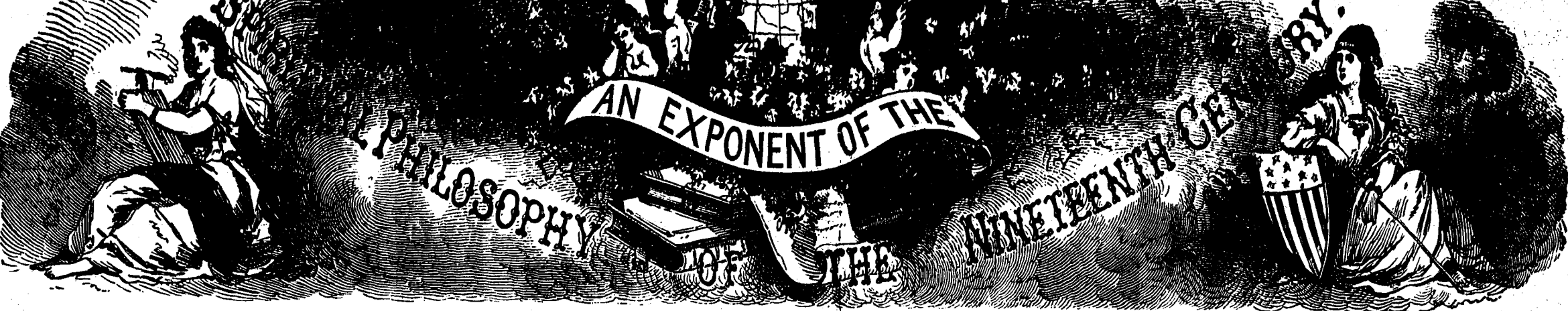


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 4.

Written for the Banner of Light. TO AN OPENING FLOWER.

BY HELEN HAWTHORNE.

Sweet blossom! folded yet within the green!
A few more starlit, quiet nights,
With gentle rains of dew;
A few more golden days, with sighing winds
To rock thy baby cradle bed,
And bring to thee the
And then, some bright glad dawn, a thrill will life,
Dear Mother Earth will smile to see
Thy face—her newly born!



HENRY KIDDLE.

TWICE-TOLD TALES.

NUMBER SEVEN.
{Concluded.}

BY HENRY FORBES.

FROM this condition of skepticism his mind was brought not only to an intellectual acceptance of the reality of spirit survival and communion, but also to a fervent recognition of the legitimacy of the religious emotions when resulting from the proper activity of what he considered an intrinsic faculty of the soul. To illustrate his views upon this point the following is quoted from a lecture published in THE BANNER, entitled, "The Religious Element in Spiritualism":

"Spiritualism may be viewed under three aspects—scientific, philosophical and religious. Looked upon from an exclusively scientific point of view, it is as yet exceedingly imperfect, because the facts which have been fully ascertained are too few to form anything like a complete scientific basis. They are, however, amply sufficient to prove the existence of what we call spirits; that is, exorcanted human beings, and an unseen, spiritual world in which those beings dwell; to show, also, the various modes in which they are able to communicate with the denizens of the material world, and something, too, of the psychological laws by which this communication is effected. The philosophy of Spiritualism, it must be admitted, is also very incomplete as yet. It comprehends a consideration of the nature of spirit, and the laws which govern the phenomena of the spiritual universe, the doctrine of spirit progression or unfoldment, with its concomitants and consequences, the relation of the spiritual and physical life, the conditions of exorcanted human beings in their various spheres or grades of progress, and the different orders of spiritual beings from the lowest to the highest, the Great Supreme, beyond whom our conceptions cannot pass, and whom, therefore, we are compelled to consider as infinite, unconditioned and absolute. This philosophy is based upon facts of observation, experience and testimony, but built up from these facts by reason aided by intuition.

When we pass to the religious aspect of Spiritualism we enter an entirely different realm of thought; we bring into play a faculty of human nature altogether different from those employed in the study of the science or the philosophy of Spiritualism, psychism or pneumatology. We leave the domain of mere sensuous observation and intellect, and pass into that of pure spirituality and ethics, for both these are interrelated. These three distinct departments are, of course, dependent one upon another. They may, for illustration, be compared to the different parts of a tree—the root, the trunk, with its branches and leaves and the blossoms and fruit; the first being the scientific element, the second the philosophical, and the third the religious. It is for the last that the other two exist; for without it they would have no *raison d'être*, and for the obvious reason that it is the religious element that controls the moral and spiritual character of the human being, that fits him for the higher life of the spirit, and urges him onward toward the consummation of his immortal destiny. Science and philosophy, being addressed to the understanding or intellect, cannot exert this control, but leave the person where they find him, except as far as they give an awakening impulse to his religious nature. Thus religion is the fruitage of the tree of Spiritualism."

But religion, as he conceived it, had naught to do with external forms and ceremonies, nor, necessarily, any connection with ecclesiastical organizations. He defined it as follows:

"The word *religio*, as used by Cicero and other Latin writers, was not derived from *religare*, to bind back, as some, following Lactantius, have asserted, but from *religere*, to think or ponder deeply, as being that which causes inward meditation or contemplation, leading to the inner life, the life of the soul, with which true religion is especially concerned. Religion is essentially an emotion, arising from the activity of our spiritual nature and directed to spiritual beings. It is indeed a tie, for it binds man to God, and all mankind to each other. Cicero defined religion as that which brings to the mind a sense of reverence and duty toward beings of a superior nature, who are called divine.... Extreme selfishness, pride or egoism is wholly inconsistent with spiritual or religious feeling, because religion is based upon reverence—rev-

erence for some being who is felt to be not only above ourselves, but of a superior nature, superior in purity, goodness, wisdom and power, superior in these respects to all that is merely human.... By religion, then, you will perceive that I do not mean religious belief or church dogmas, ecclesiastical systems or external rites and ceremonies—for all these may exist without religion—but a condition and experience that belong to man's spiritual nature, to his immortal selfhood.... The religious man—the man who exercises the religious faculty which all really possess—can, therefore, have as the objects of his adoration only spiritual intelligences, of various degrees or kinds of advancement; either mysterious, imaginary, spiritual beings, not kindred with humanity, malevolent or benevolent; human spirits of diverse qualities; or, finally, a supreme, spiritual Being, of limitless intelligence, love and power, recognized as the Source of all things and the Ruler over all."

His conception of the religion which the New Dispensation proffers to mankind as its highest gift is eloquently expressed in the following passage:

"The religion of Modern Spiritualism is entirely rational and conforms to our best intuitions; it presents to the mind no dogmas for compulsory acceptance and belief, no insoluble mysteries and theological absurdities inconsistent with our intuitive conceptions of a God of infinite love, wisdom and beneficence. It is universal and cosmopolitan, containing the good and true of all religions; for it recognizes the fact that there can be no 'chosen people,' to whom God extends the special favor of revelation, and by means of it, salvation, but that all nations and races of men have received, and, indeed, are still receiving, revelations fitted to their physical, intellectual and moral condition—revelations that not only urge them forward to spiritual maturity (if I may use this expression) but check the materialistic decadence to which all are so liable in this gross and sensual life. The chosen people are the people who choose God for their guide, ever following the Inner Light which shines in the soul of every man, unless dimmed by passion, guilt and self will; and such, too, are the only 'elect,' while salvation is universal. I say, my friend, and I am not afraid to affirm that the surest and safest postulate—safest, I mean, logically—to assume is the perfect justice of God; and that, instead of proudly claiming, with the distinguished Liberalist orator, the ability and right to rejudge that justice, we should endeavor to enlarge our conceptions of the universe and seek to vindicate, not to condemn, the Creator.

While the religion which is consistent with spiritualistic facts and principles, according to the best teachings of Modern Revelation, sanctions and enforces this view, and enjoins reverence and humility as the only state of mind that can be properly receptive of spiritual truth, it nevertheless has no sympathy with that worst form of idolatry, the worship of an anthropomorphic God, possessing and manifesting the attributes, good and bad, of weak and erring humanity. That is when the human mind displays its feebleness and its limitation to earthly, sensuous conditions; it cannot separate itself from its accidents, the essence from its external properties, the reality from the mode by which it is expressed and made an object of perception.

But, if within the teachings of Spiritualism are to be found the elements of a pure and rationalistic religion, whereby the soul may receive directions necessary to its propitious guidance through the harassments of life's sacred ordeal, do they, as some seem to think, tell you to rush to a medium, and consult the spirits as to what you should do? If so, those teachings are simply the revival of a form of animism, or spirit-worship, below the Paganism of the Greeks and Romans. They, it is true, had their oracles, through which their deities could be consulted; but neither the Greeks nor the Romans ever put themselves in such a relation to the spirits of their relatives and friends, to whom they paid a kind of worship in acknowledgment of this guardianship; but ordinary fortune-tellers, diviners, soothsayers, and all that class of people, were held in nothing but contempt, as we clearly perceive by the manner in which they are spoken of by the satirists and other writers."

As a practical Spiritualist Henry Kiddle held that mediumship was the source of strength for the maintenance and growth of the spiritualistic movement—a movement which, receiving its impetus not at all from this side of life, its purposes, even, probably not apprehended, should be permitted to proceed to the ultimate beneficence of its culmination, untrammelled by any restraints which, from the one-sided standpoint of its mundane well wishers, might appear necessary for its prosperity. Nevertheless, he felt that "only wide-spread spiritual ignorance and materialistic blindness could create the need of very much of the mediumistic phenomena that are now witnessed, and which, under the present circumstances, we are obliged to countenance and encourage. This is necessary to convince the unbeliever, but has, intrinsically, nothing that contributes to the spiritual exaltation of those who have passed to the study and contemplation of the higher, grander things contained in the spiritual temple of truth. The existence of the spirit-world having been demonstrated to us by means of sensuous or external manifestations, we are brought only to the threshold of the grand temple of spiritual truth. The door is open, and we can enter; but a voice comes to us, as to him who stood on Mt. Sinai: 'Take off thy shoes, for the place where thou standest is holy ground.' You cannot enter the spiritual temple unless your spirit is imbued with reverence and humility. Attempt to do so in any other spirit, and you will certainly be taught that lesson by a painful experience.

The door of the spiritual temple is indeed open, but let selfishness, arrogance, pride or earthly passion of any kind, beware of seeking an entrance. The language of ancient revelation is as good and strong as any that may be used as an admonition: 'And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie.' You enter that temple not as mortals but as spirits; and hence you must divest yourselves of all that is incompatible with true spiritual life. It is not necessary to be a disembodied spirit to realize this rudimentary law of spiritual progress; it pertains to all spirits, whether in or out of the flesh. Does any man

believe he can carry his appetites, his earthly desires and ambitions, his self-love, pride and passion, into the sphere of spiritual purity, and with them enjoy the companionship of the just made perfect?"

Prof. Kiddle had not much regard for what is not very accurately termed "scientific investigation," by which is meant the investigation of the phenomenal facts that have been the impelling factor of the spiritualistic movement, by persons possessed of worldly fame as students of physical nature. It was his view that "spiritual science must have its exclusive culture by specialists, devoting themselves to it as a field of research by itself. Physical scientists are, generally, entirely unfitted for this work, since the two realms of spirit and matter require distinct methods of investigation, and, if not different orders of mind, different kinds of mental training and accomplishments. When this fact is fully recognized, the assumption and arrogance of materialistic scientists will find an effectual check, and they will learn that ignorance is just as great an incompetency for a correct judgment in regard to spiritual science as it confessedly is in reference to the science of physical nature."

Then "the discovery of facts in nature, whether physical or spiritual, depends greatly on the bias of mind with which a person enters upon the investigation. There seems to be a kind of mental impenetrability which prevents false theory and truth from simultaneously occupying intellectual space. If a man's mind is occupied by a certain conception or conviction, it will be extremely difficult, if not wholly impossible, for him to observe facts that contradict that conviction. It is like Nelson putting the spy-glass to his blind eye because he did not wish to see the admiral's signal, or like the bigoted opponent of Galileo's discoveries refusing to look through the telescope lest he might be convinced of their truth, or like Agassiz obstinately declining to sit in a spiritual circle for fear the spirits, whose existence he positively denied, might control him. The student of nature needs to be honest toward her; he must come to her to find the truth, not merely a confirmation of his preconceptions. Thus Kepler spent many years in trying to find facts substantiating the notion of the older astronomers that the planets revolve—not not but revolve—in that beautiful, that only perfect figure, the circle. In fact, he was almost as loath to give up the circle as Brewster said he was to give in to spirit. But until he renounced that unscientific prejudice, and consented to learn of nature instead of dictating to her, he could make no progress; but as soon as he complied with that indispensable preliminary condition, the light of truth dawned upon him, and the first great law of planetary motion, the elliptical orbit, became his *Eureka*, to be soon followed by those other laws that have together given him a scientific immortality."

Besides at best the rudimentary phenomena are devised only to attract the poor pilgrim who has lost his way amidst the bewildering mazes of this materialistic epoch.

"Let us not, then, remain too long on that lower plane of what is called scientific research, but hasten to ascend to that higher sphere where we are able to realize the truths of a religion that will cultivate the best faculties of the mind and the purest sensibilities of the heart—that will enrich our immortal souls, and speed them on toward the goal of their eternal progression. Is not devotion better than mere curiosity, or the seeking after 'signs and wonders'—the hunting after 'tests' that never satisfy the faithless mind?"

Upon the all-important branch of Modern Spiritualism regarding the state of man after the change called death, the earnest, thorough and high-minded student, whose conclusions form the substance of this sketch, wrote as follows:

"Let me say a few words upon the influence of the earthly life and character upon the succeeding life of the spirit. We often hear descriptions of the 'Summer-Land,' as it is called, with its lovely scenery—its lofty mountains, verdant vales, flowing rivers and limpid lakes—its beautiful edifices and stately mansions, the homes of the good and true; and we wonder how such things can be, because we give these descriptions a materialistic significance, while they refer only to what is spiritual. In the latter sense they are literally true; and everything described is as real to a spirit as any of the objects which we here perceive with our physical senses. Not to go into the deeper philosophy of the matter, as revealed to us in this age of spiritual enlightenment, I may say, the character of the scenery we shall behold in our next state of existence, the houses we shall inhabit, the occupations we shall pursue, our environment and our lives will be whatever we have made them in our earthly life. We are, each and all, supplying the materials out of which will be fabricated, in spirit life, the garments we shall wear, and the homes in which we shall dwell. Every thought, every act, is a part of that material; and the structure is now, perhaps, being put together by spirit hands.

"I go to prepare a place for you," said the Nazarene to his disciples. How little did they understand these words when uttered; but how significant must they have appeared when, having passed to the spirit-world, those faithful workers were ushered into abodes resplendent with the beauty of their self-sacrificing deeds, as expressed in the glowing objects around them! How imperfect, on the other hand, must that spiritual habitation appear that is formed merely of good resolutions, intentions never realized, sentiments of benevolence never carried into action, and mere selfish prayers for personal benefit and salvation. How loathsome the den or hovel which, in the spirit-life, awaits him whose only deeds are those which vice and sensuality prompt—of him who has permitted avarice to extinguish every generous emotion of his soul, and has written upon his darkened sphere nothing but images of the pain and woe of those whom he has cursed by his selfishness, or blasted by his crimes! Nothing can be more certain than the truth—a truth pregnant with meaning—that to

build for spiritual life, we must build from within; and he who neglects so to build may erect for himself, in this material life, the most sumptuous palace that the pride of man can plan or his art construct, but ere long he will be obliged to quit it, and take up his abode in perhaps the meanest hovel in the spirit-world. He may here revel in costly furniture, treading on luxurious carpets, lounging on silken cushions, and sleeping on a bed of down, but if amid that earthly splendor he has nourished toads and vipers in his spirit, he will find them in the next life crawling around him. That is the way in which this life is related to the next. Truly do we reap what we sow, and nothing else. We may sow to the flesh; and, as the apostle said, 'we shall reap corruption'; we may sow to self, and we shall reap leanness and barrenness of spirit; we may labor for the intellect exclusively, and we shall construct for ourselves perhaps a sphere as glittering as the purest crystal, but it will be as cold as an iceberg, and there we may abide in solitary splendor, surrounded with the creations of our own thoughts, but shivering for the want of human sympathy and love. On the other hand, we may sow to the spirit, and we shall reap the fruits of the spirit in love, joy and peace, the memory of kind and loving deeds, charitable thoughts and gentle words. These are far better materials of which to construct our spirit homes than all the fine-spun theories and subtle reasonings which have ever emanated from the loftiest intellects that embellish the history of the race. The sphere of the mere intellectualist is always a positive one, made especially so by the fixedness of the thought in which he has been absorbed, and which necessarily prevents his expansion in other directions. In such a sphere the modern epicurean finds himself imprisoned, and before he can commence his career as a spirit, it must be broken. The darkness of his mind as to spiritual things must be dispelled, and this is not so easy as it may appear, for earthly habits and prejudices are amazingly persistent. There are myriads of unhappy beings in spirit-life surrounded with the objects of their perverted or deluded minds, who for long periods will be able to see no other. We have many illustrations of this fact. These spirits live in their own thought-world, without any of the distractions or relief afforded by material existence."

