



Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1895.

Letter from Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader.
THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION—THE BILL BEFORE THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

BEING requested to prepare an account of my experiences in relation to the bill "to regulate the observance of the Lord's day" now pending before the Massachusetts Legislature, I submit the following:

On Friday, March 23, having some business at the State House relative to a hearing before a legislative committee, I visited that place, and at the conclusion of the hearing I visited the House of Representatives. The courteous attendant procured me a seat in the ladies' gallery, from which place I could view the proceedings. In the course of business the Clerk of the House read a bill to regulate the observance of the Lord's day. It had already passed the Senate, and was up for a second reading of the House.

The bill has for its object the preventing of anything whatever on the Lord's day except as provided for in said bill.

Primarily it is intended to do away with all entertainments except a concert of sacred music, which is excepted, and those having in charge the giving of licenses are prohibited from giving a license for anything whatsoever to which admission is obtained upon the payment of an admission fee upon the Lord's day.

I have simply referred to a portion of the bill, which is necessary for my purpose.

The discussion that followed was extremely interesting, though there seemed to be scarcely any opposition manifested except on the part of a member who contended that many people in the community did not attend church on Sunday, and that it was not right to prevent them from attending other places if they wanted to. He was followed by another member, who thought it the duty of the Legislature to pass the bill, because, he said, the majority of people in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts do not know what they want, but they are not ready to accept entertainments and exhibitions upon the Lord's day; therefore the Legislature should see that this bill was passed.

At the close of the session I obtained a copy of the bill and repaired to the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT for consultation. After reading it over carefully, Mr. Day, the editor, suggested my consulting with others, in order to see if in any possible way it could be construed to apply to the seances held on Sunday, and to which an admission was charged.

My readers will ask, perhaps, "What has a bill to prevent exhibitions and entertainments on Sunday got to do with seances held by Spiritualists?"

To which I reply: Have you forgotten that only a few weeks ago Mr. Keeler was fined fifteen dollars for holding an exhibition without a license? Did he not do it by advice of counsel, who said that as long as the statute read as it did he was liable? The amount of it is, that the law interprets the word seance very differently from what the Spiritualists do.

In view of the decision in the Keeler case I appealed to several of the members of the Legislature for their views on the matter.

In every instance I was informed that, in view of the above decision, the bill would apply to the seances held by Spiritualists where an admission fee was charged, though they did not think that was the intent of the framers of the bill. However, it will put within the province of any one who chooses to enter a complaint a chance to do so, and put a medium to much inconvenience, unless the bill is amended.

With this information I again appealed to THE BANNER editors. After more consultation it was decided to attach an amendment to the said bill, with the feeling that if there was no intention to interfere with the seances of Spiritualists the fact might as well be stated.

The following amendment was then drawn up, with the intention of presenting it to the House for consideration:

"PROVIDED, HOWEVER, THAT NOTHING IN THIS BILL SHALL BE CONSTRUED TO INTERFERE WITH THE HOLDING OF SEANCES, CIRCLES, OR OTHER RELIGIOUS SERVICES."

Being advised to see the chairman of the committee having the bill in charge, I did so, with the result of being referred to the counsel of those in whose interests the bill was first presented.

Before so doing, it occurred to me to see what the prospects of obtaining a license for giving a seance on Sunday were, and if it was necessary. I accordingly called at the City Hall for that purpose. Mr. Hilliard, the clerk, informed me that he had no power to grant a license for any such purpose. "Is it necessary?" I asked. "I cannot say," he replied. "If you have no power to grant a license for the holding of a seance, how is it that Mr. Keeler was arrested for holding a seance without one?" I asked. Mr. Hilliard said that he was not there to interpret the law, and that as far as Mr. Keeler's case was concerned, he knew very little about it. "If you wish a license for an exhibition I can grant you one, and if you say that the seance of Mr. Keeler was held to be a show or exhibition by the law it looks to me as if the bill you speak about will interfere seriously with your seances if you charge an admission fee. Why do you not give all seances free, if you hold them to be religious services?"

I informed him that in my estimation a seance was a religious service, and the attending of them was the way, mainly, that Spiritualists had of manifesting their belief in Spiritualism. Spiritualists approach the seance-room with a feeling of reverence not exceeded by any religiousist. It is where they can hear from those who have passed on to the higher life. No matter what outsiders may say, a seance is a distinctive part of the religion of Spiritualism, and must be held as part of their services.

My interview with him only convinced me that it is a pretty state of affairs when they will neither grant a license for a seance, nor promise you security in case you hold a seance without one.

In conversation with several members of the Legislature, I found an evident desire to not interfere with the rights of Spiritualists, and hoped that the matter could finally be adjusted, as some of them offered to put in the amendment referred to, saying that they did not think that any one had looked upon the matter in that light.

To my surprise, on visiting the counsel for the society, which had been instrumental in presenting the bill, I was informed that in no case could he consent to such a proceeding; that it would be a violation of his duty to his clients if he did. "I am representing," he said,

"the Watch and Ward Society of the city of Boston, and you must be aware that its members have no sympathy with spiritualistic seances whatever, and though their intention as set forth in said bill is to do away with all entertainments of a secular nature on the Lord's Day, and they had no thought of interfering with your seances, still I am sure they will never consent to your amendment. If you can get any member to introduce it, and then convince the Senate and House that it ought to pass, all right, but you will never do so. There are other amendments on that bill which ought never to have been presented. The bill will pass as originally put in, or not at all."

I asked his opinion of the Keeler case, and suggested that it was only in view of that decision that we felt this bill an injustice. "I am not in here to interpret the law for the Spiritualists," but he said, "Although I can in no wise agree to your amendment, I am quite sure that if the Spiritualists will carry the case to the higher court they will find themselves upheld in the free exercise of their religious observances. In fact, it has already been decided that Spiritualism is a religion by the courts in the case of 'Fetial vs. Middlesex Railroad Company.'"

A lady who had been injured while returning from a seance for physical manifestations, sued the Railroad Company for damages. The Sunday law held that no one must travel on Sunday except for necessity or charity. The defense held that it was not a case exempted by law, and attempted to hold her up to derision for being a Spiritualist, describing a seance such as she attended to be an entertainment. The plaintiff claimed that it was a part of her religion to attend seances, and she had attended it as a religious observance. The decision was against the Railroad Company.

That did not prevent Mr. Keeler being arrested, he remarked. He was told that if he had held his seance under the auspices of some religious society, it would have prevented him from being arrested, but that as an individual he had no right to take an admission fee.

The lawyer then asked me why, if we called it a religious observance, we took a fee at the seances; to which I responded that when the time came that the Spiritualists were able to pay salaries to their mediums as the Christians did to their ministers, all seances would be free.

A minister in a Christian church is paid a salary. It is true that it is not made up from fees at the door, because the congregation subscribes a sufficient amount, which, with the collections, is used to defray all expenses. If it is necessary to make special collections it is done. A minister of the Christian church is never expected to work for nothing. The only way our mediums have of receiving any salary is by taking fees at the door. Then, again, it seizes at the present time to keep away numbers of those who, if they could come in without paying an admission fee, would do so, and in some cases make disturbance. I will say, however, that in all my experience I have never known a medium to refuse admission to those who were unable to pay solely on that account. We have at the First Spiritual Temple free seances every Sunday night.

The lawyer then responded: "In my opinion what you lack is organization. If all your mediums will unite as a religious society, having for its object the holding of seances, then any member of that society can hold seances at any place, even if they do take an admission fee. I am willing to do all I can for you, because I feel that you are earnest, except to in any way consent to your proposed amendment."

In view of the above, what is the duty of Spiritualists? This lawyer has pointed out the way by which they can be assured of their rights, but it must come through cooperative effort. The time to organize is now! Stand for your rights. The Christians of Boston have organized for work, and unless something is done will succeed in shutting up every seance-room, and will deem it their duty to do so. Since obtaining the above information from the courteous counsel on the other side, I have been told that it will be impossible to get any member of the House to present the amendment, on the ground that it would not do, and would cause trouble.

It is impossible in the space of one article to give more than a brief outline of the work done in this direction. In the interviews held with the members of the Legislature it was made plain to me how little we as Spiritualists can hope for unless we present a formidable front. It is for the prevention of just such laws as the one about to be enacted that the National Association was organized. There should be in every State a vigilance committee whose duty it should be to see that proper remonstrance is made against the passage of such laws. This means organization. The National Association should be supported by every true-hearted Spiritualist; with such support we would be able to demand our rights, and get them.

In closing I wish to extend my sincere thanks to all who have assisted me in my arduous labors of the past week. Especially do I thank the editors of the BANNER OF LIGHT, who did everything in their power to assist me. By having the benefit of their cooperation I was enabled to do much which otherwise I would have thought impossible. I am conscious of trying to do the best for all, and therefore have appreciated the commendation of the spiritualistic press to its fullest extent.

The above is only a brief outline of the work of the past few weeks, and this letter closes the review of my work in this vicinity. The Spiritualists of Massachusetts have able defenders in the editors of the BANNER OF LIGHT, who have taken the matter in hand and are determined to defeat the bill if possible, unless amended so as not to interfere with the rights of Spiritualists—and in this they should have the earnest support of every Spiritualist in the State. As the matter stands, the Spiritualists of Massachusetts are compelled to be married by a minister of the Christian Gospel or a Justice of the Peace. They cannot employ the physicians that they desire, on account of the Medical Law, and are now in a fair way of being prevented from holding seances on Sunday evening unless the amendment suggested by the editors of THE BANNER is passed by the Legislature.

With best wishes for all the friends in Massachusetts, I am,

Fraternally yours for organization,
M. E. CADWALLADER.

April 2.

Two little children (girls) lying dead in their father's house on Third Avenue, New York, present a case of great mystery to the doctors and the reporters. Last Friday they were "resuscitated." It was done by a physician of the Board of Health. Sunday morning one was seized with convulsions and died in a few hours, notwithstanding all the efforts of a competent physician. Tuesday morning the other child was seized with convulsions and died at 11 o'clock. "Dr. Sharp thinks that the vaccination may have been the cause of death."—Weekly Times (Hartford, Conn.).

He—"Do you subscribe to the theory of evolution?" She (the hopeless parvenu)—"No. What are the subscription rates?"—Pacific Unitarian.

The Anniversary.

The Forty-Seventh Celebration of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

Commemorative Exercises held in Boston, Lynn, Worcester and Salem, Mass.; New York City; Providence, R. I.; Baltimore, Md., Etc.

Boston Spiritual Temple.
(Specially reported for the Banner of Light by its Representatives.)

In accordance with its long-established custom, the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, holding meetings at Berkeley Hall, duly observed Anniversary Day Sunday last with varied and appropriate exercises.

The beautiful and commodious Odd Fellows Hall, situated in the same building, had been secured for the occasion, and was filled to overflowing at the morning, afternoon and evening sessions with large and enthusiastic audiences, who manifested in a hearty and highly appreciative manner their approval of the efforts of the eloquent speakers and the talented vocalists, musicians and readers who participated.

The hall was tastefully and elaborately decorated with bunting, flags and banners, the work of Lamprell & Marble. A profusion of choice flowers and palms adorned the speaker's desk, and the platform, and on the wall back of the desk was suspended the motto, "1848—Boston Spiritual Temple—1895."

Great preparations have been in progress the past few weeks to make the celebration of this Society preeminently interesting and entertaining, and to provide a spiritual feast for the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, who might desire to join in commemorating the grandest event in the religious history of the human race—the birth of Modern Spiritualism. The Committee of Arrangements, consisting of W. H. Banks, J. H. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., are certainly to be congratulated on the well-merited success which has attended their labors.

The President of the Society, W. H. Banks, presided in his usual pleasing manner. J. H. Lane and Miss Pearl Baxton acted most acceptably as accompanists.

At the morning session the exercises opened with a finely-rendered selection by the Concordia Quartet. A grand and soulful invocation was offered by Mrs. M. T. Longley, M. D., after which President Banks, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed the large assembly in attendance. A song by Mrs. Cora Simes Barker preceded brief remarks by Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader of Philadelphia, representative of the National Spiritualists' Association of Washington. She greeted the people in the name of that Association, and reminded them of a leaf from the past history of Spiritualism, when in 1854 a petition was presented at the nation's capital by Gen. Shields, which was headed by Gov. Talmadge of Wisconsin, and signed by fifteen thousand Spiritualists, requesting that the new revelation receive the investigative attention of Congress; she suggested that the Spiritualists of Massachusetts make a similar appeal to their Legislature, asking the repeal of all laws now on the statute-books which were being construed to the injury of the Cause.

The veteran Spiritualist and worker in the Cause, the venerable H. B. Storer, was then introduced, and after the applause which greeted the announcement of his name had subsided, he spoke substantially as follows:

REMARKS OF H. B. STORER.

The calendar reminds us that we have taken forty-seven steps forward in the history of Modern Spiritualism; but the calendar cannot begin to give an impression of the change in the public mind during this period.

I have been a Spiritualist forty-five years. It began as it often begins with people who are young—by caviling.

A friend of mine was publishing a country journal. I took up the paper and read an account of the mysterious happenings down at Stratford, Conn., in the home of Dr. Phelps, and without knowing the parties I sent word to my friend, rebuking him for bolstering up his paper with a sensational report. "But the account is true," he replied. "Will you come down to Dr. Phelps's with me?" I stopped and thought hard. "Yes," I said, "I will go down and help to bring him to his senses, that he seems to have laid aside in the investigation of this affair."

I went to Stratford, and met the old man coming to the gate. The family had gone away, but he took me back to the house and narrated what had taken place there.

Opening the door from the dining-room to the front room he said: "You see the piano directly opposite us. That piano yesterday morning, as I was seated at the table, was wheeled by an invisible force from where it was standing to where you now see it, and that piece of music was put up on the rack."

The doctor was a very respectable-looking man, a very reverent man; I would have believed him on almost any other subject.

He went on to describe to me what had been taking place in his house for a number of months, and concluded by saying that, although his children, brethren and friends had been invited to make a careful investigation, they could throw no light on the cause of the phenomena, and that he was satisfied that spirits from another world were there and produced the manifestations.

Mr. Storer then went on to relate in his interesting way how he was sent by Dr. Phelps to Bridgeport, where there was a girl medium, through whose instrumentality raps were produced. Having satisfied himself fully that the girl had nothing to do with the manifestations, he proceeded to question the unseen forces at work, with the following result:

Then it was that my dead came back to me. Then it was that my wife, who had been gone from us about two years, spelled her name; more than that, she gave her maiden name, the number of months and days she had been away, and then came a communication from her.

I went away, and never, from that time to this, although I have criticized at times, have I had any doubt that the dead are with us, more alive than we are, and can join with us in a sense that makes them participants in our work. The whole human race is deathless, passing on from low spheres of development to the highest ones; and whenever those who are gone before find it possible to touch some sympathetic chord with those upon the earth they come to assist the progress of our common humanity.

There is nothing in Spiritualism that is in any

sense opposed to that system of democracy in which we all rejoice. It is one great democratic federation the whole world over, and when the angels come to us they come, not sent out by special act of God, but drawn by sympathetic ties to us. They come to inspire us to do the best that is in us; to do good day by day to those about us, troubling ourselves not so much about the future as about the present. Let us live in the present, and when the time comes let us go on to the higher sphere, continuing there our endeavors to live aright, knowing that all will be well with us if we but be true to our high calling.

After a selection by the Longley Quartet, composed of Prof. and Mrs. Longley and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., President Banks introduced the speaker of the morning, the Rev. Moses Hull, who has ministered so acceptably to the Boston Spiritual Temple Society during the month of March. Mr. Hull was warmly greeted, and after a few preliminary remarks proceeded to discourse in his inimitable, brilliant and witty manner on "The Origin and Progress of Spiritualism." His points were well taken, and he was frequently interrupted with bursts of applause from his delighted audience. He said in substance:

ADDRESS BY REV. MOSES HULL.

I will take for my text the sentence uttered by that old Jerusalem Counselor, Gamaliel: "If the work of this council be of men it will come to naught, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it;" also a sentence of the Apostle Paul, "Ye can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

"The fact is, when the time comes for God to let a truth out upon the world that truth is going to be born. It goes out to do a certain work, and all the work done against it does not stop it."

In the old temples in the land of Egypt the Christians, some twelve hundred years ago, undertook to destroy the evidence of the existence of Christianity two thousand years before Christ by plastering stucco all over the beautiful things within. If you were to go there now you would find that the stucco has fallen off, leaving the work underneath as brilliant as if put there but yesterday, and the Christians who undertook to overthrow the evidence against them, simply preserved it until the world was ready for it, and to-day we have it. It is always so in the attempt to overthrow men or opinions when the time has come to bring them up.

Now we come back to the present. I note the change in the sentiments of the world in the last forty-eight years. Bro. Storer indicated in his remarks that the change had been just about as great outside the ranks of Spiritualism as in. It has. We expect the change in the ranks of Modern Spiritualism, but he would have been esteemed a wild prophet indeed who forty-eight years ago would have stated that the new movement would somehow or other fulfill itself in every church in all Christendom, and the whole world be leavened as it is to-day with the leaven of Spiritualism.

But let us go back and look at the matter.

The old saying is that the world moves. Well, it does move. Sometimes it moves slowly, sometimes more rapidly; sometimes apparently it moves backward, as in the Dark Ages, from the time of Constantine, the Christian, to the time of Napoleon. Since the days of Martin Luther it has moved more rapidly than for hundreds of years before; since the days of Emmanuel Swedenborg and John Wesley it has moved more rapidly still; and since the birth of Modern Spiritualism it has apparently been on a lightning express train.

