

# BANNER OF LIGHT



VOL. 77.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895.

(\$2.50 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.)

NO. 13.

## For the Banner of Light. THE HALLS OF MEMORY.

Behold a silent valley, deep and green,  
Within whose verdant walls mists gather and  
Disperse, like spectre armies, at the beck  
And call of some great master mind. Behold  
Within this misty vale a structure vast  
And strange, whose architecture bodies forth  
Creative thought in every form and type.  
Here rise fabled palatial, pinnacled  
And crowned with glittering dome or massive tower  
Anon these outlines fade from the sight,  
And sink into proportions low and mean,  
Where poverty and even vice might find  
A shelter fit. 'Mong softly-swaying vines  
Bright, latticed windows hide; while yet again  
Stern walls and gray frown sullenly, and seem  
To challenge all the powers of earth and air.

Within this pile fantastic  
Lead corridors and labyrinthine ways  
To chambers numberless: In banquet hall  
Superb, a wedding feast is gaily laid;  
Mid hangings black, funereal, watches Grief  
Above a bier, while all the heavy air  
Seems full of woe. Here birds and flowers reveal  
The happy haunts of innocence and youth.  
There, chapel windows deep shed softened light  
On altar, nave and burnished organ pipe.  
In depths below, far from the realms of light  
And hope, foul dungeons lie, where ever and  
Anon vague forms appear, and flee away,  
And come again with noiseless, stealthy tread,  
Like evil deeds that live forevermore!  
And over all a spell of silence rests,  
As night rests on the bosom of the sea.  
Dread silence reigns—silence that may be felt.  
Behold! these are the Halls of Memory. C. B. H.

## The Spiritual Rostrum.

### Mrs. Luther at Berkeley Hall.

(Stenographically reported for the Banner of Light by  
Miss M. Coffey.)

On the evening of April 28, Mrs. A. H. Luther closed her month's labors at Berkeley Hall. On that occasion she gave the most effective lecture of her series of addresses. At the earnest solicitation of a number of people, the lecture, specially reported for THE BANNER, is reproduced at this time. Her subject was:

### "IF THERE IS NO GOD, WHAT FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE CREATES MATTER?"

When we talk about the universe, how little we know what we are talking about. It is a word easy enough to be pronounced, but extremely hard to be understood. There is a mighty power connected with this meaning, and that which is far beyond our comprehension. For a moment of time allow me to review it to some extent.

Arcurus for ages was supposed to be a fixed star until Modern Astronomy made the discovery that it is a sun five hundred and fifty thousand times larger than our sun, eleven millions five hundred thousand times farther away. This star is in the northern heavens, in the constellation of what is more commonly called the Boötes. Throughout all historical time it has been approaching the earth with the wonderful velocity of three millions five hundred thousand miles a day, and yet to-day it exists without any known change so far as its six ter suns are concerned. The sun in round numbers is supposed to be one million two hundred and fifty thousand times larger than the earth and ninety-three millions of miles distant.

There is another wonderful luminous body in the heavens that belongs to the constellation of Canis Major, what is commonly called the "Big Dog." This has been supposed to be a fixed star through all ancient astronomy. Modern astronomers are to-day beginning to think that without doubt it also is a sun.

Sirius is a hundred hundred million of miles distant from the earth, and sixty thousand times greater than that of the sun. I just speak of this to show you how inconsistent it is for humanity to think that they have a religion teaching that there is a heaven and a God beyond the stars. If there is such a locality as heaven and such a being as God, and they are beyond the stars, nobody that you know has ever had time to go from earth there to see them or to know anything about them.

If you should start from the earth to-day and travel with the velocity of light, which is supposed to be about two hundred thousand miles a second, it would take you two thousand years to get to the least remote place known to science to-day. The wonderful powers that have been demonstrated through the present system of extending astronomy has proven conclusively to the human mind that there is no boundary to the stellar universe or stellar space. When you take this into consideration, of course you cannot expect that I can say much upon this subject in one hour of time. But in order to discuss this, or talk with you at all, I must presume many positions. My positions will be of little value to you without doubt, but I present them to you, and I tell you my reasons for such presumptions.

In the first place I may say that I am satisfied that organized matter, or bodies, what the world calls material bodies of any class or kind, whether a planet or tree, whether the work of a human being or not, are all organized through and by what the world calls a molecule, organization by a molecular process, and through certain modes of motion. If I can find out where I can present a molecule, where I can get what might seem possible to you and to me to be a first molecule, then I think I can find a key with which you can unlock some of the mysteries in ages of the past. Another position that I must presume is this, that there never was any beginning to time, that time has always been.

Now we have time and we have space, and to-day, as we look at the condition of things in the universe, we talk about stars, about suns, systems and constellations; we talk about these being organized materials, governed by material forces; we talk about these conditions of life as they exist in the present conditions of our consciousness—but you want me to come back to the time when there was no star, no planet, no sun, nothing but space which contained these elements. These elements were spirit, force and matter. They are all congregated together in a separate form, as are the cases, but are so organized that they form a single unit.

There is a single unit. We must have a name for this single unit. Allow me to call it the science of formation existing in the uni-

verse. Again, allow me to define the terms spirit, force and matter.

Spirit, to me, is the eternal, self-acting, intuitive energy that fills every department of the universe everywhere, under all circumstances. Matter is that element of which all organic bodies are composed.

Force is the medium existing between spirit and matter. Matter within itself is inert, inactive. This is in opposition, without doubt, to anything that modern scientists would say to-day, but matter within itself is inert and inactive. Force and matter are always associated, under all circumstances. Matter cannot, or does not, exist without force, and force is continually *en rapport*, or in connection with matter. Spirit can act upon matter only through this element that we call force.

Let me take this central unit of spirit, force and matter, and this science of formative power, and place them somewhere in the universe of space, no matter where. We have here a combined unit, and in this unit are the great powers of principles from which all things have come. This unit (and its forces that are operating with it and around it,) is what the world calls to-day earth's ether, which is supposed to exist in a fluid, and in atmospheric conditions in the most solid substances. It is the power from which all bodies have been formed and originated.

This unit that I am talking about has become so positive in spirit that it has disconnected itself from its surroundings and environments and become separate. As a unit, and in its condition, it has its demands. These demands may be positive to all the surroundings. This spirit has become positive, or it could not have disconnected itself from the great body to which it belonged. Now it reaches up and mingles with another element of spirit, and it draws another power or force of spirit to it. This spirit must draw force with it, as force is the only power through which it can manifest. Force brings matter. So here is an infinitely small amount of spirit, force and matter united, and this central unit you and I have found. This makes two atoms of matter surrounded by force and spirit, which makes a molecule. A molecule is the smallest organized form of matter that the world has ever found that holds or contains in it the positive and negative forces.

I said a moment ago that if I could find where I could form a molecule, then I could find a key by which you could unlock some of the great mysteries of the past. Let us follow out this process, and see what we can do. The moment that the second atom of matter was added to this unit, there seemed to be a wonderful change. Spirit does not like matter. It will divest itself of matter always, provided it can hold force and get rid of force. But matter and force are so perfectly united, and spirit cannot demonstrate itself without force, so operate through: hence it is obliged to retain matter in its anatomical conditions. In its determination to thrust off matter it has the power of holding the atom it already had, and throwing around that atom the greater amount of the force, and thrusting off another atom of matter. But this atom must necessarily take with it a certain amount of property or force, as they cannot be separated. Here is an atom of matter from this central unit thrust out into space. It has force enough with it, and a small amount of spirit to give it activity. This atom of matter and its force demands a reunion with another atom of matter, force and spirit, and these are united again, and here is formed an other molecule. This process is directed by the central unit, and this is attracted to the central unit again, and these particles of matter are thrust off again with sufficient amount of force to direct them to a small amount of spirit. Matter holds no properties of force or motion. Spirit is the propelling power, the great climbing, unfolding, instructive power, the power that propels everything that belongs to the universe anywhere, so far as I can understand.

This continues on and on until we find that there is a large amount of matter that has been thrown off from this central unit. The unit has been calling to this spirit and force, and every time it gets an addition of spirit and force it gets an addition of strength, and to its strength it receives power to thrust off matter, and hold as little as possible to retain the force that is needed. Matter must be held in the central unit, or the force cannot be utilized to get expression. If you should destroy force and matter in the universe—if such a thing could be done—spirit would exist, but in a latent form. I have no way of expressing this, but if you could destroy spirit in the universe, matter and force would certainly be gone, would be lost. They could not exist without it; hence spirit holds within itself this power. All life in the universe anywhere belongs to spirit.

As time and ages go on—I cannot tell you anything about how many ages, how much time, do not know—but as time and ages have gone by, these additions of matter have been formed outside of the central unit, and they are surrounded with a property of force. Whenever spirit casts off from the central unit a particle of matter, it is thrown off in a circular form. Here is another thing that is always true, that whenever spirit throws off a particle of matter, it always continues the same line of motion until it is stopped by the power that gave it motion. It continues in that orbit, and thereby we find that these particles of matter with a small amount of force and a less amount of spirit are congregated together, and are in the form of a globe. The atoms that have the greatest amount of force form the centre, which is true in everything.

Every body that revolves and moves has a centre, and the centre has the greatest power of motion. The result is that every atom of matter is trying to push itself toward the centre. In making this movement the great power that has demonstrated itself gives an addition in this material form of force, matter and spirit, until we find that great changes are taking place, and when these changes are taking place, a wonderful activity in the power of motion is also taking place, and when this wonderful activity is pursuing its function, we find that heat is produced, and the same that produces heat produces light.

The greater the amount of activity, the greater amount of power is expressed, the greater amount of light, of heat. So this mass of matter that has been thrown off from the central unit, and has become molecular in such a manner that it has been enabled to reproduce its own, and its own be thrown back; that that was reproduced and thrown back upon the central unit, all the time fighting and throwing off, thus becoming more powerful, till we find a ball of light and heat, and it becomes a ball of fire, like a hissing, seething, boiling caldron. This continues on in this movement until the centrifugal force becomes less than the centripetal. Then the ball bursts, and great particles, sheets of matter, are thrust out into space.

The same power or properties of light which organized the first molecule has organized every planet in the universe. It has all been formed, organized and brought together by the action of that power you call spirit through force, and upon matter. As I said, the modern scientists claim that matter retains force enough within itself to be organized under any and all circumstances. But it is not true. I cannot prove this to you, and I am not going to try. Matter has existed from the eternity of past ages. It has existed year since time was, and space, and matter, which is disconnected from anything else, has exactly the same appearance, the same shape, every atom of matter is shaped like every other atom, all of them round. The addition in the size of material structures is in accordance to the amount of force existing around the atom of matter.

Take two atoms, bring them closer together with a large amount of force, and they present one line of structure. Separate them, with a less amount of force connected with them, and they present another line of structure: Present these atoms with spirit and force around them, and they make another line of structure. So you can make as many different lines as you can begin to think. But all come from exactly the same cause.

Worlds have been ages and ages. How long this planet upon which you live, of which you are the result, has been in existence, I do not know, and I don't know anybody who does know. How long it had to live before it could produce a single cell-life I don't know, but I am satisfied that the first of organic life that you and I can possibly think of was that of a single cell; and when the great spirit unit that we have been talking about had fulfilled its mission in that direction, there was a double cell of life; and when the mission was fulfilled in that direction—and this was the operation of spirit and force upon matter—a triple cell came into existence. The same power which existed all the time existed then; the same force that existed before there was a planet, before the first molecule. From cell-life came an organic life; an organ was added to life; and when the one organ was added to life, by-and-by there was a necessity and another organ was added; by and by there was another necessity, and the organic functions, or what we call the heat of the animal, was divided.

Then we find an animal life standing upon two limbs instead of upon four, and we call that a human being. I cannot say that I think Darwin was right all the time. I cannot give the opinion that the spirit of a man ever lived as an identical spirit in any other form. I do not see the necessity. I do not see why this great spirit unit, that has now become so strong and powerful, that the world has presumed to call it God, should see the necessity of putting a spirit entity into a horse, or into any animal whatever that did not belong to that place or that condition; and the spirit of a monkey does not belong to a human being. Apes live. They are not destroyed because a human being has come; hence the spirit of the ape was not destroyed or thrust out of nature in order to have the spirit of a human being. The spirits of animals live, yet, as we know, a great many animals cannot now be found upon the earth. Their age has passed. The earth has outgrown them. The atmosphere has been continually changing until they cannot live. It is so with a race of people. You cannot cause an Indian to grow. If he does grow, he will lose a great deal of his naturalness, and he has no disposition to grow. He will do anything in the world to get out and beyond civilization. You keep him there because you are stronger and more powerful than he.

Take the human being. You are here a thinking individual, and the great trouble with humanity is this, that you have had the privilege given you; you have been born with the right to investigate everything around and in your own powers. But you have never been allowed to investigate yourself. Had the world paid as much attention to teach its people facts and truths regarding the ages I have talked about, as they have to teach God as a being with the power to create out of nothing, you would have been much wiser than you are to-day. You have used your time, money and means to sustain an error for a fact, and it has been a failure—never can be anything else. You and I cannot support an error, and present it to the world as a fact. The word creation is entirely out of place in connection with all these facts. Time was, space was—always have been, always will be. Matter was, force was, spirit was before God was. So it would not take very much of a God after all to make something out of all this. It would not be very wonderful. Men do it to-day.

Man is a being the outgrowth of all things else, everything in the past; hence you must be the perfected condition of all things so far. You live in the last stage that there is. You have the greatest amount of scientific reflection, better science, philosophy, mathematics than in any age previous. Here is something represented through the power of the human being proving there is a power omnipresent, omnipotent, so far as organized bodies are capable of allowing expression to be given. The child shows a wonderful faculty. The babe when born, or before birth, shows a wonderful power. There is nobody in the world but the babe that knows when it is time for it to change spheres of life. But the babe knows exactly when it is time for it to change its sphere of life, and enter into another sphere better adapted to its growth. It will come into the mother's arms from beneath her heart, and when it gets there, it shows upon the very face of it—the shape of its head, the organic power it brings with it—that it is connected with large and great forces that nature can only give expression to through the human being.

Man is so constructed that it proves conclusively to my mind that this construction comes from everything else. Look at man's physical body. What is your brain? It is the trestle board upon which you map out everything that you want to do, everything you want to know. You draw your plan of life, and if you have the power of holding the conditions or environments, you will carry it into effect. The physical body is not only the house that the spirit lives in, but it is the workshop, and the spirit is working in this shop from the time of its entrance till it passes out of it. Your sense of hearing and the other senses are the messengers that go and come. They take from you into the outer world what you know, and bring to you what is known of the outside life. Here is the only way you have of knowing and coming in contact with the conditions that are so necessary to evolve you physically and mentally into a higher condition or train of thinking. The ability of giving expression to the same. You do not need a workshop unless you have somebody to work in it. What are the workmen that are doing the work in this workshop of yours? The organs of your body. Every organ responds to the action of every other organ. And what are these messengers

(Continued on second page.)

## Literary Department.

# THE HEIRESS OF GROVE HALL. A ROMANCE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "The Discovered Country," "Oceanides, A Psychological Novel," "Mary Anne Carew's Wife, Mother, Spirit, Angel," "Philly Carlisle, A Romance," Etc., Etc., Etc.

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### CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED.

"Black Selim" laid his ears back and nipped viciously at the arm of the old drone, who twisted the reins with a cruel grasp—as she tied the horse to a sunken post. She gave the snarling terrier a kick with her old wooden shoe, exclaiming:

"Now be quiet, ye snarling little beast, an' let the boss be, will ye? Canna ye divine that it means siller to yer maistress, an' a bone to yerself?"

She followed Pauline into the hovel, closing the plank-door after her, and fastening it with a piece of rusty ox-chain that was attached to it.

The inside of the hut was more squalid than the outside, if possible—a fitting abode for the uncanny being who made it her home. Nothing daunted the indomitable Pauline: she took the rickety chair which the old woman gave her, seated herself gracefully, and then cast her eyes inquisitively around the room, or, more properly, the den. An old table—which matched the dilapidated walls and ceiling—was propped up against the side of the hovel, and held a few cracked and broken utensils of crockery, and—"Great heavens! what is that crouched in one corner of the room?" thought Pauline, for the first time feeling a little frightened.

Unearthly sad, but exceedingly cunning eyes were gleaming from out that dark corner upon her; it really made her blood run cold. The thing was crouching like some monster about to spring, so she thought, and she turned deadly pale. The old woman noticing the cause of her fright, called out:

"Come here, Jock! an' stop yer capers. Canna ye divine th' young leddy ha' coome to pay ye a visit? A-weel-a-weel! but yer cunning' fox! What's that yer hidin' in yer mou'?" and she drew forth by its chain a large monkey, that grinned and chattered angrily as it tried in vain to conceal some bright object, first within its mouth, and then by carrying it behind its back. The old hag snatched the object from the monkey's hands, giving it a smart cut with the same, which proved to be Miss Pauline's jeweled riding-whip, that had fallen from her hands unobserved when she entered.

Jock retreated, with a howl of rage, to his corner, and sat there grinning and chattering fiercely, with restless, gleaming eyes. A few embers smouldered on the broken hearth, and a small-sized caldron was suspended on a swinging crane over them, from which steam curled lazily upward.

"Weel, ma bonny lassie," said the old woman, "th' 't coome to hear what fate ha' in store for ye; for weel ye ken that Agatha ha' power to divine th' fates."

She stretched forth her withered claw toward Pauline, and the young lady crossed her palm with a gold coin; the old hag clutched it greedily, and then went toward the fire. A bunch of dry fagots was laying on the hearth; she placed some of them on the smouldering embers, and a bright blaze shot upward, lighting up the dim room fantastically; the kettle began to seethe, and Jock came out of his corner to enjoy the warmth, while his cunning eyes danced with expectation.

"Coome hither, ye child o' them who ye ken not, that ye may hear the past, present and future."

