privileged to witness some marvelous phenomena, such as direct writing without contact, cuffs, bracelets taken off, rings removed, bonnet strings untied and replaced, tables have floated round the ceiling; I have also received fruit from spirit hands. These experiences were not conducted in any public séance, but with a few reliable friends—investigators—who I have conversed with 'Geordie,' i. e., Mr. George Spriggs' late guide and control, and other spirits; my own guide and control (Doctor John Brown Johnston) whom I fully recognized, having known him from a child. There may be many present who have conversed with and can vouch for the accuracy of tests and reliable information given by the same spirit guide."

The following address was presented by Mrs. A. Mellon, and read by Mr. Spriggs:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am indeed pleased to be privileged to have my little say on this memorable occasion. I think every one assembled here knows that we are met to joyfully celebrate the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. What we are not owe to the memory of the three male mediums whose great service to the world has been so tardily recognized? Of course I refer to the long-suffering, injured and misguided sisters, the Fox family, who were the possessors of such marvelous powers, but who, unfortunately, did not know how best to preserve and retain them.

As we would but grow spiritually, that our hearts may beat in unison with the new-born dispensation, and let our noble devotion toward each other be of such as will not let the soul starve for want of sympathy and love—for are not all manifestations of love beautiful and divine? We people in the nineteenth century have much to be thankful for, and in that very thankfulness may we constantly strive for the supremacy of our spiritual nature over that of our physical body; we may be noble, true and good; thereby we may not only elevate our own moral standard, but also that of our guides, who so zealously labor with and for us; at the same time do we beautify our lives and surroundings.

During all these years since the Rochester knockings were first heard, there have been many discoveries in the scientific world, but none of such importance or none that have given to the sad and desolate heart the sweet and ever-abiding comfort that our Spiritualism gives. How often have I seen mortals with joyful tears embrace their little darling spirit-children whom they had thought never to meet again. Hundreds of times have I witnessed the reunion of mortals and their angel friends—dwellers in that spirit-realm—the sight of which has filled my soul with joyfulness.

With us Spiritualists there is no dreaded hour of death. We look upon the change called death as a joyful birth to a higher and better sphere. The Bible tells us that whatsoever we sow that also shall we reap. This is exactly what Spiritualism teaches; we believe in individual responsibility, that each one of us must work out our own salvation. I have a record of twenty-three years in our noble Cause, and during that time have had many experiences of mediumship, having passed through many phases before attaining to my present phase of mediumship, viz., materialization. I have had successful experimental materializations in sunlight, both in and out of doors, also in moonlight, under very unfavorable test that human brains could devise. The most wonderful, and to my mind, important manifestation of the materialized spirits, is the photographing of the materialized form. My first experiment in this form was in June, 1878, when, after many repeated failures, we succeeded in getting a fairly good specimen of 'Geordie'; since that time we have succeeded in getting 'Clay' and others. As late as the 16th of the present month, in honor of McCarthy, of Sydney, succeeded in taking a photograph of my guide, 'Josephine' (who is well known to some of you here), but unfortunately the lower part of the face commenced to dematerialize during the two seconds' exposure to the light.

We have seen all kinds of spirits materialized, from little babes to old men and women. I merely mention this to show what can be done by the spirit-world if our guides are given the necessary conditions; by giving them scope and opportunity they could, I believe, do things much more wonderful. I am sure, time will come when they will require no cabinet in which to collect their faces, when they will walk and converse with us at any time, like ordinary individuals, just as we do here; we must therefore let us live so that we can be enraptured with the higher intelligences; let our aura be pure and bright always; so that when we reach that goal our spirits, so that will be, if possible, perfected and complete. I have taken great care of my mediumship, and always refuse to sit if I do not feel equal to the strain; hence my power is as strong to-day as it was twenty-four years ago. How often has

