

LIBRARY.

# BANNER OF THE LIGHT.

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## MR. TOMPKINS ON HIS BOARDERS.

Come, Mandy, get the fly-screens out. I know they ain't no good—A healthy fly will sure get in if onct he's said he would. But we can't take no chances; an' the city boarder's queer. He allus wants his fly-screens up when he's a-staying here.

I think we'd also better get a spinnin'-wheel or two, An' set 'em in the drawin'-room, because, 'tween me an' you, We may get some one here who for antique things has a whim. An' who will pay us twice its cost to take it home with him.

An' by the way, ye'd better buy, say twenty dozen eggs. They does 'em up in lime, these days, an' sells 'em out in kegs. Then every mornin' I'll go out an' sort of strew 'em round. The coops an' haylofts, where they're sure by boarders to be found.

For I have noticed that the folks who come up here to stay, Thinks eggs is fresher laid if they have found 'em; an' I say, Pack up the tablecloths, because these town folks thinks that we Eat off a plain pine table without any cloth. Law me! It makes me laugh to think of 'em. They call us "new" an' "green," But they're the very verndantest that ever I have seen. An' every year when they come here—I know it is a sin— But, Lord! how we poor country folks do take those fellers in!

—Harper's Bazar.

## Glints from our Foreign Exchanges.

Translated for the Banner of Light,  
BY W. N. EAYRS.

(From Revue Spirite.)

## Remarkable Phenomena at Odessa!

Mr. S. M. Bourkser of Odessa, a conscientious, competent and indefatigable student of spirit phenomena, has contributed to the *Revue Spirite* during the past few years, reports of extraordinary phenomena that occur in his house. As an evidence of his good faith in these recitals, he has several times invited any one who is desirous of convincing himself of the important manifestations that occur at Odessa, to come to his house. He is confident that the visitor will be persuaded that, in these reports, there are no exaggerations, but that they are in all respects strictly true.

We quote from the *Revue Spirite* the report of a sitting held April, 1893:

"The spirits announced their presence orally and said to us, 'The peace of God be with you.' Then they asserted that they were going to bring to us the medium Felix, whom we knew to be at this time in the city of Karkoff, where he was engaged as tenor singer for the opera season. The distance from Karkoff to Odessa is nearly five hundred and sixty-two miles.

We had various manifestations. While Samuel was talking with the spirits, the door of the séance-room, which communicated with a corridor, was noisily opened, and, the light coming from the passage, revealed the figure of a man of colossal size, who was entering the room. Immediately the door closed again and we were in darkness.

The spirits called for light. Samuel lighted a candle, and we saw two persons, one of whom, the medium Wladimir, well known by us, was seated entranced; upon an easy-chair was the other, a man in a crouching position, with his face covered.

Samuel arose and went to see who this person was; but Wladimir—in trance—said to him, 'Do not go near him.' The séance continued as usual, until a voice from the spirits said to Samuel, 'Awake the mediums.'

Having lighted a candle, he awoke the two sleeping persons, and unspeakable was our astonishment to recognize the medium Felix, who had been brought from Karkoff to our séance-room.

When Felix had returned to his normal condition, he was amazed and frightened at finding himself at Odessa in our room. He was fully conscious that he had gone to sleep in his lodgings at Karkoff, and his first exclamation was: 'Is this a dream? Where are my effects? Where am I? How did this happen?'

The spirits prescribed a rest of fifteen minutes, giving us assurance that afterwards there would be materializations. Samuel requested the members of the circle to occupy these minutes in silent meditation and thanksgiving for the favor granted to us in allowing us to witness such great manifestations; and during this time we heard in the darkened room three voices that were singing, accompanied by the organ.

When the fifteen minutes had passed, the spirits demanded that the lamps should be lighted, and this done, we saw before us two materialized spirits. One of these, a Moor of tall figure, draped in a burnous, adorned with rays of white and blue, was looking at us with eyes full of fire and expression; near him stood the other, a woman of moderate height, her brown face full of sympathy. She was clothed in a rich Oriental costume—her head covered with a transparent veil. They gave their names as the Moorish King Said Abdoul Alahann and his wife Juliska.

We live as it were with the spirits as one family: we talk with them, and they give us their advice and instructions orally. We aid with our counsel and our prayers those who need help, and we receive from the higher spirits teachings useful for our progress here below.

For some weeks past, the spirits have adopt-

ed the practice of rapping three times upon the door before entering the room. In this manner, on the eleventh of this month, a materialized spirit came into our circle, and we instantly recognized him as the minister of the Lutheran church at Odessa, over which he had presided for fifteen years, and who had been beloved by all here on account of his great benevolence and goodness. He had established the college here, which is now in prosperous existence; by his influence, the means necessary for the foundation and maintenance of a hospital had been secured.

He approached Samuel, took his hands in his own, and, having repeated a prayer, he said: 'Let us now all kneel and pray together to the Lord.' After this, he went to the others and blessed them, and in a sonorous voice he addressed to us an exhortation to faith, to pity and to charity.

This appearance of our revered master gave us an indescribable joy.

For some days past we were not expecting to have a sitting, for Samuel was ill; but suddenly one evening at nine o'clock the door was opened; our medium Eugene entered, and, approaching Samuel, said: 'I am the astral body of Eugene, who is at home and asleep.' He made at once some magnetic passes over the body of our sick President, although it had never been his practice to do so, and Samuel immediately pronounced himself greatly relieved.

He went away without taking leave of us. Scarcely had he disappeared when a voice coming in through the window said: 'Wait five minutes; Eugene will come.' And in five minutes he returned, although it would have required at least a quarter of an hour for him to go home and come back. 'Excuse me,' he said as he entered, 'I fell asleep and my mother forgot to arouse me.' He remembered absolutely nothing of what had taken place before.

At the séance that followed immediately, the spirit of Mustapha ab-Doula presented himself fully materialized. He went to our President, knelt before him and asked for his blessing. As soon as he had received it, Samuel said to him: 'May I make the sign of the cross on your forehead, in the name of the Father, the Son and Holy Spirit?' 'Willingly,' he replied.

Then the minister Bineman came and said: 'You need not call the spirits, but pray—for the Eternal One knows to whom mercy is necessary. Think of those who are suffering; of those who need your prayers. Live according to the teachings of the Christ. The good which you shall do will be returned to you twofold. The more you shall do, the more will the light of truth shine upon you. Much has been given to you, and your responsibility is consequently greater than that of others. Therefore be firm, and let not your rational convictions be shaken. These are my last words.'

The author of this interesting account, in a letter addressed to M. Leymarie conveying to him this report, says: 'My earthly life is approaching its end; my health is failing daily; I see the hour of my deliverance at hand. I am seventy-four years old, and at this age one has no more illusions. Beside, for us death does not exist.'

In three months from the day these words were penned, the spirit of M. Bourkser joined in the higher life the spirit-friends whose presence had made his earthly home so glorious.

(From Le Messager.)

## The Lost Receipt.

M. Horace Pelletier contributes to the June number of this bright and progressive journal the story of the recovery of a missing document through the agency of a materialized spirit, and the consequent relief of a suffering family from ruin.

"The case concerns a grandmother, a pious and truthful lady. Her husband, an honest manufacturer, died so suddenly, in the prime of his life and vigor, that he had not time to put his affairs in order. She was left a widow with five children, the oldest of whom was but ten years.

Scarcely had the funeral rites been performed when a banking house made a demand upon her for a large sum of money, which she knew had already been paid. She and her eldest son sought for the important paper which was the evidence of her statement to the officials of the bank that the debt had been paid, but without success: it was nowhere to be found.

Terrified by the ruin and distress that threatened her, the poor woman went to her bed at night, but not to sleep. In agony of mind she lay, unable to close her eyes, when suddenly the door of her chamber softly opened, and by the light of the night-lamp, which stood on a table near her, she saw her husband, clothed in the coffee-colored suit that he habitually wore, enter the room and approach the bed. He seated himself in an easy-chair that was near her bed, greeted her with a smile and pressed her hands in his.

The widow, without feeling either surprise or fear, quietly asked him: 'Why did you leave me? What will become of me and my children now?'

'It was God's will that I should go,' was the reply; 'but do not allow grief to overcome you. You have now, I know, much sorrow. Look forward to the future. Your children will be a source of great joy to you, and an unbroken content and a happy old age await you.'

'I know,' continued he, 'the distress in which you are now plunged because of your failure to find the receipt. It is in my desk, in the upper drawer or the right hand. Look there in the morning and you will certainly find it.'

After a short conversation upon the necessi-

ty of conquering her sorrow at his loss, and the happy years she was to pass, he tenderly saluted her, pressed her hand, and disappeared noiselessly through the door.

The next morning the important little piece of paper was found in the place indicated by the spirit, and she was freed from her terrible anxiety for the future. She lives at a very advanced age, and the course of her life has been as happy as was predicted. Her family refuse to believe in the story, that she is never unwilling to tell, of her miraculous escape, and insist that it was merely a dream! To all this she as persistently declares that this was not a dream; never had she been so fully awake as on that marvelous night, and that from no other source than the spirit of her husband did she derive the information that led to the recovery of the missing receipt.'

## A Clear Instance of Identity.

We find in *Neue Spiritualistische Blätter*, this interesting proof of spirit return:

"M. C. — says that four years ago, a few friends came to his house one evening and one of them proposed to have a talk with the spirits, by means of the table. This proposition pleased him, for he had never been present at a spiritual séance. The company sat at a table, and laid their hands upon it. When the table began to move, one cried out, 'Aha! Here comes a spirit; now I will ask him some questions. Let some one write the answers as they are spelled out.' Then he said, 'Dear dweller in space, what is your name?'

'Ichuzima,' and one of the party, having made the remark that that was a droll name, the name was spelled out again, Ichuzima. 'Nobody here knows you, dear friend; why do you come to us?'

'To speak with M. C. —'

As the sitting proceeded, it was learned that Ichuzima was an officer of the Japanese navy on service in the ship *Urebi*. Whilst the ship was lying in the port of Havre, to be refitted, he dwelt in the house of Madame O. —. This lady had a young daughter, Marie, of whom he was fond, and to whom he gave a genuine Japanese fan.

'I come now,' said the spirit, 'to ask M. C. — to be kind enough to say to Miss Marie that the lost fan is hanging on a nail behind the commode.'

M. C. — thanked the spirit; and, on the next morning, went with two witnesses to the house of Mme. O. —.

To their questions, she replied, 'Yes, it is true. Ichuzima did give Marie a fan; but it is lost, or has been stolen.'

'Madame, will you kindly permit us to look behind the commode?'

'You may do so, if you wish; but is quite unnecessary; for we have already looked there.'

The commode was moved away from the wall, and there hung the fan!