A little over a hundred years ago Emmanuel Swedenborg announced that the spirit-world and this world had come in rapport with each other. "Now," he says, "look out for inventions." We have had more inventions in the last hundred years than we have had in all the preceding ages; and we have had more inventions in the last forty-eight years than we have had since Noah left the ark up to the time of Modern Spiritualism. Edison and other inventors are simply copying what is to be found in the spirit-world. An idea strikes them and they materialize it, never dreaming whence the idea comes; but Swedenborg explains it all when he tells us that there is nothing on earth that has not existed before in the spirit-world. Therefore it stands to reason that the more closely we get in rapport with the spirit-world, the more swiftly following each other will be the great and practical inventions.

Let us look at the world at the time Spiritualism was introduced, and compare it with the present. There is a vast change. What has produced that great change, and is carrying it on?

You and I, who are old people, went to church fifty years ago. We went there because we had to go there or to the place where all lost souls must go, and we thought we rather preferred the former of the two. We did not go to enjoy religion. Religion was not a thing to be enjoyed. It was to be endured to save you from enduring something worse in the future. We went to church, and we heard original sin, total depravity, vicarious atonement, the terrors of the burning lake, etc., etc., described in vivid language over and over again. We do not hear such preaching now anywhere—east, west, north or south. The minister, too, has lost his almost supreme power. What has produced this change?

I look back to 1848, and I see the world sleeping soundly, intellectually, spiritually, and in almost every other way. I almost seem to see the angels holding a convention, and saying, "We must wake the world up; we must scatter a few seed thoughts that will startle it."

The angel-world was very wise in not giving all of Spiritualism at once. When God let the sun rise this morning it first began to gild the eastern horizon, but it came up, and up, and up, until in its meridian strength it looks down on the lowest shrub in the lowest valley. So light comes gradually, and only one manifestation was allowed at first, but it was all that was needed to wake the world, and call its attention to the message that the angel-world had to deliver.

These manifestations commenced in the home of John Fox, who, with his wife, were respectable members of the Methodist church. They did not know what produced the phenomena, which continued, and finally sent for the minister. He was a wise minister (they are all wise), and he at once told them it was the work of the devil. That is the wisest thing a person ever said about Spiritualism until he was ready to take affirmative ground regarding it, for if you say anything else you will be worsted as sure as you are born. If an individual were to come forward and say to an audience like this that Spiritualism is all a humbug, a hundred would instantly rise and say, "Sir, you are mistaken; I have witnessed the manifestations; I have heard the raps; I have seen articles of furniture moved; I have received communications from the so-called dead. I know it is true."

Over twenty years ago a man inserted an advertisement in the daily papers of New York saying that it was said, the manifestations he had witnessed were tricks; that he had deposited ten thousand dollars in the First National Bank of that city; that he had nine friends who had deposited a like sum apiece in the same bank; that the ten men had formed a syndicate with a hundred thousand dollars which amount was for the man who would show them the trick by which this was done. But those men and women who knew all about it never undertook to comply with the conditions by which they could obtain the money. I have wondered why some of the impecunious mediums did not expose the trick. Various explanations of the manifestations are given by the enemies of Spiritualism, but when somebody says the devil does it that ends it, for the devil, he says, is a worker of miracles, which settles the case at once. So the ministers take the only successful course against Spiritualism, because we do not know where the devil is, and we can't hit him.

The speaker then traced the history of the movement, its marvelous growth, the high character and intelligence of its advocates and adherents, and then gave interesting accounts of the experiences of notable people who had been converted by means of the phenomena.

Alluding to the present prosperous condition of Spiritualism and its standing before the world, he spoke in highest terms of praise of the work of the spiritual press. He referred to the BANNER OF LIGHT as a paper that had upheld the Cause for nearly forty years, and to-day stands firm as the rock of Gibraltar against all that would oppose it.

Continuing, he said, I believe the higher forms of Spiritualism are yet to come. I believe the time is coming when there will probably be few traces mediums, very few controlled in the world; when, if somebody else standing here, be able to reach one hand up to the angel-world and the other down to you of the mortal world at the same time, thus representing a true mediumship by bringing the two worlds together. I do not know of anything in the world that is proof against Spiritualism, and I expect to live to see it acknowledged by the whole world. If at that time I come to Boston to speak on an occasion like this, I expect to see seated at the back of the platform, instead of only old, true and tried Spiritualists, doctors of divinity, and as I preach Spiritualism I shall see them bowing to each other and saying, "Yes; just see what we have done!" Then I shall conclude in the words of the ancient wise man, with whose words my address begins: "It is of God, and ye cannot overthrow it."

At the close of this able discourse a violin solo was charmingly rendered by little Charlie Hatch, after which a recitation was given by Master Willie Sheldon, which was well received. A selection by the Concordia Quartet and benediction by Mrs. M. T. Longley, M. D., concluded the services of the morning.

THE BANNER representative noted the presence in the audience of F. Fox-Jencken, son of Margaret Fox, whose success as a rapping medium is well-known.

The afternoon exercises began with a selection by the Concordia Quartet, followed by a recitation by Mrs. M. Florence Johnson, and a song by Mrs. Cora Simes Barker.

Mrs. M. T. Longley was the first speaker, and began by alluding to the passage of time, and particularly of the epoch since Spiritualism became known, forty-seven years ago. Great events have moved the world since that time. Nine millions of people were Spiritualists when Spiritualism was but eighteen years old. Those nine millions have increased, until now the Cause permeates every quarter of the globe, and its influence is felt in every corner of the world. Besides the millions in mortal form, millions more are testifying to the truths of Spiritualism in the silent voices beyond the sight. Every hour of the majestic day is filled with its grandeur and beauty; and yet there are millions more to be comforted, and millions more to be freed from old creeds and old superstitions.

Spiritualism is moving grandly on, though young in its career. It is entering this place and that place, where it is most needed. The question which many ask is, if Spiritualism be true, why does it not come to me as evidence of immortal life? My answer is that Spiritualism comes to those who need it most. Some have not been fortunate enough to have received the loving message, but they have become sufficiently strong in their belief to have Spiritualism appeal to the intellect.

Mrs. Longley then explained the different forces which have produced grand results, and related how the phenomena have come in a multiplicity of ways.

The solace that Spiritualism has afforded alone compensates for the time used in its investigation. Mediumship was extolled at considerable length, for it is upon mediumship that Spiritualism rests. We cannot have spirit-evidence without it. It is the foundation of this glorious structure of coming life, which we rather together to-day to celebrate, and to realize what a blessing it has been to the world. Mediumship has wrought a wonderful influence in the world. As we build the structure with a foundation, so do we build Spiritualism. We find it firmly established. No storms can beat upon it and harm it. It is impregnable, because it is built upon a sure foundation; nothing can sweep our temple out of sight. Yet it would be half complete if it had only the foundation. Workers must set the dome. The phenomena tell us of the power, the consciousness beyond the tomb. Our friends live, and because they live ye shall live also.

Mrs. Longley spoke of the recognition of friends waiting on the other side. After the philosophy comes the teacher; the teacher may be your child, or doctor, or a sage who comes to tell you how to apply the knowledge you have attained.

In closing, Mrs. Longley prophesied great achievements for Spiritualism for the next three years completing the half-century. We will then be just beginning to accomplish our work. Before that time comes I hope we shall have hospitals for our sick, homes for our worn-out mediums. The twentieth century will then be nearly upon us. What will its coming have for Spiritualism? Will it enter resolved to do more for mankind, exert greater influence and impart more light from above?

Let us resolve for ourselves that we will work on, press on, make Spiritualism grander, help souls to be better and receive all the good that comes to us through our beautiful religion, which it has done, is doing and will continue to do through ages yet to come.

President Banks read a telegram from Secretary Woodbury of the National Spiritualists' Association, extending fraternal greetings.

Mr. Charles Wesley Sullivan sang "The Golden Age," after which Prof. A. E. Tisdale was introduced, and for fifty minutes gave utterance to eloquent, convincing, earnest, soul-

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Literary Department.

THE HEIRESS OF GROVE HALL.
A ROMANCE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

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

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CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

There was a sneering emphasis in her words, and the flashing black eyes gleamed like daggers on the lady's haughty face; but that face was set, and rigid as stone now. She returned the other's look with a haughty stare:

"It is a pity that you are not confined in a mad-house, put into a straight-jacket, and whipped until you learn how to talk to those above you. Take care, for I will cause you to be put where you belong as soon as ever I reach home!"

"Will you indeed!" the woman hissed in a fierce, sibilant whisper. "You may never reach your home. Worse than the mad-house may be your portion. Try to put me there if you dare, Mrs. Maud Merideth."

She left the bedside, and confronted the proud lady until she quailed. Before another word was uttered, a knock was heard at the outer door. Dora hastened to open it. One of the coal men, from a cabin not far off, had come to watch with the dying man a few hours.

"Come in this way, Daly," Mrs. Dalton said, very glad of the interruption. "Mary, allow Mr. Daly to hold Henri's head; it will relieve you greatly, for you must be very weary. Gently, Daly—very gently; his lungs are still bleeding."

The man placed his hand beneath the pillow, and raised the nearly lifeless form, carefully wiping the blood from his lips. Mary went to the opposite side of the bed, her eyes never quitting that ghastly face.

"He will not last until morning," the old lady said; "and it is better so, poor soul! He has seen trouble enough in this wicked world."

"Some people have a way of making trouble for themselves," said Mrs. Merideth, with a toss of her haughty head.

Mr. Daly looked at her with surprise:

"Mebbe folks like what you seem to be, that never know any trouble, think so; but we poor peoples know better. We all try to steer clear of trouble, but it comes to us for all that."

Mrs. Merideth withdrew in silent disdain into the outer apartment. The room was dark and deserted. She seated herself by the one poor window, and stared vacantly into the thick darkness without, a world of misery in her eyes, her mouth set in hard, rigid lines. "Mr. Somerton and Alice will hear of all this," she was thinking gloomily. "Sweet little Alice may forgive her mother everything—but Mr. Somerton and the world?"

At Grove Hall they awaited Mrs. Merideth's return. It had become very dark before the carriage wheels were heard, and soon after a hastily-written scrawl was put into Mr. Somerton's hands by one of the servants. It ran thus:

"Mrs. Merideth will not return to-night. She is staying with a sick friend. Do not be alarmed for her safety. She may not return for a number of days."

No name was signed. Mr. Somerton questioned the coachman, and learned that a strange creature had stopped the carriage—that Mrs. Merideth seemed to know her—how had been ordered to drive to the little cabin in the hills, and after waiting awhile, the same crazy-looking woman had come out and given him this note.

"Well," Mr. Somerton thought, "she is certainly old enough to take care of herself, and to know her own business best; but it seems very strange, to say the least."

He concluded that he would not alarm his wife, as she was not yet quite strong, and so said nothing about the note, or the strange woman; but told her that her mother would stay for a day or two with a sick friend.

Alice said nothing, but could not feel quite at ease regarding her mother's absence.

The hours of the night wore on—very long hours to the haughty lady in the little cabin, seated by the window, and longing intensely to leave the hated spot. Occasionally she could hear the people talking in low tones in the adjoining room, but cared little what happened there if she were only away.

Her thoughts were with her loved ones at Grove Hall—with the lights and the music, and her lovely daughter at the piano, with Edgar at her side, his manly voice mingling in harmony with her sweet contralto; all the time in a half-distracted sort of way her thoughts were wandering to the next room and the man dying therein—the man she had thought dead years ago—dying there in desolation and misery, and here, so far from the spot where she had known him; and she had loved Henri, and had been his wife. It was years and years ago. Her love for him had cooled before they had been married a month. He was poor, and their marriage had been a secret one. She left Italy with her father, without saying good-by, and within a year after her return to New York had married another, not caring what might become of Henri.

A little old clock on the mantel struck twelve. Ere the last sound had died away, old Mrs. Dalton raised the curtain, and peered into the room.

"Are you there, and still awake, Mrs. Merideth? Please to come in here."

Mrs. Merideth sprang to her feet. In her abstraction she had nearly forgotten her surroundings.

"I think he is dying," the old lady said, her voice trembling with emotion.

Mrs. Merideth had expected to be summoned to the bedside of the dying man before morning.

"And does he wish to see me?"

"He has been calling for you the last half-hour; but I thought you did not care to be disturbed."

"Very well, Mrs. Dalton," the lady said, "you thought rightly; but I will come in on one condition, and that is that I can see the dying man alone."

The old lady seemed somewhat astonished,

but went in to tell the others. They refused at first to leave the room; but at Henri's earnest supplication they at last consented to allow the disagreeable woman the private interview she desired.

The night was dark and starless, and the wind blew raw and bleak, as Dora and her mother took this opportunity of going to the next cabin for more assistance. They wondered at Mrs. Merideth's compliance with the dying man's request; but some inward impulse, quite beyond her control, seemed urging her on. They walked rapidly, and in a short time reached the little cabin they were in search of.

A feeble light gleamed from the window out into the pitch-blackness of the night. A moment later, and they stood within the presence of the owner of the little domicile.

Mrs. Merideth entered the room of the sick man. Kneeling by the bedside, her face ghastly white, her burning black eyes dry and tearless, the mad woman still lingered; and like one gasping out his last breath, propped up among the pillows, lay Henri; but there was still some life left. As the curtain was lifted and the sound of her footstep was heard, he opened his eyes, dulling fast in death, and fixed them with a hungry gaze on Mrs. Merideth.

"I knew you would come," he said in a soft whisper; "you could not be so cruel as to stay away. My spirit never could have forgiven you that! Come nearer, my wife! I don't stand so far off. Once I was foolish enough to think you loved me. Ah! I was young and credulous then; I am older now, and understand your proud, worldly heart better. Come nearer, and listen, for my voice fails me. Shall I tell you why I desired this interview?"

Mad Mary had silently left the room. Mrs. Merideth approached the bedside. He clasped her hand within his own icy fingers, his large, soft eyes fixed upon her face.

"You can do as you please," she answered coldly.

"To forgive you before I die—to bless you with my latest breath! Oh! how I have loved you, Maud, my darling! falsest of all woman-kind; and if the dead can return—as I sincerely believe they can—then will I return to you."

He spoke in a faint, gasping voice, the death-rattle already sounding in his throat. Frightened, but not repentant, the lady interposed:

"My good Henri, don't—for pity's sake do not waste your breath on me!"

But he never heeded her. The glazing eyes were turned with fond adoration upon her, even though the film of death was already obscuring his sight.

"I love you!" he said, with a last effort. "I die loving you, and I bless you with a dying man's blessing! May your life still be a pleasant one, although through you mine has been one of torment and misery untold! May your daughter's life be as happy as your own! May she become a pearl among women! May virtue and honor be hers all the days of her life, and may her children be happy!"

His voice died away. He took from beneath his pillow a little ebony box inlaid with pearl—a box of curious workmanship—and pressed it into her hand.

"Take this," he said, "in remembrance of me. It is my dying legacy to you! Do not open it until the little one born to your daughter reaches her eighteenth birthday."

His head fell back, a slight spasm contracted his features, and then they settled into a smile of ineffable peace, and his spirit had taken its flight to the land of the hereafter.

"He has gone at last!" said Mad Mary, again entering the room. "May everlasting curses rest on your black and sinful soul! It is enough to make one wish to strangle you where you stand! You had better get out of the room and the house; your presence is a desecration to the dead!"

She held up the curtain. Mrs. Merideth disdainfully passed out, a sigh of relief escaping her as she did so.

With a look of despair, Mad Mary bent over the dead man, closing his eyes, folding his hands and smoothing out the white counterpane. She had loved him with an unrequited love, until her poor brain had become crazed.

"Oh! how I wish the morning would come!" sighed Mrs. Merideth. "I am completely overcome with fatigue. Of course everything will be done that is necessary without me. I hope they will bury him as soon as possible."

The door opened; old Mrs. Dalton, Dora, and the man from the neighboring cabin entered. One glance was enough; they knew that Henri was no more. For the remainder of the night and all the next day Mad Mary sat and watched beside the dead, neither eating, drinking nor sleeping. Dry and tearless the staring black eyes gazed on the face of the dead, as though they could never leave it.

When the two men placed Henri in the rude coffin, which they had prepared for him, she did not move. Despairingly she watched them as they fastened down the lid, and taking the weight upon their shoulders, bore it away. Without a word or tear she arose, and joining her mother and Dora, followed to a grave which they had dug for him not far from the cabin.

It was late in the day when they returned to the cabin—a cold and rainy day. A pouring sky drenched the black earth, and the chill blasts swept wildly through the hills.

For this reason Mrs. Merideth had been unable to return to Grove Hall. The poor shelter the cabin afforded was to be preferred to the chilling blast and pouring rain.

Mrs. Dalton and Dora had returned to the cabin, but Mary still lingered by the new made grave. The rain had at last ceased, and the stars were peeping forth one by one when Mrs. Merideth wandered forth, impatient of the time, for now she could not return home until daylight should come once more. Suddenly she came upon the form of a woman kneeling

on the cold, wet ground, and she recognized Mad Mary.

"You have come, Mrs. Merideth," she said, in a wailing voice, "to see the last of your work. But I tell you to beware! There is one that will ever be on your track—one that will never rest until ruin and disgrace are brought down upon your head, and upon the heads of every soul belonging to you!"

The lady looked at her with fear in her glance. "Why should you wish to injure those belonging to me?" she asked. "Whatever wrong I may have done, they have had no hand in it."

"The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, and the children's children, even to the third and fourth generation," she quoted, solemnly; "and I am called to punish you, and those who come after you, my lofty Maud Merideth!"

She arose with the last words, and sped away like an evil spirit, vanishing in the gloom and shadow of the surrounding hills.

CHAPTER V.

HEIRESS TO A MILLION.

