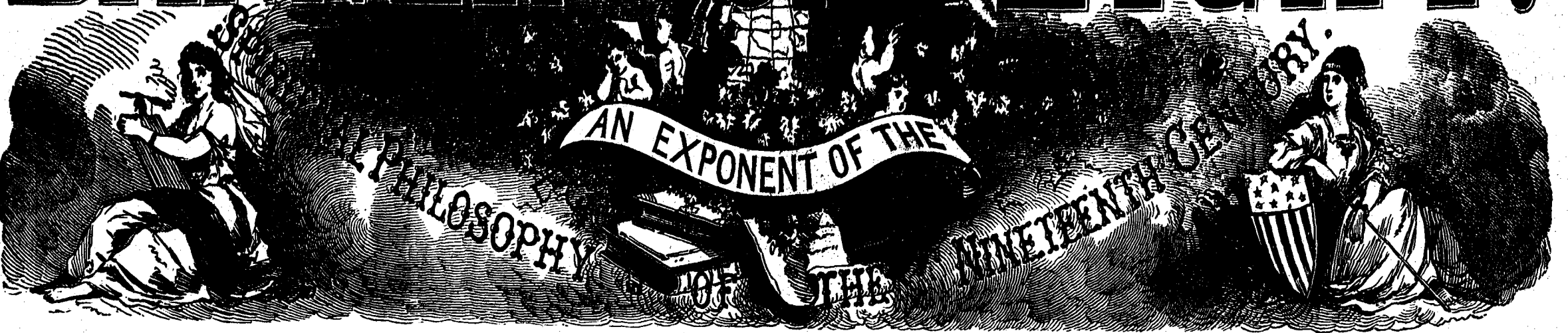


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 79.

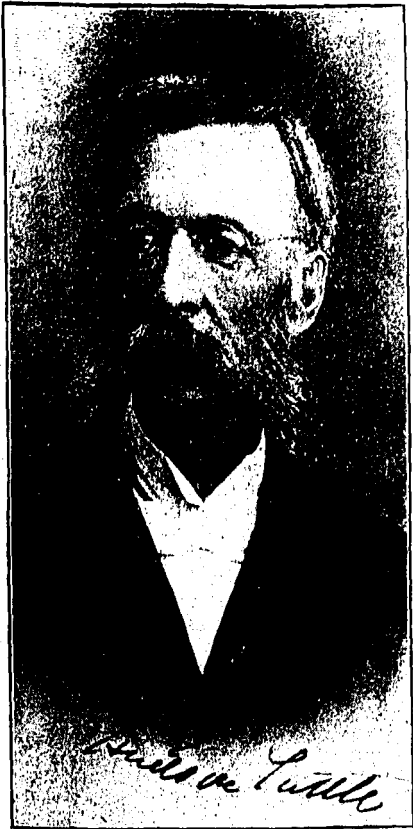
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NO. 9.

Original Essays.



A Memory of Lake Pleasant.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

A PARTY of us sat by the shores of the beautiful lake, a fragment of blue sky thrown down among the rocks and pines, reflecting the shores so softly that the eye failed to detect where they blended with the waters. There was a poet with us whose verse is like the music of an angel's harp, voicing inspiration, and there was that wonderful lecturer, Emma Hardinge Britten, whose lips have been touched by the light of the new dawn—with the genial, large-hearted Dr. Brittan, who has, sadly for us, joined the ranks of the great departed.

The last day of the camp had come, and the last hour of the day, when "good by" must be said, and the parting which would drift us all back again into the sphere of duties from which we had for the time escaped, with the assurance that never again in this life our paths would cross, and the next greeting must come from the eternal highlands. The lecturer, inspired, talked of other lands beyond the sea, and the poet of another, like an arisen Atlantis, laved by a tide which breaks on a coast beyond an infinite horizon.

The pines whispered in the silence as the sun went down, and deepening shadows stole over the bright face of the waters. The wind sighed softly through the branches, and from a myriad tongues came murmurings of a far away ocean sad, sweet, of subtle power, lifting the spirit out of its bondage, and permitting it to commune with the supernal.

Something more came out of the murmuring pines, the restful waters, and the stars that began to light their torches in the heavens. The soul in the gathering dark, looking up to the watchful stars, was homesick, filled with the awful thought that it was as eternal as they, a wanderer, tarrying for a night, and somewhere in the morning it would awaken in a world where all its ideals would be realities. Sometime it would go home. Thus lifted up, it felt that it was a part of the Infinite, destined to actualize its every aspiration and highest dream.

We may not understand, we cannot understand, for the celestial life so far transcends the mortal, that words have little meaning when applied to that life. We do not comprehend the growth of a blade of grass or a flower. If we take the root of a lily and expect to find the bloom we shall be disappointed. Plant it in the earth, under the influence of the showers and the sun, it will expand, and from its waxy corollas fill the air with perfume. The possibilities of the lily were wrapped up in the unsightly root. So the possibilities of spiritual life are contained in the physical. We do not understand how the egg in the nest on the mountain crag, and the egg in the nest in the bramble, identical to all tests, when subjected to warmth, in one case produces a wing that battles with the storms amidst the clouds, and in the other a feeble wing that seeks safety in the hedges. Oh! no; no one has sent the plummet down to the depths of Cause, nor looked through the confining horizon of space, and we know as little of the coming life as the caterpillar, feeding on acrid leaves, knows of the butterfly state, when it shall be blown like a living leaf from flower to flower, sipping their nectar the summer day.

The night came, and the bosom of the lake reflected the glory of the heavens, star for star, and on its rim caught the crescent moon with an attendant planet. A breeze rippled the water, blotting out the reflected stars. How like the spirit-thoughts to the soul! They come forever, but we present no mirror to catch their beauty, or, if we do, it is clouded by the breath of selfishness and passion, and while having the means to catch the radiance of the heavens, in blindness we cry for light!

"Good-night! Good-by!" The poet is singing yet, and the lecturer in her own land educating her people in the precepts of the crowning philosophy of the ages. Two of that group

have received the wreath of immortality, and stretch out their hands to us from the highlands of heaven.

Good by! oh, friends, good by; sweetest, saddest of all words! May we all be true to ourselves, and kind angels guide and protect us through the shadows of night until the morning.

Missionary Labor in the South.

BY E. W. GOULD.