## The Hand-Writing and the Character.

We take from *Le Messager*, of Liège, the following account of a curious experiment made by the celebrated Prof. Richet and M. Héroucourt, physician of the Hospital of Paris, to determine how far it is true that character may be indicated by the hand-writing.

They set out with this proposition: Since it is pretended that the hand-writing is an indication of the character, and since it is well known that by hypnosis one can impose upon a man a character different from his own, we are going to hypnotize a person whose character and hand-writing are well known by us, and we shall see how he will write when we shall have modified his personality.

They chose a student—a young man of twenty-two years, whom they knew to be a spendthrift. Dr. Richet hypnotized him, and made him believe that he was a very economical person, even miserly. Then the physicians present dictated a page for him to write.

It was seen that his hand-writing had completely changed. Before the experiment he was in the habit of writing in large characters; the words were far apart, not more than three or four on a line, and only a few lines on a page. During the experiment he wrote as a miser, making his letters small, crowding the words together, and putting as many lines as possible on a page, as if to economize in paper.

The physicians made other experiments, and all were equally conclusive.

(From Revue Spirite.)

## The Brain and Intelligence.

"Men, by virtue of the laws which they have made, and in the name of which they have taken to themselves all merits and shared all rights, men, I say, look down upon woman, and declare her to be incapable of reason.

They pretend that the brain of woman weighs less than that of man, just as if the fleshy mass of cerebral convolutions was the source of the intelligence.

Bischoff, the celebrated professor at the University of St. Petersburg, was the declared enemy of the emancipation of woman. He used to assert that woman is physically incapable of scientific studies, basing his assertion upon the weight of her brain, which is less than that of man by one hundred grammes.

In order to confirm his theory by facts, he directed by his will that his brain should be weighed, and gave in advance its probable weight as one thousand three hundred and fifty grammes. In execution of this will the brain of M. Bischoff was weighed, and to the surprise of every one present at the operation it was found to weigh less by five grammes than the brain of the least intelligent woman."

## Literary Department.

## THE SCHOOL-TEACHER'S STORY.



HAVE taught school forty-four years. Now I have delivered the keys of my schoolhouse to the committee. I have packed away on the top shelf of my closet a row of primers and readers, geographies, spelling-books and arithmetics, and I have stopped work for the rest of my life. Through all these forty-four years I have squeezed resolutely all the sweets out of existence, and stored them up to make a kind of tasteless but sustaining honey for old age. I have never spent one penny unless for the barest necessities. I have added term by term to the sum on my bank book, until I have been able to build this house and have a sufficient sum at interest to live upon. I need a little, very little, to eat, and I wear my clothes carefully and long. . . .

Looking backward forty-four years, I cannot remember any extravagance save the outlay in clothes when I expected to be married at thirty-five. I never have bought any candy except a few cough drops when I had a cold. I have never bought a ribbon even, or a breast-pin. I have always worn my mother's old hair-pin, although it was so old fashioned, and the other girls had pretty gold and coral cameo ones.

My mother died when I was fourteen; my father, when I was sixteen; then I began to teach. My father left me nothing. Mother was sick all her life nearly, and he could not lay up a cent. However, there was enough to pay his funeral expenses, and I was thankful for that. I sometimes wonder what my father would say if he could see me now and know how I am situated. I wonder if he would think I had done pretty well. I do sometimes feel glad I have done so well on my account. Anybody has to have some account beside their own, even if it is somebody's that's dead.

I have built this house, with six rooms in it, and a woodshed. I have a little land, too. I keep hens, and I am going to have a vegetable garden back of the house, and a flower garden front. I shouldn't be ashamed to have anybody go over my house; and I keep it nice, too; it has always been my habit to look at all the advantage there is in life, and I have found there is an advantage side to almost everything.

To tell the truth, I have never cared much about children, though I have been teaching them forty-four years. I never dared to say so before, but it is true. Once in a while I saw a child that I thought a good deal of, but taking them all together, I have often wondered how their own mothers could stand them. I would have worked my fingers to the bone for the few I did take a notion to. I fairly grudged them to their folks; but the others! and I had to hide it, too; it would n't have done for the children to think I was partial. They had the meanness of grown-up folks, without knowing enough to hide it.

I have never been sure, either, that they learned anything so's to remember it and have it do them any good. I have always been afraid that, no matter how hard I tried to do my duty by them, it was never quite done, and that I was teaching myself more than anybody else, just as I always seemed to hit my own hands harder than a scholar's when I had to ferule one.

I could travel all over the earth, on the map, and never once lose my way, but I wonder if my scholars could. I can spell through the spelling-book without missing a word, but I know that not one of my scholars can do it. I can do every sum in arithmetic, measure the depths of all the wells, calculate the speed of all the dogs and foxes, and say the multiplication-table by heart, but I am quite sure that no boy or girl ever left my school who could. It seems to me sometimes that I have gone to school to my scholars, instead of my scholars going to school to me, and that I have never been of any benefit to any of them.

Still, I have sometimes thought that I was, once, and in a strange way, to the strangest scholar I ever had. . . . It has always kind of seemed to me, when I thought of that time in Marshbrook, that it did n't ring like any known metal. But there may be some metals that really are on earth, though they are not known, I suppose, and anybody might hear them ring, and be honest enough about it.

It was just twenty-five years ago to-day that I went to Marshbrook to teach the No. 1 district school. It was right in the middle of the spring-time. I had given up my old school because I was expecting to be married that May. But when I found out he'd changed his mind toward me, I felt as if I ought to go to work again. I'd laid out a good deal of money on my clothes, and I knew I'd have to make it up some way, as long as I was always going to have nobody but myself to depend on, the way I always had.

Marla Rogers had my old school. She had come from the east village to teach it when I gave it up, and it was n't more'n three weeks before he began to go with her. She was good-looking, always smiling—though it always seemed to me it was a kind of silly smile. I was always sober and set-looking, and I could n't smile easy, even if I felt like it. Her hair curled, too. I tried to curl mine, but it would

n't look like hers. I would n't believe it at first when folks came and told me he was going with her, and they thought I ought to know; but after awhile I saw enough to satisfy me, myself. I wrote him a letter and told him I'd found out he had changed his mind, and he had my best wishes for his welfare and prosperity; and then I began to look out for another school. He did n't marry Marla Rogers till the spring term was through. She wanted the money for her wedding clothes. She was a poor girl, or I could have had my old school. As it was, she had him and my school, too.

I don't know as I should have got any till fall if the teacher at the No. 1 district in Marshbrook had n't left sudden. One of the committee came for me the next day, and said I'd got to go there whether or no. I asked why the other teacher had left, and he said she was n't very well—"kind of hysterical," he called it. He was an old man, and a doctor. I looked him straight in the face when he spoke, and I knew there was something behind what he said, and he knew I did.

"I'll give you fifty cents a week more, seeing as you come to oblige," says he.

"Very well," says I. I knew what it all meant. I had heard about district No. 1 in Marshbrook ever since I could remember. They never could keep a teacher there through the spring term. There wasn't any trouble there fall and winter, but the teacher would leave in the spring term. They always tried to hush it up, and nobody ever knew exactly what they left for. I rather guess they bound the teachers over not to tell—maybe paid them a little extra. Anyway, nobody ever knew exactly what it was, but it got whispered round that there was something wrong about the No. 1 schoolhouse.

Nobody but a stranger, or somebody that was along in years and pretty courageous, could be hired to go there and teach the spring term. The chances were that old Doctor Emmons could n't get another soul beside me for love or money, and if I would n't go, the school would have to shut up till fall. But I didn't care anything about the stories; I had had enough real things to think and worry about. Then I had a kind of feeling that it did n't matter much what happened anyway after what had happened.

So I just packed up my trunk while Dr. Emmons waited, and then he put it in behind in his wagon and carried me over to Marshbrook. It was six miles away.

Marshbrook was named after the brook there, that runs through marshy land, and gets soaked up in it some seasons of the year. That spring it was quite high, and the land all around it was yellow as gold with cowslips. We rode beside it quite a ways, and the doctor said his wife had boiled cowslip greens twice. He talked considerable about such things being better for folks to eat than meat, too. He did n't say a word about the school till he set me down at the house where I was going to board. Then he said I looked as if I was n't fidgety, and he had n't any notion but what I should get along well and like the school. Then he said, kind of as if he hated to but thought he'd better, that he guessed I might just as well make up my mind not to stay after school at night much, and not to keep me scholars. The schoolhouse was in rather a lonesome place, and some stragglers might come along; then, too, it was rather damp there, being near the brook, after the dew fell, and he did n't think it was very healthy. I said: "Very well." Then Mr. Orrin Simonds, the man where I was going to board, came out, and they carried my trunk betwixt them into the house.

I began school the next morning, and got along well enough. The school was quite a large one—about forty in it—and none of them very old. They behaved as well as usual, and I taught them the best I knew how. I ought to have done better by them than I had ever done for other scholars, for I had n't any look-out for myself to take my mind off. I suppose I always had had a little, though I had hardly known it myself, and I ought to have been ashamed of it.

I did not stay after school for some two weeks; not because I was afraid of anything, for I was n't; but I had n't any call to. I did n't mind what Dr. Emmons had said at all, as far as I was concerned, but I thought I would n't keep the scholars anyway, so if anything did come up I would n't be blamed on their account. There was n't anybody to blame me on mine, if I did n't give up the school—and I was n't going to do that anyway.

I went to meeting the Sunday after I went to Marshbrook. I suppose some folks thought I would get somebody to take me home to meeting, seeing as it was only six miles, and I belonged to the church there; but I felt as if I had just as soon see some new faces.

Marla Rogers used to sit right in front of me at home.

I noticed that folks in the meeting-house at Marshbrook eyed me some. I don't know whether it was because I had come to teach the No. 1 school, or because I wore my green alk. I suppose it did look most too fine, but I

had it and it was a pleasant Sunday, and I thought I might just as well wear it, though somehow every time I looked down at my lap as I sat in meeting, there was something about the color seemed to strike over me and make me sick. I never liked green very well, but he did, and that was why I got it. . . .

I had a good boarding-place, just Mr. Simonds and his wife, and she was as neat as wax and a good cook. She used to have supper early, about as soon as I got home from school, and then I used to go up stairs to my chamber and sit by myself. Mrs. Simonds didn't neighbor much, she said, but I guess after I came folks run in more. I'd hear them talking down stairs. I guess they wanted to find out how I was getting along at the No. 1 school.

Once Mrs. Simonds said if she was in my place she'd make her plans not to stay after school. She didn't seem any more fidgety herself than a wooden post, but I guess she'd heard so much from the neighbors she thought she ought to say something.

