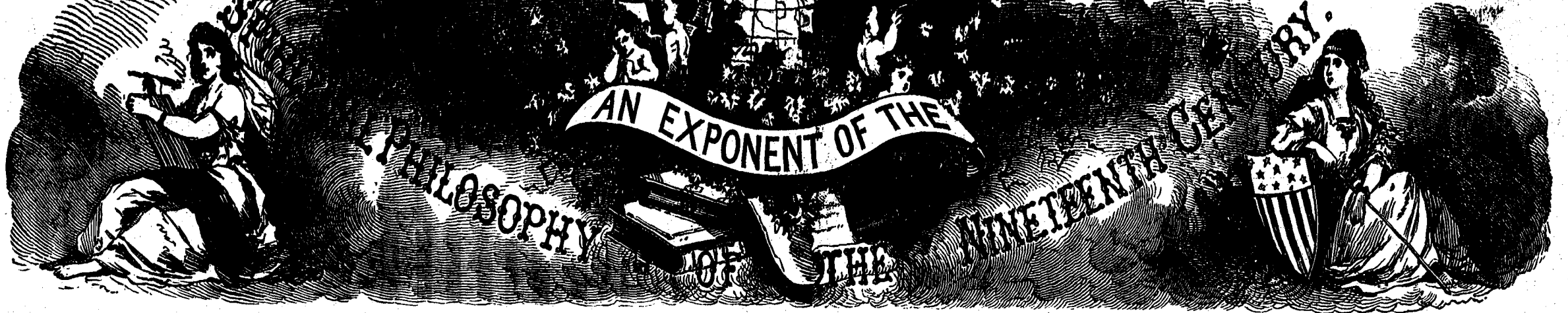


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FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

Translated for the Banner of Light by W. N. Eayrs.

Sidi Ahmed and Dr. Martinet.

[From L'Ettoile.]

MARTINET, graduate of the Polytechnic School, and Doctor of Natural Science, was called to Cairo to settle the estate of one of his uncles, of whom he was the only heir. He remained in Cairo about two years, and employed his time in studying the customs of the Coptes, who, according to the general opinion, are descendants of the ancient Egyptians. There is reason to believe that the general opinion is correct, and that the Coptes are really the descendants of the subjects and contemporaries of the Pharaohs. Many of them are thought, as were their ancestors, to possess a profound knowledge of the secrets and practices of magic, and they are proud of their title "Magician," which, however, the Europeans ridicule.

Doctor Martinet shared, of course, in the prejudices of his countrymen about the Coptes. When the name "Coptic magician" was pronounced in his hearing, he used to burst out laughing, because, in his opinion, these could be only skillful tricksters, and, although they called themselves by the honorable title of physicians, this was but a piece of their effrontery, for they could not seriously be compared to the doctors of the West.

In vain did certain persons who had seen these magicians at work represent to him that they were in possession of a true science which is unknown to the wise men of Europe. He merely shrugged his shoulders. According to his opinion, outside of mathematics, physics, chemistry, astronomy, there was nothing that deserved the name of science. The Coptic magicians were a set of ignorant tricksters. This was his firmly rooted opinion. Impossible to make him think otherwise.

However, he made the acquaintance of a Coptic magician, to whom one of his friends had introduced him, and their relations were of a very agreeable nature. The Copte was a man of distinguished manners. He was of ready wit, very intelligent, and well versed in Oriental literature. He spoke fluently English, French and Italian. Moreover, he possessed a very handsome fortune, to which he knew how to do honor. He used to wear a rich and elegant Oriental costume, and dwelt in a splendid palace. He had the reputation of being an extraordinary magician, and the people of Cairo, Christians and Mussulmans alike, affirmed that he was the incarnation of an intelligence superior to humanity, who had been pleased to come upon earth to make known to men the immense power of the superior spirits whose charge it is to assist the Supreme Being in the government of the universe.

The Copte himself, however, did not make any such claims—he did not pose as a magician. He claimed to be simply a man whom the concurrence of fortunate circumstances had enabled to procure the fine fortune that made it possible for him to obtain all the comfort he desired, and if, occasionally, he performed some marvelous deeds, it was, he asserted, because he had received from on high the mission to make known to men the extent of the power of God. He was, he said, an instrument which the Deity designed sometimes to use—nothing more.

Dr. Martinet asked him if he was acquainted with physics, chemistry and natural history. Sidi Ahmed did not blush when he confessed that he did not know the names, even, of these three sciences. Accordingly, M. Martinet, who, as a man of science, liked to aid the advancement of his fellows in knowledge, proposed to teach Ahmed the principles of physics. Sidi replied that he should be very glad to learn them, and consequently the Doctor began to unfold to the Copte a number of principles and theories to which he listened with a perfect skepticism. He admired the ingenious theories devised to explain certain phenomena, but he did not believe them.

One day Dr. Martinet was developing the theory of universal gravitation, and said to him: "All bodies are attracted toward the centre of the earth. You see this cap? I throw it into the air; it does not remain there; it falls immediately to the earth, to which it is irresistibly drawn."

He threw the cap toward the ceiling of the room; but scarcely had it left his hand, when the Copte extended his hand toward it, now only a little distance from the ceiling, and in spite of the law formulated by Newton, and, to the great surprise of Dr. Martinet, the cap remained in the air, and did not fall to the floor. An unknown force opposed its fall, and gave the lie to the Doctor's teachings.

Another surprise was in store for our learned European. Desirous, without doubt, to join the cap, Sidi Ahmed leaped into the air and remained suspended there. He maintained for several minutes a vertical position; then, as if unconcerned lying in bed, he assumed a horizontal position, resting midway between the ceiling and the floor. Dr. Martinet rubbed his eyes, asking himself if he were dreaming, or if he had lost his sight.

Another day he was teaching the Copte electricity. He had before him a battery, and was causing, by means of the electric current, light articles at some distance from him to move without contact with the wires. Sidi

looked on with admiration; then, without the aid of a battery, but simply moving his hand through space, he made the furniture, the heavy tables, the chairs, move and frisk about; by the mere force of his will a heavy wardrobe that stood against the wall of the room was made to move forward four feet from the wall.

Dr. Martinet was a Materialist; he believed neither in God nor the devil. This day, however, he was half converted; he believed in the devil.

From that day he suspended his lessons. "Of what need," he said to himself, "to teach a man who already knows far more than I do?"

Sidi Ahmed was not an ungrateful man. One evening, when he and the Doctor were chatting while taking their coffee and smoking the chibouk in Sidi's splendid dwelling, the Copte suddenly stretched himself his length upon the divan on which he was sitting, and remained as if he had lost consciousness. He lay in this condition motionless so long, that the Doctor, thinking that he was ill, became alarmed and much perplexed, not knowing what aid to render to arouse him from that which he believed to be a serious attack. But Sidi was not ill; he was in a trance.

The Doctor's attention was attracted by some noise which he heard behind him, and, on looking round, he saw another Sidi Ahmed, like in form, costume and features to him who lay upon the divan, motionless as a dead body. The only difference was that this Ahmed was not lying down, but was standing firmly on his feet—alive, active and smiling at the Doctor, who was stupefied at the sight of two Sidi Ahmeds instead of one. Sidi Ahmed, the living, reached out his hand; the Doctor took it; it was real flesh and blood, and warm, whereas the hand of him lying on the divan was lifeless and icy cold.

M. Martinet could not believe his eyes. He thought that he was the victim of hallucination, and, to assure himself that he was not, he pressed strongly the hand of the second Sidi Ahmed. For ten minutes he held it; it was really flesh—impossible to doubt the fact. However, gradually the hand became less firm, grew soft, then vaporous, as did the whole body, and finally was dissipated into the air, while Sidi began to revive, and at last arose from the divan, appearing like one who has just been aroused from a deep sleep.

Still another surprise for the Doctor. One evening, some time later, Sidi said to him: "I would-be teacher, who was beginning to feel that in science he was merely a little scholar. Think of some one who is now dead, whom you have loved. I will cause him to appear to you."

The Doctor thought of one of his friends, with whom he had pursued his studies, who, soon after having graduated from the Polytechnic School with the highest honors, was attacked by a sudden illness, and died.

Whilst he was thus recalling his friend, Sidi laid himself upon his divan and had gone again into a trance. In a few minutes the Doctor perceived before him a vaporous, indistinct mass, that gradually took form and at last became the image of his friend, clear, distinct and living. It was, indeed, his friend whom he had so dearly loved and for whose loss he had so bitterly grieved. This friend looked at him tenderly, and, taking him by the hand, said to him: "Do not mourn for me; do not regret my death. I am now more alive than I ever was. The body is a tomb, and to say that a man dies is to lie. Man is dead only so long as he inhabits his sepulchre of flesh. The day on which he leaves it, he becomes alive and forever. What you call 'life' on the earth is death; what you call 'death' is the passing into the true life."

Having said this, the figure was resolved again into vapor, and vanished into the air, and Sidi Ahmed awoke.

As to Dr. Martinet, he was neither dead nor alive; he was as if he had never existed; and for a long time he was unable to recover the control of himself. "What am I? Where am I?" he asked himself.

This last experience convinced him that the Orientals have a science of which the West has not the least idea.

The Unexpected Appearance of my Brother.

[From La Revue Spirite.]

HOW shall one explain, except by the doctrine of Spiritualism, the following fact that came to me personally at the time when, sound in body and mind, I was wholly engrossed in my studies in organic chemistry at the Polytechnic School of Zurich?

It was the 14th of November, 1883. I was in my second year's course of chemistry, and was living with an aged widow, Mme. Wild Luthi, No. 8 Muelebach street.

The house in which I lodged faced the street, but was surrounded on all sides by little gardens, and for this reason it was somewhat isolated from the other houses. The quarter Riedbach is rather a quiet place, and in my room on the first floor I could work without disturbance, and prepare myself for my half yearly examinations.

That day I was studying, I remember it

well, the chemistry of the derivatives of Benzol, according to the course of the celebrated Prof. Victor Meyer. My thoughts were at the time absorbed in the study of Azo-benzol and Diazo-benzol. As it was beginning to grow dark, I went near the window in order to see better, and to finish more quickly the group I had commenced.

Suddenly I was disturbed by a noise as if somebody in my room was moving papers and crumpling them. I raised my head mechanically, and saw upon the wardrobe that stood before me, the outlines of a human face. Much astonished I stopped my work in order to examine it more closely, and I saw distinctly the face of my brother Antoine, who was at that moment in the Agricultural School at Dublin, Austria.

I got up, and went nearer to the wardrobe, and as I did so, the image abruptly vanished. Seized with fear, I lighted my lamp, and ran to tell Mme. Luthi the cause of my terror. The good old lady quieted my fears by telling me that my too close and continuous study had over-excited my brain, and that I was then suffering from an hallucination.

I thought no more of the occurrence, and busied myself as usual that evening and the following days in preparation for my examination.

Eight days after Miss Louise Bleue, my former instructor in English, came to see me. She asked if it were long since I received news from home, to which question I replied by saying that I had been expecting for a long time an answer to two letters that I had sent, and that I was surprised at the delay, for my parents wrote to me on the whole very regularly.

To this she made answer: "Your parents are much to be pitied, for a great sorrow has fallen upon them. Your brother, Antoine has just died suddenly at Dublin."

"What!" I cried, overcome with emotion; "he is dead? and when did he die?"

"On the 14th of November," said she; "as a proof here is a letter from your sister Helen."

This letter confirmed the fact. I was then certain that I was not the victim of hallucination when I saw the face of my brother Antoine on the evening of that day. It was a sign given to me by my deceased brother at the moment of his disincarnation, that death is not the end of all.

Some days later I met the Abbé Lochbrunner, an honest, humble, charitable and disinterested man, always ready to help the unfortunate. As he knew my brother, I told him of his death, and also of the apparition that had come to me.

The Abbé remained thoughtful a few minutes, and then said: "My dear friend, we believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, in the future life, and the existence of the soul after death. What is there surprising, then, in the fact that you saw the face of your brother, and at the moment of his departure? Between our earthly life and the life beyond the grave there are more intimate relations than you think—than you even suspect. Be sure, my dear sir, that this apparition of your brother is a sign of his great affection and attachment to you."

A Brother Saved from Death by the Apparition of His Sister.

[From Amali della Spirittismo.]

THE family of Signor N., consisting of himself, his wife, his daughter and his son, who had been recently promoted to the position of ensign on board a man-of-war, passed the summer in Paolovsk, near Petersburg. From their earliest infancy brother and sister had for one another an affection almost idolatrous.

The young ensign being obliged to leave the family to serve one month on board ship, his people accompanied him to the port from which he was to sail. As he took leave of them he turned to his sister and said:

"Do not forget me, little sister. You are called Vera, which means in the Russian language 'Faith.' Think of me, and all will go well."

"Do not fear," answered the sister. "I will follow you with my thoughts. But do not run into danger unnecessarily. The sea is so terrible a thing."

"Fine sailor you will make," said the father, "with your forebodings and your superstition," forcing himself to jest in order to lessen the grief of separation.

Time passed. Letters came frequently from the son, and at home there was a feeling of confidence as the time for the return of the young man rapidly approached.

But the weather, up to this time calm and propitious, suddenly changed. A violent tempest, accompanied with rain, began, and for several days raged with unabating fury. One day the storm was especially furious, and all that day Vera was so agitated that no one was able to calm her. She spoke constantly of her brother, and the thought of the danger in which he might then be was a cause of incessant anxiety and terror. Toward evening her distress became so great that she was really ill, and was persuaded to retire to her room earlier than was usual.

At midnight all in the house was quiet, but without the wind was howling and the storm

was raging fearfully. Suddenly there came from Vera's room a sharp cry of distress, and all hastily ran thither, to find her in convulsions, from which for a long time no remedies availed to relieve her.

"When she was able to command herself and reply to the anxious questions of her family as to what had happened to frighten her so, she replied: 'I have had a terrible vision. I do not think that I have been asleep, but I have seen a fearful sight: At first everything was enveloped in frightful darkness; the tempest was raging about me, and its continuous roar stunned me. A flash of lightning disclosed to me a tumultuous sea white with foam, and in the midst of the waters I saw my brother. Then all grew dark again. A little time after another flash pierced the clouds, and by its light I saw my brother again, stretched out upon the beach and blood flowing in streams from his head. At the sight I uttered a cry of terror and awoke to consciousness.'

The evening of the next day the father received from Kronstadt this telegram: "I am alive, and sound. Thanks to Vera. I shall come home to-morrow. Your son, N."

As may be imagined, Signor N. was stupefied and delighted by the contents of this dispatch, which was not wholly comprehensible to him. The mystery was soon solved, however. The morning papers gave a detailed account of the wreck of the ship on board of which was his son. He immediately set out for Kronstadt, and there found the young man alive, but with a serious wound on his head.

This is the young man's story:

"On that unfortunate day the ship was near the island Aland. The wind suddenly became boisterous, and continued to increase, and foreboded a hurricane. When my watch was ended I went below to my cabin to warm myself with a cup of tea. This done, I put on drier clothing, and went upon the deck again to observe the storm. The ship became unmanageable, and, unable to struggle against the waves, was at the mercy of the wind.

"I thought of you all at home, and especially of Vera, and, in spirit, asked her to pray for me, and save me, with all the crew, from what seemed to be an inevitable disaster. In the midst of the roar of the waters, and above the howling of the wind, there was heard another noise. The unfortunate vessel had been hurled violently upon a rock. The shock was so terrible that all on board were thrown down, and I was pitched into the sea.