BY the many interesting letters from President Barrett, recently published in the BANNER OF LIGHT and other spiritual papers, we may have a slight conception of the requirements and the opportunities for introducing spiritual teachings in that heretofore neglected portion of our country.

From Mr. Barrett's reports of interviews with editors, clergymen and other educated and professional men, it seems surprising how little is known of Spiritualism—even in the larger cities—and that, too, among the educated classes, many of whom are in touch and correspondence with the North and East.

It must arise largely from prejudice, which, according to Bro. Barrett, is easily removed when the subject is properly explained.

If such is the case in the cities, what may be expected in the small towns and the country?

They are an emotional people, with a large number of negroes among them, who are naturally superstitious and sensational.

To talk to them of Spiritualism or of spirits, would be to bring visions of goblins, ghosts and evil spirits before them—and as white and colored children often mingle in their plays, everything of a sensational character is treasured up, repeated and handed down from generation to generation.

This may account for much of the prejudice found to exist among the middle classes, and even among the higher and educated classes—like the dialect and habits of the negro, which are often found in use by those who once owned him as a slave. But the schoolmaster is abroad, and the world "do move."

Those that have traveled much in the South, or are familiar with the character of the people, realize how important it is to approach them with care and courtesy upon any subject—and especially upon one involving conscientious convictions.

Whether educated or ignorant, they are tenacious of their views, which it is necessary to respect in attempting to convince them of an error.

Most of those who have traveled in the South as missionaries, or teachers of Spiritualism, are of course from the North, and have the disadvantage of location to overcome in the first place—which is not easily done, as all newisms or theories coming from that direction are looked upon with suspicion.

From the poor success that has attended the efforts of those who have attempted to enlighten, or make converts in the South, it is evident they have not understood the character of the people, or their object has been to hoodwink them by deception, instead of instructing them in the theories of true Spiritual Philosophy.

As a result of President Barrett's recent missionary trip through that country—who is the first public medium or teacher that has ever canvassed it for the purpose of learning the true condition and wants of the country in connection with Modern Spiritualism—we are able to comprehend the necessities that exist, and the best means of relieving them; which is another evidence of the value of organization and the great good that will ultimately result from the efforts of the National Spiritual Association.

While we have not yet had the President's conclusions as to the best plan to proceed in this field of missionary labor, we doubtless shall have as soon as he completes his tour of observation, and has time to make up his report. That it will include a carefully-considered system of missionary work by competent, honest and enterprising teachers and colporters there can be no doubt. The field is broad, the harvest ripe and ready for the reapers; and as soon as the National Association shall be authorized by the Convention, when meets in October next, and the necessary means provided, this long-neglected field will receive gradual cultivation, as a part of the duty provided for in the constitution of the National Spiritualists' Association.

By sending the proper class of teachers into that field, it will not be long before they will be self-supporting, and the National Association will be relieved, and in turn receive strength by the addition of auxiliary membership.

This may seem to some of our people a visionary scheme to extend our theories and advance the great Cause of Spiritualism, and ought not to be undertaken while there is so much that needs to be done nearer home. Let us consider for a moment what we are doing nearer home, or right at home. How many churches, chapels or educational institutions for the advancement of our Cause are we building to day? How many have we built in the last forty-five years? It is probably safe to say that we have at least millions of converts to our religion in America, or might have if we had suitable accommodations for them to assemble themselves in. How many Lyceums

have we? How many schools for the cultivation of vocal music have we? How many for the education of our rising generation?

Where are our recruits to come from if we do not extend our borders, and secure converts from among those who have not been so highly favored as we?

While we should have at least twenty young, active, earnest public workers in the field today as missionaries, we have but four—that includes the President of the National Spiritualists' Association—and none of them are adequately paid for their services.

I have not the figures before me, but feel justified in saying that more than a million of dollars are paid annually by orthodox societies in this country alone, for the support of foreign missionaries, to say nothing of the amount paid for home missions by them. This to us seems a fabulous amount, when we consider the possible good this expenditure can do, and realize the sacrifice that is made of life and health in the effort!

But it seems equally fabulous to think Spiritualists expend in the same time quite as large an amount for tests of what they have been assured many times before. And yet there is no doubt that such is a fact; but the result of our expenditure is undoubtedly more worthy and more satisfactory—certainly it is to us. Still there is a grave doubt whether we are justified in spending so much money for personal gratification, while there remains so much that ought to be done in our midst, and so much that we might do to advance our Cause, and the cause of humanity, by paying competent, reliable mediums to enter the missionary field, where there are so many seeking for the light and knowledge which we so highly appreciate, and of which they are in great part deprived.

The injunction so common in New Testament times, and urged by the Nazarene and his co-laborers, to "go forth into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," has been very generally adopted by all sects of religionists from that time to the present—although "all the world" at that time was comprised within a very small arena. The novelty of travel, and the ambition of young converts, has kept pace with civilization, and frequently so much anticipated it that many cases they have paid the penalty of their zeal by the sacrifice of their lives. But so far as the injunction or request applies to Spiritualism, there need be no apprehension of any sacrifice other than that of honest missionary labor. Now, as in former times, the laborer is worthy of his hire, however, and the practical question for Spiritualists to settle is, how shall we raise the means to pay the laborers, with all the numerous demands upon our limited resources?

It is a trite saying, "Where there's a will there's a way," and I am satisfied it is only necessary to impress the importance of this work upon the attention of our people, and keep them advised until they come together again, through their delegates at the next Annual Convention, when some practical method will be adopted to put into this great harvest field a corps of competent laborers.

While we are not in sympathy with the teachings of our Orthodox brethren, we may profit by their zeal in behalf of the "heaven of foreign lands," by adopting their methods of raising the necessary means to support so large a force of missionaries in far off countries, the practical result of which, to us at least, is very doubtful.

As we are just now entering upon the forty-ninth year of this New Dispensation, it seems a very proper time to consider seriously the importance of this subject, the value of it to our Cause, and our duty in connection with it.

Washington, D. C., March 31, 1896.

Is He Not a Medium?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the course of a few remarks which I recently made at the meeting in Carnegie Hall, I referred to my investigations in the way of tracing the wonderful inventions of the past forty-eight years to mediums, and I illustrated the matter by producing some documentary evidence which I possess bearing upon the probability that Thomas F. Edison is a medium, and that his remarkable or marvelous blessings to his fellowmen are directly due to influences from the unseen realms of the other life.

