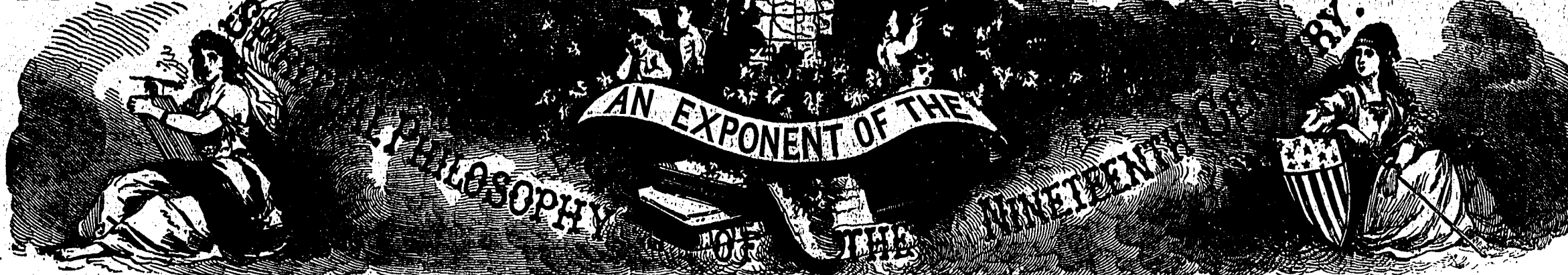


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 75.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1894.

(\$2.50 Per Annum,
Postage Free.)

NO. 4.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE WAY OF LIFE.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERS.

Oh, the way of Life is a wonderful way!
Up, up it leads us, day by day;
So all-embracing, we scarcely know
What way the pulse has its secret flow;
Or how it came that we floated out,
And parted our moorings, nor felt a doubt.

'T is the way of the plum in the tiny seed,
As it reaches out in its utmost need;
That trusts the power of a kindling Love
Let down from the Infinite above,
And does its part with a faith supreme
In the leading-strings of the kindling gleam.

'T is the way of the fledgling in its nest,
As it flutters its wings for a final test,
That speeds its way in its upward flight,
With a loving trust in an inward might;
'T is the way of a bird, with an upward look
Not even the winds nor the storms might break.

The way of life, for the world and me,
With its waves of love, is an ecstasy;
For there's never a pain but an afterglow
Is sure to follow as the winds that blow;
Nor ever a storm but has its calm,
So the heart could sing a sweeter psalm.

Oh, the way of life is a wonderful way!
With its upward reaching day by day;
Till we almost hear the God within,
Inspired by His peace, as it enters in;
And we feel the embrace of the All-in-All,
As we follow the way of the spirits' call!

VOLUME SEVENTY-FIVE.



HIS heading will remind readers of the grand old BANNER (of which I have been one since the issue of its first number) that it is now in the thirty-seventh year of its publication. It still remains, not only the oldest, but the best spiritual paper published; more especially for those who, like myself, desire to keep informed of the progress of the grand philosophy and religion of Spiritualism. It has had many imitators, but none of them have been able to equal it in its special and varied sphere, historical, philosophical and phenomenal, and many of them have fallen by the way-side.

Long may it float to bring comfort to mourners, and light to seekers after the wisdom of the spirit-world.

I was for years in a position to gain an insight into the good work then being accomplished through the Message Department—so often in former years criticised and derided by superficial and pseudo scientific scribblers: Of what value is the talk of an illiterate spirit, or personal messages from strangers we cannot identify? If one pursues the line of search indicated by simple phenomena, or expression, he may find a newly-laid egg filled with nutritious food for body and mind. The eminent scientist, Prof. Huxley, said: "The only good that I can see in a demonstration of the truth of Spiritualism is to furnish an additional argument against suicide. Better live a crossing-sweeper, than die and be made to talk twaddle by a 'medium' hired at a guinea a séance." Even "twaddle" may present evidences of spirit-life and communion, and eminent scientists may learn from the axiom of Emerson that: "That only which we have within can we see without. If we meet no gods it is because we harbor none."

An experience of mine may illustrate the good arising from the "twaddle of mediums." The veteran editor, who has struggled faithfully for many years to keep THE BANNER floating as an exponent of the highest Light, sent me a galley proof-slip of a message to be printed in his paper, with the request to ascertain, if possible, as to its correctness. The message purported to be from a youth, who had recently passed from earth-life, to his father, giving his name, age and the streets near the corner of which he had lived. The son was the pride and hope of his father, and he was anxious to comfort the agnostic, who had lost the one dearer to him than all else in life. After some effort I found the father was a physician of good standing in his specialty as an optician; apparently an intelligent and earnest man, ready to accept evidence to verify a truth. I called at his office and found him alone. After asking: "Are you Dr. —?" and being answered in the affirmative, I handed him the slip, saying: "I have been requested to ask if this message is a correct statement of facts." The doctor seemed surprised, read the message carefully, and turned away to hide the tears it caused to flow. Returning, he asked me how and where the message was given, and assured me it was correct in every detail—not less than six facts were correctly given. I learned afterward that the bereaved father made a thorough search for the new light, and the evidence he received revived his hope, demolished his agnostic Castle of Despair, and led him to rejoice in the knowledge that the stroke of death is but the opening of a door to higher life.

Many instances of a similar nature have occurred, and mourners have rehearsed to me, with tears of joy, the new life they had found in the Message Department of THE BANNER. In the life toward which we are all hastening, the materialistic scientist, who, in an *ex-cathedra* manner, knowing naught of what he denounces, would inscribe over the portals of that life, "Abandon hope of entrance here," may find himself an humbled "crossing-sweeper," whose upward steps may be delayed until he has swept away the impediments he has cast in the path of those seeking the higher light; while the faithful mediums whose efforts

have been to comfort the mourners, and instruct earnest inquirers, will be met by the welcome greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Conspicuous among those faithful workers will be those who have upheld the good BANNER as a beacon to cheer the mariners on life's tempestuous sea.

Summerland, Cal.

ALBERT MORTON.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Mrs. Ada Foye's Mediumship.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

New York City has been specially favored of late by some remarkable spirit-manifestations through that wonderful platform test medium, Mrs. Ada Foye, who, in conjunction with her regular engagement at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, gave a series of Wednesday evening séances at Carnegie Music Hall, in this city, during the months of January and February. The manifestations presented were indeed amazing. The lady stated she came to do missionary work for the spirit-world, but not to proselyte, or to force Spiritualism upon people—because she believed when the proper time came, and they were in a proper condition to receive the grand truths of our beautiful philosophy and religion, they would become Spiritualists whether they wished to or not. The séance each evening was prefaced with a short lecture explanatory of the laws governing spirit-return. The lady explained the necessity for proper conditions on the part of the audience in order to insure a successful séance.

The lectures were very interesting and instructive to both Spiritualists in general and also those who came to investigate for the first time. A great interest was awakened, as was evident from the large audiences which filled the hall each evening. Perfect harmony prevailed, which was surprising in so mixed an audience, where more than half of the people were strangers to the Cause, and had never attended a meeting of this nature before.

The close attention paid to the speaker's words, and the enthusiasm manifested in outbursts of applause as each test was given, showed a tendency on the part of thinking minds to give Spiritualism a fair hearing.

The medial powers of Mrs. Foye are unquestionably of a very high order of development. She is, without a single exception, the greatest medium in the spiritualistic field to-day—and with but one single exception (the late Charles H. Foster) she has never had an equal, in my estimation, in her particular phases of mediumship. The manifestations which occur through her organism are of four distinct phases: Hearing, seeing, writing and rapping. Very frequently when the medium does not hear the names and messages which the spirits give as clearly as she would desire, she requests the unseen intelligences to write them for her, which they do seemingly in the air, and she will read aloud to the audience the letters and words as they are being formed before her; sometimes long communications are given in this manner—the writer herself having received from her spirit son a beautiful and most comforting message through this wonderful exhibition of clairvoyance.

Very often the spirit takes control of the muscles of the lady's hand, and messages are written out on ordinary writing paper with an astonishing peculiarity, and that is instead of the writing proceeding from left to right, as is usual, it runs from right to left, and upside down—a manner of writing utterly impossible to the medium in her normal condition.

Another phase is that of rapping, which is, perhaps, the most satisfactory of all, in that the questioner receives his answers direct from the unseen intelligences themselves. Not once during the eight weeks of the lady's engagement here was there a mistake made in the replies of these unseen forces.

The following remarkable tests were received by the writer, who was a total stranger to the medium—never having seen the lady previous to her engagement at Carnegie Hall, so there was no possible way for Mrs. Foye to know anything about our family affairs. They can also be attested to by an audience of five hundred people, before whom they were received, in a brilliantly lighted room. The medium requested us to write the names of the nearest departed friends on slips of paper and fold them closely and tightly and place same in baskets sent around to collect these ballots, which were then emptied upon the table on the platform, where they remained in sight of the audience during the entire séance.

The medium then seated herself at the table, and picking up one ballot after another asked if this spirit was present, or this one, as she touched each ballot in succession. Three raps—sufficiently loud to be heard in the furthest part of the hall, and which signified that the spirit was present whose name was written on the ballot which the medium then held in her hand—were heard on the wall back of the medium, and fully twelve feet away from her. A skeptical gentleman was then called from the audience to hold the ballot unopened, while the lady requested the spirit to give the name written on the paper. The name R—, the family name of the writer of these lines, was then written in the air.

My son asked if the first name could be given. H. B. R— was then read, and immediately after Hugh B. R— was spelled in the air, as it were, which was correct. Mentioning some relationships, as directed by the medium, three raps were given at the word "father," which was again correct—the spirit being that of my husband and my son's father, who passed away suddenly some two years since. Several other

questions of identity were then asked, and each time the answers were invariably correct.

"Another spirit now comes with this one," remarked the medium, "and gives me the name of Charles M. R—, who says he passed out very suddenly, and that his spirit frequently goes back to Buffalo, as he is not satisfied with some matters in that city, although he is very glad, mother, you have his watch. What does this mean?" asked the medium.

"It means that this spirit is that of my son Charles, who was killed on a railroad at Buffalo on the second day of last June," answered the writer, "and there has been some trouble about his personal effects and books, while his watch I only secured yesterday"—(the day previous to my receiving this test). I then asked my son if his thoughts were of home when he passed out. He answered through the medium in writing that he not only thought of home but came home and rang the bell three times. This was the most thoroughly convincing test of all: I will explain this wonderful proof of spirit-return:

At half-past two of the night of June 1st last, or rather the morning of June 2d, I was awakened by a ringing of my inside bell, which is an electric bell, leading from the vestibule of the house to my dining-room. The bell was rung three distinct times, and with such force as to awaken my daughter, who occupied the room next to my own. I hastily called to my son that some one was ringing the inside bell. Upon opening the door shortly after, we found to our consternation not only no one there, but both doors tightly closed, as the janitor had left them when he shut them for the night. As these doors open with difficulty, accompanied with more or less noise, it was utterly impossible for any one to pass out without our knowing it. After making a careful survey of the street as far as the eye could see, to satisfy myself that no one had passed out, my son returned to the room convinced that we must have been dreaming, and imagined we heard the ringing; but upon examining the bell, which we found still vibrating from the violent force of the ringing, we were satisfied there was no imagination about the matter, for here was indisputable, tangible evidence that some force or power had actually touched the electric button and caused the bell to ring. I did not mention this fact to any one outside of my own family, and certainly Mrs. Foye had no possible way of knowing anything about it.

The evening of that day I received a telegram that my son had been killed on the railroad at Buffalo, between two and three o'clock that morning, which was about the time of the ringing of my bell. Any reflecting person can understand what an overwhelming test that was!

Mrs. Foye made many friends and converts during her stay here, and it is hoped she will visit us again in the near future.