Pauline rose to her feet, holding up her long riding habit in her gloved hand, and crossed over to where the old woman was bending down near the fire. She shuddered throughout all her delicate frame, but soon her strong will and deep pride came to her rescue, and she said, haughtily, with flashing eyes:

"What do you mean by saying that I know not whose child I am? Is it not known to every one who is at all acquainted in this part of the country that I am Miss Somerton, heiress of Grove Hall, and at my father's death shall be mistress of millions? What do you mean, old woman, by saying I know not whose child I am?"

"Hush! hush!" whispered the old hag.

"Listen: Another shall claim the birthright."

Pauline instinctively saw with quickened mental vision Maggie's beautiful face, surrounded by its wealth of golden hair, its deep blue eyes and sweet mouth.

"I see a face," said the old woman, "a bonny face, wi' the very een o' the maister o' Grove Hall, an' the sweet face o' its maistress. An' where didst thou git the black een an' wild spirit? Wuld'st ken the past? I see the oozy mud o' sewers, an' a babby picked fra' it. I see a cradle and a changlin'. Th' spaw o' the gutter changed places wi' the blue-eyed, wee heiress; that's the past! Thy present? The blue-eyed heiress ha' foun' her rightful hame at las', an' the haughty, black-eyed beggar ha' murder in her heart, like her father before her. The future? Ah! much depends."

Pauline screamed with horror and excitement. "Stop your lying, wicked words! I will not hear them."

"Wuld'st ken the future?" asked old Agatha, fixing her piercing eyes on the trembling girl.

"Go on!" cried Pauline.

"If the black een conquer the blue, all shall be weel fra' thee; but if th' blue are victorious, then the false heiress o' Grove Hall shall sink out o' sight forever."

"Although I do not believe a word you say," cried Pauline, "yet I will trample that upstart under my feet, and put her out of my path. It is for you to tell me how. That is why I am here."

"Then, listen!" whispered the old hag: "Kill her! Kill her!"

"That I will do!" exclaimed Pauline. "But how? Tell me how? It is not easy to murder without its being discovered; and even the heiress of Grove Hall would have to pay the penalty for that."

"Lis'en! Th' old woman, grasping the arm of the girl with her vulture-like claw. 'Lis'en! I see a vault, deep wi' in th' cellar o' th' mansion—an' old, unused wine vault—no

one ha' been in 't for years; none ever do gang in 't. Theer, thrust their thy adversary out o' thy sight fraiver. I see na mair! Hee thee awa, an' has'n that thou wuld'st do; for sure they will discover who the blue eyed one is; for a gang-atween bideth 'neath thy roof, an' she is about to open her mou'; she hatch thee, an' will thus revenge herself'. Git thee gone!" Pauline flung another gold coin at the feet of the old woman, and mounting "Black Selim," galloped away furiously.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE OLD WINE VAULT.

"BLACK SELIM" never ceased in his wild gallop until he arrived at Grove Hall, more glad than his mistress to get back to respectable quarters.

Pauline dismounted, and went directly to her own room.

"Where is my mother, Mollie?" she asked feverishly.

"Gone to ride, Miss; an' that imperant Mag has gone with her."

Pauline rent asunder a costly lace scarf, which the maid was adjusting around her shapely waist, and flung the pieces into the grate.

"Mollie," she said, sharply, "you may go now; I wish to be alone."

The maid obeyed at once, and Pauline flung herself into a chair.

"Yes," she muttered, "whatever I have to do must be done quickly; for I can bear this no longer. The cellar! The wine vault! Ah! I must go alone, and see if all is as the old hag told me. I never was in the cellar in my life; but I am afraid of nothing. I suppose it is dark down there, and I must take a candle with me. Yes; I remember which door leads to the cellar; the house is quiet; the servants are all in the kitchen; now is the time to make my explorations."

She seized the candle, quickly lighted it, and making her way down the broad stair-case, she passed through the main hall into the large and beautiful dining-room; she remembered that there was a door leading to the cellars in a smaller hall which led from this room to a remote part of the building; another door, leading to the cellars, opened from the servants' quarters, but that door she knew nothing about, and did not care to know, for this one suited her purpose better. She met no one as she stealthily kept on her way. This door and stairway had not been in use for years, the servants entering the cellar by the other door—the stairway leading more directly to that part which was in use.

As she descended the dark stairs, holding her candle high above her head, it seemed to the girl's excited fancy as though she were plunging into the black waters of Lethe. Still she moved mady on. Presently many enormous spiders, whose webs she had destroyed in passing, crawled briskly across her path, and over the adjacent walls, their black, beady eyes flashing eerily in the unworded light, as they turned them on the intruder in their half flight, half venomous desire to give poisonous battle; some crawled about her dress, and over her white neck and shoulders; she brushed and shook them off as well as she could, and boldly kept on. At last she reached the point she sought: A great iron door with a heavy spring lock stood slightly ajar; she held the candle in such a position that its rays penetrated the vault. A cold shudder, like that of death, shook her frame as she peered in. The interior was laid above, below, and all around in solid masonry, with no opening whatever, except the great iron door. A few mouldering boxes and broken bottles were lying about; this was all. That great door once closed, could never be opened by any one inside the vault, unless they possessed keys—and no unaided human power could break it down. The door and walls were so thick she well knew that cries could not be heard in any part of the house.

Ah! it was the very thing! She must decoy her victim to this place by some cunning device, and get her to enter; she would thrust the door shut upon her, and that would be the end of all her troubles. Maggie would be forever out of her way, and no one would be the wiser. She would never tell Mollie, and old Ag could never know that she had followed her advice. She swung the door to and fro gently, to see that all was clear, and then flitted back up the stairs, and to her own room. She bade Mollie bring refreshments to her room, giving as an excuse that her long ride had fatigued her so much that she did not find herself able to join the family in the dining-room.

She ate her dinner with great satisfaction, and then her busy brain began to plot how to decoy the unsuspecting Maggie into the cellar without arousing suspicion. She was not long in deciding the course she would take. She would dissemble; play the hypocrite; pretend to her mamma that she had been slightly jealous of their regard for Maggie; that it was merely a passing caprice—she was very sorry—but she really was very grateful to the young girl for having saved her life; she would do better in future, and hoped Maggie would forgive her, and learn to love her. Yes; this was the rôle she would play; and when the confiding Maggie had been fully gained over, her hour of triumph would be near. It would be very easy, then, to accomplish her purpose. She could get Maggie into the cellar on almost any excuse; when the young girl once had confidence in her the task would be easy; so she called Mollie to dress her carefully for the evening; she would go down. When she was all ready she looked at her reflection in the mirror critically.

"Certainly, I am very beautiful," she murmured, "and my beauty shall serve me well. Can it be possible that anything old Agatha told me is true? Oh! I cannot, I will not believe it! Still, I found the old wine vault just

as she said it was. I have often noticed that my father's eyes and Maggie's were precisely of the same color, and her forehead and eyebrows as like his. Her form is as much like mamma's as possible. Maggie has a peculiarly shaped hand, and Maggie's is the same. There has been much comment, ever since I can remember, because I did not resemble either of my parents. Well, heigho! what do I care now? For I mean to put her where she can never step between me and the inheritance. No, never, while the life-blood runs in my veins, shall she be heiress of Grove Hall.

Mrs. Luther at Berkeley Hall.

(Continued from first page.)

coming and going for? To build another house to live in, so when you give up this one, you do not give up a workshop. Consciousness is the seat of wisdom. It is the great reservoir wherein is stored all the wisdom of the age that you gather to yourself from these sources that you are using, from these sources that are coming in. How quickly and how quietly they come! And how strange and wonderfully they go! How easy it is oftentimes for people from a distance to know what you know, to think what you are thinking. This is done thousands of times. Why? Because the messengers will come and go at will, and pass each other on the way, and communicate one with another.

Man is formed of the last result of organized power, and this wonderful central unit. This unit has been growing, and it is growing yet; it is gaining more power. The formation of earth and all its kindred conditions—they are not completed yet; they are continually going on. New systems will be formed; new fixed stars will be discovered; new suns will come into existence. All these things are manifesting themselves with a wonderful power, and all are held in the genius of the human brain. Then, my friends, while you have failed to make any discoveries to any great extent about this, yet you have not failed to make wonderful discoveries about other things. You have made the discovery that this world is hundreds and hundreds of centuries old. You have developed a wonderful mechanical genius that is expressed through the telescope, and through that you have discovered a great many things above your heads. To-day man shows an unlimited power of intellect. It has come where he can almost measure the distance from planet to sun, and he feels that he can weigh and measure almost every square inch on the earth to which he belongs. So you see the mechanical genius of the brain is discovering wonderful secrets. It is not so wonderful to me that the stars can come through millions of miles in a very short time, and come here and be seen by the human eye, as it is that the human brain can demonstrate to the world what it is composed of. It is not so wonderful to discover that there are hieroglyphics below the surface of the earth as that man can decipher their are, and know something about how long it has taken to grow this rock, how long this earth must have been since it was swung out into the element of space. The human form is the granary of life. You cannot kill matter because you cannot separate it from the force.

It is an utter impossibility to think a man can die. You could not die if you should try. You may commit suicide, but you will not die; you will still move on; you will go from the lower to the higher. If there had not been such a thing as growth, you could not have been here. Everything is exactly adapted to the age in which it comes into existence. This wonderful central power is growing more wonderful, more powerful. This unit that you and I found and placed in the centre, and brought another unit and connected with it and made a molecule—that power is still growing and becoming more powerful. And think you that that which it took untold ages to bring about will be killed, die, be destroyed? Oh no! There is more wisdom connected with the force of the universe. It is demonstrated in every one of you.

None of you know as much as you want to. You feel that you are being questioned every day by the things around you with which you come in contact. Every tree talks to you, and you cannot answer. Every pebble talks to you and asks you questions, and you do not understand them. You cannot understand yourself. You talk one thing and think another. Oftentimes you are communicating with your friends that are near you, all proving that there is a demand in this great power of the universe, and that demand is that you shall know more that you shall live till you learn all that I have been talking about satisfactorily to yourself. It does not matter if you do not satisfy another. Is it possible that a universe could grow us into existence, give us all these demands, and then never let us know anything more? Oh no! That is not so; it will not do at all. We are going to get rid of the conditions we are now in. We are going to get rid of the physical body by-and-by.

Your workmen cannot do any more work in it, and must get rid of it. But you will take yourself with you. You will still be the same human being you were before, surrounded by force and spirit. The messengers will still come and go, and when you get across the threshold called death, they will come back here, and meet messengers here. Imagine you have lived, lived, lived. You have your messengers; you have the same organic power, the same force and genius unfolding and growing every day. These organized forces are messengers to-day: By your thought and your study they come to your loved ones here, come bringing their impressions, and from your loved ones other messengers come to you. When you have become wise enough, when you study yourself as much as you have tried to study a God which nobody can comprehend or understand, unless you call this essence God, and if you do, it loses all individuality, and is not what the world understands to be a God, you will then know and realize what I say. In my realm of life, all it is necessary for me to do is to start out with my power of will and my agents. On the way they will meet more or less messengers that are bringing to me perhaps the very things I want to know.

I have lived many hundred years; I have studied these things. I know much that I could not tell you, and I would tell much that I cannot on account of time. You must wait and learn. Gather and learn all you can while you live in the body. Send out your messengers here and there, and ask them to bring some knowledge, some wisdom that will benefit you. Do not send messengers to bring news that is not pleasant. Do not ask them to come to you with things you do not want anybody else to know. Send them out upon great and grand principles. Ask them to bring you of the great fountain of wisdom, to make you more perfect; and as the days pass on you will answer these questions for yourself; and by-and-by you and I, if there is such a thing as human progress, after we have lived hundreds of years, will advance into an immortal world that is being lighted to-day by the geniuses of its ages. Let us work to be wiser, and let their lives be pure. They must abstain from the flesh of animals and from wine; but their religion did not require the severe discipline that the Hindu priests were required to practice. They seem to have been freer from fanaticism, and to have depended more on scientific methods.

Among the ruins of Chaldea are found astrological signs, and representations of the zodiac, but there is no record of their achievements except what is obtained through other nations. The Persians claim to possess the Chaldean schemes for calculation. There seems to be a dignity in the religious forms and ceremonies of the ancient Chaldea that we do not find in many of the Eastern nations. They based many of their performances on scientific principles. They devoted lives to study, and sacrificed their pleasure to the object of gaining wisdom.

It is said by students of the Oriental religions that the Chaldeans and the Talmud owe their spirit to the Chaldean religion, hence that religion can be studied in those Jewish books. It is certainly true that astronomy and astrology enter into the mysteries of all the Eastern religions, and that by careful study of the hidden meaning of their sacred books we can find a confirmation of modern science, both in its mental and physical revelations.

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that will occur in that line of thought be secondary in power.

Liberty, that great and grand principle, that overshadows all justice, all wisdom, that holds all powers in the balance of its hand, that holds within its embrace the destiny of human life, that wraps people within its arms and lay their heads silently upon its bosom; wrap around them the mantle of wisdom; make them wiser and better, is the prayer of Solon.

The Basis of Spiritual Philosophy.

BY ABBY A. JUDSON.

WHEN man first came into individual being on the surface of the planet, he was but a little degree above the higher members of the brute creation. Like them, he was absorbed in the struggle for the means of physical existence. Food to eat, a shelter from storm, protection of his mate and his young from savage devourers, gave him enough to do. Observation taught him that sooner or later all men, as well as all animals, met death as death meant the cessation of his existence. When the time came, he succumbed to the "costly of combat," or he laid himself down and died, without anticipation of existence after the death of his body. To him the body was all that there was of him. His state of mind resembled that of a savage of our own century in whom a missionary was trying to implant the thought that he could go on living after death. He threw his head back and laughed loudly at the thought that one could live without a body. The notion seemed ludicrous to the last degree to him. Some scientific men of this generation are as steeped in materialism as was this savage. They think that when the body dies there is no more life for the individual. To them the plays of Shakespeare and the essays of Emerson are conceptions of the brain substance of these men, and that when their brain and their physical bodies disintegrated they wholly lost their individual being.

What the unthinking savage and the thinking materialist hold in common regarding life outside of physical conditions expresses the mental attitude of primitive man as he saw his fellows lie down and die. But, as time passed on, and by the unerring law of progress, his inner nature developed, the thought came that possibly life might continue, in spite of the destruction of the present physical body, and embedded in materialism as he was, it seemed to him that this could take place only in similar physical conditions. So, in this reaching out of ancient man toward a continued existence, the doctrine of reincarnation was born and was adhered to by ancient peoples, being in accordance with their clinging to physical conditions.

Occupied as men were with present activities, they were willing to allow certain men to direct all that pertained to future life, and so the priesthood came into existence. To them was delegated the power of thinking for their fellows on these subjects, and of directing their conduct here so as to insure their safety in the beyond. So, in different climes and ages were different religions born and different theological systems came into existence. But in all of them there was always a special ecclesiastical class, who thought for the others, who carried on religious services, who made their living thus, and who had vast power over men, even over chiefs and kings, because they could direct and govern their conduct after death. In Egypt, that wonderful and cohesive hierarchy on the banks of the Nile, the Church and State were indissolubly united, for the king of the nation was also its high priest.

The tendency of mankind to leave these matters wholly to ecclesiastics arose from the superstitious thought that, though man is while in the body subject to nature's laws, yet he becomes by death denaturalized, and is then wholly in the domain of the supernatural. The priests claimed to deal with the supernatural. It was therefore through them alone that information and guidance could be attained.

But there have been in all ages and countries where religions have been established persons who have dared to think for themselves, who have denied the supernatural and the miraculous, and who have claimed that it is by following the laws of nature and not by adhering to the prevailing religion that their well-being might be secured. Socrates and Alard in their time, Thomas Paine and Ralph Waldo Emerson of a later age, have been of this class. They, and many more, had the philosophic bent of mind, and so were under the ban of the priesthood of their day and generation.

The aim of philosophy is to find a place for all phenomena in the kingdom of nature, to trace out natural laws from the facts of which we become cognizant, and in time to know beforehand, on noting the cause, what the effect will be. A universal philosophy, a philosophy first perceived by men of genius alone, claims that all that is anywhere—physical, mental, moral and spiritual—belongs to universal nature, comes somewhere under natural law, can be accounted for as an effect of a cause, and that there is nothing supernatural anywhere in the universe. A man or a woman who has reached this stage of philosophy, whether by the intuition of his own soul, or by the instruction communicated to him by souls endowed with genius, has no use for priests or for established religions. Still, as the possession of truth tends to sweeten and to humble the inner nature, and not to harden and embitter it, he who is thus imbued with universal nature will recognize good wherever he finds it, and grant to every thinking person the right to think for himself.

Judson, founder of Christian missions in Burma, and father of the present writer, has written to her thus: "I was led, carrying out a part of the great plan of civilizing by Christianizing, and then by liberating from that leading to greater heights. Step by step the heights are gained, where freedom stands in her full glory. What seems like error at one time was at that time and age able to receive. And so the great law of continual unfoldment is going on."

The leaders of a religion have ever been conventional, and under their guidance the term "free-thinkers" has been deemed opprobrious; whereas, to think freely and untrammelled, according to reason unbound by "authority," is to be truly noble and progressive. "Thought is free" is an old proverb, but the expression of free thought has oftentimes forged the fetters and kindled the fagot. But the human mind is advancing and cannot be forever held in chains. We will proceed to point out the views which characterize modern free thought, and which form the basis of the Spiritualist philosophy. Instead of relegating past mortem existence to the domain of the unnatural and the supernatural, a modern free-thinker who accepts the thought that death does not end all demands that our existence there will be as natural as our existence here. All that there is in the universe is either matter or soul. God is infinite soul or infinite life, and we, as individualized souls, are a part of God, and are inevitably and indissolubly God's children. Our germ is, then, good, and the doctrine of total depravity is seen to be contradictory. It is, therefore, untrue, for we adopt the motto, "If true, then rational." And the germ of our soul being good, it becomes "the chief end of man" to unfold the capabilities of his soul toward beauty, truth and goodness. Pure soul, whether infinite or finite, is not matter, but it expresses itself by material form, more or less ethereal. Its line is accepted by many modern philosophical minds, "Whose body Nature is, and God the soul," and "Breathes in our soul, informs (or takes form in) our mortal part."