You are aware, Mr. Editor, that the law at times hangs men upon purely circumstantial evidence. Well, sir, the evidence of this character proving the mediumship of Thomas Edison is complete; and in response to the urgent request of many present at the meeting, I now place them before your readers. I have one letter from an old, honored and respected citizen and lifelong and intimate friend of the Edison family in their place of residence, Port Huron, Mich. Extracts from this letter read thus:

"My acquaintance with the father of Thomas Edison began in a business way about forty years ago; my intimacy with the family grew, and I am quite familiar with the boyhood days of the greatest inventor of the nineteenth century.

His mother was a wonderful woman intellectually—in fact, a remarkable coincidence of far-reaching, strong intellectual grasp, coupled with a fine combination of ladylike, feminine delicacy.

Thomas was the youngest, and therefore the Joseph of the family. I noticed and remember his mother's anxiety for him, and her careful training. She had been a teacher in the high school at Toronto, Ont., and was therefore amply qualified.

Thomas's father was a man of tremendous physical powers, and was called the swiftest runner in the west of Canada. Even now, in his ninety-first year, Samuel Edison is tall and erect, over six feet high, and would attract

attention anywhere; and it is my opinion that to his father Thomas owes much in the way of his remarkable ability to withstand the tremendous vigils of his studious and energetic life.

Thomas as a boy was of a retiring disposition, and very thin and delicate. He would not go out and play like other boys. I remarked this, and suggested to his father that he ought to make him go out and play with the boys. He said he would not do it, and I said I would make him do it. But for all that, Thomas was never idle, and did many things which displayed a powerful mechanical instinct.

Then came a change. Dr. Chase of receipt-book fame came and passed the night at the Edison home, and, noticing the boy, assured his father that everything was running to brain, and that if Thomas was not taken from school he would lose him. His father took him from school and placed him upon the cars as a newsboy. Then the world was open to him, and an insatiable desire for knowledge was about to be gratified.

It first took the form of what I considered *legerdemain*, and his many acts in this direction mystified me greatly; but his efforts in this line soon took a wider form; he purchased retorts, and as fast as he was able bought chemicals to experiment with, and kept his laboratory in the baggage car; but one day, unfortunately, his phosphorus got dry, and, exploding, set the car on fire; the train was stopped, and some difficulty was experienced in extinguishing the fire. The train men

cut off Thomas's ears and threw his traps out upon the road. This affair would have completely discouraged any boy except Tom Edison. He then started his laboratory at his home, and would experiment when everybody was asleep. It then occurred to him to start a newspaper upon the cars. He bought a lot of second-hand type from the *Detroit Free Press*, and commenced the *Grand Trunk Herald* in the baggage-car—Thomas being proprietor, editor, printer and press—all being stamped with his own hand. It was very popular, but ultimately took the form of a "Paul Pry," embracing some of the most laughable caricatures of men and things.

About this time there was an 'eighteen-carat' dude who infested Port Huron—nothing specially valuable except his clothes. The aforesaid editor did not fail to see and record his opinion of said person; it ran thus: "It appears to us that the personality and surroundings of — exactly remind us of the qualities of a cinnamon tree—nothing valuable except the bark." Unable to stand the public ridicule, the dude hunted up the boy editor, found him fishing upon the bank of the river, and threw him headlong into the water, and let him scramble out as best he could—a striking example of the perils of editorial life.

Thos. Edison's introduction to electricity occurred in this way: Mr. McKenzie, the station master at Mount Clemens, had a child that crawled upon the track; the newsboy, Edison, by a tremendous and dangerous effort barely saved his life; out of gratitude to the boy, he taught him the mysteries of telegraphy; but Thomas soon became master instead of pupil. The world knows the glorious results. The young experimenter got some old telegraph wire, and, with another boy, planted some poles and extended the wires; he noticed that by stroking the turn of a black cat the wrong way a prickling sound and sort of light was developed; here was a mine to be worked! So they caught a black cat belonging to one of the neighbors and applied the battery—the cat jumped about twenty feet, and they never saw it again!

It is a mistake to suppose that because Thos. Edison was early taken from school that he labored under the disadvantage of little education. He was a well-educated boy at the home university of his mother, and was an insatiable reader and inquirer. At ten years of age he had read Hume's History of England, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, etc., and this fact, coupled with a marvelous memory, would indicate how far ahead of the ordinary boy he must have been at that early age.

Another very worthy and well-to-do resident of Port Huron writes me as follows:

"I have known Thomas Edison from a boy, and all of his father's family. His parents were good Spiritualists, and a son, William Pitt Edison, was a pronounced believer in the phenomena, and I understand that Thomas is also a believer in spirit-return and mediumship, but that he does not talk upon the subject except to persons he is familiar with."

From another reliable source I have the written fact that Samuel Edison considered his son Thomas a medium, and told the story that when the famous inventor was but seven years of age, and before he had ever learned to write at school, his hand was controlled by an unseen intelligence, and he wrote very clearly; and still further, I get a letter from an old and respected resident of Port Huron, saying, "Thomas Edison's parents were Spiritualists, and I have many times sat in circles in their home when the inventor was a mere child."

Now, Mr. Editor, you cannot but admit that the evidence is wonderfully strong in the direction of the inventor's mediumship; all the way along the chain of proof, a person acquainted with the phenomena of Spiritualism, and with the work of mediums, can see the hand of the invisible world.

New York City. JOHN EGGLESTON.

Abba! Father!

BY H. S. R.

How we turn to "God" when everything else fails us!

Is there a God, or do we turn from everything to nothing?

Is there a God who sees the agony of his children, and pities them?

Is the idea of One who comprehends our anguish, and will give us healing, a myth?

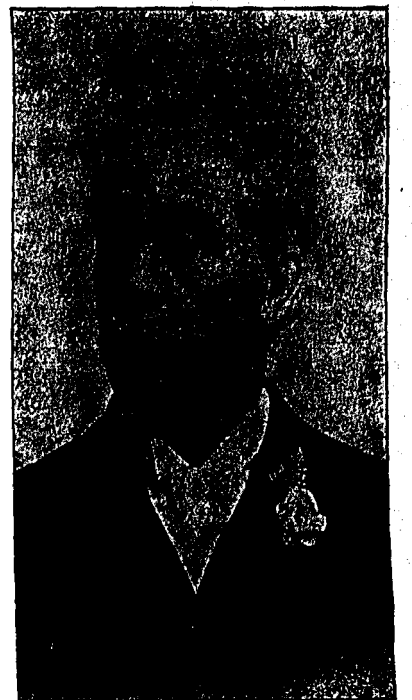
Or is this wild cry out of tortured hearts, the soul's instinctive recognition of the Great Reality?