THE midwinter night was bitterly cold and still. The darkness was so great that one could hardly see a yard in advance. The winter night threatened to bury the earth many feet deep in snow before the god of day should again make his appearance. Hours ago a fierce and wrathful wind had piled up masses of black clouds in the west. The sun, a pale, dim ball, had melted itself away in their midst, and gray darkness had fallen upon earth and sky and river. Everything betokened a heavy storm, but the midnight was drawing near, and the snow as yet had not commenced to fall.

And on this bleak, cold January night, Mrs. Maud Merideth lay among snowy pillows on a bed in her daughter's house, dying.

The richly-furnished chamber was the same wherein she had first met Mad Mary. It was a cozy, pretty room, paneled in crimson and gold, hung with rose-colored draperies, and carpeted with a rich velvet carpet—its pattern that of trailing vines and roses.

A single gas-jet struggled with the deep shadows and solemn gloom; a coal fire burned, but rather dimly, in the polished grate, and a chill as of approaching death pervaded the room; for neither fire nor gas could take away the ghostly presence there. Shadows crouched like sprites in the dusky corners; and round the bed were gathered the dying woman's friends—daughter, son-in-law and granddaughter; while standing a little apart from the others were Dr. Tremaine and Dora Dalton.

There was now no hope; all had been done that could be done. She lay now, each breath growing fainter and shorter that escaped from the pallid lips. Midnight was rapidly approaching; the lady was nearing the thither shore.

"My child!"

Alice Somerton bent in tearless grief over her dying mother to catch the faintest whisper.

"Darling mamma! I am here. Do you wish to tell me something?"

"Where is Pauline?"

Pauline Somerton, a dark-haired, black-eyed, singular-looking girl, came nearer to the bedside. It was a strange, rather coarse face—a face one would not expect to find among these high-bred Somertons—that of this ten-year-old girl.

"I am here, grandmamma."

She turned her head slowly; her glazing eyes fixed themselves on that dark, youthful face, in a gaze that bespoke more aversion than love.

"My grandchild—my Alice's daughter, whom I have tried to love—whom I have shielded so tenderly. My dark-eyed Pauline; at last I must leave you!"

The girl turned away her eyes to conceal a glitter of satisfaction. Young as she was, she had the cunning and dissimulation of one twice her years.

"I have tried, oh! so hard, to love you," the faint, whispering voice went on. "I would have given my life, if it could have made of you a different girl. I have kept a secret since the night of your birth—a secret that I feared might blight your life, and so kept it from you—but I cannot face the hereafter and keep my secret with me. In my dying hour I must reveal all, and, Pauline, you must try and bear it bravely."

Pauline Somerton listened to her grandmother's faintly-murmured words in sly wonderment. What secret was she talking of? She glanced across at her mother, and to her surprise saw her suddenly flush, then grow deadly pale.

"No one has ever heard the whole of my life's history, Pauline, not even your parents. Do not leave me, Edgar. You, too, must know all, that you may protect your daughter—that you may try and forgive me. Perhaps I ought to have told you long ago. Once I tried to tell Alice all, but my heart failed me, and I dared not. How could I tell my innocent child this wicked and shameful story!"

She looked from one to the other in piteous appeal.

The young Pauline looked curious and bewildered; Mr. Somerton, surprised and sorrowful; Alice laid her hand gently on the pallid brow and held a reviving cordial to the livid lips.

"My dearest mother, do not agitate yourself," she said. "Do not tell us if it pains you; we will forgive and love you just the same, no matter what you may have done so many years ago."

"My darling Alice, a part of the story I told you when Pauline was an infant. You remember Mad Mary, and her prediction?"

"Indeed I do, dear mother; and you have looked so careworn ever since. Is it that which has troubled you?"

"It is. I must tell Pauline; I must warn her of the terrible misfortunes that will befall her in the near future. Oh! Pauline, my child! how will you ever escape your horrible doom?"

"Grandma," the girl said, loftily, but growing very white nevertheless, "do not trouble yourself about me. All such things are nonsense! I am not afraid of any horrible doom. Am I not the heiress of Grove Hall, and the daughter of a millionaire?"

"Your pride will have a fall! Send Dr. Tremaine and Dora out of the room, then come near to me—very near—for I am growing weak."

Alice Somerton, more sweet and lovely, if possible, than she was ten years ago, but looking a little anxious and careworn, dismissed the doctor and Dora, and then went to the bedside of her dying mother.

The storm gave warning that it was about to burst; the wailing wind moaned like some human creature in agony—sounding awfully distinct in that silent room; and grimly waiting, Death stood in their midst!

[To be continued.]

Original Essays.

LIGHT, SOUND AND SPIRIT.

SOUND is a sensation caused by the rapid vibrations of the air in contact with the outside of the drumskin of the ear. If the key of C on the piano is struck, the wires immediately vibrate two hundred and fifty-eight times per second. They communicate a thrill to the sounding-board of the instrument and it vibrates two hundred and fifty-eight times per second. These waves spread through the air in all directions, on the same principle that waves caused by dropping a stone in a pond spread out and break upon every shore. Waves strong enough to affect our organs of hearing, produce sound and are called sonorous vibrations. If we examine the string of a violin when vibrating, it presents a shadowy appearance and seems a hundred times larger than when at rest. This is due to the fact that every impression made upon the retina of the eye, lasts one-tenth of a second.

Now let us see if we can understand the mechanism of the ear. Behind the drumskin is a jointed chain of three small bones. The first is called the hammer, the second the anvil and the third the stirrup. The last bone is attached to a circular membrane somewhat larger than the foot of the stirrup. This membrane covers a hole opening into the cavity forming the inner ear. This cavity, with its beautifully arranged structures, is too intricate to admit of a description here. It is filled with a liquid in which are spread out the delicate fibres of the auditory nerve. It is very interesting to see how this machine acts when the sonorous vibrations reach it. If the key of C is struck, the wires vibrate two hundred and fifty-eight times per second. The sounding-board also vibrates two hundred and fifty-eight times per second. The air in contact with the instrument vibrates two hundred and fifty-eight times per second. These vibrations fly eleven hundred and forty-two feet per second in all directions, and when they reach the drumskin of the ear, it vibrates two hundred and fifty-eight times per second. This elastic membrane shakes the chain of bones with which it is connected two hundred and fifty-eight times per second. The last bone, which is the stirrup, finally receives the vibrations from the wires and sends them into the fluid of the inner ear, where they shake the fibres of the auditory nerve two hundred and fifty-eight times per second. The brain recognizes the sensation carried to it by these nerve-fibres as sound, and the individual hears the C tone of the G clef.

The lowest tone that we can hear is made by vibrations of sixteen per second. The highest, said to be so fine and shrill that nothing lives between it and silence, is made by thirty-eight thousand vibrations per second. Just here we enter a field in which to indulge some interesting thoughts. We have every reason to believe that sound-vibrations do not cease at thirty-eight thousand vibrations per second, but probably continue up to the almost infinite rapidity where color and light begin.

When air, vibrating three hundred and ninety-six trillion times per second, reaches the human eye, a dull, red color is observed. As the vibrations are gradually increased in rapidity, all the other colors of the solar spectrum appear in their regular order, with their endless intermediate shades, until seven hundred and sixty-five trillion vibrations per second yield the crowning color of the spectrum—violet.

Between thirty-eight thousand and three hundred and ninety-six trillion vibrations per second is a vast chasm where darkness and silence reign supreme so far as human organisms are concerned. That there are millions of sights and sounds that we can neither see nor hear because too delicate to affect our physical organs, there is scarcely a doubt.

It seems that nature, in the conservation of her energies, has made these innumerable vibrations for a purpose. We are told that in the world of matter is the world of spirit; the one objective and tangible, the other but dimly sensed. May it not be that the world of spirit is here, and that to immortal ears, sound continues throughout the countless vibrations necessary to produce the highest order of light, and that the "music of the spheres" after all is not wholly imaginary? If this is so, Shakespeare was doubtless inspired when he said:

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

While, to mortal ears, sound ceases at thirty-eight thousand vibrations per second, such waves may speak in thunder tones to immortals, and the vast zone lying between thirty-eight thousand and three hundred and ninety-six trillion waves per second, may be truly the sphere of spirits, in which darkness, silence and death are unknown, and where the infinite swelling harmonies of the stars gladden the hearts of our departed loved ones forever.

If the realm of spirit relates to conditions and not locality, it is easy to imagine that there may be to some extent a border-land or common ground between the mortal and immortal, and this leads up to the idea that some persons may be so wonderfully fine and sensitive in their organisms as to abide, in a measure, on the spirit-side, and be in ready communion with spirits. In the present state of spiritual development, this power seems limited to a very few.

May it not be equally true that but few spirits are sufficiently strong and crude to communicate with mortals under the best possible conditions, and that this accounts for the fact that thousands who are intensely interested in this subject utterly fail to get a word of recognition from their departed loved ones? But a solitary proof of spirit-return is a proof of immortality, and, happily, if there is eternal life for one, there is for all.

JOHN WESLEY DAILY.

548 Tremont street, Boston.

ORGANIZATION PLUS INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

ALL sects of religionists and moral reformers are striving to disseminate their theories, and build up their Cause. This is natural, and, if they are sincere, is right.

All are engaged in what is to them missionary work. If we can judge from results, it is fair to conclude that the efforts that have been made in the cause of Christianity alone have been failures to a large extent. When moral reforms have been the avowed object, much good often results.

While there is nothing in the creedal teachings of Christianity which Spiritualists need to emulate, the antiquity and experience of those Christian sects are valuable in pointing out what to avoid, and to suggest to Spiritualists the strong points of attack.

The admirable system of organization, by which the numerous sects of Christians have been enabled to carry forward their proselyting and missionary work for so many years is certainly worthy of emulation. In this particular Spiritualists are acting wisely by adopting the modes of organization that have been found to be successful by other classes of reformers.

No step, since the advent of Modern Spiritualism, has, to my mind, done so much to secure the permanence and the benefits to be derived from the teachings of Spiritualism, as the organization of the National Spiritualists' Association. Following closely upon this, and before that, were springing up all over the country organizations predicated upon principles of business, and permanence, heretofore unknown in our ranks, giving further evidence, if any was necessary, that system and order are nature's first law.

After organization, what next? This is the question I want to discuss. We might go further, and still profit by the example of earnest and faithful workers in the cause of Christianity. Among their first efforts, after entering a missionary field, even before organization, is devising ways and means to secure

a home, a house of worship, a nucleus from which they send out the best influences they control to attract the curious, the inquirers.

Those familiar with frontier life know how frequently is seen at cross-roads, and in small settlements, the neat unpretending little chapel or school-house appropriated to the double purpose of teaching the young, ideas how to shoot during the week, and the older ones how to direct their thoughts on Sundays.

As we approach the more thickly settled portions of the country, and in cities and towns, we see every religious society represented by a church or a house of worship of some description belonging to that particular society, and in the larger cities some denominations have several. The wealth of the society is generally represented by the size and the splendor of the edifice.

Allow me to say in passing that it is from these comfortable, attractive places of worship that Spiritualists are drawing many of their converts. Is it not right and necessary for them to make sufficient sacrifices, sufficient effort to entertain, to accommodate those that would come to them? Those that have been driven to seek the spiritual food their churches do not furnish?

This brings me to the answer of the question, "After organization, what next?"

Why, of course, the building or the purchase of a suitable house or home to be devoted to spiritual purposes. The size and the character of the building should only be commensurate with the ability of the society to pay for, without seriously embarrassing it.

Taking for an example our contemporaries in other denominations, none will doubt the ability of any organized society of fifty Spiritualists raising the necessary means to build or buy a comfortable home of its own. This cannot be done without some sacrifices, some effort on the part of those who are in sympathy with the Spiritual Philosophy. Here is the field for practical missionary labor. Open the doors, and make accessible the way, and the spiritual influences will fill all public places, made comfortable and devoted to Spiritualism.

But to suppose those who are spiritually inclined, inquirers, investigators, many of whom are regular attendants upon fashionable churches, will leave their comfortable seats and their old associates to climb two or three flights of stairs to reach a public hall, devoted to various purposes, and furnished with ordinary furniture, is to undervalue the influence of personal comfort and social surroundings—saying nothing of the character of the entertainment.

The comfort, made apparent to Spiritualists themselves, justifies the belief that if they fully appreciated the great benefits to be derived from owning their own comfortable, if unpretending, house of worship, they would spare no effort to secure so great a blessing. Any deprivation endured to accomplish this great object is only temporary, while the advantages are perpetual, when secured.

In previous appeals, I have ventured to suggest that Spiritualists in very moderate circumstances could contribute small sums from time to time by denying themselves the pleasure of visiting every itinerant medium that proposes to produce wonderful phenomena in public or private, or of denying themselves the pleasure of some theatrical entertainments or other amusements. Individual appeals to personal friends, although not Spiritualists, may often touch a responsive chord.

One of the objects contemplated in the organization of the National Spiritualists' Association was to render financial assistance, as well as spiritual aid, to feeble societies who are struggling to build themselves up under adverse circumstances.

If that Association receives the support it is worthy of, the time is not distant when assistance may be looked for from that source for this class of missionary work. Twenty-five cents per annum per capita from each Spiritualist in America will place that Association in position to extend a helping hand oftentimes when a little assistance will be of great benefit. And if we may judge by the success thus far attained, it is evident that the great mass of Spiritualists in America realize the good results that may be secured through a liberal support of the National Spiritualists' Association, and have determined to support it.

There are many arguments that might be advanced to show that providing a suitable and permanent home or place of worship is the first and most important duty for Spiritualists, as a class or society, to engage in as soon as organization is effected. That such is the fact, it is only necessary for the subject to be carefully and intelligently considered.

There are many other duties of a missionary character that will follow in rapid succession. But in order to advance successfully, it should be done systematically, and must have a head and a home.

St. Louis, Mo.

E. W. GOULD.

A Pound of Facts

Is worth oceans of theories. More infants are successfully raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than upon any other food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York City.

A COMMON TALE.

Two boys were born in the selfsame town,
On the very same bright day;
They both grew up as business men,
Each choosing a different way.

One of them hung some goods outside,
But never used an ad;
He said the people would find his store
If they wanted the goods he had.

He had some trade, but not enough
To feel the need of a clerk,
And thus he saved a tidy sum
By doing his own work.

The other published well-made advs,
And gave them good display;
Described his goods, with price attached,
In the papers every day.

Ere long the one gave up his place
And took a smaller room;
The other built a splendid block,
Because of a business boom.

At last the one "went to the wall"—
It is a common tale—
And the other bought his goods, and made
A "Special Bankrupt Sale."

This story I need not prolong—
The end is not surprising—
It shows that business now-a-days
Depends on advertising.

M. P., in Printer's Ink.

A Positive cure for

Coughs, Bronchitis and

all affections of the

Throat, Lungs and Chest.



Adamson's
Botanic
Cough Balsam



It loosens the cough,
clears the lungs, allays irritation and leaves the organs sound and well.

TO OUR FRIENDS:

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

Spiritual Phenomena.

Deathless.

"There is no death!
What seems so is transition: ...
The gateway of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

SO sang the Poet, expressing as a hope what some of us now know to be a truth.

We who once were enveloped in darkness, but who have seen a great light, are commanded to illumine the minds of those who grope among the shadows; for this reason these lines are written, at the request of many friends.

For nearly fifty years immortality was to me but an idle dream, although for a portion of this time I was a so-called "minister of the gospel," and "Spiritualism" was but a synonym for fraud.

"A pebble on the streamlet cast has changed the course of many a river;
A dewdrop on the baby plant has shaped the giant oak forever."

Such a little seeming chance—a casual glance at a little card on a tree at Onset Bay—led us among entire strangers to a materializing séance, where from the cabinet came the form of a very dear friend, long in spirit life, who embraced and talked with us as in the days of the long ago. Since that experience, and probably inspired by it, my wife, my wife's sister, my three brothers, my father and mother—all in the spirit-land—have one or all come to us daily through the mediumship of our twin daughters, cheering and advising us, writing their messages by the "ouija" or "talking-board." We prize these communications most highly, and should miss them if taken from us, much as we would miss the sun were it banished from the skies.

A few years ago my spirit-wife told us that our eldest daughter was sent into the world to do much good as a flute musician, as well as a singer; that one of our twin daughters was destined to be a great organist; that the other was to be a great singer and violinist, and that we must at once secure for them the best possible instruction along these lines.

Our astonishment was very great, as we had never even dreamed that they possessed any talent in these directions; but we obeyed the heavenly voices, and the inspiration has come to our girls—for they have already attained to considerable musical eminence, exactly as foretold by our spirit-friends.

I can almost see the incredulous smiles on the faces of many as they read the following words, but as we know them to be true, I must write them, in the hope that they may inspire some "doubting Thomas" to leave his "slough of despond."

On Monday evening, March 25, 1895, Mrs. C. B. Bliss of 121 West Concord street, Boston, came to our house in Roxbury, and there in the presence of our family and two of our neighbors of much prominence in society, clearly demonstrated that she is one of the most wonderfully gifted ladies in the world, and gave proof that would be taken conclusive in any court, that our friends, who have passed from earth, still live.

Mrs. Bliss sat alone in a chair scarcely three feet from us, and while in a trance sent to us my wife, who passed away many years ago, my wife's sister, who followed her one year ago, my brother now in spirit life two years, my brother's wife, long in the heavenly land, a non-relative friend, and other forms not previously known to us.

They were distinctly, unmistakably recognized by us all; they took us by the hand, they gave us words of counsel, and then vanished—not behind curtains, not through trap-doors, but into the air, from whence they came.

Strangest perhaps of all, our house maiden, much against her will, was led by unseen hands from her chamber to the parlor, when at once a very dear friend of hers who passed from earth-life many years ago in Ireland, came to her in Irish costume, was at once recognized, and spoke audibly to us all.