This is the lesson which the New Dispensation, commencing with Swedenborg, has brought to the world. All else—philosophy and phenomena—are subsidiary!

Philadelphia Mediums.

BY C. S. FORD.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

WHAT is known as the Seybert Commission, of Philadelphia, in its first and only official report as to the result of its investigation of Spiritualism, admitted in substance that mediumship, in its ultimate analysis, yielded a *residuum* worthy of scientific consideration. This was wholly gratuitous, as thousands of astute investigators had preceded them many years prior with the information. But out of this fixed truth rises another of potential importance, viz., that this *residuum* constitutes the only postulate from which any reliable or truthful deduction can be drawn concerning that "bourne" of extended travel, and radiant scenes, "from which travelers" do return.

Therefore, all philosophies, reasonings, lectures, journals, societies and associations not predicated upon this premise, and claiming Spiritualism as their basis, can be safely relegated to the "pseudo" budget. In the present transitional crisis of the movement, while the dangerous, modifying and blending processes are in vogue, it should be reiterated and emphasized that there is no nucleus in the equivalents of Modern Spiritualism as an attractive centre for the idiosyncratic ideas of the older religions. There are no theologic deposits in the ultimates of either physical or spiritual science; and when Spiritualism eliminates so-called religion from its escutcheon, and the system is taught and recognized as a spiritual science only, will it rise to the dignity of its true mission and genius, and pursue the natural trend intended by its spiritual projectors.

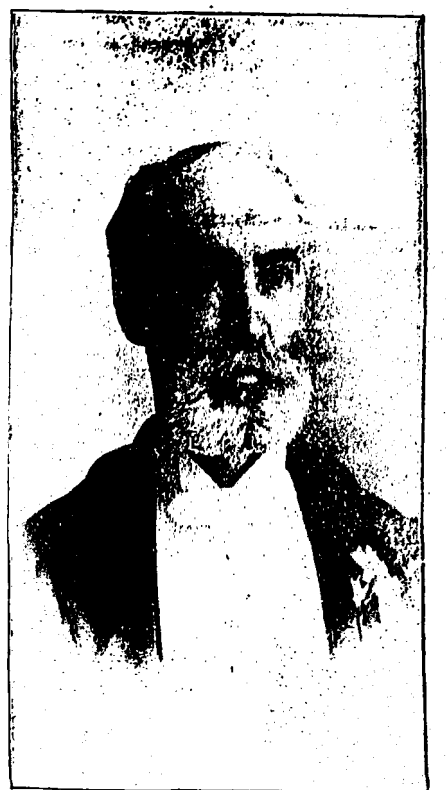
The vitality of Spiritualism being dependent upon the relative ratio of the residue above noted, all verified work of spiritual mediums contributes to the sum of evidence. Philadelphia can furnish considerable material to this end, for there is quite a galaxy of psychics here; some of them need only to be seen and heard to be appreciated and prized for their lucid gifts.

Mrs. Savina Snyder, 714 Green street, is the recipient of many encomiums from those who have emerged from the shadows by the power of her ministrations. Your correspondent owes her guides gratitude for opportune information that saved a trio of us from a simultaneous tragic fate. Her attracting influences are the detective, prophetic and personating—including the spiritual clairvoyant. It seems immaterial whether her sitters are the angular, circular or spiral type, her powers of vision penetrate the soul, and read the motives of all within her sphere.

Another excellent medium is Mrs. Mary Smesson, 2222 Hope street; she has the rare gift of sensing and describing material conditions from a distance, and tracing lost and absent friends. In illustration: A strange lady calling for an interview was instantly informed by the guide that her house was in a blaze, and a child was suffocating. The lady went home at once, and returned flushed and excited, stating that the cat had pulled down the lambrquin, and with it a burning lamp, that broke and set the oil in a blaze over the floor; the fire was enveloping her child that was left asleep in the room. There could be no misreading in this case.

Another instance of her peculiar and valuable power was in the case of Mrs. Mary Smith, who for some reason was separated from her mother when a child, and had been searching through the States to find her for thirty years. She was told by the guides of Mrs. Smesson on her first visit to that lady, that her mother could be found in Tampoico, Dakota, to which place she traveled, and your correspondent read a letter of acknowledgment from Mrs. Smith in Dakota to Mrs. Smesson, stating she had found her long lost parent. No refuse to be eliminated from this message, but a clear-cut spirit crystal, fresh and unalloyed, from a decimated personality. Still the "Cui bono?" is rife among the carpers.

Lieut. Peary says he "found the Icelanders a cordial and familiar people." Our school geographers had taught us to believe they were cold and distant.—*New Haven Palladium.*



J. FRANK BAXTER.

THE subject of this sketch, whose picture is presented herewith, was born in the old historic town of Plymouth, Mass., on Nov. 11, 1841. He had all the advantages which the excellent schools of that town afforded, graduating from its High School with honors.

From Plymouth he went to Bridgewater, and availed himself of the fullest preparatory course of the Massachusetts State Normal School, with a view of making teaching his profession. A diploma of the first class was won, and after graduation he began almost immediately to teach. Plymouth, Nantucket, Merrimac, Weymouth and Winchester of this State, can testify in praise of his great efficiency, successful career and gentlemanly bearing in connection with the schools of these respective places—covering a period of nearly twenty years.

Mr. Baxter was probably born a medium, and can recall several marked evidences of his mediumship as early as his seventh and eighth years in childhood.

When the news of the "Rochester Knockings" was abroad and in discussion, in 1848, and it was said that by the patient sitting of numbers in a circle, mediumship akin to that of the "Fox girls" could be developed, that spirits would tip tables, move furniture, make raps and even entrance individuals, his father, a plain and honest man, a prominent citizen of the town socially and politically, and a practical man of sense, fearless and outspoken, was earnest to investigate these claims—to experiment and know for himself; and so, with several others, he formed such a circle. The members met evening after evening from house to house with strange and interesting results. Several mediums were disclosed, and among them Mrs. E. B. Baxter, mother of J. Frank Baxter. She was a remarkable trance speaker, and exhibited marvelous powers in clairvoyance, especially in the first year or so, when she was totally unconscious. But after, as she became aware of doing things, and yet found herself unable to resist, she became frightened, fled from the circle and kept herself aloof from aught likely to invite or encourage such influences. And from the early years of Spiritualism, somewhere midway the "fifties," she no longer identified herself with the Spiritualists, as such.

From her, then, doubtless, were inherited the qualities of organization which made it possible for Mr. Baxter to know of Spiritualism mediumistically. He has frequently said he did not seek Spiritualism, but rather did Spiritualism seek him!

Although a medium from youth, and hundreds were convinced of Spiritualism through his powers while a boy, yet he, in the spirit of his father, from whom he acquired, seemingly, an analytical disposition and most emphatic manners, would caution them, saying: "Don't be too hasty!" and asking: "How do you know that some law will not be discovered by which these things will all be accounted for by other cause than spirits?"

But he was continually using his powers, which were growing more wonderful and convincing as the years went by, easily and often falling into the trance state, many times unexpectedly, to give some message, convince some party or to elucidate some question, as many in Plymouth, Plympton, Kingston and Duxbury can to-day testify, although hundreds of converts and witnesses have passed to the better side of life.

The *ipse dixit* of the powers—for the various spirits were continually declaring themselves and proving their presence—became unimpeachable, and at twenty years of age, with the cumulative evidence about him, he could but unreservedly believe himself. By this it is not meant that he, during these years of trance, mental, and, too, physical phases of mediumship, was declaring against them, or was resisting them, for they were interesting to him, as he lent himself willingly and devotedly to their purpose; but it was not until after these long experiences that he openly and avowedly declared himself to the world. Many things occurred during this period beyond self or mortal ability, among them several instances of his bodily levitation.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Baxter was not one who was easy "to jump at conclusions," or who entertained any "whishes" that became "fathers to his notions"; but rather, he moved

cautiously and slowly, and analysed most critically and carefully, and so rested his belief on a bedrock of facts and safe experiences.

At the age of thirty, so marked had been his mediumship, so positive the evidence from communicating spirits, who in hundreds of instances allowed others or had him to convey their messages to their mundane relatives and friends in all parts of the country, eliciting in return wonderful recognition and proof, that he felt no satisfaction in saying anything other than that he knew Spiritualism to be a living truth.

With it abiding as a knowledge, he felt he had a mission and a message for the world. An almost irresistible duty was upon him to go out and tell his history, give the philosophy of his experiences as he understood it, and to enunciate the principles of Modern Spiritualism among the people at large. He was, however, successfully teaching, and he was in love with his work more than ever at this time, having taught now for a dozen or more years. But he did not go away for Sunday lecturing, as it was.

To his surprise, after delivering these lectures, the powers of clairvoyance, clairaudience and impressionist mediumship, like in the past and in private, seemed imperatively a part of his work, and he would yield, the result being generally a most interesting, not to say convincing, public séance.

General demand was great for his services, and he hesitated as to what to do between what seemed his duty to the eager multitudes and his love of the profession to which he was so ably fitted and in which he so aptly worked, but he inclined for many reasons to adhere to teaching.

Through a line of strange and unexpected circumstances, in the fall of 1877, the alternative became his to decide as to whether he would abandon his Spiritualism, and keep his position in the school-room, or persist in his views and lose his school. Spiritualism to him was a demonstrated truth, a fact, and could not be obliterated, and he would not hypocritically declare his disbelief nor "hide his light under a bushel" for the sake of temporal advantage, social position or popularity, and his resignation as teacher was demanded, and, in turn, passed in to the School Board.

This, while an unpleasant experience in many respects, was an "ill wind" that "blew good" to the Cause of Spiritualism; for although occasionally and increasingly lecturing from 1879 to 1877, especially on Sundays and at the various camp-meetings in vacations, yet from the summer of 1877 to the present day, his whole time has been given unreservedly to the work of lecturing on Spiritualism, presenting its facts, arguments and philosophy, and demonstrating by positive mediumship its truth and abiding blessings.

Thus for twenty-seven years has Mr. Baxter labored almost constantly in the field, the public having kept him constantly busy. His career has been phenomenally successful.

Mr. Baxter now, as is known, is in the height of his popularity. He has proved a great benefit to Spiritualism, an honor to the platform and a credit to the Spiritualists.

New Publications.

"PERSONS PLACES AND IDEAS."—This new book by Mr. B. O. Flower, embodying miscellaneous essays, etc., comes to us in the daintiest dress as to binding. On a delicate cover of cream shade is designed the poet's wreath of myrtle—in gold—in the centre of which is inscribed the title of the book and the name of the author (also in gold lettering), the whole being very pleasing and attractive to the eye. The work is handsomely printed and elegantly illustrated.

The contents furnish a delightful record in every way—reminding one, somewhat, of a kaleidoscope, each turn of which brings new beauties into view, each succeeding page seeming more attractive than the last.

The book gives a grand impression, which will be clearly corroborated by closer inspection. It will inevitably attract a wide reading, and be one of the "taking" books of the day. The Arena Company, Copley Square, Boston, are its publishers.

"SIGNEFIED, THE MYSTIC." by Ida Worden Wheeler. Is a story of great interest—a work particularly well adapted to the needs of those who are beginning an inquiry for themselves into questions regarding the hereafter.

Siegfried is a fine character—a man of over ninety years of age, of majestic presence, with a heart sympathetic to the needs of suffering humanity, and while he is loved by the poor, holds the respect of the wealthy and the cultured. The plot of the story is good, and retains the interest of the reader to the end. The characters are strongly portrayed. The moral of the book is unexceptionable. The work teaches that perfect love is a blending of the physical, mental and spiritual into a sweet and perfect whole. Those who are interested in Occultism will particularly enjoy the book, which closes with: "Men and women may become what they will. It is worth while to live. It is worth while to love. You can be happy. There is no death." Published by the Arena Company, Copley Square, Boston.

THE STORY OF A DREAM, by Ethel Maude Colson, is a most charming production from beginning to end. It is as bright as the haloes of morning, and one wonders if the writer were mist of the heavy material of our earth.

As one reads he forgets for a time the every-day life and drifts off with the narrator into a pleasant land. The authoress has the happy faculty of carrying the reader along her own line of thought, and a very pleasant line it is. The story of the work is told in sweetly poetic language, and literary ability is clearly shown throughout. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

WHITE WREATH POEMS, by Althea H. Petschler, is an attractive little volume in blue and gold, nicely bound. In this brochure, of some sixty-three pages, are to be found life-sketches of the late James Burns (editor of the *Medium and Daybreak*), and others; among the poems which will be admired is the song "When Shadows O'er thy Life Shall Fall." Published by James Burns, 56 Great Queen Street, London, W. C.

Surely Most Welcome News to Sufferers from Female Complaints.

It is a fact that our women who suffer from female complaints, and are consequently weak, tired, nervous, dragged-out and full of pains and aches, do not have the same opportunity to be cured as do the residents of the great cities where the most successful specialists in female diseases reside. In other words, our women are debarred from seeking a cure by the great and skilled physicians, owing to the cost of travel to the large city, and the high fees charged by such specialists.

Here, therefore, is a chance for the sick and suffering women of our community which should not be lost. Dr. Greene, of 34 Centre Place, Boston, Mass., who has the largest practice in the land, and who is, without doubt, the most successful specialist in curing female complaints, offers to give free consultation by mail to all women suffering from these distressing weaknesses, discharges, pains and irregularities. You have the privilege of consulting Dr. Greene by letter, describing your complaints, and he will, after carefully considering your condition, send a letter carefully explaining all your symptoms, telling you everything about your complaints so plainly that you will understand exactly what ails you. He will also give you his advice, based upon his vast experience and wonderful success in treating such cases, as to just what to do to get cured. All this will cost you nothing, and you can thus have consultation with the best known and acknowledged most successful specialist in the world, without leaving home, and at no expense whatever. The doctor is the discoverer of that greatest of all known medicines, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and he has discovered many other most valuable remedies. Write to him now about your case, for this is a chance to get cured which you may never have again.

Dr. Samuel T. Birmingham, one of the oldest persons in the West End, died at his home, 14 Chambers street, Boston, recently, from old age. He was ninety-six years and four days old. The doctor was well and favorably known throughout New England.

The Effect Magical.

The most distressing and obstinate Cough can be permanently cured by Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm. Its effect on the throat and lungs is magical, and the thousands of testimonials from grateful friends would convince the most skeptical. Sold by all Drug-gists.

Literary Department.

A WEIRD EXPERIENCE;

OR,

THE STORY OF A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER,

Author of "An Artist's Story," "Letters from Egypt," Etc., Etc.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IV.

AM I dreaming? I am conscious, I am awake, and yet I have no power of outward life. I seem free from all earthly conditions and things; I try to call out, but I make no sound. I can see a thousand wonderful colors above me, beneath me. I cannot distinguish the things beneath me, save as being shrouded by a dull red mist. I know not where I am, or what I am to do. I have only the sense of un-restraint, yet less than absolute freedom. I think without effort; I am as light as air. Dimly, as if recalling something from afar, I have a faint, a very faint consciousness that something of moment has happened, but when I strive to settle just what it is, I become confused, and it eludes me. There is no pain, no sense of heat or cold, of thirst or hunger. I seem to be resting on the atmosphere, as one sees a leaf float on the surface of the stream, just beyond the reach of the eddying current.

At my feet, now I perceive it, lies something covered with a heavy black cloth. I cannot lift the cloth. I do not need to, for I can see through, or rather under it, and there I behold myself. The face looks cold and drawn, the hair is brushed back from the forehead, revealing a dark wound, the hands are laid across the breast, and there is no sign of life. Myself—how marvelously strange it seems! To be consciously existing, thinking, seeing, hearing, and moving about, and yet to realize that my body is lying cold and silent before me. I try to lift the lips, move, but no response; I strive to make the hands, or do something that shall prove to myself that I am alive, and that it is my body before me, but all in vain. There it lies, cold, silent, immovable. Then this is after all death. Some terrible thing has happened, the thread of my life has been broken, snapped asunder, and I am just awakening to consciousness, as my body perhaps is awaiting the burial services. Why cannot I cry out? I try, but I seem to have no power of volition, but just a sense of not being able to do it. I am alive, but have no power over myself; I am in life, but I have no connection with it. Where am I? The room gradually becomes more visible to me, through some effort of the will which I am consciously making; but it is, however, no place I have ever been in before. The surroundings are all unfamiliar to me. It is a large and luxuriously furnished room. Exquisite tapestries hang from the walls, while the floor is covered with a Persian rug of great beauty. The furniture is all of the Louis XVI. style, and elaborate to a degree. The gas is dimly burning near a window, and sheds only a dim uncertain light over the room, in the centre of which stands a long table upon which my body has been placed. No sound breaks the stillness, save the hum and confusion of the life that comes up from the street below, which every instant is becoming more and more audible. The rumble of the carriages, the faint echo of voices, and the loud shrill cry of the newboys: "Terrible accident in Central Park. Young man killed!" What's that—"accident," "young man killed!" Ah! it all comes back to me now, the mad rushing of the horses, the danger to Alice and her mother, the fearful wrench, the dull, heavy fall, and then the blackness of night that followed. Yes, I can understand it all. I have been brought back to Mrs. Reckley's house to be cared for, I have—but there is no one here, no nurses, no doctors, no attendants. I am left here all alone; there must be some reason for it. I look again under the black covering, at the silent face. It dawns upon me now. My God! I AM DEAD! I have been brought in here and left because life is extinct, awaiting most probably some final arrangements. What shall I do? I am utterly powerless to do anything, only to remember, only to realize the horrible situation. Surely, surely some help must come. Yes, there's a step on the stairs, and the door slightly opens, and two men enter, one carrying a lighted candle. Approaching the table where I lie, they slowly turn down the cloth from my face. Now they will know that I can see them, that I am conscious, that I am alive, and I make a superhuman effort to speak.