"Whilst I was struggling with the waves, and trying to swim to the ship, a flash of light came from her bows, and the report of a cannon followed, to signalize that we were in distress. I gradually became convinced that it was not possible for me to regain my vessel. I resigned myself to the will of the Omnipotent One, but made every effort not to allow myself to be drowned, but to float on the waters, if perhaps some rescue would come.

"Suddenly, when thinking then of Vera, I perceived something approaching me, like a luminous cloud; this shortly assumed the form of a human being, and then I saw my sister Vera, who, smiling upon me, stretched out her arms as if to indicate the direction I was to swim, and then went before me. I followed the apparition, and how far I went swimming, I do not know, but only this: that at once I felt a sharp pain in my head, and then I fainted. The next day some fishermen found me upon a rock, unconscious, with a wound in my head, ten miles away from the place where the vessel was wrecked."

The Death of a Child.

[From La Lumière.]

HERE follows the simple story, rigorously exact, of the manner in which the soul of a lovely little girl of thirteen years, Alice V., left the earth.

She was the cousin of one of our friends, who, two months before, had a dream in which this event was foretold, but who was at the time of the dream unaware that his young relative was ill.

The father of our friend wrote to him on the 10th of December, 1894:

"This is the way our dear Alice left the earth. She had been playing dominoes with her father; she had said from time to time: 'I am afraid that they are coming for me. It is not you, but me, they want.' Then she went to bed.

About eleven o'clock she called her father, and these are the words she said: 'You know, my dear papa, that mamma is calling me. Come, let me kiss you. I love you very, very much, but I must go with mamma. Oh! here she is.'

She said no more. Your uncle thought she had fallen asleep, but she was dead. Her face was wreathed with smiles."

The mother of this young girl had died ten years before.

We have here a proof of the sweetness of the disincarnation of a pure soul.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action, and that, while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will and a quality of life.—Lewell.



LEWIS B. WILSON.

THE BANNER presents, the current week, the picture of one of its former staff, who—while he has been for some years in the world of spirits—has, we are assured by the *revenant* ones, a continued and active interest in its work and welfare. While the picture was taken at a date somewhat early in his mortal life, yet it will suggest the man to older readers of this paper, while our new patrons can feel that to a certain extent they clasp hands with an enfranchised veteran worker in the field of Spiritualism's practical unfoldment.

Lewis B. Wilson was for thirty years connected with this paper, serving first as chief of its printing department, then as Associate Editor, and, from the time of the decease of Wm. White, as Chairman of the Banner of Light Public Free Circles (as formerly conducted). He also did good service for Spiritualism in Boston in the seventies as Chairman of the celebrated meetings held in Music Hall—a series which by its excellence and its representative character won a national reputation.

He was born at Westbrook, Me., June 13, 1844. With Messrs. Bradbury, Harmon and others, he, in April, 1844, established the *Daily Bee* in Boston, a paper which during its existence (over a decade) occupied a good position in the popular estimation. He was for years a prominent official of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in Massachusetts, and a beloved and respected member of Montezuma Lodge, this city.

Sometime during the month of March, 1888, Bro. Wilson, returning home from his usual season of labor, was violently struck and knocked down, while dismounting from a horse car, by a vehicle directed by one of those careless drivers, whose presence in Boston makes the lives of its pedestrians quite uncertain. He sustained a severe blow on the breast, fell directly upon the back of his head, and when taken up and carried to his home, remained unconscious for some time. The driver escaped recognition and condign punishment at the hands of the law by whipping up his horse suddenly and dashing through the rapidly gathering concourse of spectators.

For a time Mr. Wilson was able to return to duty, but finally succumbed to a brain trouble arising from the accident, and, on the night of the 10th of May, 1889, expired at his residence, 409 Columbus Avenue, Boston. He was unconscious of sublimity affairs for a short time previous to his passing from the form, and peacefully entered the spirit-world.

Funeral exercises were conducted at his late residence, on Tuesday, May 14, by Montezuma Lodge, I. O. O. F., Rev. M. J. Savage being the officiating clergyman.

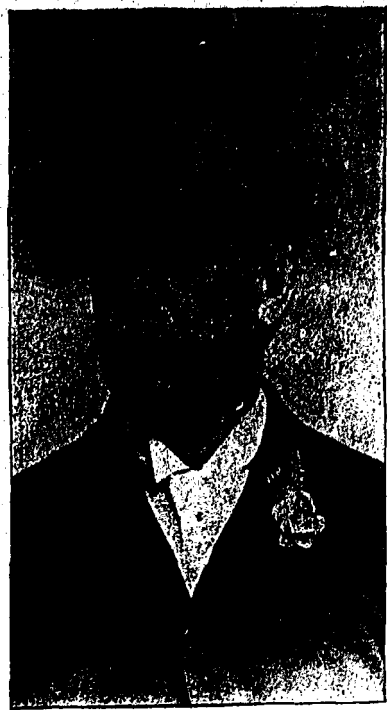
Mr. Wilson was a patient, painstaking worker in the journalistic profession, and was known far and wide as a skillful conductor at various times of Spiritualist meetings other than those at Music Hall—some occurring at the earliest period of the history of the Cause in Boston. He was a contemporary of Dr. H. F. Gardner, A. E. Newton, Allen Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Farrar, Phineas E. Gay, and the other veterans of the early days, who in this vicinity fearlessly lent their power, presence and influence to the new Truth when it needed the sustaining hand of its every friend. A long life spent on earth in earnest and faithful effort for the good of humanity and the New Dispensation, brought him in due course to his guerdon in the skies.

J. W. D.

THE SWEETEST THINGS OF EARTH.

What are the sweetest things of earth?
Lips that can smoothe a rival's woe;
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn;
A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile though they may weep;
A brother's cheer; a father's praise;
The mistletoe of summer days;
A heart where never anger burns;
A gift that looks for no return;
Wrong's overthrow; pain's swift release;
Dark footsteps guided into peace;
The light of love in lovers' eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise;
An honest hand that needs no ward;
A life with light in true accord;
A hope-bud waxing into joy;
A happiness without alloy;
A mother's kiss; a baby's mirth—
These are the sweetest things of earth.—Selected.

There is no man so poor as the man who dreads poverty the most.



[Mr. MOSES HULL has been speaking during March with great success for the Berkeley Hall Society, Boston; during April he is to be in Philadelphia, Pa., returning to Berkeley Hall in May.]

Thoughts Suggested by Reading the Symposium "Are the Miracles True?"

BY MOSES HULL.

I WAS much interested in Rev. Howard MacQuary's and Rev. Heber Newton's answers to questions concerning miracles and Bible authority, as published in THE BANNER of March 14. I take this opportunity to say that I think such men are doing vastly more to bring men out upon a liberal platform than many of even our best lecturers. They are reaching the masses, and preparing them to be passed over to those who advocate still more advanced views.

Henry Ward Beecher and Stephen Pearl Andrews were very warm friends, and indeed could often be found in each other's society. Mr. Beecher belonged to what was known as Stephen Pearl Andrews's Pantarchy class, and would nearly always, after listening to Mr. Andrews for an hour, follow with remarks or questions which showed that he was as far from the so-called orthodox of the day as was Mr. Andrews himself. In fact, he regarded Mr. Andrews as a kind of pastor, and it is safe to say that no one enjoyed Mr. Beecher's ministrations more than Mr. Beecher did Mr. Andrews's "Socratic meetings."

Once Mr. Beecher, after listening to Mr. Andrews, made some very significant remarks; when Mr. Andrews asked him why he did not preach the thoughts he there and then expressed, Mr. Beecher's answer was, as reported to me by Mr. Andrews, "I would lose my usefulness; I would drive many honest people, who have not grown to these advanced ideas, from me, and thus deprive them of the good I am now doing them. Beside, I could not, were I to undertake it, do the work you are doing half as well as you are doing it. I can talk as much truth as the multitude will hear; and as they graduate from under my hands I can pass them on to you, and you can advance them on as fast as they will bear it. I want to say, Mr. Andrews, that while listening to you I occasionally get glimpses of truth as much beyond what you teach to a few select friends, as your teaching is beyond what I proclaim in Plymouth pulpit."

Mr. Andrews, when he related this conversation to me said, "Mr. Beecher is right." So say I. The fact is, the ladder of progress is very long, and few are able to jump or fly to the top. Holland said:

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

The fact is, we must all get on the lower rounds before we can reach the higher. Mr. Andrews regarded Mr. Beecher as doing a great work, and though he felt the need of companionship in his work, his hope was that Mr. Beecher would not advance so far as to get out of touch with the common people.

In our schools there are teachers for every grade and class. This is no more necessary than that there should be those adapted to moving the people a little way at a time toward the kingdom of heaven. The heaven hidden in the meal works slowly but surely. Some reformers are inclined to kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

The "infidels," as they have been called, never could have started the masses of the people out of their old opinions; they were too far from them. Jesus said: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." So he will, if not lifted too high; but when one gets too far from the people he does not draw. People who will not hear Mr. Ingersoll, Mr. Watts or Mr. Putnam, will listen to and be instructed by Mr. MacQuary or Mr. Heber Newton. Then, as the stones are pried out of the quarry, they are started out of the mountain of superstition; they get one or two thoughts; this prepares them for others, and still others, until their whole mode of thinking is changed.

When Mr. MacQuary teaches that the Bible is not a book, it is a literature, he sets his readers and hearers to thinking on different lines from what they have ever thought before. The thing called the Bible was not originally called *ton biblion*, that is, the book—the Bible—but *ta biblia*, that is, the books—the library—the literature. He thus leads the people gradually to the conclusion that the bundle of tracts called the Bible contains the laws, the philosophy, the poems and the history of the lives of a certain ancient people. They naturally get to reading it more as they would read the literature of any other age or nation. They soon become prepared to hear him say that only certain portions of the Bible are inspired—that, like Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," it may contain errors; that, being written by fallible men, and handed down from age to age, and passing through various translations, it is very possible that it may partake somewhat of the errors of the people who made it.

Mr. Moody said: "I know the Bible is inspired, because it inspires me." While this statement contains scintillations of truth, it is not all true. In the first place there are things in the Bible which do not inspire even Mr. Moody. He may be inspired with Jesus's Sermon on the Mount, with beautiful things in the Psalms, with some of its terse Proverbs, and some of its sublime predictions and precepts, but I will venture to assert

that Ezekiel's bread recipe, or the story of David and Bathsheba, contain but little that is inspiring to Mr. Moody. Again, the Bible is not inspired, and, if Mr. Moody would stop and think, he knows it. Books cannot be inspired. Nothing can be inspired that cannot think. Inspiration in a certain sense is cogitation. Tuition is what we learn by the aid of some one or more of our five senses; intuition—inspiration—is that which is evolved from within. Men, women and children can be inspired—books cannot. One speaks a word or sentence which sets another to reflecting, and the result is new thoughts, new ideas, are born. That is inspiration. The sentence written or spoken may have been the result of the inspiration of the writer or speaker and may be a key which may unlock the soul of the reader or hearer. This unlocking is inspiration. The words which did the opening of the mind are the result of inspiration, but not the inspiration itself.

What Mr. Moody probably meant was, "I know that certain portions of the Bible were inspirations to their writers, because they inspire me. Mr. Moody is an inspired man, or at least he supposes he is, but Mr. Moody is fallible notwithstanding his inspiration; that being the case, every one can see that inspiration is by no means a sign of infallibility. Thus even Mr. Moody's experiences would naturally convince one of the fallibility, rather than the infallibility, of inspiration.

Howard MacQuary's declaration that "Other sacred books have the same truths," shows that the Hebrews were not the sole proprietors of either truth or inspiration.

The fact is, the world is rapidly moving our way. Place Martin Luther or Rev. Mr. Burgen by the side of Dean Stanley, Rev. Phillips Brooks, or Rev. Howard MacQuary and Rev. Heber Newton, and the trend of public opinion can readily be seen.

In his debate with Zwingle, Luther said: "Christ has said, this is my body. Let them show me that a body is not a body. I reject reason, common sense, carnal arguments and mathematical proofs. God is above mathematics. We have the word of God: we must adore and perform it."—*D'Aubigne's History of Reformation*, Vol. II, page 89.

Dr. Arnold said: "The Jewish Cabalists taught that the Pentateuch is but one word, even the word of God; and the letters and articulate sounds by which this word is communicated to our apprehensions are likewise divinely communicated." Now he says: "Substitute 'Canonical Scriptures,' or 'Old and New Testament,' for Pentateuch, and he will endorse the doctrine."—*Creed of Christendom*, pp. 99-100.

Rev. Mr. Burgen said: "The Bible is none other than the voice of Him that sitteth on the Throne! Every book of it, every chapter of it, every syllable of it, every word of it, every letter of it, is the direct utterance of the Most High! The Bible is none other than the Word of God; not some part of it more, some part of it less, but all alike; the utterance of Him who sitteth upon the Throne—absolute, faultless, unerring, supreme."

In contrast with the above, permit me to quote from Dean Stanley. In one of his discourses delivered while on his American tour, he said: "The crude notions which prevailed twenty years ago on the subject of Bible inspiration have been so completely abandoned as to be hardly anywhere maintained by theological scholars. . . . The doctrine of the atonement will never appear again in the crude form common both in Protestant and Catholic Churches in former times. A more merciful view of future punishment and a hope of universal restitution have been gradually advancing, and the darker view gradually receding. . . . The question of miracles has reached this point, that no one would make them the chief or sole basis of religious truth. . . . I am persuaded that what is called liberal theology is the backbone of the church of England, and will be found the backbone of its daughter in America."

This same man, in his address to the theological students of the New York University, said: "Do let me entreat you, look facts in the face, whether the facts are of the Bible or of science or of scholarship. Do not be afraid of them. Compare the sacred volumes of the Old and New Testaments with the sacred volumes of other religions. Make the most searching investigation with light from whatever source as to the origin of the sacred books."

I have many more quotations from modern ministers which, did time and space permit, could be contrasted with the orthodoxy of former generations in proof that the trend of the world is upward.

[From the Worcester Daily Telegram, March 16.]

Coming Religion.

MISS ABBY A. JUDSON SPEAKS BEFORE THE SPIRITUALISTS.

An audience made up principally of Spiritualists assembled last night in Grand Army Hall, where Miss Abby A. Judson gave an address. Miss Judson said that, prior to her becoming a Spiritualist, she regarded the word Spiritualism as signifying something awful—something which was to her both absurd and incomprehensible—but after that feeling wore off she came to regard it in a more favorable light, and finally recognizing the beauty, truth, broadness and elegance of its teachings, she embraced it as her religion.

Buddhism, Miss Judson said, was but a poor excuse for religion—it might be better than no religion at all. Confucianism was scarcely worth more than a pitying glance. Christianity has done some good in the world, and it might be good enough to suit a certain few, but Spiritualism is the great, certain religion, with broad, liberal and elastic teachings, which are yet to cover the whole earth, embracing all nations and all peoples.

The speaker said if the majority of intelligent people could be induced to investigate Spiritualism they would not only regard it in a more favorable light, but they would embrace it as a religion.

ALDEN'S LIVING TOPICS MAGAZINE AND CYCLOPEDIA.—These unique publications are intended for readers by those who wish to keep abreast with the times; the cost of ordinary encyclopedias prevents this on the part of more pretentious works. Inquiries are more about things touching the past three years than concerning the preceding three centuries. Topics are in alphabetical order, and as often as the alphabet is covered a new series will begin, and the same course be resumed. Volume I, just issued, covers from *Abbas to Boyesen* and is in excellent, handy form, at a nominal cost. Specimen pages free by addressing the publisher, John B. Alden, 10 and 12 Vandewater street, New York.