I said I had n't any occasion to stay after school, and I had n't. I did n't really have any occasion the night I did stay, but I felt kind of down at the heel, and I did n't want any supper, and I just sat there on the platform behind my desk after the scholars marched out of the room.

I don't know how long I sat there—quite a while, I suppose, for it began to grow dusky. The frogs peeped as if they were in the room, and there was a damp wind blew in the window, and I could smell wintergreen and swamp pinks. It was all I could do to keep the children from chewing wintergreen leaves in school time. They were real thick all around the schoolhouse.

All of a sudden, as I sat there, I had a queer feeling, as if there was somebody in the room, and I looked up. I saw, down in the middle of the room, a little white arm raised in the dusk. It was the way the children did when they wanted to ask something, and I thought for a second that one had stayed, or come back unbeknown to me, and was raising an arm. Of course I could think of and it flashed through my head.

"What is it?" says I; and then I heard a little girl's voice pipe up:

"Please, teacher, find my doll for me and hear my next lesson in the primer."

"What?" says I, for it did n't seem to me I could have heard right. And then the voice said it over again, and that little white arm crooked out of the gloom.

I got up and went down the aisle between the desks, and when I came close enough I saw a little girl, in a queer, straight white dress, almost like a nightgown, sitting there. Her little face was so white in the gloom it made me creep, and her features looked set; even her mouth did n't move when she spoke. It was open a little, and the words just seemed to flow out between her lips.

"Please, teacher, find my doll for me and hear my next lesson in the primer," says she over again, dreadful pitiful.

I put my hand on her shoulder, and then I jumped up and took it away, for I never felt anything so cold as her little shoulder was. It seemed as if the cold struck to my heart from it, and I had to catch my breath.

"What is your name?" says I, as soon as I could.

"Mary Williams, aged six years three months and five days," says she.

Then my blood ran cold, but I tried to reason it out for myself again, that she was some child I had n't seen that had run in there, and maybe she was n't quite right in her mind.

"Well," says I, "you had better run home now. If you want to come to school you can come at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. If your mother is willing. Then I will hear your lesson, and maybe you will find your doll; but you must n't bring it to school. I can't have any dolls brought to school."

With that she rose up and dropped me a queer little curtsy, that made a puff of icy cold wind in my face, and was out of the room very fast, as she slid or floated, without taking any steps at all.

I put on my bonnet and looked up the schoolhouse and went home; when I got there Mrs. Simonds asked me why I had n't been home, and if I did n't want any supper, but she did n't act surprised or curious.

I went up stairs to my chamber and sat down and thought it over. It seemed to me there must be some mysterious reason for it. As I thought it over I remembered that there had been a faint, choking smell about the child, and then I put my own dress skirt up to my face and I smelled it then. I hung my dress out of the window to air when I took it off.

The next morning when the scholars filed in to school I tried to think that strange little girl might be among them, but she was n't, and she did n't come in the afternoon.

That night I stayed after school again. I had made up my mind I would. I waited, and after a while that little white arm showed out of the dusk, but I had not seen the child come into the room.

I asked her again what she wanted, and she piped up just as she did before, "Please, teacher, find my doll for me and hear me say the next lesson in the primer."

I got up and went to her just as I had before, and there she was just the same, and the faint smell came in my face.

"When did you lose your doll?" says I. But she would n't say.

"Please, teacher, find my doll for me, and hear me say my lesson in the primer," says she, with a kind of wall. I never heard anything so pitiful as it was. It seemed to me, somehow, as if all the wants I had ever had myself sounded in that child's voice, and as if she was begging for something I had lost myself.

But I spoke decided. It was always my way with children. I found it worked better. "Now you run right home," says I, "and you come to-morrow, and I'll give you your doll, and hear your lesson in the primer."

And then she rose up and curtsied, just as she had before, and was gone. I did not try to follow her.

That evening I went round to old Dr. Emmons's, and asked Mrs. Emmons if I could see the doctor a few minutes.

I guess she suspected what had happened, for she looked at me real sharp, and said she hoped I was n't getting nervous and overwrought with school teaching. I said I wasn't. I just wanted to see the doctor about a new scholar; and she left me in the sitting room and called him in.

I asked him point-blank if anything had ever happened there in Marshbrook, and he would n't tell me at first.

"I suppose you want to give the school up. I thought you were old enough to behave your-

self," says he. He was pretty short sometimes, but he meant well.

"I've done the best I could by the school," said I.

"Why could n't you come home when school was done, as you was told to, instead of staying there in that lonesome place and getting hysterical," says he. "I don't know as I can get another teacher this term. The schoolhouse will have to be shut up. It's a pity all the female school-teachers in oration could n't be ducked a few times and get the fidgets out of them. I'll get a man for the place next time. I've had enough of women."

"I do n't want to give up the school," says I. "What are you talking about then?" says he.

"I want to know if anything has ever happened here in Marshbrook," says I. "I do n't want to give up the school if anything has happened."

He finally told me how a little girl had been murdered, some fifty or sixty years ago, on her way to school, on the brook road. They found her lying dead beside a clump of swamp pinks, with a great bruise on the back of her neck, as if she'd been hit by a stone, and her doll and her primer were lying in the road where she had dropped them when she ran from whoever killed her. They never found him.

"Was her name Mary Williams?" says I.

"How did you know it?" says the doctor.

"She told me," says I.

The old doctor turned as white as a sheet.

"You ain't hysterical," says he.

When he found out I wasn't scared, and did n't want to give up the school, he wanted to know what I'd seen, and asked a good many questions. I told him as short as I could, and then went home.

The next morning before school I got some linen rags from Mrs. Simonds and a piece of bright blue thibet, and I made a real pretty little rag baby. I'd never made one before, but I could n't see why I did n't make it as good as anybody. I raveled out a little of an old black stocking I had for its hair, and I colored its cheeks and mouth with cranberry juice, and made its eyes with blue ink. I found, too, an old primer that Mrs. Simonds said her mother had studied, for I thought that might have been like the one the child was carrying to school when she was killed.

That night I stayed after school again and waited until I saw the little white arm raised out of the dusk. She did not wait for me to speak that time. She piped up quick: "Please, teacher, find my doll for me, and hear me say my lesson in the primer."

"Put your arm down and be quiet," says I. "and I will hear your lesson." I put the rag doll in my pocket and took the old primer I had found and went to her.

"Find your place and go on with your lesson," says I, and I gave her the book. She turned over the leaves as if she were quite accustomed to it, and I saw at once that I had the right book. It was a queer little primer that had been written by an old minister in Marshbrook, and used in the schools there for some time. She found the place soon and began to read, piping up quite loud. You could have heard her out of doors; the windows were open. The piece was called "The Character of a Good Child." She read it very well. I only had to spell out a few of the words.

"You have got your lesson very well," said I. Then I took the doll out of my pocket and gave it to her. She fairly snatched for it with her little white, gleaming hands, and they touched mine, and I felt the cold strike to my heart again.

She hugged the doll tight, and kissed it with her stiff, parted lips. Then she held it off and looked at it.

"Please, teacher, find my doll for me," says she, with a great wail, and I saw she knew it was n't her old doll.

"Hush!" says I. "I can't find a doll that's been lost fifty years. This doll is just exactly as good. Now, you'd better take it and run home."

But she just gave that pitiful cry again: "Please, teacher, find my doll for me."

"You are not behaving pretty at all," says I.

"That doll is just as good." Then I do n't know what possessed me to say it, but I says: "She has n't got any mother, either."

She just hugged the doll tight and kissed it again then, and did n't say another word against it.

"Now, you'd better run home," says I.

She rose up and curtsied, and I was all ready to spring. I followed her. I did n't know as I could keep her in sight, but I did, and she went into the old graveyard. I saw a gleam of white there a minute; then it was gone.

That evening I went to Dr. Emmons and told him what had happened.

"Now," says I, "I want to know where that child was buried."

"She was buried in the old Williams tomb," says he.

Then I asked him to take a lantern and go to the graveyard with me, and look in that tomb. I did n't know as I could make him for quite a while. He said the Williams family had all died out and gone away. There was n't one of them left in town. He did n't exactly know who had the key of the tomb, and he kept looking at me real sharp. I suppose he was afraid I was getting hysterical. I guess he got pretty sure at last that I wasn't, for I taught that Marshbrook Number 1 school seven years after that, though any young thing could have done it, and stayed after school every night in the spring terms, for that little girl never came to scare anybody again. He kept looking at me that night, and then he felt my pulse and counted it by his watch.

"You don't want to give the school up?" says he.

"No, I do n't," says I.

He went out after a while, and presently he came back with a glinted lantern and key. I do n't know where he got it. Then he went down the road to the graveyard. It was a dark night, and it was misting a little. He went along in front with the lantern, and I followed behind. He did n't speak a word the whole way. I guess he felt kind of grouchy at having to come out. I did n't care if he was. I was bound to find out.

When we came to the old graveyard he opened the gate and we went in. His lantern lit up the old headstones and scraggy bushes as we went across to the Williams's tomb. It was n't very far from the gate. A lot of little bushes were growing out of the humped-up roof, and I read Williams in the stone-work over the iron door. The doctor fitted the key in the lock while I held the lantern.

It was hard to turn the key in the rusty padlock, and the doctor worked quite a long time; but finally it snapped back, and he pulled off the padlock and slipped the hasp. But even then he could not open the door until he had cleared away some stones and pulled up some

little plants that had grown over the threshold by the roots.

After he had done that he opened the door, and a puff of that same strange odor which I had noticed about the child, came in my face. He took the lantern and stepped down and into the tomb, and I after him. All of a sudden he stopped and caught hold of my arm. There on the floor of the tomb, in the lantern light, right before us, lay the doll and the primer!—Mary E. Wilkins, in Romance.

## 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.

### Colorado.

DENVER.—As a matter of interest in the history of the spiritual movement in that city, a correspondent furnishes us with the following account of spirit-manifestations occurring through the mediumship of the late Dr. D. J. Stansbury when on a visit to Denver, while en route to his home in San Francisco in 1888: After the lecture one Sunday evening in Warren Hall, Dr. Stansbury briefly explained the nature of independent slate-writing, and proceeded to demonstrate it before the audience. Taking up a large pair of slates, he carefully cleaned and held them up before the audience, under a strong electric light; he then called a lady from the audience, who declared she was a perfect stranger to the Doctor. She took a seat upon the platform, and held the slates in full view of the audience. Next a gentleman was called up and requested to examine a pair of slates; these he held in plain sight. A third pair was cleaned, and laid by the Doctor upon the shoulders of different ones in the audience, who declared they heard the writing going on; these were finally given to Dr. Nickless, the President of the meeting, to hold. A fourth pair was exhibited in like manner, tied together and suspended from the chandelier.