The above is the statement of our theology and of universal philosophy, as we conceive of it. When we come to the basis of the Spiritualist Philosophy, by which we mean the views which became clearer with the advent of Modern Spiritualism half a century ago, and which have so rapidly altered the views of the Christian Church, we may say that its basis lies in the trial nature of a human being while living here and now. While on the earth-plane we consist of fleshly body and spiritual body and

soul. The former notion runs that man has a soul, and that this soul has two bodies, through which it expresses itself, and communicates with the outside world. One of these bodies we are at present familiar with, and it is ultimately composed of atoms.

Our spiritual body is also composed of atoms, for it is a form of matter, not being pure soul of course; but these atoms are congregated in a more fluid and ethereal form than in the fleshly body. It is lighter than the air.

That man is thus constituted was known to the Apostle Paul, for he said in I. Cor., xv. 44: "There is a natural (physical, from the Greek phusikos) body, and there is (now, not will be) a spiritual body." The soul permeates these bodies, and expresses itself through them. European psychists use a different language to express the same truth. Instead of fleshly body, spiritual body and soul, they say body, perispirit and spirit.

When we speak of seeing a man we mean that we see his physical body. When a clairvoyant sees a spirit he sees the spiritual body of one who has passed from the physical plane of existence. He does not see the soul, as the soul is immaterial, and only pure soul can come into contact with pure soul. These three constituents of our being here are not related to each other like the husk, shell and kernel of a nut. In perfect health the soul or life permeates every atom of the fleshly and of the spiritual body. In disease this equilibrium is disturbed, and some part of the physical body begins to die. If the equilibrium be restored, health returns.

In death the myriad little links that bind the more ethereal body to the fleshly one are dissolved, and death may thus very aptly be called "dissolution." When this takes place the soul and its spiritual body pass out of the fleshly one, and so far from being "dead," the individual feels more alive than ever as he becomes accustomed to the new mode of existence. This transition to the new life is really another birth. The person who seems to die is really "born again." This process has been seen by many clairvoyants. They are not dreamers of the subjects of hallucination. They are persons who see more clearly than ordinary mortals, because they are able, while here, to use the senses of their spiritual bodies.

Spiritualists do not make the absurd claim, contradictory to modern science, that clairvoyants see spirits with the eyes of the physical body. Aware that we see and hear earthly objects, because vibrations of air or ether, within certain limits of rapidity, affect the retina and the auditory nerve, our claim is that the difference between mundane and spiritual existence lies in the vastly intensified vibrations of the ether in the latter. To these marvelously rapid vibrations of the ether do the senses of the spiritual body respond. Clairvoyants thus see and hear sights and sounds of spirit-life by natural means. And in accordance with the scientific knowledge of the latter part of the nineteenth century, the "discerning of spirits" (I. Cor., xii. 10), called miraculous in the first century, is known in our time to be as natural as seeing objects in physical existence. It betokens a development of the spiritual senses, and one kind of seeing is as normal as the other.

The ethereal covering of the soul resembles, to spirit vision, the form of the person here. We shall therefore know each other there. The features, the coloring, the expression will be recognizable, though the imperfections that mar our bodies here will gradually disappear with the advancement of the soul. This ethereal form will respond so quickly to the will within that it will be nearly impossible to deceive others there, and each and all will be known as they really are.

So far from being denaturalized by the process of death, we shall go on living in a real world, surrounding this one, though more ethereal than the planet itself, and accompanying it in its stupendous journey around the sun. If we are advancing spirits, we shall not dwell close to the earth-plane, where earth-bound spirits dwell. But love to the dear ones yet on the earth, and a desire to advance humanity and to lessen all suffering, will make us frequent visitors here, and in our desire to reach mortals we shall learn how to veil and protect our ethereal frame, so that we can temporarily enter the dense atmosphere of the earth. In this way Lincoln comes and aids his country, Franklin inspires new electricians with his increased knowledge, and spiritual beings of remote antiquity can still return to bless mankind. Never will they go beyond the kingdom of Nature, nor enter a condition where Nature's laws do not prevail.

In this view of death and of the life beyond the grave every fear is removed. The huge portal, iron bound and draped in gloom, becomes a garlanded gate, leading from the life here to a freer life beyond. The king of terrors, "black as night, fierce as ten turies, terrible as hell," becomes a benignant angel, leading us through a brief darkness to our own again. Fear not, orphaned child, agonized mother, bereaved wife, desolate husband; you will again clasp your loved and lost, and realize the beloved presence as truly, and far more happily, than you ever did here. Here, you ever foresaw an end to your joy. There, the joy of reunion will be marred by no such thought, and

"In Heaven you'll know your own."

HOW GRANDMA DANCED.

Grandma told me all about it— Told me so I could't doubt it. How she danced, my grandma danced, Long ago.

How she held her pretty head; How her dainty skirt she spread, Snuggled little rose! How she turned her little toes, Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny; Dimpled cheeks, too! all how funny! Really quite a pretty girl, Long ago.

Bless her! why, she wears a cap, Grandma does, and takes a nap Every single day; and yet Grandma danced the minuet Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking, Always knitting grandma's stocking; (Every girl was taught to knit Long ago.)

Yet her figure is so neat, I can almost see her bow Bending to her partner's bow Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping, Hopping, rustling, whirling, bumping, Would have shocked the gentle folk Long ago.

No, they moved with stately grace, Everything in proper place; Gliding slowly forward, then Slowly courtesying back again, Long ago.

The LIFE AFTER DEATH.—The uniform and consistent statements, obtained through various forms of alleged spiritual communications during the last forty years, declare that we are all of us, in every act and thought of our lives, helping to build up a mental fabric which will be and constitute ourselves in the future life, even more completely than now. Just in proportion as we have developed our higher intellectual and moral nature, or starved it by indulgence in passion, or selfishness, or the reckless pursuit of wealth, and neglect to cultivate his moral and intellectual nature, so does he inevitably prepare for himself misery in a world in which there are no physical wants to be provided for, no struggle to maintain mere existence, no sensual enjoyments except those directly associated with sympathy and affection, no occupations but those having for their object social, moral and intellectual progress— is impelled toward a pure and moral life by motives far stronger than any which either philosophy or religion can supply.—Alfred R. Wallace.

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A New Musical Work.

A rare musical work of songs and music, handsomely bound in cloth and gold, has just been issued from the press by the well-known composer, C. Payson Longley. This new work is Vol. II. of "Echoes from the World of Song," and contains the same number of songs—one hundred and fifty—as in Vol. I., being uniform in size and style in number. The new volume contains, among other choice compositions, a companion piece to "Only a Tith Veil," also "On the River," one of the most popular songs of the century, and a companion piece to the same. It is of sheet music size, and will be a handsome ornament, as well as a useful addition to the pianist's repertoire. This second volume will be in circulation by Edward H. Phelps of Springfield, Mass., Publisher and Proprietor of The Homestead. Vol. I. of "Echoes from the World of Song" was originally sold at \$1.50 per copy; it will henceforth be sold at \$1.00 per copy, fifteen cents extra when sent by mail. Vol. II. of "Echoes from the World of Song" will also be sold at \$1.00; postage fifteen cents extra. For sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Bowditch street, Boston, and by the author.

Glints from our Foreign Exchanges.

BY W. N. EAYRS.

The Intelligence of Animals.

THE DOG MOUTON, THE DROWNING CHILD AND THE EELS.

We find in the Revue Spirite these two entertaining and instructive stories, each of which is authenticated, illustrative of the fact, as we believe it to be, that the so-called lower orders of animals possess the elements of reason, affection and conscience, which are considered, usually, to be the prerogatives of humanity.

"My hero is a superb dog, large, powerful, with beautiful white curly hair, that reminds one of the fleece of a sheep; from this resemblance he received his name, Mouton. His eye is gentle and intelligent, and sometimes, when he is in good humor, one would say that he was laughing, so animated is his expression and so drolly does he pucker his mouth.

Mouton is the property of John, the steward of the Duke of J., who lives at Charolais. To the steward he is like an adopted son, a friend. John has trained him carefully; he has taught him to do all sorts of adroit tricks, but he has particularly trained him to go on errands. The village whence the supplies for the house are obtained is nearly two miles from the Duke's country-seat, and when John has not the time to go himself to the village, he writes upon a piece of paper the names of the articles he needs, puts the paper into a basket, gives the basket to the dog, and says, pointing in the direction of the village, 'Now run quickly to Coulomier.' Coulomier is the dealer with whom John trades.

Off trots Mouton, nor does he stop even if a well-beloved dog meets him. Arrived at the village, he lays his basket down in Coulomier's store, and if, perchance, there is no one within, he barks two or three times. When he sees the paper in the hands of the tradesman, he takes a turn about the place, drinks at the fountain, chats with dogs that are lying in the sun; but so nicely does he calculate the time, that his stroll never exceeds a quarter of an hour. He returns by the time that Coulomier has placed in the basket what was ordered, takes it in his strong jaws and sets off for home on the trot.

Now one day there were in the basket some live eels, rolled up in a cloth. The road skirted for a long way the edge of a canal. Mouton, his basket in his mouth, was trotting along, when suddenly the gate-keeper's child, a baby two years old, fell into the canal. The dog heard the cries of the child, and the heavy thud as the body struck the water. He dropped his basket, threw himself into the water, caught the child by the dress and brought him up to the land. But the child showed no signs of life. Then Mouton, who had laid him upon the ground, took him up again and ran to the gate-keeper's house. The mother was sitting in the kitchen, preparing potatoes for a meal. Mouton entered the room with a bound, and laid the child on the knees of the mother, then quietly went out to pick up his basket.

But the eels had found out by their sense of smell that they were near water, and they had twisted and wriggled so well that they had got out of their prison, and were making their way through the dust to the canal. Mouton, instead of seizing them one by one by the tail, or by the middle of the body, caught them by the head and broke their necks. Treating them quickly in this way, he replaced their lifeless bodies in the basket and took them to his master.

To carry a basket where he had been taught to take it may well be set down as the exercise of mere instinct. But no one had taught him to save children who were drowning; and besides, when he saw that the child was inanimate, to pick him up, in order to carry him to his mother; this shows not only intelligence, but a good heart.

More than one man, less intelligent than Mouton, would not have thought to reason as it seems Mouton did: 'In order that I may take back what has been entrusted to my care I must kill these eels; for if they are alive I cannot get them back into the basket, because while I am picking up one, and putting him in, the others will escape.'

The seven eels had been killed in precisely the same way. This brave dog is, in my opinion, more intelligent, and has a larger heart, than many a young fellow of my acquaintance who does not suspect that he is far from being of the value of the honest Mouton.

The saving of the child and the scene with the eels were witnessed by two farmers who were on the opposite side of the canal, and vouched for the truth of this story.

ENEAS AND ANCHISES.

"I was passing the summer," says the same contributor, "at Montauriol. 'Egad,' said my friend to me, 'you may believe me or not, as you choose, but I have here two tenants, the father and the son, whose affection, devotion and Christian charity are the most extraordinary things in the world.'

"What! in this tower?" "In the garret, directly above your room. Everybody in Mantauriol knows their history, and although they do not belong to the category of individuals generally much esteemed, every one here loves them, respects them, and would take great pains not to injure a hair of their bodies.

"The father is an aged rat, blind, and so feeble that he can scarcely move toward the pile of grain, where his poor teeth permit him still to nibble a little food; but if he wishes to drink, not a bit of it. There is not a drop of water in the tower; to find some, it is necessary to descend four stories, and go to the little brook that runs around the house. It is then that the son of the invalid intervenes with a self-sacrifice of which one would not suppose this beast capable.

"Every morning, between eleven and twelve o'clock, my young rat waits until his father has finished his dinner. After this, he puts into his father's mouth a bit of straw, takes the other end in his own, and leads him thus with infinite precaution from the top to the bottom of the tower, sometimes drawing, sometimes pushing, sometimes carrying in his open mouth the blind one, who follows docilely his guide and by little cries expresses his evident satisfaction. Thus they go to the brook, papa quenches his thirst, the couple attach themselves together again with the bit of straw, and climb the hundred and eighteen steps that lead to the garret.

This scene is repeated each day, and although there is at Montauriol a group of mischievous children, no one has ever taken it into his head to appear on the stairway between eleven and twelve for fear of disturbing our rats.

As may be imagined, this story puzzled and interested me. So, the next morning, I took pains to watch this extraordinary couple. We crouched, my friend and I, behind the door that opened upon the stairway to the tower and patiently waited.

Twenty minutes passed: suddenly my friend pressed my arm, and I saw. In comparison with the reality, how cold and colorless was the description that had been given me of the scene. I saw this rat, this vulgar rat, display toward his old father all the resources of the tenderest and most attentive affection. I do not exaggerate when I say that the son seemed to be trying by care, precaution and delicate inventions, to make his father believe that the painful way was a level one; for when they came to the edge of a step, the young one left for a moment the side of the blind old one, without, however, letting go of the bit of straw that served to guide him; he jumped briskly down the step, then put himself against the riser, his paws holding to the edge where the old one remained. Then, I knew not by what signal, for they seemed to speak to each other,

the old one clutched the body of his son, who, in the gentlest manner possible, carried him to the edge of the next one. What a variety of ingenious methods I saw employed by this young rat to remove obstacles from his father's path and make the way easy.

I compared my two rats to Eneas and Anchises, but this is not at all a good comparison. Eneas saved from the flames of Troy the aged Anchises by carrying him upon his shoulders. This was without doubt, an act of courage and affection that deserves to be passed to posterity. But this act lasted only two hours. My rat, on the contrary, repeats his act every day for more than a year. I would like to see my rat rewarded according to his merit."

Experiences at a Private Circle at Liege.

(From Le Messager.)

At the close of a series of sittings, held merely out of curiosity, at the residence of Monsieur F. Hav of this city, results were obtained of such importance and interest as to induce the members of the circle to continue their investigations in a more serious and systematic manner. In this circle were several skeptics, and three persons who had never before been present at a spiritual séance.

The names of the persons are withheld for obvious reasons; but the editor of the journal from which we take this record will gladly give to all serious investigators the address of Mr. Hav, who will as gladly prove the truthfulness of his report of phenomena, perhaps not more surprising than those witnessed by others, but yet very convincing.

The séance to which allusion is here made was held on the first of February, 1895. The communication with the invisibles was had both by means of movements of the table and by independent writing.

"After the usual questions, the spirit was requested to give his name.

"Morten Simar-Adolphe Louis."

"Morten? does not this mean dead?"

"No."

"Is it your family name?"

"Yes."

"Where did you die?"

"At Bourges."

"At what time?"

"In 1881."

"What can we do for you?"

"I want my brother Georges."

"We do not know him."

"He will come here, however."

"Will some one of our acquaintances perhaps introduce him to us? Can you tell us the name of this person?"

"I do not know the name; but he will come."

As a friend was to introduce to us a stranger, a Norwegian civil engineer, of whose name we were ignorant, we supposed that this unknown gentleman might be the brother called for by the spirit, but as the spirit had died at Bourges, we were inclined to reject this supposition. We asked the spirit:

"Where were you born?"

"At Drontheim."

"In what year?"

"1861."

This confirmed our first supposition, and we continued our questions:

"Will your brother come this evening?"

"I do not know."

"Where was he born?"

"At Drontheim."

"What year?"

"April 15th, 1864."

Just at this moment Mr. P. entered, accompanied by a stranger, whom he begged to be permitted to introduce to us. Receiving our consent, he presented to us M. Morten, a civil engineer. We requested the new acquaintance to give us his full name, for the strange coincidence of his name with that of the spirit communicating excited our curiosity. He gave us readily his name, the place and the date of his birth, all of which statements were in strict accordance with the statement of the spirit.

Mr. Georges Morten was invited to take a seat at the table, but he expressed a desire to remain aside, in order to try some experiments, and test the spirit.

The spirit, who seemed to have heard his answer to our invitation, immediately said:

"Georges, you wish a proof; ask for one."

Mr. Georges told us that he would write some words in the Norwegian language, and he asked the spirit to repeat, by means of the table, first the phrase as he had written it, and second, to give a translation of it in French.

We asked the spirit if he accepted the test, and he replied in the affirmative.

It must be distinctly understood that not one of us knew a word of the Norwegian language.

The answer to Mr. Georges's request came promptly and correctly: "Ik lskær dig Karen."

This phrase was, letter for letter, that which Mr. Georges had written for.

"I love you, Karen."

Mr. Georges asked the spirit:

"Who is this young lady?"

"Your betrothed cousin. I must let Lacordaine talk with you now. Good evening, Georges."

Lacordaine, on taking control, said:

"Georges, question us; write."

"Who must write; shall I?"

"No."

"The medium?"

"Yes."

The medium took the pencil and paper, and withdrew into a dark corner.

Mr. Morten then wrote two questions, that he showed to one person in the party.

The medium, returning to the circle, showed the following communication:

"Georges, it is not well to try the spirit too far, but nevertheless I will reply to your questions, one of which alone can be answered. For the answer to the other you must open your watch, for if I can read in your thought that which you already know, I cannot on the instant tell you figures of which you are yourself entirely ignorant. Open your watch, and then I will answer. Your first question referred to objects contained in your pocket-book. I read the list of them in your mind. There are, among other things, a ticket to the theatre, a bill of fare, an invitation to a ball."

Mr. Georges showed us all these articles, which were, in fact, as the spirit had said, contained in his wallet; but he declared that at this moment he had not been thinking of them.