There was no possible chance for deception or hallucination, and we all say with great thankfulness:

Out of the darkness cometh a light,
Out of the silence cometh a voice;
And all the heavens glow strangely bright,
And all our souls supremely rejoice.

We have felt the touch of the "vanished hand,"
We have heard the sound of the "voice that is still,"
They have come to us from the better land;
Their heavenly thoughts our spirits thrill.
Roxbury, Mass. JAMES H. FOSS.

A Great Infiltration

Of Spiritual Truth is at present continually going on in every department of human thought; and the phenomenal facts which Modern Spiritualism brings in its train, crop out ever and anon as to recital—in the most unexpected quarters. In many cases the account is preceded, illustrated or terminated by grotesque explanations or a great straining at obscure terms, each and all intended to lift up (?) the story from the level of spiritual inquiry per se—but the facts remain, the truths are stated, and the increasing knowledge of the community will one day enable people to believe that the phenomena are produced by what the forces enacting them have from the first claimed, i. e., the enfranchised spirits of those once dwelling on the material plane of being. The latest example of witness borne to the truth of what is above averred, appears in the columns of the staid and conservative *Boston Daily Advertiser*, of March 22. Its appearance in that paper may be really regarded as taking rank (almost) with an old-fashioned "miracle".

An Experience

RELATED BY MISS WETHERELL OF LYNN.
She Received Commands from an Unknown Voice While on a Sick Bed in 1886, and was Able to Obey Them in an Extraordinary Way—A Table that Floated in the Air.

To the Editor of the *Advertiser*—One hundred years ago the German philosopher, Immanuel

Kant, wrote: "It will be proved in the future, I do not know when or where, that also in this life the human soul stands in an indissoluble communion with all the immaterial beings of the spiritual world, that it produces effects in them, and, in exchange, receives impressions from them, without, however, becoming humanly conscious of them so long as all stands well."

One day in the spring of 1886, when lying upon a sick bed, and, like most people who have suffered a long time, earnestly thinking upon the mystery of death, I heard a voice, so close to my ear that it might be called within, say: "Place your hands upon the table for a demonstration of spirit-power." I was startled; my hands were sick hands; I was not a Spiritualist, and I said "no"; but the suggestion had been dropped into my mind and would not be still; and in six weeks, when able to move about the house, one of my first acts was to draw a table to my chair and place my hands lightly upon its surface; after a few moments of quiet sitting I felt a quivering motion run along its top—"the result of trembling nerves," I said, and as the position tired me I moved away.

The next day I repeated the sitting, and again the trembling of the wood accompanied by a slight oscillation.

On the third trial the table rocked gently from side to side. The fourth and fifth attempts brought no greater results, and I gave up the sitting for a time. One week later, when alone, I again heard the voice, and the suggestion that my mother sit with me. I placed the table in the middle of the room; a bright light was burning overhead. My mother and friend took their seats at the ends of the table. The couch on which I reclined was four or five feet away. My mother, a devout Methodist, began singing a religious hymn; and immediately the table began to sway from end to end.

A name came to my mind of a dead friend, who, I thought, might be the moving power. I did not speak it, but asked if the power could lift the table from the floor. Immediately the table cleared its legs from the carpet, rose straight up a foot or more, and fell back. Then I said: "If a disembodied spirit is at work here please lift the table three times in quick succession." Three times the table came up a good foot, and fell back as before. Now the alphabet was run over aloud, I holding mentally the name of my departed friend, and to my surprise and joy the table rose and fell to the twelve letters composing the name of my dead acquaintance.

Pleasurably excited, I still wanted more evidence, and requested my mother and Mrs. B. to remove their hands from the table, leaving but the tip of one finger each on the top; also to stand as far away as possible, that its legs could be plainly seen; also have free chance to move my way. Now the table was a broken one, and when lifted in the ordinary manner by muscular effort, had to be taken by its legs, as the top simply rested on the supports. The question was put: "T"—the name spelled out—"can you not bring the table to the couch?" The ladies had one finger each on its top, and were standing well away from its sides.

For a moment a great creaking and straining of wood was heard, then the table rose straight up and floated across the room to the side of my sofa, dropping there with a heavy thud.

Lift it up, I cried, "on to the sofa;" again the creaking and straining sounds, then that old disjointed table with but two finger tips lightly touching its top surface, gave a jump like a little child and stood upright on the covering of my couch. I drew myself away from it, arose and called my father from a room above. He came in and watched the table move slowly off the sofa, saw it suspended in the air in contact with nothing but the finger tips of my mother, saw it float across the room and there drop heavily to the floor.

An electrician, to whom I related the circumstance, said: "I know nothing in electrical science that would cover such an exhibition."

Yesterday I read from Prof. Huxley's treatise on "Order of Nature" the following: "If a piece of lead were to remain suspended by itself in the air the occurrence would be a miracle in the sense of a wonderful event, but no one trained in the methods of science would imagine any law of nature was really violated thereby." The year following the one in which this experience of mine took place, brought me many of similar nature; then the character of the phenomena changed, and for a while "clairvoyant" visions dazzled and puzzled my brain. To see the form, feel the personality, receive the name of an individual, a stranger, independent of the senses, dead, or in the body; to have these eccentricities of the brain verified by data of sufficient importance to make them scientifically correct, justifies the recipient, be he orthodox or otherwise, in agreeing with Hamlet in his admonition to Horatio—"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Dreams have ever mystified the sage and scientist alike; that "coming events cast their shadows before" is commonly accepted; that they cast not only their shadows, but their counterpart as well, is not so easily believed. One Thursday in March of last year I dreamt that a young man, Mr. B., who had moved from Lynn to New York in January had returned on a visit. I dreamt he was accompanied by a stranger, a tall, slim individual; I saw the form of Mr. B. enter the door of my home covered with snow, I heard him laugh as he shook himself, and say something about the big snowstorm. In the morning I related the dream to my family with the remark: "We may see Mr. B., but not in a snowstorm."

The readers of this will remember the exceptionally warm March of '94, how gardens had been made, winter clothing thrown off and dreams of summer began; the "weather bureau" was silent as to predictions of snow; Friday and Saturday following my Thursday dream were very balmy. Sunday morning early at 7 o'clock I was awakened by a commotion in the lower hall of the house. I heard a quick running over the stairs, exclamations of surprise and delight; then I remembered my dreams, and arose and drew my curtain, and lo! the earth and air were white with a heavy snow.

Later I was told that Mr. B. had come, unexpected by his sister or any member of our family. "Did he come alone?" I asked. "No, he was accompanied by a stranger, Mr. —." "What was the latter's appearance?" "He was a tall, slim young man," was the reply. Prof. Houston, in a paper read before the Franklin Institute, in which he endeavors to correlate the phenomena of thought with grosser physical phenomena, says: "An active brain may be regarded as molding the ether around it into thought-waves, that are spreading out from it into all directions; assume that the cerebral radiations partake of the nature of thermal, luminous, electric radiations, and the following explanation of thought-transference is not improbable."

My acquaintance, Mr. B., was thinking of coming to Lynn at the time of my dream. He held the thought of his friend, the tall young man, coming with him; his mind was directed to my home, where his sister resided at the time. My brain, in the state of sleep, was passive and more receptive by reason of my illness, and perhaps lack of what Prof. Houston suggests as the "shield which protects the nerve-centres from the effects of cerebral radiations."

Prof. Houston's hypothesis is an interesting

one, and suggests an explanation of part of my dream. But what of the snowstorm, of which neither Mr. B. nor I knew no more than did the "weather bureau" at Washington? Lynn, March 18. ELLEN F. WETHERELL.

April Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY opens with a further continuation of that remarkable production by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "A Singular Life," which is now finding publication in this magazine—a tale wherein theology and romance walk hand in hand through a crowd of reader-witnesses whose hearty appreciation is marked by the tears and smiles which pass over their mental countenances like cloud and sun-bursts over the August fields of grain; "The Seats of the Mighty," by Gilbert Parker, (another installment of which is given), will continue to hold the interested attention of all readers of the *Atlantic* till its very latest word; it is indeed a wonderful feat for a monthly issue now-a-days, to run at one and the same time two serials whose value individually is each month worth the price of the number; the fiction-clothed sketch of French history, "Gildou's Pity," by Grace Howard Pearce, is concluded with graceful power; the *Atlantic's* memorials to Robert Louis Stevenson, by Copeland and Wister, are touching and apposite; other sketches, poems, etc., with the usual departments, join harmoniously in the upbuilding of a sterling whole. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

THE CENTURY.—This number has almost as much variety in topic as in the number of its articles. History is treated of by Prof. Sioane in Napoleon's Life, naval warfare by Molly Elliot Seawell's article on Paul Jones, invention by T. C. Martin's paper on Tesla's recent work, the drama by a note on Mme. Réjane, with portrait, music by Henry T. Finck's biographical sketch of Stavenhagen, statesmanship by Noah Brooks's article on Lincoln's reelection, art by Cole's engraving in his Old Dutch Master series, religious and educational interests by an article by Lyman Abbott on "Religious Teaching in the Public School," travel by a paper by Miss Preston, "Beyond the Adriatic," fiction by Mr. Crawford's and Mrs. Harrison's serials, and by three short stories, public questions by various papers in the departments, and poetry by contributions from Florence Earle Coates, Maurice Francis Egan, Henry A. Beers, Louise Chandler Moulton, Robert Underwood Johnson, and others. It is evident that *The Century* has spared no expense in the illustration of the various subjects.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—A lively and intense interest is at once awakened in the current issue by the charming frontispiece, "The Nursery," one of the best photographs that the managers could possibly acquire. A child and four lambs furnish the principal parts of the sketch. "Invading Cupid's Realm," is another full-page illustration, as are also a study by Herkner, and "Helmer Anselmo and his Mother," copied from Rembrandt. Claude Phillips writes on the winter exhibition at the Royal Academy. F. G. Stephens describes, in a third paper, Mr. Yerkes's collection at Chicago. W. J. Lawrence on "Art in the Theatre" writes of "Phillipe Jacques De Louthembourg." Mr. Dibdin describes "Maunder." "Recent Architectural Sculpture," is by Reginald Blomfield. "The Chronicle of Art" is up to date in current topics and freshest illustrations. The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East Seventeenth street, N. Y.

ST. NICHOLAS.—In this number, stories, poems and pictures cover a wide field, as usual. Annie Matheson tells a "Fairy Tale Without a Moral." Virginia Yeaman Remitz has a true story, "Two Little Americans at the Court of King Christian IX." "The Black Duck" is a story told by Virginia Woodward Cloud. A cruise "Along Newfoundland and Labrador," and the occupations of the people in that desolate region, are described by Gustav Kobbé. Prof. Brander Matthews furnishes a genial criticism of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow for his series of sketches of great American authors. Naturalist W. T. Hornaday gossips about "Wild Mice, Rats and Gophers." There are four serials, each of which has an interesting installment. They are: "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," by Albert Stearns; "A Boy of the First Empire," by Elbridge S. Brooks; "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," by Howard Pyle, and "Three Freshmen: Ruth, Fran and Nathalie," by Jesse M. Anderson. The Century Co., Union Square, N. Y.

For the Banner of Light.

TRIUMPHANT THROUGH ENDURANCE.

BY NETTIE M. RANDALL.

All our trials make us stronger,
As we journey on life's road;
Cheer up, faint heart; never falter—
Do not sink beneath your load.

Keep your head above the current
Of the cold on-rushing tide;
Though this world of life is full of sorrow,
There is much of joy beside.

Joy for every one who seeks it—
For you do not seek in vain;
What would earth be if it was always
Blimming full of sin and pain?

What would be the use of living
If our hearts were always sad?
If we never saw the sunlight,
Or a thing to make us glad?

If our lives were spent in weeping,
And our hearts were wrung with pain,
And we always sat in darkness,
We would never see again.

The pure light that God has given us,
Or the flowers in perfect bloom,
Or the earth in all its splendor,
If we steeped our hearts in gloom.

But remember, every trial
Has a purpose of unguessed;
We must keep our banner floating,
And must leave with God the rest.

Thus we'll learn a precious lesson,
And our hearts will be aglow,
With the light and love of heaven,
Praising God as we go!

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Late Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

This little work is the second purporting to come from Gilbert Haven since he entered upon spirit-life. The medium by whose hand Mr. Haven has been enabled to pen this, and the former work, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tring, has earned an honorable and national reputation as a reliable medium, a popular speaker, writer and laborer for the Grange, the Women's Cause, Temperance Union, Woman Suffrage and for the cause of Modern Spiritualism. Pamphlet, pp. 64. Price 50 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

WEAK NERVES EPIDEMIC.

Weak Nerves Will Surely Break You Down.

Nerves Are the Very Foundation of Strength and Endurance.

If Your Nerves are Weak, Lose no Time in Getting Them Strong.

You are growing older every day, and if you do not wish the unfruitful years, as they roll on their relentless way, to rob you of your hopes and joys, your pleasures, your ambitions, your very strength and energies, keep your nerves strong and vigorous.

It is the nerves which soonest wear out. You thoughtlessly use them up in work, pleasure or dissipation, and suddenly wake to find yourself broken down—that only your body remains, bereft of strength, energy and power, a mere wreck of what you were, and with only dizziness, pain, weakness, and discontent your future portion. Then you realize the immeasurable depth of bitterness in Longfellow's lines:

"Oh, sudden thrills of fire and frost!
The world is bright while ye remain,
And dark and dead when ye are lost."

Health, hope, happiness—everything is dependent upon strong and vigorous nerves. It is weak nerves which give to the young fits, convulsions, hysteria, St. Vitus's dance, and the myriad nervous affections of youth. It is weak nerves which make women constantly tired, irritable, nervous, dispirited, dragged-out and miserable. It is weak nerves which conquer them in their struggle for mastery in the world, which render them nerveless, strengthless, powerless, with dull-feeling head, shaking, shattered and unsteady nerves, without appetite or good digestion, enfeebled from sleepless nights and wretched and discouraged from trying days. It is weak nerves which make age a curse instead of a blessing—a body, a casket from which every power and energy has fled, leaving only weakness, despair and utter weariness.

If there is any advice which above another should sink into the heart it is the admonition to keep your nerves strong. Hence the words of Mrs. Eliza E. Clements of 126 Bright street, Indianapolis, Ind., should have weight with every one:

"I was afflicted for six years with nervous debility. I could not sleep nights, and I was in a terrible condition. I had heart trouble, and it beat so hard I thought I should die. I was in constant misery, and could do no work."

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AND

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BY T. A. BLAND, M.D.,

President of the Eclectic Medical Society of the District of Columbia.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1895.

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

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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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Anniversary Number.

THE BANNER will publish April 13 a twelve-page number—the better to accommodate the reports of meetings held at various points in celebration of the Forty-Seventh Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

Secretaries and Committees are invited to send in such accounts from all localities—East, West, North or South! We will give their reports publication—as in years gone by—as fast as space is available.

"A Hazy Impression" About Sunday.

Among the many other vain and illusory devices to compel other people to become better, at least outwardly, that are all the time hatching in the heated incubator of the exclusively righteous class of our fellow-beings, is the one to enforce the pharisaical observance of Sunday as the Sabbath, the Lord's Day above all other days, and the one day in seven when the self-righteous shall dominate entirely. Mr. Gladstone has just published an article in *McClure's Magazine* to help forward the pretensions of those who claim the right to make Sunday their own by the enactment of law, arguing that with a true Christian the question is not "How much of the Lord's Day shall we give to his service, but rather how little shall we withhold?" He goes on to tell what the strict observance of Sunday has done to prolong his years. A reply by Rabbi Bien of Vicksburg, Miss., in the *Times Democrat* of New Orleans, completely silences the church-politician of England by showing that the Biblical Sabbath is Saturday, and not Sunday, which is a pagan day entirely and no other.

The Massachusetts clergy, aided by the Governor, are just now doing all in their power to bring back Puritan rule to the State—to revive certain ancient (but quiescent) statutes, and add some new ones for the restriction of their neighbor's liberty of conscience.

It was no other than Roger Williams, the Baptist, who was driven out of the Massachusetts colony by this same persecuting spirit of Puritanism, who laid down the broad principle that "THE MAJOR PART SHALL RULE IN CIVIL THINGS ONLY." A compulsory Sabbath observance is nothing less than a persecution. For the majority in any community to say to the minority: "Because we have agreed to observe a certain day in a prescribed manner, therefore you must do the same thing, and if you break through the regulations enjoined we shall fine or imprison you," is insolent, bold and persecuting; an assumption of infallibility; a claim to the right to take charge of the consciences of all others, and a threat to punish disobedience with fine and imprisonment. Every one certainly has a right to acknowledge and worship God or not, and no one else has a right to call him to account. He has a right to do it when and where it seems to him proper, and to deprive him of it is odious tyranny. We should resist such a wrong as earnestly as if it were an attempt to reduce us to domestic slavery.

Suppose the Seventh Day Baptists and Jews in any State were to become a majority, and let them consecrate Saturday as the Sabbath, and let a man be stoned to death for gathering

wood on that day, as was the Jewish law, what would the rest of the people of that State think of a law like that? Is the wrong we inflict on others any less than the same wrong would be if it were inflicted on ourselves? Moreover, if it is right to punish the desecration of the so-called Lord's Day, it is scripturally right, too, to punish the breach of every command recorded in the Old Testament. What a harvest of persecutions this principle would summon up and whiten. The principle, if once adopted, would justify every idolatrous government on earth in punishing Christians for not conforming to its practices. A man might thus be persecuted in different countries for not keeping every day in the week as a Sabbath, and for not worshipping everything, however puerile, horrible or diabolical, which a local majority had deified.