"Jack's intentions are serious." "How can you tell?" "There's a ring in his voice."—*Kate Field's Washington*.

Sickness Among Children

Is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Food* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York City.

For the Banner of Light. OH! IF PEOPLE ONLY KNEW!

BY HELEN G. HUBB.

Oh! if people only knew
What their neighbors truly are,
Could they see their spirits only,
"And not the clothes they wear,"
Then, their sympathy would double!
But they do not, and there's the trouble!

Could they only learn to follow,
As they should, the "Golden Rule,"
Could they look on one another
As on children sent to school,
Where a kind and loving teacher
Smiles a welcome at the door,
And never ask the question,
"Are your parents rich or poor?"

But with an accent tender
Accepts them as they are,
And expects they'll stumble often
Ere they reach the golden stair
Where the saved ones are waiting
Who have passed the "gates ajar,"
And where the Christ-love, lighted,
Is fadeless as a star—
Oh! could they thus, how blessed!
How beautiful would be
All the lives that now seem blighted
By a cruel destiny!

Oh! if people only knew
What their neighbor's burdens are,
Could they read the secret truly,
Of their sorrow and their care,
Then their charity would double;
But they do not, and there's the trouble!

Could they only leave their scolding,
Their haughtiness and pride,
As the earth-worm leaves its larva
When it mounts the airy tide,
And, on radiant wings disporting,
Sips honey from each flower,
Nor harms the purest eucalyptus
That opens to its power;

Could they learn the love that's gentle,
Compassionate and true,
That knows the rudest nature
To chasten and subdue—
Could they leave their saltness seeming,
When the heart is full of guile,
And turn the poisoned arrow
Of their malice to a smile,
Oh! could they thus, how peaceful
Would be the path of life!
How changed to words of sweetness
Would be its sounds of strife!

Oh! if people only knew
When they pass each other by,
How much of truth and beauty
Is hidden from their eye,
In the forms they hardly notice,
Or notice but to spurn,
How would their footsteps falter,
And how their hearts would turn
From the idols that they worship
To the lowly ones of earth!

Oh! how great would be the homage
They would pay to *wealth of worth*,
And how soon their joys would double;
But they do not, and there's the trouble!

Human pride and human sorrow
Walk the green earth side by side;
One would think, to see them passing,
"That the Savior had not died."
Had not lived, or loathed, or sorrowed,
To teach us how to live,

How to labor for the lowly,
How to suffer and forgive,
One so cold, so stern and stately,
And the other all so meek,
With a look of patient waiting
Playing over brow and cheek.
Oh! pride, oh! silent sorrow,
How far yow dwell apart!
And yet how near the Father
Is every human heart!

Ah! if people only knew
How their gossipings and lies
Are woven in the raiment
They wear to angel eyes—
Could they only see the shadows
Of their hatred and their scorn,
As they flit across their pathway,
And the bitterness that's born
In the spirit of the hatred,
Oh! how quickly would they turn
Every falsehood to uncover,
All their hatred to unlearn.

Then how their joys would double!
But they do not, and there's the trouble.
Oh! if people only knew
What other hearts believe;
Could they see their faith and practice,
What a curious chain they weave
Of outward prayer and praises,
Of secret doubts and fear,
How great would be their wonder,
How changed would life appear.

Oh! human faith and practice,
How far ye grow apart,
And yet how fair thy fruitage,
Ah! garden of the heart!
Each soul must have its season
For truth to drop her seeds,
And a summer time of waiting,
Ere they blossom into deeds.
The dew of heaven must water,
The sun of love must warm
The tiny seedlings sleeping
Through winter's chilling storm.

Give souls some lofty purpose,
Give hearts high dreams of hope,
Then see how soon the blossoms
Of noble deeds will ope.

Let us trust the time is coming
In the *sons* yet to be,
When man will wear the mantle
Named of angels' Charity.
For not to one is given
To say of truth forewarned,
Who hath the whiter raiment;
The scorner or the scorned!

Let us judge each other kindly,
And ne'er with jealous eyes,
For to read the lesson clearly,
"There are angels in disguise,"
All about our paths they wander,
Wearing off an humble guise,
Or looking at us meekly
Out of pleading human eyes,
And above the embracing heaven,
With pitying star-eyes thronged,
Is a love that's safely guiding
Both the wronger and the wronged.

Oh! if people only knew
How deep this love and true,
How strong to lift the fallen
And the haughty to subdue,
Oh! how their faith would double!
But they do not, and there's the trouble.

But there "It come to every mortal
A release from toll and care,
An unveiling of the spirit,
And a fairer garb to wear.
We may stumble and grow weary
Of the burdens we must bear,
But we'll reach life's shining portal,
We'll climb the golden stair
Leading up to joys immortal,
And we'll know each other there."

Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, N. J.

Is Your Brain Tired?

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. T. D. CROTHERS, Supt. Walnut Lodge Asylum, Hartford, Conn., says: "It is a remedy of great value in building up functional energy and brain force."

Original Essay.

Defense of Old-Fashioned Mediumship.

BY MRS. MILTON BATHBUN.

TIME was when we were content with few and simple terms to designate our meaning, when referring to mediums and their various phases of mediumship. That day has passed, and now we are flooded and perplexed by the multiplicity of terms signifying one and the same thing.

Mediums are termed "psychics," "sensitives," "hypnotic subjects," "occult instruments," "mind-readers," "fortune-tellers," "seers," "God-gifted prophets," and what not! Mediumship flourishes in various garbs, called by any and everything but its proper name. We hear so much of the "Occult," "Theosophic Research," "Christian Science," etc., etc., that one becomes confused, and wonders why we have been drawn from the simpler, surer way of understanding, to the more complex and distracting method of naming one thing several names.

Let us go back to the good old times, and when we speak of the instruments used in uniting the two worlds, call them MEDIUMS. When one tells us of mediums by other names, we are in the dark as to whether they really mean mediums. If they do refer to mediums, why not say so—using the old plain term?

Old-fashioned mediumship, it seems to me, gave greater satisfaction than much of the new style in vogue to-day. We have catered to the caprice of new-comers, and, I fear, have become, in some instances, a little ashamed of the old-fashioned ways and ideas, and have too readily yielded our independence to the demands of those who arrogate to themselves the duty of setting right for us what is right already.

"Psychical Research" is high-sounding, but is it of more value as a term than the "Investigation of Mediumship"? When we are told that mediumship pure and simple is out of style—that those who cling to the old ways and the old terms are fossils, etc., etc., we begin to think of the old ways and terms in comparison with the new, and become convinced that the easier, simpler words conveying the true meanings are the best.

I asked a medium if she was a medium. She answered: "I am a sensitive," smiling benignly upon my benighted countenance.

When I asked another "Are you a medium?" she answered loftily, "I am a psychic."

I am glad to bear testimony, however, that these cases are exceptional—that our mediums accept and are proud of their title, and are not seeking after the new terms to designate their life-mission. Let us stand by the old-fashioned ways and terms. Strangers will then know at the outset that we are referring to Spiritualism, mediumship and mediums, when we engage them in conversation upon these subjects.

If through the misconduct of the unfaithful our Cause has failed to gain in some quarters the good repute it deserves, let us seek some other means to remedy the evil than by applying new terms. We have not often been disgraced than the Orthodox church, yet they do not find it necessary to change their terms to serve as a whitewash! In that respect we would do well to imitate the church, and cling to the plain terms.

I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that before this network of terms and ways was instituted, mediums were clearer in their testimony, because, perhaps, of the simpler demands made upon them. I would not decry the march of progress; I would not hinder or set aside any form of progress. Is the new way a demonstration of progress? If we use strong perfume to hide unpleasant odors, are we removing the cause? Rather let us seek to eradicate from our midst all that keeps out the pure sun light of truth. Let us first of all look up our old mediums—the faithful workers who breast the storms of bygone days—such storms as will never again rock our Cause from foundation to centre. Let us foster and encourage them. By due recognition we may restore somewhat of their former prestige, if so be they have been relegated to an obscure corner because of their waning powers. In our haste to recognize and proclaim the marvelous we have failed to accept the strong meat which might be had for the seeking. Let us be simple as a little child, wearing the spirit of humility, and we may discover and win for our very own "the pearl of great price."

If a new way is a better way, let us accept, but let us be quite certain that it is a better way before accepting it in place of the old and tried one.

We will stand by the guns in the old fortifications so long as they serve well their purpose of defense and protection.

We will welcome all new schemes to advance our Cause, if they have the merit of being new, but if they are the same, and only seem different because of new habiliment, we will cling to the old as the easier and better way. Therefore let us for a time, at least, go back to the old-fashioned ways of mediumship, and gain for ourselves evidence void of tinsel trapings and needless paraphernalia.

When some object or phase confronts us, having no name, it will be quite time enough to cast about for new terms and descriptive phrases.

A bow of reverence then to the old, and away with the spuriously called "new." Then shall we have more time and thought for mediumship, and our souls will be strengthened for life's battles if we but seek with the right spirit for the exercise of old-fashioned mediumship.

Late March Magazines.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT for March opens with a paper on "What Should Liberals Teach?" and How Should They Teach It?" by J. P. Richardson. "The Statute of Frauds, and the Criminal Laws of the Future," are discussed by Andrew H. Jackson; "Reformation," is very interestingly discussed by Anderson. There are also other interesting topics considered. J. D. Shaw, editor and proprietor, Waco, Tex.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL appears in a new form, under new management, and with a reduction in price from \$1.50 to \$1.00; it has a very pleasing appearance in its new dress, and opens with "A Phrenogram from a Personal Examination of the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly," by Albert Zimmerman; "Prof. Nelson Bizer contributes 'A Few Words About Wit,'" "Echoes from the Consultation-Room" is a timely article by William Windsor, LL. B., Ph. D.; "Points About Phrenology, its Nature and Application," is by the editor (with illustrations); "Phrenology as an Aid to the Student" is by H. S. Bartholomew; and "Tell-Tale Features," eyes, nose, lips and skin betray your character, is from the pen of Charles Todd

Parks (with illustrations). Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East 57th street, New York.

RECEIVED: *Union's Magazine*. Political Science Publishing Co., Union Square, New York.

The Southern Cassadaga Camp-Meeting at Lake Helen, Florida.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The annual Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting has just closed at this place—a grand success.

The interest has grown from the first day. The lectures and séances have arrested the attention of the people from the towns and villages for many miles around. The sincerity and energy of the management, the absence of fraud, the high moral character of the mediums and speakers, their genuine gifts and attainments, have all conspired to carry the meeting to an exalted plane of usefulness.

Lake Helen is located one hundred and fifty miles south of Jacksonville, on the cross railroad from Smyrna to Orange City. The camp is situated on the shore of a beautiful lake—named Lake Colby, in honor of the most distinguished medium resident in Florida. It is on high, pine land, somewhat rolling. Tall pine trees are scattered all over the hundred and thirty acres of the camp-ground. The management has laid out streets and building lots over some twenty acres, and more of the land is to be surveyed and made ready for occupancy the coming summer.

There is reserved a beautiful park around Lake Colby, and a series of lots fronting this park are ready to be built upon. Some twenty lots in different parts of the grounds have been leased to cottagers for a term of ninety-nine years, at a yearly rental of \$5. Before another year there will probably be twenty-five cottages erected.

The "Hotel Cassadaga," commanding a charming view of the park and Lake Colby, built last year by Mrs. Emma J. Huff and Mrs. Pettigill, of New York, will accommodate some seventy-five guests. This season it has been under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gregory of Jamestown, N. Y., excellent caterers, who have made a pleasant home for all comers.

The public addresses have been made by Mr. Geo. P. Colby, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twigg, Dr. Charles W. Hidden, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles and Mrs. Carrie Pratt.

The platform tests have been given by Mrs. O. L. Concaannon. The public address given by Mrs. O. L. Concaannon, materializing; Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twigg, automatic writing; Mr. Colby, trance; Mrs. Kate R. Stiles and Mrs. Pratt, psychometric.

Mr. Colby has delivered lectures of merit when under the inspiring or trance influence of Yeshu-nu-na, a spirit Indian of the Seneca tribe of New York. Dr. Hoffman, a German, and of Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia. The address by this last named was a striking effort—scholarly, historical and philosophical—showing the development of this continent for the last four hundred years, in preparation for an era of higher civilization and spiritual advancement. The address was clothed in beautiful language, worthy its reputed source.

Mr. Colby informed me that he was brought by his spirit band, some twenty years ago, from the North to this place. Being in poor health by reason of bronchial disease, he was told to come to Florida. He came up the St. John's River, and when opposite the Colby, some fifteen miles from Jacksonville, he was told by the spirit band to come to this place. He was told to come to this place, and when he arrived at this lake he was told to settle here—that here he would regain his health, and that by-and-by he would see a colony of Spiritualists located here.

In this unbroken wilderness Mr. Colby built his cabin, and here he has lived a bachelor for nearly a quarter of a century, holding the land which spiritualists have long told him would one day become the centre of a great spiritual settlement and spirit-force for the advancement of man. Here, it is predicted by the "spirits," will be founded a psychic university, and from this center will radiate healing power both for the body and mind. A college of the future, the sick will be built by-and-by, and a college for the education of public workers in the Cause.

Of this reader may be certain—this camp is located in one of the healthiest places in Florida, where the winter is like September in New England, where there is pure, soft water, healing balm in the pine air, and the reason for this is because of the fact that the woods, accompanied by a man named Giddings, and when he arrived at this lake he was told to settle here—that here he would regain his health, and that by-and-by he would see a colony of Spiritualists located here.

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Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twigg has delivered a series of practical lectures, which have been popularly received, and won for her a host of friends. The colored people in this vicinity also hold her in high esteem, for she has spoken twice in one of their Methodist churches. Mrs. Twigg has been re-qualified for the camp-meeting last winter.

Dr. Hidden delivered three scholarly and forceful lectures, and held hypnotic entertainments, both public and private. He won a wide reputation as a healer by curing of deafness a woman who had been afflicted with that infirmity for a number of years, and by instantly curing a hand made lame by a needle wound some twenty months previous. The same day he made some twenty cures spread rapidly, and kept the Doctor very busy the last week of the camp in teaching classes in hypnotism, and in curing the sick. He left the camp last week to fill engagements at Tampa and Jacksonville.

Mrs. Kate R. Stiles of Boston won golden opinions for a valuable lecture on personal experiences, and was a once engaged for a course of lectures at Tampa. Full houses at that city testify to her merits as a speaker.

Mrs. Carrie Pratt of Boston gave some psychometric readings, which were appreciated. Mrs. Pratt is so pleased with the climate and the spirit of the management that she is building a cottage for her own use.

Mrs. Bartholomew of Jacksonville is a remarkable medium. The spirits in her presence, in a dark room, speak through a trumpet. I had a sitting with her, and can state that the evidence of spirit-communication was irresistible. My own relatives and friends spoke plainly through the trumpet, gave the names, talked familiarly of matters of a private nature, gave me information such as could not be known to the medium. Any management which secures the presence of this medium will be sure of genuine tests. I have strongly recommended her to visit Lake Pleasant next summer. If she comes the people there will have something unique.

Mrs. Concaannon is one of the best platform test mediums in the country. I had special messages through her entranced lips, which afforded proof of what I write. A noble work has been done by this woman. Mrs. Concaannon is one of the few genuine materializing mediums I have met who are willing to be placed under test conditions at every seance. A committee, selected by the sitting, takes him to a table, strips off his entire clothing to his skin, puts on another suit (nothing white in it) and then places him in his chair in the cabinet (which is a corner of the room and a curtain), puts his bare feet in a pan of flour, sews his coat sleeves to his pants, top of the knees, sews his coat collar together under his chin, binds him to his chair with strong cords, and fills his hands full of rice.