Bits of pencil and crayon had been placed between the slates at the beginning. The Doctor went under control, and gave some test messages to persons in the audience, after which he laid his hand on each pair of slates for a few minutes, while music was being rendered. The slates were then opened. The first pair held by the lady was found to contain a finely colored crayon drawing of a female head and bust, the features of which were declared by the lady to be an excellent likeness of her spirit-sister. Accompanying this likeness was a message from that sister, signed "Hannah," which was the correct name. There was also a message from her son Eddie, signed in his own handwriting, which was recognized by the mother and the writer of the article, who was personally acquainted with the boy. The second pair contained a message to the gentleman holding them from his band regarding his mediumship; also a fine likeness of his Indian chief, in all his war-paint and feathers, and signed by his name. The third pair contained a long message from "Jeannette" to Dr. Nickless, who was personally acquainted with the spirit before her visit to Denver. The fourth pair of slates—when taken down from the chandelier—was found to be covered with a long message from Spirit Ed. S. Wheeler to Dr. Hencke, who was present, and who was a personal friend of Mr. Wheeler; also messages from J. W. Edmonds, Wm. Denton, E. V. Wilson, John M. Spear and "Sunflower."

On the following Tuesday evening a select circle of twenty-seven persons gathered at the rooms of Dr. Nickless in Opera House block to enjoy a combination séance given by Dr. Stansbury and Mrs. Nickless. During the evening twenty-five messages were written and twelve spirit faces were drawn upon the slates by independent spirit power.

### Missouri.

OREGON.—Holt writes: "We cannot be too charitable in judging those poor unfortunates who were born in filth and squalor, nurtured mid obscenity and blasphemy, never hearing, so as to understand, from cradle to adult years, one decent conversation or seeing one righteous example. And there are so many of those unfortunates! We must make due account of natural tendencies. Among the well brought up are due proportion of those with vicious bent; among the lowest of low may be found, here and there, one whom nature molded from her choicest ores, but destiny has debased with foul alloys. One may be amused by speculations concerning various persons he knows intimately. Here is one polished gentleman, mild, suave, the glass of fashion and the mold of form, agent in his loves and dislikes, but trained from the cradle to repress every wrong emotion, lest it might lead to disgraceful exhibition. Imagine him thrown into life with no more guidance than a blow and a curse, no higher example than some beastly indulgence—less trained, in fact, than the very brutes, and then speculate on how our gentleman would carry himself on occasion. A world would transform! Admit, then, the very essential import of education. You may reverse the case, and the barlequin changes will be equally surprising when you suppose the low-down, degraded, bad one was educated as though virtue and sweet charity had carried him in their arms every hour of his life till the day of temptation."

There are some who insist upon training youth up so as to admit of the seeing and hearing of evil in order helpfully to know it, lest on temptation, it might taste freely thereof through ignorance. We would prefer that there should be no education in evil whatever during tender years. Any knowledge of it is blighting as a pest breath. The contamination should be held as far off as possible until sound judgment can be used. The education of our girls and its success are proof that a knowledge of evil is unnecessary to the successful rearing of virtuous men."

### New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—Under date of July 12th, a correspondent writes: "Prof. Theodore F. Price of this city has lately been ordained a minister by the Lake George Progressive and Educational Camp Association of New York, of which organization Henry J. Newton is President; James D. White, Vice-President; E. L. Seelye, Treasurer, and S. H. Smith, Secretary."

Prof. Price has changed his residence to 343 East 19th street, where he gives sittings daily as a business or healing medium. He also holds development séances Thursday and Saturday evenings of each week, and will continue to fill engagements to lecture and give psychometric readings for all organizations desiring his services in New York and vicinity. Owing to other business arrangements, he will not attend any of the camps till late in the season."

BROOKLYN.—A correspondent says: "It may be interesting to the readers of THE BANNER to be informed that a lineal descendant of Martin Luther, bearing the name of the great reformer, is living in this country. Old and poor, he and his aged wife reside in an old tumble-down building at Union Course, L. I., where they have two rooms. Poverty is apparent everywhere, but he continues to support the two with the labor of his hands when he can obtain work."

He has been understood to state that he was born in the old Luther house at Mohra, for generations the ancestral home of the Luthers, and in front of which stands the statue of his sturdy and independent ancestor, whose traits in this respect he also possesses. In Germany he was a farmer, but came to this country twenty years ago, after the death of his first wife."

### Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.—A correspondent, "S.," writes: "At a recent sitting with Mrs. Wm.

H. Allen, on Washington street, a party from Fall River were very much pleased with the manifestations received. Mr. Bradshaw recognized the forms of his three children: a young man had a good test, in the materialized form of his father—who passed on two years ago; Mrs. Falvey—his father, sister and child came; Mr. Cooper—his wife, son-in-law and daughter appeared; Mrs. Lambert—her mother-in-law and her daughter, Mrs. Hattie Wood, went to the cabinet door; her grandfather, uncle and two of her guides came; she had never attended a séance before; Mr. Manchester—his mother and wife manifested, and the form of his aunt from California (who was paralyzed when she passed out, but spoke and told us she was dead).

Other spirits manifested to those in attendance. Two ladies present from New Bedford were well satisfied with the tests they received—their grandmother and a child came to them. Edwin S. Straight, of East Providence, was with the party, and saw the above described materializations; the forms of his mother and sister came to him and were recognized. The party went away feeling pleased and well satisfied."

### Massachusetts.

NEWBURYPORT.—Wm. Welsh Reed says: "That unseen forces control and operate human beings under certain conditions cannot be doubted by reasonable observers in the phenomenal line. Who has not wondered at strange actions of certain persons? There is a want on the part of law-makers, so far as right is concerned, in condemning to death those who are chained to crime by the law of heredity. While it is right to use proper methods of restraint, it is not right to inflict death-penalties. There are many men and women who do evil without any motive; it seems strange to them that they did certain things to incriminate themselves, and also to all who know them."

Crime, then, must be a diseased condition. If we feel strongly rooted in the soil of truth and right, we shall have the sublimest comprehension of life. We realize the fact that at times the better promptings of the soul are powerless to control the human being; then certain acts may be committed which cause remorse when reason again asserts its sway, showing that the rational spirit had lost its influence temporarily. This is truth, and facts will remain forever."

### Illinois.

CHICAGO.—"Veritas" writes: "The First Society of Spiritual Unity met July 8th as usual at their beautiful Temple, and Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, the gifted inspired speaker of this society, addressed the audience on the mediumship at the conference in the morning; an address of an able and eloquent nature, on 'The Philosophy and Phenomena of Spiritualism Walk Hand-in-Hand,' in the afternoon; and a stirring patriotic lecture on 'The Principles of the National Constitution Immortal,' in the evening. Dr. Berlin, Dr. Carpenter, Mrs. Dr. Preston, Mrs. Hartman, Mrs. Wyman, Mrs. De Knevet and many others assisted. This society gives a grand Benefit Festival on July 26th. Its prospects are most encouraging, and the attendance is very good, and increasing."

### England.

LONDON (W.).—Blanche Wells (10 Prebend Gardens, Chiswick), writes us that she has lost sight of a favorite step brother, Harry Nash, for seventeen years. The last intelligence she received was forwarded from Albany, N. Y. She is anxious, if he be yet on earth, to obtain his address. Any one knowing aught of this gentleman or his whereabouts will please address this lady as above.

## WELCOME DEATH.

BY DR. DEAN CLARKE.

Weep not, dear friends. Why fear we death?  
We merely change condition;  
When here we lose our vital breath  
We find life's full fruition.  
We shuffle off the mortal coil,  
And get release from pain—  
Are free from irksome care and toil,  
Our daily bread to gain.

Our mortal garb we leave on earth,  
Resigning dust to dust;  
And death we find is second birth,  
That frees from earthly rust;  
'T is resurrection unto life  
Immortal in the spheres,  
Whose scenes are found with beauty rife  
Far more than here appears.

Why should we dread to leave this form,  
As nature has decreed?  
It must grow old—become infirm,  
And constant care do need.  
Death sets us free from all the ills  
Which flesh and blood now heal,  
And leaves a form with health that thrills,  
And never needs repair!

Eternal youth comes to us all  
When earthly life doth cease;  
Decay and death no more befall  
When once they give release;  
The spirit body ne'er grows old,  
No wrinkles doth it wear;  
Though months pass in time untold,  
'T will still be young and fair.

Death frees the soul from earthly dress,  
From all its clogs sets free;  
To die is gain, 't is not a loss,  
As spirits all agree.  
Then why should it inspire with fear  
Our foolish, shrinking minds?  
Why not be glad when it draws near,  
And life its freedom finds?

The worst of life most see below,  
In this dark earthly sphere;  
To no worse sleep than they go  
Than they find while here.  
Ourselves we have in mind and heart,  
Wherever we may be;  
But here, or there, 't will from us part  
Whene'er from sin we free.

Then let us welcome life's release  
Without a pang or tear;  
It may not bring us perfect peace,  
But naught 't will bring to fear.  
'T will break the trammels that now bind  
The soul to flesh and sense,  
And that 's a change we all will find  
To be a gain immense.

Yes; let us greet our earthly end,  
That sets our spirits free,  
As we would meet our dearest friend.  
We long have wished to see;  
'T will open for us the peaty door  
To realms of light above,  
And take us to the shining shore,  
To meet the friends we love!

Oh! Death, we fear not thy embrace;  
We know thou art a friend.  
That comes to all the human race,  
Their griefs and pains to end;  
We welcome thee to bear us home,  
Our weary forms to rest;  
Whene'er God wills we bid thee come;  
His time we know is best.  
San Francisco, Cal.

From every point of view the arguments for cremation are overwhelming. It is infinitely sweeter both for the dead and living, and, over and over, no sleeping associations remain, as is the case with burial. The only objection that causes any anxiety relates to poisoning, but that only suggests a need of attention to the certificates which the Cremation Society already requires before cremation, in regard to which a select committee of the House of Commons lately reported that "with the precautions added, connection with cremation as carried out by the Cremation Society, there is little probability that any cases of crime would escape detection."

## Going to Europe.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

This is an age of revelation. The psychio in nature is making itself felt through senses that are not physical. A catalyism of unfoldment is sweeping over the minds of the people; man perceives where he was wont to reflect, and through this spiritual perception are the electric and magnetic laws governing the ego, beginning to be recognized and understood.

The dyspeptic diet of bigotry and intolerance no longer suffices the hungry souls that for ages have cried aloud, in vain, for spiritual sustenance. The crowded séance rooms, the demand for the blessings of mediumship, and the aspirations of a rapidly-growing number of honest investigators, who are giving their time and forces seriously to the study of Spiritualism, are ample indications that this newer enlightenment is the all-sufficient pabulum they have so long craved. No other result could be possible within the folds of a religion and a philosophy based upon proof and scientific demonstration, which relegates orthodoxy and blind faith to the superstition of the Middle Ages—as back numbers in the realm of thought which can bear no affinity to the reason of this latter part of the nineteenth century.