Christ himself renounces the principle of force in sustaining his kingdom: "My kingdom is not of this world," said he. While Mr. Gladstone does not openly plead for the legally enforced observance of Sunday, he evidently means to be taken as helping the Sabbatarian cause by showing that Jesus did not violate the fundamental idea in substituting Sunday for Saturday—or if not Jesus, then the early church after him. He labors to prove that the change was in perfect harmony with the Sabbath idea, and was in God's thought when he instituted the Sabbath. That is just what his essay amounts to. When early Christianity, in order to extend its power, made its compromise with the outlying pagan world, and adopted so much of the pagan superstitions and deities, merely giving to them new names and changing the Jewish Sabbath into the pagan Sunday, the idea that God had it in his thought from the beginning that such a change was in perfect harmony with "the Sabbath principle," is a good deal too much to impose on human credulity. All that Mr. Gladstone has to say on the subject is of no value or interest to any one who is informed on the Sabbath question.

He does not touch the origin of the week and of Sabbaths; if he quotes, it is only stale and unprofitable, as if it were matter drawn from the armory of an itinerant preacher. He omits all reference to the lunar origin of the week. He does not hint that other nations than the Israelites had their Sabbath, too. He does not appear to know that the Jewish Sabbath was originally a moon festival, and that both it and the week were borrowed from the Babylonian Assyrians during the captivity; or that we of the West took our Sabbath from the same source by way of Egypt through Rome. He is forced to admit that there is "a hazy, but still practical and by no means superficial, impression that in some way or other it (Sunday observance) has to do with the original command delivered through Moses." So that, speaking logically, men may be fined and imprisoned for paying no regard to Sunday laws that a part of the religious community have a "hazy" impression are somehow connected with a law said to have been given by a God for the governance of certain ancient tribes on an entirely different day! And Mr. Gladstone then proceeds to import into the changed day an entirely different meaning.

Medical Law for Maine.

The absence of the late A. S. Hayward from among us is felt at the present time with special force in the stubborn contest with the medical monopolists in the different legislatures. It is to be said to his great credit, that while he lived in mortal form he for years successfully kept the allopathic wolf from the Liberal door (medically speaking). Not a statute demanded by the regulars to be recorded on the book was passed while he lived to prevent it with his sleepless activity. Not one was ever enacted until after he was taken to other scenes of usefulness.

Especially did the Maine medicals feel the brunt of Mr. Hayward's fearless opposition; and since he has been removed from mortal sight they have sought—in season and out of season—to get a "protective law" for themselves, passed by the "Dirigo" legislature. They have just obtained it. The new law provides for a State board of registration "to regulate the practice of medicine and surgery." It consists of six persons, of the Governor's appointment, who are to be graduates of legally chartered medical colleges, but none of them belonging to the faculty of any medical college. Now we have it clear and straight. Under this law the practice of medicine and surgery is strictly "regulated." Six graduates of legally chartered medical colleges have in their hands the entire control of the healing practice of Maine, and the outcome will be seen in after years.

Moses Hull

Made us a pleasant call on Monday morning, April 1. He was then en route to his next engagement, which will be at Columbus, O., during the month of April. While there his address will be at 754 Oak street.

We wish this eloquent and erudite apostle of the Modern Truth the widest success. His engagement just concluded in Boston has been a veritable ovation, and the good wishes of our people follow him toward the West.

Giles B. Stebbins, in September next, speaks for the First Spiritualist Society of New York City, and would like to make engagements for October and November in his native New England. He can be addressed 143 Pitcher street, Detroit, Mich. Here is an opportunity to listen to one of the Spiritualist veterans of which the friends in Boston, in Massachusetts, and in New England generally should avail themselves. Mr. Stebbins is a deep thinker, an able writer, and a platform speaker whose voice should be heard more frequently in all parts of the country. We trust that those having in charge Spiritualist meetings will address him as above.

We are deeply grateful to the many who, at the celebration of the Forty-Seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Boston and vicinity, said good words for the BANNER OF LIGHT and its efforts to help the grand Cause so much love.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis called at THE BANNER office Tuesday, April 2, being then on his way homeward to Rochester, N. Y., after a long and successful engagement in Providence, R. I. We wish this genial gentleman every good fortune.

The table at the BANNER OF LIGHT Circle was adorned on Friday, March 30, with a choice bouquet of roses—the gift of Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, for which our earnest thanks are returned to her.

The Anniversary.

(Continued from first page.)

stirring words in favor of Spiritualism and its truths. He spoke very rapidly and over a large field of thought, although "If Spiritualism be true, what has it done?" was his theme. The review which the speaker gave of the marvelous power of Spiritualism elicited marked attention, and drew forth great applause.

Miss Bertha Johnson, granddaughter of Moses Hull, gave a violin solo with great acceptance.

Mrs. May S. Pepper followed with delineations, which were many and various in character, nearly all of which were recognized. Mrs. Pepper made friends at the outset in the genial and honest manner in which she explained her work. Some fine tests were given, and applause followed applause as names and events were presented. Not a little merriment was occasioned at times at some of the personal allusions, which Mrs. Pepper often attempts to avoid giving, but which the persons for whom they were intended insisted upon hearing.

The afternoon exercises were brought to a close by the Concordia Quartet singing "The Vacant Chair."

The evening exercises were particularly interesting, a long and varied program being presented, consisting of a selection by the Concordia Quartet; invocation by Mrs. M. T. Longley, M. D.; violin solo, Charlie Hatch; reading, "How Salvo Won," Miss Lucette Webster; selection, Longley Quartet; recitation, Willie Sheldon; song, Charles Wesley Sullivan; violin trio, the Misses Bertha, Pearl and Ollie Johnson.

The following Anniversary Poem, written by Mrs. M. T. Longley, was finely read by Eddie W. Hatch:

A giant, full of strength and might,
Came to the world one day,
A marksman bold, arrayed in light,
Equipped for every fray
With Superstition, Fear, or Doubt—
Such were the foes he sought;
The enemies he put to rout;
His weapons—Truth and Thought.

And whosoever those weapons bright
Discharged their mighty power,
Old creeds and dogmas faded quite
From human souls that hour.
The priesthood scowled, but angels smiled,
For Ignorance was slain,
And not one soul, though once beguiled,
Could be enthralled again.

Out of the heavens there sprang a light,
And all the air grew sweet
With myriad voices through the night,
Which did this song repeat:
"There is no death. There is no death!
But Life is Lord and King.
The soul renews its vital breath,
Let earth, rejoicing, sing.

The glad refrain "There is no death!"
Resounds from shore to shore,
And men and angels in one breath
Proclaim it evermore.
And as its cadence fills the air
Error sinks from sight,
While Truth is planted everywhere,
And all the world grows bright.

The century now growing old
With mighty deeds is wrought;
We're nearing now the age of gold—
Age of Progressive Thought.
The century in triumph glows
O'er wondrous things achieved,
The banishment of slavery's woes,
The black man's wants relieved.

The dawn of woman's era, too—
Her place has been defined;
Old fossils have retired to view;
Not money now, but Mind,
Is monarch of the world to-day,
And leads it grandly on,
While Art and Science lose the way
With victories nobly won.

Our giant set the world aflame
In eighteen forty-eight;
From heaven's eternal heights he came,
With tidings good and great.
And at his touch the weak grows strong;
Great questions stand aghast,
Justice demands now right from wrong,
Life's doors are set ajar—
Till Nature's mysteries are revealed,
And law and order shown;
Science her wondrous tomes unsealed
To make her secrets known,
And though the century is rife
With grand achievements wrought,
The knowledge of immortal life
To each by angels brought,
March thirty-first in forty-eight,
Of all grand things is truly great.

President W. H. Banks, who occupied the chair, introduced Mr. Hull, whose discourse was a continuation of that of the morning. Mr. Hull's theme was the "Mission of Spiritualism," and in connection with the announcement of his subject he made use of the passage from Matthew: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

He gave a brief treatment of Christianity, saying that it had eclipsed what went before it, but there was a grander and a broader dispensation which had come to take the place even of Christianity, the better features of which, however, would be retained in the new faith. The speaker's remarks were to the effect that the expression of the inspiration which was given to little Palestine in the Bible was inadequate to satisfy the religious longings of the people of this great country. There was a different and a much more enlightened civilization now than existed at the time of the events related in the Bible.

The exhortation of Moses as to keeping holy the Sabbath day did not apply to the people of the nineteenth century, when it was impossible to close up the great institutions of the world on Sunday.

No religion on earth to day, said the speaker, has such a hold upon the popular heart as has Spiritualism. Nothing has a place in the estimation of the people which does not recognize some form of Spiritualism. Books of stories and of poems with Spiritualism left out are for the most part uncared for. The ministers of theology, in order to prevent the people from going to spiritualist meetings, are preaching more and more liberal sermons every day. They are falling over one another in the endeavor to get away from those old doctrines which had been the foundation of the church. Everywhere they hear the cry that Protestantism and Orthodoxy are going down, so that to retain their congregations, the churches are compelled to keep away as much as possible from Orthodoxy.

Speaking of Spiritualism upon the stage, Mr. Hull said he was wicked enough to go to the theatres once in a while, and he was free to confess that he had obtained better lessons in the theatre than he ever got in the church.

He kept his audience in rapt attention by describing a performance of "The Rag-Picker" in Boston in 1863, in which Maggie Mitchell took part, and which depicted a form of Spiritualism.

There are fifteen million Spiritualists in the world, said the speaker, and there is not a village or a hamlet in which one or more million people do not live. And who are these fifteen million people? Are they all fools? He admitted that the Spiritualists have their share of fools, but that they are all such is unworthy of attention. The greatest thinkers of the world are Spiritualists; the great lawyers, the most eminent scientists, Joseph Jefferson and the best President that the United States ever had were Spiritualists. The Spiritualists were the happiest people on earth, and he believed, the best people on the earth also.

Mrs. May S. Pepper was as successful in the evening as she had been in the afternoon in her marvelously accurate descriptions and tests, prompt recognitions following on the part of amazed and grateful recipients. A selection by the Concordia Quartet, and benediction by Mrs. Longley, brought to a conclusion one of the grandest and most auspicious Anniversary celebrations of the many which have been held by the Boston Spiritual Temple Society.

Mrs. A. H. Luther, who has been engaged by the Society for the month of April, will occupy the platform at Berkeley Hall next Sunday.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

The important era in the history of Spiritualism was appropriately observed by the Children's Progressive Lyceum, the exercises taking place in Horticultural Hall. Beautiful potted plants, rich in flower and foliage, and sev-

eral bouquets graced the platform, and a large oil portrait of Luther Colby occupied a position in front of the speaker's desk. Those who were aware of Mr. Colby's love for flowers thought the presence of his portrait most appropriate.

The morning exercises were presided over by Dr. J. R. Root, and began with a duet, "Forever with the Lord," sung by Misses Eastman and Cushing of the Nilsson Quartet. Mr. Charles T. Wood, Conductor of the Lyceum, offered the invocation, after which Miss Thompson of the quartet gave a contralto solo.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes was then pleasantly introduced by Dr. Root, and took for her theme "The Welfare of Our Children." She said that all are aware that time does not wait for us, and that we do we must do promptly. Our example should be of such a character that our children will accept it; and while we, as Spiritualists, believe fully in our faith, we must remember that Spiritualism is not the only thing; its influence is the underlying principle, and to that influence we should all ways tend. It is our duty to see to it that our children enjoy this beautiful, outreaching influence; and to the end that it may be acceptable to them we should live moral, helpful lives.

Mrs. Byrnes spoke of the influence of the child, alluding to the advent of Spiritualism through a little child, and then passed on to speak of immortality as the crowning glory of the coming of those tiny raps down in that New York home. When we look back over the period of the forty-seven years it seems a long time to man, but it has been most valuable to us, as showing the power of the grand religion which is now so clear to our vision. We have vantage ground over our Christian brethren, in that we have demonstrated what they have failed to demonstrate; namely, the continuity of life. We have answered all their questions on that subject, and shown them greater truths than they have been able to present.

It is twenty-seven years since the first Anniversary was observed, and many have been the changes in that time. Thousands have embraced our beautiful religion, and have felt its comforting influence. Thousands and millions will embrace in the time to come.

Mrs. Byrnes spoke at length on the duty of parents to impress spirituality as well as morality and immortality upon their children, urged the claims of the Lyceum, paid glowing tributes to those who are striving to teach the youth the right principles of a life here for the home beyond, and closed with placing Spiritualism far above all other religions of the present day and generation.

Miss Eastman sang "The Mission of the Rose," which closed the morning exercises.

The afternoon exercises opened at 2:30 with a selection rendered by the Nilsson Quartet. Invocation was offered by Mr. C. T. Wood, the Conductor of the Lyceum, who introduced Rev. T. Ernest Allen of Grafton, the able Secretary of the American Psychical Society, who took for his subject "The Spiritual Reformation; or Christianity Reconciled with Spiritualism." [The full text of his address will appear hereafter in THE BANNER.—ED.]

The subject was ably treated in the form of a dialogue, supposed to take place between the spirits of Socrates, Theodore Parker, John Stuart Mill and William Denton, in which the particular views of each were expressed from their standpoint, as modified by the events which have transpired since their departure from earth-life.

This discussion was also participated in by W. Stainton Moses, and the different lines of argument were carefully attuned to the supposed present views of the individuals named. The summing up being designed to show that the Christian religion had passed through many stages of modification and change, so that the advanced thinkers selected for instance from progressive Unitarians were really not at all antagonistic in belief and idea to the generally adopted ideas of Spiritualists.

As the Bible itself is one of the strongest and most substantial supports of the claim that spirit-communication has always existed, and with the "new birth" or expression of Modern Spiritualism added to it, it would seem that we had the basis and promise in the reconciliation of the two factors of a bright and glorious future.

The evening exercises opened by selections given by the Nilsson Quartet, after which the following program was charmingly rendered: Anniversary address, Daisy Hereford; reading, "Spiritualism, Past and Present," J. H. Nolen; song, Grace Seales; recitation, Carl Leo Root; song, Winnie Ireland; violin solo, Richard Henry Crosby; recitation, Flossie Bethune; duet, Mabel and Irene Harlow; reading, Mabel Warnock; mandolin solo, Professor Coates; reading, Mark Adams; tableau, "Seven Ages," Helen Higgins, Elouisa Hartmann, Mabel Warnock, Genie Bowen, Lizzie Nolen, Grace Dyer, Flossie McNaughton and Mark Abrams; song, Floyd Sibley; selection, Nilsson Quartet; solo, Mabel Waite; song, Baby Lou and Lila Mackintire; duet, Evelyn and Jessie Smith; song, Baby Lou; reading, Geo. Lang; song, Lila Mackintire; reading, Marion Fowler; selection, Nilsson Quartet; dialogue, "Spiritual Tree of Life," Newell B. Austin, Elmer B. Packard, Ernest L. Porter, Bertram E. Kellogg, Frank R. Hall, George S. Lang and Albion R. Waitt.

The time occupied was two and one-half hours with no waits, and was one of the most commendable and truly elevating entertainments which the Society ever put before the public.

Much praise is due to Miss Mabel Warnock, who ably assisted the committee and officers in the rendering of the program. The hall was filled, and the audience seemed delighted with the evening's entertainment.

The Committee of Arrangements consisted of Mrs. W. S. Butler, Mrs. C. T. Wood, Mrs. C. M. Daisley, Mr. C. T. Wood and Mr. J. A. Shelhamer.

The Helping Hand and Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Helping Hand Society and Veteran Spiritualists' Union united in the celebration of the Anniversary at Gould's Hall, No. 3 Boylston place, Wednesday, March 27.

The afternoon meeting opened with a piano solo by Mrs. Ellen F. Burnett, followed by a trio by Mrs. H. V. Tennie, alto, Charles W. Sullivan, tenor, Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, soprano and pianist.

Mrs. N. J. Willis gave the opening address, which was a comprehensive review of the work for the past forty-seven years; Miss M. F. Willis recited an original Anniversary poem, which was heartily cheered, and after a song by Mr. Charles W. Sullivan, the session closed with congregational singing.

At the evening session the hall was crowded. Dr. Storer was present, but on account of disability he called Vice-President Eben Cobb to the chair, who gave a hearty welcome to all present. After a piano solo by Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Mary T. Longley gave the opening address, remarking that, although we speak of Modern Spiritualism, yet Spiritualism dates far back of the advent of what we call modern. She said that we can count much of pleasure and a fund of knowledge which we have obtained during these forty-seven years. An influence, she said, is going out from the societies represented here that is very remarkable.

Since a year ago many have passed on, others are coming forward to fill their places, and as we enter upon another year's work we should determine to hold the standard of truth higher than ever before. She referred briefly to the need of a Mediums' Home, hoping that something might be done during the coming year to meet such a demand.

A jubilee song was finely rendered by Mr. Charles W. Sullivan and Mrs. Gill, which was loudly encored.

At this point J. B. Hatch, Jr., read the following telegram:

"WASHINGTON, D. C.
To J. B. Hatch, Jr.: Anniversary greetings from the National Spiritualists' Association, to the Helping Hand Society. Unite to defend the right."
FRANK B. WOODBURY.

Dr. H. B. Storer was called upon, and said that he was glad to speak in favor of Moses Hull, who, after years of persecution, had come to be one of the best teachers of spiritual truth upon the platform, remarking that never man spoke like this man regarding the Spiritualism

of the Bible, and hoping that we should each and all individualize ourselves, and help to do a greater work the coming year.

Mrs. E. Dick recited that beautiful poem, "Over the River They Beekon to Me," adding that many have left us for the better land, and join with us in this celebration. We are glad to witness the downfall of bigotry, and the uprising of the people to investigate our beautiful philosophy.