Oh! hearts that ache with pain past speech, what a tyrant life is if ye must cry in vain!

Oh! souls that struggle upward under the weight of bodily desires, quenching at every step the flames within, for you, what a cruel slavery is life, if the tomb is but a chasm in which body, desire, struggle, hope, soul—all, are all swallowed by oblivion!

Oh! human life! what a pitiful, poorly-played, illy-mounted farce thou art, if the curtain that falls upon thee rises no more forever!—Farce?

Ay, farce at which devils might laugh, but Tragedy over which angels might surely, surely weep!



Mr. Hull will speak during May for the Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall.

Notes from Philadelphia and Elsewhere.

BY MOSES HULL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have been of late safely ensconced in the pleasant home of Mrs. Merrill, 520 Chatham street, Philadelphia. If you do not believe that it is a good place for weary, way worn pilgrims to rest, ask Oscar Edgerly, Prof. Lockwood, or any other of our peripatetic missionaries who ever spent a month in her parlors.

The funeral of that recently-ascended "father" in our Spiritual Israel, Dr. H. B. Storer, prevented me from arriving in the city of "Brotherly Love," and of persecutors of mediums, until Sunday morning, April 5. Speaking of the persecution of mediums, I want to say there are most decidedly two sides to that question, and there will be until Spiritualism is so organized that it will no longer be held responsible for a set of perambulating, graceless characters who have stolen the livery of Spiritualism as an armor in which to serve their own base purposes.

As a matter of self-defense, Spiritualism will be compelled to organize. Otherwise it will be held responsible for every folly and fraud under heaven. To illustrate what I mean: In the columns of religious notices found in the Sunday papers, the notices are divided up; one column, or part of a column, as the case may be, is devoted to the Methodists, another to the Presbyterians, and so on to the end of the list of denominations. In the department devoted to the Spiritualists, mixed in with our religious notices, will be found the following:

The greatest medium on earth; my equal never known, or never will be; come, all ye who are separated, or who have drunken husbands or worthless wives, also those who have false lovers, come and be united, and be happy once more. I guarantee to cure witchery, cancer, fits, drunkenness, rheumatism, and all long-standing ailments; can be seen on all matters of business, love, courtship, and anything you want to know; tells your lucky days, and the change of luck; no matter what your trouble is, call on —, and I will fix you all right. I make a specialty of uniting the separated, in which I am not known to fail in anything I undertake. Open Sunday also.

Any one can see that this is a regular "catch-penny," tenth rate, fortune telling advertisement; and the one who reads it, and a notice of other spiritualistic meetings right with it, will be very much more than likely to class them all together. When "the greatest medium on earth" resorts to such business, what can be expected of the smaller? In spite of all we can do, until Spiritualism is organized, with power to show that these graceless deceivers are not recognized in the organization, the world will measure Spiritualism by them. The advertisement quoted above is not the only one of the kind in the Sunday papers. Here is another, which appears under the heading of "Spiritual Mediums":

"ALL MAGIC AND BLACK ART Taught; send \$1.00 and 2c stamp for full instructions for working cases to produce love and marriage, unite the separated, break spells and change luck, how to locate buried money, and make charms. —, West Madison, Chicago, Ill."

There is no more reason why this should be classed with Spiritualism than there is why it should occur among the Presbyterian church notices, other than that we have tolerated a kind of prostitution of Spiritualism to "fortune-telling," and there has been no organization that could bar them out. As long as we each one go alone, as Paul said: "A warfare at his own charges," all any one has to do is to call himself or herself a medium, or lecturer, and he or she has a carte blanche to impose on the public in the name of Spiritualism until there is danger that the public will become disgusted with everything that goes by the name of Spiritualism. When the public measures Spiritualism by these frauds it will, of course, reject the true with the false.

I will make room for only one more of these advertisements, which has brought Spiritualism into such ill repute in this city:

"—, the Wonderful Col. Blind Black Art Underground Doctor and Bus. Med. known in Long Island as Lightning Jack, defies Satan, not only man to interfere, rem. troubles and heal the sick; all chal. acc. —, Camo's N. J."

I might quote and comment on others, but the heart grows sick. Some of these people have been endorsed by honest, well-meaning, but thoughtless Spiritualists. Laws, which I think are just, have been made against them. Under these laws Spiritualist mediums have suffered as victims. Let us hope that "The

Children of Light" will by-and-by get to be as wise as the "children of this world." Let us separate ourselves from these frauds, and we will no longer be compelled to suffer for their sins.

I have spoken during April for an organized and chartered society, of which Mr. S. M. Locke is President and his good wife Treasurer. Chas. L. Go Frorer is the Secretary. The meetings are held in Handel and Haydn Hall, corner Eighth and Spring-Garden streets. The hall is not quite so large as Berkeley Hall, but it is a very fine one—a lovely place to speak. The audiences were large—and increased from Sunday to Sunday.

Prof. Lockwood was the speaker during the month of March. I wish I could follow such speakers everywhere. He leaves the work in a good condition for his successor. His scientific arguments really captivated his audiences. He grew in favor here, as he did in Boston, from the first to the last meeting he held. The world needs many more just such workmen as Prof. Lockwood—men and women who appear before their audiences burdened with the weight of a definite message.

The people seemed to be very much pleased with my work from the start. I was invited back next season; I was sorry to be compelled to say "No"; but my time is all taken up to camp-meeting season in '97. "The harvest is great," and growing greater, and the laborers are few.

I had a call to speak, over a year ago, in the beautiful old historic city of Lebanon, this State; I put them off from time to time until this month. I am now glad I went. I was invited by Mrs. and Mr. W. M. Derr. Mr. Derr is a leading attorney in Lebanon, and is considered one of the best posted men on a variety of subjects there is in that part of the State. He commands the respect of everybody in the city. He and his intelligent wife are, or were, about the only outspoken Spiritualists in a place of twenty thousand inhabitants; they have lived in that city about fifty years, and have conducted themselves in such a manner that no one can do anything other than respect them.

Our audiences were large and deeply interested. As our Christian friends say, "Many who came to laugh remained to pray." There was not a night but that there were from two hundred to four hundred church members sprinkled through the audience. It is safe to say none of them heard what they expected to hear, and all heard what they did not expect to hear.