That God, the great Spirit, and his angels, will guard this noble lady, that she may continue her great and grand work of bringing messages of peace and comfort and consolation to the weary mortals on this side of life, is the sincere prayer of the writer.

Mrs. M. E. ROARKE.

1838 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

(Editorial in Banner of Light for Dec. 11th, 1893.)

Remarkable Case of Clairvoyance.

Many of our readers will doubtless recollect an account of the loss of the clipper ship Wild Wave, Capt. J. N. Knowles, published in the New York Times not long since. Capt. Knowles left San Francisco with his ship in ballast on the ninth of February last for Valparaiso. Although forced out of the usual course by strong easterly winds, nothing of importance occurred until the night of the fourth of March, when the ship struck on a reef surrounding a small island called Jenó, about seventy-five miles north of Pitcairn's Island. The ship held together until the captain and crew were able to land, and subsequently to save their instruments, \$12,000 in specie, and a stock of provisions.

On the fourteenth of March Capt. Knowles, with his mate and five men, left Jenó for Pitcairn's Island, where they expected to find aid from the descendants of the mutineers of the British ship Bounty. Their boat was stove in landing, and they found no inhabitants or means of relief.

In course of three or four months, however, they contrived, by the aid of a few old tools which they found in the deserted buildings, to construct a frail boat about thirty feet in length, in which the captain and three of the men set sail for Tahiti. The other two men were left on the island, not daring to trust themselves afloat in such a vessel. A severe storm set in, and forced our navigators so far out of their course that they concluded to make for the Marquesas, about 1300 miles from Pitcairn's. On his arrival at the Marquesas, Capt. Knowles found the U. S. sloop of war Vandalia, which proceeded at once to rescue the missing men.

He arrived at San Francisco on the 28th of September, with his specie and the colors of his little schooner, and left for his home at Brewster, Cape Cod, on the fifth of October, taking with him the first news of his ship, which as well as himself and men had been given up as lost.

It should be stated here, in justice to Capt. Knowles, that he found by careful observation that the island where he was wrecked was laid down on the latest English charts too far east by about sixteen miles, and that he had no reason, from an observation taken but a short

time before the ship struck, to suppose he was near any land.

We can readily understand that the family and friends of Capt. Knowles should begin to feel anxious for his safety after some months had elapsed beyond the time they should have heard from him, and none need be surprised that they should readily catch at any hope of information.

It was with some such hope, though slight, that the father of Capt. Knowles, about the first of July, called on Miss Munson, No. 13 Lagrange Place. She described his son accurately, and said "he was captain of a vessel which had sailed from San Francisco for some southern port. The ship was also correctly described, said to have been driven out of her course and dismantled. She said the men, who are all saved, could be seen at work about the ship, and that four or five, with the captain, were going to another place, not far distant, in a smaller craft. She said the captain would return, and also that a letter would be received from him in a few weeks accounting for his absence.

These circumstances were stated to Miss M. by the gentleman after she came out of the trance, and he added that although he had no faith in clairvoyance, it was at least a remarkable account, and she should be informed if it proved to be true.

In about six weeks another gentleman called, and wished for a similar service, but without any intimation of his connection with the other party. After the examination had been made, she asked if she had not seen the gentleman before. Upon being answered in the negative, she said she had certainly seen the same parties before, while entranced, and the impression on her mind was quite strong.

The facts stated were substantially as before, though there had as yet been no letter received; but she had insisted that a letter had been written at a certain time, and, although delayed, it would yet come—and that they might be sure that the person they were asking for was safe, and would return within two months from that date.

Within one week of the expiration of the time specified, two gentlemen called at Miss Munson's residence, and, as she met them, she said to one that she presumed he was one of her patients, and that she had seen him before. It seemed to her at first that she had examined him for disease, by means of a lock of his hair; but, upon a moment's reflection, she said: "You are the gentleman about whom so much anxiety has been felt, and so much inquiry made. You are the person who was shipwrecked, and I have seen you before, though very far away." He replied: "Yes, I am, and I have returned, as you predicted." He added that the account given to his friends by her, and related to him, was correct in almost every particular, and that he had written a letter, as she had said, which, though delayed, would yet arrive.

As the facts from which the foregoing statement has been made are derived mainly from the friends of Capt. Knowles, we presume those who have any desire to do so can refer to them for further details, or a verification of those already furnished.

We believe the account quite within the pale of truth, and that it goes to show that there is a power which enables us to annihilate space, and satisfy the friends of absent ones of their whereabouts and condition. It is true that there are many failures, and that the most reliable mediums are not always correct; but the important truth remains, that, under favorable conditions, satisfactory results have been and can again be attained.

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

BY MR. S. P. HASKINS, MELROSE, MASS.

In the month of January, 1853, I went to Greenpoint, New York, to look after some work which was being done on a vessel in the ship-yard there. While looking across the yard with Mr. Bromfield, I spied a man with a face so bright and beaming that my attention was attracted to him, and I requested Mr. Bromfield to introduce me to him; but before we reached him he arose, put out his hand, and introduced himself as Mr. Snyder.

After a little time I learned that he was a Spiritualist, and that meetings were held at his house. He invited me to be present when I chose. He was a good rapping medium; his wife was also a medium, and their adopted child, a remarkable little girl four years of age, was also a medium, who would play with spirit-children for hours, and under control would write a sheetful of foolscap in from eight to ten minutes. So here was a strong battery to begin with. But before going to any meeting or circle I went to the office of Messrs. Brown & Co., in New York, and placed myself in the hands of these two powerful mesmerists for an hour. One took his position behind me, the other in front, and both worked with a will and worked hard for the hour to produce some magnetic influence upon me, but without the least result. In reply to my question if I might safely go into circles, they said: "Yes, for no dozen could mesmerize you."

I was at that time a member of the Methodist Church, but had become tired of it. I was born and brought up among the Friends, or Quakers as they are called, and as will be seen by-and-by, my first "influence" was from that source.

Feeling quite safe against psychology, the next Sunday—the first in March—I attended my first spiritual meeting. We had a glorious time of spirit-power, conducted by a band, as they said, of eighty-five spirits—George Fox, William Penn and others of renown who had passed to spirit-life, being of the number. I thought it the best place for a meeting I had ever been in. There were present, among others, Prof. Wm. Flabough, of the Universalist Church, Wm. Bury, Mr. Banning, of the Methodist Conference, who had been set aside for his spiritual belief, and many others—forty-five or fifty persons in all—being present in

the two rooms, between which the folding-doors were opened.

The next Sunday I was there. In the dining-room, back of the parlor, stood a black walnut table, upon which lay a Bible, hymn-book, and a large card with the alphabet upon it. Meeting was called to order by raps. Several ladies and gentlemen constituted the inner circle around the table, to which they were called by raps—one, for no, three, for yes, with the question: "Shall he (or she) take a seat?" Six persons were seated, when, passing several, it came my turn, and "yes" was the reply. I objected. The raps came loud. Mr. Banning said: "Sit here, by me." Raps still louder. I took the seat, feeling very queer, being a stranger to all except Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, whom I had strictly charged to give my name to no one.

Being now ready for business, raps came, letters being used to indicate the wishes of the unseen managers. Singing, prayer and reading from the Bible were called for. Mr. Banning was requested to read. He asked: "Shall I read from the Old Book?" "No." So he named the books of the New Testament in succession, and on reaching Corinthians, the thirteenth chapter, on charity, was chosen. He began to read; raps interrupted him. Mrs. Snyder said, "They want you to mark the verses they rap for." Then all went on smoothly. Seven verses were marked. Then Mr. Banning asked, "Who shall speak?" Five raps called for the alphabet, and he began with A. When I was reached I got a shock on my head which went all through me. Next A, and another shock, and so on through my name. I tried to rise, but could not. I was fast in my chair. Mr. Banning said: "They have spelt Haskins; is there any one by that name here?" I kept quiet as possible under the circumstances, for I was in a freezing condition, as though cold bands were around my wrists. After ten minutes' delay, I acknowledged my name. Mr. Banning said: "You are resisting too much; for the spirits want to see your organs of speech." I gave way, and passed into a heavenly state of entrancement, in which I remained an hour and twenty minutes.

During that time the first thing I saw was myself about four feet from my body, laying down a law for myself. The next thing, I was in the spirit-world walking with William Penn. He stopped, and said to me: "Dost thou see that white rose through the thicket of briars and underbrush?" It was very thick, but I said yes. "Thee must get it," he said, "before we go to the next garden." I jumped down about four feet, into mud and water, made my way as best I could through briars, mud and all, and brought it out. He said: "Thou hast done well; we will go up." I will not describe all the gardens, but will say they grew more and more beautiful as I passed through them, plucking white roses from each, one after another, till I came to the sixth. This last one was a beautifully laid out lawn, in the centre of which was a mound about three and a half feet high, and thirty feet across in the centre. Around the top edge was a white marble walk about three feet wide. The centre was open and full of clear water, pure as crystal. On the marble walk stood seven female angels, robed in pure white, who pointed to the water and then up to the sky, while Penn was talking to me and explaining the spiritual work to be done. When he had finished, he said to me: "We must go back to earth," to which I replied: "I do not want to go; this is the best place"; but he said: "Thee must go back, for thou hast a work to do on earth."

When I got back I was standing. I rubbed my eyes and sat down. They told me I had been speaking for an hour and a half on charity. I was very much surprised, for I did not know I had been talking. Mr. Banning said to me: "You have done well for the first time; do not be afraid to go out and work." In answer to my inquiry, the raps informed me that the one of the band chosen for speaker that day was William Penn.—Facts.

"A Remarkable Performance"

Is the title with which the Jacksonville (Fla.) *Metropolis* heads a recent report in its columns, of phenomena witnessed in the presence of Pierre L. O. A. Keeler. Mr. K., the *Metropolis* reporter pronounced, on visiting him at his rooms in the Emory hotel, on Main street, that city, to be "a pleasant, affable man, with a good deal of magnetism."

He requested the reporter—so runs the narrative—to write certain questions on some slips of paper and hold the slips securely in his (the reporter's) hand, and then in a few minutes, to the scribe's astonishment, writing on the slates (which were previously cleaned by a sponge) was evident, the reporter holding the slates in his lap with his handkerchief tied securely around them.

Previous to putting the slates together a tiny piece of slate pencil was inserted by Mr. Keeler, "and this pencil did the writing," avers the newspaper man, but the interior evidence of his report is to the effect that intelligence must somehow have been at the other end of the pencil.

"The whole performance occurred in a room which was not darkened, and Mr. Keeler did not do a thing but sit in a rocking chair and quietly talk with the reporter, who was on the alert and watched every movement of the medium, who was in full view."

The messages on the slate (five in number) were written in different handwriting, and the answers to the queries, the scribe says, were of such a character as to be most remarkable and pertinent, as Mr. Keeler did not have any opportunity of seeing what was written by the *Metropolis* representative.

The *Evening Telegram* (also of Jacksonville) gives a good notice of what was witnessed in presence of Mr. Keeler on another occasion, at a different location in the same city:

Mr. Keeler suspended his cabinet—a single thickness of dark cloth, about shoulder high, and drooping to the floor—across the corner of the room.

Taking his seat in front of this, he invited two others to take seats beside him. S. W. Fox and a young lady came forward, and they were seated with their backs close to the cabinet, but outside, and in full view of all. Mr. Keeler sat at the left, and requested the young lady to bare her arm to the elbow. He then grasped her wrist with his left hand, and her elbow with his right, Mr. Fox grasping her right. Another curtain was then draped in front of them, but below their chins, and leaving their faces, in full view. Mr. Keeler then requested the young lady to give immediate notice in case he quitted his hold with either hand. Mr. Fox's right hand was all the time in sight.