"Poor fellow!" says the younger of the two: "he went out of life with a rush, and no mistake. Has everything been done? was there no help from the first?" And I recognize Charlie Bentley's voice, and instantly make up my mind that he is n't half a bad fellow after all.

"Nothing. He must have received a blow upon the head that caused instant death. The Reckleys have brought him here, where he will be kept until they get word from his sister, Mrs. Ashman, in St. Louis," replies the doctor, as he looks aimlessly around the elegantly-furnished room. Little does it matter to him whether I can hear him or not.

"Poor Harry!" continues Bentley. "You're a good fellow, and it's a mighty shame you should get knocked out this way. How I wish I could do something for you, old man!" he said, laying his hand gently upon my forehead. I can see that his eyes are filled with tears.

"Oh! see here, my young friend, this won't do," speaks up the doctor. "You must be reconciled and resigned to the will of heaven. That's the only way."

"Resigned to the will of heaven!" echoes Charlie. "Not much, my good doctor. Don't treat me to that. He's dead, poor old Harry! a good fellow has gone, and that's all you or I or anybody knows about it. Good-by, Harry, I shan't forget you in a hurry." And then the doctor pulls the black cloth back over my face, and they steal softly out and close the door gently behind them, leaving me alone, silent and still in the great room, DEAD. And I begin thinking all at once about death—how all my life I have shunned and feared it; how I have always heard it talked of as the one great event most to be dreaded of all the many changes that life brings; how it had been declared as being God's will, and how we should always strive to be resigned to it. I recall with great vividness the day when, as a lad, by

my sister's side, I had sat in the long, low drawing room on a summer's afternoon, and heard the clergyman talk as my father lay there in his sable-hung coffin, and everybody seemed prostrated with grief, even to the crowd of black faces that looked reverently upon him as they passed in review after the service was over; and how the old nurse told me, as she put me to bed, that "Mars Ainslee had gone to glory, sure, and no mistake, and would wear a golden crown, 'cause he's always good master, no mistake."

But it had all made little direct impression upon my mind, save that the home had been broken up, and I had been sent among strangers. All this I thought over, and then, when I had come to my majority, and was having a pleasant reunion at my sister's, how the old clergyman came to me and talked in the usual set phrases, and said:

"You are a young man, with great responsibilities resting upon you. Almost the last of a great race, you must live as becomes your exalted position. Your late father was human, but he was a very religious man, and he gave liberally to the church, which has sadly run down since then, with wars and dissensions rife on every hand," and how I soon learned it was his especial church he referred to, and then made his heart glad by donating a thousand dollars for its upbuilding, and he left me alone forever after, only giving me a smile of bland satisfaction and approval, probably having in mind another contribution in the not far-distant future. I recall, also, how, during the following year, in my travels through the East, I had joined a party of clergymen who were journeying to the Holy Land, that they might find within the sacred walls of Jerusalem, along the sacred shores of Galilee or the peaceful banks of the Jordan, a higher inspiration, a diviner purpose, than their constant contact with the world would permit, and that during the entire sojourn, how caving and narrow and selfish they were, to the extent that what reverence I had had in the very city memorable as the foundation of the Christian faith. How that during that entire journey not a word had been said or a thing done that would have marked the company as other than selfish and human; that in all my talks with them, from a high priest of the Catholic Church to the loud-mouthed dissenter of modern times, there had not been one little of evidence of any knowledge of a life beyond—of this life even, beyond that possessed by the most commonplace man. To be sure, there were Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists and Unitarians; but they seemed not to know their points of difference, only that they were different, and that was the end of it. How distinctly all these things are with me now. How plainly I remember the soft light of the Eastern sun falling like a mantle of light around the great barren hills of Judea, and shedding a halo of glory over the mosque of Omar and the towers of the Holy Sepulchre. It seems but yesterday since we set out to return, leaving behind us, in the gray of the early morning, the ill-fated city of Jerusalem. And where are they all now? I may not know; but here am I, silent and immovable, held in the iron grasp of eternal death. Already the world, society and my friends have accepted that I am no longer of it. My sister is journeying toward me to look upon my face for the last time ere I am buried in the ground, and the last final words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," are said.

And I have ceased to be. What horror, what misery, what anguish of soul am I not enduring! Am I, through all the slow rolling years, to know or not to know? To be or not to be? Will I, after my body is consigned to the ground, still hover near it, hearing the echo of the world and life to which I belong, and yet unable to take any part in it? Or will there later on, perhaps in a moment's time, some mighty power confront me with all my mistakes and misdeeds and pass judgment upon my life and mete out a severe and terrible punishment? Is the old theory, long since laughed at by the intelligent, of heaven and hell, rewards and punishments, true? Can there be a worse hell than I am in at this very moment? Is not this awful, terrible uncertainty, worse than any physical punishment that could be invented? Oh! if I had my life to live over again, what a life, what a good life it would be! But then the life I have lived has no special blot upon it; the sins of youth, of uncontrolled passion, of aimless, and to a great extent harmless folly, have been mine; but no intent to injure has ever knowingly been done. Oh! for just one breath of air, for just one moment of activity, for one more opportunity to look out upon life and to say to all the world, to all mankind, "Solve the mystery of dying, the mighty secret of death; cease your buying and your selling, your vain ambitions, your aimless longings and strivings, and solve the mystery of existence, learn how to deal intelligently with the problems that follow after death, and thereby prepare the soul for what it may expect, for what awaits it. Surely there must be some remedy for it all. It cannot be the purpose of God, if there be one, that life should end in this awful nightmare. There must be some solution to it. Oh! why have ye not, ye wise scientists of past and present times, instead of delving into the past, instead of striving to read the story of the stars, instead of trying to establish impossible theories, why have ye not left these until ye have solved the mighty mystery of death? It is as nothing from what conditions man has sprung in comparison to the state, condition of life that awaits him; and yet, with all the boasted wisdom of the centuries, mankind knows next to nothing as to what there is beyond, of this very beyond where I, heart-rending, wild with despair, swept by doubts and fears, terrors and misgivings, am now resting upon the thin air, waiting for—WHAT? I know not; surely somebody must come; but what if they do? I cannot make them understand that I see them, hear them, am able to know what they are saying and doing. No! it is utterly hopeless. Hark! there are heavy

muffled footsteps as of some one approaching! The door opens, and Dwight, Mrs. Reckley's butler, says:

"This way, sir; the remains are in here," and now he enters, followed by three men; and as they approach to the centre of the room he turns up the gas, making the apartment light as day, although it instantly becomes dim to me.

"Not a member of the family, I take it?" asks the older man in an authoritative way, carelessly pulling off the entire cloth with which I am covered, without so much as glancing at my face.

"No, sir, he was not a Reckley; a Mr. Ainslee; a great friend of the family, and a nice young man, sir; what always remembered one, sir." Dwight replies in a funeral voice, doubtless recalling the "remembrances" he had received upon more occasions than one.

"I see; and what are the instructions? I have only received the coroner's permit, and a few lines from Mrs. Reckley to call," continues the first speaker, whom to my horror of horrors I perceived to be Mr. Hampton, the well-known undertaker.

"Nothing to be done, sir, except get ready to do everything as becomes a gentleman, sir, that's all. Mr. Harold's sister will arrive from the West some time to-morrow to make the final arrangements. My mistress's orders are that no expense is to be spared, sir."

"Oh, that's all right," answers the undertaker. "Well, boys, get to work; it won't take us long," whereupon he takes my head between his hands and places it more firmly upon the pillow, pressing my chin with apparent force. Oh! how I long to cry out, to spring up, to give him a good, sharp blow between the eyes; anything that shall make him know that I can see and hear him. Now he is crossing my hands over my chest, and, taking hold of each foot, gives it a sharp pull downwards, until I lay perfectly straight.

"Now, boys, you can take the measurements, and don't be all night about it. We have got a half-dozen other places to go to before midnight," he says, in a gruff tone of voice.

Meantime the "boys" had opened a small bag and taken out a tape measure and rule. Dwight is standing at my head, with downcast eyes, in respectful silence. The men are ready for work, and rapidly begin measuring me from head to foot, the first calling out, "Five feet, nine and a half." "Five feet, nine and a half," repeats Mr. Hampton, as moving a little nearer to the light, he makes an entry in a small note-book, in which he has already been writing something, probably my name, for he has been talking to Dwight in a low voice, while the men have been at work over me. "Thirty-two inches," says the workman, as he lays a rule across my chest, and then stands off, looking at it intently for a moment. "Thirty-two inches" is echoed back from the other side of the room. "No; make it thirty-one."

"All right—thirty-one." "That's all," and, wetting a cloth, which is placed over my face, they cover me again with the black cloth, and with, "I shall be back possibly in an hour, if not, the first thing in the morning, by nine o'clock sure," Mr. Hampton turns round to the "boys" and continues, "Gather up your traps and come on," walks out and down stairs, followed by his assistants, and the banging of the outer door betrays that they have left the house. Dwight turns the light down hurriedly, and then as he is about leaving, hesitates, stops, and finally says in a suppressed voice:

"Poor young man, who would he thought it, with everything you could want, to be lying there now, so asleep like and still? It's a sad day to this house, and no mistake, with the mistress crazy with crying, and Miss Alice looking like a ghost of herself. It's herself that was always kind to me anyhow, and I shall be just outside the door sure, whatever comes," and wiping a tear from his eyes, he steals softly out and shuts the door behind him.

My God! only a few hours, moments, perhaps, when Hampton and his men will be back, and then—and then—the shroud, the coffin, the funeral rites, the burial service, the grave—have I not seen it all over and over again—the sickening, horrible, ghastly show we always make of death! The broken-hearted mourners, the sympathetic friends, the curious crowds, jostling against each other, inspired by that morbid curiosity that seems such a part—the larger part, perhaps—of our poor, undeveloped human nature. I have no thought that I shall be spared any of these sickening details, and I almost blame myself for dying in so tragic and romantic a manner. Why could I not, since dead I was, be buried in a quiet way, with just the two or three, if perchance there are as many, who really love me, standing by, placing their offerings of flowers above my head, and then saying a gentle "Good-by"? Why not? Because our times, our boasted civilization, spares nobody and nothing, not even the dead. It holds to the last moment every opportunity, no matter how small, of placing the stamp of its greatness upon it. But my mind grows weary with thinking and conjecture. I am ceasing to care very much. I only recall in a faint way that I am dead—that to-morrow, or the day after at best, when my sister arrives, I shall be buried, and soon forgotten, and that life, and the world of men, will go on its way as if I had never lived. To be sure, there is much satisfaction in the oft-recurring thought that, in dying, I have saved the lives of two others—Alice and her mother—but they, too, will likely go on their way and also forget. Alice! How I can see her sweet face on that opera night, yet remembered, watching "Aida," with all its wealth of song! How I can recall her again and again, in all the changing light of her wondrous youth and beauty, mirroring all the changing emotions of her young, fair life! And I was to have asked her to be my wife, to have joined hands with me, and travel the untrod pathway of the future by my side; to have been mine in sickness and in health; to have ruled over my little home, over my entire destiny, to—Well, it's all over, all past, all ended. Here I lie cold and stiff and dead under the same roof—her home. Never, never again, to hear her joyous laughter, never to take any part in her life, never to even let her know how much I love her, how high I hold her, my first and only ideal, above all other women in the world! For me, the grave and silence—a few lines in the daily journals telling how fate found me out, and then silence.

And for her well, who can tell? Perhaps, later on, some one else, better or worse than I, will cross her pathway, will whisper the tale I have left untold, will see the faint, warm blush steal over her beautiful face, and for him will come the joy and happiness I have missed. It is a little hard, I think, there is something a little wrong in the world somewhere—when I, who have never harmed a hu-

man being knowingly, have lived as best I knew how, without father or mother, or any very near or dear friends, should, just in the morning of my life, with everything in the world to live for—health, youth, wealth and a thousand possibilities—in my effort to save the lives of others, and one whom I knew I loved better than any human being living, lose my own life. It does seem a little mixed, just a trifle unfair, and unjust. While in the world there are thousands who value life not at all, and thousands who long to get out of it. But it is all so difficult for one to make out. I am losing the power to think. I feel that I am sinking beneath some mighty wave, as black as night, as heavy as the universe. I can hear the faint echo of the life without, as all the world, weary of its pleasures, is hieing itself homeward to find forgetfulness in sleep. The dim light casts long, uncertain shadows through the room; the furniture, even, seems like so many half-formed statues in stone, looking on with dim and unlighting eyes. If I, too, could only sleep—if over me could fall the mantle of forgetfulness. If I could only sink beneath this blackness, never to rise again, and find oblivion beneath its sullen darkness, but—

"Harold, Harold, Harold!" is whispered, sobbed out, upon their, and beside me, kneeling with outstretched hands, is Alice Reckley, the picture of inconsolable despair.

"Harold, Harold, my own! I may call you that, since you are dead and cannot hear. I am by your side, I am come to you. Oh! it is terrible to think of you lying here dead, and for me; that you cannot know how bravely you died. How nobly you faced danger and death for me—for poor mamma and me. And I can never, never tell you how I love you, how I have loved you, and how I believe, how I almost know you loved me. Now it is all gone, all lost, and we shall never see each other again. If I only knew—if I could only speak one word you could hear—could only make you feel, wherever you are, how much I love you, how unhappy I am—Oh!" and here she falls to weeping in a most uncontrollable manner.

I am awake again; the black waves have swept back, as if moved by some mighty hand. I can see her, hear her voice, and—no, there I lay immovable and unchanged. The long black cloth falls in heavy folds to the floor, showing with startling distinctness the white-clad form of Alice Reckley in bold relief against it. She might have been a marble statue, so white and cold does she look in the dim, uncertain light; a picture indeed it is of life and death. How I long just to put my arm around her, to lift her to her feet, to press my lips against hers, and then, no matter what shall follow, eternal misery and pain, perchance, it were cheaply bought, gladly accepted in return for that one brief instant of happiness. It cannot be. The inevitable, mighty and inexorable, stands between us, against whose decree no power has ever been able to contend. She is ceasing her sobbing now, and raising her hand she draws the cloth downward from my face, and rising to her feet, she looks intently at me, speaking to herself and to me:

"Oh! Harold, it's all wrong; there's a terrible mistake somewhere! It cannot be heaven's will that all should end this way. I can't have it so! It must not be! You were so good, I know you were. I wonder if you do know that I am here? They say the dead may know we love them if that love be pure. Ah! how I remember that night by the sea in the autumn, how we watched the sun go down below the waters, making them seem all ablaze, and how the night came slowly on until the light had all faded out, and the waters were black save for here and there a star the waters reflected. It seems just like that now, dear; the sun has gone down—it's all black, only there are no stars. It is all night, all night. When I came in from the fatal accident Dwight gave me this bunch of violets, with your card. It seemed like a message from you. I believe some way it was intended to be. Perhaps you had intended to speak directly when you gave them to me—to ask me—to be—to your wife, and I should have answered, shyly, I know, but I should have answered, 'Yes.' It is all too late now, dear, I know, but I have brought them back to you with my answer—and I lay them here on your dear breast, my own, with 'Yes, yes,' an offering from the living to the dead," and placing the half-withered flowers as she spoke, her tears falling upon my upturned face, she bends low, kisses my half-parted lips, earnestly, reverently.

What is this! A sense of warmth is upon me; the blood seems to flow in my veins; the air slowly fills my lungs; the fresh, sweet perfume of the violets steals in upon me. Some power is recalling me. I can no longer see my body, but my brain is beginning to act. I make a mighty superhuman effort, and—

"Alice, I am alive!" I cry, and press my first kiss upon her dear lips just as the bells are ringing the old year out, and the new year in.

Too Tired to Sleep.

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

The weariness from brain work and nervous excitement is the most enervating fatigue there is. Horsford's Acid Phosphate quiets the nerves and induces sleep.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home in Mansfield, Mass., March 16, 1896, Mrs. EMMA WILSON, at the advanced age of 91 years and 14 days. Mrs. Wilson was the mother of twelve children, nine of whom are still living—some in the West and South—while J. B. Wilson, M. D., of that city, cared for her in her declining years.

Mrs. Wilson began to investigate Spiritualism at the time of the Rochester seances, and has been a devoted Spiritist ever since. She took the first BANNER OF LIGHT that was published, and has continued to read it ever since, often remarking: "If I could only have one, and had my choice between my food and THE BANNER, I would take THE BANNER with a crust of bread every time." Until recently she had on file a copy of every BANNER OF LIGHT published, which she gave to a son upon a visit from the West.