"Open your watch. There is one number on it perfectly clear, 3,265; another, which it is almost impossible to decipher, 8,274."

When the watch was opened the statement of the spirit as to the numbers was verified. Mr. Georges was, up to that moment, unaware of the existence of the number 8,274, which seemed to have been made by a needle, and was to be made out only with great difficulty."

A Buddhist Fable.

(From Neue Spirituellestische Bibliothek.)

Bodhiat was born in an influential and honored Brahma family. When he grew to manhood he became an Isi, and withdrew with five hundred other Isis into the wilderness on the mountain. There came upon the land a frightful drought, and plants and animals suffered terribly from want of water. One of the pious monks felled a large tree, which he made into a great trough and filled with water that he got from a deep spring. So many animals came there to drink that the monk was kept so busy in replenishing it that he had no time to look after the means of his own nourishment. Thereupon the animals said one to another: "He gave us drink, and is himself suffering from hunger. Come, now, let us all bring him the best fruits that the forest affords. Let every one of us bring, as often as we come to drink, whatever he finds in the woods." As the result, there came from the animals so much food as would have filled two hundred and fifty wagons, and the fruits procured for this one man were more than enough for all the five hundred.

When Bodhiat saw this, he said to his companions: "Ever thus let us do our best for those who need; for see! the result of our labor for others has procured for us enough for our own support."

Hall's Hair Renewer cures dandruff and scalp affections; also all cases of baldness where the glands which feed the roots of the hair are not closed up.

(From Light, Boston, Dec. 11.)

Reception to Mrs. Carrie P. Pratt. On Friday evening, May 8, a reception was held at Mr. J. J. Morse's Library, 28 Orono street, Boston, in honor of Mrs. Carrie P. Pratt, President of the "Spiritualist Helping Hand Society" (an auxiliary of the Berkeley Hall Temple Society) of Boston, U. S. A.

There was a large attendance. Mrs. Pratt received a very cordial greeting from the visitors. After some pleasant intercourse with the guest of the evening, and a charmingly executed piano solo by Miss Alice Hunt, Mr. J. J. Morse introduced Mrs. Pratt to the general notice, in a brief speech descriptive of her life and work, extending to her a cordial welcome as a co-worker from that New England which had so much of the sturdiness and independence of this old England in its traditions, life and sentiment. The society of which she was the President, said Mr. Morse, was devoted to succoring the needy, ministering to the sick, and doing good to all, as far as its means allowed. Mr. Morse referred to the long and useful services of Dr. Pratt as a magnetic healer, under the control of 'Red Medicine,' regretting that he, the doctor, was not with us. On behalf of the present company, in which were several well-known mediums, and he felt sure he might say, on behalf of the Spiritualists of London, who were always pleased to welcome visitors of worth and goodness, he gave Mrs. Pratt every welcome that heart could feel or tongue could voice.

Mrs. Bathie then favored the company with a sympathetic and exquisitely-rendered nocturne. Mr. G. Breasley contributed a vocal solo, as did also Miss Florence Morse.

Miss A. Rowan Vincent added some felicitous observations, expressing her opinion that such reunions did much to unite us all, and hoped that Mrs. Pratt would return home feeling that she had friends here interested in her labors, even as she would be interested in her work and workers. It was good to assemble thus, to encourage one another, and to testify our esteem and respect for workers from other lands.

Mrs. Pratt then gracefully responded to all that had been said, expressing her deep pleasure thereat. She narrated several moving incidents in the early days of American Spiritualism, referring particularly to Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Mrs. Amanda Spence, Mr. H. P. Fairfield, and others.

Refreshments were served during the evening, the amiable hostess, Mrs. Morse, presiding thereat in her usual genial and hospitable fashion. Among the numerous company present we noted the following: Mrs. Carrie P. Pratt, Mrs. Hunt, Miss Alice Hunt, Miss Nellie Dixon, Mrs. Brinkley, Mr. Braund, Dr. Jagielski, Mr. G. W. Breasley, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Bathie, Mrs. Bessie Russell-Davies, Miss Davies, Mr. J. J. Vango, Mr. B. D. Godfrey, Mrs. Carp, Mrs. Moffatt, Mrs. Westphal, Mr. H. Rumford, Miss A. Rowan Vincent, Miss Dixon, Miss Porter, Mr. W. H. Parker, Miss Day, Miss Dunbar, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Bliss, Signor Eric Conti, Mr. Boulding, Mr. W. K. R., Mrs. and Miss Ray, Mr. J. T. and Miss Davis, Mrs. Wilford, Mr. Martin, Mr. Parker, Dr. Mack, Mr. Lewis, Mr. J. J., Mrs. and Miss Morse.

A bold scribe in a country paper says he'd like to be a boy again, with freckles and red hair; with grotesque patches on his pants, and never know a care. With naught to do but comb the cows and drive the mules to drink, and feed the bees, and chop the wood: 'yes I would, 'I do n't think.' To get up early in the morn, about four bells A. M., and labor sixteen hours a day to please the parent stem. To be reminded times galore that I do n't earn my keep, and stifle ardent longings to sail the briny deep. Be slave to dad, servant to mam, lackey to sister Mary, and serve the entire family as supernumary."

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REMEMBERED! A Memorial Day Poem.

Oh! not for them whose country's life By theirs was won Oblivion waits. Their fields of strife In the sweet sun Make annual harvest, as the seasons come, Out of their martyrdom:

And writ on living monuments, Through breadth and length Of a saved land, their old defense Is still the strength Of patriots, and the theme of hymns that rise O'er their red sacrifice.

Nor call the chieftains of their host The great alone; But more their sum of greatness boast Who served unknown, And in our eyes their triumph, with the trust Of their untitled dust.

The islets of the tropic seas Are flushed by lives. Millions of winged ocean-bees Dead in their lives. The mangrove clusters and the cocon blooms Above unnumbered tombs.

Each poppy lies in white repose Without its fame; The watery world its nation knows, But not its name; And endless summer crowns the race whose graves Are pillars in the waves.

So strong those little builders wrought Their task of time, Their forms endure, creation's thought, In stone subliming. The homes they toiled for to green dwellings grew For tribes they never knew.

And on our history's myriad slain Even so long love and pride that keep We rest, and in the common gain Their loss repay. Their fates are footholds of all future men Between the Now and Then.

Within our empire's walls are set Their honored bones; Our house of peace cannot forget Its corner-stones; Their blended worth outlasts all single crowns Or glare of lone renowns.

Remembered! Centuries of sleep Were but a night. To the long love and pride that keep Their deeds in sight; And Liberty's last vital beam will shed Its glory o'er her dead.

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THE BANNER is a first-class FAMILY NEWSPAPER OF HIGH PAGES—containing FORTY COLUMNS OF INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE READING—embracing A LITERARY DEPARTMENT, REPORTS OF SPIRITUAL LECTURES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS—Spiritual, Philosophical and Scientific, EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, which treats upon spiritual and secular events, SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT, REPORTS OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, and CONTRIBUTIONS by the most talented writers in the world, etc., etc.

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SPECIAL NOTICE. Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookkeepers, 9 Bowdoin Street (formerly Montgomery Place), Boston, Mass. have just published a complete account of Spiritualism...

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895. ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

Published by COLBY & RICH. ISAAC B. RICH AND JOHN W. DAY, PROPRIETORS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS: THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, 14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 89 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

Published by COLBY & RICH. ISAAC B. RICH AND JOHN W. DAY, PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, Business Manager. JOHN W. DAY, Editor. Henry W. Pitman, Associate Editor.

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

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

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

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

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

Spiritualism's Work in the World To-Day.

Evolution in religious ideas is as undeniable a fact as evolution in the individual or social life. It accords with the entire store of his toric evidence, and rests on it as its firm basis, showing that in religious, as much as in more purely intellectual, ideas there is a constant process of disintegration and differentiation going on, for the wider development of truth in the hearts of men.

The present time shows a strong flux in the degree of human regard for the old ecclesiastical rites and ceremonies, and the general existence of a pointed and critical judgment of the Bible as the touchstone of mere credo religious belief. While the Bible—which at best is a book collated from the history of a so-called "favored race," a work subjected to revision and annotation on occasion, to suit the pressure of human thought along the multiplied years—has been held, certainly by all the Protestant denominations as practically an idol, a fetish to be unquestioned, Prof. Briggs, Dr. Newton and their co-peers are at work in various ways and degrees, to bring out truth from the mere record of events; and in this case they are backed (though perhaps not appreciably by themselves to the full extent) by the free and untrammelled sense of a community where the voice of the non progressive minister is not so potent as formerly—for Spiritualism is in the land, and to stay!

Though we occasionally, in the words of the late Prof. Wm. Denton touching geology, see "a backward looking time," as in the defeat of Dr. Briggs, and the latest stroke against his order of thought in the condemnation by the Presbyterian General Assembly, at Pittsburg, of the Union Seminary (referred to elsewhere in this issue), yet the trend is toward the light, and the disciples of scriptural inerrancy are the prophets of wider things to be in this direction.

An idea set forth by the late Prof. Felton suggests that religions travel in a circle. In our own day we would emphasize the fact that Modern Spiritualism—coming as a revelation direct from dwellers in the world unseen—gives a broader conception, even to the breaking up of the circular and the substitution of an upward swelling spiral in the world's advance.

The essence of true worship, rightly says Mr. Stuart, is that it be free and unreserved, "a gracious abandon and surrender of the soul to the nameless Power which over-arches and fills all things. Prayer is the private soul's solemn jubilee, when it comes in conscious contact with the Supreme Soul."

The serial story "Heiress of Grove Hall," wherein Carlyle Petersilea has striven to depict the pertinent facts of heredity, and the sure outcome of undesirable prenatal conditions, will be concluded in our issue of June 15.

We are constantly in receipt of requests to publish Spirit Messages out of regular order. While we always endeavor to please our friends, we feel obliged, in giving to advance or furnish copies of Messages out of the regular course. The consistency of our position must be apparent to every thoughtful person.

The One Question.

Spiritualism has made its way on the earth, despite the many and oft refuted scientific (?) explanations of its phenomena: it is of no use now for mortal "Psychic Researchers" to come into the field, with "telepathic suggestion," etc., and hope to win the laurels which the veteran workers on both sides of life have won in their struggles to benefit the world, and bring new light into the dark places of human doubt and despair.

A recent number of Mr. Stead's Borderland has aroused a writer in one of our English exchanges, who pens the following resolute views—which are of a surety the embodiment of the great and patent facts in the case:

He says that "Twenty years ago we had but one question—spirit or no spirit. And by the exercise of common sense, which up to then had always done us good service, we challenged the spirits to prove their case, and this they did to the very hilt. Henceforward we unreservedly declared ourselves Spiritualists, and banded ourselves together in circles and societies for the proclamation of the unvarnished truth of a rational and demonstrable Spiritualism. With our backs to the wall we fought the enemy tooth and claw, without equivocation or compromise, and won for Spiritualism a fair and firm position that will not and cannot be displaced." He quotes a writer who sums up the investigations of Profs. Lodge and Sidgwick, but who raises a complaint that "the curious fact, however, is we do not turn a chapter, but simply restate the old position verified twenty years ago by Crookes and Varley." Precisely so, replies the writer; and more than a thousand other veteran Spiritualists, who have kept the truth of the plain phenomena to the front. And they will continue to keep the great fundamental truth in sight.

Woman's Duty to Vote.

A correspondent of the New York Sun writes from Washington to remark how weak and stale are the arguments against women voting. He or she declares that to be a suffragist may not mean disorder and confusion, badly cooked dinners and indigestion. Sometimes it means courage to assume duties that give neither rest nor happiness, but are none the less duties. If the right of suffrage is man's right, it is woman's right; and whether she wants it or not is not to be considered. No country can call itself free that holds back a right from any of its people, even though, through ignorance or apathy, they do not demand it. Is it derogatory to a woman to know the political questions of the day, to form an opinion of her own as to what is best for the country, and for her sons and daughters? Have women never voted at all, then? Never paid for votes to secure a pair of impossible slippers for the most agreeable man at the church fair? It doesn't take her away from home any longer to vote for clean, honorable officials than it does to vote for the church social favorite. Women who are too dainty to oppose the election of drunkards and debauchees for the law makers and guardians of the lives and safety of their daughters—who are so selfish and unmindful of others as to desire only to be let alone, may well be classed with those undeserving of suffrage—idiots and criminals.

Courting Trouble for the Sake of Fees.

Lest there should not be opportunities enough to pick quarrels with the Indians, the United States deputy marshals are inventing them. The latest one out (as reported in the daily press) is the summary arrest of ten Indians at the Rosebud Agency on the charge of bigamy, because they hold their wives by Indian custom only. The agent there has despatched a message to the commissioner at Washington, advising the latter of the extraordinary occurrence. He declares that such action will surely lead to serious trouble, all the older Indians being in the same position. An immediate investigation is recommended by the agent, to find out on what authority these arrests were made. His candid opinion is that the deputy marshals have made these arrests in order to secure fees. And he says he declines utterly to be held responsible for the conduct of the Indians as a result of such actions. Further proceedings, he adds, should be stopped at once. But, we say in our turn, if they are not stopped, the Government will show itself a sympathizer, if not a participator. This is a really carrying things about as far as they will go. If an Indian war should grow out of this reckless proceeding, would public morals be benefited at all?

The Sunday Outing in the Pulpit at Last.

It has been announced from one of the Boston pulpits that Sunday services will be held at half-past eight in the morning on Sundays during the summer, to accommodate those people who are in the habit of taking an outing from work or business on that day, and who for that reason feel obliged to stay away from the church services that are held later. This is interesting, at least. The modern preacher does not go amiss in frankly conceding that outdoor recreation is habitually enjoyed by a very large proportion of his parishioners, and in paying proper respect to so human a habit. This is only ironing out one wrinkle in the rigid Sunday of other days. It is no longer to be denied that Sunday will be enjoyed outdoors by everybody who feels so disposed, and the churches may as well make up their minds to accept it as a foregone conclusion. Nobody will be made any worse for the adoption of the Sunday outing habit. It at least will teach people how to enjoy themselves better than the majority of them seem to know how to do now.

The essence of true worship, rightly says Mr. Stuart, is that it be free and unreserved, "a gracious abandon and surrender of the soul to the nameless Power which over-arches and fills all things. Prayer is the private soul's solemn jubilee, when it comes in conscious contact with the Supreme Soul."

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TIMELY TOPICS.

News comes from Tacoma, Wash., that the world is "coming to an end" in 1897; nine-tenths of the human race are about to perish by war, famine, plague, etc. "Christ will come with his bride, and Satan will be sealed up in a bottle for one thousand years. Heaven will hang in mid-air all that time. Hell is six thousand miles across, and long enough to hold all sinners," etc. We trust the makers of this story are satisfied with their work. Others will look upon it with the contempt it merits!

Doctor and Captain.—Here is a nice little story of how a "Regular" sought to establish "a medical monopoly" on the high seas—if it is not the invention of some secular press "space-writer." It is chronicled that on H. M. S. Ringarooma, on the Australian station, the Captain recently reprimanded the Surgeon for some slight breach of duty, whereupon the latter put the Captain on the sick list. The Captain then ordered that the Surgeon be arrested. He then reported that the Captain was suffering from mental disease, and was incapable of commanding the ship, but the Captain had him court-martialed and dismissed. Thus the attempt to establish a "doctors' trust" on board the Ringarooma proved a dismal failure.

The New England Cremation Society will hold a public meeting in Wesleyan Hall, No. 30 Bromfield Street, Boston, on Friday, May 31, at 3:30 P. M. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. Geo. Hodges, D. D., Dr. David W. Cheever, Rev. Charles F. Dole, Wm. H. Sayward and John Storor Cobb, President of the Society. Being given thoroughly, as we do, that cremation is the most healthful and rational method for the disposal of the mortal form when the spirit is resurrected therefrom, we wish the meeting and enterprise every success in its services and deliberations.

Boycotted.—The Union Seminary!—At the One Hundred and Seventh General Assembly of the Presbyterian national organization, recently assembled at Pittsburg, Pa., a vote was passed boycotting the students of the (New York) Union Seminary (of Dr. Briggs fame). The official act was ornamented with a preamble and four propositions, and had for its edge the following:

Inasmuch as obedience to the Constitution of the Church is obligatory on all presbyteries, we recommend that in accordance with the provisions of the form of government above cited, the presbytery of New York be instructed and enjoined not to receive under its care, for its care, students who are pursuing or purpose to pursue their studies in theological seminaries respecting whose teachers the General Assembly disavows responsibility.

Sunday Cygnets.—On the Boston Public Garden lake are many pretty swans (boats) which on bright afternoons of week days are lit up with gay streamers and crowded with happy children. When, however, the Puritan Sunday draws near, some stern-faced fanatical custom seizes the beautiful creations and drags them forcibly to the middle of the lake, where they swing back and forth in a miserable procession—of no use to their owners, and acting as a sort of mournful "Tantalus" to the little ones who crowd the banks and cast longing glances at them. Macaulay has pilloried the Puritan idea as detesting bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators; does this sentiment live in Boston now-a-days? Can nothing be done to free these Sunday captives and send them spinning around the pond on their health giving mission on the "Lord's day"? Well says the Boston Post:

"It would be a most popular, healthful and altogether desirable addition to the means of popular recreation. . . . There is nothing immoral in such a use of the swan boats. They disturb no one. They do not encourage or inspire boisterous, unmanly or indecorous behavior. . . . The swan boat excursion around the Public Garden pond would seem to be a form of recreation peculiarly in harmony with the Sunday spirit."

A "Dragon" Republic.—Russia has done much, since the end of the Chinese war, to rob Japan of the fruits of her victory. Her latest "move," it is alleged, is to encourage a Formosan republic; Former Chinese officers are reflected to its "seats of the mighty," and it swings out a flag which bears a yellow dragon on a blue ground.