The circle had hardly begun singing before Mr. Fox said that some one was "keeping time on the back of his neck," and the young lady also felt some one touching her shoulders.

Within the cabinet had been placed a small washstand, upon which were laid a guitar and a tambourine. After both instruments had been played [by the invisible powers], a cane was passed into the cabinet, and it was seen to at once rise upright, with the tan-

board on its end. It was extended nearly its full length above the curtain, and the lamourine spun on its upper end.

The "battery" was then changed by O. M. Norton taking the place of the young lady, and C. W. Davidson that of Judge Fox. Small tablets and a pencil were then handed in, and very soon writing could be plainly heard by all, and short messages were passed over the curtain. Capt. Rhoads received one from his mother.

Another lady then occupied the centre seat and Mr. Ingram the seat at the right, the same attitude as to hand was maintained, and at no time was Mr. K.'s hand removed from the bound arm of the person at his right. Now the real wonders began. Members of the circle were called up to the cabinet, and materialized hands and arms wrote messages on tablets held in front of the curtain, the hands seeming to pass through the material of the curtain. These arms and hands were plainly seen by all, and Mrs. Davis, the artist, was embraced by the materialized arm of her daughter. . . The wonderful manifestations, says *The Telegram*, were greatly enjoyed by all present.

The Forgetting of Death.

The Dallas (Tex.) News of a late date gives a narrative of what was imparted to one of its reporters by Mr. M. W. Poundstone, of that city, whose evidence *The News* evidently considers pointedly interesting and eminently worthy of attention:

"Recently, [said Mr. P.] before Mrs. Maud Lord Drake left here, I was attracted by curiosity to see her, and I went to see her. As soon as I was comfortably seated she looked at me, and said, 'You are an old bachelor.' That was true. She then took a ring off my finger, and told me that I had had it made. That was true. She told me there were four people, all dead, standing around me, who wanted to talk to me—my father, mother, sister, and a little brother. I have such relatives dead. She told me their names correctly. She told me that my mother was standing by me crying out, 'Oh my sister! my sister! my sister! Poor sister, she has been run over by a train.' She added that her sister's spirit was then about to leave her body, and that I would be notified of it in the morning. Next morning a Western Union messenger boy handed me a telegram. I nervously tore it open. Here it is," saying which Mr. Poundstone handed the reporter a telegram written on Western Union paper, and in a Western Union envelope. The envelope was numbered forty-two. The telegram read:

RUSHVILLE, IND., Feb. 14th.—M. W. Poundstone, care of Kahn & Co., Dallas: Caroline is dead. Funeral Thursday, 2 P. M. L. B. GREGG.

"That telegram," proceeded Mr. Poundstone, "staggered me. The death it reported was of my aunt Caroline Gregg, my mother's sister. She had died about the time the medium reported my mother as saying that my aunt's spirit was leaving her body. L. B. Gregg, who sent the telegram, is my brother-in-law. It was wonderful! To say that the medium guessed and guessed correctly, would be to confess one's ignorance. How did she know that my aunt was dying at that time? She did not know me, not to talk of my aunt, and did not know certainly that my aunt had met with an accident. Equally ridiculous would be to try to explain the medium's information to me on the theory of mind-reading. I did not know that my aunt was dying at the time. But she did die, and the medium said that my mother was present, and informed me of the fact. Certainly the information came from some intelligent source. It is a law of our nature to believe so; otherwise we are bound to believe nothing, not even the evidence of our senses. The Associated Press has not published a report of my aunt having been run over by a train. It has only appeared, as far as I have been able to learn, in *The Jacksonville*, a little country paper published in Indiana."

"Did you test the medium's powers about other matters about which she was supposed to know nothing?" [asked the reporter.]

"I did, and all her answers were correct, [said Mr. P.], but all she said about other things paled into insignificance when compared with the statement that my Aunt Caroline was dying nearly fourteen hundred miles from here. I had never seen the medium, nor had she seen me before that day."

March Magazines.

THE ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE.—The present number of this admirable family periodical has a particularly pleasing table of contents. The following bright and entertaining stories appear: "My District School," by Florence A. Davidson; "An Unwelcome Guest," by Lillia Shaw Husted; "Maude's Romance," by Ray Richmond; and "The Mysterious Passenger," by Julia A. Dawley. Under the headings of "Timely Topics" and "Health and Hygiene," much that is practical and valuable is contributed; the department of "Practical Occultism" is ably conducted by Charles H. Mackay; departments of special value to the housewife are well sustained. The standard maintained by this magazine renders it deserving of a wide circulation. For terms, etc., see advertisement in another column. Publication Office, 2819 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—Under the heading of "How to Study Strangers," Nelson Sizer gives interesting sketches, with portraits, of persons of eminent success, among them being Commodore Vanderbilt, Austin Corbin, Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine; Charlotte Fowler Wells contributes a phrenological biography of Horace Mann, LL.D.; mothers will be particularly interested in the advice given under the title of "Child Culture"; many valuable facts are presented under the head of "Notes in Anthropology." Fowler & Wells Co., publishers, 27 East Twenty-first street, New York.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has a fine portrait of Herbert Spencer for its frontispiece; a character study of "John Ruskin at Home," by M. H. Spielmann, with fine illustrations and pictures, is most entertaining; "Towns of the Future," is furnished by Octave Thunet; "Identification of Criminals," illustrated, is furnished by Ida M. Tarbell; "A Conan Doyle writes of 'The Glamour of the Arctic';" in the "Human Documents" serial the portraits at different periods are given of Andrew Lang, J. T. Townbridge and J. Ernest Renan; Robert Louis Stevenson continues in three chapters the novel "The Ebb Tide"; and Herbert Spencer writes of the late Professor Tyndall, illustrating the paper with a faithful half-tone portrait and original drawings. S. S. McClure, publisher, 743 Broadway, New York.

THE QUIVER has for its opening paper, "Martin Luther's Wedding Ring," by Rev. William Cowan; O. N. Barham has written a pleasing story, "Phoebe Gray-Witch"; "Harbors of Refuge" is by E. H. Fitch; the serials, "Garth Garrison, Workman," and "Poor Pride," are carried along with marked interest; "Debbie, a Mistake," by Annie F. Perram, and "Brother John," by Mary Bradford Whiting, cannot fail to engage the attention of the reader. The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East Seventeenth street, New York.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT.—With the current issue this liberal periodical begins its twelfth volume. In addition to the valuable and interesting articles which appear from month to month, its able editor has introduced several new features, among them "short stories," which show its attractions as a family magazine. J. D. Shaw, Editor and Proprietor, Waco, Tex.

RECEIVED: THE KINDERGARTEN NEWS, published by Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.

THE LIGHT OF THE EAST [for January]. A Hindu Monthly Review devoted to the dissemination of East Indian thought. It is ably edited by S. C. Mukhopadhyaya, M. A., by whom it is published at Calcutta, India.

THE REDMAN HAS HIS PRIDE.—Cholly—"I'd go West, out on a ranch, if I was n't afraid those savages would bawl me." Miss Smartly—"Oh, I don't believe those Indian braves would do so small a thing as that."

Half the hair renewer is pronounced the best preparation made for thickening the growth of the hair and restoring that which is gray to its original color.

The Reviewer.

"Dashed Against the Rock."

Mr. W. J. Colville's new and thrilling story, titled as above, is now ready for delivery to subscribers, and for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, 9 Bowdoin street, Boston, Mass.

It is a very singular production, presenting many varied features. Among the most remarkable portions of its entertaining contents are scientific theories pertaining to Aerial Navigation. We have selected for our readers' perusal a striking incident of what appears like astonishing clairvoyance. *Visalia Disceolus* and *Regulus Monteth* are very prominent characters in the tale, and many of their experiences throw much light on spiritual law—while they also deal with amazing scientific discoveries. The author declares in the introductory chapter that though the book is a novel, it is strictly founded on fact, and embodies many remarkable teachings, entrusted to the writer's care, which could only be presented to the public gaze in the course of a romantic narrative, owing to restrictions placed upon their publication by the lawful custodians of said teachings. The general public and scientific world will doubtless be alike interested, though perhaps in different sections of the book.

We have selected "Twist Shore and Shoro-A-Glimpse of Mars," as a fair sample of the narrative portion; for the strictly scientific we must refer readers to the volume itself.

"Though the City of Alexandria was more crowded than it usually is on an outgoing passage in August, in consequence of the great concourse of tourists en route to the Fair, Mr. Gore had exercised such admirable discretion in booking passage six weeks ahead of sailing date that his mother and her guest, as well as himself and Prof. Monteth, were provided with the very choicest rooms that magnificent vessel contains."

Madame Disceolus was never ill at sea—indeed, she was rarely unwell anywhere; for though of an unusually sensitive organization, her constitution was so phenomenally sound, and her general health so excellent, that she astonished every one who met her with the apparent contradiction between a very delicately organized body and an amazing amount of vitality. To her trip to America had all the charm of complete novelty, for hitherto she had never sailed on other waters than the North Sea, the Bay of Biscay, and the Mediterranean. Though a very young woman, she had traveled largely in Europe, having visited within the last five years Spain, Italy, France, Norway and Austria, in all of which countries she had enjoyed perfect health, and entered sympathetically, as well as intelligently, into the life and manners of the people among whom she resided, not as an alien, but as a friend. With all the merry joyousness of a girl, this woman—whom many people in "society" thought cold and heartless, because her depth of character was beyond their power to fathom—paced lightly as a bird up and down the steamer deck in even the roughest weather, and never once absent herself from table on plea of mal de mer. The free bounding ocean suited her temperament far better than the gas-lit saloons of the English nobility, and it was a rare and real delight to her to feel that there was no roof over her head but the star-gemmed vault of azure, as on the upper deck of the steamer she sat or stood hour after hour—when most of the passengers had retired to their cabins, or were afraid to leave them—gazing into the peerless wonders of the celestial canopy.

There were times when the glory of the night inspired her to sing; again it would move her to fervent prayer, and yet again to tears; but her tears were sweet, not bitter, for they were tears of faith and gratitude, not even touched by complaining or despair. Sometimes Mrs. Gore would sit by her, and endeavor to read her face, but she could never penetrate the meaning of the mystic light in those expressive orbs, which were sometimes blue as sapphires, and then would change till they appeared almost hazel. A truly mystical face, when it is a perfectly healthy and open countenance, is a wonderful and glorious study. The play of light and shade is so exquisitely fine, the glimpses of the soul behind are so vivid, yet so incomprehensible, that the face of one who is truly inspired is a living mirror, in which are reflected forms of beauty, conceptions of grace and perfectness far beyond all mortal designation.

Visalia was not satisfied with *Askalon*, though it had sold to the extent of 350,000 copies, and had netted her seven thousand pounds; she knew it was a success artistically and financially, but it did not embody half she desired to reveal to the few among the masses who would eagerly read all she wrote, who could really appreciate the best she had to disclose to them. She was asking the stars to tell her about themselves, and as fiery Mars rode high in the heavens it seemed to her that she could see within its atmosphere the life of its inhabitants. Astronomers are forever speculating as to whether Mars is or is not inhabited, but so far their painstaking researches have availed little to settle this disputed point, and perhaps, after all, it may be reserved for spiritual insight or psychic perception to actually pierce the earthly veil and discern the true condition of the earth's brother planet.

To the eyes of the fair seeress, as she reclined one lovely evening in her steamer chair, after the moon had risen and the calm of night spread like a gracious protecting pall over the sleeping passengers (she was utterly alone on deck and it was near midnight), it seemed to her that the body of Mars shone out through a silvery drapery of cloud, like the exquisite form of a glorious statue through the finest veil of lace drapery. As the planet revealed itself, it exhibited a state far in advance of the condition of this semi-brightened star; and as the panorama of its wonders appeared slowly to unroll, the buildings in the cities disclosed themselves as such perfect specimens of architectural design that the builders of earth might seek to cultivate the higher clairvoyance, if by its means they could catch glimpses of the superlative of those majestic habitations. The air seemed very clear, bracing, intellectually stimulating to the highest degree, and so rarefied that the range of perspective was at least three times greater than on earth. As to natural scenery, it was bold and impressive in outline and general features, but nothing appeared large. The Martians are almost a Lilliputian race, but they are exquisitely modeled and their forms are molded into the most enchanting symmetry.