These are a few thoughts forcibly impressed upon me after a year's investigation of this sublime truth, chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. M. E. Williams. The general satisfaction which these psychical treats have afforded her clientele have been mainly observed in the exchange of impressions and ideas and in the overflow of soul which has characterized their conversation after the close of a séance. I have particularly noted that their comments have borne largely on the perfect likeness to the departed loved ones of the forms presented, the indubitable tests they have received, and on the intellectuality of the influences overshadowing this cabinet, together with the remarkable phenomena which have been vouchsafed them; for each séance has possessed an individuality of its own in contradistinction to the preceding ones. While all of this is of itself most wonderful, the fact that Mrs. W. is so evenly developed in the different phases of mediumship—clairaudience, clairvoyance, inspirational speaking, tests, materialization, and, I might say, the rest of the gamut—no doubt is of itself explanatory of the perfect character of these manifestations.

From time to time, I have given accounts of various exhibitions of spirit power which have come under my notice. But one of the most interesting manifestations it has been my pleasure to witness in this circle, has been the full-form materialization of Margaret Fuller. Upon different occasions, Mr. Wilson McDonald, the eminent sculptor, has sung with rare feeling the song, "Marguerite," during the rendering of which this beautiful spirit has overshadowed and blessed him with her presence. A glorious evidence of the affection which the gates of paradise do not shut out from the weary toiler on this side of the veil!

Another demonstration, but of a purely scientific nature, occurred a few evenings ago. The weather was exceedingly close, and before entering the cabinet the medium had set in motion an electric fan, placed on a side table in full view of the audience. Later on, however, the noise made by it was found to interfere with the voices, when some one in the circle asked permission to turn off the current. This was not necessary, for lo! without a hand being visible, or the key being moved, the revolutions ceased! Like forces had operated upon like, and the lightnings (electricity) were indeed chained! What a problem for Edison to solve!

Mrs. Williams has never done a more complete season's work than the one just closed, and the demand upon her time has never been so urgent. The representatives of advanced thought, the refinement and the intellect of all nationalities, have flocked to her parlors. This has naturally brought her to the notice of psychio investigators in all parts of the world. As a result of this fact, she has decided to travel in Europe during the coming winter. I understand that positive arrangements have been made for her appearance in France, Germany and Russia, where she will lecture as well as give séances. I am sure, in view of her long and valuable services in the Western Metropolis, the best wishes of the Spiritualists of America go out to her, as a representative of the advanced Spiritualism of the Western World, than whom none could have been more fitly chosen. I also trust the good people abroad may give her the same excellent conditions so necessary for converse with the angels, with which the select character of her circles have afforded her on this side of the water.

She closed her season here on Saturday, 7th inst., and I learn will be at the Lake Brady Camp-Meeting for three weeks; then she goes to Lake George Camp-Meeting in August. In September she will receive her friends and give a few sittings at her home, No. 232 West 46th street, New York. She sails for Europe about Oct. 1st.

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

## The Food Exposition

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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 correspondents may give utterance.

Notation is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return canceled letters.

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

## Banner of Light.

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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 &amp; 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 other spirits than 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. Mausfield 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.

## "Too Incredible for the Average Western Mind."

On the seventh page of the present issue of THE BANNER the reader will find an extract from the New York Tribune which is of surpassing interest to Spiritualists and Theosophists. The italics in the article are our own; and are mainly intended to direct special attention to salient points in Mr. Stevens's narrative—one of which points we quote as the heading of this article.

It would seem, by Mr. Stevens's utterances, that the suppression of any narration concerning manifestations seen in India by the late Mr. Windom was a token of his (W.'s) keenness, since the "average Western mind" is not open to truth in this direction. Modern Spiritualism for almost half a century has been at work to break down this sense of the "Incredible" in American and other minds; and its work has been done so well that a sort of panic has now arisen among its opponents, and a general flight is in progress to quarters behind the breastworks of "psychic research," "hypnotism," "submerged personality," "subliminal consciousness," ad nauseam.

Nothing has been spared in the past to throw obloquy on the Cause and its revelations; the wildest slanders and the most incredible explanations have been readily welcomed and believed; concerning the phenomena and their exponents, but Spiritualism is still victoriously advancing among men. As an instance in

point—which derives additional interest from Mr. Stevens's article and his reference to his "kodak" experience, wherein that instrument has readily verified the testimony of his own eyes, and has preserved the facts for the benefit of "Western" skeptics—we revert to the following incident:

A controversial newspaper correspondence arose not very long since over the phenomena of Spiritualism, in the course of which the assailant of the phenomena pointed with great positiveness and a decided air of triumph to an illustrated article which had previously appeared in a Chicago daily, describing a séance that had taken place somewhere in India, during which the sitters, as alleged, saw shadowy figures. According to the description, one person present took a snap shot with his kodak, while his companion "worked lively" with his pen. The story, as told, tried to make it out that the work done by the photographic apparatus showed no figure as the result, while the figure was distinctly sketched by the one who worked with the pen. The inference sought to be drawn from this apparent contradiction was that the whole affair was deception. The person who held the séance was described as by his eyes, hair, dress and ornaments as a "fakir."

The article referred to was accompanied with illustrations of the different stages of the séance of this wonderful fakir, the cuts being represented to have been made from the pencil sketches. And the ready explanation of the fact that the camera reproduced no vestige of a figure at all, while it was fully sketched by the person with the pencil who only used his eyes, was that the affair was only a case of hypnotism, of which the fakir was the reputed master. The article was so filled with minute details of description that, under all the circumstances, it excited unusual attention, and was very widely copied and endorsed throughout the country.

Of course, aside from the fleeting sensation sought to be created by it, it aimed to discredit Spiritualism, and was eagerly seized upon by those who make it their business to misrepresent, malign, misinterpret and deny the phenomena as a complete and final explanation of them all. It was taken to mean simply that those who attend a séance are only hypnotized, made to believe they see what the trance medium would have them see, while the sunlight cannot be thus hypnotized and therefore refuses to lend itself to any kind of a deceptive or imaginary record of a non-existent fact.

Now, after the little excitement was all over, the same Chicago paper being seriously appealed to by a writer signing himself "Professor," who testified that he and all others like him accepted the story as told in its columns "as a clear verification of the truth and power of hypnotism," that paper felt obliged at last to confess that the whole thing was only a "FAKE," as any reader might have known, it says, from the very name of the principal character in the story, the one who used the kodak—Mr. F. S. Ellmore (Sellmore)! The writer of that article admitted that "it was written for the purpose of presenting a theory in an entertaining form." He said he "believed that hypnotism might be the secret of the art of the Indian jugglers, and embodied the idea in a sketch." And he simply concludes that "while the sketch was a fancy one, it is suggested to those who recognized it as such that the idea contained in it might profitably be tried, to prove whether the creations of the juggler be phantoms or realities."

It would seem that Mr. Stevens has tried the kodak in reality, and that the revelations it makes disprove entirely the injurious theory of hypnotism set up in the "illustrated" article by Mr. Sellmore! Here, then, is another bubble burst.

## Was Napoleon Superstitious?

The private secretary of Napoleon who succeeded Bourrienne in that post, Méneval, wrote a book of Memoirs illustrating the history of Napoleon, of which an English translation has just been published. The accomplished critical raconteur of the New York Sunday Sun devotes an entire page of that journal to an exploitation of the first translated volume of these most interesting memoirs. When he comes to the religious feelings of the Emperor, he says it was not superstition, according to Méneval, but an abiding faith in Providence, that led him to involuntarily sign himself with the cross on certain occasions. That faith was attested by Napoleon's expectation of help from above at decisive moments in his battles, by his frequent allusions in conversations, his proclamations, and reports to the "only Arbitrator, who holds in His hands all plans and all events," by the religious ideas which the sight of a church or the sound of church bells awoke in his mind, and by his taking refuge in the consolations of religion during his last moments at St. Helena.

It is also unquestionably true that, like all superior geniuses, Napoleon had faith in his destiny. His successes from the outset of his career, followed by still greater and more surprising strokes of fortune, had inspired him with the idea that he was no ordinary man, and that he was called to play a part on the world's stage. He used to say to Méneval—"Neither Vendémiaire nor Montenotte led me to believe that I was a superior man. It was not until after Lodi that I began to think that I might become a decisive actor on our political stage; then came Austerlitz, the first spark of a high ambition." His subsequent upward march confirmed him in this conviction, which to him was a surer oracle than the prediction of any wizard. At the same time he always recognized the weakness of human calculations, and the presence of a contingent element. His maxim was, "The future is in the hand of God."

He used to say that, after he had made the best arrangements on the day of battle, there came a moment when success no longer depended on him, and that he had to look for it from above. This recognition of the part which might be played by accident only stimulated Napoleon to eliminate the action of luck as far as possible. He endeavored to be prepared for every reverse which he might encounter. Before deciding upon his plans he would subject them to the minutest scrutiny; every chance, even the most improbable, being discussed, and as far as possible provided for.

Méneval tells us that he never once saw Napoleon betray any surprise. So well taken were his measures, and to such an extent were adverse chances minimized by his precautions, that, if anything could have surprised him, it would have been the failure of projects prepared with so much skill and so much foresight.

Méneval does not believe that superstition can be confounded with the inner feeling which led Napoleon to consider himself a di-

vine instrument charmed with a mission on earth, and fated to march onward without fear and with the certainty of triumph. In this view, when he would say that the cannon-ball which was to kill him had not yet been cast, he did not yield to a feeling of fatalism; he considered only that his providential mission had not yet been fulfilled.

## Taxation of Churches.

The New York constitutional convention has of late had this important question, among others, before it. The total value of church property in the State, it seems, according to published statistics, is \$140,123,000, taking the figures from the census of 1890. The same census, which of course is the last, places the total value of church property in the United States at \$639,004,439.

The former saying of President Garfield is cited by those who believe that church property should be taxed, viz.: "If you exempt the property of any church organization, to that extent you impose a tax upon the whole community." But the exemptionists argue that church property is non-productive, and for that reason should be exempt. In reply, the non-exemptionists say that a great deal of secular property is likewise non-productive; and they add: "But, as a matter of fact, are churches wholly unproductive? In many of them pews are rented at prices which put them out of the reach of all but the more wealthy people of the society, making these churches practically club-rooms for the rich. Why should they not pay taxes on these luxurious apartments of worship? People who own club rooms, in which they worship, probably just as sincerely on week days, as they and others do in the fashionable churches on Sunday, must pay taxes on their places of resort; and there is really no sound reason why owners of the churches should have more favors than they."