Although of such advanced age, Mrs. Wilson retained her every faculty to the last, and executed some most exquisite fancy needle-work. Her long life had been filled with devotion to family and friends, a large circle of whom mourn her loss.

The funeral services took place Monday, March 16, in accordance with her life-belief and request. The writer officiated, speaking words of comfort and assurance, as only the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism can inspire, to the family and many friends. A male quartet rendered several beautiful selections, after which the body was consigned to the tomb in the family lot, with a committal invocation.

WILLIAM A. HALE, M. D.

From her home, 19 Chandler street, Worcester, Mass., Mrs. JENNIE A. STAPLES, wife of Dr. C. W. Staples, aged 85 years.

Her death may be traced back to a fall, which occurred some little time ago, and which resulted in a spinal disc lesion. She leaves three children and a husband in mournful bereavement. The husband, through his own mediumship, has the demonstration of spirit-communion. May the children receive the like assurance of her nearness and interest in their welfare.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer. GRO. A. FULLER, M. D., 42 Alvarado Avenue, Worcester, Mass., March 13, 1896.

From her home in Bellevue, Iowa, March 11, Mrs. H. C. LAY.

(Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.)

LYCEUM AND HOME DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. J. S. SOPER.

SPECIAL REQUEST.

Will Conductors of Lyceums throughout the United States send to this Department an outline of their method of conducting their Lyceums, as applied to the younger groups?

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything;
These are wanted every hour.
Not the weak and whining drones
That all trouble magnify
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the noble one "I'll try."
Do what'er you have to do,
With a true and earnest zeal,
Bend your shoulders to the task,
Put your strength to the wheel.
Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill,
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.
—The Sabbath Recorder.

A Reckless Lad.*

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Francis Tyler was an only child, and, as the "one child" always is, was an object of loving anxiety, for he was inclined to be reckless. His father was employed on the Lake Shore Railroad, and he was fond of the excitement of boarding moving cars, and had become very expert at the dangerous business, although repeatedly requested not to take such unnecessary risks. He was nineteen years old, and thought he knew as much as he ever should about taking care of himself, so he only laughed when cautioned on the matter.

One morning the first part of this month, March, he had collected some money he had earned, and thought he would have a little play spell. He and a friend concluded to take the cars to Bellevue, O., to visit for a couple of days.

His mother prepared a nice breakfast for him, and while she was pouring his coffee and putting in the cream and sugar, just as he liked it, she said:

"Frank, I would not mind having you go if I knew you would not try to get off or on moving cars; will you promise me that you will not? Do promise mother!"

Frank looked wise, but only said: "Don't worry, mother. If I am to be killed by cars, I shall be; and if I'm not to be killed by cars, why, I never shall be, and that's all there is of it. So don't worry."

He had been instructed in the superficial manner of most religious Sunday-schools, and believed his life was all mapped out by an obscure God, he having nothing to do about it except to eat and breathe.

His views about the matter put a quietus on his mother's anxiety, and he kissed her good-by, naughtily obstinate about granting her wish.

I have just returned from his funeral. A mutilated wreck was in the casket, a grief-stricken mother sobbing near it, a father crushed with grief and an appalled assemblage of friends in attendance.

It happened this way. The evening after he left home he and his friend went down to the depot to take a train home. They were told that the train they intended to take did not stop.

"We can get on," said Frank.
"We'd better not try," said his friend.
The train rolled up, Frank caught hold as it swept by and vanished in the darkness.

His friend did not attempt to get aboard. He feared the result.

He walked on a little distance to see if Frank got up into the car, when, horror! there, sitting up against the further end of the platform, was the head and trunk of the poor boy, dead, his legs having been cut entirely off, and pushed on a rod beyond his body. His own rashness sent his spirit suddenly from a dwelling which ought to have served it for many happy years.

He was a victim to false teachings concerning personal responsibility and disobedience.

*Mrs. Tuttle writes that this is a true story from life—Mr. Tuttle officiating at the funeral.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1.

Held its usual session in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, Boston, on Sunday, the 15th inst., an unusually large number of visitors, as well as children, being present.

The lesson for the day opened up the subject of the continuity of life, its lesson of passing each day as if we fully appreciated the fact that it was a contribution to the great sum total of an eternal existence, and that all the events of our vast career were to be woven together into one great destiny. Allusion was made to the death of the physical body as being but a stepping-stone to grander possibilities, in which as individual entities we will be free to pursue the same researches and aspirations which mark our earthly experience with a clear vision and a brighter unfoldment. The march was indeed grand, and the children moving in regular and systematic order presented a fairly scene almost.

Mrs. Soper, whom we regard as a very efficient co-worker in the education of children, made some very suggestive and instructive remarks to the children on the duty of being obliging to others, not only unselfishly, but as a means of success in the varied walks of life, and illustrating the reason why some meet with prosperity because of the desire and willingness to please, while others, with equally good abilities, encountered the reverse.

The exercises were lengthy, and the entertainment excellent.

Dr. Harding was present, and made a very appropriate and inspiring address. Songs were rendered by Lottie Weston, Florence McNaughton, Ollie Smith, May Dorman and Lillian Goldstein, with duet by Grace and May Dorman. Recitations by Ida Selling, Rosa Goldstein, Marie Gale, Ethel Bryson, Gracie Scates and Mrs. S. E. Jones, after which Mrs. Butler made remarks concerning the May Festival, and the means it had furnished in carrying on the Lyceum work, and her intention and desire to make the coming Festival profitable for the same purpose—that all indebtedness might be cancelled at the close of the season.

Printed notices of the Anniversary exercises were distributed at the close of the session—giving some names of artists who take part—in Union Hall, 48 Boylston street, Tuesday evening, March 31.

CHARLES T. WOOD, Conductor.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

This Lyceum held a very interesting session Sunday afternoon, March 15.

After the opening exercises, and the usual intermission for the leaders to discuss the lesson with their groups, Conductor Hatch made a slight deviation from previous practice by

first calling upon the Instructor, Dr. J. R. Root, who very ably discoursed to the children upon the subject for their lesson. Progression. Responses from them were next in order. Estelle Granville thought that if we endeavored to progress in this life, we would find it easier to do so in the next. Eddie Ransom said "that the meaning of progression was to advance in whatever we are doing." In our Lyceum we should progress in spirituality, and thereby show to others that we are better for having belonged to a Spiritual Lyceum." Earl Keeler, Eddie Hatch, Elmer Packard and J. H. Lewis, of the older groups, enlarged upon these apt responses of the younger ones.

The Guardian, Mrs. C. L. Hatch, was reported to be slowly convalescing.

The musical and literary exercises consisted of piano solos by Mr. F. H. Watson; songs by Little Eddie; and recitations by Little Maud Armstrong, Ansel Haynes, Miss Maud Beckwith and Marie Gale.

Mrs. Mattie E. Hull gave a reminiscence of her work with the first Children's Lyceum started in Boston, and feelingly referred to a number of our officers, whom she recognized as being Lyceum children, or workers in those early days of the Lyceum movement, which forcibly reminded us of the unique position this Lyceum holds as the first to be organized and offered with one or two exceptions by the children and grandchildren of Spiritualists, who have fittingly illustrated the day's lesson by their progress in the Lyceum work, from little tots in the infant group to officers upon the platform.

As a closing number, the Conductor introduced Moses Hull, who briefly gave some sage advice to old and young.

On March 21 the regular session will be omitted, as the Lyceum joins with the Boston Spiritual Temple Society in their Anniversary celebration in Odd Fellows Hall.

Subject for April 4, "The Invisible World."

A. CLARENCE ARMSTRONG, Clerk.

Voices from Other Lyceums.

Lyceum of the Independent Spiritual Church.

The interest awakened throughout the country in the Lyceum is a most hopeful feature of the present season, and as THE BANNER has solicited reports of methods of conducting for mutual benefit, we cheerfully submit the order of exercises in the Independent Spiritual Church, Denver, Dr. G. C. Beckwith, Ewell, pastor.

After singing, and a responsive golden-chain recitation from Mrs. Tuttle's "Lyceum Guide," led by the Superintendent, a volunteer from the adult members of the school gives a short object-lesson, illustrating some truth or moral, in a manner capable of being understood by the youngest. This is done sometimes by object in hand or diagram on blackboard, or relating or reading a story. After this fifteen minutes is devoted to lessons—each class with its teacher. Lessons over and collections taken separately in each class, and accredited to them, the reports of Secretary and Treasurer are heard, these officers being ladies of the school—reports are of number in attendance, collections from each class, total amount, disbursements in the past week, and amount on hand.

After being brought back to the spiritual plane by singing a verse or two, each member of the Lyceum is called on for a flower of thought, giving a sentiment of prose or poetry, original or otherwise, as they choose, after which the pastor weaves them into a garland of united harmony in a short poem.

Volunteer recitations are next in order, and marching and singing close the exercises.

A marked feature of this school has been the engrossing interest in the adult class, the instructor being Dr. Ewell's guide, "Starlight." Her personal experience in spirit-life and description of states, laws and conditions therein in systematic continuous course, have afforded instruction eagerly sought but rarely met, and devout gratitude and appreciation is expressed for the opportunity by those privileged.

We would emphasize the importance of our Lyceum work. We could not but contrast the instruction given in the object-lesson one Sunday by "Spirit Starlight," with the teachings of fifty years ago. The subject was so called "Death," or the little white caskets daily seen carried to the cemetery by their weeping, disconsolate parents, and the point was so sweetly made of the dear little cherubs hovering closely to their sorrowing ones, and trying to tell them they were not dead, but as lovingly near as ever, that the youngest, even to four years old, listened so intently, we felt sure an impression was made never to be effaced.

Last Sunday we questioned two brothers in our class, ten and twelve years of age, why they were absent the Sunday previous: "Through carelessness they were not ready in time, but their mother sent them to the Episcopal Sunday School in the afternoon by way of punishment."

"What were you there taught?" we asked. "That Jesus died for us," was the reply. We replied, "That Jesus died" must be a fact, in the sense of death of the body, if he lived; but that he lived, and still lives, is what we should learn and teach, and the object of his life, the truth which he taught, is what should interest us.

No matter how small your Lyceum may be—if it be but in your own humble room, and you yourself are imbued with the truth which you can carry to one little child, do not neglect your opportunity. If you improve it you need not feel that you have lived in vain.

SARA L. HALL, M. D., Sec'y.

1420 Franklin street, Denver, Col.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1.

Of Denver, on Friday evening, March 6, held its entertainment at Douglas Hall, corner of Champa and Eighteenth streets, and it was a grand success, both morally, spiritually, socially, and last, but not least, financially, for the benefit of this Lyceum, and the success is due to the zeal and untiring efforts of the committee of arrangements, which was one of the best I ever had the honor of being upon.

The names of the committee were Mrs. Zoe F. Prior (chairman), Mrs. Gove, Mrs. Howell, Mr. J. W. Murray and Mr. R. Ward. This committee worked night and day for the success of this entertainment, and they were well rewarded for their labors by a good round sum of shining dollars—in the neighborhood of seventy-five or eighty—clear of all expenses. Our expenses were thirty dollars, and we took in that amount in the refreshment room, all the edibles being donated by the members of the Lyceum and their friends.

This committee is well able to give pointers to any committee in the United States how to run an entertainment to a successful issue. Any society wishing to know how we did it, if they will write to me, I will inform them how to make money for a Lyceum.

There ought to be Lyceums in every town and city, for they are the foundation of the future religion, which will be Spiritualism without a doubt.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, of Denver, meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, at Odd Fellows' Hall, No. 1543 Champa street—G. W. Kates, Conductor; Mrs. Zoe F. Prior, Guardian; Prof. E. W. Georgia, Musical Director. The program of this entertainment was as follows: Our Lyceum Chorus, the Lyceum; poem (original), O. J. Owens; recitation, Miss Rena Lazarus; skirt dance, Miss Helen Schulz; vocal solo, Miss Edna Howell; recitation, Miss Darling Mitchell; piano duet, Misses

Alma and Ida Asklung; callisthenion, Banner Group; harp solo, Mr. Walfrid Singer; mandolin solo, Mr. Joseph Singer; vocal solo, Mrs. Douglas; banjo selections, Prof. F. Buckingham; vocal solo, "The Widow," Mr. R. Ward; violin solo, Miss Ida Asklung; piano solo, "The Old Oaken Bucket," Prof. George W. Thompson; vocal solo, "Forbidden Music," Miss Josie Evans. After this program, refreshments and ball.

To say that the large hall was crowded would be putting it very mildly, and every one said that they never enjoyed themselves better in their lives, and requested us to repeat the entertainment, which we are going to in a short time.

Mrs. Zoe F. Prior is the originator of this Lyceum and this entertainment.

ROBERT WARD.

Worcester Children's Lyceum.

Your pleasant invitation seems to be sent out broadcast, so I will (having a leisure moment) take advantage of it, and inform our friends that we still live, move and contribute our mite toward the advancement of the good Cause.

March 15 we opened with song. Leading and callisthenics. Then followed a song and recitation by the Clapp Children; recitations by Benny Nichols and Willie Barlow; readings by Flossie Isaacs and Bertie Clapp; piano solo, Harriet Smith; words of cheer and encouragement by interested spirits through the mediumship of Mary Conklin and Hattie W. Hildreth; select poems by Delia Barlow and E. H. Hammond; original poem, "Little Joe," by the writer.

We are making liberal preparations for celebrating March 31, and will send "Items" later.

Our Lyceum sends pleasant greeting to all its sister Lyceums, and words of encouragement to you in your new work.

FRED L. HILDRETH, Conductor.

ANSWER TO ORIGINAL ENIGMA in last BANNER—Luther Colby.

Original Riddles or Charades from young people of all ages will be gladly received. Address this Department, BANNER OF LIGHT.

An Interesting Scene.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A scene of much conclusiveness was given at the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 26, by Mr. Chauncey Palmer, through the courtesy of Mr. M. S. Ayer.

The manifestations resemble largely those given each Sunday morning in the upper audience room by Mr. Pierre L. O. A. Keeleer.

The "battery" was formed by a lady and gentleman sitting with the medium under the curtain, which partially enveloped the sitters. The controlling guide, Mark Hughes, ably manifested, performing with drumsticks made of a common clothes-pin split in halves, calling the roll and "long roll," and keeping perfect time with the music played by a mortal performer near by; he then played on tambourine and bells, also blew a whistle at the same time.

A change of "battery" was then called for, and new sitters supplied, when messages were written to different persons in the audience—many of them accompanied with pencil sketches of exceeding artistic merit, which, when placed under a powerful magnifying glass, lost nothing by the close examination.

The writer received, in answer to mental requests, several messages answering in full the questions asked—showing beyond a doubt the personality of those who wrote through the cabinet.

Mr. Palmer's mediumship is surely of the most interesting and convincing nature, and all who will attend his sances on Friday evenings, at No. 581 Tremont street, will find themselves well recompensed for their time and the slight fee which is charged for the circle.

(Geo. H. RYDER, Organist, First Spiritual Temple, 588 Columbus Avenue, Boston.)

VISITANTS.

They come to me at dawn of day,
With whisperings of love and awe,
And haunt me in the twilight gray.

With notes of a forgotten lay,
That once so well I used to know,
They come to me at dawn of day.

And when in dusky aisles I pray,
They come on wings of music low,
And haunt me in the twilight gray.

In scented blossoms of the May,
In whiffs that through my hair lie blow,
They come to me at dawn of day.

They come from regions far away,
On summer showers or flakes of snow,
And haunt me in the twilight gray.

Through everything I do or say,
Some tokens of their presence flow;
They come to me at dawn of day,
And haunt me in the twilight gray.

—A. L. Salmon, in *Chambers's Journal*.

If you desire a luxurious growth of healthy hair of a natural color, nature's crowning ornament of both sexes, use only Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer.

Some idea of the advancement made by the country can be gained by a glance backward. In America one hundred years ago every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair. Imprisonment for debt was a common practice. There was not a public library in the United States. Almost all the furniture was imported from England. An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison. There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats. A day laborer considered himself well off with two shillings a day. A man who jeered at a preacher or criticised a sermon was fined. A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his foot on the ground. Two stage-coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston. Virginia possessed one-fifth of the country's population. The whipping post and pillory were standing in New York. But, tons were scarce and expensive, and the trousers were fastened with pegs or laces. There were no manufacturers in this country, and every household raised her own flax and made her own linen. The church collection was taken on a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached, to arouse sleepy contributors. Leather breeches, a checked jacket, a red flannel jacket and a cocked hat formed the dress of an artisan. When a man had enough tea he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more. A new arrival at a jail was set upon by his fellow-prisoners and robbed of everything he had.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, you have a running sound, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out, and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.


Sold by Druggists, 75c.

F. J. CLENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Mar. 28.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO!

I want my lady friends to know of the new field now open for them. In the past six months we have made a profit of \$500.00 after paying all expenses. All our sales have been made at home, not having canvassed any. My official duties calling me away most of the time, I left the Dish Washer business in my wife's control with the above results. The business is rapidly increasing, and will continue to grow until every family has a "Linen Dish Washer." Not a day passes but what we sell one or two, and some days fifteen or twenty Dish Washers. It's easy selling what everybody wants to buy. You can't buy the dishes perfectly clean in two minutes. For full particulars address H. C. Gilman Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. Get a sample dish washer and you cannot help but make money. The Gilman Mfg. Co. do not ask any pay until you have the Dish Washers sold. You may join as well as making \$5 a day as to be doing nothing.