To the vision of the ecstatically-entranced Visalia the forms which floated before her superconscious vision seemed like stately forms of mind, wherein the passions were so entirely governed that though Mars was worshipped by ancient Greeks and Romans as the god of war, the very idea of anything senseless and barbaric as a sanguinary conflict seemed impossible on the part of those superbly wise creatures, whose mellow mien suggested such ripened intelligence as bespeaks the impulse to warfare completely surpassed by understanding of the true science of equitable government.

In a hall of legislation there appeared a tribunal, where on twelve raised seats sat twenty-four rulers of the twelve provinces of the special territory to the sight of which Madame Disceolus was introduced; these twenty-four rulers or representatives—chief of the twelve districts were married couples, whose thoughts flowed so perfectly in harmony that one might well believe they represented a twelve signs of the zodiac, and therefore in their complementary deliberations each pair perceived and suggested something essential to the general good not believed by any or all of the other eleven couples. There was no strife, no harsh contradictory argument, no endeavor on the part of any to antagonize the others, but sweetly, rhythmically, like the cadence of a perfectly-rendered song, the united thought of the twelve senatorial couples flowed forth into the splendid council-chamber, which in shape was a perfect duodecagon. When any one proposed any measure or made any suggestion, all the others listened quietly and with the utmost attention, and though immediate acquiescence was not always forthcoming, it never appeared necessary to fight for an issue when cool deliberation always in due time resulted in the adoption of every desirable proposition.

The social condition on Mars has been for many centuries far more perfect than the most zealous enthusiasts for socialism and nationalism have ever

hoped would prevail on earth by the opening of the twenty-first century; for, owing to the superiority of the Martians to such sordid mercantile and such vulgar plutocracy as prevail on earth, it is not difficult to persuade the multitude to culminate for the common good. Business on Mars is conducted on strictly scientific principles, and as to Art, it reveals that untrammeled expression which is only possible when the vulgar necessity of sacrificing genius to mediocre taste, for physical maintenance, does not in even the smallest measure prevail. On Mars religion seems to consist in such faithful discharge of every obligation, in such fealty to conviction and such perfect loyalty to duty, that there is no rift or barrier separating the creed professor on one day of the week from the life lived on six other days. Religion there, for though the Martians are glauca in intellect and have made scientific discoveries and applications far in advance of the most romantic dreams of the savants of Earth, they are no doubters, nor do they think agnosticism scientific, when the axiomatic (knowing one) is and can be the only true scientist. To the dwellers on Mars God is a reality; if they have ever passed through the materialistic stage they have happily left it far behind them, and as they study the marvelous phenomena of the universe they plainly discern the majestic working of the Infinite NOW, now, without whom there could be no phenomena.

Softly as the footfall of a cat, a quiet step gently vibrated on the deck, and the vacant chair a few feet from where Madame Disceolus was reclining was occupied by Professor Monteth, who, drawn partly by the beauty of the night, but far more by his own restless spirit, had wandered to the upper deck in search of the light he knew not what. He had that very day been reading in the *Popular Science Monthly* of an Italian astronomer's recent theories of the possible inhabitation of other worlds than ours, and as he read the thought occurred to him over and over again with haunting persistency, "Why, oh why, is there so much speculation and seemingly no certainty whatever even among our greatest scientific lights? If, indeed, there be such a thing as ascension, which means knowledge, if it is not a ridiculous farce and ironical misnomer, why should there be no definite knowledge concerning something, even though our knowledge necessarily is limited to a mere fragment of the universe? But surely concerning the fragment which we can explore we ought to be able to find out something." Whenever he ruminated thus, and such ruminations were becoming very frequent with him, his thoughts turned partly to Aldebaran, who was beyond his reach, and partly to Madame Disceolus, between whom and himself there was growing up a steady bond of genuine sympathy, begotten of his wondrous visions of the *anamorata* of his youth, whose gentle, searching, spiritual presence always seemed more real to him after he had spent an hour in Visalia's presence; for, though she was not what the world usually calls a Spiritualist, he knew of no one who was so ever-ready to indorse and encourage that kind of spiritual communion which is expressed by sincere desire to become conscious of union with the higher life through a lifting of our own consciousness, not seeking to attract the dwellers in a brighter state to the dark shadows and sordid miseries of ordinary mortal undertakings.

When Visalia was in "one of her trances," as many people styled her periods of superconscious activity, she appeared singularly beautiful; no trace of cataplexy or hysteria marred the loveliness of her exalted condition, and no rigidity of muscle or death-like swoon rendered her state alarming to the physiologist. Perfect health was indicated in her pose, in her regular breathing, in the gentle movements of her chest, and in the perfect regularity of her heart beats and her pulse, while her countenance was irradiated with an expression of intense delight, indicating her absolute concentration upon an object presented to her inner gaze.

When Professor Monteth approached within her atmosphere, she was just returning to her ordinary waking condition, and, according to her invariable experience at such a time, was feeling not only ready but anxious to tell to some appreciative listener the tale of her recent vision. Professor Monteth seemed to divine the nature of her "dream," as he called it, for his first words to her were:

"I have been studying to day, and you have been dreaming to night on the same subject; but while I have gained nothing satisfactory from my perusal of recent scientific writings, you, I venture to presume, have been favored with what to you is conclusive evidence on the score of Mars and its interesting population. I wish I could believe as you do in this inner sense. I joined the Society for Psychic Research two years ago, and I have listened attentively to testimony, but nothing, not even my own occasional blissful visions of my beloved one, can silence finally my doubts."

"If you are going to speak in that strain, I have nothing to say to you; we have already gone over that ground too often; you know that I affirm that no one need doubt—faith and doubt alike are voluntary. I choose the former as being far nobler, and more soul-satisfying; as the latter brings you no joy or sweet contentment, I advise you to abandon it. If you let evidence appeal to you, and you are impartial in your attitude toward it, you can be as sure as I am that the unseen realm is not *invisibile* and that the unknown truth is not *unknowable*. But if you are here to ask me about Mars, I will tell you what I have witnessed; take it as a fancy sketch, if you prefer, though to me it is reality."

Seeing the professor really interested, and in no mood for idle carping, the gifted seeress related all she had seen and heard within the past two hours. As she finished her narration the professor, deeply interested, pled her with question after question, and as she answered them it seemed for the first time clear to him that, whatever might be the source of her inspiration, she was unmistakably inspired; for here was a young woman devoid of what he and his school would call all scientific education, able to answer profoundly, learnedly, explicitly questions touching upon the technical points of exact science, and beyond being equal to the task of answering, she anticipated and raised inquiries which none but an accomplished expert could possibly devise or handle. Mystification is certainly not conviction, but to be mystified as Prof. Monteth that night was mystified, was to be almost, if not entirely, persuaded to accept Visalia's cherished theory that the book of universal knowledge is an unsealed volume to all who are determined to bravely launch upon its occult waters, and ascend into its currents of super-terrestrial air.

"But, my dear madame, what do you understand by inspiration when you say we may all become inspired? You do not evidently mean that you are in direct communion with the infinite, nor are you under any influence, as Spiritualist mediums claim to be; there is, for example, an appreciable difference between your condition and that of Miss Foynt, though she strikes me as far above the plane of ordinary mediums or clairvoyants. You say you do not leave your body, you do not travel through space in an 'astral form,' as certain theosophists claim they do; how, then, do you account for your own experiences? Can you explain the *modus operandi* of your superior states so that I may at least be able to consider them on the basis of an intelligible working hypothesis?"

"I answer you as you and the subject deserve, would require knowledge far greater than mine, and I hope some day you will meet the teacher, who I taught me first how to relate myself to will to the unseen circles. I can give you his theory, which I fully accept, as he gave it to me in Genoa, when we were waiting for a steamer to carry us to Naples. 'There are,' he said, 'circles of adults whose are in such complete union that they constitute, to use the expressive gospel phrase, a mansion in the Father's house'; to one or other of these circles all of us belong, whether we are aware of it or not. When we become conscious of this relationship and claim our privilege of working within our confraternity, the knowledge possessed by the entire society—by its incarnate and exornate members equally—is open to us for our use to the extent we can absorb or comprehend it. When we acknowledge this relationship and claim the privileges springing from it, we feel ourselves intrusted to the spiritual state, and when this is our experience we see, hear, taste, touch and smell on another and higher plane of consciousness than the highest of which we are at other times aware.' This night I

told myself in vibratory union with those members of the circle to which I belong who are familiar with the state of Mars, because they are capable of seeing it. But it is now near one o'clock, and we must postpone further conversation till to-morrow."

Madame Disceolus never said more than what she deemed sufficient on any occasion, and when she had spoken she quietly but firmly ended an interview; her interlocutors might wish to keep it up indefinitely, but she would wish them a graceful *au revoir* and trip lightly away to her retirement, where none could follow her."

(From "A Galaxy of Progressive Poems," by John W. Day.)

A WOMAN OF HUNGARY.

O'er the broad world, white with its wreaths of snow—
Flanked on each side by shadowy forests deep—
The sun's last rays in softened luster glow,
Or, halting on the pine tree summit steep,
Seem waiting for the hour that soon must come,
And Nature thrills through all her trembling frame—
For lo! with scream of life, and rolling drum,
And charger's tramp, and cannon's breath of flame,
From Hapsburg's legions march the Magyar land to tame!

Forth from the forest's darkening aisles they wheel—
The Croatan bold, the Tyrol's heart of steel—
Up leaps the sunlight from their gleaming steel—
And trumpet hoarse each warrior soul inspire!
Oh! faded Hungary! soon to weep!
For from the furthest clime the patriots pour;
Thy blood-stained page the thrilling years shall keep,
With the sword, mid History's magic lore.
Till slumbering Europe wake, and kings shall be no more!

"Ejehen Magyar!" swift the war-cry rolls
To rend the place down the leveled hill—
The volleying musket Freedom's tocsin tolls—
Low, cannon-smitten, sinks the rooking pine;
Still Hungary's banner flings defiant scorn—
Still from her front war's crimson currents veer,
Till like a tempest on the Danube's horn,
Downward, with bugle-blast and charging cheer,
Bursts through her death-thinned flank the thundering Cuirassier!

Shout, Austrian legions! lo, the field is won!
Back reels the Magyar to his forest lair!
Sheathes the mailed sword, the day's red work is done,
And shriek and groan swell through the twilight air.
But who art thou that on this fearful spot
Crisscrossed with life's warm tide the shot-ploughed snow?
Thou art mad—mad—may deny it not—
Thine eyes are radiant with that mystic glow
That speaks a nearer heaven, man's soul doth never know!

What brought thee to this field of strife and gloom?
Faint woman's arm avails not in the fray.
When of the plain the trembling cannon boom,
And round the reeking lines the war clouds play!
Thou wast in death—not in the homestead hall,
Where love's soft tears distill in gentle rain—
Alone in the forest, where, at fancy's capricious will,
The fainting heart's dark shadows dwell.
The brave's low murmuring song the Moldau's
Home-like strain!

Oh, soul! thou art a stranger to this land!
Diest thou thy bark in ages long ago—
Like the bold Genoese—through some ocean grand,
Where the world's mightiest navies once did flow?
Seeking some new world's glory for thine own?
And wrecked where time's remorseless surges pour,
Was't bound by savage hands, a prisoner lone,
As Africa's sons, with Sahara's shore,
Set free the storm-tossed wretch who 'scapes the
Atlantic's roar?