The friends will now make an effort to organize a society there and try to have occasional meetings. The great cry is for mediums. I recommended Miss Maggie Gauls to them; they will undoubtedly try to get her.

There, I must pack my "grip" and go to Ohio, in answer to repeated calls from E. R. Kidd of Canton.

Well, here I am in Canton, O., having been summoned here in consequence of some bad work done by a pretended lecturer, and to debate with Rev. Simon Peter Long. Mr. Long is a Lutheran minister, whom the Ministerial Association has selected to "down" Spiritualism.

The Church, or rather the Ministerial Association, took the whole management of the debate, and they made it a success in everything except in their debater. They chose as the champion of antiquated theology the Rev. Simon Peter Long of Columbus; they could not by any possibility have made a better choice. He boasted that he never changed an opinion—that he believed now just what he believed on his mother's knee.

He was thoroughly non-progressive—a Bourbon, who never learns, nor has he ever had enough of the grace of God in his heart to enable him to forget the superstitions he acquired in Sunday School.

The more the reverend gentleman argued the worse off was his cause. Ministers said: "We made a mistake in having the matter debated; we have let Spiritualism get a foothold here now, and we will never get rid of it." The audience was mostly made up of Christians, and assembled to scoff; but many of them went away realizing that

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Mr. Long fired many blank cartridges, and when he loaded his gun to kill he unfortunately loaded it in such a manner that the only real danger was at the breech—those who stood in front were not hurt. The result of the debate is, that many have determined to investigate Spiritualism who never had thought of it before.

He affirmed that "Modern Spiritualism is condemned by the Bible." In my very first speech I asked his reverence a few questions, which everybody heard except himself; somehow they failed to catch his attention. Here is a brief synopsis of some of them; they are good to present to the preachers:

1. Where does the Bible condemn Spiritualism? Does it condemn Spiritualism in Hebrews xii: 22, where it says: "Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the Living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect?"

2. Does the Bible condemn Spiritualism where it says, seven times, "He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches?" Do the churches listen to spirit-voices to-day? See Rev. ii: 7, 11, 17, 29; iii: 6, 13, 22.

3. Does the Bible condemn Spiritualism when it exhorts us to try the spirits?—I. Jno. iv: 1.

4. Does the Bible condemn Spiritualism where it says: "Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant?"—I. Cor. xiv: 1. Remember, "Spiritual gifts" means mediumship.

5. Does the Bible condemn Spiritualism when it says: "But the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal?"—I. Cor. xii: 7.

6. Does Paul condemn Spiritualism when he tells us to "Follow after charity and desire spiritual gifts" [mediumship]?—I. Cor. xiv: 1.

7. Does he condemn Spiritualism when he says in the same chapter: "For as much as ye are zealous of spiritual gifts [mediumship], seek that ye may excel?"

8. Does the Bible condemn Spiritualism when it says: "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets?"—Verse 32.

9. Where is Samuel's return condemned in the Bible?

10. Where does the Bible condemn the various returns of Elijah?

11. When Elijah the prophet returns, according to the prophecy in Malachi iv: 4, will the Bible condemn him?

12. When John the Baptist went out under the influence of Elijah, as was promised in Luke ix: 17, and other places, did the Bible condemn him?

13. Was Elias condemned for talking with Moses and Elias?—See Matt. xiv: 1-3.

14. Is it wicked to ask the biblical question: "Our fathers, where are they, and the prophets, do they live always?"

15. Was Elijah king when he sent a written message to King Jehoram?—See II. Chron. xxi: 12.

All three of the daily papers gave fair reports of the discussion, and everybody seems gratified to know that the time has come when gentlemen can meet and discuss the great religious questions of the day in the same spirit of fraternal brotherhood that they would use if they were preaching the same faith.

Bro. Dell Herrick is not located in Akron, attended developed as a medium when Bro. Herrick was developed; he has had many phases of mediumship, and has done a good work. Hundreds of people have been convinced of Spiritualism by Dell's trumpet-voices. He has now retired and is obeying a call from both worlds to do a different work. He is being developed as quite a lecturer, and if he continues to improve as he has for the past few years, he will stand before the world the peer of any lecturer on the rostrum. He is now settled and preaching every Sunday to good audiences in Akron, O. He says he feels that his work as a trumpet medium is about done. He and his influences are working in

harmony to make of himself a workman for the public rostrum, who shall be able to lead the multitudes to the light. He is well posted and makes a good appearance on the rostrum. Captain Lee of the Lake Brady Association has come to the city, and has just called on me. He informs me that the Association has been in very deep water, but is getting through. It is on its feet again, and is going to hold a camp this year; it has a beautiful ground, fine buildings and every facility to get up a good camp. They are now looking for speakers and reliable mediums to work at their camp this year.

More anon.

THE SHADOW LANDS OF LONG AGO.

O shadow lands of long ago,
How softly breathing to and fro
The scent of roses used to steal
Across the star-lit evening air!
I cannot smell the roses now
Without a pain that I should feel
None of those dreams I used to dare,
Those hopes that moved the spirit so
In shadow lands of long ago.

O shadow lands of long ago,
How softly did thy rivers flow,
Dream rivers leaping me afar
To the great world that needed me.
How gently blew thy breezes then!
Hope's winged winds now silent are,
They speak no more of foaming sea
And mighty deeps I longed to know
In shadow lands of long ago.

O shadow lands of long ago,
Must time all beauty overthrow?
Knee-deep the grasses used to stand.
I platted daisies for my hair
And fondly dreamed they were a crown.
Life bore a banner in his hand
And called on me his pride to share;
And oh, I used to love him so,
In shadow lands of long ago!

O shadow lands of long ago,
I watched thy ocean overflow
The sandy shoals, and stood to gaze
Across the deep for gleaming sails
That came to bear me fast and far
To the great world beyond the haze
Of childhood. O, those boisterous gales!
It was a joy to hear them blow
In shadow lands of long ago.

O shadow lands of long ago,
Where are the feet that loved to go
Across the dewy lawn to find
The garden beauties in their sleep?
Where are the lips that laughed because
The heart was young and earth was kind?
And eyes that had not learned to weep
These silent tears that flow and flow
For shadow lands of long ago?