In this confined test situation he sits all the evening entranced, while forms dressed in male and female attire come out of the cabinet, walk about the room, converse with their friends and sometimes dissolve in front of the curtain. At no time is the light extinguished, therefore there is no chance for an assistant to enter unobserved.

Under such crucial test conditions for an hour and a half, I witnessed these astounding phenomena, proving that persons invisible to us can produce forms that can walk, talk and vanish.

Such manifestations under such test conditions count, and a medium who will submit to such tests is worthy of cordial endorsement, a course which is bringing the medium a host of friends and growing patronage.

Mrs. Twigg has given a number of sittings for automatic writing, and "Ikabod" has instructed many by his quaint and thoughtful messages.

Some twenty seven sittings of this Association have been held this winter. At the annual meeting Mr. Geo. P. Colby was elected President and Mrs. Emma J. Huff of Lake Helen, Corresponding Secretary, to whom all letters of inquiry should be addressed.

Dr. H. H. Brigham of Fitchburg, Mass., and wife are building a cottage here. Oakley H. Adams and wife will build this season, and Mrs. Clara of Oak Hill, Mrs. Carrie Pratt of Boston, Mr. J. D. Palmer of Hillsboro, Mich., Mr. Concaannon, Mrs. Hall of Leominster, Mass., Mrs. Blackington and daughter of Attleboro, Mass., Mr. Parcell of Tampa, Mr. A. D. Wiles of St. Petersburg, Florida.

The building interest is growing. More lots will be taken and more cottages erected the coming year. Lumber is much cheaper than in the Eastern States. A good cottage, 16x24 feet, two stories high, with veranda and kitchen, can be put up here for \$450 to \$500. Several people are building cottages of smaller size. Finished pine lumber, \$15 a thousand; rough lumber, \$12; day wages of carpenters, about \$2.25.

The climate is not to be described. One must come here to realize it. Air in February and March soft as in June in New England most of the time. Even when the wind blows from the ocean there are no needles in the air to pierce the nerves of the rheumatic. Catarrh and bronchial inflammation subside; one breathes deep and full, even when the lungs have long been constricted by the pinching air of New England.

Mrs. Twigg remarked that she had not been able to take a deep breath for years without pain until she arrived here. This pine air, this soft air, is a healing balm, and thousands of sufferers ought to come down here next winter and enjoy it.

Dr. Hidden and Dr. Brigham removed a fatty tumor from the neck of one of the gentlemen visiting at the camp recently. The operation was very successful, and so favorable were the climate and spiritual conditions favoring the patient, that the wound healed up in a week, and at no time was he unable to walk about and attend public services. These doctors have a wide reputation for skillful surgery, and should a sanatorium be established here, they would be just the men to have charge of it. H. A. BUDINGTON.

Lake Helen, March 16, 1896.

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?

THOUGHT-FAIRIES.

BY MARY L. PONTHE.

Lily bell, flower bell, chime thy sweet music,
That fairies in moonbeams may dance to thy strain,
Midst daisies and buttercups, nodding and smiling,
'neath the stately elm tree where sits that old dame,
Mother Owl, who, with wide, open eyes, views with
solemn surprise these tiny creatures, who, happy
and gay,
Care not for her ladyship nor her wise dismay.

They circle and march, counter-march and reverse,
Clad in gossamer robes of silkiest sheen found in yester-
day's search,
Where the spider had woven with patience and care
Lace fit only for fairies to wear,
Who, decked in its folds, glittering with jewels of dew,
When weary of dancing are sewed by the bee so busy
and true,
With sweet sips of honey on points of fine grass,
As they swing with the wind on the petals of roses
and violets, now growing scarce,
Now and anon the fire-fly flits with dazzling display
Across the green sward where these sweet little limps
have come for rest and for play.

Now wooed and subdued by the wild rose perfume,
They quietly lie on the heart of these beauties, never
fearing a chiding thus to presume.
As nodding and yawning they sleepily hum with the
noisy cricket for bass,
A low scornful voice is heard just beneath them; start-
led and flitting from their rosy place,
With courage anew they gather around the blossomed
rose-tree
To hear what it says: "What silly, worthless creatures
are these I see?"

"Just look at me, a thing of beauty that all may view;
See how I please all who come near, scatter my per-
fume, ever true

To do my work. Pray, how do you foolish creatures
bless human life?" Deep
Silence fell on all the group, till one, a little bolder
than the rest, encouraged by a friendly violet-sweet,
Spoke thus: "Most noble and most beautiful rose, we
are a part of thee, and all thy sister flowers,
We are thy thoughts." When mortal children sleep
and dream, thy bowers

We show to them, poor children that have never seen
these grassy glades,
Who never held a flower, or saw a bee or butterfly,
nor heard a bird, poor lads and maids

Shut in by ugly walls, who suffer, pine for glimpses of
these fields and wood,
We dance and sing, we soothe and amuse and carry
the beauty, the sweetness, the good,
That thee and thy kingdom, thou queen of all flowers,
Give us, thy thoughts, to extend thy powers.

So thoughts are fairies who flit far away and carry far
out from their source
Their message of good or of ill. Let us see that our
fairies, divorced
From all wrong,
May carry but goodness and sweetness in song.

Written for Providence Spiritualist Association Lyceum.

Spiritualists' Duty to Their Children.

We know how full the days are at the camps
for adults, but nothing for the children. Did
not the wise teacher of Nazareth, when he
showed himself to his disciples after his physical
death and burial, charge them, with loving
remembrance, to "Feed my lambs"? Think
of gathering day after day around the family
table without the children; and when they ask
for food and we begin to realize their need,
think of giving them that which we have re-
jected because we know it is unsatisfying and
unsustaining.

Our philosophy teaches

"The life is more than meat,
The body more than raiment."

Would there be much joy in Christmas giving
if all the "big folks" were laden with beau-
tiful gifts and the household darlings left em-
pty-handed, and only allowed to "just look" at
mamma's pretty things in answer to that sweet-
est of prayers, "Please, mamma"? And yet
we call ourselves Spiritualists!

Is it not because so many of us are ignorant
of spiritual truth, and at the same time so eager
to learn, and these beautiful realities are so ab-
sorbing, that we do not realize what we might
do in taking the children on with us according
to their capacity? Then there are those who
are not quite sure themselves, and you cannot
tell a child of that which you yourself half
doubt. "But if ye being evil (undeveloped)
know how to give good gifts unto your chil-
dren, how much more shall your Heavenly
Father give the Holy Spirit (Spirit of Truth) to
them that ask him. If any man lack wisdom
let him ask of God, who giveth to all men lib-
erally and upbraideth not." "He shall give His
angels charge concerning thee; they shall bear
thee up in their hands, lest at any time thou
dash thy foot against a stone."

Surely these are strong promises for any one
whose heart is in the work of helping to lead
the children in "wisdom's ways, which are
pleasantness, whose paths are peace."

We know there are earnest, active workers
in this line, and we bid them God speed; but
let all who are waiting for a more convenient
season "beware of procrastination, for the chil-
dren of to-day will soon be men and women,
and a true spiritual education saves much sor-
row and suffering. The missionary spirit that
is finding expression rejoices me. I am one
with all those who desire to help spread the
truth that shall redeem mankind from the
bondage of ignorance said sin.

Mrs. C. S. FRENCH.
Marshall's Corner, Brockton, Mass.,
March 10, 1896.

The Lamp-Lighter.

Ellie was kneeling on a chair one wet even-
ing, staring into the street—one little plump
cheek pressed close to the window pane—watch-
ing the lamp lighter as he came down the street
with quick, swinging trot, holding his long rod
with "the fire in the cage," as Ellie would
have said.

The rain dripped from his big oil-skin cape
and hat, but he went cheerily on from lamp to
lamp, leaving brightness behind him.
"I wish I was a lamp-lighter," sighed Ellie.
"So you may be, if you like," said mother,
who was busy writing letters.

"I can't light the lamps, mother, you
wouldn't let me, and I've nothing to do. It
would be lovely to go about lighting lamps.
It's so stupid doing nothing."

"Very," said mother, "especially when you
could, and ought to be doing something. For
instance, lighting lamps."

"Where, mother? what lamps?"
"Yesterday you were cross and gloomy be-
cause the day was wet like this. Then Aunt
Mary called, and took you for a drive, and how
bright and pleasant you got all in a moment!
Don't you think Aunt Mary lit a lamp for you
then by her kind thought?"

"Yes, mother: it was such a lovely sur-
prise."

"Well, now, why wouldn't you set off round
the house and light up all the lamps you can
find in the same way? I can tell you of two
this moment waiting to be lit. Take that
piece of flannel, airing on the fender, to the

kitchen to poor Susan, who is bad with a tooth-
ache: that is one lamp you can light.

"Then, up stairs, Grannie is sitting all alone
waiting until I finish these letters and can go
up to hold the wool she wants to wind. Do
you see another lamp to be lit?"

"Yes, mother, to go up and hold Grannie's
wool."

Ellie stood a moment thinking. Then taking
the red flannel from the fender, away she
ran to Susan, who was standing against the
kitchen table with her hand to her face.

"Thank you, Miss Ellie," she said gratefully,
as she pinned the flannel round her head. "And
the words sounded pleasantly in Ellie's ears as
she climbed the stairs to where Grannie sat,
all alone, with the skein of wool in her lap.

Kneeling on the footstool, Ellie spread out
her fat fingers, and Grannie caught the skein
on her thumbs, and very soon it was all wound
up into a big ball.

And Grannie's "Thank you, dearie," and
hug and kiss sent Ellie skipping away with a
light heart.

"How did you like being 'Lamp-lighter'?"
asked mother, as she met her on the stairs.

"It was lovely, mother!" said Ellie, with a
broad smile. "I lit two lamps."

"And I think you lit one for yourself, too,"
said mother. "There must be a big lamp light-
ing inside you to make your face so bright. Its
name is 'happiness.' Nothing ever makes us
so happy as doing something for others."—*Ex-
change.*

Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

Sunday, March 22, was Anniversary Day at
this Lyceum, the subject being "Why Should
we Celebrate the 31st of March?" Approp-
riate answers were given by a large number of
the pupils and leaders.

The consensus of opinion was that the 31st
of March, 1848, marks the modern discovery of
a very old fact, and we celebrate its annual re-
currence, because we feel the need of such a
season for the putting forth of a mightier effort;
and for the dedication of our lives to the no-
ble work of bringing to mankind a positive
knowledge of the nearness of the spirit-world.

A new departure which the officers have
been for some time evolving has been brought
to a successful issue, and as it may be of gen-
eral interest to Lyceum workers, I will give a
brief outline:

The two younger groups—composed of chil-
dren under ten years of age—after the opening
songs and invocation, retire to an ante-room,
where they remain and study a lesson adapted
to their requirements; while the older groups
discuss with their Leaders, and endeavor to
answer the question announced for their lesson
the Sunday previous. Then the little ones
march in, fresh and bright, to hear the In-
structor, Dr. J. R. Root, who always tries to
adapt a portion of his remarks to their special
need, after which they are called upon to re-
cite before the whole school upon the lesson
they have been studying in the ante-room.

Their subject to-day was "Of What Should the
Flowers Remind Us?" and six of the ten had
answers, and good ones, too. As a sample, Carl
Leo Root said, "The Forget-Me-Not reminded us
of our friends on earth and in the spirit-
world," and the others were equally as ap-
propriate, which reflects much credit upon their lead-
ers, Mrs. S. A. Frost and Miss Cora Pratt, who
have the entire charge of this important work.
Mrs. Maud M. Jordan and Miss Bertha A. Davis
(Davis Sisters), sang a duet, and the Johnson
Sisters rendered two violin duets, interspersed
with recitations by Nutter and Johnnie Orms-
bee and Little Maud Armstrong, a reading by
Elmer B. Packard, and a song by Mr. F. L.
Gibson, making one of the best programs we
have had this season.

Mrs. Alice Wilkins was called upon as an old
Lyceum scholar, and responded with some well-
chosen remarks. Her little Indian control,
"Sunshine," came and sang for the children.
Subject for April 12—"In What Light Do
Spiritualists Consider Jesus of Nazareth?"

A. CLARENCE ALMSTRONG, Clerk.

[I suggested the above method to both Bos-
ton Lyceums of giving the little ones a subject
which they could grasp, and also the fact that
going with them into another room from the
older groups they could be gotten closer to and
better taught the subject under discussion,
teaching it on the kindergarten plan; in other
words, have an Infant department. I would be
glad to know that this method was adopted in
all Lyceums throughout the United States.
Will Conductors consider it, and write me what
they think of it?—MRS. SOPER.]

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1.

Was largely attended at its session, Sunday
morning, March 22, at Red Men's Hall.

The lesson was a continued consideration of
the scientific truths of spirit communion and the
continued individual existence, setting forth
the fact that scientists, having become
convinced of the occurrence of phenomena for
which they could not account on the basis of
any known law than that of spirit-force, were
bound to follow up the line and prove
conclusively the source of such demonstration.

There was a very excellent program of en-
tertainment presented, which included songs
by Ethel Brison, Mark Abrams, Gracie Scales,
Miss Maude Davis, Mr. Weston, Helen Gale,
duet by May and Evelyn Williams; mandolin
duet by Prof. A. D. Conle and Harris R. Wood;
recitations by Susie Dodworth, Carrie Cousins,
Mrs. S. E. Jones, Leon Soper; remarks were
made by Mrs. Butler.

The large number of children present and
participating in the march and other exercises
is evidence of a great interest in the effort
being made to give the young people a start in
life which shall furnish a stimulus in the work
before them, and in true humanitarian, spiri-
tual progress.

CHARLES T. WOOD, Conductor.

Original Enigma.

I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 5, 9 is a slip of paper.
My 2, 4, 3, 10, 5 is a girl's name.
My 6, 2, 13, 4 is a small cane.
My 8, 7, 9, 10, 7 is a page.
My 3, 10, 11, 12, 13 is a division of time.
My whole is a most welcome visitor in many
homes. NELLIE.

A kind word is seldom spoken in vain. It is
a seed, which, even when dropped by chance,
springs up a sweet flower.—*Faber.*

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

M. J. Savage spoke truly when he said of the cur-
rent methods of education for the young, and their
relation to practicality:
"The whole system of popular instruction needs re-
constructing. Few boys learn enough of anything to
earn a living. There is a snatching of everything.
The aim should be to teach boys and girls how to earn
an honest livelihood, and how to make good, honest
citizens."

As MODERNIZED.—"Do you remember the story of
the good dog that was punished for being in bad com-
pany?" asked the teacher. "As I recall the fable,
said the little Boston boy retrospectively, "the moral
hinged on the circumstance that the good influence of
the ain't his heredit was wholly neutralized on that
occasion by an objectionable environment."—*Ex.*

Letter from Mrs. Kurth.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have read with a great deal of interest the
third page of THE BANNER, entitled "Lyceum
and Home Department," and congratulate our
good sister and co-worker, Mrs. J. S. Soper,
for the decided step she has taken in this
direction.

Mrs. Soper's remarks regarding this move-
ment, at the recent Mass Convention at Mad-
ison Square, New York, were not alone timely
and appropriate, but full of good thoughts and
ideas—seed scattered and strewn out among
the vast audience, which has already taken
root and brought forth good results.

At our Society, the Woman's Progressive
Union of Brooklyn, a juvenile band has been
inaugurated under the able leadership of our
beloved and respected member, Mrs. Mario
Robinson.

The inauguration took place at one of our
social meetings—Friday, March 13—and was
the event of the evening.

Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham and Miss Cush-
man of New York were our invited guests,
and, together with Mr. Frank T. Ripley, our
speaker for this month, were very much inter-
ested.

The little boys and girls calling themselves
the Juvenile Band marched up in front of the
platform, and, being asked by their leader,
Mrs. Robinson, what their intentions were, re-
plied: "To become the children of the Woman's
Progressive Union."

A motion was made by one of the members,
which was duly seconded and carried unani-
mously, that they be admitted to the fold.

Being asked by Mrs. Robinson, what is your
motto? their united answer was: "Truth."
And what will be your aim? "To do good and
become a spiritual strength to the Union."

On Sunday, March 29, the children will at-
tend in a body and take part in the anniver-
sary exercises, being the first number on the
program, viz.:

Introduction of the Juvenile Band. They
will sing their own little hymn, and will carry
their banner—bearing the inscription of
"Truth"—before them.

We look forward with a great deal of antici-
pation to the advancement of this department,
and we feel assured that by the time we begin
our next season's work, that of '96-'97, we will
have a well-established Lyceum connected
with our flourishing Society.

We will be pleased to give a more detailed
account at some later date.

Fraternal yours, E. F. KURTH,
Pres. of the Woman's Progressive Union,
Brooklyn, March 21, 1896.

THE DREAMER.

He loves to watch the waves at play
Leap up the rocks with ceaseless roar,
And see their sunny, shimmering spray
Dissolve in pearls along the shore.

The western sky is dear to him
When rosy day with twilight blends,
And on the ocean's purple rim
The sun, a globe of flame, descends.

The white clouds sailing in the blue,
The white stars peering through at night,
He loves, because they bring to view
The fringes of the Infinite.

He hears the music of the skies,
The fitful hush, the song of birds,
And vainly tries to crystallize
His soul's rich harmonies into words.

And wandering in the Autumn woods,
Far from the sight of human face,
His fancy fills the solitary
With shapes of beauty and of grace.

What boots his idle dreams to those
Who with unceasing haste will
Toll from the dawn till daylight's close
To keep the world from standing still?

He smiles, and says his dreaming tends
To show the beauty of design;
To show men's lives to be but ends,
And draw them nearer the divine.

—J. Scott in *Chamber's Journal*.

Great Chance to Make Money.

Mr. EDWIN—I wish to tell others of my success
these hard times. We had so many fires, and so many
valuables burned, being out of a job, I decided on
selling the new family fire-proof deposit case for stor-
ing deeds, mortgages, notes, receipts, money and val-
uables. I ordered a sample family size from the World
Mfg. Co., Columbus, O. Sold six first day, eight
around home, at a profit of \$21; last week I made \$67.
The case nice, and so cheap all can buy. The firm
make aluminum goods, and other good winter sur-
veyors. I shall make \$1,000 clear this winter sure.
Rearer, write the company for a job. JAY COX.

Bill of Particulars.

Good Minister (a married man)—"Do you
wish to marry this woman?"

Man—"I do."

Minister—"Do you wish to marry this man?"

Woman—"I do."

Minister—"Do you like the city as a place of
residence?"

Man—"No; I prefer the suburbs."

Minister—"Do you like the suburbs?"

Woman—"No, indeed; I prefer the city."

Minister—"Are you a vegetarian in diet?"

Man—"No; I hate vegetables; I live on
beef."

Woman—"I can't bear meat. I am a vegeta-
rian."

Minister—"Do you like a sleeping-room well
ventilated?"

Man—"Yes; I want the window away down,
summer and winter."

Minister—"Do you like so much fresh air?"

Woman—"No; it would kill me. I want all
windows closed."

Minister—"Do you like a light in the room?"

Man—"No; can't sleep with a light; want
the room dark."

Minister—"Are you afraid in the dark?"

Woman—"Indeed I am. I always have a
bright light in the room."

Minister—"Do you like many bedchambers?"

Man—"All I can pile on."

Minister—"Do you?"

Woman—"No; they suffocate me."

Minister—"I hereby pronounce you man and
wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your
souls."—*New York Weekly.*

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
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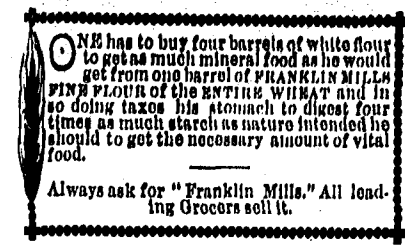
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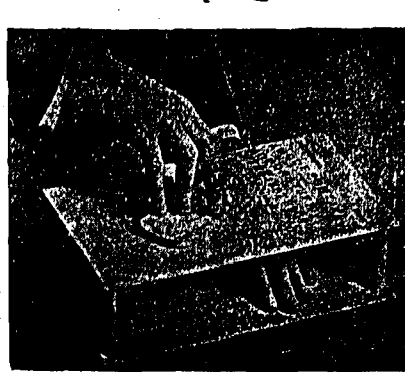
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in the use of "M. D." and title of "Doctor."
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of their constitutional right and power of enjoying
in safety and tranquility their natural rights and
the blessings of life, and especially the inesti-
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BY ALFRED E. GILES.
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Banner of Light.

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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!

Anno 48: The Anniversary Season.

When Modern Spiritualism came to earth forty-eight years ago, it so chanced that it was in the year '48 too. The coincidence on the present anniversary may have no special significance, only it is interesting to mention. The date named indeed marks the coming of a new dispensation. Nevertheless, spirits by no means then first began to make their presence known to mortals, though the long lapses of time have been frequent when their visits were few and unrecognized. Immediately preceding the Christian dispensation there was a period of fully three centuries, which was foretold by the prophet Malachi, when there was no open vision. So, too, there were periods in the history of the Jewish people which were memorable for their spiritual manifestations. History convincingly shows that spirit manifestation has had its positive and negative periods, whose causes mortal mind was unable to fathom. It has come to the world of men in mighty waves, and again it has had its reactionary periods, and decayed.

It has visited man when materialism in manifold forms has threatened to engulf the world in its muddy seas—destroying the gross idolatry of the time, introducing higher ideas into the human mind, and dissipating false conceits and presumptions. Not with violence, but, as it were, with its soft breathing, which is the essential function of the spirit. Unless such dispensations occurred from time to time, the world would be overwhelmed with the material influences prevailing, and the sense of spiritual things would be utterly lost. But for these periodic but divinely regulated manifestations of the spirit, the race would find it impossible to raise itself from its low estate to the higher level of spiritual knowledge. And hence they are justly to be regarded as epochs in human history. They are the oases in the desert of human existence. We do not at this present time celebrate the advent of Spiritualism, but rather its modern recurrence, its renaissance at a time when the necessity was, and was about to be, most urgent. This re-appearance at Hydeville forty-eight years ago was but its proclamation of the great living truth in a new form.

Mediumship is not a new thing. It is a phenomenon that has run through the ages. It is not these accompaniments and accessories of the modern advent that draw our attention to the great central fact at this time. Rather is it the celebration of the beginning of a mighty spiritual movement, the reflux of a vast wave from the limitless past, a spreading spiritual awakening, a world's pentecost, the dawn of the ineffable glory of a flood of light from the burnished ocean of immortality. The light was but a faint streak in the horizon at first, and was mistaken by the would-be servitors of human souls for a kindling fire, upon which they proceeded to busily play their toy engines of derision and scoffing. But it continued its divinely destined course until the whole heaven

was on fire with an illumination not to be extinguished by the machines of petty human prejudices and hostilities. It has spread its silent waves over the entire sky that enfolds and canopies us all, until not a nook is so secret as that it can hide its messages from the hosts of heaven. It has interpreted the blind mysteries of life so that we may read and understand them as we never did before. It has transformed the sensuous into the spiritual.

Only by these sensuous demonstrations may the inner light of the spirit be revealed to man. The world was fast passing into the stagnation of an unconsciousness of its own spiritual life, was becoming unable to cognize anything except through the senses, was losing its inner spiritual light. As the risen Henry Kiddle wrote in a mood of genuine inspiration: "This inner illumination is truly man's normal condition; its absence is wholly a perversion. Every soul has been admonished that its descent into matter involves its spiritual death, an oblivion of all divine things and the loss of its pristine purity, Eden happiness, and affiliation with the great central source of life, love and truth. . . . Man of necessity permits the light of the soul to grow dim amid the dizzy whirl and unceasing antagonisms of the earthly life, fortunate that it is not utterly extinguished by the material engrossment of his thoughts, aims and desires. The soul, clothed in its habiliments of clay, wanders dorkling in an eccentric orbit, like that of the comet, and goes far away in its observations from the Infinite Father, indulging itself in the exercise of its self-will, and enjoying the pleasures of the senses, dead to all the intimations that come to it from its true home."

It is then that the providential law begins to operate to check the wanderer in its eccentric flight. As it moves onward in the fulfillment of its destiny, it is subject to centripetal as well as centrifugal control. And that controlling force is exerted in part through these very sensuous manifestations. And in this way, when perverted by sense it is reclaimed by sense; its spiritual sight having been lost, it is restored by means of the sight that is material and organic.

The advent of Modern Spiritualism distinguishes our age by having brought these needed sensuous manifestations. It opens the eyes of the spirit through the senses so that they may see. It clears the perceptions so that they may perceive. It dispels ignorance with knowledge. It opens the windows of the spirit so that the light may enter. This is the consummation of the age. There could not be a higher or holier. We celebrate it with bowed heads, and hearts filled with gratitude. We praise those whose early services were freely given to the proclamation of the truth, believing and knowing that they share with us the deep satisfactions that are revolved on the Anniversary. And though the years roll on, the re-birth is ever new, and can never grow old.

A steady look about us and backward over the restless sea of time for forty-eight years will enable the one who can personally take it to comprehend the wonderful changes in belief and practice in that limit of nearly half a century. The decay of superstitions, the disappearance of baseless tenets held with the power of blind prejudice and irresistible ignorance, the loosening of the rigid bigotry that binds sets in the iron bonds of hatred and malice and all uncharitableness, the diffusion of the genial and reviving warmth of liberal views and larger thought, these are among the conspicuous triumphs of the latter half of this eventful century, blazing the way for the incoming freedom of the human family, proposing problems whose solution involves the illumination of human soul, and distinguishing the beginning of an epoch of emancipation that is to change the course of the great current that is bearing us all on to our larger destiny beyond. For all this, who can answer the question of how much is due to the advent of Modern Spiritualism, that greatest of miracles yet wrought since history began to be recorded?

In view of what has thus been accomplished within the term of half a century, who can presume to prophesy what still more remarkable things will be accomplished within the half century to come? Yet the greater light cannot be shed upon those who are not prepared to receive it. The law of supply and demand is far more strictly defined in the spiritual world than the world of matter. As fast as we enlarge our receptivity the truth is given us. We could not receive it in a state of unreadiness. Hence it becomes our plain duty to hand down the gifts that for the time are ours to those who are to come after us, unimpaired and with increment. As we receive, so ought we to give.

THE TRUE SPIRITUALIST IS NOT ONE TO BE SATISFIED WITH THE MERE GROWTH OF NUMBERS AMONG BELIEVERS, WITH THE OVERTURN OF BIGOTRY, THE DESTRUCTION OF CRAMPING CREEDS, THE DISAPPEARANCE OF OBSTRUCTING SYSTEMS, AND THE TRIUMPH OF LIBERALISM AMONG ESTABLISHED INSTITUTIONS OF RELIGION.

It is no partisan feeling that animates him. NOTHING LESS THAN THE UPLIFTING OF MANKIND FROM ALL FORMS OF DEGRADATION AND SLAVERY WILL SATISFY THE CRAVINGS OF HIS DESIRE, AND THE SPREAD OF TRUTH FOR THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD BY LOVE.

Decease of a Veteran Speaker.—By reference to "Banner Correspondence," seventh page, it will be seen (as chronicled by E. S. Varney) that N. S. GREENLEAF, one of the very oldest of the platform laborers for Spiritualism, passed to his reward March 19, from his home in Lowell, Mass. Bro. Greenleaf was a devoted worker for the Cause, and his face was always a welcome one at the various camp-meetings. **THE BANNER** congratulates his arisen spirit, which has exchanged the cross of earthly trial for the glorious liberty that awaits in "the better country" the children of God.

At this Anniversary time let every reader of the present issue turn to our second page, and read the admirable essay by Mrs. Milton Rathbun, which is there printed. It speaks the true word for *mediums* and *mediumship*. It will be a sad day for the Cause when its followers shall collectively skulk behind some verbal shield, instead of standing out openly for what is meant by the old terms under which the early and decisive battle was won.

A New York correspondent writes: "THE BANNER is a gem in every particular. The matter, manner of arrangement, careful supervision and press-work, all contribute toward making it a paper in which the Spiritualists should take pride."

Recently the San Diego, Cal., friends appreciatively celebrated the seventy-fifth birthday of Bro. J. M. Peebles. **THE BANNER** is promised a report of the services later.

Inner Sight vs. Book-Case.

The highly-polished book taught members of the non-progressive clique in medicine, who feel that their power to correctly diagnose disease is beyond question, and who have within the last two years matured and obtained the passage of a law in Massachusetts, framed for their own special benefit, which has materially crippled the Independent practice of the art remedial in this State, meet now and then with a case that gives the denial *direct* to their high-strung claims as impeccable conservators of the public health!

Mrs. W. S. Butler, who has been known for years to Boston and New England Spiritualists as a most remarkable medium—clairvoyantly gifted and otherwise—has just furnished an instance of this kind in her practice: On Tuesday afternoon, March 17, a stranger lady called upon Mrs. Butler at her office, Room 25, 178A Tremont street, Boston, in much apparent anxiety, and desired to consult her about the health of her (the caller's) father. Mrs. B. at once informed her that he was fixed in his religious opinions (Orthodox), and described him thoroughly, though of course she had never seen him with the mortal eye. She told the visitor that the father had been doctored for some three years for the relief of a disease he did not have—his trouble was with the liver, and not the heart—partial congestion of the former pressing the heart, making the breath short, and giving misleading symptoms to the medical men; that it was now too late to help him—as she could see the liver much distorted by disease, and that he could not survive a week as he was then situated. The daughter was anxious to obtain medicine for the parent, but Mrs. B. declined to attempt the case in the now hopeless stage in which the M. D.'s were ready to abandon it.

This occurred on Tuesday; on Friday of the same week (March 20) this man passed quietly and without a struggle to spirit-life, to the great surprise of those who, sure in their own opinions, failed to give due credence to the revelations of the medium's inner vision.

This case is but one of a great multitude that ought to appeal to thinking men everywhere in this State as to whether or no clairvoyance (even if the giving of medicine is coupled with it) ought not to be allowed to do its perfect work hereabout for the detection and relief of disease.

No Mistaking the Cause.

It is encouraging to hear the *Boston Herald* speak up and declare that "we are in a new dispensation to day," where all the differing religious denominations "present very nearly the same moral teaching, enforced by the same sanction." It thinks the motive cause that led to revivals of religion has been lost, the preaching of to-day being more largely ethical and reformatory than it is primitive and condemnatory. It has to admit that this is a transition period. Christian people think and act more on common lines than they used to. The time is near when evolution, ethics, the new criticism, and the scientific method will find expression in a working creed that will make old theology broaden, and be more consistent.

But what *silent force*, we would inquire, has brought this result? None so much as Modern Spiritualism. As is being emphasized all over the land at this Anniversary time, it has broken the yoke of dogma and superstition. It has revealed truths that fixed creeds would not let the light shine through. It has opened men's minds, and made them receptive. It has cast out fear from their souls. It has turned faith and hope into substantial knowledge. OLD THEOLOGY HAS BEEN PRACTICALLY BROUGHT TO ITS END BY THE PROOFS OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Really Good Idea.