So do it seem: for oft against the bars
Thy pious to the angel choir keep time,
And oft as twilight brightens the marching stars,
Thou hearest the watchword from their ranks sub-line.
Oh! dost thou see thy duty high unrolled,
And rising grandly, by thy fetters stayed,
Thou shak'st at earth's prison through its confines old,
And heaven's high angels' quiv'ring flags displayed,
And heaven's fierce cohorts pour the storm king's
Jusellade!

As some tall bark that from a roadstead lone
Essays once more to breast the rolling main;
And cheery mariners with stirring tone
Heave link by link the anchor's rattling chain:
So with the world's thought lo! its never hush lain
By Wrong's wild coast, where baffling errors stray,
Yet God's own hand draws in the Century chain!
Soon shall its anchor break the cumbr'ry ring clay,
And 'er the storm-tossed wretch who 'scapes the
Atlantic's roar?

"LOUIS ROBERTI—the determined patriot who headed the Hungarian people in their heroic but fruitless effort in 1848 to withstand the Austro-Russian alliance, and achieve national freedom—passed to spirit-life at Turin, Italy, March 29th, 1894, at the advanced age of 92 years. His chief sorrow was that he must die an exile from his native land.

In 1851, during his visit to the United States, his marvelous eloquence awoke enthusiasm for the future of Hungary among all classes. The writer of the above stanzas—then a very young man—imbibed this general feeling, and embodied in little later in these lines what was related as a fact in the history of that bitter Old-World struggle—the salvation of woman to the cause of "fatherland." With all humility, he desires that the time place the lines he wrote so long ago as an offering upon the tomb of the great "apostle of Hungary," whose daring example so inspired the Magyar race—John W. Day.

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

In the Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT of Feb. 24th, 1894, I read a communication from AUSTIN DEWEY. I acknowledge the same as coming from my husband, who passed away suddenly Aug. 12th, 1891, in this city. The names of several members of my family are mentioned in the message who reside near Boston, and have attended the Circle of the BANNER.

I thank the kind medium through whom these words of comfort came.

Mrs. HATTIE J. DEWEY.

1738 York Place, Chicago, Ill., March 14th, '94.

The communication from EDMUND GAGE in the Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT of Feb. 10th is correct. The daughter in California whom he refers to is my wife.

Many thanks to the publishers and to the medium through whom the communication was received. Long may you all live to thus bring joy to the hearts of mortals.

We receive THE BANNER every week, and do not see how we could get along without it.

C. A. COVELL.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 24th, 1894.

My attention was called, some time ago, to a message in the BANNER OF LIGHT of Dec. 23d, 1893, from MARY DITSON. The communication is correct in every particular. I am the "Liza" of whom she speaks, and my husband is the "Doctor."

She was my great aunt. She was a life-long resident of Boston, Mass., where she was born in 1780, passing to spirit-life in 1880, at the age of ninety-three years nine months and seven days, from her old home in Warrenton street, formerly Warren street.

Mr. John Ditson, the husband, of whom my aunt speaks, passed to spirit-life a little over two years before his aged wife.

For this cherished message we are deeply grateful to you, Messrs. Editors, to the good medium, Mrs. B. F. Smith, to the Spirit-President, "Father" Pierpont, and also to the dear spirit communicating.

My husband has been a sincere believer in the beautiful philosophy for the past thirty-seven years, and for the past twenty-nine years.

Mrs. WILLIAM NELSON WELLS.

Broadway, South Boston, Mass.,

March 20th, 1894.

I have proved the message of JAMES McLAUGHLIN, published in the Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT of Feb. 17th, 1894, to be correct. His two sons, James and John, are now living in this city.

Wm. G. WOOD.

Providence, R. I., March 9th, 1894.

It parrots remark continually on Bible-reading and perfunctory Sabbath observance as a panacea for all immorality they must expect, similar sentiments in their children's minds. Little Jack Kingston had been to Sunday school for over four months, and one day came home and said, "Mamma, have n't been a real good boy since I've been going to Sunday school?" "Yes, dear," replied his mother. "And you really trust me now, do you not?" "Oh yes, indeed," she replied, "I trust you completely now."

"What makes you keep the pot of jam locked up in the cupboard, just the same as ever?"—Judge.

"Do you think those shoes are worth mending?" "Yes, if I don't put 'em and put new uppers on 'em." The strings are still good."—Harlem Life.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

(As THE BANNER publishes all these meetings from week to week free of cost to the advertiser, it is to be hoped the managers will from time to time call attention to the fact, and solicit subscribers, to enable its publishers to expand its usefulness.)

Albany, N. Y.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday from 8 to 9, and 10 to 11 P. M. at G. H. H. Hall, Grand street, conducted by Miss G. Reynolds. (BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.)

Allentown, Pa.—The First Spiritual Church meets every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M., Wednesday at 7 1/4 P. M., at 2500 street.

Buffalo, N. Y.—First Spiritual Society meets Sunday days in A. O. U. W. Hall, corner Court and Main streets, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M. Henry Van Hook, President; L. O. Bessing, Secretary, 816 Prospect Avenue.

Baltimore, Md.—The Religious-Philosophical Society meets every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. at Raines Hall, corner Baltimore street and East Office Avenue, Miss Estella Kapp, 1100 Olifton Place, opposite Academy of Music. Mrs. Rachel Walcott, speaker.

Chicago, Ill.—The First Society of Spiritualists meets at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard, corner Ogden Avenue, every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/4 P. M. Speaker, Mrs. Cora L. Richmond.

The Progressive Spiritual Society holds meetings in the Masonic Home Temple, 1120 Forest Avenue, every Sunday, afternoon and evening.

Cleveland, O.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets regularly every Sunday, 2 P. M., in Army and Navy Hall. Everybody welcome, and tests Sunday, 12 1/2 P. M., Conductor.

Cleveland, O.—The Spiritual Alliance holds regular Sunday evening meetings free at Army and Navy Hall, at 8 P. M. Mrs. H. S. Lake, permanent speaker. Everybody invited. Thomas A. Black, Chairman.

Colorado City, Col.—Meetings are held in Woodman Hall, Sundays, at 8 o'clock.

Dayton, O.—The Spiritualist Library Association holds meetings every Sunday at 7 1/2 P. M. at the hall in Central Block, second floor, corner 6th and Jefferson streets. J. C. Cox, Cor. Secretary.

Detroit, Mich.—Fraternity Hall; Mrs. Minnie Carpenter, every Sunday, 12 1/2 P. M. and 7 P. M.

Dubuque, Iowa.—Services are held every Sunday at 7 1/4 P. M., and Thursdays at 7 1/4 P. M. Lyceum Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M. Dr. G. W. Adams, President.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Spiritual Association holds public meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 P. M. at the Lyceum, Wednesday at 8 P. M., in Lockery Hall, 33 Fountain street.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Progressive Spiritual Society, every Sunday, 12 1/2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. Edna F. Johnson, President.

Lynn, Mass.—Spiritual Fraternity holds meetings at Providence Hall, 21 Market street, Sundays at 2 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M. E. J. Webster, President; Mrs. E. H. Merrill, 33 Lowell street, Secy.

Children's Lyceum meets Sundays, 12 M., in the same hall. T. J. Troy, Conductor; Mrs. A. S. Hines, 203 Broadway, Secy.

Spiritualist Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11 1/2 A. M. in the same hall. Mr. F. H. Spaulding, Conductor.

North Scituate, Mass.—Children's Progressive Lyceum, this session, Bennett Hall at 2 P. M. each Sunday. Silas Newcomb, Conductor.

Nashville, Tenn.—The First Spiritual Church holds meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M., and every Monday for spirit communions at

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1894.

A "Nut" Cracked all to Pieces.

The *Sunday Herald* of Boston having offered "a nut for the anti-vaccination brethren to crack," Dr. Rufus K. Noyes promptly cracks it, only to find its contents of no account whatever. The "nut" is a tabular statement of the number of smallpox per million for the years 1887-'88 in Austria, Russia, France, German Empire, Denmark, and Sweden and Norway. In the first three countries vaccination was optional; in the last three it was compulsory. The three optional countries showed a percentage ranging from 583 to 167; while the three compulsory countries showed a percentage of deaths ranging from 1.8 down to 0.0.

To this superficial statement of facts, the comparative results being ascribed to optional vaccination on the one hand, and compulsory vaccination on the other, Dr. Noyes replies that suggestions like this of the *Sunday Herald* lead to unnecessary exposure to vaccination and smallpox, as well as to neglect of sanitary precaution, which is the only safeguard against smallpox. He denies altogether that vaccination accounts for these different death-rates, and that the non-existence of smallpox in Denmark, Sweden and Norway in the years named, and the almost entire absence of it in Germany, were due to vaccination. And, on the other hand, he asserts that the large presence of it in Russia, Austria and France cannot be charged to a lack of vaccination in those years. He characterizes all such assumptions as too stupid.

His insistence is that Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway cannot be compared with Austria, Russia and France, since their geographical location, climatic influences and sanitary conditions are not alike. In point of location, Germany is relatively central, having a temperate climate, and rigidly enforcing its sanitary measures—such as isolation, quarantine, notification, disinfection, cleanliness and hygiene. And Denmark, Sweden and Norway have no large crowded cities, with poverty and filth, and unhygienic habits. Therefore smallpox occurs less frequently, and is less fatal.

But Austria and France are relatively not so central. Their climate is more changeable, and less favorable to health. Their cities are more crowded. Their people are not so cleanly. Their habits are more careless. Their lives are less scientific, and conduct in general is optional. And sanitary regulations are not adequate. Russia is not relatively so central, but the climate is more severe, and less favorable to health. The cities are crowded. The people are poor, famine-stricken and filthy. The population at large is nomadic and unhappy. And sanitary requirements are lax. Therefore smallpox is more frequent, and more fatal.

Here, now, is an explanation that explains. This slap-dash irrational way of sticking a column of figures into the public's face on this, that and the other subject, and making them fit into almost any preconceived theory or prejudice without regard to their relationship, is in the present instance well and fully rebuked. The facts are to guide in any interpretation of figures. And in this case they prove the figures adduced to mean just nothing at all.

The Ark of the Covenant and the Seance-Room.

Mr. L. Gillingham calls (in the *Vermont Standard of Woodstock*) on all mourning friends who have parted from their loved ones to come and drink from the heavenly fountain of knowledge—*Spiritualism*—and be made happy; saying with the Apostle Paul: "I count all things else as nothing, compared with the excellency of this knowledge." Jesus stood, after his death on the cross, in the midst of his disciples a materialized body. The churches to-day stand where doubting Thomas did; he would not believe until he had the proofs of his senses; these alone changed him from an unbeliever to a believer. Mr. Gillingham defies all the learned men and clergy to show anything in the revelations of Jesus that was new to the world at that day, except the fact of spirit-return and healing by the laying on of hands. Jesus told his disciples, when he sent them forth to preach, that they should "heal the sick by the laying on of hands." And all who deny this gift deny constructively, at least, the revelations of Jesus Christ.

If, he says, all the sects in the land, which profess belief in the revelations of Jesus, the Christ, would build them seance-rooms in their places of worship and sit for spirit-communication, they would soon learn the value of spiritual knowledge. The Jews built what they called "The Ark of the Covenant," where they obtained their spiritual directions in their travels while sojourning in the wilderness. A knowledge of spirit-communication is of more value than all things else in this present life. It is a truth so easily proved that it seems incredible that men and women of good brains and strong intellects should neglect to investigate the subject. The writer was sometimes inclined to think that highly-educated persons reasoned less clearly and closely than those who were not so cultivated, but were by nature endowed with equally quick perception and intellectual power.

The New Revelation.

