

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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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 bodes 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;
Mild 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.

Arcturus 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 sister 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, material, 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 three 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.

I find here 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 do force and get rid of force. But matter and force are so perfectly united, and spirit cannot demonstrate itself without force to 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 the 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 additions 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. If the people paid as much attention to teach the world 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. 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 Discovers Country," "Oceanides, A Psychological Novel," "Mary Anne Carew: Wife, Mother, Spirit, Angel," "Philip 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 crone, 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' come to pay ye a visit? A-weel-a-weel! but yer the cunning' fox! What is 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' 'r' 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.

"Come 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 frae 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 frae 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!" cried the old woman, grasping the arm of the girl with her vulture-like claw. "Lis'en! I see a vault, deep wi' 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 theer thy adversary out o' thy sight fraiver. I see na mair! Hie thee awa, an' has'n that thou wuld'st do; for sure they will discover who the blue eyed ane is; for a gang-atween bideth 'neath thy roof, an' she is about to open her mou'; she hatches 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 light, 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 fitted 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

Glints from our Foreign Exchanges.

BY W. N. EAYRS.

The Intelligence of Animals.

I.

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. In the course of time and under the law of evolution, they are destined to reach the higher level of humanity. The contributor says of the dog Mouton:

"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."

II.

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 Montauriol 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. Hay 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. Hay, 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 lasker dig Karen."

This phrase was, letter for letter, that which Mr. Georges had written, and then followed the translation asked 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 Blätter.)

Bodhiat was born in an influential and honored Brahma family. When he grew to manhood he became an Ishi, and withdrew with five hundred other Ishis 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."

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(From Light, Boston, Dec. May 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, Park, N. W., 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. Bathé 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 our 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. Brand, Dr. Jagielski, G. W. Breasley, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Bathé, 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. R. K., 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 live to age's triumph, with the trust
Of their titheless dust.
The islets of the tropic seas
Are flushed with lives.
Millions of winged ocean-bees
Dead in their lives.
The mangrove clusters and the cocoa 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 sublime.
The homes they toiled for to green dwellings grew
For tribes they never knew.
And on our history's myriads slain
Even so we die.
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.

—Theron Brown, in New England Magazine for May

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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.

Banner of Light.

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

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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 creeds 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.

It is a truth of immense moment in human concerns. By it we are taught that customs, laws and institutions, instead of being simply fleeting and temporary, are ever expanding agencies for working out larger and more perfect results; that eternity is but another name for the unending continuance of this process; that immortal life is desirable only as its conditions conform to this universal law.

How infinitely better is a conception like this, lifting the human spirit to higher points of vision, and enlarging its every-day experience by joining it with the ceaseless operation of a noble law of expansion, than the cramping and confining limitations of a short-sighted creed, invented by self-appointed bigots, who assume to speak with supreme authority, and forbid the human spirit to look before and after, at the peril of its happiness for all eternity.

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 unkindly 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 participant. This is 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 overarches 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 Peterstien 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 to decline to advance or furnish copies of Messages out of the regular course. The consistency of our position must be apparent to every thoughtful person.

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 a 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 the Surgeon under arrest. 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 Cobb, President of the Society, and John Storer, 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 *aze* 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 disputation, students who are pursuing or purport 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 Bowditch Street, Boston, at 35 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.

O'er 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 stitched 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. Who 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 to him 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.—*Ex*

"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 prouder souls, where learning makes her home; Much knowledge—huts the gates of wisdom open. Christ first revealed himself to simple lives, And humble fisher-folk of Galilee Have ruled the world.

—Through a writhing 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 workingmen. 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 Rainforest Island institutions, and a veteran of the civil war, passed to spirit-life Sunday, May 30, 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 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 plain—to have been pretty; Sadder than being known—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 "Tribly" 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's a regular daisy! And you told me '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*.

A South Dakota farmer (S. D. Cone by name) will this year plant one hundred acres of Russian sunflowers. The yield is thirty to fifty bushels per acre, and the seed produces about one gallon of oil per bushel. The oil is high-priced, and is what is known as the nearest approach to the oil of olive. After the oil has been extracted the seed meal makes a good cake for cattle and horse feed—much superior, in fact, to that made from the flax. Then the stalks,

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. Marlboro, who for years conducted a French hotel restaurant on Bowditch 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. BELLows, 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 805 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. Fifeled, Guardian; Miss Hattie Ash, Assistant Guardian; F. H. Fuller, Secretary; Mr. Wm. Poole, Treasurer; Mrs. L. 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; Since our report of last week we have received from C. F. Townsend, 50 cents; An Old

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.

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, up to 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 from time to time. Last week a friend who has been a doubter regarding spirit phenomena, if not a positive disbeliever, in 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 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 "ambulance," and had had purposely written the sentence so that no intelligence but Willie's could understand its meaning. The test seemed absolute, and unexplainable upon any other theory whatever except that 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, as is usually the case after a trance sitting, said: "Willie stands by his papa now, and is showing me some chalk 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 H. 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 Clarissa Stockwell. Up to six o'clock the writing continued bright and distinct, although it could only be seen in certain lights.

At 6:30 I 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 "Ikabod" 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 her.

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. Wiggin 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 by omnibus on arrival of trains at Forestville and Plainville.

Mrs. J. E. B. DILLON, Sec'y.

MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Adelphi Hall, 222 Broadway. Spiritualists' Society. Meetings 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, 35 Broadway.

The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings at Carnegie Hall, 11th and 12th streets, on Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. The BANNER OF LIGHT can be had. Services Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Afternoon meetings for facts and phenomena at 2 P. M. Henry J. Newton, President.

Soul Convention Meeting on Friday of each week. 7 P. M.—doors close at 10:30. 25 West 14th 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 "Western 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 while 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. Meetings 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 Saturday evening 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. Meetings Sunday at 3 and 8 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 meeting 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 Delersee, after which Mr. 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 25.

[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 is 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 50 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. 18, Ch. DeBeriot; Nocturne, Op. 2, Ole Bull; B. Kulawik (Polish dance), Henri Wieniowski; Souvenir de Haydn, Op. 2 (Fantasia), 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. Caslin, 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.

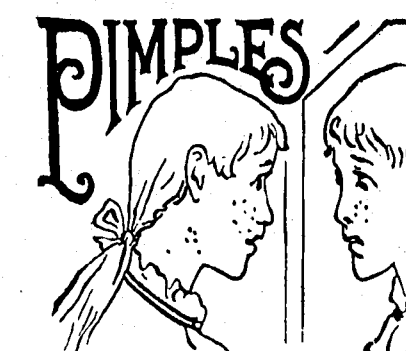
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Perkins of California, who conducted the services for the Society of Progressive Thinkers (West Side) during April, are yet in the city, giving private sittings, and holding séances at residences of all who desire their services.

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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The subject of apparent death, with its only too frequently occurring consequences, premature burial, should 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 any enactment tending to deprive sick people of their constitutional right and "power of enjoying in safety and tranquility their natural rights and the blessings and blessing of choosing and employing their own doctors.

BY ALFRED E. GILES.

Pamphlet, pp. 22; price 5 cents; 11 copies, 50 cents; 30 copies, \$1.00. Price of 50 copies, \$5.00.

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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 become 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. Wawhama 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