O, shadow lands of long ago,
Come back, come back to me, and show
My heart thou wert not all a dream.
Let me once more thy faith enjoy,
That faith that made all women dear,
That made all men like heroes seem,
Hush doubt's harsh prating, and employ
The songs and rhymes I used to know
In shadow lands of long ago.

O shadow lands of long ago,
I loved thy dreams and fancies so!
I sometimes think this life is not
The dreary round it seems to be.
That I now sleep to wake again;
When, all this weariness forgot,
True beauty shall upspring for me
As fair as that I used to know
In shadow lands of long ago.

ENTH WILLIS LINN.
243 Alexander street, Rochester, N. Y.

L. B. Wilson—Dr. Beals—A Preacher Who Knows It All.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is well to bring up the memory of Lewis B. Wilson, as you do by a portrait and appreciative sketch in your issue of April 4. He was so quiet and retiring that his real merits were hardly appreciated. His presence was always a harmonizing influence; whatever he did was well done; his industry was constant; his fidelity unflinching—his kindness unfeigned also. His thoughtful attention and anticipation of the needs of others was beautiful.

There comes to mind, fresh as though it was yesterday, going to Boston "in the seventies" to speak twice in that series of meetings in Music Hall. The first time he went with me to the hall on Saturday, and made most useful suggestions as to the method of speaking so as best to be heard in the great room. I thanked him, but he said, "I always do this to those who come for the first time"—underscoring the help he was giving, as such kind souls often do.

The next day I found that the twenty-five hundred or more present all heard easily, which they would not have done without his suggestions.

Looking back over what has just been written of Mr. Wilson, I find the marked traits and qualities of Dr. Beals so like his that one sketch may well serve for both. Especially is this true of the personal courtesy which marked them both.

They wrought well and truly. Very pleasant are the remembrances of social enjoyment at Lake Pleasant with Dr. Beals and his kindly and gracious wife. Pioneer days in my reform, are bright days in memory. "The light afflictions which are but for a moment"—ostracism, prejudice and misunderstanding—fade away; heart answers to heart with the old warmth and enthusiasm; the joy of more light is fresh and inspiring. Then come in the signs of progress—proofs that the labor has not been in vain. What a long reach from the Fox family in their plain home, startled and perplexed, hoping this strange annoyance would cease, to the reports of Anniversary meetings in your columns attended by thousands! Fifty years! It seems like a thousand years. Notwithstanding the opposition of enemies and the errors of friends, has a great gain been made.

"Survivals of the unfittest" we still have. Here is one from an Easter sermon in this city by Rev. William Ball, rector of St. John's Church:

"No man has come back from 'the undiscovered country'; no soul that has passed through the gate of death has returned to tell us what he has seen and heard. At the portal of death sit the sphinxes with closed lips and stony eyes. They will not reveal its secrets; they will not even tell us whether there be any secrets to reveal; whether or not there be any 'something after death' for mankind."

Had he said, "I cannot believe that any man has come back," etc., that would have been an expression of his views to which his right would not be questioned; but by his wholesale assumption and assertion he virtually says:

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I speak
Let no dog wag his tongue."

But nobody is alarmed. His words are given as fossil specimens—dead signs of a dead Past. The poor man who was frightened himself when he knew how many in his own communion hear or read such utterances with pity tinged with contempt.

GILES B. STREBBINS.
Detroit, Mich.

The dying melt into the great multitude of the departed as quietly as a drop of water into the ocean, and it may be, are conscious of no unfamiliarity with their new circumstances, but immediately become aware of an insufferable strangeness in the world which they have quitted. Death has not taken them away, but brought them home.—Hawthorne.

Pure Rich Blood is essential to good health, because the blood is the vital fluid which supplies all the organs with life. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, harmless, effective, do not pain or gripe.

PILGRIM PENCILINGS.

THE CALIFORNIA PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

BY J. J. MORSE.
(Specially contributed to the Banner of Light.)

AT the close of a recent communication under the above heading, the writer promised a future account of the work and progress of the California Psychological Society, and as the occasion is propitious for redeeming his aforesaid promise, he now proceeds so to do.

The organization in question has been modeled, to a considerable extent, upon the lines of the English Society for Psychical Research, its objects being very similar in character to those of the British body. This does not imply a mere slavish imitation of its prototype, for the field of operations covered by this new organization for the systematic study of Psychical and Metaphysical Science is somewhat broader than the elder organization.

In a country such as the United States, whose people take on a breadth of thought and freedom of opinion as an inspiration from the almost limitless territory that constitutes their birthright, it is but to be expected that much of the conservatism that hedges about the expression of thought and methods of action in older countries, would not be so conspicuous here as elsewhere. Consequently the promoters of the California Psychological Society, being men of liberal views and broad minds, have made their work on elastic lines, which permit of expansion in directions that the more conservative society across the water has hitherto avoided.

In one respect, however, there is a common kinship between them. Membership does not imply assent to any question investigated or discussed, nor is there any qualification of opinion as a precedent to admission. All are welcome, so that they be truth-seekers, and of good repute.

A recent circular issued by the Society, says the work that the Society proposes to undertake has been outlined as follows:

1. PHYSICAL: A. An examination of the nature and extent of any influence which may be exerted by one mind upon another, otherwise than through the recognized sensory channels. B. The study of hypnosis and mesmerism; and an inquiry into the alleged phenomena of clairvoyance. C. An inquiry as to the existence of the latter, either recognized or unrecognized, between living organisms and magnetic and electric forces, and also between living and inanimate bodies.

2. PSYCHICAL: A. A careful investigation of any reports, resting on strong testimony, of apparitions occurring at the moment of death, or otherwise, and of instances in which the dead have been seen, or of instances in which the living have been haunted. B. An inquiry into various alleged phenomena commonly called "spiritualistic."

3. HISTORICAL: The collection and collation of existing materials bearing on the history of these subjects.

4. METAPHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL: Systematic studies of the great teachers and thinkers on Psychical and Metaphysical subjects. The aim of the Society is to approach these various problems, and their kindred studies without prejudice or prepossession of any kind, and in the spirit of exact and unimpeded inquiry. The founders of the Society fully recognize the exceptional difficulties which surround the branches of research; but they nevertheless believe that by patient and systematic effort some results of permanent value may be attained.

Membership in the Society is open to all candid inquirers, irrespective of any opinions they may entertain on any subject.