There has been a growing conviction among the best informed and observant in the spiritualistic ranks that there will soon be a new manifestation of psychic power; that it will be disclosed through the mental, moral or physical man, either one, or all; or else in the general realm of nature, which will prove to be a startling advance upon all present phenomena, carrying with it even greater and more convincing evidence of the continuity of life and intelligent communication between the seen and unseen worlds of consoling, intelligent existence.

Its near advent seems to inspire a spirit of prophecy among those in the mortal whose spiritual natures bring them nearest to that realm of the immortal life occupied by the exalted ones of earth, who, under the divine intelligence and love, have been, and now are, the evangelists of light, inspiration and truth to their successors yet engaged in the pilgrimage and tuition of earth.

To use a common but expressive phrase, "it is in the air," an intuition, a premonition, a continuous impression born of the interior life, and inwardly sensed, rather than subject to formal proof on the exterior plane of reasoning. And yet there are certain features of this advanced revelation which seem as posi-

tive as the coming fact itself. It will be in harmony with the present order of psychic disclosure and phenomenal progress. It will, in supplying a lack to the scientific mind, sweep away the unsentimental cobwebs which now fetter many honest but conservative thinkers and reasoners, who are handicapped by old faiths and formulas, and who have continued to keep their own special grave of theological and creedal mystery open for the reception of all phenomena which they have been unable to solve upon their old hypotheses of matter, spirit, law and life.

It will also be of such a nature, character and proportions as to put an extinguisher upon "the spirits of mischief"—charlatans, simulators, frauds and counterfeiters, who, by trafficking in present phenomena for personal greed, have disgusted the spiritual, sensible and devout, and have thus retarded the progress of the highest and sublimest truths ever disclosed to the human race, to wit, continuity of existence, unity of the race, continuous and intelligent communion.

This advanced step on the part of our spirit-friends will be heartily welcomed, accepted and responded to by every true spiritual disciple. The legal, spiritual, historic and phenomenal heavens all disclose the portents of the coming psychic gift and power, and our honest and fervent desire is that it may not be long delayed.

Glints from our Foreign Exchanges.

Specially translated for the BANNER OF LIGHT by W. N. EAYRS.

(From La Revue Spirite.)

Curious Phenomena in Russia.

M. Pelekine addresses to *The Rebus* a letter containing an account of some interesting psychic facts that have occurred in various parts of Russia. He states that these phenomena are of as frequent occurrence in Russia as elsewhere, but that few persons only are found who will take the trouble to make a record of them or to give them publicity.

"Madame Walthmann, wife of a civil engineer and landholder at Borisoglebsk, communicates the following: Madame Emma K., wife of an officer dwelling at Moscow, was much attached to her husband, who adored her. After a long illness, during which his wife had bestowed upon him the most assiduous care, M. K. died. A few moments before he breathed his last he said to her: 'I beg you, my dear Emma, not to go away from my coffin after I am dead until I am buried; remain all the time near me.' Madame K., in conformity with this wish, did not leave the coffin, not even at night.

The very afternoon when the burial was to be made, something called her for a few minutes into a neighboring room. Immediately she heard some one call her by name. At first she thought that it was her step-daughter, but the call being repeated, she recognized the voice of her husband, who was crying to her, 'Emma, Emma, do not go away.' The daughter, who had also heard the voice, seized with fear, exclaimed: 'Mamma, father is calling you.' There was no doubt that the husband was summoning her to come to him. Expecting to find signs of life, she hastened to him; but the body was lying motionless, not the least change had occurred. The spirit of the dead man had evidently spoken, and the wife did not leave the coffin again until the moment when the earth received it."

The correspondent of the Russian journal asks, "Does not this fact prove that after death the spirit of the departed one remains near the body, that he sees and knows all that goes on about him?"

Madame Bernasconi, the mother of Madame Walthmann, and dwelling in the same house with her, relates the following circumstances: "In 1867 I was living at Krasnoil. My son, Victor, five years of age, was a remarkable boy, intelligent, active, precocious, and exceedingly devout. He loved to visit the church and to talk with the priest, who greatly admired the extraordinary boy. He was beloved by the neighborhood.

Victor was taken ill with diphtheria, and there was no hope of his recovery. He said to me one day, 'Well, dear mamma, I am to die to-day. Let me take a bath, that I may appear before God all clean.' I objected to this, saying that a bath would do him harm; but he insisted so strenuously that I was obliged to yield to his demand.

I bathed him, put on him clean linen, and replaced him in bed. 'Now, mamma dear,' said he, 'place under my arm a little holy image; you know, the one I love so much.' I did as he wished.

'Quick, mamma, put a candle in my hand, for I am going to die immediately.'

I obeyed. I lighted a taper and placed it in his hand. His last words were, 'Now, good-by, dear mamma.' He closed his eyes, and died.

I was inconsolable for the loss of this child. Day and night I wept for him; and thus passed a year.

One morning in the winter I was awakened by the noise the servant was making in lighting the fires in the stoves. I remained a while at rest, thinking only of the stoves, when suddenly I heard the voice of my lost child, who, at the left of the bed, was calling me, 'Mamma, mamma, are you asleep?' 'No,' I answered, deeply moved, 'I am not asleep,' and turning my face toward the place whence the voice appeared to come, I saw—my son Victor! clothed in white, looking upon me with sadness.

The light that filled the room seemed to come directly from him. He was so near me that my first impulse was to rush to him, and press him to my heart. Scarcely had this desire crossed my mind, when he prevented it, saying to me, 'Mamma, do not touch me; you must not touch me,' and then he drew back a little from me.

I was gazing upon him in silence, when he said: 'Mamma, you are always weeping for me; why do you weep so? I am very well here, but I should be much happier if you did not weep so much. Don't mourn for me any more.' Thereupon he disappeared.

This apparition made such an impression upon me that I ceased to mourn, for I was convinced that he was happier than he could be upon earth.

Two years later Victor appeared to me again. In almost the same conditions, in my chamber. He seemed to be wishing to prepare me for the death of my little Olga, a child of one year.

'Mamma,' said he to me, 'you do not need Olga.'

To my exclamation, 'How? are you going to take Olga away too?' he replied, 'She is in the way here,' and disappeared. Two weeks before Olga's death he reappeared, and repeated the same words: 'Mamma, Olga is in the way at your house.' To my question: 'Why do you want Olga? Is it possible that you are going to take her away?' he said, 'At your house there are only great people; she would only be in the way.'

I was sure that Olga was to be taken from me; and therefore, when two weeks later my little one was stricken with fever, I was not surprised. In two days she died. After that I asked in my prayers that Victor would not come again. His visits were too painful to me; and they have not been repeated."

'I was all in vain he lightly sped A shaft of fire, Or sought to turn her pretty head To look at me.'

She listened with a lofty air To such a thing, And left him almost in despair By never smiling.

Until he struck an orange peel, With feet upraised, And then did she her mirth unseal 'Midst throes amazing.

—Pillander Johnson, in Truth.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From the home of her daughter, Mrs. Tower, at South Hanover, Mass., Mrs. Hannah Hollis, aged 81 years.

This dear old lady has been a Spiritualist for nearly forty years, and was always interested in every reform movement. Her sunny face has been a light in the window, cheering all who passed her home; and the influence of her beautiful life pervaded the entire community. Three generations of her descendants were represented at the funeral, which was conducted by Dr. H. B. Storer, who clearly presented her ideas of the Spirit-World, and paid an eloquent tribute to her life and influence.

From Baltimore, Md., March 9th, Mrs. M. S. George. She leaves for California, May she awaken from the slumber of earth to realize the blessings of the higher life! MRS. R. WALCOTT.

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The world means well, though it wanders and stray From the straight, short cut to duty; So march on, and the time will come, For after awhile it will come your way, Bringing its pleasures and beauty.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

LUTHER COLBY, Chairman.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer.

It should be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—or more.

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

COLBY & RICH.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held January 12th, 1894.

Spirit Invocation.

Unto thee, oh! Father, who art the giver of every good and perfect gift, we look unto the supply of every want, but of every need. We thank thee for thy bright messengers of light that are sent out unto all homes, and may the time soon come when all shall realize and recognize thy power and presence with them; then shall we seek to know more of thee and of thy laws, and to realize more of the blessings thou dost bestow upon thy children of earth.

May we seek to come into communication more and more with those who have passed on into the bright and beautiful realms beyond. Oh! we thank thee, our Father, for spirit-communication, and for the aid our spirit-friends can give us while we journey upon the earth-plane. We also feel thy protecting care. We ask that ignorance may be banished; that the chains of superstitions and creeds which have bound mortals so long may be broken, so that thy children may not sit in darkness, as heretofore, but that light may be given unto them, and consolation brought to the mourning ones which will cause them to lift up their hearts to thee in thankfulness and praise. May the doorways ever be kept open for spirit-communication, through which comfort and happiness may be brought to the children of earth. We thank thee for life and its duties, for we know they are well for us, even though the burdens are heavy and the way rough, and we know also that thou canst give us the needed support.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Amory Morse.

It is a pleasure for me to speak here at this hour. I have been one of the assembly often, but I feel I cannot progress by being a listener as much as I would if I were to take part, and add one more proof of continued life to those that have already been given. We all speak the same sentiment of our spirit-friends, that we are thankful for the privilege of coming to the loved ones that dwell upon the earth, though not alone. How often we hear these words spoken: "Oh! how lonely it is since the dear ones have been taken out of the home!" Yes, but it is only the form that is gone.

In Natok, this State, I know well there are some that will remember me.

When here I did not understand about spirit-communication, but I have learned since, which are God's truths. I have learned since, I used to think a great many times when in the flesh that some one was walking beside me, but after leaving the mortal form it came to be a knowledge with me. I have learned since passing to the higher life that spirit-communication has ever been; I cannot learn from any advanced spirit when the beginning was.

I come to let my friends know that I found what you call a belief, a knowledge—that is, that we live and are attracted to the earth, where our friends are, and also wherever we can do any good. The selfishness that seems to cling to mortals is lost when we pass on. I do not speak for all, for I have no right to do that; I am speaking for myself alone.

Amory Morse was not a disbeliever in the future life, but I must say I did know of spirit-communication. Well, I have got to modify that a little, for scores of times I seemed to be talking with those who had passed on. I supposed it was what mortals call imagination; but I know better now; yet the thought would come in that way.

I would say to each one who will read my words in your paper: Learn all you can of these things while here, for it will be a great benefit to you when you shall pass through the portal called death, but which is life eternal. Then if life is eternal, love is eternal; therefore let us learn to be more sympathetic, more charitable, and then we shall be more conscious of our friends' companionship.

I am grateful for the time that is allotted me to-day. Most certainly it is a privilege to speak here, and it has been very pleasant to me to listen to what has been said from this spiritual platform to those yet upon the material plane.

Abner L. Bailey.

I hardly know whether I'd better speak or not, but still I am prompted—pressed, really—to speak here this hour. The old teachings followed me for some time after leaving the mortal form when I came upon the earth-plane, which I did not expect to do when I passed out.

You, Mr. Chairman (as I suppose it is proper to address you in this meeting), will remember me, and know how positive I was in what I termed a belief. I must be honest, and acknowledge that I find now my belief was very faint; but still I felt in the form that it sufficed for me, although at times the question would arise in my mind, "Is Spiritualism true?" I could not acknowledge that it was. I had not had enough proof of the truth of spirit-communication. Spiritualism I now know consists not wholly in a name, but in works and right living. I think you will agree with me in that.