"In another way," they argue, "the churches are productive. They are collection offices and workshops. In them are gathered much of the money which pay the salaries of one hundred and twelve thousand or more clergymen, and in them these clergymen do much of the work which entitles them to the pay. In the buildings owned by these corporations millions of dollars are annually raised by means of pew-rentals, fairs, raffles, meals, collections and subscriptions. How can they be exempt on the ground of non-productivity?" But, again, the exemptionists claim that churches should not be taxed because they exert a great moral influence. The non-exemptionists reply: "Perhaps no other 'argument' against justice in taxation has so much influence on the average man as this, and yet no defense of church pauperism could be weaker. What can be said for the moral influence of an organization which deliberately refuses to pay its just dues? Fundamental to all morality is justice. The man who will not deal justly with his fellows is not moral in any practical way. He may cry aloud for morality and decency and purity until he is exhausted, but if he systematically defrauds his neighbors or denies to them equality of opportunity, he is dishonest. It is a hollow mockery to claim that the Church is a healthful moral influence, while she each year puts her hands into the pockets of the people and gets millions of dollars. She owns the property, and she should pay the taxes upon it at the same rate that the individual citizen is assessed for his property."

Then it is contended, too, that a fine and costly church enhances the value of adjacent property, and for that reason it is just to exempt them from taxation. The non-exemptionists here quote from Rev. Dr. Wayland's Political Economy as follows: "All that religious societies have a right to ask of the civil government is the same privileges for transacting their own affairs which societies of every sort possess. This they have a right to demand, not because they are religious societies, but because the exercise of religion is an innocent mode of pursuing happiness. If it happens accidentally that others are benefited, it does not follow that they are obliged to pay for this benefit. It cannot be proved that the Christian religion needs the support of the civil government; since it has existed and flourished when entirely deprived of this support." Dr. Franklin once said, "When a religion is good I conceive that it will support itself; and when it cannot support itself, and God does not take care to support it, so its professors are obliged to call for help from the civil power, it is a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one." And again President Garfield said: "The divorce between Church and State ought to be absolute. It ought to be so absolute that no church property anywhere, in any State or in any nation, should be exempt from equal taxation." A joint committee comprising sixty-six delegates to the New York Constitutional Convention, or nearly half of the entire Convention, and composed of Protestant, Roman Catholic and Hebrew elements, were earnest in the consideration of this all-important question.

## Reform in the House of Lords.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, in the North American Review, makes a highly interesting point on the subject of the House of Lords, which, he maintains, cannot be abolished by the radicals except by revolution, nor can it otherwise be doctored of its powers without its own consent. A revolution for any such purpose is considered wholly out of the question. Nevertheless the necessity of reforming that body is emphatically affirmed. Indeed, the thorough transformation of the House of Lords is described as the question of the time in Great Britain. The escape of the United Kingdom from political and social disintegration is held to be dependent on the solution of this problem.

The entailed estates have hitherto been the foundation support of the British aristocracy, pedigree furnishing but a nominal and slight support. But the rents of the entailed estates have been fearfully curtailed, and in some cases almost annihilated by the fall in the price of wheat, and this fatal cause seems likely to continue to operate. An economic fact like this is a fair illustration of the controlling influence of production over political and social institutions. Mr. Smith and the old school of Liberals would see the House of Lords in England changed so as to resemble the United States Senate, so far as equality with the House of Commons in matters of legislation is concerned, but not possessing power over money bills and appropriations. The problem is how to bring such a transformation about.

An elective basis for the House of Lords is advocated by Mr. Smith, like that of the newly instituted County Councils, which would supply constituencies practically corresponding to

the Councils-General for choosing members of the French Senate, as designed by the original form of the existing French Constitution. A certain number of members might be apportioned, such, for example, as held or had held high office and command, or were at the head of professions, or had rendered distinguished public service. A chamber thus constituted would, in Mr. Smith's opinion, successfully appeal to the general confidence and support, and would furnish a rallying point for resistance to revolution. Nevertheless, he is obliged to admit that the probabilities of non-success in procuring needed assent to such a change in the House of Lords are very great and strong.

## "The Last Days."

The voice of the prophets in lugubrious warning is heard in the land. The Corry, Penn., Flyer contains a preachment of one Elder Van Horn on Spiritualism at the camp-meeting, in which he employed his subject to illustrate and impress his belief that these were the "last days" spoken of in the Bible; that Christ's second coming was at hand; and that Satan is fulfilling his part by working with all signs and lying wonders, deceiving the world, until the great mass of the world will be lost in his delusion. He questions whether, even by much prayer and earnest Christian life, the elect themselves will be able to stand. Many, says the Elder, will think his delusions are from heaven. He—the devil—will transform himself into an angel of light, as the Scripture asserts.

One of Satan's ingenious plots, according to this much-knowing elder, is to engage people in "amusement, pleasures of unrighteousness, entertainment and money-making," and thus to lead them to "neglect the Bible, which alone could prepare them for this time of trial." Now, he says, they are disarmed, "and Spiritualism, and Christian Science, and higher criticism, and a thousand false doctrines, are coming in unresisted. Thousands of church-members and ministers are just where a few 'miracles' of Spiritualism will sweep them away." He insists furthermore that the thirteenth chapter of Revelations shows "that the miracles of Spiritualism will deceive the world."

And now, says the Elder, "these agencies are at hand; they fill the land; the startling phenomena that accompany their supernatural workings causes the blood of the bravest to creep back upon the heart, and convinces many. It even staggers the intellect of the wise by its manifestations. The world is reaped as fire reaps the stubble, until there are actually more Spiritualists than any other belief in the world to-day." And then he calls on "every one to examine every point of their faith by the neglected Bible."

We might suggest, if we chose, that Elder Van Horn has been guilty, in a measure, of neglecting his grammar, which is hardly more excusable. Nevertheless, he proceeds with his signs and symptoms of coming distress and judgment. Look at things to-day, he exclaims; look at the national perplexity and trouble; look at the strikes; look at the financial crisis here, in England, all over Europe and everywhere; trouble—trouble; crime, lawlessness, labor rising against capital. Then he hurries judgment at people generally, quoting the Apostle James: "Go to, now, ye rich men; weep and howl. . . Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days." But the Elder credits Spiritualism with helping powerfully to hasten the time. He says there are more Spiritualists—church-members and ministers included—than there are believers of any other faith—a strange confession for a minister to make.

## Timely and Sensible Advice.

Some time ago, Spirit H. F. Gardner, who has several times manifested in the Banner Circle, delivered a message on matters of pressing importance to Spiritualists as a body, and indulged in a strain of prophecy that intervening experience has so far fulfilled as to give his utterances much more than the ordinary impressiveness. We return to the message then received because of its large and deep significance, and for the additional reason that it will serve a more than double purpose.

Dr. Gardner was, when in the mortal, one of the bravest exponents of Spiritualism in the East; and faced the frowns of Harvard College itself in his defense of our early mediums. In the message just referred to he expressed his dislike of the bickering and fault-finding which he perceived to be too common and increasing as a habit among Spiritualists, and deeply deplored it as something to be terminated at once. He also declared his interest in mediums (and mediumship), and wondered what Spiritualists thought was to be the outcome of this aggressiveness that was individually displayed toward them. In his opinion, it was time they set to work to look after the welfare of their mediums. If they found any of them less pure and honest than they should be, let them go to work to encourage them, and place them in a condition to become more reliable and more honest. He said that he should from spirit-life protect such sensitive instruments to the utmost of his ability.

Street ballads, says a contributor to Kate Field's Washington, are a very important adjunct in the life of the Irish peasant, for they supply to him the place of the newspaper, being a chronicle of news, both local and general. The bag-pipe, perhaps the oldest known musical instrument in the world, still exists; but the harp which once shed the soul of music through "Tara's Halls," is almost extinct, both having been superseded by the flute and violin. Of late years brass and reed bands have become popular, and play through the streets of the towns. Many of the Irish melodies have become favorites of the world; while many others, perhaps as beautiful, have never been noted down and are perishing slowly, lingering only with some old nurse or piper here and there. The Irish music of the present day differs but little from that of England or Scotland. Scarcely had the history of Ireland emerged from the twilight of fable, when her annals became blackened with disaster. The dirge of a thousand years still swells over the land of numberless sorrows. The voice of her song is still plaintive over the razed homes of her valleys. For long years she has had nothing but her faith and poetry to call her own. If music creates a paradise of its own and tends to make mankind happier, Ireland has indeed need of song.

Reports of dolings by the Northwestern Spiritualist Association, Minn., at its camp; also regarding Lake Brady, O.—(a letter from Miss Abby A. Judson)—and Onset, Mass., will be found on our third page.

## TIMELY THOUGHTS.

**A Hindu Philosopher at Casadaga.**—One of the several delegates to the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago last year was Mr. Gaudile, the Hindu scholar and Jainist philosopher. In connection with his presence on the platform of Casadaga, Mrs. Richmond says of Mr. Gaudile that he is the representative of his religion and of the liberal and enlightened minds of India, and may well receive a most enthusiastic welcome from the Casadaga Lake Free Association.

She describes him as a thorough student of the ancient Vedie religion of India, thoroughly conversant with the Brahminical tenets and the teachings of Buddha, and illuminating them all with the spiritual halo and practical philosophy of his great teacher as well as his own luminous mind. The Jainists are not only imbued with the most sensitive and sympathetic kindness and love for all living things, but are, says Mrs. Richmond, Spiritualists in the peculiar sense known to us, who accept a conscious future state and intercommunication between the two worlds. While nearly every class of thinkers and phase of religion was represented at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, it was left—she adds—for our Oriental brethren to teach the Western enlightened (?) Christian nations the true meaning of toleration and universal brotherhood. Among all who charmed by their gentleness and captivated by their eloquence, she found none more truly, deeply and profoundly spiritual, than Mr. Gaudile.