Membership does not imply the acceptance of any supernatural explanation of any phenomena that may be investigated, and the Society, as a society, will not be responsible for the opinions of any of its members or lecturers.

"Courses of lectures on such topics will be formulated from time to time and papers will be prepared by members on such subjects, to be read and discussed at meetings of the members."

Popular Sunday evening lectures, in harmony with the general line of work, will also be held. In this department the services of Mr. J. J. Morse, of London, Eng., have been secured for one year. That gentleman's very successful labors were inaugurated in December last, and his able expositions have been most favorably commented upon by the press and public of San Francisco.

It will thus be seen that a thoroughly broad and liberal foundation has been laid down. The Board of Directors are, in the main, old and tried Spiritualists, as are our esteemed President, Dr. Terrill, and our able Secretary, Mr. J. Dalzell Brown, while a considerable portion of our present members are either definitely satisfied or almost persuaded of the reality of the connection between the two states of being—the incarnate and exanimate.

Up to the time of writing, the activity of the Society has been extended upon its public lectures. There have been two classes, and regular courses, respectively. The first were held in the centrally situated and very handsome Golden Gate Hall, on Sutter street, right on the verge of the aristocratic residence section of the city, familiarly known as "Nob Hill."

For these lectures the Society secured the valuable services of Prof. Joseph Le Conte, who lectured twice; Dr. David Starr Jordan, who also lectured twice; Prof. Howard Briggs, who lectured once; these distinguished university lights gave able and scholarly lectures, but the tint of modern materialism was unfortunately quite conspicuous in them each. In addition to the above named gentlemen, the Rev. Mr. Charles W. Wendte gave a particularly admirable lecture, and the Chief Rabbi of Temple Emanuel, Dr. Jacob Vorssanger, also presented an excellent and thought-provoking discourse. These lectures were quite well attended, obtained good notices in the city dailies, and called much and favorable attention to the Society and its purposes.

The regular lectures are held every Sunday evening, the writer of these lines being the channel selected for the presentation of the various topics discussed upon. At present these Sunday assemblies are held in National Hall, on Ellis street, which was the only suitable hall available at the time we were compelled to move from our previous meeting-place, owing to its structural defects.

In June we purpose removing to Golden Gate Hall, which will then be available for us. Excellent audiences have been the rule except when "the rains" have prevailed against us. The lectures are highly commended, and have, no doubt, done quite a considerable amount of good. But it is not for me to speak on that point.

We also inaugurated a series of Wednesday afternoon lectures for our lady members. An excellent beginning was made, but, owing to the fact that they were in the nature of "movable meetings," being held in the parlors of various friends, people became confused as to times and places, so these gatherings were temporarily discontinued, though how they were resumed will appear further on.

An important need developed, almost as soon as the society was constituted, in the form of the necessity for an office and headquarters, and just recently we have succeeded in meeting the requirement in question.

The executive has been aided in this matter by promises of financial support aggregating one thousand dollars, which has nearly all been paid over to the treasurer. As the result, we have rented a large and handsome office in the Wenban building, a high class office and hotel block, on Sutter street, corner of Mason street, and almost opposite Golden Gate Hall. Light, airy, and comfortably furnished, we are now pleasantly housed in a home of our own.

The offices are used as headquarters, library and reading room, the usual business meetings of the executive and membership, and we are at once resuming our Wednesday afternoon meetings, and have established a Friday evening lecture course, for members only, at each series of meetings the writer being the lecturer.

Our headquarters were formally inaugurated on Friday evening, April 3, when most of our members were present. A short program of music and song, by Mrs. Fairweather and Mr. Mitchell, the Society's regular soloist, a brief introductory address of welcome by our President, Dr. Terrill, and a somewhat extended review of the work and prospects of the Society from the writer, constituted the first part of the proceedings. The second portion consisted of a short lecture, under influence, upon "The Hypnotism of Nature," which was well received.

The members were much pleased with our

quarters, and there is no doubt our present accommodations will, ere long, prove insufficient for our increasing numbers.

An one consequence of the writer's labors here, he has been invited to address the members of the Forum Club, and will do so on Wednesday afternoon, May 6. This is entirely a ladies' club, somewhat, apparently, on the lines of "Sorosis," in New York City.

There, Mr. Editor, that about exhausts all my news concerning this new departure in manner and method of our work inaugurated by the establishing of the California Psychological Society in this city in November of last year, so my pen may now come to rest until some time later, when, perhaps, you will permit me to chat again for a while with yourself and my many dear friends who read your ever bright and cheery pages. So, for this time, *au revoir*, and most kindly greetings to one and all from this land of sunny skies and beautiful flowers.

Hotel Bella Vista, San Francisco, Cal.,
April 8, 1896.

A National Flower.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

SOME days since a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* suggested the white pond lily—the *Nymphaea odorata*—as a national flower of America, to correspond with the lily of France, the rose of England, the shamrock or oxalis of Ireland, and the thistle of Scotland. Of all suggestions of this kind this seems to me the most fitting and appropriate. It is plain that the golden rod, for which so much ink has been expended, is most unsuitable. It is indigenous, and looks very well as a weed in neglected fence-corners and on slovenly roadsides. But it has an ill smell, that must always preclude it from being a favorite.

The pond lily, the white rose of our waters, has no such drawback. It is fragrant, and "altogether lovely." Native as it is of our own streams and ponds, it is American all over. Yet it is by no means exclusive. Its relationships are hallowed. It is akin to the sacred lotus of India, the nymphaea of Egypt and the other sacred flowers of other countries. So its adoption would be a graceful recognition of our fraternal relations with our brethren of the Orient, and yet a distinct declaration of our own individuality as a people. If ever the time comes when nations no more lift up the sword against one another, and dispense with arms and armaments, as well as "protective policies" against the prosperity of others, then our rose of the water will even more expressively symbolize the reign of peace and goodwill among men.

The lily symbolizes all that is holiest in thought and worship. Even the *fleur-de-lis* itself was an accidental adopting of the Lotus of Isis, the Madonna of Egypt. The classic name, the *Nymphaea*, intimates its supposed relation to the nymphaeum, the bridal chamber and sanctuary of the goddess-mother, the rosebud, the divinity of rural scenes, the ethereal inspiration. One contemplating the rich, creamy-white blossom of our own country could easily find himself or herself *en rapport* with all these.

Please, then, pass on the word, the pond lily of America—flower of love and peace, with pureness.

Newark, April 17, 1896.

[Republished by Request.]