The Woman-Suffrage Association held its annual meeting in Boston, Monday, and Tuesday, May 27 and 28, in Park street Church; and on Wednesday evening, May 29, a well-attended Festival at Music Hall. Many notables were present on all these occasions, and the exercises proved of variety and interest.

Liberal Societies' Convention.

The American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies, begun last May in Chicago, is about to hold its second annual meeting in the same place on the 4th, 5th and 6th of June. A series of topics of substantial interest is arranged for discussion by the Convention. Sundry names of persons of distinction are given who will be present, and these will be supplemented by those of the representative members, lay and clerical, of the Jewish, Unitarian, Universalist and Biblical Culture movements. The first topic to be considered is "Plans of Confederation of the Various Liberal Forces of America." Hiram W. Thomas is President.

We had a pleasant call last week from Mrs. Anna L. Robinson, of Port Huron, Mich., who is the settled speaker and medium for the local society, and is now on the third year of her ministrations there. She was previously located in the same manner at Lockport, N. Y., for five years, going thence to Port Huron. She reported that the Cause as represented by the local workers was moving on successfully in Port Huron; and that a Children's Progressive Lyceum, numbering one hundred and fifty members, existed there. She spoke earnestly of the good results for Spiritualism, following upon the published testimony of the editor of The Daily Times, also bore witness to the generosity and self-devotion to the Cause manifested by Mr. James H. White.—In another column will be found an interesting article, which we copy from The Times, in regard to Mrs. Robinson's mediumship, and the thoroughly conclusive character of Editor L. A. Sherman's experiences.

Boston readers will be interested in the account of the reception extended in London, Eng., to Mrs. Pratt (of the Helping Hand), on our third page.

Read the announcement made by J. H. White, President, regarding the Island Lake (Mich.) Camp Association, on our fifth page.

Dr. Dumont C. Dake, of New York, will be in Boston Thursday, June 6, and can be seen at the Crawford House.—A newsy letter from Gotham, by Dr. Dake, will appear next week.

Cabinets of Dr. Hodges. Colby & Rich have secured a limited quantity of life-like cabinet portraits of Dr. Arthur Hodges, which are on sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, 9 Bowdoin Street, Boston, at 25 cents each. The portraits can be had by personal application or by mail. As there are only a few on hand, it will be necessary for his friends to secure them early.

Dr. T. A. Bland has been invited by the Chairman of the Universalist ministers' Association, Rev. W. F. Burnell, to address that Association on Monday, June 3, in Ballou Memorial Hall, on "How to Get Well and How to Keep Well." He has also received an invitation from the Secretary of the Channing Club of Unitarian Ministers to address a meeting of that body at some future date.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

THE BIRDS' PETITION. Over the glorious land from sea to sea, We come in peace, with no angry words, And pray you to spare all the bonnie birds, We ask no help, we have pleasure to give; All that we want is the right to live. Ye beautiful ladies, so kind and true, We present the "Birds' Petition" to you. Let no bonnie birds on your hats be worn, No more sweet singers be mangled and torn. There's a stain of blood on every bonnet Which has a dead bird stiched upon it.

The Monthly Illustrator for June is one of the brightest and cleanest magazines of the present day. Not only do the artistic engravings entice the admiration of the reader, but the articles emanate from most able writers. It is refreshing to see merit accompanied with reasonable terms for so successful a periodical. Harry C. Jones, 92 Fifth Avenue, New York, is the editor and publisher.

"When will American newspapers wriggle from under the thumb of the church, and tell the truth about Turkey?" queries The Moslem World, of New York.

AN ARAB PROVERB—"MEN ARE FOUR." The man who knows not that he knows not aught—He is a fool; no light shall ever reach him. He knows he knows not, and would fain be taught—He is but simple; take thou him and teach him. But who, knowing, knows not that he knows—He is asleep; so thou art, man, and wake him. He truly is both knows, and knows he knows. Cleave thou to him, and nevermore forsake him. —London Spectator.

PLATO ON THE WORLD.—And the State is a great and noble steed, who is tardy in his motions owing to his very size, and requires to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has attached to the State, and all day long, and in all places, am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you. You will not find me another like me.—From the Dialogues of Plato, Jowett's translation, Vol. 2, page 124.

"Robin" very correctly says he does not think a paper need be written in gore, and properly admits that "there is force in the idea that it should not be written in cologne"—and that is just where journalism becomes a very serious and intricate problem.—Ez

"On the 23d of April Shakespeare, St. George and myself were born, and I am the only survivor," says Chauncey M. Depew. This neat omission of the year made the table ring!

The laws of life all tend toward one goal, Onward and upward; dimly dwelling here, The currents are unseen that bear us on. The poor recesses of a peasant mind, Some rays of truth far-reaching may, perhaps, illumine, with a light that never shines On poorer souls, where learning makes her home; Much knowledge—huts the gates of wisdom up, Christ first revealed himself to simple lives, And humble fisher-folk of Galilee Have ruled the world. —Through a writing medium, in Daybreak, London.

His "WON'T" POWER.—It is related of the twelve-year-old crown prince of Germany that having an ineffectual struggle to make a pet donkey draw a cart, the Emperor said to him: "His will power is very strong"—when the youngster replied: "Oh! no, papa, it is his will power that troubles me. It is his won't power."

COST OF SAVING A CHICAGO SOUL.—At a banquet of ministers given in Chicago last week, Mr. Fred L. Chapman, the editor of a church paper, said he had thoroughly investigated the cost of conversions in Chicago to the Protestant faith, and found that it cost the Baptists \$285 to save a soul, and the Methodists, \$384 the Presbyterians, \$533, and the Congregationalists, \$580. This would make the average cost of a convert \$443.—N. O. (La.) Picayune.

France has now adopted a plan for granting State pensions to aged workmen. The scheme will give pensions to workmen who have subscribed for ten years to a benefit society. Their allowance will be about 365 francs a year.

Do all the good you can, In all the ways you can, To all the people you can; As much as you can, And as fast as you can.

Gen. Michael T. Donohoe of Boston, Superintendent of the Rainsford Island institutions, and a veteran of the civil war, passed to spirit-life Sunday, May 26, from paralysis.

The military instinct appears to be growing stronger in certain quarters, says the Press-Post of Columbus, O. In a neighboring state a military company belonging to the National Guard was in camp for a summer vacation and campaign. After raiding a watermelon patch, and carrying their plunder into camp, a resolute woman with purpose in her countenance, appeared upon the scene with a stone in her stocking, and disbanded the camp. Let warriors say what they will, there are some weapons mightier than the sword.

A plan is now on foot in France to erect a monument on the field of Waterloo to the French soldiers who fell there.

The waste of wealth in America through conflagrations was considered in an article in The North American Review recently. The American pays proportionately for his fire insurance twelve times as much as the Frenchman, seven times as much as the German, four times as much as the Englishman, and much more than the business man in any other European country. The fire insurance premiums in this country average \$300,000,000 a year. By making their buildings fireproof the French cover their annual losses by an outlay of only \$25,000,000 in premiums.

The Kickapoo reservation had a mild "opening" and the "sooner" invaders got all the plums, leaving the regular "rushers" deposited in a cavity," as Prof. Everett said while in Congress.

Knowledge varies as love. Love is the gate to truth. Love alone can redeem. Morality must not only be exact and symmetrical, but it must come down from the pedestal on which it is erected like a marble statue, and in the name of love awaken the slumbering energies of man.

There is a sadly consolatory philosophy about this little bunch of aphorisms, recently inscribed in a French autograph album: "There is a thing sadder than being poor—it is to have been rich; Sadder than being blind—to have been pretty; Sadder than being scorned—to have been loved; And sadder than being unknown—to be forgotten."

The 76th birthday of Victoria—nearly 60 years Queen of England—was officially celebrated in London, May 25; the artillery at all the military and naval stations firing salutes, and the military parading. The queen's Household Brigade performed their annual ceremony of trooping the colors, which thousands of persons witnessed on the parade ground, Whitehall.

A "Tribby" laundry hangs out its sign in Roxbury. The work should be well done there, for was she not a blanchisseuse de fin!—Transcript.

Mrs. Homepun—"That picture there is one by my son Harry, the artist." Her Sister—"Why, it is a regular daub! And you told me he had talent!" Mrs. Homepun (with pride)—"Of course he has! Where would you find another man who could get \$50 for something so bad as that?"—Chicago Record.

which will number about 15,000 to the acre, will yield five to six cords of fuel, about equal to wood, and worth in the neighborhood of \$15 per acre.

Henry O. Marlowe, who for years conducted a French hotel restaurant on Bowdoin street, which was a famous landmark in Boston passed from the mortal May 22, aged fifty-four years.

The Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph of May 24 had a portrait and sketch of F. A. Wiggins. This paper also records his able work for the past month in Pittsburg. Mr. Wiggins is an ordained minister of the Spiritualist Society there, a charter having been granted similar to that of other ecclesiastical bodies.

Memorial Day! May 30 being a legal holiday, the BANNER OF LIGHT ESTABLISHMENT will be closed during that date.

W. J. Colville's Work. W. J. Colville's work in New York formally closed in Union Square Hall Saturday, May 25, at 3 P. M., when the audience was very large and the lecture and poem practical and inspiring.

On the same evening the positively farewell meeting was held at 252 West Seventy-Fourth street, and was attended by a select and numerous company.

W. J. Colville's work at 18 Huntington Avenue, Boston, has been very successful. The large lecture-room was well filled last Sunday evening and Monday afternoon, when the relations between Astrology and human freedom were ably discussed.

The last lesson in Spiritual Science will be given Monday, June 3, 2:30 P. M., after which the college closes.

W. J. Colville lectures in Hartford, Ct., Friday, May 31, at 3 and 8 P. M., and Saturday, June 1, at 3 P. M., in Unity Hall. Address all letters, etc., for W. J. Colville care of BANNER OF LIGHT. He sails for England Wednesday, June 5.

Mrs. Cushman's Testimonial. Wednesday, May 22, Mrs. H. W. Cushman, the veteran medium, celebrated the anniversary of her seventieth birthday at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street. A large audience was present to show the esteem in which she is held. Among those present to take part were Little Eddie, who rendered a fine vocal selection; Mrs. M. A. Brown, a reading; Winnie Ireland, a song; Mrs. Dick read an original poem, written for the occasion; Mr. Hanson, song; remarks by Capt. Richard Holmes; readings by Mrs. M. M. Soule, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Lambert, Mrs. Bates; Mr. Tuttle made remarks, and Miss Jennie Rhind closed the entertainment with remarks.

Mrs. Cushman wishes to return thanks for all who so kindly volunteered to aid her. CARRIE L. HATCH.

Cleveland's Annual Memorial Day. In conformity with the custom established by the Children's Progressive Lyceum of this city, some ten years ago, to hold annual Memorial Services in honor of all the workers and Spiritualists of Cleveland who have passed to spirit-life, Memorial Services will be held in Weisgerber's Hall, Sunday, June 2, 10:30 A. M. Friends are requested and expected to bring flowers and photos of their spirit-friends early, that the hall decorations may be appropriate to the occasion. A general invitation is extended to every medium and Spiritualist in Cleveland and vicinity, also the public at large. B. F. BELLOWES, Conductor. THOMAS LEES, Special Cor.

Card from Dr. Peebles. To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Permit me to say to each and all of your readers that I am not in partnership with any doctor, either medically or financially. Therefore all friends, acquaintances, strangers, invalids wishing to communicate with me upon any subject whatever, will address me at my Health Home residence, 3121 K Street, San Diego, Cal. This fine city of twenty thousand has two Pacific Coast mails, and two overland Eastern mails each day. J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

Special Notice. On Sunday next, June 2, W. J. Colville lectures at the First Spiritual Temple, at 2:45 P. M. Subject, "Pentecostal Outpourings of the Spirit, Past, Present and to Come."

Absolutely farewell lecture and reception Tuesday, June 4, at 8 P. M. Friends in Roxbury District are reminded that W. J. Colville's farewell lecture at 105 Monroe street occurs Sunday, June 2, at 7:30 P. M., and public reception Monday, June 3, 8 P. M. Public invited.

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

LYNN.—T. H. B. James writes: Tuesday evening, at 130 Market street, Mrs. Dr. Dowland opened the meeting with remarks; Mrs. D. M. Tetrant, the musical medium, and Mr. Page, followed; Capt. Jonas Balcom, remarks. The Spiritualists of Lynn held interesting services at Clerk's Hall, Sunday, 2:30; Prof. E. F. Pierce, Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland, Arthur P. Devlin, Mrs. A. L. Prentiss participated. At 7:30 Prof. Pierce and Charles A. Abbott of Boston rendered fine selections.

Mrs. Dr. Dowland opened the meeting with well-chosen remarks; Mrs. D. M. Tetrant gave one of her wonderful séances, demonstrating beyond a doubt that spirit-hands or power played the instrument; Mrs. A. L. Prentiss, tests and messages; a short discussion on the truth of spirit-return by Dr. Willard, who is not a Spiritualist, and Walter H. Rollins, Dr. Louis Freedman and Dr. Furbush.

Next Sunday Mrs. A. L. Prentiss, Mrs. Dr. Dowland, Mrs. D. M. Tetrant, Capt. Jonas Balcom and others.

NEWBURYPORT.—Lincoln writes: The Children's Progressive Lyceum was formed Sunday, May 19, as follows: Mr. Fred O. Petta, Conductor; Mrs. Fifelet, Guardian; Miss Hatie Ash, Assistant Guardian; F. H. Fuller, Secretary; Mr. Wm. Poole, Treasurer; Mrs. I. C. Cheney, Librarian.

Teachers: Fountain Group, Mrs. L. V. Hidden; Stream, Mrs. S. Ash; River, Mrs. Ann Manson; Lake, Mrs. Eliza Poole; Sea, Mrs. Wm. Goodwin; Fidelity, Mrs. H. Little; Band of Guards, Mr. Wm. Wounded, Miss Carrie Fuller. There were eighteen children present, and twenty-two adults; it was a very enthusiastic gathering. The children were well pleased with the prospect of a Lyceum. [Later report of Lyceum will be given in next issue.]

BROCKTON.—A correspondent writes: Mrs. May S. Pepper, a well-known test medium, gave an entertaining lecture Sunday evening, May 19, at Red Men's Hall. The seating capacity of the hall was taxed to its utmost, and the audience seemed very well entertained by the efforts of Mrs. Pepper and the Concordia Quartet. This will not close the spiritual meetings, as was previously stated, as Mrs. Pepper will give another lecture Sunday night, May 26, by special request of the audience present at the last meeting. Mrs. Pepper is in poor health, and after next week cancels all her engagements up to July. She is at present stopping at Mrs. Tripp's house in this city.

Aid for Mrs. Adams. Old readers of this paper, and the Spiritualists of New England, will remember MR. JOHN S. ADAMS, who was so long connected with THE BANNER staff. His widow is now in poor health, and needs whatever aid the kindly-disposed ones in the spiritual cause may give her. Colby & Rich have started a fund for her relief by donating ten dollars. Since our first call we have received from "Sympathy," in aid of Mrs. A., \$3.00; Veteran Spiritualist, \$1.00; Chief our report of last week we have received from C. F. Townsend, 50 cents; An Old Spiritualist, \$2.00; Friend, \$1.00; Mrs. L., \$5.00.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter and Newbury Hall... First Spiritualist Ladies Aid Society... Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall...

The members and friends of the Berkeley Hall Society, who have listened during the past month to the eloquent exposition by Mr. Wright...

BOSTON SPIRITUAL TEMPLE - BERKELEY HALL. Sunday morning, May 26, a large audience greeted J. Clegg Wright. Mrs. Cora Simes Barker opened the exercises by singing "Open Those Pearly Gates..."

THE FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, EXETER AND NEWBURY STREETS. Last Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M., there was a seance for full form materialization and other expressions of spirit power...

J. Clegg Wright, in his normal condition, spoke of the double contradiction of his life as he stood on the platform. He was sad because he was obliged to go away, and yet glad to get away. This was his last Sunday among a people for whom he had only good feelings.

AMERICA HALL. We had a large gathering at our morning circle on Sunday last, and many excellent tests were given by the mediums being developed.

Michigan is honeycombed with Spiritualists, and Spiritualism is going to be victorious. Christianity will die, all religions will die, but when I say Christianity will die, I mean Christianity that tyrannizes. Spiritualism will live forever.

THE FIRST SPIRITUALIST LADIES' AID SOCIETY. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, writes: Friday, May 24, the regular meeting of the Society met as usual, Mrs. A. E. Barnes (President) presiding.

Under the latter head Mr. Wright took up religious liberty, which spoke much interest from his auditors as he spoke of Thomas Paine's great work for religious tolerance, and then discussed negro slavery. The soldier of the civil war came in for as fine a tribute as ever fell from the lips of any orator, every sentence teeming with praise for the deeds of valor on land and sea in defense of the Union.

COMMERCIAL HALL. Sunday, May 26, 11 A. M., and 2:30 P. M., Mrs. A. Woodbury, N. P. Smith, Mrs. E. A. Mason, Mrs. Jennie Hill, Mrs. Guiter, readings, 7:30 P. M., Mrs. A. E. Perkins, pianist, Mrs. E. C. Dickinson, N. P. Smith, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Mrs. A. Ott, Mrs. Abby N. Burnham, remarks and tests.

A potato planted will bring forth a family of potatoes—in the same sense as we the product of God, or are we a distinct creation, as the Bible teaches? Mr. Wright answered the question very ably, and to the great satisfaction of his audience, and was greeted with applause at different points of his discourse.

DR. GEORGE A. FULLER has the following engagements for June and July: Marlboro', Mass., June 2 and 16, Norwich, Ct., the 9th. At the Camp-Meeting at Ridge, N. H., from July 14 to 21, and at Natick, Ct., the 28th. Would like engagements for June 23 and 30, and July 7. Address at 42 Alvarado Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

HOOD'S READ THIS! THEN ACT. A GRAND OPPORTUNITY Never Before Offered. Securing, ABSOLUTELY FREE, your choice from our Extensive Collection of works treating on the Spiritual Philosophy, Astrology, Theosophy, Mesmerism, Psychology, Hygiene, and kindred subjects.