Miss Lucette Webster gave, by special request, "Maria in Heaven," followed by "Josiah's Story."

Mr. J. Frank Baxter favored the audience with an Anniversary Song, assisted by Mr. Charles W. Sullivan, "Ring the Bells."

Mr. Baxter read an essay, giving a grand review of the early conflict of the theological world with which the advocates of Spiritualism had to contend, predicting the final triumph of truth over bigotry and superstition.

A violin solo, very artistically rendered by Master Charlie Hatch, accompanied by Mrs. Burnett, was received with applause.

Mrs. N. J. Willis spoke of her pleasure to unite with those who have enlisted under the banner of Truth. We have received abundant proof that the religion of Spiritualism stands above every other form of religion, because it gives us knowledge. Spiritualism will lift every soul, and assure it of immortality. An infinite trust has been given us, and we must try to lead humanity forward. We must utilize Spiritualism, and we shall have the assistance of the loved ones gone before.

The Longley Quartet sang very finely that beautiful song of Mr. Longley's, "Love's Golden Chain."

Willie Sheldon of the Lyceum gave several recitations, which were finely rendered.

Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader gave a very interesting address, touching upon some of the dangers which threaten our Cause, and the vast importance of unity of action on the part of all Spiritualists to avert these manifest dangers.

Mr. Fuller of Newton spoke very earnestly of the past, present and future of Spiritualism. The meeting closed with "America," in which all present joined heartily.

F. ALEXIS HEATH.

First Spiritual Temple.

[Exeter and Newbury streets.]

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Last Sunday, the Forty-Seventh Anniversary was observed as follows: At 11 A. M. service for full-form materializations through the mediumship of Mrs. C. B. Bliss. At 2:45 P. M. discourse through the mediumship of W. J. Colville, and at 8 P. M. service for full-form manifestation through the mediumship of Mrs. Hattie Stafford Stansbury. The manifestations of spirit power both morning and evening were of unusual interest. Many of the forms were recognized by their close resemblance to their mortal expression, which was noted and commented upon by the large audiences. The sances, seemingly, should settle the fact of full-form materialization. The lecture through Mr. Colville was able, and very appropriate.

Next Sunday, April 7, at 11 A. M. physical manifestations, at 2:45 lecture by Mr. Colville, and at 8 P. M. physical manifestations.

A correspondent writes: On Sunday, March 31, W. J. Colville resumed his position as lecturer at the Temple, Exeter and Newbury streets, at 2:45 P. M., when the commodious edifice contained a large audience for appropriately celebrating the Forty-Seventh Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

Presiding at the appointed time for opening the services the grand organ, under the skillful touch of Geo. H. Ryder, gave forth a pealing march of jubilation, which gradually modulated into the prelude of a lovely song exquisitely rendered by Miss Dodge, whose sweet soprano voice is constantly increasing in depth of tone and fullness of expression. Beautiful white lilies adorned the desk, and as the speaker pronounced a touching invocation after reading a selection of Mr. Holmes's finest poems, the graceful flowers appropriately suggested the tenor of aspiration.

The text for the lecture was from the poem "The Chambered Nautilus," the stanza commencing with the majestic lines, "Build thee more stately mansions, oh! my soul, as the swift seasons roll."

As a special report of this eloquent and stirring address has been made for THE BANNER, no abstract is offered this week. Suffice it to say that the listeners gave their rapt and sympathetic attention to one of the strongest and broadest pleas for mental and spiritual liberty ever pronounced from that platform.

It was not a mere commemorative oration in celebration of a past event, under the skillful touch of Geo. H. Ryder, gave forth a pealing march of jubilation, which gradually modulated into the prelude of a lovely song exquisitely rendered by Miss Dodge, whose sweet soprano voice is constantly increasing in depth of tone and fullness of expression. Beautiful white lilies adorned the desk, and as the speaker pronounced a touching invocation after reading a selection of Mr. Holmes's finest poems, the graceful flowers appropriately suggested the tenor of aspiration.

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Belts, Mr. W. B. Woods, Mrs. Mason, Miss B. B. Lamb, Mrs. Hatch and others.

The celebration of the Forty-Seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at this hall was a grand success. The "angel-world" indeed sent its messengers to assist, and the tests given this day were grand, and well recognized; addresses were brief and to the point. Those present who assisted were: Mrs. J. A. Wood, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Charles, Mrs. White, Mr. G. B. Neike, Mr. W. B. Woods, Miss B. B. Lamb, Mr. Martin, Mrs. French of Fort Harbor, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. C. H. Clark and others. Music was extra fine and furnished by Miss Sadie B. Lamb, vocalist and pianist; Mr. Ernest Hoffmann, violin soloist; Mr. Charles Weber, zither soloist; S. H. Neike, basso.

JAMES HIGGINS.

First Spiritualist Society of New York City.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Forty-Seventh Anniversary exercises were opened on the evening of March 30, by a gathering of distinguished mediums and well-known Spiritualists, at Adelphi Hall, under the direction of Mrs. H. J. Newton, who presided. In her beautiful opening address she spoke of the Anniversary of the birth of Spiritualism at the Hydesville Bethel as our Christmas, where the child was born that has brought such vast joy and consolation to thousands of hungry souls.

No star was there to point the way to the manger, but a bright light from the angel world shone upon the humble home of the three sisters, the instruments of the wise spirits for the first revelation that should lighten the burdens of humanity in the coming ages of the world.

Mrs. Gridley made an inspirational address, during which she saw the three Fox sisters again united in their spirit home, and scattering upon us the seeds of love and gladness. The Easter of the Christian world cannot be more full of promise than this day, our Easter, is to us, with its different phases of mental and physical manifestations, the greatest of which is the intelligent, etherialized form to the passage of which these walls afford no obstruction.

Mr. H. J. Newton in a short address said: "Whatever people may say or think about Spiritualism, it is acknowledged by both foolish and wise that it is in the world. The Orthodox admit this, and say the devil brought it; if he did, we will have, call him a good fellow. Science has made successful war on dogma, and it will pass away."

After the singing of a lively song by Mr. Wallace, J. Clegg Wright was inspired by an Irish spirit, who spoke of the ancient glory of his birth-land, and predicted that at a not far distant time the soil of Ireland would again be in the possession of its native born children. Then came Mr. Wright's grand control, George Rushton, the philosopher, in striking contrast to the previous spirit, and poured forth his splendid epigrams. Rushton says that he knew Ben Franklin in Paris, and that Franklin, with his scientific knowledge, and himself, were the organizers and managers of the Hydesville rappings. They believed that the time had come when the mediums would be safe, but the events showed that it was a narrow borderline. According to the quality of your aspirations will be your mediumship. The study of man is the greatest study in the province of mental culture. Nature will kill the midst nations. Why does it take thousands of generations before the human intellect can recognize natural law? Because when the child is born his mind is empty. Heredity assists, but the environment governs. It was better to be born in Rome during the first century than in Great Britain. Sacerdotal civilization made the Reformation possible. The Saracens taught the Christians good manners. The false can sustain a civilization until the true can be realized. A man never comes to Spiritualism until his knees are broken in unswerving prayer. Better days are coming to your land financially, socially and intellectually, and Paine's aspirations for it will be realized.

Luther R. Marsh came from his country home to participate in the Anniversary. His leonine face and his cultivated, antique language are a pleasure to see and to hear. He spoke of missing by recent death his dear friends, R. W. Flint and John O'Sullivan, Ex-Minister to Portugal—both good and wise Spiritualists, born in the same year as himself, 1813. Through Flint's mediumship he had received, years ago, an article to be added to his address before "The New York Historical Society," on the history of the alphabet, which he verified by reference to philological works, but which at the time neither he nor the medium knew anything about; it gave the numbers of letters in the Greek alphabet at different periods, and was found to be correct.

Mr. Marsh defined a Spiritualist as a "believer that the mind survives the disintegration of the body at death, and can return and manifest its identity; that however much thinkers may differ in their belief as to a Personal God, in which he believes, or as to the Divinity of Jesus Christ, to whom he dedicates his acknowledged allegiance, so long as they hold to the belief above defined they are Spiritualists. He accounts for the wide difference of opinion on these and other doctrines among spirits and Spiritualists by the fact that the spirits of lower planes cannot see or know the things of the higher planes, but that the highest spirits can come down to what doctrine and teach them things not known in the lower spheres of spirit life. Mr. Marsh said if any one can give a better theory than this of these discrepancies in belief, he would like to hear it.

Mr. Marsh announced the presence in the audience of his private medium, Mrs. Hiler; her son John gave a beautiful piano solo.

Mr. Emerson gave a number of his full-named descriptions. I have seen a great many of these without a failure or error. It would seem as if exactitude can be achieved by certain mediums.

Mr. Marsh spoke of having a number of paraffine molds of hands and faces, impressed in melted paraffine, and then filled with plaster, which had been made in Paris and presented to him by Mrs. Wallace; they were kept by him in his gallery of "precipitated pictures" at his country-seat at Middletown, N. Y.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, Mrs. Cadwell, and fifty other of our best mediums were present, but there was not time to hear from them.

Mr. Marsh spoke of having a communication that afternoon through Mrs. Williams, from a friend of his youth, but whom he had not thought of for many years. The Anniversary celebration was continued Sunday afternoon at Carnegie Hall.

JAMES B. BROWN.

[The report of these Anniversary exercises at Carnegie Hall will be given next week.—Ed.]

Worcester, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Progressive Lyceum celebrated, March 31, the Forty-Seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism with the following program: Song, "Happy Greeting to All"; Silver-Chain Recitation, "This World is What We Make It"; and Calisthenics, Lyceum; "Our Lyceum" song and representation by eight members, under direction of the Guardian; song by Flossie Isaacs; recitations, "What Love," Benny Nichols, and "Little Mary," M. E. Adams; piano and guitar duet, "May Bells Ringing," Flossie Isaacs; readings, "Onward," Bertie Yates, and "Human Progress," Mrs. Della Barlow; harmonica and guitar duet, Frank Burgess and F. L. Hildreth; recitations, Willie Barlow, and "The Two Mysteries," Bertie Clapp; song, May Yates; recitation, "Little Jim's Last Morning Call," Frank Burgess; piano and guitar duet, under direction of the Guardian; song, "When the Mists have Cleared Away," Mabel Woodward; recitation, "In School Days," Bertie Ray; piano solo, "The Bird's Message," Hattie Smith; reading, "What do You Teach the Children?" Hattie W. Hildreth; song, Robert Fisher; "descriptive song," Bertie Fisher; reading, "The Woodland Idyl," M. E. Adams; piano and guitar duet, "La Madonna," Hattie Smith and F. L. Hildreth; reading, "The Dawn of a New Era," E. H. Hammond; "Grand March," Lyceum, and song, "The Band of Liberty."

Our hall was beautifully decorated—an evergreen arch over the platform, and a profusion of fragrant flowers. A glorious day and a good audience served to make the celebration a complete success. Let us hope our spirit-friends enjoyed it as much as we. Our thanks are due Bro. Hammond and Sisters Barlow and Weeks for the arch.

F. L. HILDRETH, Conductor.

The Forty-Seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was duly observed March 31, and the members of the Association, attending addresses and participating in the occasion was given by Mrs. N. J. Willis of Cambridgeport.

The speaker for April 7 will be Mrs. Carrie F. Loring of East Braintree. D. M. LOWE, Cor. Sec'y.

Lynn, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The occasion of the Forty-Seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was observed in a very marked and appropriate manner on Sunday last, March 31, by the Lynn Spiritualist Association. The commodious Cadet Hall not alone was required, but the large banquet hall below.

A large audience assembled in the afternoon, and was greatly interested in the varied program offered, lasting from 2:30 till after 4 o'clock. The opening number of the afternoon was a grand song, "Hail This Day!" played and sung by Mr. J. Frank Baxter. It was followed by Mrs. M. C. Chase, President of the "Ladies' Aid" connected with the Association, in a beautiful invocation. Then came an original poem from Mrs. Stone of Swampscott. Mr. Baxter sang a new Anniversary Hymn, entitled, "For This We Hold our Jubilee!"

Mr. James Kelly, the worthy President of this Association, then proceeded to read a very interesting introductory speech, and the experiences of Jesus and his immediate disciples; he instituted happily, parallels through the mediums of to-day, and called attention to the increasing powers and entirely new phases, saying how forcibly he was reminded of the

words of Jesus to the effect that the things he had done should be done by others, and even greater things. He closed by proclaiming Modern Spiritualism a blessing and a benediction.

Mrs. M. C. Chase followed him with brief but timely remarks, and then Mr. Baxter introduced for the special address. His discourse occupied just twenty minutes, was full of meat, was greatly appreciated by Spiritualists, and thoroughly applauded by all.

After this address, for one hour or more, Charles B. Dennis, one of nature's gifted healers, exhibited his ability to heal. He said he was not there to talk himself, but would let his audience talk for him, as they would, either favorably or otherwise, after he was through. He then called for any who were suffering, and without one failure performed marvelous cures, if human appearances and testimony meant anything: A child cured of deafness so as to hear a watch tick, a man with headache relieved in five minutes, a lady with lame wrist of eight weeks' standing, quickly cured, a lady whose head was drawn, and nervously drawing further to one side, almost instantly cured, and a dozen others.

Miss Annie Foster Lacombe of Beverly played most artistically the cornet, accompanied by her sister on the piano, closing the afternoon services with one of her solos.

Supper was served at five o'clock in the banquet hall, and the half-dozen long tables were closely filled by the numbers who partook.

At 7:30 o'clock in the evening Cadet Hall was crowded. A piano solo was the opening number by Mrs. Ethel Frost; an invocation followed by Mrs. Chase; then a recitation by Miss Lila Garland; and after, a vocal selection by Miss Amy Adams. These were all representatives of the Lynn Children's Lyceum, and they acquitted themselves finely and well merited the applause they received.

Then for one hour Charles Dennis again performed his part as a healer, to the astonishment, and in some degree to the amusement of the critical audience. This part was followed by Miss Lacombe and her sister again, with a cornet and piano selection, which was enthusiastically accepted.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter followed with the Anniversary address of the day. He occupied only one-half hour, but he never gave a better address in Lynn—and he has given many and most satisfactory ones—than on this occasion. He dwelt particularly on the constructive work of Modern Spiritualism, as he reviewed its forty-seven years' development and influence. No synopsis would do it justice. The close attention and hearty applause showed the worthiness of this discourse in the estimation of the people. Then, after an original Anniversary song by Mr. Baxter, he gave a descriptive séance for over half an hour, and of this it must be said, never could be audience more interested, and certainly never in Lynn did Mr. Baxter better exhibit his mediumistic powers. Not only descriptions were given, but accompaniments of this absolute tests—grand proofs of the interference of exanimate spirits.

A glorious day gloriously celebrated was the verdict of the hundreds who were out in attendance.

Mr. Roscoe of Providence, R. I., who is a favorite with many in Lynn, will be the speaker for this Association on the next two Sundays.

[T. H. B. James sends report of Anniversary services held by "The Spiritualists of Lynn" Society last Sunday at Clerk's Hall, Summer street, which will appear in the next number of THE BANNER.—Ed.]

Salem, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sunday, March 31, we celebrated the advent of Modern Spiritualism at Cate's Hall. In the afternoon the services were conducted by the children connected with the Lyceum, consisting of recitations, songs and musical selections. The children were very well equipped, and fact meeting held—also remarks by Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader of Philadelphia, Pa.

In the evening Mrs. Cadwallader again addressed the audience in a very earnest and sincere way, going back to the time of the "Rochester Knockings," and traversing the ground up to the present time, showing the growth and the increase of interest in Spiritualism, and calling on her hearers to be true to the trust given them by their spirit-guides and helpers. Mrs. Cadwallader seems to be very earnest in her work for the Cause of Spiritualism, and takes with her the kind wishes of many friends in Salem.

The exercises of the evening were interspersed with recitations by Miss Sue Bailey of Canada, who is a very fine elocutionist, also Miss Alice Thorne of Marblehead and Miss Mabel Whipple of Salem, who rendered their selections very finely. The singing, under the leadership of Miss Amanda Bailey, was excellent.

Also the exercises of the day passed off in a very creditable and pleasing manner.

Next Sunday our platform will be occupied by Ida P. A. Whitlock of Boston.

Mrs. G. R. KNOWLES, Sec'y.

Rockland, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dr. H. F. Tripp of Onset was with us Sunday, delivering two inspirational lectures appropriate to the Forty-Seventh Anniversary, each lecture ending with a test séance, tests being promptly recognized.

Next Sunday we expect to have Mrs. Hattie C. Mason of Boston. MINERVA.

Providence Spiritualists' Association.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Providence Spiritualist Association celebrated the Forty-Seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, at Columbia Hall, 248 Weybosset street, Saturday, March 30. The hall was decorated with flags and bunting, the platform with ferns and cut flowers.

The audience was large in attendance, and took a deep interest in the exercises.

The Vice-President, Alexander Proctor, called the meeting to order.

The exercises commenced by singing, after which the Vice-President made remarks of welcome; several speakers were present, who occupied seats on the platform, many of whom took part.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum took the first part; among those to recite and sing were Miss Marie Reynolds, Miss Grace Darling, Florence Keynon, Mamie Seward, Master Everett Aldrich, Miss Ethel Reynolds, Miss Flossie McDougal; eighteen children took part in Lyceum maxims.

The first speaker, Mrs. Mary L. Conklin of Worcester, entertained the children. Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydensville, Mass., spoke on "Spiritualism as a Religion." Mrs. Susan B. Johnson made remarks on "Development of Mediumship." Master George Porter, under control, took for his subject, "Forty-Seventh Birthday of Modern Spiritualism." Miss Sarah D. C. Ames, Sec'y, read a letter of greeting from the National Spiritualists' Association, and, after the singing of America, Mrs. May S. Pepper gave fine tests.