Mar. 28.



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Jan. 4

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SCIENCE is unable to explain the mysterious performances of this wonderful little instrument, which writes intelligible answers to questions asked either aloud or mentally. Those unacquainted with it would be astounded at some of the results that have been attained through its agency, and no domestic circle should be without one. All investigators who desire practice in writing mediumship should avail themselves of these "Planchettes," which may be consulted on all questions, as also for communications from deceased relatives or friends.

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THANKS GARDEN.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can obtain the full value of a dollar in postage stamps on orders and two preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission respectfully declined. Any Book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

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In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents may give utterance. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return canceled articles.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1896.

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"In things essential, UNITY; in things doubtful, LIBERTY; in all things, CHARITY."

Anniversary Number!

The BANNER OF LIGHT for April 11 will be distinctively an issue for the placing before its readers of reports of the varied and appropriate exercises which will be held in various parts of the country in recognition of the FORTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ADVENT OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. The paper for that week will number Ten Pages, with illustrations.

Secretaries of Societies are invited to send in these reports, and THE BANNER will print them (as for many years past) as rapidly as space is found at the time of their reception.

We are also promised for that number the *verbatim* report of a lecture by Mr. F. A. WIGGIN of Salem.

Society managers, agents, and others dealing in papers, should order copies of this issue in advance. It will deserve the widest circulation!

He "Knows All About It."

If the Boston daily press is to be believed, there have recently been presented some most extraordinary phenomena of the physical and independent voice order in a business block not very far from the Post Office in this city. Staid business men, and affrighted elevator and other boys, have heard a mysterious voice calling to them in a manner most unexpected, and listened to words by them utterly inexplicable. Finally, the reporters of the period tackled the astounding occurrences—with the usual result: i. e., the facts could not be successfully denied, the causes of the trouble could not be discovered by the press scribes, the tenants, or the visiting police. The excitement is still at its height, and, if the accounts are correct, the noises, etc., would seem to be akin to those made by exorcised beings seeking recognition—as met with in our Spiritualist sciences.

Now the occurrences at said scenes are so well known, in these days, that many churchmen desparingly give up the fight for their suppression by denial or ridicule, and are ready to admit them as being the chosen work of His Satanic Majesty and his duly "registered" imps (no pun intended on the Massachusetts Board). Here comes a witness to this, appearing in the *Boston Herald* of March 21: The letter carries with it its own lessons. Behold the hearty and certain tone and air of its well fed, pompous sentences. In these days, when the church is growing so liberal, and its ministry so full of doubt as to Bible "inerrancy" and kindred topics, and are openly appropriating, in their pulpits, as theologic truths, the very revelations made by these recent intelligences, it is quite refreshing to hear from such a fossil his belated message. He evidently knows (in his own mind, at least) all there is to be said regarding the matter in question (the italics, of course, are our own):

There is at least one clergyman in Boston (says that paper of above date) who firmly believes in the doctrine that the spirits of the unquiet walk the earth. Having read in the *Boston Herald* of the ghostlike manifestations on the sixth floor of the building No. 10 Federal street, which have baffled all efforts of shrewd investigators, and which have excited a more widespread interest than ordinarily attaches to the occurrences in houses alleged to be haunted, he suggests a return to the old-time method of exorcism to put a stop to them, in case all other measures fail.

It is not so distinct that demonstrations of the kind are so often and positive as in this case, and it is seldom that so many unimpeachable witnesses can be found who have personal knowledge of strange noises....

A communication relating to this matter, addressed to Messrs. Merritt, Rice and Freeman, who occupy offices in the building, on the floor on which the mysterious manifestations have occurred, has been received from Rev. Silliman Blagden of 130 Bowdoin street. It is dated March 20, and says, in part:

"The article in this day's *Herald* about the unknown 'voices' and strange 'noises' in No. 10 Federal street calls forth the statement that they are to be accounted for from natural causes as yet undetermined, or they are the result of the pranks of some mischievous boys and men; or of some ventriloquist, which is more than likely."

But on the other hand, if they are not the result of jokes and pranks of foolish and mischievous peo-

ple, and if they cannot be accounted for and proven to be the result of natural causes, then they may indeed be the result of the house being veritably haunted by some disembodied spirit or spirits; because the spirits of the dead tend to haunt the places where they lived in the body.

"This earth and the atmosphere of this world is full of disembodied spirits. The majority of 'haunted houses' are to be explained from a natural cause; but there is such a thing as a veritably haunted house. 'What was the early history of No. 10 Federal street? What houses formerly occupied its site? Who and what were the characters of their inmates?' 'Now, by the Word of God we do positively know that a soul dying in *Jesus goes at once to Paradise* (Luke xxiii, 43), and such blessed souls seldom return, except they are pre-eminently sent as ministering spirits. (Hebrews i, 14). On the other hand, and say, all souls dying out of *Jesus, or in a Christian state, go into Gehenna, or the grave, or hell, and their spirits often do return.*"

"From the whole word of God we do positively know that there are such things as spirits, and that there are good spirits and bad spirits; the former are used by God for His divine purposes, and the latter are used by the devil for satanic spiritual purposes."

"Therefore, No. 10 Federal street may, perhaps, be a haunted building, which is hardly likely, but still, indeed, very possible. If the voices are unimpeachable, so-called—are the work of a joker—they can be easily detected and corrected by careful and persistent search and study and exorcism. But would it indeed turn out to be a 'haunted house,' then your only remedy is to call in some faithful minister who believes in all I have herein written, and more beside, and have such 'man of God' pray to Christ Almighty to exorcise the spirit."

"Now you must remember that 'all men have not faith,' most unimpeachably; and that very few understand, know and believe in what is as true and certain as that the Holy Bible is the 'word of God.'"

"I have made this matter one of careful study for years, and I also know from actual experience as well."

Editor Burr Testifies to Spiritualism.

The venerable editor of the *Hartford Times*, Alfred E. Burr, who is a consistent and courageous Spiritualist, testified in the Pond will case, in that city, giving his personal experiences at the spiritualistic seances at the residence of Mr. Pond. Mr. Burr is eighty-one years old the 27th of the current month of March. He said he had known Mr. Pond from boyhood, having helped in procuring his nomination for State Senator, and afterward for State Treasurer. He described him as a strong man, physically and mentally, and an independent thinker. In April, 1893, Mr. Burr and his brother went to Mr. Pond's residence by invitation, to attend a spiritual seance, conducted by Mrs. Cadwell. A white-robed figure appeared, which Mr. Pond said was his wife, with whom he held a conversation. After her spirit-form disappeared, the spirit of George William Curtis appeared, and told the witness that there is no death, and that "this existence is beautiful beyond the limitation of language to describe." And other spirits appeared and greeted Mr. Pond. Then they disappeared through the floor. Mr. Burr agreed with Mr. Pond that spirits exist after this life is over. He also testified his belief that truths were communicated by them through the Ouija board.

Photographing Colors.

Dr. Selle, a German practicing physician, has, it is said, perfected a camera which actually photographs all colors in perfect detail. He has contrived a photographic instrument which, in minute details, reproduces the various colors of objects, persons and landscapes brought within a specified range of the camera. On the photographs the colors lose none of their original brilliancy and shade. He has sent to experts for examination beautiful photographs in colors of rose bushes, peacocks and some delicately finished tropical butterflies, which are specially admired for their soft tint. On the first of the three gelatine films, placed at equal distances in his instrument, are received the various tints of the red, on the second of the blue, and on the third of the yellow. He takes no more time in perfecting a colored photograph than is taken by ordinary cameras for the colorless reproductions. Here is wonder upon wonder; yet all this and far more than the human mind can imagine is still hidden from sight, awaiting discovery. At last science is baffled, and, as its leaders contemplate the new discovery in the cathode ray, so long dormant and unobserved, they silently think that the external form of creation contains a force to which they have not yet penetrated.

May Festival.

Preparations are now going on for the Festival to occur May 9, at Boston Music Hall, which entertainment has for several years been so successfully carried on by Mrs. W. S. Butler and Mrs. Viles Wyman. Two hundred children will participate. Further particulars to come.

If the mind of the exuberant Boston reporter has not led him into error, this city has an epidemic of what he (as a class) calls "haunted houses" at present; one instance of which we refer to in another column. There is also another case to which special attention is paid by *The Traveler* and other papers—the stories concerning which, if not the fruit of the imagination of the scribes, are pathetic, "theosophic" and historic—bearing on an incident in the mercantile history of Boston. We cite the fact, in passing, to show that the existence of the appetite for spiritual revelations on the part of their readers is recognized by the secular papers most emphatically (not only in Boston but everywhere)—why cannot press managers now talk openly on this matter and call the phenomena by their right names?

A "close communion" Baptist of the Old School has wakened up long enough to snarl, in a circular, at the popular pastor of "The Strangers' Home"—Tremont Temple, Boston—because, forsooth, Rev. Dr. Lorimer is a member, and an honorable one, of the Order of Knight Templars of the Masonic Fraternity. Because he is a brother in this worthy Order, Sir Grumbler declares that if the strict Baptist law were enforced, Rev. Mr. L. would be incapacitated (as a Mason) from celebrating the "Lord's Supper." What did the Nazarene say when on earth, in denunciation of the "holier than thou" people of his time? Masonry, in its charitable, fraternal and practical working among men to-day, has nothing to fear from church bigotry.

A practical testimony to a sensitive's faith in his spirit-friends, and his willingness to accede to their demands, is now standing in the little town of Plympton, Mass., as reared by the late Zenas Washburn (whose family descended direct from Puritan stock): It is a commodious, two-story residence, built of wood, in a round form—like a section of a cylinder set upon edge—his spirit-advisers objecting to corners—and is crowned with a round cupola. It has stood for some thirty-five years the wear and tear of the elements, and is now used as a summer residence by the present owners. Plans of the house and a portrait of the builder recently appeared, with appropriate letter-press, in the *Boston Sunday Globe*.

Little Money for Missions.

The complaint goes up from every side that there is a decided falling off in the funds for missionary purposes. This diminution has been going on for the last two or three years. A good many missionary societies have been forced to borrow money on the strength of a hope of better days to come. This indebtedness now stares them in the face, with diminishing returns of money from the people. Nothing remains to them but to cut down expenses. At this point a sympathetic whine is heard because of the hardship and trial it causes for hundreds of men and women who are laboring on meagre salaries in distant parts of the world. But it is only a fair question to ask these small salaried persons who asked them to go to distant parts of the world on small salaries, or even on large ones? Nobody asked them. As a rule, they were home impracticables, and went abroad to be given a living on easy terms. The "heathen" did not ask them to come, and those at home who are begged all the time for money did not ask them to go. They should therefore be made to take the chances for themselves, just as other people do who make a venture. Their boast that they go to civilize the world, or at a divine call, is the veriest cant. Unless they went mission-ary for money, why do they squeal just as soon as the money begins to run low?

Is Evil Increasing?

In a recent sermon on the mystery of iniquity, Mr. Savage undertook a definition of crime. He described it as a breach of a law. A vice is primarily an injury to yourself. Where there is no moral sense there can be neither vice nor crime. The recognition of evil came with man's advance. Crime and vice increase as civilization advances. Not that the world is growing worse, however, but better, forever better. As men develop, they recognize a hundred things that are unfitting the higher types of character which those on the lower levels do not recognize at all. Thus more and more things come to be called crimes and vices. The most highly developed people are the most conscious of defects. As the world grows better, the consciousness of sin grows more acute, and the list of crimes increases. We owe thanks to God for bringing goodness out of such a condition of things as existed. It is by no means certain that evil will be wholly done away. But it is certain that it will not master any one soul forever and always, and condemn him. Evil and good go together in the souls of all us. From the struggle we graduate into virtue and into beauty of character.

Anent the latest "heresy" case, (now being tried) the *Boston Daily Traveler* was bold enough to remark in advance:

"If the claims of Rev. William T. Brown of Madison, Ct., who is to be tried by the Congregationalists for heresy, are true, it is not a single minister of the gospel that is to be weighed in the ecclesiastical balances, but the important Yale Theological school. In denying that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, that David wrote all the Psalms, and that the doctrines of foreordination, original sin and infant baptism are divine revelation, Mr. Brown claims that it is precisely what is taught at Yale, and that he proposes to stick to his position. Thus from a theological squabble in a little Connecticut town the trouble may reach the dignity of a great discussion, in which the whole nation is interested."

The readers of THE BANNER have for years been familiar with the name of Mrs. ADA FOYE (of Chicago) a veteran medium whose reputation was firmly established in Boston and the East before she made the West her home. She is a sincere and faithful medium, and her public tests are the wonder alike of skeptics and Spiritualists. Read G. W. Eichberger's letter regarding her work on our eighth page.

An able essay by William Foster, Jr., on "The Anti-Fortune-Telling Crusade," was put in type for this issue, but must, from lack of space, await publication till next week.

A report of the Southern Cassadaga Camp Meeting at Lake Helen, Fla., has been received from H. A. Buddington, and will be printed in next issue.

Pleasant Occasion.

The Second Entertainment and Dance given by the Boston Spiritual Lyceum at Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, Monday evening, March 23, was in keeping with the auspicious inauguration some months ago.

Regardless of the stormy evening a very good audience greeted those who took part. The following elaborate program was well carried out by each and every one: Selection, Omega Mandolin and Guitar Club, Mr. Conle, leader; recitation, selected, Little Maud Armstrong; banjo solo, Earl K-eeler; recitation, selected, Willie Shelton; song, Vencie Allen; sketch, Winnie Ireland and Carl Lee; waltz, mandolin duet, Miss Alberta Felton and Prof. A. D. Coule; song and dance, Baby Lou; recitation, selected, Miss L. Maud Beckwith; sketch, Miss Alberta Felton and Albion L. Valt; song, Miss Gertrude Laidlaw; humorist, Mr. William Perry; selection, Omega Mandolin and Guitar Club. Those who desired took part in the order of dances which followed, enjoying a very pleasant evening.

A Card.

The principals of Belvidere Seminary would respectfully inform the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT that their spring terms will begin April 2, under favorable auspices. A new Art Department has recently been connected with it, which has already received an encouraging home patronage. It is in charge of a young and popular teacher, a graduate from one of the best institutions in the country, and comprises careful instruction in music, drawing, painting, elocution and gymnastics. Pupils entering the department this spring can remain and pursue their studies during the summer, but will not be confined to the routine of school life. Terms reasonable. Address, Seminary, Belvidere, N. J.

Verification of a Spirit Message.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: In THE BANNER OF March 21 is a message from DR. GEORGE BRONSON, of St. Albans, Vt. He was a good, true man, and a friend to everybody—a grand magnetic healer—and did much effective work not only in this town (where he had many good friends) but all over the State, where he was well known, and has successfully treated the sick and afflicted. We miss him very much. Many thanks to him and to your good medium, Mrs. Conant, her guides, and THE BANNER, for the message he sent us. Sincerely, Yours truly, W. B. PARISH.

The spiritualistic publication, the BANNER OF LIGHT, of Boston, Mass., commenced its Seventy-Ninth Volume with the first issue of March. For nearly forty years this paper has stood at the head of the spiritualistic movement, and during this long period has been instrumental in convincing thousands of the fact that when a man dies he shall live again. Life after death is now scientifically demonstrated, and what was formerly faith is now absolute knowledge. Under its present management this publication is meeting with increased prosperity. At the same time it has reduced the price of subscription to \$2.00 per year, thus giving all an opportunity of reading its interesting pages.—*Deutsche Zeitung, Charleston, S. C., March 9.*

THE ANNIVERSARY.

A Week of Anniversary Celebration in Boston.

The Forty-Eighth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism will be observed in Boston as follows:

THE HELPING HAND SOCIETY will hold meetings afternoon and evening, at 2:30 and 7:30, Wednesday, March 26, at Gould Hall, 8 Boylston Place. The following are among the talent to be present: Speakers, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Moses Hull, Mrs. Mattie E. Hull, Dr. A. H. Richardson, Elocutionist, Miss Lucette Webster, Miss Willis, Miss Beckwith, Willie Shelton; Musical, Miss Ellen F. Bennett (Piano), Charles L. C. Hatch (Violinist). Mrs. Gertrude Laidlaw, Carl Lee Hunt and Wanda Ireland (Vocalists). Many others are expected, including several test mediums. All are invited to be present. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, Secretary.

THE FIRST SPIRITUALIST LADIES' AID SOCIETY will hold meetings morning, afternoon and evening, Friday, March 27, in Hiawatha Hall, 241 Tremont street.