**The Korean War.**—A writer in the Japan Herald says the cause of the agrarian insurrection in Korea has been the frightful oppression of the peasantry by the official classes. It has always been the custom in the country to farm out the highest magistracies to the highest bidders, who are then permitted to recoup themselves by squeezing the districts committed to their charge. In ordinary times this does not work so badly as might be expected, but of late the necessities of the time and the establishing of a costly army and navy like those of Japan, have entailed a great expense upon the central government, which, as a result, has been obliged to sell its offices at shorter intervals, and at higher prices. In consequence, the officials, knowing their time was short, have come down with great wrath upon their subordinates, and exacted the utmost farthing. The rebellion, therefore, seems to be one that has the amplest justification, and the general hope of foreigners is that its final result may be the establishment of a better system of government. The Korean minister applied to China for aid against the rebels, which was only too gladly granted. But China was not the only actor on the scene, for, unbidden by Korea, and much to the displeasure of China, the Japanese government resolved to interfere, and under the pretext of looking after its national interests has despatched a considerable force to the peninsula, amounting to ten thousand troops, and several ironclads, to protect its interests. There are but five thousand Japanese in Korea, and they don't require so much protection as this would imply. If let alone, the so-called rebels would undoubtedly succeed, but China, the eternal foe of Korea's welfare, which has extorted tribute from the Koreans since 2000 B. C., will do all she can to help put down the insurrection. It is generally reported that a Russian force has been despatched into Korea, including a number of men-of-war. Korea has asked the friendly offices of the United States in regard to the landing of Japanese troops and their occupation of the capital.

**Had an Impression?**—In her letter to the Cape Ann Advertiser (Gloucester, Mass.), of July 13th, Eleanor Kirk records that a lady, busy with her household affairs on a very hot morning not long ago, was suddenly seized with a feeling that she must leave her work, hastily dress herself and go to a dry goods store, some two miles distant. She had no desire to make this trip, and no earthly reason for going. She had attended to all her shopping the day previous; and not five minutes before this strange impulse took possession of her, she had congratulated herself upon being well supplied with everything she needed. At last the feeling became irresistible, and she yielded to it.

"Upon taking her seat in the trolley car the influence, or whatever you may call it, left her entirely, and then she commenced to think of herself as a fool, and was once on the point of stopping the car and starting for home. But she went on, and when she reached the dry goods store, walked leisurely through it from one end to the other, up stairs and down. During her second trip to the costume department she came across a woman, a very old friend, whom the law had been trying to find for several months, because of her being a very important witness in a trial which our friend's husband, a lawyer, was carrying on. The friend had just returned from a long European trip, and knew nothing of the legal fight in America. She had been in town only a day or two, and expected to leave in a very short time. Her testimony was secured, and the result was a victory!"

**Shifting a Grave Responsibility.**—The recent opening of the question of the automatic hanging of condemned criminals by the suggestion of the Superintendent of the Connecticut State Prison tends at least to place the question of capital punishment itself in a clearer and more striking light before the public mind. The point raised in the case is whether the State can compel a condemned criminal to commit suicide, and can equally clear itself of its acknowledged legal duty to execute its own statute. It may well be asked where the real punishment comes in, if there is actually no one to administer it. Can the State morally get rid of it, either by making the condemned person perform its required duty in its stead or in any other way? If it decrees the penalty of death, by what authority can life be taken but that of the State, which is the highest? Is it capable of delegating it to another in any manner? And has it authority, first to condemn a convicted criminal to death, and then to make him take his own life even without understanding when or how? For a criminal to be forced, consciously or unconsciously, to hang himself, and thus relieve the State of its grave responsibility, is a weak and trifling shifting of a dreadful duty to shoulders that ought not to be made to bear such a burden. But it is not at all strange that the State should be glad to wash its hands of the hideous business.

**A Native Girl Orator.**—Miss Harriet Connor is the name of the young woman who has captured the great prize at Cornell University at the recent commencement. She is a born orator, and took the prize called the Woodford prize, the highest that can come to any graduate of Cornell. Speaking of God's revelation she said: "It is not shut up between the covers of any book. It is written deep in the hearts of men and plain on the face of nature. Its first word is—God is love; its last—Love one another. It is a living, loving gospel, and gives no sanction to acts of cruelty or persecution." "Revelation comes to us every day. God's love and goodness appear in every star securely hung in the awful hollows of heaven, in every little primrose protected by its rough leaves from the chilling blasts of spring." In closing, Miss Connor said: "If the spirit is alive, what matters it then that the letter is dead? Never has there been a time in the world's history when, by bearing one another's burdens, men have more fully fulfilled the law of Christ than they do to-day. Organized charities, ethical movements and social reforms are striving to relieve the poor, the sinful and the oppressed. Love works now but blindly, yet looking ever toward a time when no head shall whiten with the sorrow of 'man's inhumanity to man.' Then shall our eyes behold the triumph of the spirit over the letter—of life over creed."

**Policemen and Clergymen.**—A New York policeman, who was recently found drowned in the East river, and who had been attached to the steamboat squad for eighteen years, is said to have spent ten years in compiling statistics to show that crime was more prevalent among clergymen than among policemen. During that period he found that twenty-three hundred ministers had been arraigned as against twelve hundred policemen. His favorite theory was that policemen are the most perfect class in the community, and he was always bent on demonstrating this by facts and figures.

## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

**The BANNER OF LIGHT** will be kept for sale at the Onset Bay Corporation Headquarters during the summer season, as usual.

LOOK CAREFULLY over this paper and see who is advertising. Remember that these times the merchant who advertises has rare bargains to offer and is wide awake. Trade with our advertisers.

If owning a fast horse be contrary to the Decalogue, as some of the virtuous opponents who are after Premier Rosebery's place declare, it might be instructive to know just how slow and spavined a nag ought to be to exalt its owner into a paragon of public virtues.

"The art of milking the public cow without making her kick" is the latest French definition of politics; and our statesmen do not seem to be very good dairymaids in this respect. The cow has already kicked the pail over.

It is said that one Boston clergyman prefers principles to men, and another places men before principles. Both are right and both wrong. The proper rule is to vote for principles, if they are represented by the right sort of men, and to vote for men when they represent the right principles.

## THE TIPSY TARIFF.

The tardy tariff struggle is the most disgraceful muddle that America has ever known. It fazes foreign nations, blocks business relations, and causes fluctuations throughout the mundane zone. **QUILT.**

"The reigning sensation in Paris, France, is Miss Annetta, who is known as the female Sandow. When she appears on the stage, any person in the audience is at liberty to put her strength to the test in any way he may choose. She lifted an upright piano from the orchestra and threw it into the ring. Then carried two men seated astride a barrel with one hand, a feat which she executed with ease and grace."

So says an exchange. Could it be possible that any relation exists between this lady and the Mrs. Abbott who is at present in Boston giving to the public and the Press Club exhibitions of curious and startling feats executed by a "mysterious power" a la Lulu Hurst?

The mouth of the alligator does not attain its maximum development until its fifteenth year. The mouths of some preachers, however, attain their maximum vigor during the first pastorate.

Half the year is gone, and we enter upon the second half with every promise of better times. Everybody is looking forward with hope and confidence except the croakers.

Liberty finds enlightening the world too tough and expensive a job, consequently the Bartholdi light has ceased to shine, under orders of Secretary Carlisle.

'Mid summer's heat and winter's cold,  
The miser delves to husband gold.

The inevitable is beginning to assert itself in New Zealand. Having led the way in the matter of Woman Suffrage, the British of the Southern seas promises are long to go one step further, and afford us an object lesson in the practicability of the lady member. "So mote it be."

It is desirable that all men might everywhere be prosperous, but general prosperity will not come through destroying business and by outrages on law and order.

Now is the time for the true friend of his country to remind the masses that they owe their present political elevation to no principles less broad and noble than these: the love of liberty, and of liberty for all without distinction of class, creed or country; and the resolute preference of the interests of the whole to any interest, be it what it may, of a narrower scope. *—Gladstone, to his Midlothian constituents.*

**SUGAR.**—It is twenty years since the Credit Mobilier inquiry in Washington shocked and disgusted the whole nation. Let us hope that we are not on the threshold of another such explosion.

In the excited state of the meat market it is interesting to know where are the meat supplies of the country at large. The census of 1890 reports that the Western States and Territories had 21,181,719 head of cattle; yet New York had half as many as Texas, and Pennsylvania and Ohio were not far behind her; Georgia had nearly a million head. The Eastern, Middle and Southern States had 15,084,216 cattle. Three per cent. of these would supply the whole local and shipping demand of New York for a year. Canada is an additional source of supply. A rise of a cent and a half a pound in the price of dressed beef would wipe out the tariff on Canadian imported cattle, and as many of them as we should want would be available.

Law and order must prevail,  
Whether on land or on the rail.

The cholera is now devastating Russia, while the plague is at work in China—where forty thousand have died in Canton, and three or four thousand in Hong Kong. Uncle Sam will have to be on the alert.

Cost of the great strike thus far, \$8,000,000!

Somebody has thought to connect the nozzle of the leading hose with the engine, so that the hoseman can send electrical signals to the machine. It's a wonder that this was not done long ago.

An Illinois congressman has introduced a bill providing for the opening of the public buildings in Washington, D. C., on Sunday. We wish him success with his bill. A congress that voted to close the beautiful World's Fair on Sunday will be loath to open the Smithsonian Institution and other public places of interest on the first day of the week. Congress may have reformed since the days of '92. *—Progressive Age.*

It is claimed that the Canton School of Theology connected with St. Lawrence University, N. Y., was the first in America to "open its doors to women" in 1860—theologically at least.

Little is known, measurably, of the youth of Napoleon. His biographers have hurried over his early days in order to get to the period of conquest. Prof. W. M. Sloane, who has been engaged for the past four years on a life of Napoleon for *The Century* magazine, gives more attention to the boyhood and youth of the great Emperor than any previous writer. He traces the influences that were at work on a nature at once impressive and yet hard as adamant.

**Uncle Treston.**—"That helper is two years old," City *Witness*.—"How do you know?" "By her horns." "Oh, to be sure." She has only two." *—Life.*

The present heated July seems—if old-time sayings are true—to indicate a prolonged summer, since "Whatever July and August do not bolt, September cannot fry."

The city marshal of Salem, says the Boston *Transcript*, has admitted that he bought a lobster on Sunday himself occasionally. Selling lobsters Sundays, continues *The Transcript*, is an offense that for a long time has escaped the vigilance of Salem's amateur Parkhursts. In the good old witherdays days constables were not allowed to go wandering about Salem buying lobsters.

"Are you a judge of reprobates?" said an old lady as she walked past the Judge's office. "I am the judge of probate," was the reply. "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see, my husband died defunct, and left me several little infidels, and I want to be their executor." *—Essex.*

Unless some political upheaval, like the French Revolution, holds plebeian Bernadottes to historic thrones, the reigning families of Europe will soon all be cousins to each other. To take the recent royal marriages: Princess Josephine, the bride of Brussels, is first cousin to her husband, second cousin to Prince Augustus, the other bridegroom, and third cousin to the other bride, the Archduchess Caroline, who is also second cousin to her own husband. Furthermore, the two bridegrooms are second cousins.