The evening session commenced by singing "Rejoice," after which an invocation was offered by Master George Porter. Moses Hull, amid great applause, announced his subject as "The Rise, Progress and Mission of Spiritualism," from the 6th chapter of Matthew, 14th verse, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father in heaven." He held his audience from line to line; was eloquent and left a good impression.

After a solo by Mrs. Lapham, Mrs. Sarah E. Humes gave several tests which were recognized.

WILLIAM H. WHITTING.

St. Louis, Mo.

Exercises commemorative of the Forty-Seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism were held March 27, in Howard's Hall, which was filled to overflowing. Beautiful flowers and potted plants were attractively arranged, and an instructive and highly interesting lecture was given by Mr. F. A. Wignall, together with choice solos and inspiring music by Mr. Maxham and the choir.

It is very gratifying to note the change of attitude toward Spiritualism by the secular press. Spiritualism is no longer a theory, but an acknowledged fact. Let every believer take renewed courage, and press on, banner, whereon is inscribed truth and progress, to the forefront. Many of the prominent dailies, which have hitherto striven to hinder our progress, are now inclined to give us a hearing. Never before has the star of truth dawned on a more auspicious morning. Keep its light shining with undimmed brilliancy till it shall illumine the pathway of all to the other shore, where progressive spiritualists shall advance through the endless ages of eternity.

M.

Baltimore, Md.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Last night (28th) the Religio-Philosophical Society of this city celebrated the Forty-Seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Dushane Post Hall, with a good audience. The hall was decorated with potted plants, etc., and two fine bouquets adorned the front of the stage. The program was an excellent one, and called forth praise. After the silver-chain recitation, the presentation of medals was in order. Master Edward McClennan, Miss Edna Lappe, Miss Mary Robell and Beattie Schott were remembered. The recipients were taken totally by surprise, as they were not aware that they were to be the fortunate ones.

After a selection by Mrs. Wahle, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock of Boston, our present speaker, made the Anniversary address in her usual style and vigor. Too much cannot be said in the favor of Mrs. Whitlock. She has been with us since Feb. 1, and during that time has certainly worked hard to advance the Cause in our city.

Sunday (31st) terminates her engagement for the present. We shall have her in October.

Miss Maggie Gaulle was our next speaker. She gave a very convincing test, and the favor of Mrs. Whitlock. The mere mention of her name called down a storm of applause. Mrs. Whitlock favored us with a solo, accompanied on the piano by her daughter, Miss F. Pearl Bryton, an accomplished musician, after a recitation by Miss Gertie Gauss, Prof. J. K. Hoffman gave a cornet selection; Miss Bryton again favored us with a very difficult piano selection; Miss

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Edna Lappe, Miss Mabel Gauss and Mr. Albert Wahle each rendered selections. Mrs. Whitlock and Miss Gaulle both received handsome bouquets. Dancing followed, many participating.

Taken altogether, our Anniversary was a decided success, financially, socially and otherwise. Many were present who had never attended a Spiritualist's Anniversary, and were agreeably surprised and pleased.

D. FEAST, Vice-President.

431 South Payson street.

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Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Discontinued.

Owing to circumstances over which we have no control, the SEALED LETTER DEPARTMENT which has been conducted by THE BANNER for nearly twelve months past is hereby, and from this date, discontinued.

We received a farewell visit from Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader on Monday P. M., April 1; she was then on her way to Washington, D. C. She wished to thank THE BANNER and all the friends in Boston and vicinity who have extended her such kindly sympathy during her stay in Massachusetts. Mrs. Cadwallader has accomplished much good work in legislative and other matters hereabout; and we wish her the fullest measure of success wherever her indefatigable spirit shall feel called to labor.

Bro. Snipes sends us the Anniversary report of the New York Psychical Society, which will appear in our issue for April 13.

At the present time nearly every Spiritualist is familiar with the planchette. Very few, however, know how it really came into existence. We are informed that Mr. John Kirby, son of the eminent physician, Prof. S. R. Kirby, of New York City, saw in a vision at night some time in the sixties the form of a strange three-cornered board, with wheels and pencil. He had one made, calling it the Kirby planchette, and placed it in his store on Broadway, New York City. It immediately attracted attention, and created a perfect furor and excitement. It was in great demand. Mr. Kirby's only sister, Mrs. E. F. Ransom of Buffalo, N. Y., who is seventy-one years old, is now in Boston, under the medical treatment of her step-son, Dr. Dumont C. Dake, 144 Chandler street. Mrs. R. has been very ill with La Grippe, the effects of which caused serious complications—with partial paralysis of left side. Attending physician considered her case a hopeless one. Dr. Dake had her brought to Boston, where she is rapidly recovering under his treatment. Another instance of cure by a liberal in medicine for Allopathists to take note of.

On our seventh page will be found the report (by F. A. Heath) of a meeting held by the Helping Hand Society, in honor of Moses Hull, at No. 3 Boylston Place, Boston.

Charter is having good success as a medium. She will make engagements at her home, 406 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Several obituaries that have come to hand just now must wait till next week for insertion.

INDIANA.

Indianapolis.—George Lieberknecht writes in commendation of the work of Mrs. Kate R. Stiles in that city during the month of March. His favor will appear next week.

After the Grip, diphtheria, pneumonia, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, etc., Hood's Sarsaparilla is of wonderful benefit in imparting the strength and vigor so much desired.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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

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Being desirous of largely extending the circulation of the **Banner of Light**, the publishers of that paper have decided to make the following offer for a limited time:

We offer to any subscriber who is now receiving the **Banner of Light**, for every new yearly subscriber which he or she will secure and send us, accompanied by the full yearly subscription price, \$2.50, the privilege of selecting any books or pamphlets from among those advertised by us, either in **The Banner** or our Catalogues, to the amount of \$1.25—one-half the price of the subscription; and for every new six months' subscriber whose name they will send, accompanied by \$1.25, we will allow them to select books or pamphlets to the amount of 50 cents.

We prefer to supply these books or pamphlets at the time the names are sent in, but if any of our subscribers desire to wait until they have secured a number of new names before making their selections, they can send us the names and addresses as fast as they obtain the subscribers, and we will give them orders for the amount of books to which they are entitled, good for any time within three months of the date of the order.

Our patrons will please notice that the above offer is NOT in the nature of a premium to new subscribers, BUT AN INCITEMENT TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS FOR SECURING NEW ONES.

Any new subscriber to **The Banner**, upon receiving the first copy of the paper, becomes at once fully entitled to receive the benefits which we offer above for any new subscribers which he or she can secure for the paper.

This is a grand opportunity, never before offered, of securing absolutely your own choice of books or pamphlets without making any cash expenditure, and should be eagerly taken advantage of.

Spirit Photographs Taken

Of departed friends from a lock of the sender's hair, by Mrs. L. CARTER, 352 Washington Avenue, Council Bluffs, Iowa. Send two-cent stamps, name, age, and a lock of your hair, and I will send you a psychometric diagnosis of your disease free. Mrs. L. CARTER. 1w* Apr. 6.

MRS. M. KNOWLES.

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THE LIFE-WORK OF Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY PROF. H. D. BARRETT, (PRESIDENT N. S. A.)

Comprises an amount of valuable spiritualistic reading that cannot be estimated.

Not only is it a complete statement of the public work of Mrs. Richmond from childhood, but it is also, in a condensed form, the history of Modern Spiritualism. Professor Barrett has spared no research in collecting its facts and data, and has recorded the work of this chosen instrument of the spirit-world from her earliest commencement as a child speaker.

The files of the spiritualistic and secular press have been placed at his disposal, and every item bearing upon his subject has been carefully gleaned by the author. From piles of letters that have generously poured in from every hand Mr. Barrett has culled those best calculated to forward his work, and has made a general digest of the others.

No home or library of Spiritualists will be complete without this book

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Hopelide; Mr. Scott in Massachusetts; Removal to Wisconsin; The Ballou Family; Adin Ballou's Work; Work of Spirit Adin Augustus Ballou.

Other Controls; The Guides.

Work in Cuba, N. Y.; Buffalo Pastorate; Workers in Buffalo; Thomas Gales and Co.; Sarah Broome; Horace H. Day; Removal to New York City, 1856; Philadelphia; Boston; Baltimore.

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Washington, D. C.; Reconstruction; Senator J. M. Howard; George W. Julian; Gen. N. F. Banks; Nettie Colburn Maynard.

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California Work; Other Visits.

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Letters from Personal Friends; Appreciation of the Work. Mrs. Richmond's Experiences while in the Trance State never before given to the Public, written by herself.

PLATES.

SPRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

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

SPRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held Jan. 4, 1895.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Divine Father, Jereen of all good, we would invite the presence of thy bright ministering angels at this hour, that some word may be spoken which shall bring comfort and consolation to the hearts of mourning ones. We would ask at this time that all envy may pass from our hearts, and charity take its place. We thank thee, our Father, for life and its disciplines, which bring us nearer to thee and to the loved ones who have passed on, though we often feel while upon the earth plane that our burdens are hard to bear. We ask that thine angels may be sent from home to hear, bearing tidings of great joy, teaching the grand truth of the immortality of the soul and of the conditions of spirit-life. And we thank thee, our Father, for spirit-communication, and we ask that the doorways between the two worlds may be kept open wide. Our Father who art in heaven and on earth, knowing our hearts are open to thee in inspection, we ask thee to forgive all that has been said in the past of our lives, even as we forgive those who despoiledly use us. We ask that the returning spirits may at this hour present evidence that shall be convincing to their earthly friends of their continued life and love.

We would ask for thy blessing, our Father, and thy benediction to rest upon all humanity at large, not only at this hour but evermore.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Horace Treat.

I have asked on several occasions if it would be possible for me to speak from this platform, and I have always received the answer, "Yes, when there is an opportunity." To day I have kindly been invited to send a message to my earthly friends, and I do so, hoping it may give comfort to some loved one. I speak not wholly to my kindred to-day, but to all who may care to hear from me.

My religion is, and it should be the religion of mortals, to have justice, honesty, integrity and charity, and this I would say to the whole world. Do not think for a moment that I lived that life as I could wish I had, but it is my advice, through what I have learned since passing on.

I little understood that we could come on to the earth-plane and communicate in this way, when I passed out of the material form so suddenly. I have no memory, except of hearing a crash, then all was over seemingly to me. I could not realize then I had passed out of the form, and was what mortals are educated to call dead, even when I looked upon the familiar faces of those whom I knew had been called dead. Soon, however, it was made plain to me that I had passed out of my material form.

In Bridgeport, Conn., I was well known, and I have tried on many occasions to make the friends know I could come back to them; but, Mr. Chairman, you realize that it is an impossibility for mortals to comprehend all. When you have tested spirit-life for yourself, you will comprehend these things, but you never can fully while you dwell in the flesh. Therefore, we are charitable on that point, and find no fault. I well remember, when in the form, of hearing people speak of spirits, and of their returning and communicating with their friends in earth-life, but my education was far different in my earlier days.

For nearly half a century I was upon the earth-plane. I cannot state the exact number, for sometimes a cloud passes over the brain when I return to friends here, I went out so suddenly. I well remember of hearing it said at that time, "He is dead!" Dead! No! I went out from the effects of a fall, and I have often thought, "How little do we know when or where we are safe." I don't know but what we are just as safe upon the water as upon the land. I have one word further to say, Oh! mortal friends, be careful what you utter. We know the thoughts will come unbidden, but it is not always best to express them. Be tender of the feelings of others, as our Father in heaven is tender of his children. I will not speak personally, for I would say I love all humanity, but I cannot say I sanction all their acts. We leave judgment with the Father above.

Horace Treat.

Henrietta Weston.

Dear friends, how sweet it is to be privileged to speak in this Circle-Room, where I have been a constant visitor.

First, I will speak to you, dear sister, knowing of the trials you and yours have had to endure. In a little while, for the years fill quickly by, we shall clasp hands on that bright shore where no good-bys are known. I have realized all the changes that have come. Sarah, I have known more than it is possible for mortals to form only a faint idea of. I would say to you, Have courage a little while longer. I will return to loose the latch, that you may come to us,

not to remain for a year or two, but for all eternity.

Now a few words to you, Lizzie, for I know you often in memory go back to the time when we chatted so pleasantly together, and placed stitch after stitch, for we felt we must do so in order to sustain ourselves here in the mortal; yet those were pleasant days, and their memory is sweet. I often find you when alone, and Doctor is away, in a deep reverie. You go back in mind, and think how pleasant it was when you and Net (as I was usually called) would chat away, and then stitch away as fast as we could. Certainly I recall those days with pleasure also. I know, Lizzie, you often think "Why is there so much injustice here upon the earth-plane?" I would say to you, dear Lizzie, you must not look for justice with every mortal. Sometimes discouragements come to you, but it is only for a short time, and there is bright sunshine back of the clouds. I know I had my share of clouds in mortality. However, I will not go back to the past, but will try to go on, for this is what progression means. Lizzie, take courage! Abbie and George send love to you and Doctor.

How gladly would I speak to you, Horace. I have known of the changes you have passed through; you came near to the gate, almost looked in, then was drawn back for a little while longer. I am very much pleased to know you made the change—not only for one to be with you, but for the home also. Do not think for one moment it makes any difference to me.

I bring the warmest greetings to you all, asking that each one will try to learn a little more of us and the laws by which we are governed. I do not say I understood them when dwelling in the mortal, yet in the period since I passed on I have made some progression, for it is a life of learning.

In the streets of good old Boston I have walked many, many times, and I recall many hours that I have enjoyed here; but I would not return to stay. How grand, how glorious it is to know we are free-born spirits, and can go wherever we desire—our wishes are gratified, our needs supplied. Then trust in the great Father and Mother God.

Where so much uncharitableness is shown, I have only sympathy and pity, for how can you get communications from your friends if you have no true mediumship? I would speak to-day earnestly in favor of true mediumship, for medial instruments are the wires that we are dependent upon, as much as you mortals are dependent upon telegraphic wires to communicate with distant friends.

I would say, dear ones, there is a day coming when you will meet the consequences of your lives; then let them be pure as possible. Henrietta Weston, of Boston.

Morris Marks.

I was told if I came into this Circle-Room and spoke a few words I would grow out of that feeling that overshadows me to-day. I wish I could speak as well as that young lady did, but I can't. I passed on in a different way—in an unguarded moment I went out. Although I am now glad I am freed from the trammels of clay, I cannot for a moment think of the last few months of my life on earth.

In the mortal I thought much of what is called this world's goods. I was an importer in New York. It didn't matter anything about that now.

I do not understand just how to speak, for I have never controlled a human organism before—this is my first attempt, Mr. Chairman.

I find spirit-life is a life of progression; and no matter in what condition one may find himself when he first enters the other world, he has all the opportunity he can ask for to improve his surroundings.

Morris Marks, of New York.

Andrew Anderson.

I have noted a great many times, when I have been a part of the assembly here, how the faces of those who were reporting would light up as they were speaking. It is not always just the kindred that we want to reach, for often we desire to say some word that will do others good. We are all relatives, in one sense, for we are all the children of the universal Father, but mortals seem to realize that relationship very little.

I have been into the halls where spiritual meetings are held a great many times, for the law of attraction draws me there. I often visit the meetings in Cambridge.

I am pleased to say that I feel I can be of some assistance to those here upon the earth-plane, for it is a part of our mission to help others all we possibly can.

Andrew Anderson. I was well known in your city, Mr. Chairman, and in Cambridge.

Spirit Messages.

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

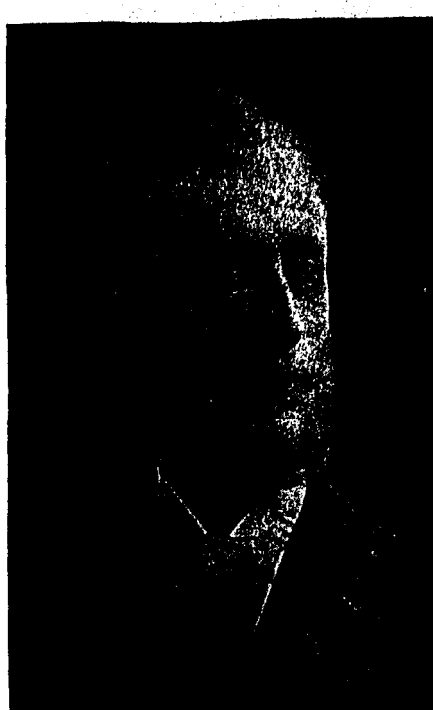
Jan. 4 (Continued)—William A. Brown; Lucy Ann Holden; Ethel Parker; Mary Merrill; Mary G. Wyman-Perham; John Wooster; Jas. J. Burke; Ellen A. Sloan; John H. Leigh; Hannah E. Markham; Homer W. E. Metcalf; Jan. 12—Benjamin Goodspeed; Hannah Hulce; Irving Whitler; Stephen A. Davis; Luther J. Fletcher; Sophia Egerton; Joseph Taylor; Washington Starr; Jacob Titsey; Jacob Worthen.
Jan. 25—Walter Wood; Charles Winkley; Lizzie C. Reed; Lucy J. Hill; Thomas S. Harris; Charles H. Stevens; Martha Matthews; Dr. John H. Currier; George T. Smith.
Feb. 15—Chester A. Merrill; Willie Hawkins; Rev. Samuel S. Kelly; Samuel Prentiss; James H. Ewing; Alice R. Dearborn; Robert J. Campbell; Artemus L. Ford; Annie Louise McIntyre.
Feb. 8—Henry R. Sherman; Eden Cox; Mrs. Thomas S. Simonds; John Wm. La Croix; Almon Humphrey; Bessie Newton; Herbert P. Damon; Alex. Voglie; Alec Clark.
Feb. 15—Prof. H. B. Hackett; Eliza A. Blood; John H. Seales; Cutting Pettengill; Dr. John Rankin; Alice F. Russ; Thaddeus Richardson; Maria Jane Olsen; Evelyn Hardy.
Feb. 21—Henry T. Davis; Myra Johnson; Benjamin Tutt; David Waterhouse; David Trapp; Rosie Miles; James Le-favor; Mary Isabelle Fogg; Hiram Abbott; Nellie Olsen.
March 1—Jacob Smith; John Ruddle; Adeline Bishop; James M. Palmer; John Meers; James H. Matthews; Lotie F. Johnson; George H. Johnson; Hannah Wilson; George H. Johnson; Isaac N. Tucker; Lulu Gates; Sumner E. Garfield; Kirk Smith; Jesse Plummer; Amanda Putnam; Lucy H. Holbrook; Joseph Wood; Nancy Cutler.
March 15—Charles Goodrich; Mrs. Florence Wilson; Freeman B. Persons; Hannah Eliza Root; Charles Cooper; Fannie Clark; Harriet Allen; Annette Holden; Margaret Thayer; Dr. John H. Currier.
March 22—Rev. Simon Bowles; George F. Gardner; George C. Spaulding; Polly Witham; James F. Benter; Col. George M. Atwood; Nancy Harrington; Hannah Sargent.
March 29—Dr. Calvin Seely; Bertha M. Prouty; Robert M. Thomas; Elizabeth M. Langley; Roswell W. Silsby; Artie Grubert; Ida O. Cleaver; Dr. James Howarth; Mary A. Miller; Nason Nickerson.