The following talent will be present: Speakers, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. Alice Watrous, Dr. A. H. Richardson, Thos. P. Beals of Portland, Me.; Mrs. M. E. Thompson, Dr. Charles Harding, Test mediums: Mrs. Mattie Mason, Mrs. Shadley, Mrs. S. E. Cunningham, Mrs. M. A. Chandler, Mrs. Annie Cunningham, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant, Miss Burbeck, Mrs. Moses Hull, Mr. J. B. Hatch and Mr. Wilkins. Music: Mrs. Mason, Miss Amanda Bailey. Elocutionist, Mrs. M. A. Brown, Mrs. Weston. Morning session at 10:30; afternoon, 2; evening, 7:30. Admission, 10 cents to each session. Dinner and supper will be served at the hall. Carrie L. Hatch, Secretary.

THE BOSTON SPIRITUAL TEMPLE will hold meetings morning, afternoon and evening, at 10:30 2 and 7:30, in Old Fellows Hall, Tremont, corner of Berkeley street, on Sunday, March 29. The following well known talent has been secured: Speakers: Moses Hull, Esq., President William H. Banks, Vice-President, Dr. George B. Smith, Sr., Dr. A. H. Richardson, Mrs. Mattie E. Hull, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. M. S. Pepper, Miss Maggie Gaule, Elocutionist: Miss Lucette Webster. Music: Marie Foster, Grace Cobb Crawford, Grace E. Warren, Miss Gertrude Laidlaw, Little Eddie, Charlie Hatch, L. Alberta Felton. Pianist: Mr. Fred Watson. Readers: Willie Shelton, Miss Beckwith.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum will join with the Temple. The children on the program will be from that school.

Admission, 10 cents to each session. The elevator will be run all day and evening. The committee having this celebration in charge will leave nothing undone to make it one of the grandest celebrations ever held in this city. Come early for best seats. The platform will be decorated with palms and flowers by Mr. Cohen.

JAMES H. LEWIS, CARRIE L. HATCH, WILLIAM H. BANKS, J. B. HATCH, JR., Sec'y, Committee of Arrangements.

THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE ASSOCIATION will celebrate the day in Horticultural Hall, Tremont, corner of Bromfield street, morning, afternoon and evening, on Tuesday, March 31. This being the first celebration under the auspices of the State Association, the committee intend to make it a gala day, and will give all three meetings held that day free to the public. It will secure the very best talent that can be had as to speakers, test mediums and music. This will be the closing meeting of the Anniversary Week. The following talent is expected to be present and take part: Speakers, Mr. Geo. A. Fuller, Chairman, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Secretary, N. B. Parsh, J. J. Jesters; Miss Lucette Webster and Miss Susan M. Bailey, (Salem), elocutionists; Miss Maggie Gaule and Mrs. Mattie Ogden, test mediums; Miss Gertrude Laidlaw, soprano; Mr. Fred Watson, pianist.

DR. GEO. A. FULLER, Chairman, CARRIE L. HATCH, Secretary, N. B. PARSH, J. J. JESTERS, J. B. HATCH, JR., Committee of Arrangements.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT will be for sale at all of these meetings, and subscriptions will be taken. Reports of the above meetings will, as in the past, be furnished for its columns. J. BROWNE HATCH, JR.

Spiritual Fraternity Society, Boston.

The Forty-Eighth Anniversary will be observed by this organization at the First Spiritual Temple, corner Newbury and Exet r streets, as follows: Commencing Sunday, March 29, at 11 A. M., there will be a seance in bright light for materialization, and other manifestations of spirit presence—including independently written spirit-messages and spirit-portraits through the mediumship of Pierre L. O. A. Keeler.

At 2:45 P. M., and 7:30 P. M., lectures through the trance mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis upon topics appropriate for the occasion. Monday, March 30, at 3:30 P. M., Everett E. Truett will give an organ recital, assisted by Miss Gertrude Edmonds, contralto, which will be appreciated by many, as Mr. Truett is one of our best organists in this country, and Miss Edmonds as an artist in well and favorably known to require introduction to a Boston audience.

Tuesday, March 31, at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., there will be full-time materialization, and other physical and mental manifestations of spirit-power and presence through the mediumship of Mrs. C. B. Bliss and Pierre L. O. A. Keeler—with short addresses.

The afternoon session will commence at 2 o'clock, with Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Jennie Hagau-Jackson and Miss Blanche Brainerd (the wonderful young medium) as mouthpieces for our subjective workers, to give expression to their thoughts that are appropriate on all occasions.

Wednesday evening, April 1, at 7:30, there will be an entertainment, to conclude with the spirit-boat, bearing the spiritual gifts to both young and those more advanced in mortal years. Con.

Union Hall, Boston.

The Forty-Eighth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism will be observed by a Grand Concert by the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, in this hall, 48 Boylston street, Boston, Tuesday evening, March 31, 1896; on which occasion the following well-known talent will appear: Mr. Harry H. Hall, magician and fire-eater; Baby Lou, character artist; Louise Horner, vocalist and banjoist; Little Eddie, character vocalist; Mark Abrams, Juliette Caze, Helen Higgins, Justine McNaughton, Grace Seales, Baby Williams, Helen Gale, Mame Gale, Sadie Falconer, Grace Dormau, Fannie Barnes, May Dormau, Ethel Brison and Harold Crosby in songs, dances and recitations; also the well-known character artists, Mr. Frank Chapman and Miss Elsie Adams, and others.

This will be one of the best entertainments to be given in Boston on Anniversary Day. The concert begins at 8 P. M. sharp. Tickets 25 and 35 cents. All seats reserved.

Tickets can be obtained at the BANNER OF LIGHT office, 9 Bowdoin street.

Concert Hall, Carnegie Building, New York City.

The Anniversary will be celebrated at this place (Fifty-seventh street and Seventh Avenue) on Sunday, March 29, 1896, commencing at 2 P. M. Order of Exercises.—Singing by the audience, "Rejoice and be Glad"; introductory remarks, Mrs. Mary A. Newton; song, selected, Dr. F. D. Lawson; address, Prof. Daniel T. Ames; duet, "Excelsior," Mrs. Bartman and Mr. Freedman; address, Dr. W. W. Hicks; song, selected, Mrs. Lillian Watkins; violin solo, selected, Louis Welsmann, Jr.; platform tests, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson; song, selected, Mr. Berry; singing by the audience, "New Doxology"; benediction; accompanist, Prof. Rudolph Gott. The evening service will consist of tests by various mediums, and music, vocal and instrumental.

Haverhill, Mass.

On Tuesday evening, March 31, Miss Abby A. Judson will address the Spiritualists of Haverhill on the occasion of the Forty-Eighth Anniversary. The lead in the Anniversary will be taken by the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and occasion will be followed by a full program of musical and literary exercises, concluding with a social dance. E. P. H.

Milwaukee, Wis.

The Spiritual Unity Society of Milwaukee will celebrate the Forty-Eighth Anniversary by a special service in Ethical Auditorium, 558 Jefferson street, on Sunday evening, March 29. The speaker, Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, will be ably assisted by Mr. Hodges and some of our local mediums, and a fine program is being prepared. Friends of the Cause from out of town are earnestly invited to be present. A general and cordial invitation is extended to the public. J. S. BIGLER, Pres. C. F. RAY, D. D. S., Sec'y.

Providence, R. I.

The Providence Spiritualist Association will celebrate the forty-eighth anniversary at Columbia Hall, 243 Weybosset street, Sunday, March 29, 1896. Mrs. Helen L. Palmer of Portland, Me., will be the lecturer; she is a lady whose reputation as a speaker was admitted by the New York press—4, e., that she

made one of the most cultured addresses at the National Convention held in that city.

Order of Exercises.—Morning—10:30 to 12:30 there will be a service, in which all mediums are invited to take part. Afternoon—2:30, lecture by Mrs. Palmer; selections of vocal and instrumental music. Evening—The Anniversary address, Mrs. Palmer; selections of vocal and instrumental music. BENJ. F. PROUTY, Sec'y.

San Francisco and Oakland, Cal.

W. J. Colville will deliver a Anniversary oration on "Forty-eight Years of Modern Spiritualism—the Blessings Resulting Therefrom" on Tuesday, March 26, at 8 P. M., in Loring Hall, Seventh and Clay streets, Oakland; and at 8 P. M., in Anchor Hall, Market and Sixth streets, San Francisco. Fine music at both halls. Admission, 10 cents.

On Easter Sunday, April 5, W. J. Colville will speak for the First Society of Spiritualists of Los Angeles, Cal., in the great Spring-street Theatre. Subject at 2:30 P. M., "The True Nature of Our Spiritual Bodies and the Real Character of Our Resurrection"; at 7:30 P. M., "Forty-eight Years of Modern Spiritualism—What Have They Brought of Blessing to Humanity?" A fine musical program will accompany both lectures.

Chicago, Ill.

THE FIRST SPIRITUALIST CHURCH of Chicago, under the direction of its pastor, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, is making extensive preparations for the celebration of the Forty-Eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at its place of meeting, the Schiller Theatre, Sunday, March 29. A very interesting program will be announced, consisting of addresses by Mrs. Richmond and other eminent local talent, fine music and a general time of rejoicing. It is expected that the Sunday-school will take a prominent part in the exercises.

Brockton, Mass.

The People's Progressive Spiritual Association will observe the Forty-Eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Tuesday, March 24, at Educational League Hall, Field's Block. The list of speakers is a good one, and includes the following well-known mediums: Mrs. Maggie Butler, with her Lyceum children, Prof. C. T. Wood, Joseph Bell, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Mattie C. Mason and Mrs. B. Robertson. Afternoon and evening sessions will be held, and a supper served from 5 to 6:30. A. F. SWERTZER, Sec'y.

Cleveland, O.

The Forty-Eighth Anniversary of the Rochester Rappings will be appropriately observed by the Spiritualists of Cleveland and vicinity on Sunday, March 29, morning, afternoon and evening, in Memorial Hall, 170 Superior street. Hudson and Emma Tuttle, Sehor Oves, the Cuban psychist, Mrs. Donovan, medium for psychographic tests, and others will participate. A hearty welcome and a spiritual feast is promised to all. The festivities will close with the usual Anniversary Ball on Tuesday, March 31. THOMAS LEES, Ch. Com.

Fall River, Mass.

The Spiritualist Society will, on March 29, observe the Anniversary with music, spiritualistic proofs and oratory. The services will occur in G. A. R. Hall, Mrs. Butler of Lynn, Mrs. Davis of Somerville, Mrs. Jennell of New Bedford, Mrs. Bishop of Boston, Mrs. Peysor of Providence, Mrs. Brown of Whitman, and the Batchelor Family will participate.

Norwich, Conn.

The Forty-Eighth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism will be observed by the Norwich Spiritual Union, on Sunday, March 29, with special services. Children's Progressive Lyceum, 11:45 A. M. Regular lecture services, 1:30 and 7:30 P. M. Mrs. Jennie B. Hagau-Jackson, speaker. Good music will be furnished by the quartet. Mrs. J. A. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

Springfield, Mo.

The Forty-Eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated by the local society, in connection with a delegate and mass convention of the Missouri State Association, Sunday, March 29, at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Mr. T. Allen, and other eminent speakers and mediums, will be in attendance. The occasion will be one of great interest and importance to the Cause in Missouri.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Anniversary celebrations will be held March 28, Advance Conference, Single Fair Hall, 8 P. M.; 29, "Spread the Light Society," same hall, 3 P. M.; Woman's Progressive Lyceum, Smith's Academy, 8 P. M. March 30, Congress for Higher Law, 484 Lafayette Avenue, 8 P. M.

Lawrence, Mass.

The Forty-Eighth Anniversary will be observed on Sunday, March 29, when Mr. A. E. Tidale of New London, Conn., will be the speaker. Mr. J. Hatch of California will also be with us, and will give tests after the lecture. DR. C. A. STEVENS.

Portland, Me.

The Anniversary will be observed here by the First Spiritualist Society, April 5, Mrs. Burbeck of Plymouth, Mass., being the speaker—assisted by Mrs. H. C. Barry of Portland—the services being under direction of Mr. H. C. Barry, THE BANNER's correspondent in Portland for many years.

Worcester, Mass.

Fred L. Hildreth writes: "We are making liberal preparations for celebrating March 31." Celebrations are to be conducted also in NEW BEDFORD, NEWBURYPORT, CAMBRIDGE and LYNN, MASS.; DENVER, CO

Paine's Celery Compound.

The Best Remedy in the World---

It Makes People Well.



There is one true specific for diseases arising from impure blood and a debilitated nervous system, and that is Paine's celery compound, so generally prescribed by physicians. It is probably the most remarkable remedy that the scientific research of this country has produced. Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL.D., of Dartmouth College, first prescribed what is now known the world over as Paine's celery compound, a positive cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, liver complaint, neuralgia, rheumatism, all nervous diseases and kidney troubles. For the latter Paine's celery compound has succeeded again and again where everything else has failed.

Straws in the Wind; or, Spiritual Gleanings.

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

(Special to the Banner of Light.)

THE Mass Convention brought Spiritualism very much to the front, and there are many inquirers who are beginning to look more deeply into the subject. It is a matter of regret that there are not more well-developed mediums who can be consulted, or whose gifts are of such a nature as to furnish evidences of the higher life that are incontrovertible. However, it is a matter of deep gratification that we have as many as we have, for the chaotic condition of the Cause, and the great lack of cooperation among those who represent the movement, do not present a very attractive field of labor to those who are compelled to use their gifts for the indiscriminate public. I am often amused to read some of the numerous letters that appear from time to time in the daily press. A writer recently demanded "tests" always and forever, and yet, without doubt, that same person would swallow the whole of Orthodox theology without question or a particle of proof; but he has not yet thought of it in that way. Possibly he may argue that the less proof or evidence he may demand the more he will be able to believe. The great trouble with investigators is that they expect to settle the question after a half-hour's sitting, forgetting that important questions are not so easily answered.

Mr. Emerson, at Carnegie Hall, is doing so well that it is almost a pity he is so seldom heard in New York, and he verifies the old saying, "You can't believe nothing until you have seen something."

Mrs. Nellie L. Palmer, whose speech at Madison Square Garden will long be remembered, and which was one of the important events of that great gathering, has purchased a residence in Brooklyn. She is by all odds one of the best woman speakers on the platform, and sways her audiences by a force of logic rarely excelled. She should be kept busily employed in large cities, for her abilities are far-reaching, and she has only to be heard to be appreciated.

A week-day series of meetings is to be held each Tuesday evening at Carnegie Hall, beginning March 24, and continued, I believe, for some time. This will surely meet a want long since felt, as there are no meetings, save the public sittings, held during the week. For some years the Psychical Society held successful meetings under the generalship of Mr. Snipes, but after several years these have been dropped, but not, I think, from lack of support.

I have been engaged to open the course with a lecture on "Present Day Spiritualism," which will be reported by THE BANNER, and others whose names are not yet before me are also to be engaged. The whole matter is in the hands of Mr. Seymour Van Brocklin, with possibly some strong hands behind him, and can be made an undoubted success. There are enough believers in Spiritualism in New York, if the right "wave of thought" can be struck, to fill a large hall successfully. It may be that Mr. Van Brocklin and his friends will be able to gauge the question properly, and help to swell the results. Sure it is that there is plenty of room for every one in the movement.

Marie Corelli is out with a new book, "The Mighty Atom." This prolific writer is deluging the public with her contributions, and they appear to me to lack the consecutiveness and careful arrangement that marked her earlier works. With what skill the story of "Ardath" was told, and how the interest was sustained to the end. "The Romance of Two Worlds" also touched a sympathetic chord in many hearts, accentuated by the "Quick and the Dead," from the pen of Amelie Rives; but "The Sorrows of Satan" fails to make its purpose quite clear, and embodies so much that is purely impossible that it takes the reader so far into the realms of the imagination that he loses sight of the great lessons behind it. "The Mighty Atom" I have yet to read; possibly that may contain enough meat to more than make up for all the froth found in "The Soul of Lillith" and "The Sorrows of Satan."

Mrs. Florence K. White has returned to town, and taken up permanent quarters at 214 West 43d street, where already she is busy. Mrs. White is a good medium, and, above all, is ever ready to do what she can for the movement, and is most friendly to other mediums, setting an example in that respect, at least, which well, it would be well for us all to follow.

Dr. L. Friedman, 326 West 59th street, is having very fine success as a healer. He has worked in New York for a long time, and has won an enviable reputation.

A remarkable discovery was made during the blasting for the Air Line Railroad double-tracking in East Hampton. As a local correspondent describes it, a deposit of sand was found imbedded in the solid rock. It consists of a circular pocket about twelve feet in diameter, filled with the finest sand and layers of pebbles, worn perfectly smooth and round, incrustated with an iron deposit. The walls of rock which inclose the pocket are as smooth as though polished.—*Hartford (Ct.) Times.*

I do believe the common man's task is the hardest. The hero has the hero's aspiration that lifts him to his labor. All great deeds are easier than the little ones, though they cost far more blood and agony.—*Phillips Brooks.*

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Lynn.—T. H. B. James writes: The Spiritualists held two very interesting services Sunday. At 2:30 p. m. there was a developing, healing and test circle, with a good audience. Mrs. M. K. Hamill presided at the piano. Dr. S. M. Furbush, Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland, Mr. C. B. Hare, Mrs. D. M. Matson, Edward F. Murray, Mr. A. E. Warren, W. H. Rounseville, David Sheppard, Mr. W. E. Wiley, of Wakefield, and other mediums, gave interesting remarks, spirit communications, diagnoses and magnetic treatments.