**Young Medical Practitioner.**—"I can truthfully say that I never lost but one patient." *Dr. Longways (grimly).*—"What have you been doing for a living since he died?" *—Chicago Record.*

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Jan. 6. cov21:

## "For us Death does not Exist."

This triumphant declaration, made, in view of his approaching demise, by the venerable Russian Spiritualist mentioned by our translator, W. N. Eays, on the first page, present issue, will find an instinctive echo in all parts of the world from hearts that have been cheered and uplifted through the divine revelations of the NEW DISPENSATION.

THE BANNER received a pleasant visit recently from Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader—whose name has already been rendered familiar to our readers through her excellent reports of the Spiritualist meetings in Philadelphia. She was, at time of calling, en route for Onset. She was full of enthusiasm for the public work, also for the upbuilding of the spiritual press of the country. We wish her every success. She informed us that Mrs. Morrill had told her (Mrs. C.) personally that the communication through THE BANNER Message Department, published July 7th, '94, from Spirit MARY MORRILL, was recognized as correct in all particulars.

THE BANNER will publish next week No. 6 of ALBERT MORTON'S interesting and important series of "PSYCHIC GLEANINGS" and "REMINISCENCES OF HUMANITARIANS" (for some time past contributed by him to its columns), the subjects of the present installment being **Rev. John Pierpont and Rev. Thomas Starr King.**

One of our esteemed correspondents writes under recent date: "Bro. Colby, I still have faith in the spiritual forces, on the ground that spiritualism is opposed to selfishness, and clinging to the belief that they will yet bring things around for your triumph against all subtle foes, under whatever pretense they may be acting at the present time."

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.—Mrs. E. Perry, of Boston, called at the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore recently and stated that she recognized the communication of BARNES PUTNAM, which was printed in the Message Department of THE BANNER Jan. 27th, 1894—she having been acquainted with him (when in mortal life) for years.

Read the testimony of John Hazelrigg, on our second page, as to the value of the mediumship of Mrs. M. E. Williams of New York City; her work in Gotham finished for the season, this fine medium now has service at American camp-meetings and eventually a professional voyage to Europe in mind.

The London Chronicle (Eng.), in commenting on the state of affairs that reigned recently in Chicago, said the lesson of it all is that modern conditions demand some collective control over the present multiplied and gigantic capitalist combinations.

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 84 Bosworth street, Boston, are requested to call at No. 9 and examine the premises.

Letters remain at this office uncalled for addressed to: U. F. Ravlin, Dr. William Frank, F. Fox Jencken, Mr. Miner, John Slater, Mrs. George Hughes, Mr. George P. Colby.

It will be seen by reference to our Special Notice department that Dr. Duke will meet his friends, who need his services, at Onset for a brief season. His Boston address is also given.

## A Good Man Translated.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Bro. WILLIAM MASON, full of years and the consciousness of a noble, unselfish life, passed to the spheres of the spirit July 12th.

He was on the verge of seventy-nine years, and though a somewhat lingering sickness was his lot, to the last he preserved his equanimity; an unclouded mind, a hopefulness of the future, buoyed him up to bravely meet the inevitable—a sundering of the ties of earth.

Possessed of a searching, active mind, he early embraced the faith of Spiritualism. Its verities irradiated the pathway of his life; gave him joy and consolation, becoming a beacon-light whereby he guided his footsteps and intercourse with his fellowmen. Benevolence and good-will to his kind were the rules of his activities; hence he was universally esteemed, and commended himself to people who knew him. Though decided in his opinions—expressing them unreservedly—his sincerity and honesty of purpose were such that no one ever rudely antagonized him, but deferentially heard him.

He left behind no enemies, and it may well be said that the world was better for his living. Why mourn we our departed friend? His memory is fragrant as sweet flowers, and we have an assurance that angel-bands have wafted his soul to greener fields, to bluer and more ethereal skies!

Sunday, July 16th, a numerous company gathered at his late residence to perform the last offices to the mortal remains. Sweet songs attuned all hearts to the occasion, and Bro. Eben Cobb, by his soulful, inspired utterances, beautifully set forth the lessons of the life and transition of our friend.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.  
Providence, R. I., July 16th, 1894.

## Verification of a Spirit Message.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I have not words to express my gratitude and pleasure for the kind and loving message from my beloved spirit-friend, ALICE SAMSON, which appeared in THE BANNER for April 7th, and I thank her so much for expressing Col. Cushman's thoughts to me; every word from him is understood and appreciated.

I am truly grateful to THE BANNER guides and the dear medium, Mrs. Smith, for their assistance in rendering me this great service. Excuse imperfections, as I write this upon a sick bed.

I shall ever bless the Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT.  
ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.  
Mattapan, Mass., July 12th, 1894.

## To Correspondents.

J. McE, MONTGOMERY, TEXAS.—Our answer to your special communication is that neither ourselves nor our spirit-friends take any stock whatever in regard to the discovery of buried treasure. You ask: "Can you point out to me what to do to indicate the spot?" Do nothing, is our advice.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notice under this heading, to insure insertion the same week, must reach this office by Monday's mail.)

Mrs. E. Cutler, platform test medium and psychometric reader, will leave for Onset, the 1st of September; she would like to make engagements with societies in Massachusetts or near Boston on liberal terms; she gives short talks before presenting tests, and seeks to help to build up societies that are in weak condition. Address her, until Sept. 1st, Fairland, Eden P. O., Bucks Co., Pa.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter opens his engagement with Lily Dale Camp, Casadaga, N. Y., on next Sunday, July 22d, and will continue his lectures there into the following week. Returning, with season Onset Bay Camp, Mass., on Saturday, July 28th, in readiness there for Sunday, 29th, and the week following that date. Then in August, successively, he goes to Manassas Lake, Me.; Sunapee Lake, N. H.; Camp Belknap, Me.; Heceta, Me.; and "Victoria" Camp, Mich. In September, to Queen City Park, Vt., Island Park, Me., and Hayden Lake, Me.

Miss S. Lizzie Ewer cancelled engagements for June and July, being detained at Bangor, Me., by the serious illness of a brother. She will return to Fortmouth, N. H., the 27th inst., and is engaged to speak at Stratham, N. H., July 22d. Address for August will be Lake Pleasant, Mass. Will speak at Lake George, N. Y., Aug. 19th and 21st.

Dr. F. H. Roscoe, inspirational speaker and test medium, has a few open dates for the month of August '95. Would be pleased to hear from societies throughout New England. He can be addressed at 151 Broadway, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Nellie F. Rubeck's present address is Onset, Mass. Societies wishing her services can address her there for the present. She has a few open dates for the season of '94-5.

Able N. Burnham's open dates are Oct. 14th, Nov. 11th and 18th, and April, '95. Address Station "A," Boston, Mass.

Dr. A. Bland, of Washington, D. C., made us a call, July 17th, and will be in Onset, the 21st inst., at Pleasant, Mass. He lectured at Onset Bay, Monday afternoon, 18th inst., on "Political Evolution."

Mrs. M. Cherry-Littlefield is now ready for engagements as a trance speaker. Address Franklin, Mass.

Mrs. Clara Field Conant expects to reach Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 18th, and remain one week.

Attention is called to the essay on "Reform Work" (sixth page) by E. J. Bowtell.

## Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1894.

The reader will find subjoined a partial list of the localities and time of the sessions where these Convocations are to be held.

As THE BANNER is always ready and willing to give all the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting proceedings free of cost to those interested in these pleasant gatherings, we hope they will bear in mind the importance of freely circulating this paper among the visitors as fully as possible, and that the platform speakers will not fail to call attention to it as occasion may offer—thus cooperating in efforts to increase its circulation, thereby strengthening the hands of its publishers for the arduous work which the Cause demands of all its public advocates.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—July 28th to Aug. 27th.

Danville, Mass.—July 28th to Aug. 28th. (Trains leave the depot on Kneeland street, Boston, for Onset at 5:45, 8:15 and 9:00 A. M., and 1:30, 3:30 and 4:10 P. M. Sunday trains 7:30 and 8:15 A. M. Leave Onset for Boston at 7:00, 8:30, 11:30 A. M., 4:30, 5:04 P. M.)

Ocean Grove (Harwich, Mass.)—July 15th, July 28th.

Casadaga, N. Y.—(Annual summer assembly of the Casadaga Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, Chautauqua Co. N. Y.) July 20th to Sept. 2d.

Hackett Park, Mich.—From July 25th to Aug. 27th.

Sunapee Lake, N. H.—July 28th to Sept. 2d.

Summerland, Cal.—Third Annual Camp-Meeting of Association Aug. 28th to Sept. 16th.

Mantua Station, O.—July 24th to Aug. 18th.

Interstate Camp-Meeting, Lake Harbor, Mich.—July 28th to Sept. 16th.

Anderson, Ind.—July 19th to Aug. 13th.

Cherryvale, Kan.—In September, W. E. Bonney, Secretary.

Lake George, N. Y.—During August.

Temple Heights, Me.—Begins Aug. 11th, to continue ten days.

Verona, Me.—Camp-Meeting commences Aug. 17th, and continues ten days.

Twin City Park—(midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn.)—July 28th to Sept. 2d.

Lake Brady, O.—July 1st to Sept. 9th.

Maple Dell, Mantua, O.—July 12th—Aug. 12th.

Niantic, Conn.—July 8th to Aug. 26th.

Etna, Me.—From Aug. 31st to Sept. 9th.

Queen City Park, Vt.—July 28th—Sept. 2d.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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

The well-known healer, DR. DUMONT C. DAKK, of New York City, can be consulted at Hotel Onset for a short time. Can be consulted at his Boston office, 408 Columbus Avenue, Thursdays of each week. July 21.

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

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

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

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

By Request—Important.  
By request of a large public, and for the information of the readers of this paper, we publish the following list of Agents who will be sent to their addresses for the BANNER OF LIGHT, and any one desiring the book should secure a copy before our supply becomes exhausted.

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Carter, Carter & Kilham, Boston, Mass.  
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Fuller & Fuller Co., Chicago, Ill.

RETAIL AGENTS.  
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Fred B. Coleman, 61 Congress st., Portsmouth, N. H.  
John Berry, 147 Main st., Biddeford, Me.  
O. H. Sawyer, 52 Main st., Saco, Me.  
Austin Keith, 415 Bridge st., Lowell, Mass.  
Albert E. Lynch, P. O. cor. Berkeley and Central sts., Somerville, Mass., 119 Hampshire st., Cambridgeport, Mass.

Blanding & Blanding, 54 and 55 Weybosset st., Providence, R. I.

H. P. S. Gould, 589 Congress st., Portland, Me.  
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Mr. John Bailey

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## ONSET CAMP, 1894.

MEETINGS daily from July 28th to August 26th.

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Leave Onset for Boston at 7:00, 8:30, 11:30 A. M. and 4:30, 5:04 P. M. July 14.

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