I have some warm, intimate friends here yet upon the earth plane. I know I am not forgotten in Newburyport; neither do I feel my name will be blotted out. I take an interest in the good old place and in the works there. I am not here to speak wholly of material affairs. I want to acknowledge here that I was groping in the dark when on the mortal plane, but I did not know it. At one particular period since I passed on I held a little conversation with you, and it was pleasant indeed

to me, although I knew you could not come into the realization of that joy that I experienced at that moment. You will remember, good friend, years ago, when I was here in the flesh, we had some conversation at different periods in regard to Spiritualism, but it never weakened our friendship, and I shall be glad to clasp your hand warmly when the change shall come to you.

Some of my friends will doubtless say: "I should not have supposed that, as rigid and firm as he was in the old teachings and theories that he received in his younger days, Abner would have gone there to report." I will make this statement right here: No mortal knows what he would do after becoming an immortal. How can we know what we would do? In the first place, I hardly think we realize what immortal life is until we have passed on.

Henry is here, and Richard Spofford is in the audience to-day. You have a large assembly of invisibles.

I am very happy, knowing it is my privilege to progress—not wholly on my own account, but that, as I gain light and understanding, I may impart them to others upon the earth-plane.

My name is Abner L. Bailey, and I shall be well remembered because of my connection with the Bailey Hat Factory at Newburyport. [Question by the Chairman: "Did you control several years ago at Mrs. Wells's, and manifest to me?"] Yes, that is correct; I came to you as an honest man. We were old schoolmates. You had your belief, and I had mine, but that did not break our friendship, although I was as firm in my belief as you were in yours. I certainly appreciate the privilege of speaking to you personally to-day. Rev. John Pierpont, who is your Spirit-President, said in his quiet and dignified way when I appeared, "Now report if you feel to do so." I did not need urging.

I wish to be remembered to all my old friends in Newburyport and Amesbury, this State.

Carrie Wheeler.

[To the Chairman:] They tell me we are all privileged to speak if we can gain permission, and it matters not where we may come from. I come from Philadelphia.

For a long time after I passed away my mother, Mary Wheeler, would say within her spirit: "Oh, Carrie! why did they take you away from me?" She could not realize that there was anything but death for me. She would feel, "That is the end; I never shall find my Carrie again."

After I had reported once—I think it must be as many as eight or ten years ago—I felt better. I said then I did not report as I'd like to, but I'd do better another time. I have waited until I had this kind invitation extended to me to speak, and I have accepted.

I would say to the whole world, if doubts will come to you do not express them all; it would be better not to express them at all. I am certain your words are felt by the immortals who are trying so hard to reach you, and leave their comforting influences with you. What I wish to speak particularly about now is this: At a certain period I manifested my presence as a materialized spirit, and I heard the words, "It is not she; it is the medium; look, there is the very outline of the medium's face." Oh! how sad I felt. I knew it was not the medium, but we take elements from the instrument we use to make up our materialized body, it is not strange that at times these forms resemble somewhat the appearance of the medium. It is strange to me that we are able to make up forms visible to mortals at all. I do not speak of this because I wish to blame any one, but I desire to see mortals less liable to criticize what they do not understand, and not try to go into algebra before they can spell in two variables. We are attracted to where there is true media power; but, as we have said many times before, we have to learn to control a medium, and we have to learn how to draw elements from the medium and the sitters with which to clothe ourselves in materiality.

It must be from twelve to fifteen years since I laid off the garment of flesh, and during that time I have been experimenting much in the cabinets of different mediums in New York, Philadelphia and Washington. Many times when I have come forth clothed in materiality, those in the flesh have looked upon me, taken my hand, and said, "Why, that seems like flesh and blood!" Why not, I ask, if we draw elements from flesh and blood to make for ourselves temporary bodies in which to appear to our friends?

When I was but a little child I delighted to play what I called "heaven" with my schoolmates, and I would say to them, "Come to visit me as if you were dead." Why did these impressions come to me about what was termed the dead? I understand now that I had media powers. Sometimes I would look at the clouds rolling away so fast above my head, and imagine that such a cloud was God, and the little clouds were his angels. I know now that the spiritual power that was given me at my birth that led me to think in this way, and I say to the friends of earth, learn of a little child, and it shall lead you to happier thoughts than you cultivate here upon the earth plane. Carrie Wheeler.

Dr. L. Whiting.

[To the Chairman:] What the lady had to say was very interesting, and as I listened to her words I knew some mortal or immortal would gain a little light from them. I cannot say that I can give light to mortals, but I will try; I can do that. We do not know sometimes, as you reckon time, what benefit some one may derive from what has been spoken in your Circle-Room. I have visited your circles many times, and I have known you, sir, for many years, although in speaking thus to you I am a perfect stranger.

I was well known in Saratoga Springs, New York, and by many I am not forgotten. Dr. L. Whiting was my name. Titles mean little to me; but I was told when we were young to leave our names, and give such facts as will serve to identify us to those who knew us here in the mortal.

I must make this statement: I am pleased with the arrangements that have been brought about by the spirit-world in your Circle-Room, for we do not use up the nerve-aura of the medium so fast as we do in a public meeting. I have often plied the medium I have seen employed in promiscuous gatherings, where oftentimes so much of their nerve-aura has been used that they have become perfectly exhausted; and the nerve-forces were not drawn upon so much by the spirits as by those in the flesh. Let me go into a cabinet, and I can very quickly tell you whether you are going to have a spiritual séance, or whether you are going to have a material one, by the kind of elements I see are being drawn upon.

I thought I understood considerable of the physical system of mortals while here, but I certainly have gained a great deal more knowledge since passing on, and I am more than ever impressed with the fact that the human form is wonderfully and mysteriously made.

I will not dwell upon that point, but will touch a little upon another matter. It seems to be a thought uppermost within the spirits of mortals, when they witness a spirit-manifestation, especially in the line of materialization, that it is the medium. We acknowledge it is the medium through whose agency we must make ourselves known if we manifest at all; but I say to-day, how much the poor mediums, it matters not for what phase they are used, have to bear from mortals. I would that you were all more charitable. Where I have been an almost constant visitor I have found sometimes that the spirit has been clothed beautifully in material elements, and at another time circumstances would prevent the work from being carried on so perfectly. Sometimes the medium has lacked magnetic forces, and the result has been decidedly unsatisfactory to mortals, so much so that insinuations have been made reflecting upon the medium's honesty. I say to you, there are many circumstances that cannot be controlled; therefore be more charitable, for I declare again, most emphatically, that I know materialization to be a fact.

I am grateful for the few moments allotted me here.

Josephine Clancy.

There is one I know dwelling in your city

whose eye will fall upon my message, and he will be pleased to know I have reported here in person. He has scanned the paper many, many times to see if there was not one word of encouragement extended to him from some one that he had known upon the earth-plane.

I would say to those here, We come to you, dear friends, in sympathy and love; if you are happy we are happy; if you are miserable we are miserable; but we cannot take your joys or sorrows with us; if we did, where would our heaven be?

In Worcester there are some friends who will be glad to hear from Josephine. I am happy, and am glad all I can, not wholly for myself, but that I may give what I receive to others.

When we come as visitors upon the earth-plane we like to have our presence realized by the dear ones here, and the greatest disappointment that comes to us is when they do not know we are near. We try again and again, and if we lost our courage as mortals do, we should soon cease to try to manifest our presence. How often have I heard it said by some mortal, "Well, I have sat so many times and thought perhaps some one of my spirit-friends would manifest; I have sought to learn if they are with me, but I have received nothing, and I am going to give it up; I will not try again." And perhaps the very next time, if they had only had the patience to sit and wait, we would have had power to demonstrate. We do not lose our courage, but we continue on, daily, monthly and yearly, to make ourselves known, and at last we are repaid for every exertion we have made.

My name is Josephine Clancy. I was known in Boston, but I had friends in Worcester.

Henry H. Fitch.

While the lady was speaking I saw five spirits approach your Spirit President, asking permission to speak, which he kindly accorded them, when the time shall be ripe. One word here, Mr. Chairman, which will not be out of place, for I know whereof I speak: Rev. John Pierpont takes his stand here, where he belongs, in the place to which he was appointed by the spirit-world; then who has a right to doubt his presence here? No one. He is not confined by any means to the material body, and the opportunity is afforded him, there he is to be found, and he is true to the work for which he is so well adapted here in your Circle-Room.

I was a business man in Boston for many years, although known well in Cornish. There are people, however—those who are my truest friends, I know—who will doubt my coming into a spiritual meeting. Oh! Father in heaven, may every meeting be spiritual, free from creed and dogma, and may every day be a Sabbath day. Let us so live each day that we may receive the smiles and approbation of the angels.

How many are creed bound, but with many the bonds are loosened, and I rejoice that it is so.

It is the earnest wish of my spirit to day that some one may be benefited by the words I speak here, even if the light received be but small.

When I have been up through the mountains I have found friends there, and thoughts of me would fill their minds for the time, only to be replaced by others.

I desire to say to my friends that I was disappointed, happily disappointed, when I opened my eyes upon the new world into which I had been ushered, filled with live, active people, looking the same as when here, only more spiritual. When I gazed upon them I knew well I had left the material form, although I was clothed in a body fashioned after the one I possessed here.

We shall see face to face; we shall know as we are known. I could not comprehend that thought when here, although it was the teaching of my mother, when but a child, that we should at the judgment day come forth each to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. Poor mother! how ignorant she was of the real judgment day, which, as I understand it, is every day, every moment of your life—judged by the inner spirit, and that is enough. I never could understand why, if God was a just and a loving Father, he placed us here as mortals, fashioned like unto his own image, and then if we did wrong he was going to punish us, not for a limited time, but forever. I understand now that God never committed an error, but man has made many, and will make many more, for this life, as I look at it, is made up of mistakes mostly.

I am Henry H. Fitch. I was well known in this city, though my native place was Cornish.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES.

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Ida Holt; Alice Sampson; Frank Emerson; Markell Simons; Dr. Corneil Smith; Daisy Warren; Susan Haskell; Mrs. John Adams.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By "Justice."] What have the exalted statesmen—such as Henry Clay, for instance—to say, if anything, in regard to the present class-legislation of the United States Congress?

Ans.—There can be no division of opinion among enlightened intelligences as to the errors involved in class-legislation; but such abuses will continue until the people awake to a due sense of their responsibilities, prerogatives and privileges. Were the Swiss system of Initiative and Referendum adopted, the will of the masses could not be ignored by the classes.

It is useless to expect reform from the top downward; rulers have power, if ever, foremost in advocating measures for the benefit of the people. The two great political parties are about equally corrupt, though both contain sincere and honorable individuals who devoutly believe in party politics. Statesmen are few, while politicians are many, and it is to the former, not to the latter, that we must look for leadership in all branches of reform.

We deprecate the calamity-bait, the futile, hysterical scream against existing evils; there is no just ground for pessimistic croaking, though there is great need for stirring action on the part of all who have the people's welfare at heart. If the people do but awake to the emergency of the situation, and make their power felt, back-door politics will soon be consigned to oblivion.

Let the people in every district assemble during the winter evenings for mutual instruction in the rights and duties of citizenship; let the young people of both sexes qualify themselves to vote intelligently on every question pertaining to public welfare; then with an increase, both in general knowledge and in

interest, there will be means found, and that speedily, for carrying out in full the sublime ideas embodied in the Constitution.

So long as wealth is eagerly sought after and worshiped by people of all ranks and ages, so long will the Money Monopoly continue to dominate. The People, as a whole, are far too apathetic, and always ready to blame anybody but themselves when things go wrong; and taking into consideration the state of affairs throughout the country, we hesitate not to say that the indifference of the multitude is the chief cause of all the legislative evils we so frequently bemoan. If the voters everywhere will rise to a sense of their responsibilities, Congress will soon be composed of men and women who will truly represent the nation.

We regard a more thorough education in the rights and obligations of citizenship the prime need of the hour; and we urge upon all who are interested at heart in the passing of good laws, and the repeal of bad ones, the immediate duty of working in their respective educational conferences, where all matters of importance may be freely discussed before voting takes place.