At 7:30 p. m. the hall was packed to its uttermost capacity, and hundreds could not get in. The services were opened by Misses Lena and Elsie Burns with appropriate selections. Then Mrs. May S. Pepper, of Providence, R. I., gave a sublime invocation. She next read one of Phoebe Cary's poems, "A Woman's Conclusion," after which she gave an able address on "The Knowledge that Spiritualism Has Given to Humanity," followed by one of her remarkable sittings for an hour, giving a large number of spirit names, messages and tests, which, in every case, received full recognition. Mrs. Thayer, of Manchester, N. H., also made a few interesting remarks.

Next Sunday, at 2:30 and 7:30, Anniversary exercises by many mediums. Mrs. May S. Pepper will be with us again April 5. At the Spiritual Meeting at 130 Market street, Tuesday evening, March 17, there was a large audience. Mrs. Dr. Dowland presided, and gave well-chosen remarks on "Mediumship."

Dr. C. W. Goodrich, of Brockton, officiated at the organ. He made able remarks on "The Duty of Spiritualists and Mediums," followed by a large number of readings, messages and tests; and, through the mediumship of Mrs. D. M. Tetrault, an independent medium, the piano was played by unseen hands or power, in full light, satisfactorily to all, many being skeptics.

Friday, at 3:30, a goodly number attended Mrs. Dr. Dowland's lecture.

Friday evening, Mrs. Dowland, under control, gave an interesting discourse on "The Power of the Spirit Through Nature." Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler gave a large number of spirit messages and tests.

Cadet Hall.—Lynn Spiritualists' Association.—Mrs. A. A. Averill, Sec'y, writes: This society will celebrate the Forty-eighth Anniversary on Sunday, March 29.

There will be addresses by President Kelly, Mrs. M. C. Chase, of Swampscott, Mrs. Abbie Burbanck, of Malden, and others, exercises in mediumship by Mrs. Effie I. Webster and various other local mediums, as well as those expected from other places.

The Lyceum scholars will assist with music and recitation, singing by Mr. and Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Johnson, with Mrs. Cross, of Saugus, as organist. The services will begin at 2 o'clock. Supper will be served at 5, after which there will be a test circle until time for evening service.

Sunday, March 22, Mrs. E. A. Tisdale delivered two masterly discourses to deeply interested audiences, followed by tests and messages by Mrs. Effie I. Webster.

Brockton.—Mrs. May R. Boud writes: At the afternoon meeting of the Advanced Independent Spiritualists on Sunday, March 22, instead of the usual healing and developing circle we held a physical and test sittings.

Mrs. D. O. Tetrault of Lynn was with us, and her manifestations were truly remarkable. Mrs. Tetrault sat in plain sight of all, with her hands upon the table, and even lifted the spread while the piano was being played, without any cessation of the music. She was followed by Mr. F. Carroll Pool, who gave seven or eight clearly recognized tests, in every case calling the name of the spirits present, and spoke of some incidents in their earthly life which was very convincing to their friends. Had Mr. Pool been an old and experienced medium the work he did both afternoon and evening would have been called remarkably good, but when it was known that he was less than nineteen years of age, and that he has only been developing his mediumship for about three months, and that for two months of that time he was an unbeliever in the truth of "spiritism," then his work becomes truly wonderful.

In the evening both Mrs. Tetrault and Mr. Pool appeared, and were followed by readings from Dr. C. W. Goodrich, a physical manifestations with the auto-harp by Mr. F. E. Thomas.

Worcester.—Mrs. Cella C. Prentiss, Cor. Sec'y, writes: Sunday, March 15, Miss Abbie A. Judson spoke for our Association. Enclosed is a report of her afternoon lecture clipped from the Worcester Daily Telegram of March 16 [will appear next week].

March 22 our esteemed President, Dr. George A. Fuller, gave us two grand lectures, which rank among the best of the season. The text chosen for the afternoon was "For unto every man is given the power of the spirit." Evening subject, "What is True Religion?"

Thursday, March 26, the Woman's Auxiliary meets with Mrs. S. J. Prince, 71 Fort and street.

Next Sunday afternoon services appropriate to the celebration of the Forty-eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be held. Friends and local mediums are expected to participate. In the evening Dr. Fuller will give an address.

Lawrence.—Dr. C. A. Stevens writes: The meetings at Pemberton Hall were well attended on Sunday, March 15. After a short lecture by Dr. A. Hatch, Mrs. J. Hatch gave clear and correct readings.

On Monday evening, March 16, Mrs. Hatch held a materializing sittings here—some of the forms appearing during the evening being recognized by people present. She will hold several materializing sittings in this city.

Mr. Frank C. Alington of Boston occupied the rostrum on Sunday, March 22, and gave many tests which were appreciated by the large attendance present.

Salem.—N. B. P. writes: Mr. J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea, Mass., was speaker and medium for the First Spiritual Society. Subject in the afternoon, "Has Spiritualism Anything to do with the Affairs of Men and of Nations?" lecture able and eloquent. In the evening subject, "The Spiritualism of Spiritualism," which was very pleasant and acceptable to the audience. He gave a great many spirit delineations; all recognized. Full names were given at each sittings. He also sang beautifully some of his favorite spiritual songs, receiving much applause. The meetings were very fine indeed from commencement to conclusion.

New Bedford.—Sec'y writes: Sunday, March 22, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes gave two grand discourses to the Spiritualists of this city.

Next Sunday the Anniversary is to be celebrated by services at 10 A. M., 2 and 7 P. M. Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. May S. Pepper and Miss Lizzie Harlow are to take part. New music for sale at these meetings, as well as all others held under the auspices of this Society.

Reading.—E. S. Wells, Chairman, writes: At Grand Army Hall, Sunday evening, March 22, Mrs. Charles H. Harding spoke under control; subject, "The Power of Thought." Many convincing tests of spirit-return were then given; good audience and music.

Next meeting Sunday evening, April 5.

Cambridge.—Mrs. A. R. Gilliland, Pres., writes: The Progressive Thought Society met Sunday, March 22, (three sessions) at 551 Massachusetts avenue, Temple of Honor Hall; excellent attendance; varied

mediumistic talent; Mr. Barker of Boston was present, and the writer presided. We hope the Cambridge people who are interested in spiritual work will assist us in maintaining these meetings.

Mrs. J. F. Frazier writes: Indian Peace Council at this place Thursday, at 2:30 p. m.

Malden.—S. E. W. writes: March 22, Dr. W. A. Hale of Boston was with us; he gave an interesting Bible lecture. We hope to have him with us again this season.

March 26, Mrs. M. M. Boule will speak here; and on the first Sunday of April Mrs. Carrie E. B. Twink will commence a month's engagement with us.

Woburn.—Bonney writes: Monday evening, March 16, E. H. Tuttle occupied the platform, giving very satisfactory remarks, poems, tests and readings.

Mrs. M. W. Leslie will be with us March 30. Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding April 6. Mrs. Maggie Butler April 12.

We welcome the weekly visit of THE BANNER, which is for sale at each meeting.

Haverhill.—E. P. H. writes that Miss Abby A. Judson lectured Sunday, March 22, before the Spiritual Union at 2 and 7 o'clock p. m.—giving two entertaining addresses. Her themes referred to the difference in theological views between the Orthodox and Spiritualists. She will be the speaker at Brittan Hall next Sunday.

HILL NYE.
The saddest silence falls when laughter lays
Finger on lip, and latently breaks
The glad voice into dying minor shakes
And quavers, torn as ails the wild harp plays
At wail of dreariest woe's blackest days
A troubled heart, in which all hope forsakes
Us, and the yearning, unstrained vision aches
With tears that drown e'en heaven from our gaze.
Such silence—after such glad merriment!
O prince of hailest humor, wit and cheer!
Could you speak yet again, I doubt not we
Should catch your voice, still blithely eloquent
Above all murmurings of sorrow here,
Calling your love back to us laughingly.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

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We trust that Spiritualists all over the country will cooperate heartily with us in the step taken by THE BANNER in recognition of the demand of the times, which everywhere calls upon magazines, newspapers and current literature for some reduction of former prices.

Will the regular subscribers for THE BANNER make an effort to increase its circulation? It would be an excellent and practical plan if every one now on our subscription books would make it his or her business to obtain one new subscriber to this paper for 1896.

It is our desire to maintain the heretofore high standard of THE BANNER, and to add to the value of its contents and the practicality of its work, wherever opportunity shall be given us; and we hope the Spiritualists of the mundane world will work with us, to strengthen our hands for the service of that world of spirits, whose Cause this paper has so long defended.

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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.

JOHN W. DAY, Chairman.

SPiRiT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Sance held Feb. 14, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Great Spirit of Light, we once more call upon thy divine power to give us the strength that we need for the present time. Mayst thou draw near unto us as we draw near unto thee—because we seek to enter into close communion with thee.

As we have met once more by the open gates that bring forth so much comfort, so much consolation, oh! let us this morning touch the souls of all who need, and open still wider the portal, that the sun of light may shine brightly—all hearts may be moved with thy divine power, so we may understand its blessing. We ask thee to give us the thought and the flow of language that will be understood, because in the first moments are weak, but in the spirit there is strength. Help those that will come and give voice to their sentiments, that their utterances may be carried home to the hearts that understand and them and will recognize them. We sense many times as we stand alone between the two worlds that the instrument we have recognized how necessary it is to feel that there is still a stronger power than our own.

Oh! thou Divine Spirit, Source of all Good, may we recognize and know thou art with us now and forevermore. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Elizabeth Wise.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. I have been standing many times by this gateway of heaven, and I have been a silent listener to the many that send their voices from on high to those in earth-life.

I have often felt and wondered how I would be received if I tried to send one word to those I still love in earth-life. The ideas of religion and faith often lead mortals a far ways off, and sometimes through these ideas, while on the earth-plane, we are prevented from doing what we should like.

God is good, God is love, "God is a spirit"; I felt it, I believed it, yet I could not fully comprehend that after we had left the mortal body and passed to our reward, we held the same individuality and the same consciousness that we do while in earth-life. When on earth, Mr. President, I believed in the doctrines of the Second Advent Church, so you will see that I could not accept the fact of spirit-return. It is this that I want to speak of, because I am afraid that those I love yet in earth-life, who really need my care, my love and my protection, feel that I am still asleep—waiting for the resurrection morn. I wish to send a few words to awaken their souls to the reality that it was not mother who was laid away—I want to say it is mother who is now speaking. Oh! how beautiful it was to awake in the immortal, to awake to consciousness of the beauty of life, and this seems to me more real than the world I left. I want Emma, my child, to know that mother is not asleep, that I have still an anxiousness about her, and that I am still with her; although the body has been returned to the earth, I want her to know that the love that swells in the souls of humanity does not die!

I shall be remembered especially in Manchester, N. H., but I have got friends all around. I will also be remembered in Gilmanton, N. H. I have a darling sister in Plymouth, N. H., and I want Abbie and Mary to know also that I have not forgotten them; I would also like to be remembered to Jacob and Joseph, my brothers. Will say I have many with me on the spirit side of life, especially father and mother. I shall be remembered as Elizabeth Wise; my husband's name is George, my daughter was Emma; I have so much I would like to say, but if they will kindly receive my letter in the spirit I have sent it with, I shall be glad to give them more.

I suffered a good deal before I passed away; the physician said it was diabetes, but to my idea there were complicated conditions. My child was the one that waited the most upon me. I want to say to her husband, also the others, that I am interested still in their welfare, and want them to know that we will all meet again in the morning. Thanking you, my friends, I hope this little candle and spark of life will bring some consciousness to those that know it not—the consciousness of the spirit-return!

Benj. K. Parker.

I, too, would like to express a few thoughts, and try to identify myself as one that has passed through the change called death, which came very suddenly to me. I was not fully conscious of what the life hereafter would obtain for us. As the last speaker (who preceded me) made the remark that she would be well-known in Manchester, N. H., it seemed to sound naturally, for that was also where I left the body; I had little time to prepare for the change, as it came very suddenly indeed. I shall be known not only in Manchester but in various places in Massachusetts, especially in Malden. I don't feel that my friends on earth

are all unconscious of the spirit return, and yet I don't feel that they are aware of it, and with that feeling in view I have been drawn here so that I might try and come closer to them and make them conscious that I have not absolutely left them. I was while in the earth-life a long time connected with the box manufacturing, but my last days were spent in the hotel business in West Manchester, N. H. I have a sister in Malden, and I would like Sarah to know that I am still with her, and have an interest in her. I also would like to say that I have met all on the spirit-side, and a happy reunion it was, because in spirit we see each other as we are, we comprehend each other as we are, and are not so much misunderstood as we oftentimes are apt to be in earth-life. I also have many acquaintances and friends that I would like to come closer in rapport with, because I have felt that I have a work to do for them; bound yet in earth-life, they may not be conscious of what lies before them. You may say that this letter comes from Benj. K. Parker.

John P. Coombs.

Well, there are many strange experiences in a man's life; and this one is the strangest to me of all; I don't know whether I will be able to just identify myself as much as I would like to, because it is much easier for a man to talk for himself if he is using his own body, than it is for one to use another's vocal organs. It is seldom, however, that we know how much we can do until we try, and I have been drawn to this open door between the two worlds by a great desire to let my earth-friends know of my presence and love. Although I am not destitute of friends on the spirit plane (I have got friends in both places), I feel that those in earth-life need encouragement the most, because there are so many of the uncertainties of life that cannot be understood; they cannot see the cause to effect things so well as those in spirit-life. I must say, Mr. President, I was not of your faith; in fact, I don't know as I really ridiculed it, but it didn't seem to be in my line of life, and I presume it is so with many; it is not brought to our consciousness, so we pass it along and heed it not.

As I have said, it is hard to express our added thought—for if I made use of the sentiments I used to express while on the earth-plane, they would not convey what I want to this morning. I want to reach my friends in Salem, in Boston and in Newburyport. I was many years connected with the Boston & Maine Railroad, and have many friends all around about; I would say that I have still an interest in the welfare of that corporation.

I see where those that are closely connected with me in earth-life need a little encouragement, and it is for that purpose I approach you here this morning, hoping to make them feel I hold continued interest in them. I also thank God for the many blessings he bestows upon his children; I feel that my experiences in earth-life have not been against me in the spirit, although I did not directly get all that I perhaps mentally thought I would—but I am satisfied. I have met many of the dear old friends, especially those near to me by the ties of nature, and they all join in sending their loving greetings to those in earth-life. I may say, put me down as John P. Coombs of Salem, Mass.; also will be recognized in Newburyport, where I had an interest in the city affairs.

Mary C. Colby.

What a beautiful morning this is, and how happy I am—oh! so happy to think that I have once got an opportunity to meet with those in this circle. While I was in earth-life, oh! the strength it gave me—the sweet messages of love from the angel friends! It thrills me still, this morning, to have also the privilege of sending a few greetings to those in earth-life. I love to come and talk with them, but it is hard sometimes to say all you want to. I want you to say to my darling children—for I have got one boy and a girl still in earth-life—that now mother can walk, now I can truly feel that I can wait upon myself, as, Mr. President, for many years I suffered with that dreadful disease called rheumatism. I was unable to use my lower limbs to any advantage; but oh! the spirits were so good to me—they gave me so much comfort, they gave me so much strength, that I felt that if I ever got to the spirit-world and I could find where to come, I should be a constant caller there; but, my friends, it is with the spirit as it oftentimes is with the mortal—we think when we go to such and such conditions there is so much we would do, but we have to be contented to do what we can. I see my dear girl so many times take up your precious paper—because the BANNER OF LIGHT was my paper—it was my strength and my stay—and she has often times looked over your message department and wondered why I did not make myself known to her. I found so many waiting and watching here for the opportunity to enter the homes of their dear ones, who did not have even the privilege that I had, did not get really the knowledge that I had, that I have held back for their benefit. This morning the very voice of the spirit in my soul seemed to say I must send a few words. I have been deeply interested in the welfare of those yet in earth-life. I have most of my friends, as far as relationship goes, on the spirit side, but I have many yet in earth-life that I have an interest in. I want Mary to know mother has not gone. I have realized your mental conditions lately, also your physical conditions. I want you to have courage. I want you to know that the spirit friends are around you, and that they will take care of all things and they will bring you out all right. I also want Edwin to know that I see the great cares that rest on his shoulders, because he is also working for humanity. He is a physician, and that calls him to many sad scenes. I want him to rest on his own impressions, and be guided more by the spirit influence—that is, the influence to lead him right. It makes no difference what adversities he meets, or what comes up that touches him, there is always good comes out of all things. Mr. President, my home was in Gardner, Mass., and my name is Mary C. Colby. My husband is with me, and his name is Amos. I shall be recognized especially in Lowell; and I want the Spiritualist Society of Lowell also to know that I have still an interest in the work, and that I have left them in the body but not in the spirit.

I know, my friends, that this letter will be received with thankful hearts, and also I hope to give strength to others. May this good work go on! Long may the BANNER OF LIGHT float as the flag of liberty! And oh! may others come and cooperate with us, to recognize the great power of good it can be to all, independent of sex. I know that there are no spirits turned away who are capable of controlling the instrument.