PITTSBURG.—John H. Knight, First Vice President, writes: It must not be supposed from our extended silence that the First Church of Spiritualists of this city is either dead or sleeping.

LONDON.—As reported in The Daily Chronicle of May 14, a public meeting of Spiritualists was held on the day previous, at which E. Dawson Rogers presided. The subject of creed was discussed. James Robertson read a paper on "Public Exhibitions of Spiritual Phenomena."

Readers Should be Supporters. In 1891 Luther Colby published an editorial on this important and practical subject—the closing paragraph of which is here reproduced, with our unqualified endorsement: "What shall be said of certain Spiritualists, so-called, who, while boasting that they number by the millions, and while proving as eager as ever to peruse weekly the thoroughly prepared pages of THE BANNER, decline to send in their subscriptions to it, borrow rather than buy it for reading, and practice every scheme of evasion possible to invent in order to get rid of supporting the paper on which they steadily rely, and whose disappearance they would unquestionably regret? IF THEY WANT A PAPER LIKE THE BANNER, IT IS THEIR DUTY TO SUPPORT IT."

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1895. The reader will find subjoined a partial list of the localities and time of sessions where these Conventions are to be held.

ORION LAKE, MICH.—Thirteenth Annual Camp-Meeting will be held at Orion Lake June 1 to June 12. LAKE PLEASANT, MASS.—July 23 to Aug. 2. SNAPE LAKE, N. H.—Commences July 28, ends Sept. 1. LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.—Meetings begin first part of July, and continue until September.

Copies of Banner for Circulation. We frequently have calls for copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT for circulation, and in order to accommodate friends who may desire them, we will send to any one who will place them in the hands of appropriate readers a parcel of twenty-five or more back numbers which have accumulated—on receipt of ten cents to cover postage.

What people say—those cured of Ills— I praise of Wild Cucumber Pills, I caves little room for doubt that they deserve the fame they boast to-day. I could business men extol them so I need they do their merits know? I could women with their worces believed, I need they truly were relieved? I on don't declare their ailments cured I before the fact, it will assured; I specially when their distresses result from dismal Billousness! I prepare the sequel how to hear, I in view of statement proven here; I of each one know, if he have ill; I life may be brighter, if he will; I outline: Wild Cucumber Pills.

Island Lake Camp Association, Michigan. To all friends of Spiritualism: Arrangements have been completed. A Hotel and other Buildings will be built; the grounds put in order for the Camp-Meeting at the Lake, beginning July 23. Speakers and meetings are engaged.

Mrs. S. S. Martin, 662 TREMONT STREET, Boston. Sundays 2:30-3:00 P. M. and Fridays, 8 P. M.; Saturdays at 2:30.

A Complete Stock OF Works on Hypnotism, Animal Magnetism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Occultism, Astrology, Phrenology, Hygiene and Free Thought, for sale or sent by mail. Also, on steady on hand all the Liberal and Spiritual Papers and Magazines. Circulating Library—Books on loan.

TO LET. A Large Front Room in Banner of Light Building. For particulars and terms, apply at Bookstore, No. 9 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass. Feb. 16.

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

Star of Progress, WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY MR. HENRY W. SMITH. A Fine Collection of New Devotional Music for Congregation, Quartet or Choir.

SPECIAL NOTICES. Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at 243 Alexander street, Rochester, N. Y. Ja. 5.

Send for our Free Catalogue of Spiritual Books—it contains the finest assortment of spiritualistic works in the world. If each subscriber to the Banner of Light will charge himself with getting one new subscriber, the circulation of the paper will be speedily doubled.

Have You Read the Thrilling Story, HERESY; OR, LED TO THE LIGHT, BY HUDSON TUTTLE? WHEN THIS Story was running as a serial, there were constant inquiries for its publication in book form. This demand has now been met. It makes an attractive volume of two hundred and twenty-three pages, and may be read as a summer pastime or studied for its solution of many psychological problems.

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The Astrology OF THE Old Testament BY KARL ANDERSON, Professor of Astrology. A volume replete with interest, with instructions in Astrology, simplified by tables calculated by the author, so that any one of common education can cast a nativity and judge the future.

Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

SPRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Seance held Feb. 1, 1895.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou who art all Life, Love and Wisdom, we would invoke thy presence this hour. We uplift our hearts to thee in thanksgiving and praise for the many blessings which are ours.

Our Father, we would learn more of the mystery of life. We aspire for more spiritual knowledge. Quicken our hearts and minds to a reception of truth from beyond this earthly sphere.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Chester A. Merrifield.

[Good morning, Mr. Chairman.] As I listened to that beautiful invocation just voiced, I felt like saying "amen."

I would not have thought, perhaps you might say a few months ago, that I should be speaking here now.

Mary is here with me, and so is Joshua. They wish to send greetings to friends in Richmond, Va., where there are many who remember me better than they do them, for they have been inhabitants of the spirit-world longer than I have.

Often, when I was a mortal and the thought of death would occur to me, it would seem such a terrible thing that those bodies must be put away in the cold ground; but before my spirit took its flight all such feelings left me.

Not long ago I was conversing with Dr. George, and he told me some of his experiences as a physician. Among other things, he said he had sat at the bedside of the dying many times when he had observed something like a halo above the bed, but until he himself passed on, he did not know that the light proceeded from the spirit of the dying one as it was about to take its flight.

He resides in Calais, Vt., and although I was acquainted with him when here, I was not on intimate terms; but the law of attraction brought us together in the spirit-world.

I do not like the term "spirit" that mortals use in speaking of us, for we are people, the same as we were when here; then why not change that expression, and say "the people of the other world"?

I have felt for a long time a deep interest in spirit-communication and all that pertains to it. I see many people on this side of life who seem to be reaching out vaguely for something they feel their natures require. They don't know that their spirits need feeding; but I believe that the spirit needs nourishment as much as the body, and I shall not change my views on that subject unless I receive more knowledge to the contrary than I possess today.

Willie Hawkins.

For a long time I have been waiting for and hoping the time would come when I might send a few words, too. We all use the term "a few words," but before we have finished I find they are many.

Many months ago mother was very anxious I should send a message, and father said, "Willie, perhaps you can speak more to the point than I could." "What difference does that make, if we only express our feelings toward those left here?" I would reply.

I would say that we are not together all the time, but we can be together whenever we desire.

In Central Falls, R. I., I once dwelt. I often visit the home of my friends, for it is a pleasure to know we have the freedom and power to go back and forth as easily as a passing thought,

but comes quickly. I have often heard people here say that we can travel as swiftly as thought, but that is not strictly true, for it certainly would take me a little longer to visit the Pacific coast than for you to send your thought there.

I am very glad to report here, Mr. Chairman, for there are some who will like to hear from me—my mother especially—and also to know we are together in spirit, as we wish to be. I know what they will say, "Isn't Charlie here?" Yes, but not to take part; he is a member of the assembly.

I want to say that when the time comes for the camps to open I shall be there, and materialize, as I have done in the past, but more and more perfectly, for as time goes on we shall gain in power, and acquire knowledge of how to produce better manifestations. If you were going to do a certain piece of work, Mr. Chairman, you might secure too much material, or you might not get enough for your purposes, and so it is in regard to materialization. It is to explain certain things that I speak in this way, and it will be understood by the right parties.

Willie Hawkins, of Central Falls, R. I.

Rev. Samuel S. Kelly.

[To the Chairman:] We would exhibit the gratitude of our spirit as we return here to prove to the children of men that if a man die he shall live again. There is no death, for the spirit, the ego, the life, continues forever; there was no commencement, there can be no cessation.

I was what is termed a minister of the gospel when in the mortal form—one called to feed the people spiritually; but I can now see that if I myself had learned a little more, or had seen a little clearer into the mysteries of life, I could have imparted more truth and consolation to those placed in my charge. I do not come here and say I taught anything I did not believe—oh! no; I was sincere in all that I taught and preached.

There are many in the surroundings here who well remember me as Father Kelly, of the Methodist persuasion. I revered the teachings of John Wesley, and I am proud to say they benefited me greatly while on the earth-plane, and when I entered the higher life they were a blessing to me through the spirituality I had gained thereby; not that I would speak of my own goodness, for none are perfect, but to show earth's people that good may be obtained from every system of religious thought, if the heart of him who seeks is sincere.

I have often conversed with the Rev. Warren H. Cudworth regarding past earthly experiences, and lately I had a pleasant talk with Prof. Rush, one of the ministers of long ago. It is indeed a pleasure to thus meet in spirit-life those whom we have known or heard of while in the material form.

I have learned since laying aside the garment of clay that heaven is what we make it, and that we can enjoy heaven even here upon the earth-plane. I had the hope that sometime I should gain heaven, and I have—the very heaven I built with the deeds I performed. Then it behooves every mortal to live near to the kingdom of God, near to those advanced souls who act as guardian angels to the children of men, and to obey the teachings of the spirit-world.

I would not keep back any knowledge that I have gained since passing on to join the great majority, but I would impart all that I think would be useful to those who desire to learn of the life beyond.

Many whom I knew here have joined the ranks over yonder, and grand is the reunion with loved ones gone before. As Sister Abbie—not a blood relation, but a sister in the church—asked me not long since, why could we not have known while on earth that they could return thus, and communicate with our friends? I know not why we are permitted to remain in ignorance of this grand truth, but I suppose it is because of the prejudices engendered by early teachings.

Rev. Samuel S. Kelly.

Samuel Prentiss.

I hardly know how to speak, for I was not accustomed to speaking on what is termed Spiritualism. I do not know anything about it. I was educated in the Orthodox faith, and as such of us pass on to the spirit-world, and learn of the fact of spirit communion, a feeling comes over us, "I do not know whether it is right or not," but still we can see nothing wrong in it.

My children to-day would say, "Father, I cannot believe you would go to a spiritual meeting," for in my day the subject was never brought up in our family—on religious matters we spoke only as viewed by the church.

As I am speaking, Thomas stands beside me, and, children, your mother—as good a mother as God ever gave children—is with me. We dwell together in our home just beyond the veil, in heaven, as we were taught to call it.

Children, never go back to the way father went away. Henry, I know your heart was heavy when you knew father had gone out; but, Harriet, Mary, Lizzie—all of you have learned you must be reconciled to whatever comes. In regard to John, be tender, be careful, for you know not what may be; but when you pass into the other life you will be glad you were tender with him. I have no fault to find with any of you, and I am not here for that purpose.

I have been asked—yes, even urged, by some in spirit, to report, because my message might perhaps lighten the burdens of life a little for you, children.

In the western part of the town of Langdon, near Charlestown, N. H., I went out of the body. My brain is all right now.

Brother Holden said to me since passing over, "I know we ought to have known many of these truths when here, but we did not." I replied, "No, we did not; but I am very glad we have the privilege to learn now."

I should never have dreamed while here, Mr. Chairman, that I would have visited a place like this; but we do not know ourselves when in the mortal form, or what we shall be likely to do when we enter the spirit-land. It is very foolish in people to say "I shall do this or that," or "I shall not do thus and so," for you do not know how circumstances and more knowledge will affect your opinion on certain subjects. Therefore be careful what promises you make, and learn to be charitable in your judgment of others.

Mr. Chairman, I appreciate the time allotted to me here to speak, and also the privilege of listening to others who have spoken.

Samuel Prentiss.

[Delivered May 17, and published in advance by request.]

Jonas Batchelder.

Good-morning, dear friends; I greet you warmly.

Lydia is here, my sister, who asks to be remembered, and Turner, my brother-in-law, wants to send warm greetings to you, dear Edward.

Edward, poor child! oh! how my spirit goes out to you. How our pity, our sympathy, has been extended to you! I should not have spoken here to day only that your grandfather, Ass, urged me to speak, and I trust it will not be in vain.

I would say to you, George, come into communication when it is possible, and try to remember the mother's early teachings.

Dear Edward, gain your courage as fast as possible, for I know of the misfortunes that have overtaken you; but we feel that the help of the uplifted, high spirits, those that have been long in spirit, will be given you, and that they will watch over you, and take the care that they have promised in days past. Edward, I know many a time I have been close beside you when the tears have come—when your pillow has been dampened by them. Uncle Jonas will never fail you.

I well remember how much you enjoyed coming to our house, how much you have enjoyed thinking of me, communing with me often silently, mentally. Your spirit is large, your heart is large; what you have done for others will be meted back to you, in a great share, in this life.

Yes, Lydia, your dear mother, sends loving words to you, and says to you how much we have missed the genial presence coming into the office as we have been there, have found it almost vacant, not quiet; but still the sunshine had gone out; yet we are looking forward to the day when we shall greet you warmly again on this side of life, and we know of the great reunion that shall take place. Father, mother, sister, brother, we shall all be together as we have the desire.

There is a comfort in what we call your sickness here, for it is a comfort to you to think of us; yet sometimes your brain is weary in thought of things you had better try, dear boy, and throw aside.

The good Bishop asks to be remembered, and Dr. Webster and Dr. M—, and dear Alba comes also, and sends the kindest words to you, and asks that you may try to sense their presence in your chamber, where you have had so much to suffer; yet all your sufferings have brought you a little closer to us who have passed the portal. Yes, and also your dear sister, Olive Ellen, here, too; and she is not here merely to learn, but to send warm greetings also.

Lydia says to you, "Dear Edward, we hope, through the aid of the higher spirits, you will be brought to us again. We are looking forward to that hour when we shall greet you; we shall meet you, and although we may not be visible to you, yet you will sense us, and feel glad to know we have kept our watchful care over and around you."

And I would say still further, as your mother is beside me, we send the kindest feelings to the dear nurse, who has not spared her own strength, but expended it for you in all she has done, night and day. We ask for the blessings to rest upon her as well as you, and all humanity everywhere.

And now remember, dear boy, that we will keep our promises. Though mortals may fall in theirs, we never—no, never—will fail in ours; and when it shall be pleasing to the Father that you shall return to us, we will be there to meet you.

Jonas Batchelder, Sutton, Mass.

Spirit Messages.

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

- Feb. 1 (Continued)—James H. Ewings; Alice R. Dearborn; Robert J. Campbell; Artemus L. Ford; Annie Louise Mayberry. Feb. 8—Henry E. Sherman; Eben Cox; Mrs. Thomas S. Simonds; John Wm. La Croix; Almon Humphrey; Bessie Newton; Herbert P. Damon; Alex. Vogtle; Alec Clark. Feb. 15—Prof. H. B. Hackett; Eliza A. Blood; John H. Searles; Cutting Pettengill, Jr.; John E. Ranken; Thaddeus Richardson; Maria Jane Olson; Evelyn Hardy. Feb. 21—Henry T. Davis; Myra Johnson; Benjamin Tritt; David Waterhouse; David Trant; Rosie Miles; James LeVary; Mary Isabelle Fogg; Hiram Abbott; Nellie Olson. March 1—Jacob Smith; John Rudolfsen; Adeline Bishop; James M. Palmer; John Moore; James H. Matheson; Lot H. Johnson; George Nelson; Geo. L. Bibbs. May 24—Roswell O. Pratt; Ella Smith; Levi Rogers; Fisher M. Clark; Addie Jackson; John Cosgrove; Linnie Leland; Ida Louise Merriman; Caroline Marshall; George Storor.

June Magazines.

THE QUIVER.—This illustrated magazine covers a wide range in literature, embodying serial stories, sketches, incidents, religious articles, etc. A new serial, "The Warden's Daughter," is commenced in the latest issue. T. Sparrow has a paper on "Child Labor," which is exceedingly interesting. "The Fortunes of Sal-me" continues to attract as it draws toward the close; "The Two Gates" is a pastoral story, The Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

CASSELL'S FAMILY.—"Front Rank Cricketers of To-Day" is the opening paper, followed by an installment of "The Voice of the Chamer"; "Notable Keys" is a new thing in descriptive literature, and cannot fail of being read with marked favor; "King of the Gates" is a good story; "Carter's Incandescent Cats" is a funny sketch; "The Experiences of a Lady Bicyclist" will find many to endorse all that is related here; "How 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' was Written" gives much of Mrs. Burnett's personal history. The departments are all maintained. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—"Girls Playing at Ball," is the subject of the photograph used as a frontispiece of this always entertaining publication. "After the Day's Work" is another full-page etching, and is a good reminder of many a boyhood's day. "Study for Paola and Francesca" is a charming head etching, taking another page. M. H. Spielmann has the opening paper on "The Royal Academy Exhibition," and Lionel Custer contributes "The Portraits of J. M. W. Turner." Frederick Wedmore's paper on "H. Heliou's Dry Points" follows, after which comes "Mosaics by Sir Edward Burne-Jones at Rome." "The Closets of Salisbury and Wells," by Alexander Ansted, gives some new views. William Howe Downes writes of Mark Waterman, the American painter. "The Chronicle of Art" is interesting and timely. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "BANNER OF LIGHT Establishment" is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name, we give below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto Isaac B. Rich and John W. Day of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, or their successors, here insert the description of the property to be willed, and the manner in which the donor desires the same to be expended, which request will be faithfully carried out strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

TO OUR FRIENDS: Don't you know some Spiritualist who does not now, but who would subscribe to THE BANNER OF LIGHT if YOU called his attention to the Paper?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By "Delta" Torrington, Ct.] 1. Have spirits the power to produce those frightful or singular dreams that often visit the slumber of mortals? and if so, do they ever do so, and for what purpose?