An exceedingly bright and cogent suggestion is made by the *Harford (Conn.) Times*, that in view of the seemingly endless number of alleged heresy cases in the pulpit it might be a good idea to put *dogmatic theology* itself on trial, and see if anything is the matter there. Why, certainly, by all means. Just the thing. It is dogmatic theology that is making all this trouble, and breaking up the churches. The accused heresy ministers are making no trouble. They go right along with their business. It is the dogma ministers who are making the trouble. And if, as it seems to appear, the list of heresies is about exhausted, we do not see but these ecclesiastical court-holders will have to take their turn as culprits, too. Otherwise the business becomes too much like a jug handle, all on one side. We cordially second the timely suggestion of the *Harford Times*, and call for an ecclesiastical investigation into the character of the sturdy accuser, and the cause of all the trouble.

At Horticultural Hall,

Boston, on Tuesday, March 31, the MASSACHUSETTS STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION successfully commemorated with appropriate services the Forty Eighth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism. The matter will receive further treatment next week.

The *Revista de Estudios Psicológicos* of Barcelona in a recent number records the fact that at Itapetininga in Brazil, Señor Elia de Barros' little daughter, of only eleven years, is the unconscious cause of very surprising phenomena. She seems to be gifted with faculties for the production of physical effects of a very high order. No matter into what house she goes, on her entrance the movable articles seem to be immediately vested with vigorous life; the furniture dances about the room with such violence as sometimes to break articles with which they collide. These things happen, however, only in the daytime.

After seven years of prosperous existence, the European spiritualistic journal, *L'Etoile*, has ceased to exist. It was founded and edited by M. Albert Journe. We gladly bear witness to the splendid work it did during its life for the cause of wise reform. Each issue contained able papers on the vital questions of the day. The papers on Christian Socialism by Abbé Roca were especially noteworthy. A new journal, entitled *L'Ame*, is announced to succeed *L'Etoile*, by the as associate editor, M. René Caillé.

Cremation has taken another step forward in the West. The Indiana Cremation Society has just been formed at Anderson, Ind. Its list of members and officers (some six hundred names) show that people in all ranks of life are interested in the reform. The cremation of its members on decease will, for the present, occur at Cincinnati; the ashes are to be returned to the relatives, and the Association is to bear all the expenses.

The X Ray.

The progress of discovery in connection with the new ray that performs such wonders as to be styled a revelation, is as great as the original was itself in comparison with what was known in the past. The value of this new power surpasses all present estimate. It is of the greatest worth in science and surgery, and it is even predicted that men's thoughts will yield to it, in a measure, when science is prepared to adapt itself to such ends. It may prove to be such a searcher of secrets as to compel a new code for society and the state. It will not only be a marvel of science but a power to baffle the acutest of its most patient investigations. It has been asserted that this new power to "see through things" does not come from cathode rays, as first supposed, but that the photographs are due to action in the magnetic field, no light whatever being used in a certain test. This fact, if substantiated, only goes to intensify the interest in the so-called new light.

Man is learning that there is divinity in nature as well as in the humanity it sustains and encloses. We see but little of this spiritual world in nature, for the reason that our finer faculties are as yet in the infantile stage of development. Nevertheless, modern science is forced to admit that there may be whole universes of beings who dwell among us, of whose presence we know nothing. There are ranges of orders upon orders above and below us. An eminent scientist has recently made the startling suggestion that not only below us may exist molecular universes, intelligences and even civilizations, but that above us, perhaps, worlds may be but as molecules of grand systems and organizations. Such speculations serve to quicken our perception of the spiritual verities, of which the visible universe is but the printed page.

They Should Look at Home.

Washington is the city of the nation, and not of any particular State or section. The District of Columbia is under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress. A memorial, therefore, from Ohio, or any other State, "for the enactment of a Sunday-rest law in the District of Columbia," is a purely local enterprise, undertaken without the consent and cooperation of the people of the other States, who have an equal interest. A Washington paper very pointedly replies to the bigots who fathered the Sunday-rest bill, which recently went under by default, that it happens to be a well known fact that there is now a more perfect Sunday-rest in Washington than in any other large city of the United States. The two chief cities of Ohio, for example, themselves make Sunday the noisiest day in the week. But the people of Washington are not sending in petitions to the Ohio Legislature asking it to interfere by making more stringent laws. Before meddling with the Washington customs, as these petitioners to Congress feel that they have a right to do on the ground that they own as much of the national capital as anybody, these Ohio bigots and officious dictators of public morals would do better to look within their own premises and put a stop to the Sunday saloon trade, the theatrical performances, and all the other forms of Sunday amusement that notoriously prevail in their own cities. If they are such pious sticklers for stillness, they had better begin their work at home. The whole business is only for public effect, and is based on a desire to dominate others.

The Persistent Question.

We have received a recent Australian paper *The Echo*, in whose editorial columns is plainly shown the far-reaching interest that prevails over the world in the oft-repeated question: "After death—what?" It is asked constantly and everywhere. The paper referred to proceeds to a discussion of it in a set and serious manner. It also recites the conclusions of the various interviews had with the church dignitaries of Chicago by one of the journals of that city. Spiritualism, however, answers the question as well as it can be done for the present. Since its revelations opened the perceptions and enlarged the reason of men, what follows death is made plain and intelligible. There need be no more hoping and guessing, or fearing and dreading, for the future beyond the veil is made understandable. The old superstitions crumble away to nothing again, and the old fright goes with the fading dogmas. This question of what follows death, or rather the life after this life, is fast making the tour of the world. It is being asked in all quarters. The interest manifested only shows how deeply rooted the thought of the hereafter is in the human heart. The platitudes of the ordinary minister on the subject fail to satisfy.

London, Eng., will open its public institutions on Sunday—at last. A recent debate upon the matter in the House of Commons brought out the usual protests against the so-called *continental Sunday*, but experience has shown Edinburgh, Birmingham, Manchester and other towns and cities in England that the opening of botanical gardens, museums and galleries is a source of reasonable Sunday recreation, and it was carried through by a large majority. The British Museum, the National Gallery and the great collections of South Kensington will now all be open for seven days in the week.

THE BANNER editor desires to acknowledge a pleasant visit at his office, March 30, from Miss Maggie Gaule, the renowned platform test medium, of Baltimore, Md., and Washington, D. C., who has been in Boston most of the past week, participating professionally and with great conclusiveness in the Anniversary exercises of the Berkeley Hall Spiritualist Society, the Massachusetts State Society, etc. When at home, Miss Gaule's meetings at Wonn's Hall, Sixth, near G street, Washington, also her meetings in Baltimore, are very successful, and deservedly so.

W. W. Redfield, Norwalk, O., writes, in renewing his subscription: "Allow me to congratulate you on the fine appearance of the good old BANNER, and its able contents each week. Every Spiritualist and Liberalist ought to become a subscriber, and thus encourage the paper in its upward and onward course."

Mrs. Clara Field-Conant, an old and popular lecturer and trance medium of this city—who has for some time past been in Virginia—has temporarily returned to Boston, and will be glad to meet her friends and the public at her residence, 603 Tremont street.

The business address of *La Revue Spirite* has been changed to No. 12 rue de Sommerard, Paris.

Decease of Dr. Beals.

This gentleman, whose name has been prominent before the readers of **THE BANNER** as a great camp-meeting manager, and an uncompromising Spiritualist, passed to higher life at his home on Iligh street, Greenfield, Mass., March 27, 1896, after a long period of invalidism caused by consumption.

DR. JOSEPH BEALS was born at Plainfield, Mass., Aug. 6, 1821. He was the son of Joseph and Elizabeth Beals, and the grandson of Joseph Beals.

His early life was devoted to work upon his father's farm. The years succeeding his twentieth were passed as a builder of water wheels (in which profession he acquired a wide reputation), and the practice of the Daguerrean art in its early history at Northampton. He finally devoted his life to learning the dentist's business under the tutelage of Dr. Gates, of Greenfield, and continued to follow that profession (with some changes of location), from the fall of '46 till his strength gave out, some four years since—a period of forty-eight years.

Years ago Dr. Beals was connected with the Congregationalist church, but, being always liberal in his views, he finally was induced to investigate the claims of Modern Spiritualism. He became converted to its teachings, and has ever since been a strong tower of defense for the Cause in Western Massachusetts.

When the Silver Lake Camp Meeting was organized by Dr. H. F. Gardner, Dr. A. H. Richardson and others of Boston, a delegation of Spiritualists visited the grounds from Western Massachusetts, and the reports they carried home resulted in the formation of Lake Pleasant camp, near Montague; from the very outset Dr. Beals was prominent in the movement; he became the first President of the New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association at Lake Pleasant, and continued to occupy the same office for over twenty years, and till about three years since, when failing strength obliged him to decline reelection.

Somewhere about the same time he retired from the active work of his profession, and spent a year or more with his son, Dr. Joseph Beals, Jr., in Denver, Col. He returned home a few months ago and lived very quietly at his High-street home till his decease. He was married Jan. 18, 1848, to Miss Arabella Bosworth of West Springfield, who survives him. Five children crowned their union—four of whom are still on the mortal side of being.

The Boston daily press—notably the *Globe* and the *Post*—gave extended reference to the eventful of Dr. Beals' demise. The funeral occurred at his late home in Greenfield, on Monday, March 30. Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, with her usual eloquence and soulful grace, officiated, and gave Spiritualism's comforting word to the mourners.

By the request of Dr. Beals his body was cremated at Forest Hills, Boston, on Tuesday, March 31.

Dr. Beals was prominent as a Mason, was a veteran Odd Fellow, a liberal in politics and religion, and a Spiritualist first, last and always! Another brave veteran has thus gone on to join the great majority in the Better Land.

Joseph C. Pettigill, Secretary of the Newburyport, Mass., Society of Spiritualists, made a pleasant call upon the editor of this paper recently, and related several incidents which went far to prepare his mind for the acceptance of Spiritualism, among the number the following: His grandfather Cutting Pettigill, a good old Methodist, while reading the Bible, as he sat and rocked the cradle of a child (his wife having gone out to a neighbor's, and himself being alone in the house), saw a door suddenly fly open, and in it stood his sister whom he knew to be in New York at the time. He was much startled at the sight—and more so when the next day brought the news of her death. Mr. P. stated that he himself had had medial experiences, though not then understood, from his very earliest boyhood.

Prof. J. Jay Watson was still, at last accounts, winning golden opinions as a gifted violinist from the Western papers. The *Deloit (Wis.) Daily Free Press* of a recent date devoted a column of its space to a picture and sketch of this worthy gentleman and accomplished artist.

Anna M. Lancaster, of Brantley, Ga., writes, on renewing her subscription: "I have been reading the BANNER OF LIGHT for many years, and hope to be able to read it as long as I stay on the earth. I enjoy it so much. It gets better and more interesting all the time."

William Q. Judge, President of the Theosophical Society in America, died on Saturday, March 21, at the age of forty-five, of consumption. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, April 13, 1851.

Dr. T. A. Bland went to Washington recently to attend the annual meeting of the Eclectic Medical Society of the District of Columbia. He was re-elected President for another year. While in Washington he was accorded a fine reception on Thursday evening, March 26; he also found time to attend to business of importance in Indian and other matters, with success. He returned to Boston in time to be present at the Anniversary exercises at Odd Fellows' Hall.

EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTION IN TEACHINGS BY WHITE ROSE.—J. C. F. Grumbine offers special reduction to those wishing development through the media of his inspirational teachings on Psychometry and Clairvoyance; good until April 25. Send a stamped and addressed envelope for terms, endorsement and booklet, to Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine, Geneseo, Illinois. Teachings on Inspiration are now ready.

Something New in Railways.

Boston and Massachusetts people have heard frequently of late of the "Bytton Bicycle Railway System." Grooved between a raised single rail, and one on the ground level, are the steel and veneer cars—in form much like other railroad cars, except that they are much narrower (on the plan of a plank turned up edgewise, and so stronger). Opposite each alternate seat compartment, (arranged like the cells in a bamboo rod) is placed a door in the side of the car, so that egress from the floor of the vehicle to the ground is a matter of but a few steps. The motor power can be steam or electricity, the latter being preferred. A rate of speed (with safety, too), of sixty miles per hour has already been attained at a track in Belport, L. I., N. Y. Gain in speed, safety of transport, saving in fuel or motor power, are among the advantages set forth by the inventor, Hon. E. M. Boynton, President of a Company of the same name, office 32 Nassau street, New York City. It is to be hoped that the members of our Legislature will be led in time to look with favor on this new claimant, and that liberals in belief, as in other matters, will endeavor to impress this idea upon the thought of their Representatives.

Informal Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Sr., of 54 Green street, Charlestown, gave an informal reception to Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hull, Monday evening, March 22.

All the officers of the First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society were present, also many of the members. They all sat down to a fine turkey supper, after which a general social time was enjoyed till a reasonably late hour.

Mrs. S. E. Lewis of Portland called at this office on Tuesday. She was one of a party in town to attend Anniversary exercises. Mrs. F. E. Ward, President of the First Spiritualist Society, Portland, and Mrs. Ruel Woodman of Westbrook, Me., were also in the party.

For Over Fifty Years

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

Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact.

JOHN W. DAY, Chairman.

SPRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Seance held Feb. 21, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! Angel of Love and Light, we draw near this morning into thy communicating powers, that we may feel thy baptism and know that divine force is with us. Oh! reach out thine arm of love and shelter thy great family, the human race—for we feel that we are the children of the living God.

We ask a blessing upon all thy children, and tender all conditions and circumstances, because we feel how helpless is the mortal without the aid of the spirit. We also realize how sweet it is to mingle with the dear loved ones that are gone to their reward—that have gone up to the higher plane, but are still anxious to bring to their dear ones the light and knowledge of a continuation of life, that they may feel that there is no separation, that what seems death is merely change, and that we all have affection and love and an interest in those that are in darkness. Oh! God, bless us as we have come together this morning, because we feel the spirit often needs the assistance of power that divine power that brings souls together. Hear us, we ask, and aid us in all things, for thou knowest our wants better than we do ourselves.

Bless us again as we sit in this circle this morning, each one seeking to fulfill his position, each one striving with other environments, but all reaching out for the one great point—the elevation of humanity! Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Capt. Samuel Broodings.

This is a lovely morning. I have been assisted in many ways. As we gather our thoughts we recognize that regarding man in his peculiarities and attractions in earth life, death does not change the circumstances, but makes the realities of being still more clear to us. I don't exactly feel I am out of place here this morning, because I always like to be present when the roll is called. When the demand came for assistance to go to the front, I thought it was my duty to respond freely and openly without any hesitation; hence as a soldier I love my country, and I love the flag, and I love the people. I have those still on the earth plane that I have an interest in—especially in my home, also in the welfare of our country at large.

I could not say that I was a Spiritualist by any means while in the body; but I was one that believed that we were all God's children, and that we needed the protection of each and every one. I have those held to me by that close tie of nature, my children, and I would like them to know that I am still in the fight, waging the good fight of faith—fighting for life and humanity and knowledge. I am anxious to bring knowledge to them, that when we are called to a higher plane of life, and our commander gives us the order to go forward, we are bound by duty, love and honor to obey that call, especially when we feel that the call is necessary.

I have been drawn very closely to some of my dear brothers, through the tie of unity—especially our Grand Army boys—and as I feel a warm response sometimes coming and springing up in their souls, I feel a wish to give them all the cheer and comfort in my power. I have got many of the old boys with me this morning, and I feel like shouting that old, old saying, "Stand true to each other."