Chase I. Panish.

Mr. President, although I am some distance from home, I feel that distance is nothing to the spirit. I also feel that my letter will reach those I desire to have it reach. Although a young person, just reaching manhood, as it may be expressed—I caused a great calamity in the home that loved me so dearly, by being a little careless—perhaps that word will cover it, and demonstrate the quick change that separated the body from the spirit. I was handling fire-arms, and suddenly the piece went off and in a second sent me to spirit-life. It was a terrible blow to those that loved me, and I have wandered around them, and tried to make them feel it was all right. There was a wiser purpose in it, perhaps, than any one can understand, for I have felt so since I have come to spirit; but I know it is hard to reconcile the soul to those things even if they do know of spirit-return. I too had some little conception of spirit-return, as I was brought up, in one sense, in it. I am anxious to send this letter, because I want to demonstrate the fact that I can control in more places than where I have manifested before through others. I have not succeeded in bringing to my friends that real true feeling "it is all right," concerning my physical departure, yet for those in earth-life I have much interest, and in the welfare of father and mother.

My home was in Florida, so you see I am some distance from home; but Florida does not seem so far away now as it was, or used to be thought years ago. The place where I lived was Palmetto, Fla. My name is Chase I. Panish, and I want my friends to know I have an interest still in the work, because in spirit we see what a great work is needed for the children, and for the coming race. I want to say that I am interested in both old and young, in progress, and want to bring them to a consciousness that the earth-life is largely influenced by their own conduct. I will merely say that they will understand.

Capt. Eldridge Mann.

Put me down as Capt. Eldridge Mann, Milford, Mass. I, too, have got a mission to perform. There is one beautiful thing I like here: they didn't stop to ask me what I believed before I came over here. I think man has a right to believe as he pleases, as long as he pays his honest bills and does what he considers just and right by all. I was connected for many years in shoe manufacturing. I see that many changes have passed by since I was called to the spirit-life. I see just at the present time where perhaps I am more needed by those who have been closely connected with me through the ties of nature—where they seem to need my advice—but still I have not come to dictate to them; I merely want to say that I wish them to know that I am satisfied, for I oftentimes sense, as I hover around them, that they wonder how I would like this or that, and what I would say about it, etc. I never was one that expressed myself a great deal, yet I believed in action, I believed in doing. I wanted to demonstrate what I said, and with that same idea in view I approach you here this morning; I would like to say I cannot give through this public channel what I am interested in, but I think when this letter reaches the ones that it is intended for they will know just what I mean. A few words sometimes carry more weight than a long sermon, so I merely say that I am well, am doing well, and am perfectly satisfied with the changes that have come to me in spirit—also satisfied with what has been done in earth-life, although I had understood things and seen through the material as I can this morning through the spiritual, I perhaps might have made other changes; but as it is, what is done cannot be undone, and I am satisfied. What I am most anxious about now is to make others satisfied, to make others comprehend me, and understand things as they are, also to make them feel I have not forsaken them, neither have I left them. I feel or hope that these few words will bring some comfort and strength to those I have a special interest in.

Warren J. Derby.

Mr. President, the time is almost exhausted, yet I have been struggling so long to meet those in earth-life that I would like to talk with; I will not hold you a great while if you will give me an opportunity to say that Warren J. Derby is here this morning, and wants to have his companion feel that he is well, and that he has still her welfare at heart. I will be well-known in this city, also in Salem. I have those connected in a relationship way who are interested in and are investigating Spiritualism, and I would like to say, although I did not know a great deal about it in earth-life, I felt that there was something in it. I have found that something, and I want them to know I am feeling better. I went out of the body through the disease called typhoid pneumonia; I was interested in banking affairs. I make these statements so as to carry conviction to the soul of the one I am so anxious to reach. I am interested in those that need strength and encouragement, and I want them to feel that I know what is going on around them. I do flatter myself that my friends will feel better, and it is with that end in view that I came here this morning. If this is received I will try and give them more sometime in the future.

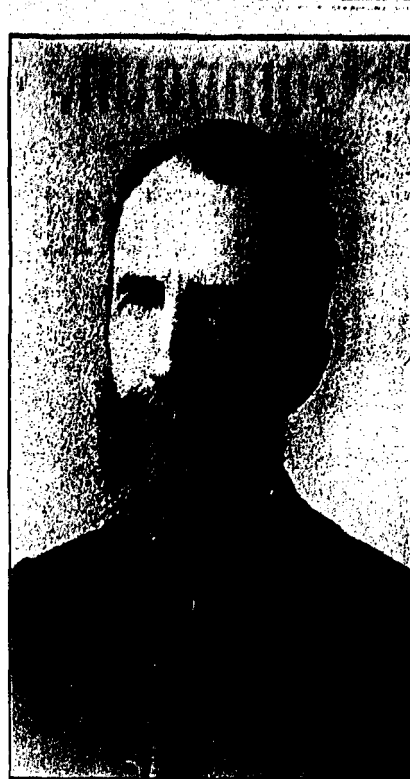
Messages to be Published.

Feb. 21.—Capt. Samuel Broadbent; Freeman J. Gurney; Ellen Frances Pettis; Charles A. Wing; Joseph Barkman; Asa Litchfield.
Feb. 22.—Mary Ann Green; Ellie Kimball; Solomon Emery; Harriet Williamson; Capt. James M. Hill; Dr. John Clough.
Feb. 23.—Edward C. Spooner; Mary E. Walker; Stillman Morgan; Mary Ann Richardson; Sidney Howe; Frances Miller.
March 12.—Washington Nelson; Isabel W. Bell; Capt. Thomas Potter; Mary Ann Fitzgerald; Lafayette Bishop; Sarah Wilson; "Wildflower" and "Bluebell" to their medium.
March 20.—O. H. Doyle; J. D. Ford; Mrs. William How; Thomas A. Hest; Margaret Smith; Charles Woolf; Edward Sharp.

FLOWERS AND PLANTS FOR THE POOR.—The Moderation Society of New York, which has already done so much good in providing free tea-water for the poor, is striking out in a new line of usefulness. Recently at the music stand at the Five Points about one thousand gladioli and boxes of Henderson's exhibition flowers were given to little children and sickly women. The tenement-houses in the immediate neighborhood of the stand (says a New York daily) fairly glowed with the masses of bright color that adorned the windows.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge a simple and reliable recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 250 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.



1848. AN ANNIVERSARY POEM. 1896

BY DR. DEAN CLARKE.

Come, all who love the glorious truth
That on this day was born,
Come, hoary age and joyous youth,
And celebrate this morn.

Let all the nations of the earth
In gladness greet this day,
Which gave a Dispensation birth,
Whose light has come to stay.

Let millions sound their anthems forth,
And grateful tribute bring,
From East and West, from South and North,
And make the welkin ring.

Of all the grand events of time
On sacred pages shown,
'T will sometime rank the most sublime
To mortal man made known.

Those tiny raps at Hydesville heard,
Though "still and small their voice,"
Have all the world to thinking stirred,
And millions made rejoice.

They heralds word from Heaven sent,
Whose "Kingdom is at hand,"
Announcing that the veil is rent
Which hid the "Better Land."

A Savior's birth they came to tell,
Whose mission cannot fail,
For he shall conquer Death and Hell,
And o'er all wrong prevail.

He comes to teach the "other things"
Which Jesus could not give;
To bring you Truth's new offerings
That show you how to live.

He comes to give you "hidings glad"
From "loved ones gone before,"
To banish every feeling sad,
And heal your heart so sore.

"Be comforted," he says to all,
"Your loved ones now are here;
O, put away your crape and pall,
And check the falling tear;

"Weep not for friends who've passed away,
They are alive and well;
O, heed not what the preachers say,
They're not 'in endless Hell'!"

"But each has found his proper sphere
To start Progression's race,
And oft they come to loved ones here
Their sorrows to efface.

"They Heaven find in doing good,
And not in singing songs;
Far better are they 'serving God'
Undoing earthly wrongs.

"Rejoice, ye weary ones of earth,
Who toil in want and grief;
Your spirit friends are coming forth
To live you all relief."

The Messengers of Heaven draw near
Their mighty power to lend,
And signs of promise now appear
That present wrongs will end.

The greivous faith and narrow creed
Approach their final doom,
And new-born truths are making speed
To fill their vacant room.

The dogmas old which filled each heart
With gloom as black as night,
Like owls and bats will soon depart
Before the coming light.

The Star of Truth now beams on high
To light Progression's way,
And Spirit Spheres that fill the sky
Add brilliance to its ray.

Old Error's night are long "must go,"
It rapid wanes apace;
Truth's long veiled light begins to glow,
And phantoms dark 't will chase.

The angels bright will spread the light
With all the speed they can,
And for the right they'll help us fight,
And lead the battle van.

PROGRESSION is our battle-cry
By guiding angels given,
And it shall be our watchword high
By which to enter Heaven.

Then let us honor that event
Which has so mightily grown,
Which brought us light from Heaven sent,
The greatest ever known;

Yea, let us use both pen and tongue
In honor of this day,
And sing such songs as erst were sung,
A tribute just to pay.

As angels sang when Christ was born
Among the sons of men,
So let us greet this joyous morn—
When truth is born again.

As Morning Stars in primal time
Sang at Creation's birth,
So let us now, in tuneful rhyme,
Sound our glad praises forth!

An Ounce of Prevention

Is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

WHOA, THERE!—Talking of photographs. An old farmer the other day had just driven into town with his mules to sell a load of pumpkins, and stopped in front of the photographic store. "What air them fellows doin' in there with apouts in their ears?" he asked. "Those are talking machines," answered a man in the doorway. The farmer was a little incredulous, but he finally left his mules and went into the store. The tubes were placed in his ears, he dropped the nickel in the slot and a brass band began to play. "Whoa, there!" he shouted the rustic, darting out the store. "them mules o' mine won't stand no brass band!"—N. Y. Titler.

A CURIOUS DRIVE.—There was a theft of some money from one of the teachers in a Haverhill school recently. The loss was quickly discovered, and the class in the room was called upon for an explanation. All protested innocence when questioned. The teacher then placed a waste-basket on the platform, and, turning her back, required the school to pass by it, each one stooping and placing one hand in the basket. The one who had the money was asked to replace it. The procession moved, and when it had passed the money was found lying in the bottom of the basket.—Ex.

Banner Correspondence.

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

Massachusetts.

FALL RIVER.—"W." writes: "We have enjoyed large meetings and hope additional strength numerically and spiritually."

Feb. 16, Mrs. Pennell of New Bedford held forth in her usual satisfactory manner, adding to her reputation as a tract medium that of an interesting speaker. Feb. 22, Mrs. E. D. Butler of Lynn, who has developed a very large clientele here by the wonderful power she possesses and her straightforward, ladylike manner, has been reengaged for March 22 and April 19.

The entertainer, par excellence, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham of Malden, came in a furious rain storm, March 1, with a most excellent address in the afternoon on "Power of Human Thought."

In the evening, which had been assigned as a remonstrance meeting against the proposed "Morse Amendment," Mrs. Burnham, with "God in the Constitution" as a topic, fairly surpassed all previous efforts as a speaker, her utterances bristling with argument which provoked applause unintermittent. Supplemented by John Slum, Esq., in a paper on "Church vs. State," a meeting far surpassing any prior was enjoyed, not a little of the same being produced by the beautiful songs, solos, etc., from the Batchelor family and Miss Critchley.

Mrs. Duffy of Providence succeeded, on March 3, to large houses and with satisfaction to her many friends, who gathered to welcome her on the first appearance this season.

Third entertainment, March 24, and a grand "round up" at the anniversary March 29 when we present Mrs. E. D. Butler of Lynn, Mrs. A. L. Pennell of New Bedford, Mrs. Julia E. Davis of Somerville, Mrs. Margie Brown of Whitman, Mrs. Bishop of Boston, and last, but by no means least, Mrs. William Peyser of Providence, who will deliver two addresses on "Retrospect and Futurity."

Bro. Nicholas Lyons continues to improve, and announces his intention of being present at the anniversary, when he will be welcomed by an original composition by the Conductor of our orchestra, Miss Lizzie Batchelor, entitled "Reveries, or Forty-five Years a Spiritualist."

NEWBURYPORT.—"J. C. P." writes: "Sunday, March 15, the First Spiritualist Society of this good old city had a rare treat of spiritual food through the mediumship of Miss Lizzie Ewer, of Portsmouth, N. H."

In the afternoon she gave a fine lecture on Spiritualism as we ever had, also a few tests, which were nearly all recognized.

The evening service was given up to tests, which were as good as ever given to a promiscuous audience. I would recommend her to any society in want of a good medium.

I have been a reader of THE BANNER for many years, and have often wished I could afford to distribute it around among my fellowmen, for I know it has done me good, although my dear father, who passed to spirit-life some twenty years ago, used to call it the Banner of Darkness; he was blinded with credulity, and could only see good in the Methodist way of worship.

And in traveling around over the country that people are becoming more and more interested in Spiritualism; having talked with a great many that are surprised to find that true Spiritualism elevates and builds up, rather than to tear down. It has been my life study for years, and I find I can learn every hour something new in relation to it.

The First Spiritualist Society of this city is gaining slowly. Sunday, the 29th, we have Mrs. Webster, April 12, Mrs. May S. Pepper, for speaker and test mediums. One word for Mrs. Berry of Portland, who has just taken the platform to do work for the Cause. Her invocation was one of the best ever offered in our hall, her tests were well understood by all true Spiritualists, and I would say that I think she will develop into a fine medium."

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—George V. Cordingly writes: "I have been away from my church for the past week, having been called to the thriving little city of Evansville, Ind., where I found many sincere Spiritualists and investigators. I was the guest of Rev. Mr. Kratz, who is the pastor of the Progressive Spiritual Society of that city, and is doing a grand and noble work for the Cause. I found her a charming hostess, as well as one of our best speakers and psychometrists, who is always ready to welcome an honest medium and stranger on her platform."

I occupied her platform the Sunday of March 1, afternoon and evening. The crowd being too large for her regular place of meeting, we were obliged to take the Evans Opera House. I found the people so much enthused for the truth that the officers of the Evansville Spiritualist Society offered me the use of their beautiful temple for the following Tuesday and Friday nights, where I lectured and gave tests to large and appreciative audiences. Right here it would not be amiss for me to say a word in behalf of the hospitalities shown to me by the officers and members of this society, they donating to me the free use of their beautiful temple, and giving me the hand of true fellowship in every way.

There is room for a good lecturer and test medium in that city to do a grand work for our Cause and reap a good harvest. For full particulars address Rev. Mrs. M. Kratz, pastor of the Progressive Spiritual Society, Evansville, Ind., or Mr. J. M. Geupel, President Evansville Spiritual Society.

Wednesday and Thursday evenings I was called by Mr. Peckinpaugh to Mount Vernon, Ind., where I lectured, gave tests and improvised poems to a very large audience of "kepties and inquiring people, and although not Spiritualists they treated me with pronounced kindness."

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—Mary L. Edson, Sec'y, writes: "That the financial success of any local spiritual organization is measured by the perfection of its social organization, goes without saying. That in the social realm woman and her work is and must be the leading and most potent factor, no one can deny. Realizing this, and that the time for action was at hand, the ladies of the First Association of Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., organized the Ladies' Aid as an auxiliary to the above-named Society, in March, 1895, with a membership of thirty, now increased to seventy, with strong committees of active workers."

Regular weekly meetings have been held with marked social success, increased by the presence of our speakers and lecturers, several of whom have given week night lectures and tests to the good and wealthy, which at this time is nearly one hundred dollars.

The pressing need of the hour seems to be a home for the First Association, and the Ladies' Aid has resolved to build a Temple, and has entered upon the work of raising funds for that purpose with the zeal and energy that characterize their successes.

Masonic Temple Hall has been secured for April 9 and 10, in which to hold a grand bazaar. Many articles, both useful and beautiful, have been contributed, and many more are earnestly solicited from Spiritualists everywhere. Contributions, either of money or useful and fancy articles, can be sent to Mrs. A. E. Rice, 424 K street, N. W. Chairman Bazaar Committee. All donations will be gratefully received, and due acknowledgment made through the spiritual papers."

Connecticut.

BRIDGEPORT.—Sec'y writes: "Mrs. Tillie Reynolds spoke for the Spiritualists Sunday, the 15th—lectures morning and evening, of worth and merit. Her poems, invocations and benedictions were equal to any that have been delivered from our platform. The tests were received with gratitude from hearts that hungered for recognition from the spirit-world."

We trust we shall meet with her again in the near future."

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.—James E. Shephard writes: "A most remarkable test, proving the ability of spirits to prophesy future events, has just been verified in this city."

Some four months ago, when Dr. Barlow Davis of New York was engaged by the Society at Columbia Hall to give platform tests, he warned a young man in the audience of an accident which he saw would happen to him. He described it by saying that he would have his arm crushed at the elbow by a wheel of an electric car, which would prove to be very serious in its nature. A short while ago the young man

Will Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

cure your cough? Unless it's some unheard-of kind of a cough. Probably would cure, anyway. It cures all coughs and colds.