Everybody Talking About It.

Everybody is talking about the great free offer of Dr. Greene's, the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, and who discovered that wonderful medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. He makes a specialty of treating patients through the letter correspondence, and all who accept his offer are astonished at the marvelous success of this method. His office is at 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., where he receives and carefully examines every letter sent to him by persons describing their cases and telling him their symptoms. After thoroughly studying each case he answers the letter, explaining the cause of each symptom, and telling a sure way to get well and strong. He makes the patients understand exactly what ails them, and tells them all about their complaint, and all this is entirely free of charge. They save the expense of a trip to the city, have no fee to pay, and have the benefit of the best medical advice and consultation. Here is an opportunity for you, get well reader; you can either accept or reject it; which will you do?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By C. A. Potts, Camden, N. J.] In THE BANNER of Feb. 9 there appeared a spirit message in which it was said: "When I be a lady I 'm'ild to be a teacher, 'cause my teacher said so, if I was very, very careful, and learn my lessons well every day." Our own terrestrial difficulty of the word "day" implies light and darkness of about equal duration each; and, as Scripture, in referring to our future state, says "there shall be no night there," how are we to understand the exact meaning of the young spirit in the clause as quoted from her message?

Ans.—In the states or spheres of the spirit world directly connected with the earth, there are distinct periods of time portioned off for special work, such as teaching and receiving instruction; and it must furthermore be remembered that the spiritual states directly connected with the earth are not outside but within this solar system, and also within the very atmosphere of the planet earth.

Though what the Scriptures say concerning heaven is perfectly true, both in a figurative and in a literal sense, concerning absence of night, the new heavens into which no darkness can enter are not the so-called heavens immediately surrounding a planet. Heaven is used in the Bible very often, simply to designate the subjective side of any state. Heaven and earth are the within and the without; and as the old heavens are not to endure forever, any more than the old earths, language descriptive of a local heaven expressing a limited degree of spiritual attainment does not refer to the higher or grander heavens which are described later on in the same narratives.

On dropping the carnal envelope, every spirit is ushered into a state for which that spirit is exactly prepared. Children who pass out of the flesh in a state of intellectual immaturity are educated in the spirit-world, just as the message quoted would indicate. They have their teachers and are instructed, principally by means of object lessons, while maturer students are gathered under the guidance of capable professors in halls of science and philosophy. There are colleges in spirit-life and regular systematic instruction given in them to those who require it and are attracted thither. The further advanced spirits are, the less they need external modes of teaching; and when they have learned to acquire mastery over conditions about them they can, by act of will, shade themselves from intense light and enjoy the invitation to repose offered by comparative darkness whenever they desire it.

To the really advanced dwellers in the spiritual world, there can be no darkness anywhere, for they radiate light from their own forms, and their robes are luminous.

Days in the spirit world are often alluded to by communicating intelligences as periods marked off for convenience's sake, so that definite work can be done in harmony and with a befitting sense of order. Darkness is impossible except it be induced by moral and mental gloom which casts a shadow.

Q.—[By L. H. Edson, Belvoir, Kan.] Is not spirit communication, or spirit influence, the very foundation of all religious worship? If there is a God, does he not act through his laws, which are unchangeable, and not by special providences?

A.—We think it may fairly be claimed that the above propositions can be scientifically and historically substantiated, to a great extent at least.

All religious systems contain a very large spiritualistic element, which, were it eliminated, would leave nothing but their ethical and ceremonial features. The idea of God lies beyond all spiritual influences that can be limited or described. The ancient Jews were all Spiritualists, and the prophets among them had a transcendental conception of Deity beyond all the angelic messengers whom the common people mistook for the Supreme Ruler of the universe.

The Divine Architect of the universe, as acknowledged by ancient and modern Free Masonry, is a super-spiritualistic conception that in no way interferes with the fullest acceptance of all that the word Spiritualism usually stands for.

We most positively teach that any assumption to the effect that God sets aside his own law to produce effects upon his children is puerile and ridiculous. The one true God, who is the soul of universal law, works unchangeably through its agency. Order is never frustrated, but all that people regard as special providences are included in universal providence, which extends to everything, for law operates everywhere.

"No man hath seen God (the Eternal Infinite) at any time"; but angels, as divine messengers, were commonly welcomed by patriarchs and prophets of old. Every so-called contradiction in every spiritual revelation ever made to mankind is resolvable into harmony when sufficient knowledge of law is in the commentator's possession.

Q.—[By W. H. Wallace, et al., Lowell, Mass.] May not some of the marvelous, so-called, sleight-of-hand performances of magicians be attributed to spirit power, or to the assistance of spirits?

A.—We do not deny that some sleight-of-hand performers are possessed of some degree of mediumship, and are, to a limited extent, assisted by spirit-power; but this does not properly apply to those conjurers who use paraphernalia which they carry with them like stage scenery, from town to town, making it necessary for them to exhibit only in places which they have prepared for their own use.

Some traveling-show people have exhibited clairvoyance and other phases of mediumship also; but their performances are of so complex and mingled a character that it would be un-

wise to point to such exhibitions as public demonstrations of spirit-power.

The great distinction between legerdemain and real mediumship is that the former demands apparatus, and the latter does not; and further than this, no matter how many phenomena may be produced, it is the intelligence expressed through them which is the crucial test of their spiritual origin.

Q.—[By H. A. Stiles, Middleton, Mass.] Is the term Christian Science, as applied to the healing of the sick, substantially the same as that practiced by Dr. J. B. Newton in his day, and similar healers at the present day? If not, what is the difference?

A.—The term Christian Science, as we have stated in replies to previous questions through these columns, is used in two ways: First, by those who profess to adhere strictly to the views of Mrs. Eddy, who claims to be founder of the denomination known as Church of Christ (Scientist); and, second, by those who claim that the works attributed by the evangelists to Jesus and his apostles are carried on to-day through the operation of the same law which regulated their occurrence eighteen centuries ago.

Dr. J. R. Newton's career is well described in "The Modern Bethesda," wherein the statement is made that Dr. Newton believed himself to be a medium for Jesus of Nazareth, through whose spiritual influence the claims of healing were thoroughly substantiated. Dr. Newton's work was not that of the simple magnetist or mesmerist, nor was it confined in any way to hypnotic (sleep-inducing) mental activity. The versatility of this remarkably gifted man's work was one of its greatest charms.

As we regard all healing power as essentially the same, we are not involved deeply in any of the controversies between conflicting schools of operation. All healing energy is spiritual, and no matter whether it comes from its parent source in Deity through the agency of one instrumentally or another, it is the true elixir of life, which can never be found anywhere—however diligently men may seek it—except in spirit *per se*, which is both life and life-giver. An extraneous force may quicken the centres of vitality within a patient, and thus in a sense one person may heal another, but the real work performed in every instance is by the spirit rightfully owning the organism taking more complete possession of its own material structure.

Dr. Newton's singular fearlessness and unusual confidence in the power which operated through him had very much to do with his success, and were great aids to his patients, enabling them to conquer fear.

Banner Correspondence.

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

Nebraska.

EWING.—Mrs. J. Hewitt Broadbuss, Local Relief Agent, in a recent communication, informs us that the need of help for the famine-stricken people there is rapidly increasing. The following extract, taken from the *Ewing Advocate*, tells the sad story of extreme destitution, and makes an appeal for aid to the generous-hearted:

"We dread the next three months more than the winter that has passed. The number of applicants have increased tenfold since we began to distribute. The bright sunshine of spring mocks us with the warning that it is seed time. But where is the seed? Not one farmer in ten has seed to plant, or feed for his horses through the farming season. If we cannot get seed, our last hope will sink behind the dark clouds of despair and dread.

Our labor is hard and our duty an unpleasant one, but we cannot turn away from the pleading faces of our neighbors when we know that the noble people of the East will render it possible for us to prevent suffering.

Death is never a welcome visitor, but when he comes in the form of starvation human language fails to describe his terrors.

Help us to cast the bread of charity on the broad waters of want, and your reward will come like the sunlight of heaven. Send contributions to Mrs. J. Hewitt Broadbuss, Local Relief Agent for Nebraska Sufferers, Ewing, Nebraska."

LINCOLN.—Dr. P. S. George, Secretary State Spiritualists' Association, 1901 S street, writes: "I wish to call the attention of the many Spiritualists in this broad land to the fact that a sister in the Cause, Mrs. H. Boydston of David City, Neb., is at the present time in a destitute condition. I am personally acquainted with her, and know her to be an honest and worthy advocate of our Cause, whose poor health renders her almost an invalid. The county authorities, I understand, have been urging her to take up her home at the County Poorhouse, or some other institution of like character, on account of her physical and financial condition; but I feel that we as Spiritualists ought to do something in the way of helping our sister. Mrs. Boydston is about forty-five years of age, and a widow.

I will head the list of donations by giving her free medical treatments. I know in these times of depression the calls are many for charity, but I feel this is a most deserving case, and one that should be looked after at once. Those wishing to aid this lady can send their donations direct to her at David City, Butler County, Neb.; or, if sent to me, I will forward to her, get receipt, and mail same to donor."

Massachusetts.

LAWRENCE.—Abbie N. Burnham writes: "Monday evening, March 18, Dr. D. S. Baker, seventy years of age, met with a sad accident by falling down stairs, resulting in instant death.

He was an entire stranger in Lawrence, having been in the city only a short time. The past few years he has attended Boston Hollis Hall meetings, where he was welcomed as a good speaker; was well educated and highly respected.

Thus far it has been impossible to obtain any information concerning his relatives or home.

Dr. C. A. Stevens, President of First Spiritualist Society of Lawrence, very kindly took the matter in charge and arranged the funeral services at Mr. Colby's undertaking rooms, where the body was taken at the time of accident.

Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham made remarks; appropriate music was sung, and there were several floral contributions."

NORTH SCITUATE.—D. J. B. writes: "At the North Scituate Children's Progressive Lyceum on Sunday, March 24, the following officers for the year ensuing were elected: R. Floyd Clapp, Conductor; Hattie Seaverns, Guardian; M. C. Morris, Secretary; A. A. Seaverns, Treasurer; John Kott, Watchman; Abbie A. T. Dick, Librarian and Musical Director; George Clapp, D. J. Bates, Guards; George S. Bates, Clara Litchfield, A. A. Seaverns, Silas Newcomb, Elburn B. Merritt, Sarah J. Marsh, Cora Newcomb, Mary E. Wilder, Leaders. The Lyceum is well equipped for future service, numbers fifty members, and is out of debt."

Texas.

FLATONIA.—F. P. Yeager writes: "The First Spiritualist Society of Flatonia has been organized, and the following officers have been

elected to serve one year: President, R. O. Fairra; Treasurer, A. Edelbach; Secretary, F. P. Yeager; Trustees, R. O. Fairra, R. N. Tynor, Mrs. D. Edelbach. We hold regular séances every Saturday night."

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—"Occasional" writes: "On the evening of March 10, the friends of Drs. T. A. and M. Cora Bland filled the ample parlors of their home, to listen to a lecture on Psychophysical Culture, by Dr. Cora Bland.

This lecture is introductory to a course of practical instructions in body building and health culture. The central thought is that man is a spiritual being, who builds a physical machine for use during his earth-life, that heretofore the construction of the body has been almost wholly under the supervision of the sub-conscious faculties, and that these have been thwarted in their work in various ways by the ignorant and sometimes vicious action of the external consciousness (the intellectual faculties).

The lecturer maintained that perfect cooperation of the sub-conscious and intellectual faculties, guided by the moral sentiments, is essential to the true development of a human being; that development depends upon exercise; hence a correct system of physical training of the various organs of the body is absolutely necessary to the highest functional attainment, as well as beauty of form and feature, health and happiness.

The system of instruction which Mrs. Bland has evolved is a synthetic correlation of the best features of all the popular systems of physical culture in vogue.

The lecture was listened to with close attention, and followed by appreciative remarks by various members of the cultured audience.

It being generally known that the Drs. Bland will break up their home and leave for Boston very soon, to remain until late in the fall, some of the speakers made this an occasion for reviewing the many meetings that had been held in these parlors in the interests of humanity on various lines.

Dr. Kent, of the People's Church, spoke touchingly of the fact that not only had the cause of justice to the Indian been often advocated here for many years past, that these parlors had been the home of the Phenological Society, of the True Commonwealth Club and other progressive institutions, but that they were also the birthplace of the People's Church, now grown to be one of the great institutions of the city.

Mr. J. K. Miller, for many years secretary of the Unity Club, spoke eloquently of the home of the Blands, as a fountain of thought and progressive ideas, where those hungering for truth could always find nourishment and refreshment.

Prof. Hart's orchestra delighted the audience during the evening with a number of musical selections of a very high order.

Connecticut.

NORWICH.—A correspondent says: "Harlow Davis spoke in Grand Army Hall the 17th ult. before a large audience. *The Evening Record* in reporting him, says:

"Mr. Davis came to this city an entire stranger, and by his work convinced even skeptics who were present that he possessed most remarkable powers. Several startling and convincing 'tests' were given directly to the people in the audience, who responded to the correctness in detail. In some instances the medium related conversation that had been held between parties during the day, as well as giving names, messages and descriptions of the so-called dead. Mr. Davis is a fine looking young gentleman of pleasing address."

The quartet rendered appropriate selections, and the solos of Mrs. Tracy C. D. Crocker were heartily appreciated."

The Reviewer.

Moses Hull's New Book.*

With an unusual amount of interest, the great body of Spiritualists throughout the English reading world have waited the advent of this recent addition to literature. This interest was enhanced because of more reasons than one. In the first instance it has always been acknowledged, by those competent to judge, that Mr. Hull is, of all men, the most able to prove Spiritualism by the Bible. He has made of the ancient book a careful examination, until his brain has become permeated, if such be possible, with Biblical Spiritualism. Starting with the fact of competency, we are bound to admit that writer and subject have a most befitting analogy.

Dealing with the book on its merits, and in that way only are we to discuss it, we find it very complete and remarkable. We use these terms advisedly, and without any qualification whatever. We will not say that Mr. Hull could not have added much to its pages, but such additions would have been unnecessary, though they might have satisfied the author, in that they would have afforded him still greater opportunity to have given of the great fund with which his mind is stored. As it is, he has by presented his subject, and that, too, to the satisfaction of any fair-minded reader. As to the extraordinary work that has been done, much might, though little need be said. The effort speaks for itself. It is remarkable in that it takes a routine course, follows in detail every point, and comes out in good order and to full satisfaction.

It is fortunate for the present generation that Mr. Hull lives to produce a work that makes the Bible doubly valuable to Spiritualists, in proving that the so-called sacred writers were believers in the faith now being accepted in these days. The result will be that many persons who have looked upon the Bible to reject it, will now read it in its new interpretation by Mr. Hull.

While the entire work is interesting and conclusive, the part which treats of Jesus in the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles and in Paul's writings, is replete with instructive and convincing data in favor of Spiritualism. It is refreshing to the student to see how grandly the author handles the miracles and sayings of him who made Christianity possible, and whose history so often proved Spiritualism to be true. Really, the life of Jesus is beautified to the spiritualistic conception by this valuable addition to religious literature.

In many parts of the work choice, eloquent passages appear in elucidation of the thoughts Mr. Hull advances, so that we have authenticity, ability and beauty of language to commend the new book to the patronage of a generous constituency.

It is a grand work to put into the hands of all classes of people—the young, middle-aged and old, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant. None are so young but that they can comprehend its significance and bearing; the unlearned can read it because of its simplicity of statement, while the finest literary genius of the present day can dig deep into its pages, and ponder over the great truths which are therein set forth.

Mr. Hull can feel proud of his work, and need never be ashamed to put it beside any of his kind and class.

A fine portrait of the author accompanies the book.

*ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BIBLICAL SPIRITUALISM, or a Concordance of the principal passages of the Old and New Testament Scriptures which prove or imply Spiritualism; together with a brief history of the origin of many of the important books of the Bible. By Moses Hull. Cloth, pp. 288. Chicago: Moses Hull & Co. For sale by Colby & Rich, Boston.