- 2. When some persons ascend to an elevated position, a tall tower, for instance, they are often strongly impelled to leap down to certain death. What causes this impulse? 3. What feelings usually exist on the part of each, in spirit-life, of a murderer and his victim? What is the greatest sin a mortal can commit from a spiritual standpoint? 4. Is it wrong to kill the lower animals for food? 5. Did the author of the first chapter of Genesis intend that the word "day" should be understood in a literal or figurative sense?

ANS.—1. Our teaching on this subject, and all kindred ones, is emphatically as follows: Dreams are due to the mental condition of the dreamer, and are, to a large extent, indices of his actual interior state at the time a dream occurs.

The pleasant or painful, clear or confused, grouping of scenes in the dream state, may firstly be taken as an index of the mental affiliations of the sleeper, both conscious and unconscious.

Though dreams are always suggestive and indicative of mental conditions, they are but rarely omen; the reason for this is that few persons, when asleep, are in so profoundly serene and truly harmonious a frame that they serve as perfect transmissive media for intelligence derived from very exalted spheres.

During sleep you are far more sensitive than during your waking hours; consequently you are far more open to every sort of influx which may correspond with your condition.

Though everybody can dream, but few, comparatively, can interpret dreams, because few mental pictures are so vividly distinct that when the sleeper awakes he can perfectly recall them.

Frightful dreams are always due to abnormal states of mind and body, and are invariably symptoms of disease, except in those occasional instances where they serve as warnings, and are beneficently granted by wise and kind intelligences who forewarn only to forearm.

All the weird experiences of one of the heroines in "Ghost Land" are often duplicated in the cases of unprotected hypersensitive persons who are not in a position to guard against the machinations of the ill-disposed, and it cannot be denied that all that passes for obsession is due to the undeveloped condition of the one obsessed, when not the result of direct affiliation on the victim's part with error.

In successful treatment of persons afflicted with horrid nightmares, the method employed over and over again has been to arouse confidence in the mind of the once victim, who has been led by successful attempts on the part of a conscientious, capable psychologist, to abandon all fear of evil and trust implicitly in the omnipotence of good.

A well-armed spirit cannot be assailed in sleep by any so called power of darkness; but weak, irresolute natures, especially such as are devoted to sensuality in thought, or given to mammon-worship, often are annoyed by harassing dreams, attributable in part to their own abnormal condition, and in part, also, to the action of inimical influences from without. As to there being any direct purpose in such annoyances, this is an open question, difficult to decide, except where positive animosity has been aroused; still the phenomena are not difficult to explain in the light of the theory here-with presented.

If our thoughts are such that they attract to us disorderly influences, or bring us into close psychological affiliation with such, how can we escape bewilderment when we are in the midst of a discordant sphere.

If all persons would deliberately fix their thoughts before falling asleep upon some ennobling as well as pleasing theme, and fall asleep contemplating it, and thereby related with it, unpleasant dreams would be rare indeed.

As to states of health affecting dreams, we know that disagreeable dreams are due to illness, and they also aggravate it. Mental treatment, intelligently and judiciously administered, will invariably lead to conquest over nocturnal distress of every sort, and through its healthful effects, appetites will become regulated, and indigestion and kindred ills averted.

2. The above mentioned impulse is a sure evidence that one is oppressed with material cares, too much taken up with worldly anxieties, and therefore too much affected by terrestrial magnetism. Very aspiring and emancipated natures feel most at home on lofty heights, and greatly enjoy the sense of elevation.

3. In spirit-life a murdered man, like every other denizen of the spirit spheres, reaps the exact result of his own, and not another's life career; therefore it depends entirely upon the

spiritual status of the one who has been thus hurried into the unseen realm as to the emotions which possess him.

The worst sin any individual can commit is to deliberately, for sake of gain or vengeance (the latter is worse than the former), do deliberate wrong to another in direct violation of his own sense of right.

4. It is never wrong for you to do what you honestly feel to be right, and never justifiable for you to do anything you feel to be wrong.

The diet question is still an open one. Fruit and nuts constitute the ideal diet of the human family, but until people are called upon by their own convictions to totally abstain from the flesh of animals, provided all unnecessary cruelty is studiously prevented, the use of animal food in moderation may be permissible awhile longer, i. e., that is, until the race at large has come to feel the imperative demands of a better way in diet.

5. We are certain that the first chapter of Genesis contains a deep interior meaning, and is a fragment of ancient literature preserving a spiritual sense within its letter.

This view forces itself ever more and more upon archaeologists of every name, especially upon Egyptologists, for it was from Egypt that the earliest Hebrews under the leadership of Moses derived their ancient law.

To us the word day stands as a period of light, revelation, expression, as distinguished from night, as a time of concealment—denoting the hidden workings of nature as behind a veil. Day means a state of knowledge, while night typifies ignorance; and whoever looks below the surface of the Mosaic narration, and considers the six days as six periods of development leading up to a seventh period of rest and perfect human development, will find no conflict between the esoteric meaning of Genesis and the esoteric teachings of geology.

It is necessary to trace the bible of humanity to their source, and particularly to familiarize one's self with ancient Egyptian and Hindu theories of cosmogony, before attempting to finally answer such a question as this.

Days to us are periods during which certain results are brought to light. No doubt the veil of allegory was never pierced by the bulk of early Hebrews, but there were illuminati in Jewry.

Banner Correspondence.

Our friends in every part of the country are earnestly invited to forward brief letters, items of local news, etc., for use in this department.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—Samuel Barker Pratt, M. D., writes: "A message was delivered to me thus: 'You are thinking of getting out your bicycle soon. You must be careful and examine it thoroughly, for in some part way inside—some part that turns around, and yet as I see it do not seem to be the wheels—there is a serious defect. Something is broken or about to break, I can't say which. I see that you generally go fast. If you are not careful this defect will send you flying from your machine sideways. I do not see that it kills you, but you will certainly not know for a few minutes what has happened. The defective piece seems to be about half way toward the ground.'"

Such a direct, independent and explicit statement had its effect, yet I could scarcely believe that my high grade wheel, thoroughly tested by over two thousand miles of travel last year, was defective. Taking it from its winter storage on top of my laboratory closet, however, I next day, as I could find time, began a very careful inspection of every detail and piece, inside and out. Everything was sound. My tools were not heavy enough, however, to open that portion where the crankshaft passes through from side to side; yet every outside test of even this portion seemed to show a perfect condition. I took the machine to the repair shop, and the repairer, turning to me, said: 'I have five minutes to spare while this work is drying; seems to me I can do something on your wheel.' I said: 'So you can! Take out the crank shaft, cones, balls and everything, and see if you can find a defect anywhere there.' Then at his surprised look I added, laughingly: 'I don't suppose there is any, but no harm in making sure.'"

This was the one portion that my lighter tools had been unable to dissect and examine internally. His heavier tools accomplished the work quickly, and behold! two of the large bearing balls came to light broken or split into four dangerously-graduated pieces—just as the medium had said, "in something that turns around, yet don't seem to be the wheels, and about half way toward the ground." The result would probably have been, also, exactly as foretold. My fast travel and the enormous pressure at that spot, caused by climbing hills, would soon have out the cone with one of the broken, sharp steel edges, the smallest broken piece catching in the cut would have split the cone as the next ball came around, then the next larger piece would have caught, and so on—throwing the sprocket-wheel out, binding the chain, wrenching the whole machine suddenly sideways and throwing me.

This is one of the most absolute and practical specimens of direct and independent clairvoyance that I have ever met personally. Not a scintilla of mind-reading enters therein. In fact, so little did I believe in the possibility of such a defect existing that but for my previous knowledge of the fine quality of the medium's abilities I should have given her admonition scarcely a second thought. Even as it was, I made the examination without the least idea of finding such a defect. The repairer, upon learning that a medium's warning was the cause of my seeking for the defect, said: 'Well, I suppose you are telling me the truth. I respect you professionally. By the way, what is her name, and where does she live?' 'Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles,' I replied, '22 Milford street.'"

It gives me pleasure to record this quite marvelous instance of independent force and ability. Mrs. Stiles never saw that machine, and while I have treated her professionally, yet it has always been as an 'out patient,' and never at my office, so that she has never been near the condition of the machine, or had ever taken it apart since it left the factory a year ago save myself, and I would have wagered a good deal of money that it was in perfect condition."

LOWELL.—J. O. Perkins, Clerk, writes: "Sunday, May 12, the platform of the First Spiritualist Society of Lowell was occupied, both afternoon and evening, by Mrs. Abby N. Burnham of Boston, now of Malden. She gave two most excellent discourses, with tests at the close of each."

Some years ago Mrs. Burnham was a general



Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895.

(From the Fort Huron (Mich.) Daily Times, May 4.)

Spirit Phenomena.

Investigations by the Editor of The Times. Remarkable Manifestations of Spirit Presence and Intelligence. Tests, and Test Questions Perfectly Answered. Independent Writing as a Proof of Spirit Power.

All Christians assume and believe there is a future life, although there are wide differences of opinion among them as to the specific conditions of spirit existence. Spiritualists claim to have actual proof and knowledge of the fact of continued conscious individual existence after physical death, and of some of the conditions of such existence. For my own part, until within the past month, I have been for nearly thirty years an agnostic. I have said to my Christian friends, who accept the doctrine of a future life upon tradition and faith, and to my spiritual friends who claim to have actual proof of the fact of such life, "It may be so, I do not know." One thing, however, I have never been able to understand: why Christians generally should sneer at alleged proof of their belief, and decline to take advantage of the opportunities which have been open to them for investigation during the past forty years.

In the year 1878 I witnessed phenomena at the Huron House which demonstrated beyond question that there was some truth in alleged occult or spirit manifestations. Nevertheless, I neglected to make any further investigations. Previous to that experience I had regarded all alleged spirit phenomena as either fraud or hallucination, or a combination of the two. Afterward I contented myself with the agnostic view of it; I did not know.

It was not until the early part of the present year that I took any further interest in the subject. This interest was aroused by two circumstances, or combinations of circumstances, quite different in character. The first was, certain reports which came to me, mainly through personal friends who were not Spiritualists, and claimed to be doubters regarding spirit phenomena, which, if not all fraud or hallucination, indicated clearly that the spirit intelligence of my little boy Willie, who was drowned last August, was seeking to communicate with me. The second circumstance was evidence in published reports of hypnotic phenomena which came to my notice, indicating that the intelligence and individuality of a person in a state of perfect hypnosis possesses many of the attributes and powers alleged to be manifested by decarnate spirits.

The Detroit Society for Psychical Research was organized in March, and I became a member. At the first two meetings phenomena were developed which greatly interested me, and early in April I had my first sitting with a trance medium under circumstances which rendered it impossible for any communications which might be received to come through previous knowledge of the medium. The developments were wonderful to me, and absolutely convincing.

During the present week certain phenomena have occurred, so wonderful, and to me so convincing, that I feel it a duty to make them known. Since my investigations began, about six weeks ago, details of the manifestations brought to my notice have been reported to my family, and to a few personal friends, from time to time. Last week a friend who has been a doubter regarding spirit phenomena, if not a positive disbeliever in it, told me that he desired to test the spirits, and handed me a sealed envelope, giving me no hint of its contents. This I placed in the pocket of my coat. The understanding was that an answer was to be sought at a sitting I expected to have with a trance medium in Detroit on Monday last. I had arranged with J. B. McIlwain to go to Detroit with me, and make a stenographic report of all that might occur or be said at the expected sitting. Mr. McIlwain was called to Lansing, and instead of going to Detroit I went to see Mrs. Anna L. Robinson on Monday evening of this week.

During this sitting the control said to me: "Willie says you have something in your pocket for him."

I replied that I knew of nothing; but afterward remembered the sealed envelope given me by my friend, and found it still in my pocket. Willie was reported to say further that I had flowers in my pocket for him. The control also said: "Willie says, tell mamma, and the friend who gave you the envelope this: 'There is no need of any abundance over here; everybody is well.'"

I protested that there was no sense to such a message, but was told by Willie that it was a joke which mamma and the friend would understand. Later in the evening Willie told me that I had something else (two things) in my pockets for him, and that one of them was in a pocket of my overcoat. I felt in the overcoat pockets, but found nothing.

After the sitting Monday evening I called upon the friend who had given me the envelope, and returned it to him with the seal unbroken. It had never been in any hands but his and mine, and had not left my pocket from the time he handed it to me a few days before until I handed it back to him. He said he had given no other person the slightest hint of what it contained. He then opened it and handed me the slip of paper it had contained, on which were written the following words: "There is no need of any abundance over here; everybody is well" - exactly the words Willie had told me to report to my friend. He then said he had been told that during his life Willie had on one occasion used the word "abundance" for "abundance," and that had purposely written the sentence so that it might be intelligible to Willie's could understand its meaning. The test seemed absolute, and unexplainable upon any other theory whatever except that of the report and the statement that it was "a joke which mamma and your friend will understand" came from Willie's intelligence. Mrs. Sherman knew of the joke during Willie's lifetime, but had no knowledge whatever of the contents of the envelope.

After returning home I told Mrs. Sherman that Willie had insisted there were flowers in one of my pockets for him, and that he had said there was something for him in a pocket of my overcoat. Mrs. Sherman then took from one of the pockets of the overcoat a handkerchief, and from under the handkerchief two geranium blossoms. In explanation she said that, desiring to make a test, the flowers had been placed in my overcoat pocket as it was hanging in the hall, without the knowledge of any other person, shortly before I left home for the sitting with Mrs. Robinson. At the same time she said, in a low tone, "Willie, I am placing these flowers in papa's pocket for you, and I want you to tell him about it to night." This test also seemed perfect.

These developments influenced Mrs. Sherman, who had previously declined to take any active part in my investigations, to consent to visit Mrs. Robinson with me, and an appointment was made for Thursday, at 10:45 o'clock. This sitting lasted an hour, and showed that Willie not only knew and could tell everything of importance which had happened in the family recently, but knew and could and did tell the unspoken thoughts of members of my family who were not present. He also told what my daughter Edith had been doing in Brooklyn, N. Y., and stated facts to be reported in a letter which he said she would write, but which had not been received or written at that time.

But the most wonderful thing, almost beyond belief, was to come. After the sitting had closed, at 12 o'clock, just as Mrs. Sherman and myself were taking our leave, Mrs. Robinson, being clairvoyant, said, in relation to the case after a trance, as usual, "Willie stands by his papa now, and is showing me some oak crayons. What is that, Willie? Oh! he says he is going to mark on papa's coat." At this we all laughed, and Mrs. Robinson

agreed with Mrs. Sherman and myself that he could not do it, even if he thought so. Observing Willie closely, clairvoyantly, Mrs. Robinson said to me, after a minute: "Excuse me, is that a new suit you have on?"

I replied that it was. She continued: "Willie says he is going to write his name on your old coat at home, with the crayons." I said: "What, the coat hanging in my closet at home?" "That is what he says," Mrs. Robinson replied.

Turning toward the point where Willie was represented to be standing, I said: "You can't do it, Willie, even if you think you can, and he will do it. He has gone." Conversation followed upon other topics, and within two minutes Mrs. Robinson said: "Here comes Willie now. What's that? Oh! he says he has written his name on papa's coat, and you will find it there when you get home."

Mrs. Sherman and myself went directly home after this. We had no confidence in the actuality of what Willie said he had done - or if he had written his name, that he had done it so it could be seen by physical eyes. Shortly after our arrival home Mrs. Sherman and myself, accompanied by a friend who was present, went to our sleeping room, opening off from which there is a dark closet, used exclusively by myself as a wardrobe. Opening the door I found hanging there, exactly as I had left it the previous Sunday, a coat which I had worn most of the time since last spring. None of us expected to see anything, but as I brought the coat to the light, and opened it, we all saw, on the lining just above the skirt, and partly on the skirt, in Willie's handwriting, as he had signed his name during his life, the W being at least five inches long, and the other letters of proportionate size, his name - Willie. The writing had the appearance of having been done with crayons, white, shaded with light blue.

Mrs. Sherman nearly fainted, and for my own part I was so agitated that my friends told me I was as pale as a ghost for hours afterward. The circumstances were such as to render it practically impossible that the writing could have been done by any physical hand, or that any trick could have been played. For my own part, I am absolutely certain that no physical hand except my own touched the coat from the time I hung it in the closet, last Sunday morning, and the time I took it down at twenty minutes after twelve, four days later.

Within fifteen minutes afterward the coat and the writing were seen by Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sherman. I telephoned to Mr. James E. White, and three-quarters of an hour afterward the writing was seen and examined by Mr. White and Miss C. H. Hubbard. During the afternoon it was seen by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Porter, Mrs. Robinson and Miss Clara Stockwell. Up to six o'clock the writing continued bright and distinct, although it could only be seen in certain lights.

At 6:30 returned home. The sun had just gone down, and looking at the coat by electric light I was unable to discern the writing clearly. During the evening it was examined by J. B. McIlwain, Geo. A. Ashpole and several others, and all were able to see the outlines of the writing, and with certain angles of light to perceive it quite distinctly. On Friday morning it had entirely disappeared.

I have never heard of another case exactly parallel to the above, although somewhat similar phenomena have been reported in great number. The assumption usually is that a spirit can only perform a physical act in the presence of a medium or a "circle," from whom the physical strength must be drawn. If this is true, how could Willie obtain strength to write his name on my coat, hanging in a dark closet, with no one near, so that it could be seen by physical eyes? My theory is that this strength came from what is called the "animal magnetism" transferred to clothing and other articles worn or handled. I had worn the coat on which the writing was made almost continuously for a year, and since I took it off last Sunday it had hung in a dark closet, in which were many other articles I had worn. The writing was perfectly distinct when the coat was first taken out, but as it was only rendered possible by this condition of "animal magnetism," it faded when exposed to the light, and when the coat was seen and handled by others; and within eighteen hours it had disappeared altogether.