Q.—[By "Searcher for Truth."] What do the spirits think of the Convention of the so-called "religions" of earth? Also the sixteen saviors Kersey Graves writes about?

A.—Differences of opinion may prevail among spirits as to the utility of religious conventions, but as for us we believe that every move in the direction of mutual understanding is an upward one. The "Sixteen Crucified Saviors," mentioned by Kersey Graves in his book bearing that title, were all spiritual teachers and prophets, and we esteem them, though the fact of the literal crucifixion of all of them is by no means an historical certainty.

Our view of all religious systems is that they embody certain elements of truth, and that they all originated to meet some real demand of human nature. We know of no system unmixed with error, nor have we found one which is wholly false.

Spiritualists, like other people, sometimes arrive at too hasty conclusions, and many fail to emphasize the distinctly spiritualistic element in all bibles, which, when duly recognized, is strongly corroborative of the fact of the universality of spiritual revelation adapted to all times and human necessities. The past forty-six years have been very eventful, it is true, but spiritual outpourings occurred ages ago which were no less wonderful than those of the present century.

A comprehensive view of the question of human salvation is not disturbed by Mr. Graves's statement that "there are sixteen saviors or none." Suppose there have already appeared sixteen, or many more than that number of greatly inspired teachers at different times in various countries; wherein does this admission affect anything essential to a reasonable and uplifting idea of religion? There are at present a vast number of inspired teachers, and the self-denying philanthropists in all countries working for the salvation of the race, and this they are accomplishing in two ways: First, by the influence they exert psychically through the nobility of their mental emanations; second, by the actual words they speak and deeds they perform.

Crucifixion has, it is true, an astronomical meaning; but in the moral realm it denotes the unification of the intellect with emotion—reason and reflection must become one. The cross, as a symbol in ancient Egypt, stood for the truth concealed in phallic worship, which, when properly interpreted, is a sublime spiritual, not a grossly sensual conception. Osiris and Isis, the heavenly father and mother, brought forth Horus the divine child, both son and daughter of the divine pair; the faculty of generation was held supremely sacred by the prophets of the oldest Egyptian cult, and the cross was used as a Nileometer, to mark the rising and falling of the water necessary to irrigate the soil, the superficial side of the emblem was never its chief significance.

The Gospels state that Jesus told his disciples they must take up their cross and follow him, and they do not appear to have found it hard to understand him, though at that time they had no thought of their teacher suffering death penalty at the hands of the Romans, who crucified those whom they condemned for capital offenses, to show that they made it a boast that they put no man to death unjustly, the cross being a figure of equity.

Though the conventional idea of taking up one's cross suggests enduring grievous hardships and persecutions, the earlier and fuller meaning of the phrase is that we must learn to unite the elements of our nature that we are, with the elements that we wish to be, and great perpendicularly as we are horizontally. A perfect cross is rarely seen as a Christian emblem; the horizontal beam should pass exactly through the centre of the perpendicular to convey the right idea, and this would leave four exactly equal spaces to typify a life lived exactly "on the square." All Masonic and other emblems are beautiful when rightly understood, although we do not consider symbols necessary for adults, children always require object-lessons. The universal sign-language which antedates all written and spoken tongues, is not yet useless, nor will it be until English, Volapük, or some richer language than any yet devised has become universally understood.

Q.—[By "An Observant Citizen."] Will there be a general war of the European nations prior to the incoming of the twentieth century? Have the prophets of "Divine Revelation" anything to do with the political upheaval of the nations?

A.—We have often stated our convictions as to a coming general war, and they are to the effect that there will be much preparation made for it, but, to quote a common proverb, its bark will prove worse than its bite.

The twentieth century may not dawn in Europe upon a thoroughly peaceful state of affairs, but the peace-spirit is now taking hold of the nations as never before, and this is largely the result of greatly increased educational facilities.

The trite adage, "history repeats itself," is one of those much-abused platitudes which form a considerable portion of the stock-in-trade of the superficial calamity prophet. History does repeat itself in more ways than one; but history proves evolution, and demonstrates that differing causes produce differing effects. Now let us inquire: Are the peoples of Europe to-day any more warlike than twenty years ago? Has there been no education of late? Are there no changes in public sentiment? Anarchism and Nihilism are simply ebullitions of hysteria, though Socialism and Nationalism may be deeply founded in the convictions of many sober thinkers. Philosophic individualism may be in the estimation of some the equivalent of what they call "philosophic anarchy," but the well-disposed people who call themselves individualists, and are theoretically opposed to socialism, are as far removed from bloodthirsty cravings as the amiable and gentlemanly Edward Bellamy, whose views are really akin to those of Social Democracy, which differs widely from State Socialism in this important particular: that the latter increases the functions of imperial government, while the former acknowledges the sovereignty of the people or nations.

As to "Divine revelation" this, in our judgment, is by no means confined to any special documents, times or peoples; the last book in the New Testament, called the Apocalypse or Revelation, is very like the Book of Daniel in general construction and metaphors employed; it may be difficult, though not impossible, to interpret the "divine revelations," for it evidently is Kabalistic and Masonic in document. Swedenborg classes it among the five books of the New Testament which he declares are the only ones containing two interior senses—the spiritual and celestial—in addition to their natural meaning. In his "Apocalypse Unveiled," a very accessible book, this mysterious vision is minutely explained, the summing up of Swedenborg's explanation is in his declaration that the New Jerusalem of perfect peace and harmony is now descending from God to man, and that this new descent of heaven to earth began about the time of his own special illumination, which occurred in 1757.

Dr. Cumming, a Scotch Presbyterian minister in London many years ago, was incessantly

literalizing the Apocalypse, and predicting from its pages all sorts of direful catastrophes, most of which never came to pass. Dark predictions are usually the outgrowth of pessimistic predilections, and persons usually optimistic have seasons of depression when neither their mental nor physical condition is such that such gloomy theories are very apt to come under the dominion of the floating pessimism which is in the air.

It is, in our judgment, highly necessary to cultivate a determination to look on the brightest possible side of all things, and then, to a limited extent at least, we can fulfill prophecies as well as make them. There is a willful element in prophecy not usually considered, and though it is not the chief factor in genuine prediction, it is not an inconsiderable element for to hold anything steadily in mind, to expect it to come to pass is to assist in its fulfillment. Almost everybody acknowledges the force of will to a considerable extent, but the forcefulness of continued expectation is far too often overlooked completely. When we study spiritual law sufficiently to know that thought is a great power, we shall grow to be very careful of what we hold in our expectancy. To anticipate warfare is of an innocently provocative nature; sensitive persons are often provoked, often quite without their knowledge, by the thoughts of those about them. Let us pray for peace, believe in peace, work for peace, foretell the advent of peace, and live in peace, inwardly as well as outwardly, and so may we become the blessed ones who make peace.

Banner Correspondence.

Missouri.

OREGON.—"Holt" writes as follows: "From their persistency in seeking to have laws made in their behalf, one would suppose the medical faculty had the utmost confidence in the scientific accuracy of their system of practice. In most of the States one can no longer die without the attendance of a 'regular physician.' The Homeopaths, lately regarded as the most out of all, now have, in many States under the 'Doctors' Law,' a quasi position among regulars, and are as eager as the others to have statutes made against outsiders. The doctors have not yet progressed as far as the clergy of another profession, inasmuch as they do not ask 'to be put into the Constitution,' but they will doubtless reach that point yet. It is not for want of self-confidence, but a kind of distrust, that the age has not yet advanced in civilization far enough to give them that high recognition."

To us it is one of the most pleasant of all reflections that religion and the science of medicine have at last, after such long struggles through so much doubt and difficulty, and under leaders who, at various times, have declared the most opposed and conflicting doctrines to be the only truth, reached absolute certainty and can now demand of the whole nation not only acquiescence but adoption. These, some details are yet unsettled, about those of the only one of its kind in the practice of a little among themselves, but, of course, it is merely a question of time when all will be settled, as it is in the same line of homogeneity—which Spencer assures us is the destiny of all living things, moral as well as physical. And now, since we have reached this promised land, what a tremendous spectacle of strife and uncertainty there is afforded us on looking backward! If there have been religions for making holy ever since the dawn of time, there have been medical schools and practices in number more than all the days in the year.

Let us see what a very reliable and honest man says, who wrote about the year sixteen hundred, Montaigne by name. In chapter thirty-seven of his works, he says: "The Romans lived without doctors for a long time, and then, after trying them a century or so, banished them." Every nation has been for ages without physic—several are ignorant of it to-day where men live more healthy and longer than we do, and even among ourselves we see the common folk do well without it. . . . Pliny said that the practice of medicine is by all much uncertain, perplexed, and agitated with greatest mutations. . . . Before the Peloponnesian war there was no great talk of medicine [among Europeans we presume]. Hippocrates brought it into repute. What he established Cræteus overthrew; after him Erasistratus overthrew his doctrines. After these came the Empirics. When they began to decay, Hierophilus set up another way, when Esculapiades, in turn, overthrew his predecessors." And so on he enumerates a long list of names of authors of new ways of practicing medicine. "Since these changes of old times there have been," he continues, "infinite others down to our own day, altering often the whole extent of the practice. I remember that some years ago there was an epidemic disease very dangerous and fatal raged in all the towns around us. The storm being over which had swept so many hundreds of people into their graves, one of the most famous doctors of all the country wrote a book on the subject, in which on better thoughts he confessed that the letting of blood in that disorder was the chief cause of so many deaths."

Who does not remember if old enough, the practice a few years ago, still followed in some obscure parts of the country, of calomel and blood-letting by the most regular orthodox practitioners? Who can forget their long bitter resistance of all attempts at reform? Who does not know that if at that time the age of statute-making for any and every applicant, even that of the pest laws, as Tacitus well says, had not been in existence, those regulars must have induced every State legislature in favor of their fatal practice? When the typhoid fever made its first appearance in Ohio as almost epidemic, about 1846, the most illustrious regulars destroyed every patient they visited by their regular practice, and it was not until they saw the few patients of homeopaths and other irregulars recovering, they had to admit the disease was not necessarily fatal, and limited the practice of the "quacks" and "pretenders." Wherever dysentery visited a region how the victims perished, especially the children, under regular practice.

Our old Montaigne thinks that if the business of the doctors is to be tolerated at all, it should be by specialists only! Think of that advanced idea three hundred years ago. But the fact is that the art of medicine never attained to this day anything like the perfection it had in ancient Egypt; for so many ages had it been practiced in that region that for every disease and for every part of the body there was a special physician or surgeon. "He who provides for all provides for nothing," they said. But it would seem that when a nation perishes, trampled out by conquest, most of its arts pass with it, and new states must develop through their own experience; and now we, with our brief experience, with a civilization hardly three centuries old, and in the art of physic only just broken from practices of regular physicians denounced by themselves, are to be cozened by that very school into the enactment of any legislation against any other schools or individuals who advocate other methods; that, too, in face of the fact that innumerable other modes of practice have existed as popular for long periods, and that the very school that asks for such law-making is to-day boasting over many of its greatest triumphs by practices diametrically opposed to what was regular, universally, fifty years ago, and is regular still among the more conservative and obstinate of that very school."

Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—M. H. Prince writes: "Each succeeding lecture delivered by Willard J. Hull seems to cement our friendship more closely. Sunday, March 18th, a gentleman took his chair close to the rostrum (his hearing being defective), and followed the discourse with fixed attention; when, at its close, the President, Mr. Benner, asked him what he thought of the lecture, and he stated his marked satisfaction—at the same time giving five dollars to have the lecture for next Sunday lectured in the leading papers of the city, and five dollars additional toward the fund to retain Mr. Hull next month—which has been accomplished. The gentleman proved to be Judge Westbrook of this city; he is too

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