You may say, Mr. President, that Capt. Samuel Broodings is not dead. I shall be known in many places throughout Massachusetts, but specially in Newburyport and Newbury. My wife is with me, my companion for many years on the earth plane, and her name is Elizabeth. I also want to report that Samuel Little—that is Capt. Little—was my wife's father, so you see we were all joined together in a family circle; and there are others that have joined since I have passed into the spirit-world. I want the friends to know that in the world beyond we have got our calls and duties to perform, and we are anxious to let them know that we are there at roll-call. I want you to say that I have got lots of interest in the life beyond, and am working for the boys in blue, and for this I live, and for those duties we owe to what we call humanity. Mr. President, there is much I would like to say, but I cannot voice it all here. I did not get the title Captain directly through the army, because I was interested in boating also, and they gave me that name—so it came more from the latter than the former. I am glad, dear friends, that you have opened this channel, for I have been oftentimes around, and thought I would like to enlist in this army of progress, because while in earth life I believed all things worked together for good. I have voiced my sentiments, and will not delay you longer. I still remain, dear friends, yours in faith, in honor, and in love.

Freeman F. Gurney.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I, too, feel as though I should like to be at the front this morning. I knew the brother who helped me while in earth-life, but never became thoroughly acquainted with him as I have in spirit-

life. I want to say, Mr. President, that I can voice myself as the brother that preceded me; for if it had not been for spirit-directions I don't feel that I should have been able to finish my work in the earth-plane as I did. I had a consciousness before I left the earth-plane that I would truly meet with our friends on the spirit-side. This morning is a glorious morning—it is so pleasant, and you have everything here so harmonious and calm and peaceful; your flowers look so beautiful that it seems I am almost back again living in the old sphere. I want to say that I feel that there have been many waiting to hear from me. I have communicated through other channels and have tried to demonstrate my life; but I find that those who were near and dear to me wonder why I do not express myself through the channel that is now open, connected with the BANNER OF LIGHT. I well remember, Mr. Chairman, years ago, how many times your Message Department was criticised by those that knew not what they were saying; but today I would like to remark to them and to all, Condemn nothing until you know what it is; then you can become conscious of yourself, and bring the light so that it may shine in your life, and you shall know that spirit does communicate with mortal.

Mr. President, some time has elapsed, as time is counted in earth-life, since I passed into the spirit-world. We have had many, not relatives or friends, that have joined us on the spirit-side, and would like to say that many still remain on the earth-side. I want my friends to know that I am perfectly satisfied with what I found in spirit; there is only one thing that darkens my soul, and that is when I knock at the door of some dear loved one's heart and cannot get a response. I sense that my influence is felt, though my words are not heard. I have got one particular person I am desirous to assist, because that one needs me physically and mentally; it is with a view to encouragement that I send this communication this morning, and would like to say that I shall be well known in Westfield, Mass., also in Lynn, and I was well known in your city of Boston; my name is Freeman F. Gurney. I will be known in Maine also, for I have friends all around everywhere, as the world would express it. I thank you, Mr. President and friends, and hope that the angels will bless you and operate with you to send glad tidings to mortals and immortals. I hope that others may see and recognize this message that is given through your columns, identifying it through expressions of thought that have many times been voiced. The one I am most anxious to reach at present is Francis—for I think there is a friend that will show it to him.

Ellen Francis.

Why, I thought it was going to be ever so much more trouble to speak than I find it to be. I am so anxious to reach my companion in earth life, because there are changes that I wish he would make. I was not a Spiritualist, neither is he, and I don't know what he will think of me for coming here; but I was so anxious, and I was so much afraid that he would not know; I want to help him, because he seems to think he is left alone; he seems to think of me a great deal now, and he always looks upon me as dead, gone from him away off, and I am anxious to say to him and mother and all those that were so dear to me in earth-life, that Ellen has not gone—that I have been conscious of how they have missed me and how he has looked upon the change. I was a young woman when I passed to spirit-life, and my marriage relations were short, comparatively speaking, to what life is usually. I want Sanford, my husband, to know that Ellen Francis is still with him. My mind was somewhat affected before I went out of the body, so that it makes me have to think; the home where I lived was in Sharon, Mass.

I don't know how to talk with those in earth-life, and so the kind friends that are around us and this instrument said I could do what I could, and they would help me—that is why I want to talk this morning. Thank you; I hope Sanford will hear of this message; there are others, but I am particularly anxious to reach him.

Charles A. Wing.

Oh, how pleasant it is to get back to this familiar place! I suppose by those words you would think I had been away a long time, but I have not. I have been floating around, as the spirit would express it, trying to assist those in life, and want you to say: I send not only love greetings, but feel that words are useless without work. I want to work with my friends; I want to make them feel that I have not forgotten them, and that I have also been standing by them; sometimes the circumstances of life come so hard upon them that they cannot realize our assistance as much as they would if things were going on more as they would like to have them. I would say to the companion of my earth-form that she must not worry—all things will come out clear. I have had a deep interest in the changes that have come since I passed on to spirit-life. I would like to say, also, I have a great many that I have met in spirit life—those I was acquainted with before the change, also those that I did not know in earth-form. In spirit-life, when we speak of happiness and of our own contentment and pleasures, it looks to me a little selfish, when there are so many in earth-life that need our sympathy and influence.

I feel like saying, I live on earth more than in spirit, because we only can achieve our own happiness by bringing happiness to others. I want to say that to the one in the visible life or physical life (I suppose you might say, if she will understand it better), the one that has felt that she has not got the physical strength to do by, she ought to have: say to her, be of good cheer, you are not alone; Charles is with you, and you feel the arm of protection is still around you.

Mr. President, I am away from home when I come here. I had had some conception of the power of spirit control previous to going out, but I have those still in earth-life that do not feel quite sure that the spirit does return. I hear them sometimes think so—not by what they say, but I can read their thoughts. They wonder if spirit can return, and if they have got the power to assist mortals. I will show them how true it is.

I want to say to those friends that we are conscious how light gives many things. Sometimes it is the suffering that brings us the greatest light. The suffering and the disappointment of earth-life bring us closer to our friends in spirit.

I want to say that Charles A. Wing, of Malden, Mass., is here. I say Charles A., because my father's name was Charles also, and he is in spirit-life with me—so I want them to know

which Charles is talking. I want them to know that I have kept my promise—or, in other words, the promise that has been made to those in earth-life will yet be demonstrated, and that was: I have met all the people controlling and surrounding the instrument that I have been anxious to, and that all is right, and all will be right when the conditions are good. I feel, Mr. President, your paper goes into the surroundings of this circle I speak of. I know with open hearts and open hands it will be received. I would say that I thought that she would like something through your paper. I have given this also to comfort the friends, and also to give them confidence. I thank you! Please say that the ones who have joined me since I left the physical body are all together.

Joseph Barkman.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. I am a long way off from home, but I felt as though I might reach those in earth-life through this wonderful channel. I have learned from those of past experience that space is nothing to the spirit, and I feel your paper is like unto it—that distance is nothing to it, and it seems to reach those in mortal life. I lived beyond the allotted time in earth-life—rounded out over eighty years—and I know that I had many experiences in different ways of administering good. I have got those in earth-life that are interested in spirit-return, also those in my own family that I would like to send a letter of encouragement to through your columns.

I want to say I have joined "mother," because my companion preceded me, and it was a joyful meeting when the gate was thrown open and we recognized each other as we did; it was more of a happy reunion than it was when I took her a young girl, as the world would call it, as my bride. We have some dear children in earth-life yet, all trying to round out their own lives by doing their own duties. I would like to say that although I have got a little way to send this letter, there is a purpose in it. I have got friends in the States; my home was in Baltimore, Md., and my name was Joseph Barkman. I want them to feel that I can reach them through other channels also; I would like very much to have them take their own personality out, and allow the spirit to predominate more, and they would do better. I think this will be well received there, because I was somewhat interested in Spiritualism, and you know Spiritualism there was somewhat a stranger. I had an interest in the welfare of the work, because my idea of earth-life was progress.

I want to say that where God is, there is the greatest justice. I have a purpose in sending this letter, as there is one instrument that is anxious to draw the line between their own brain and outside force. I have got one that is sensitive, and I want her to know that we are with her, and for her not to worry—all will come out all right.

I will not send a longer message, because this may answer the purpose that they desire more than a more lengthy one would.

Asa Bartlett.

This is somewhat of a strange place to me. As I look over my experience in earth-life, and compare it with what I have had in spirit, it seems to me that the mortal life is like a checker-board—the earth-plane is the checker-board and humanity are the men, each one trying to make his life a moral benefit or a material gain; and yet what foolish moves we sometimes make! While I was in earth life I was not called exactly a religious man; I certainly meant to be honest, but felt perhaps as many others do, that as long as I paid my honest debts, and acted honestly, I was doing right—and so did not in one sense take much stock in what our hereafter would bring; but I did like a good game of checkers. There are those in earth-life that I have a special interest in, who think when they pass from the scene of action, and have laid aside the material form, that they will show their identity beyond death, and that is why I have asked for the privilege of speaking here this morning—to see if I can rouse a little curiosity, if nothing more, in their minds. I have been drawn very near to them of late, and think from my standpoint that they are making foolish moves. If they would let the spirit impress them a little, and not dwell so blindly on their earthly needs, I think they might do better.

I do not feel as though I want to dictate; I only want to advise a little, so that they will know that I have still an interest in earth-life. Do you understand, friends? I am perhaps a little harder to understand than most people would be, but it seems to me that they will. I am saying this much as the mortal would. I wanted to be felt; silence sometimes gives more than talk. Just say that Asa Bartlett is here, and my home was in Woonsocket, R. I. I was most of my life connected with the jewelry business, and was well known in Providence, and all through Rhode Island. I hope this little spark of life will be brought to some soul, and that it may set such to thinking. Just say I am playing checkers, but my game I work out differently now. One reason of my speaking thus is that I used to think I could play checkers better than I could eat—I so want to let the friends know the identity of a man after death is just the same.

[Received Jan. 10, 1896.]

Benjamin F. Bates.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I have long sought to speak here, and I have oftentimes loitered around this open door, listening to the many, many voices that send their sweet messages of love to the earth-ones. I have sought to communicate with the dear ones on earth. To a certain extent I think I have made them feel my presence, and I know their souls are open for any crumb of comfort that might be given. You could not really call me a Spiritualist while I was on the earth and in the body, and yet I was not what you would call an Orthodox. I believed in liberty, and further, I believed that every man and woman had a right to worship God according to the dictation of his or her own heart. I am not a great ways from home; I feel perfectly at home in this city and the surrounding towns. My family is also known around Boston.

I feel as if I would like to come closer to the one that was nearest my soul, and get her to feel that I have not left her. If memory serves me right, I should say that it was not a great many years ago since I passed from the mortal sphere of action. I was well known in the musical circle. I used to love to sing.

I shall also be remembered in a large society, and was in the express business; I was best known in Charlestown; I want Mary and Fred to know that I have not gone. There are others that I might speak of, but you can put me down as best known by the name Benjamin F. Bates

—the boys used to say "Ban," when they spoke of me.

My family are all reconciled to the circumstances, but I have been drawing nearer to them lately, and I feel that they oftentimes wonder why I do not voice myself even through this source; I have the opportunity this morning, and I thought that I would improve it.

I hope my words will bring some comfort to those who think that they are alone. I do not want openly to use too great an amount of English, because I think it is well for mortals to make good use of their inner thoughts.

Messages to be Published.

Feb. 28.—Mary Ann Green; Ellen Kimball; Solomon Emory; Harriet Williamson; Capt. James M. Hill; Dr. John Clough.

March 8.—Edward C. Spooner; Mary E. Walker; Stillman Morgan; Mary Ann Richardson; Sidney Howe; Frances Miller.

March 13.—Washington Nelson; Isabel W. Bell; Capt. Thomas Potter; Mary Ann Fitzgerald; Lafatette Bishop; Sarah Wilson; "Wildflower" and "Bluebell" to their mediums.

March 20.—O. H. Stone; J. D. Ford; Mrs. William How; Thomas A. Doyle; Margaret Smith; Charles Wood; Edward Sharp.

March 27.—Thomas Dowling; Nancy L. Weymouth; Nellie M. Miller; Elizabeth Cheney; George Whitney; Annie Thompson; William Carroll.

The Anti-Fortune-Telling Crusade.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

NO. I.

RECENTLY the authorities of certain municipalities have dug up sundry old, obsolete, musty, worm-eaten statutes—passed in days when superstition was rife, and double-distilled bigotry from the alembic of orthodox theology permeated and toned the body politic, its laws and usages—using them as instruments to crush mediumship and persecute mediums. These laws are the relics of a past, unenlightened age, of a tissue when men like Cotton Mather believed that a personal devil divided the government of the universe, especially this sublimity sphere, with God; that this devil thrust his finger in every pie, moving men to evil, sin and crime—basing the idea on the abominable dogma of the total depravity of the human race, on which his majesty, the cloven-footed, played as one would on a violin. Hence, in all presentiments, indictments and informations, among a mass of legal verbiage, it was averred that the culprit "was instigated by the devil." The theologians who ruled in State as in the church, introduced their devilology into the laws.

They invented witchcraft, then declared it was of the devil, as was astrology, and the foretelling of events, or fortune-telling, as they termed it. They framed their laws on a devil basis, and as "good Christians," must of course fight the devil through law. Inasmuch as they could not arrest the old fellow himself, and have him before the court in propria persona, to be dealt with, they determined to deal with his agents, such as were possessed by or in league with him, visiting them with fine, imprisonment or death. Witches were possessed, and were hung; astrologers and fortune tellers were in league with him—a minor offense followed by fine and imprisonment. So these laws were the outcome of orthodox theology. With the liberalizing of public sentiment they became and were permitted to remain a dead letter; now in certain sections resuscitated through a spirit of bigotry akin to that which hung Mary Dyer on Boston Common, whipped others, and bored the tongues of yet other "offenders," there is an attempted revival of the old Puritanic regime.

If I mistake not, there are scattered along through the "sacred records," instances of the forecasting of events, or "fortune-telling." Indeed, we know there were forecasters, called prophets, will not stop to recount the facts found in the records—the Bible—the literary inspired Word of God. It is unfortunate for the race that God's vicegerents have formulated dogmas and creeds, and then endeavored to turn, twist and torture this inspiration to prove and sanction the dogmas and creeds as part and parcel of a Divine revelation. This done, to build up a hierarchy, stifle free thought and narcotize the intellect of men, to the end that this hierarchy might have universal and unchallenged sway. Oceans of blood have been shed, millions of lives sacrificed by bigots, to secure uniformity and the establishment of what they call "God's kingdom." Through the centuries from Constantine down, Churchianity has plied the engine of persecution; to accomplish its fell purposes it has committed crimes more heinous far than can be charged against the godless heathen. Now it is proposed that we shall have a second edition in these closing years of the nineteenth century.

The end and aims of this revival of obsolete laws are to crush the vigorous new comer—Spiritualism—by rendering perilous the exercise of mediumship. Perhaps the conspirators may do it, but I opine the plotters will find, as Paul said, "It is hard to kick against the pricks," or, a better rendering, "the Truth"; for mediumship is a Truth—an incident of all ages, embalm as a fact on all the pages of their histories. To deny its existence would be like denying the existence of the sun in a cloudless noonday sky. Mediumship is organic and natural, running on different lines, according to susceptibility and adaptability. Let me quote Paul:

"Now concerning spiritual things, brethren, I would not have you ignorant. . . . Now there are differences of gifts, but it is the same spirit. And there are differences of ministries, but it is the same Lord. And there are diversities in workings, but it is the same God who worketh inwardly, all in all. And to each is given the manifestation of the spirit, for the advantage of all. For to one, indeed, through the spirit, is given the word of wisdom; and to another the word of knowledge, according to the same spirit; and to another, faith in the same spirit; and to another the gift of healing, in the same spirit; and to another the working of miracles; and to another, the discerning of spirits; and to another, different kinds of languages; and to another, the interpretation of languages."