L. A. SHERMAN.

Reception to Carrie E. S. Twing in New York City.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On the evening of May 22 Mrs. M. E. Wallace gave a reception to Mrs. Carrie Twing at her apartments in the Park View, at 222 West 50th street, overlooking the great Central Park. As is always the case when this lady opens her hospitable doors to her friends, her apartments were filled to repletion with those who have learned from experience that at such a gathering they are sure to receive a rich baptism of spiritual peace, and an uplifting spiritual influence that seems to pervade the hostess and all her surroundings.

Mrs. Twing has been speaking for the First Society of Spiritualists at Carnegie Hall, during the past month, and has won a place in the hearts of her hearers, and this reception was tendered her in appreciation of her worth as a woman and a worker. The first part of the evening was passed in social converse, but from then on to near midnight the time was given up to speeches by Mr. Clark, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Twing, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Gridley and Mr. Newton. Mrs. Williams gave tests to many present, and finally "kabbod" controlled Mrs. Twing, and in his inimitable way talked to the people, closing with one of his characteristic prayers. The receptions given by Mrs. Wallace are noted for the sweet and loving influence with which they are always pervaded, and invitations to them are much prized.

It has been her custom for years past to give receptions to workers in the ranks of Spiritualism, and a few weeks ago she gave a reception to Mr. Clegg Wright and to Hon. Luther R. Marsh, which was a most enjoyable affair, and pleasing to the recipients, giving an evening of real pleasure to those who came to honor them. Among those present last evening I noticed Mr. Henry J. Newton, President of the First Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. F. G. Wheeler, Mr. Frank Carpenter, the artist, Mr. Hull of Buffalo, the Countess Norraikow, Mr. J. E. McLane of The Metaphysical Magazine, Mrs. Goodwin, Dr. and Mrs. George, Mrs. M. E. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Jared Flagg, Mr. John Franklin Clark, Mr. Lovell, the publisher, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. LeForrest, Mrs. Suter and Miss Suter, Mrs. M. A. Gridley, Miss M. A. Coe of Ohio, Dr. and Mrs. Dumont C. Duke, and others.

One of the needful things among Spiritualists is the fuller cultivation of the social nature, that we may know each other better, and thus be led to work in unison for the promulgation of the truths that have been made known to us.

Our Sister Wallace, who has the gift of winning the love of all who know her, and of knitting together in bonds of fraternal fellowship all whom she draws around her, is doing a good work for humanity, and rendering an appreciated service to the spirit-world.

The Compounce Association of Spiritualists

Will hold its Thirty-First Annual Picnic at Compounce Lake, Bristol, Conn., Wednesday, June 5, 1895.

10 A. M., business meeting for the election of officers for the ensuing year. 11 A. M., Conference. 2 P. M., Mr. F. A. Wiggins of Salem, Mass., will lecture, following the lecture with a test séance.

Music will be furnished by Mr. D. V. Jones and daughter of Southbury, Conn. Conveyance to the lake on omnibus on arrival of trains at Forestville Plainville. Mrs. J. E. B. DILLON, Sec'y.

MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Adapt Hall, 222 Street, between Broadway and 7th. A. M. Spiritualists' Society meets each Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, speaker.

New York Psychical Society, Spencer Hall, 114 West 14th street. Every Wednesday, 8 P. M. Dr. J. F. Snipes, President. Lectures on Spiritualism, and mediums. Good music, live topics and stirring tests. J. F. Snipes, President, 34 Broadway.

The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings in Carnegie Music Hall, between 6th and 7th streets, on Seventh Avenue, entrance on 7th street, where the BANNER OF LIGHT can be had. Services Sundays, 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Afternoon meetings for facts and phenomena at 2 P. M. Henry J. Newton, President.

Soul Control Meeting on Friday of each week, 7 P. M. - doors close at 10:30 West 50th street. Mrs. Mary O. Morrell, Conductor.

NEW YORK PSYCHICAL SOCIETY. - J. F. Snipes writes: Our contributing talent on Wednesday evening, 22d ult., included as mediums and speakers Rev. Henry Frank, Prof. D. T. Ames, Mr. Varcoe, Mrs. See, Mr. John Slater, Dr. Franks of Boston, and others. The hall, as usual, was filled to the doors, and great interest was manifested. Mr. Slater favored us with one of his characteristic talks, full of pith, and delivered several acknowledged clairvoyant tests and messages.

Mr. Franks followed with psychometric readings of articles on the table, and made a favorable impression. Mrs. See offered appropriate remarks on the subject of mutual good will.

Mr. Varcoe and Prof. Ames philosophized with close reasoning upon spiritual matters. Rev. Henry Frank said: You may be somewhat surprised at my presence here, as it has been intimated by the Chairman that I am not avowedly a Spiritualist. My position is clearly tentative and not dogmatic. I am with you as an honest investigator, and every phase of phenomena that can be presented to me always receives a calm, courteous and earnest study. Unfortunately, however, I have a critical tendency in my mental disposition, and it is impossible for me to accept a fact as a fact unless I go all around it and underneath it and on top of it, to be sure that I solve it from such accurate points of view that there can be no possible error in my conclusion.

You have entered upon the verge of the most uncertain of mysteries, and I might say the most unapproachable of all the spheres of knowledge in which the mind of man has ever been interested; and likewise you are on the verge (I know that many of you insist that you are not only on the verge, but in the midst of the realm itself) of the most fascinating, the most absorbing, the most universally interesting series of investigations the human mind has ever entertained; there is no doubt of it. And I am just as eager as you to discover these truths. If I am convinced that my aged mother, sweet, pure, ethereal soul, looks down upon me with her eyes of love, inspiring me along the pathway of life; if I can actually realize that she is a communicative presence and power, that her lips still speak to my heart, that her voice is still audible to my ears, or to another, who commits her syllables to me; if I am sincerely, indisputably convinced of this, then I should prize it as the richest knowledge that this universe can give me.

I heard Mr. Slater on many occasions in San Francisco, and he was marvelous. He has an organism that is sensitive, emphatic, impressionable, and I would think him as plastic as wax, and as easily molded by outside forces.

Mr. Frank discussed matter, and then proceeded to draw an analogy between the power of the mind in its transmission of thought from one to another in the mortal, and the probable extension of similar power between minds in the body and those outside of the physical.

CARNEGIE HALL. - A correspondent writes: A large audience for a Sunday morning met at this hall on May 19 to listen to Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing of Westfield, N. Y. A large number came early and availed themselves of the privilege of sitting in the class for psychometry which Mrs. Twing has been instructing for the last two Sundays.

President Newton and wife were greatly missed, their absence being due to their attendance on the "Veteran Spiritualists" meeting held in Boston. Mrs. Twing, however, rose equal to the occasion, and did the presiding as well as entertaining the audience.

After reading a most touching poem she gave a talk upon "Children," and advised making them familiar with young with the truths of Spiritualism, instead of allowing them to be educated away from it. She believed in true comradeship between parent and child, and opposed corporal punishment. There were but few dry eyes when she ceased her sympathetic speech, and the readings which followed were interesting in the extreme.

Mrs. Twing again presided at the afternoon meeting. The large hall was full, and the interest kept the crowd there until nearly six o'clock. Prof. Wright spoke upon the philosophy of Spiritualism; Mrs. Henderson gave satisfactory tests; Harlow Davis, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Striker favored the audience with tests; Mrs. Mott-Knight gave independent slate-writing with a committee of six, who were mostly strangers to her and the phenomenon, and they declared themselves satisfied of its genuineness.

A pleasing feature of the afternoon was the singing by Mr. Meyers. The evening services by Mrs. Twing were highly appreciated by the large audience. [We are obliged to condense this report, on account of going to press one day in advance the present week. - Ed.]

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritual Association, Amphion Theatre Building, Bedford Avenue, opposite South Tenth street, meets Sunday evenings, 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums. Mrs. M. Evans, President.

Spiritual Meetings are held in Mrs. Dr. Blake's parlors, 1024 Bedford Avenue (near DeKalb Avenue), every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock, 118 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Seats free. All welcome. Herbert L. Whitney, Chairman; Emily B. Ruggles, Sec'y.

The Woman's Progressive Union will hold its usual Friday night meetings at Robertson Hall, 162 Gates Avenue. Miss Irene Mason, General Secretary.

Psychical Society, Jackson Hall, 515 Fulton street, Mondays, 8 P. M. Prominent speakers and mediums. Augusta Chambers, President.

Fraternity Hall, 389 Bedford Avenue, near Myrtle Avenue, meets Sunday, 8 and 9 P. M. J. Edward Bartlett, Medium and Conductor. Other mediums regularly provided.

ADVANCE SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE - Herbert L. Whitney, President, writes: After a little over a year spent in our hall at Court street, we have decided to move a little further up town, and we will meet in our new hall on next Saturday evening, June 1, where we will continue to hold our meetings each week during the summer, as we do not adjourn for a heated season.

Our last meeting in the old hall, held Saturday, May 25, was mediums' night, and we were greatly surprised and delighted to have Prof. E. J. Bowtell of Boston with us; he made the opening address in a very acceptable manner, and was followed by Bro. George Delere, after which Mrs. Olmsted gave some very good tests, followed by Bro. Lyons, a newly developed medium; the Chairman then made a few concluding remarks suited to the occasion, closing all by the old and sweet song "Beautiful River."

THE WOMAN'S PROGRESSIVE UNION - "E. F. K." writes - gave its last social entertainment of this season, at Robertson Hall, Friday evening, May 24.

[As we are obliged to go to press early in the week on account of Memorial Day, we will notice the above in next issue.]

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE. - A complimentary testimonial, it is stated, will be tendered to Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Rococo, at B. T. Hall, 728 Westminster street, on Sunday, June 2, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., at which various noted lecturers and test mediums, et al., will be present.

WRITING PLANCHETS for sale by Colby & Rich. Price 60 cents.

Cleveland, O., Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Spiritual Musicals. - A very unique and recherché entertainment took place in Weisgerber's Hall, Sunday, 19th ult., in which Prof. Geo. W. Oles, the distinguished young American violin virtuoso, took the most conspicuous part; Mr. Oles is a thorough and highly cultured musician, capable of rendering the most difficult compositions of the best masters, added to which he has such a wonderfully sensitive nature, that renders him very susceptible to the inspiration of such geniuses as Paganini and Ole Bull (his favorite composers) that is quite manifest when playing their brilliant compositions. The four numbers played by Prof. Oles were: Violin concerto, Op. 16, Ch. DeBeriot; Nocturne, Op. 2, Ole Bull; B. Kulawik (Polish dance), Henri Wieniowski; Souvenir de Haydn, Op. 2 (Fantasie), Hy Leonard; Thoughts on Paganini (Grand Caprice), Geo. W. Oles.

The accompanying on the piano, by Mrs. Bertha B. Wilson, was artistic, and made a beautiful setting to the bright jewels furnished by the Professor.

Interpersed with the above numbers were introductory remarks by Mr. Thos. Lees, Mr. Frank G. Wilson; address on "Inspiration," by Miss E. Anne Hinman (trance medium); reading, "The Little Hero," by Miss Mabel C. McCaslin, and a very beautiful piano duet, "Ojos Creollos" (Cuban dance), Gottschalk, rendered by Mrs. Bertha Wilson and Miss Alice M. Doolittle, music teacher (late of Syracuse, N. Y., but now a resident of this city, and a member of the Children's Progressive Lyceum Orchestra).

The Cleveland daily press, which at first ridiculed the idea of Prof. Oles's inspiration by "dead violinists" after witnessing his wonderful skill, spoke very highly of him as an artist. The Cleveland Leader, particularly alluding to him, said: "Prof. Geo. W. Oles, a young violinist of great excellence, gave a brilliant exhibition of his powers."

Other Brief Notes - What Next? - The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland has been invited to participate in the grand parade of all the Sunday-schools in the city, which takes place the last day (Friday, June 7) of the Ohio Sunday School Association. - Thirty-Sixth Annual Convention to be held in this city. The oldest Children's Spiritual Lyceum Banner will be a marked feature on that occasion. Let every child, Leader and officer ever connected with the Lyceum, now in the city, turn out on this occasion.

Dr. J. W. Kenyon and his mediumistic wife have been engaged to occupy the rostrum in Weisgerber's Hall during this and part of next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Perkins of California, who conducted the services for the Society of Progressive Thinkers (West Side) during April, are yet in the city, giving private sittings, and holding séances at residences of all who desire their services.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, of the People's Spiritual Alliance, spoke at Memorial Hall last Sunday on the "Gordon Murder" case (Kentucky) in the light of Spiritualism.

Passed to Spirit Life. - Mrs. Jane Standen, aged seventy three years, the oldest and the best known medium of this city, passed to spirit-life May 3 from the residence of her son, E. A. Standen. The funeral services were conducted by Mrs. H. S. Lake.

Our Annual Picnic. - The Children's Lyceum Picnic will take place during June - probably the last Sunday but one (23d) - before the regular camp season at Lake Brady is inaugurated by Mrs. R. S. Lillie.

Fraternally, THOMAS LEES.



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Besides the subject mentioned in the title, this book deals with the exposition of the real nature of the phenomena of Life and Death, from the point of view of the Higher Science; besides giving minute descriptions of authentic cases in which persons have been mistaken for dead, and buried, dissected, or embalmed alive.

The subject of apparent death, with its only too frequent occurrence, consequences of premature burial, such as receive the attention it deserves, and the book is addressed to the people whose interest it is to protect themselves against the horrible fate of becoming victims of medical shortsightedness by being buried, embalmed, dissected or cremated alive, or being frozen to death by being put upon ice.

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A CITIZEN'S REMONSTRANCE To the Legislature.

Against legalizing to college-diplomated M. D.s a monopoly in the use of "M. D." and title of "Doctor." And against an enactment tending to deprive sick people of their constitutional right and "power of enjoying in safety and tranquility their natural rights and the blessings of the law," and especially the inalienable right and blessing of choosing and employing their own doctors.

BY ALFRED E. GILES.

Pamphlet, pp. 22; price 5 cents; 10 copies, \$1.00. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

Consumption and Rheumatism.

A Scientific Statement in Plain Language of their Origin, Treatment and Cure. By GEO. DUTTON, A. B., M. D. Cloth, 50 pages. Price \$1.00. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

DAPHNE'S HORARY ASTROLOGY. By DAPHNE. Cloth, English edition, Price \$1.00. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

A Fig Cake made with Cleaveland's Baking Powder is fit for a queen. Cleaveland's, the best that money can buy. It's easy to make. The recipe is in the Cleaveland cook book, which will be mailed free on receipt of stamp and address. Cleaveland Baking Powder Co. New York.

WASHINGTON. CENTRALIA. - G. W. French writes: The Spiritualists of Centralia gathered at my house Sunday, May 5, to meet a delegation of Indians who are reformers and Shakers, as they call it. They have a church by that name; it is original with them. When they became influenced they shake. Their leader talked about an hour. Hon. C. Crosby interpreted. He told how they got the power, etc., etc. One of their big men fell (dead, as they thought) in a trance, and lay six or eight hours. As they were getting him ready for burial he came to, and told them such wonderful things he had seen; that he was sent back to preach to them, and tell them how to do. They discard tobacco, whiskey, and all bad habits, and it is working wonders among them. Their spiritual theory is about the same as ours. They are natural healers; they locate disease without any hesitancy, and their mode of treatment is about the same as our white healers'. At 3 P. M. the long dining table was spread, and one side filled by the whites, and the other by our dusky friends; it was quite a strange sight for them to mingle with us in the parlor and at the table also. It was asked what caused all this. One of our mediums answered, Spiritualism. After the service was about over, Mrs. Wahawa made some remarks in behalf of her people, thanking us for their kind reception. All were surprised to hear such glowing thoughts come through the lips of an unenlightened woman of the forest. This was answered by Dr. Dean Clarke, stating that we were all traveling to the same place, and all were of one brotherhood. We have a spiritual society in Centralia. Mrs. Naglis of Tacoma spoke for us once a week during the winter. Dr. Dean Clarke has spoken several times of late.

NEW YORK. FISKILL. - J. G. Burrow writes: Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds of Troy, N. Y., has been with us the past week. Her lectures were grand, and her tests most gratifying and convincing. Mrs. Reynolds goes to Toledo, Ohio, next week, where she will be during June and a part of July. We wish her every success.

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The Binder is also included, the same as Books and Pamphlets, in our offer made in another column to our subscribers for securing new subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT. WILBRAM'S WEALTH; OR, THE Coming Democracy. BY J. J. MORSE. This is an English edition of Mr. Morse's wonderfully successful serial, originally issued in the BANNER OF LIGHT of Boston, U. S. It embodies Love, Philosophy and Social Economics; and deals in an attractive and educational form with the pressing questions of the day, as affecting capital and labor. It also presents many graphic pictures of life in England and the United States. Paper covers. Price 35 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

MEETINGS IN CHICAGO. First Society of Spiritualists will meet at Custer Post Hall, 55 South Sangamon street, every Sunday at 10:45, 2 1/2 and 7 1/2. Lyceum at 1 1/2. Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, permanent speaker. E. N. Pickering, President. First Society of Spiritualists meets at Rooley's Theatre at 11 A. M. Speaker, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. Band of Harmony, Thursday, 7 1/2 P. M., Orpheus Hall, Schiller Theatre.

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA. The First Association of Spiritualists (founded 1823) meets at First Association Hall, 8th and Callowhill streets. President, J. C. Steadmetz; Vice-President, Mrs. M. E. Caldwell; Secretary, Frank H. Morrill. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Lyceum at 2 1/2 P. M. Spiritual Conference Association meets at the northeast corner of 8th and Spring Garden streets every Sunday at 3 P. M. S. Wheeler, President, 471 N. 2nd street.

MEETINGS IN WASHINGTON, D. C. First Society, Metzerott Hall, 15th Street, between E and F. - Every Sunday, 11 1/2 A. M., 7 1/2 P. M. E. Edison, President. Second Society - Progressive Spiritualists meets every Sunday, 7 1/2 P. M., at the Temple, 63 G Street, N. W., opposite Pension Office. Mrs. J. D. Compton, Pres.