This is quite a specific statement as to mediumship; Paul does not seem to fear, but rather commends it, declaring it to be of God. The trouble with our modern apostles is, they fear a loss of their bread and butter if the people see the truth; Paul had no such fears; a fat salary was no object, and I doubt if he would have thought a bigger salary a call of God. Churchianity has given us a very much diluted religion—more money and less God.

But it is claimed there are fraudulent mediums; hence the necessity of the resurrection of the aged, musty laws. If there is fraud, punish it as such; not assume that all mediumship is criminal. If there are those who wear the livery of Spiritualism to serve their greed; if there are those who play the hypocrite for filthy lucre's sake, deal with them for their hypocrisy, not stretch the law to punish honest innocences.

Are there not many "holly" men who are hypocrites, who make their piety a cloak for all sorts of sin, loudly singing divine songs and lustily offering up their prayers? Let these pietists who are always on the scent for the wrong remember that the Reformer of Judea, on a memorable occasion, said: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." Within the past year many of the trumpeters and drumbeaters on the walls of Zion have gone under a cloud. I wish I had kept tally; I think I should have been able to muster quite a regiment of "godly" sinners, compared with which the sins of Spiritualism would be as a drop in a boghead.

By these remarks I do not mean to condone the wrong doing of any medium. If there be one guilty of prostituting Spiritualism to a base purpose, who practices deceit or simulates, let him or her be anathema. If there be false pretenses, they can be punished without recourse to laws, the spawn of superstition based on a theological whim which years ago became the laughing-stock of the world.

The United States now controls the world's iron trade, producing about 11,000,000 tons annually. England, the former mistress of the trade, produces only 6,700,000 tons.

The Reviewer.

"Studies in the Thought World."

This is the title of a new book on "Practical Mind Art," written by Henry Wood, now so widely and favorably known on this theme. It is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The reading of it is so instructive and inspiring, that I am sure all readers will be delighted with it.

We are believers in progression; we know that all lines of thought must be carried forward to their perfection from one generation to another. There can be no stopping point in this development. It is hard for us to realize that the new views we have won in opposition to the dominant thought of our day, hard for us after the great battle is fought and peace secured, hard for us to feel that we need still to work out our salvation in other directions. Yet this is what progression means! And just as in the seasons there is a succession of plants and flowers—some a tapt to spring, some to the glorious summer, and others to the autumn—so it is in regard to the unfolding of thought: there are new phases manifested from time to time, developed from their seed state, and brought forward by the sunshine, increasing with the years.

Now the world has too long lived in the physical and sensual; we have become children of earth and time more strongly than we ought; we are the slaves of the hour and the visible. You see modern life is an absorption in the race for wealth and social standing—it is a battle for things.

This has done us harm in making us live after the seeing of our eyes; we estimate the worth of life by ownership of land and bonds; we look on labor as being a curse, and only made tolerable by good pay. We have emptied the interior life in our haste to satisfy the outer. We are poor, sick, and have all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Here comes in the divine help of mental healing—it assures us (which we instinctively know) that the Eternal Life is the source of all visible things—they are the manifestation of the Eternal Mind of power, goodness, love! Then it assures us that we are mind and spirit, that is what we are primarily; we are children of the Eternal; we are to hold communion with him, be at one with him; we are to be conductors of his forces, and think his thoughts with him and enjoy the potentialities of our being. So we are constantly to hold before us the ideals of perfection in health and conduct, yea, of everything in relation to our living.

Now if we do this, we shall have a summer climate in our souls, wherein everything fair and lovely will grow. We cannot constantly think nobly and aspire after the beautiful without it manifesting itself in your organism. You are firmly to hold yourself in this higher condition until it becomes the first nature of your being.

This, you perceive, is spiritual health, or rightness. It is a state of mind where envy, jealousy, ignorance and ill-will cannot come. All these spectres of the night are driven away by the glory and beauty they would have to invade. Very well; when you have thus fenced your life from the inroads of these stray cattle, you can grow what you please in the Eden ground.

That all seems clear enough—it is helping to build the "House Beautiful." But, you ask, will it cure disease? And it would seem, on the face of it, that such would be its effect—because disease is not so much of the outside as it is of the mind itself.

Here, I know, is the trouble with the average man receiving the thought. He has not considered it in this light, and to preach such doctrine is either a stumbling-block or foolishness to him. Nevertheless, the facts are strongly on the side of the new teachers; and it is proven that the ever-present pictures of health, and wealth, and what you please, are the molding forces of life and character. Oh! here is a field that is like the discovery of a new continent by Columbus—and we want to know so much about it. At first we scout the idea, then we begin to ponder it, then to read and question about it, then think perchance there may be something in it, then to see that something, and afterward try to attain it!

I confess a deep regard for the advocates of this theory, and I am especially pleased with Henry Wood, because he is so clear, so reasonable and persuasive, and this last book unfolds in a masterly manner what I have merely indicated; it gives light in the science of self-understanding and true living, and commends itself as a helpful guidance in this new realm that we must explore and enjoy. I have great pleasure in calling attention to this book, and hope that many will be drawn to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest its helpful thought. W. B.

A Remarkable Healer.

ONE WHO HAS BEEN WEIGHED AND NOT FOUND WANTING.

Many of the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT have doubtless read, or at least heard, of the name of Dr. Jacob Swanson, Minneapolis, Minn., and some are familiar with his marvelous healing powers and absolute cures.

It was my pleasure, while lecturing in the beautiful city of St. Paul, to visit the Doctor at his home, and dine with him and his excellent family. His social and domestic surroundings are the embodiment of elegance and refinement, and one who is sensitive is deeply touched and impressed with the bright and spiritual atmosphere of the place. The doctor himself is neither an allopah nor homeopath, but a psychopath; that is, he uses no drugs whatever, but cures himself exclusively to the electro-magnetic and finer forces of nature.

He recognizes good in all methods and schools of medicine, but his chief aim, and the most effective cure have been in the sphere of psychopathy. Having had a practical demonstration of his power as a magnetic healer, I can speak from experience. His touch alone on my body sends thrills through my entire nervous system, and as he conducts the currents from pole to pole, vibrating the negative or positive force, that of magnetism and electricity, and the next appears, one feels a revitalization of the psychic force, and a consequent healing power in the nervous fluid; and cures.

He is an adept in this respect, and has a well-earned, scientific reputation upon which to build his present practice and science of healing. As a physician, he is enthusiastic, earnest and sincere.

He will not compromise with the old schools, but adheres strictly to spirit-healing, and this accounts for his marvelous cures, his widespread reputation and the fact that the leading physicians of the North-west endorse his methods and send patients to him. Recently he has had magical success in treating patients by telepathy, from a distance. He explains this by showing that space and matter are permeated with luminiferous ether, that acts as a medium for the instantaneous transference of the forces which by the exercise of his will he projects and sends from his mediumistic and psychic organism through the aid of his guides, and effects a positive cure.

He is not one who will make claims in the public prints, and so I take this opportunity of presenting him and his work to the discriminating readers of THE BANNER. He is not a new recruit from the old schools. He has always been a healer, and if I say that he is one who can be trusted, is one whose life and work speak louder and above my praise, I write what I know to be true.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE, Speaker.

The famous Sioux chief, Red Cloud, goes to Washington as chairman of the delegation to present the grievances of the Sioux nation to the "Great Father." Red Cloud is approaching his eightieth birthday, and is growing very feeble. This will be his last visit to Washington, and he never expects to leave his reservation again.

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AYER'S **PILL**

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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.

LOWELL.—Ed. B. Varney writes, under date of March 30: "On the 18th inst., Mr. N. B. Greenleaf, of this city, one of Spiritualism's pioneers, and a brother to the late Dr. Isaac P. Greenleaf, of blessed memory, passed to the higher life, at the age of sixty-nine. On Saturday, March 21, funeral services were conducted at Odd Fellows Temple, he being a prominent member of that Order. There was appropriate music. Feeling addresses were made by Mrs. M. S. Townsend-Wood and Mr. A. B. Plimpton. The remains were carried to Haverhill for interment.

The services at last Sunday's meetings were in a measure memorial to Mr. Greenleaf. At the Lyceum, the conductor, Miss Daisy E. Brainerd, alluded in fitting terms to his passing on.

At the afternoon session, Mr. E. B. Varney read a specially prepared tribute to the worth of our departed brother and co-worker, alluding to his long and noble service in the cause of Spiritualism in Lowell, as lecturer and test medium, and especially as a comforter in seasons of grief. Through his gifts, his lips the angels have roared back from sorrowing hearts the heavy clouds of death and despair, and have given sweeter and more ennobling conceptions of life and duty and destiny.

In the evening, Mr. A. B. Plimpton, a lifelong friend and associate, delivered an impressive eulogy upon Mr. Greenleaf as a friend, a man, and a faithful, tireless worker in the glorious cause of our people's religion. He alluded to our ardent brother as one who never swerved from the line of duty or of integrity, and who never failed to answer the many calls he received to comfort the stricken, to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted.

The regular speakers for the day were the Rev. Frank E. Heath, of Danvers, as lecturer, and Miss Ora B. Blows of Brockton as psychometric reader and test medium, both of whom gave excellent satisfaction to large audiences."

Colorado.

DENVER.—S. L. Hard, Secretary Independent Spiritual Church, and "Starlight's" Ladies' Auxiliary, writes: "The seventh anniversary of our pastor's, Dr. G. C. B. Ewell's marriage, March 18, occurring on our regular social evening, members of the Auxiliary resolved to improve the opportunity for an extra spread, beside introducing many points of interest through the afternoon and evening.

A table provided with pound packages, as tokens of remembrance, was a feature of much pleasure. Music, games and dancing met the demands of all ages present; but as characteristic of all advanced, progressive men and women of the present day, foremost among which are the Spiritualists, the chief point of every entertainment is the intellectual or spiritual. And so with the principal actors in the event celebrated, arranged in the bay-window, with their attendants and the superintendent of our Sunday school and his good wife, whose anniversary also occurred in the week past, we all received, through the gifts of Dr. Ewell, such a baptism of spiritual thought as is the privilege of a few.

As "Starlight" said: "Such occasions are opportunities for making progress, to consult the powers above us, and ascend in us are on the right track, and receive baptisms of power. The hosts of friends that crowd around, visible and invisible, are cheered and helped onward."

Many of your readers know by experience what on occasions of interest, real and intense pleasure "Starlight" makes of these anniversaries to all interested in spiritual work within the compass of her sphere, and can fill out from such memories what the pen for want of time, and your columns for want of space, must fail to furnish."

New Hampshire.

CLAREMONT.—Mrs. S. M. Chellis writes: "A year and a half or two years since I handed a BANNER containing a short sketch of Mollie Fancher to a friend, a physician, saying, 'Put it in your pocket and read it at your leisure.'"

I heard no more about the paper until one day last summer, when I was calling on a lady who had been residing in North Carolina. I spoke of Mollie Fancher, and said I had given the paper to Dr. Jarvis. "Oh," said the lady, "I wondered where Leonard got that BANNER. He sent it to us in a bundle of papers, and it contained a communication from my husband's brother, John B. Dean."

I do not know the date of the paper, and neither the doctor nor I knew John B. Dean or that the communication was in the BANNER.

Another spirit, Roswell W. Silsby, asks for recognition. I was slightly acquainted with him, and had some business dealings with him. I know what he said in regard to his dislike of Spiritualism to be true. There are relatives of his residing in town, and I had hoped that they would have sent some notice to the BANNER. Perhaps they have the same feelings that he had about calling "the dear departed ones back from heaven." I will not personally acquainted with them."

California.

SANTA ANA.—C. G. Brown writes: "Mrs. E. L. Barnett, a fine inspirational and test medium of Los Angeles, who remained here about three weeks, almost, it might be said with but very small compensation, has usefully labored for the upbuilding of this Cause in which she is so heartily devoted, and with the aid of her husband, a spiritual composer of music, and their daughter, Zee, thirteen years of age, with music and singing, given complete satisfaction.

Through their efforts several friends meet on Sunday afternoons; reading and speaking are the exercises. We have some fine mediums, who do not care to give public sittings, but will privately do good when occasion demands.

Mrs. Barnett gave, at the parlors of Mr. John S. Watson, before a gathering of about forty persons, one of the most successful psychometrical and test sessions that ever came under our observation, at our meeting March 16.

She probably will make a trip to Europe, and on her way visit the camp-meetings.

We can understand and pronounce her a first class medium in this phase, and no society will regret securing her services."

Ohio.

OXFORD.—"Alpha" writes: "Through the media instrumentality of Frank T. Ripley, I was brought from the darkness of agnosticism to behold the light of our beautiful spiritual philosophy. Mr. Ripley's lectures teem with beautiful thoughts."

"My wife and myself have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills, and have derived much benefit from them.

WILLIAM E. SAUNDERS,
97 School Street, Cambridgeport, Mass."

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From his late residence, 65 Arlington Street, Hyde Park, Mass., (formerly of Randolph, Vt.) MR. FRANCIS M. PAINE, aged 71 years and 8 months.

A kind husband and father, a good friend and neighbor, and a reformer in all that tends to make life better. Mr. Paine has led a useful and busy life, and will be much missed by a large circle of friends and relatives. He has been a devoted and consistent Spiritualist since the movement began, and did not hesitate to express at proper times the faith that was in him.

He was suddenly "called" to the last by his devoted wife, who had shared his home and faith for nearly forty-six years, and by his son and daughter.

A. P. P.

From her home at 311 Felt Street, San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 29, 1896, HARRIET POTT WISE, aged 66 years.

Mrs. Wise was born in Patham, England, in 1829. In the circle of friends in which she moved none were more beloved than "Mother" Wise; she was ever ready with the word of comfort or advice, and her swift-springing sympathies often led her to overlook her strength in behalf of some neighbor or friend. She was the angel of many a sick room and the cement that held many a family together beside her own little flock.

Her last illness was brief, but severe, and yet through the bodily anguish the spirit shone resplendent to the final hour of earth life. We shall miss a friend and sister whose love was a sustenance, both the pure white light of her soul still shines along her pathway among us. Her unflinching faith in the religion of doing good, and in the consciousness of life after death, should strengthen our hope and encourage our efforts to help brush away the clouds of human darkness about us, that the light of spiritual truth may shine through.

C. A. M.

From his home in Lowell, Mass., March 19, NATHANIEL S. GREENLEAF, aged 60 years.

He was one of the early workers in Spiritualism, and was an honest, earnest man. It was his request that the writer should officiate at the funeral services, which were held in the Temple on the 21st ult. Beautiful flowers were sent by friends, tokens of their love for this good man. Mr. Greenleaf left a wife and many relatives. Among the ardent workers in the cause of Spiritualism he will find his true place, and be ready to welcome us who yet remain among earthly shadows.

M. S. Wood.

From his home, 342 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., Cecil V. STEVENS, aged 17 years and 3 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Stevens. Funeral services conducted by the writer.

FRANK T. RIPLEY.

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.

TO
Cure
That
Cough

or Colds of any kind, Bronchial Troubles, Sore Throats, Asthma, or any Lung Disease, there is nothing equal to

ADAMSON'S
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