The following communication was originally received through the mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Longley—then Miss M. T. Shelhamer—and published in THE BANNER for June 23, 1883. It is here reproduced at the earnest request of Mr. Philip A. Thorner himself:

Rebecca H. Thorner.

I come from the land of souls as happy and free as a bird. I am delighted with my home in the spiritual land, and it seems that I must return to this place and assure my friends of my freed condition. This is not the first time I have come into association with a medium, but I have not before manifested here. I have made my presence felt in my earthly home by influences which have been expressed in outward life; my friends know that I am happy, that I would not return and take up the old existence under any condition. I was a sufferer from early childhood; my physical forces were weak, my bodily frame was delicate. I knew what it was to be racked by pain and weariness; so, when I was taken to the beautiful spirit-world, welcomed by the angels, and given opportunity to rest and recuperate my vital forces, you may realize something of my joy and satisfaction. I cannot but express my thankfulness for all that the new life has brought to me. It is a little more than a year since I passed home, and that year of glad release from suffering and weariness has been of untold service to me. I have been gaining new experiences, becoming familiar with old friends and new ones, and gaining power from day to day.

I come with love and a benediction for those dear ones who were ever so kind to me when I was with them, who were so patient with me, and ever ready to offer some kind attention which would bring me relief. The memory of their kindness will linger with me through all the years to come, and shine around my life like the radiance of jewels. I feel that when the time shall come for me to meet them, I will be able to give them such attention and ministrations as they will then require. I know something of Spiritualism; I knew that the dear ones from the exalted life could come into communication with mortals. All such knowledge is of untold value to any one, whether in the mortal or the immortal spheres. I wish to tell my dear brother that I have met every loved member of his band. Those who come in contact with him, in order to bless mortals, are kind and powerful. They have assisted me to day to a great extent; they have given me the magnetic power which I required to enable me to return to this place; they send a blessing, and assure my dear brother they will unfold their powers more and more for the benefit of himself and others. I am Rebecca H. Thorner, and I would like my message to reach Philip A. Thorner of Marblehead, Mass.

Massachusetts.

LOWELL.—Ed. S. Varney writes: "The old adage that 'great oaks from little acorns grow,' is fully verified in the case of the Psychological Club, which was formed by Agnes Houghton Banfield and her husband of Boston."

This lady is comparatively unknown to spiritualistic circles, but is widely known as a reader and speaker of note throughout New England. Her work as a psychometrist, clairvoyant, automatic writer and speaker has kept her busy during the entire season in Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Banfield formed a small circle in their office for the study of the occult science and the development of soul-power. The circle grew too large for the capacity of the room, and they formed themselves into a club with numbers, now fifty members, who meet at Old Fellows Hall every Saturday evening. The principles of the club are "perfect harmony" and "freedom from debt."

Mrs. Banfield is a broad-minded woman who believes in the grand trinity of the cultivation of the mind, the soul and the body, and has arranged entertainments to meet these demands the last Saturday of each month.

The club engaged Fred A. Wiggin to appear before them in April, and in future will have other talent of the phenomenal type. Mrs. Banfield's labors are not confined to this club alone. She was the originator and inspiration of the grand mediums' meeting held for the First Spiritualist Society here, Sunday, March 8.

FOXBORO.—"Straw" writes: "Thursday evening, the 28th ult., Mr. F. A. Wiggin lectured and gave a séance for the Spiritualists of Foxboro. The new hall in which we met was crowded, and not a few were content to stand for nearly two hours to listen to his lecture and wonderful tests. A large number of characteristic messages were received from the loved ones from the 'other side.'"

Next Tuesday night we are to have Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson. The Cause has quite a bright outlook here."

The Anniversary.

Springfield, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Forty-Eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated in this place on Tuesday, March 31, by a meeting in Grand Army Hall, under the auspices of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society. Mrs. Eliza H. Wood, Vice-President, presided. The exercises began at 2:30 p. m. Singing by the choir, followed by an invocation by Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydenville, Mass.

In the absence of Mrs. Hortense G. Holcombe, President of the Ladies' Aid, the address of welcome was delivered by Mrs. Laura A. Cummings of this city. The President then introduced the speaker of the day, Mrs. Helen L. Palmer of Portland, Me., who gave a brief and stirring address, followed by a test séance by Mrs. May S. Pupper of Providence, R. I., which was astonishing to many present.

The afternoon session closed with singing by the choir and a benediction by Mrs. Palmer, after which all who desired adjourned to the dining hall, where a bountiful supper was spread by the ladies of the "Aid."

The time between supper and the evening service was occupied by a "Fact Meeting," at which interesting experiences regarding spiritual manifestations were related by Messrs. Holcombe, Hart, Shaw, Mrs. L. Palmer, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds (Troy, N. Y.), Mrs. W. J. Lambertson (Windor, Ct.) and others.

Long before the opening of the evening services the hall was filled to its utmost capacity—many being unable to gain admission. The exercises began by singing by the choir, followed by an invocation by Mrs. T. U. Reynolds; Mrs. H. L. Palmer then gave the anniversary address, and Mrs. Pupper gave another exhibition of her ability as a test medium; singing, "Good-Night," by the choir, and benediction by Mrs. Palmer closed the celebration, and all returned to their homes well satisfied with the good work of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield.

T. M. HOLCOMBE.

San Diego, Cal.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Anniversary was remembered by the Spiritualists of the City at Lafayette Hall March 31. Five local societies, representing San Diego, National City and Escondido, participated in the exercises, as did also the Universalists and Unitarians. The hall was beautifully decorated, the music was superb, and the lectures were good.

D. L. Newcomb, Secretary of the San Diego Society, occupied the chair.

The exercises consisted of a piano solo by Mrs. Marshall; invocation by Mrs. Bulene; remarks by President of the Rogers of the National City Society, by Mrs. Marshall and E. S. Green; addresses by Mrs. Bulene, Mrs. Dr. Morrill, Mrs. Fanny R. Marks, S. D. Nulton and J. S. Bordan.

In the evening, J. M. Peebles, Rev. Amanda Deyo, Rev. Solon Lauer, J. L. Dryden and Mr. Montague, made addresses; recitation, Hattie Johnson-Stout, Chas. Woodward, Miss Mildred Ramsey, Mrs. Watts and Mrs. Riley; vocal solos, Ben M. Barney, Mrs. Barney, Miss Edena Barney and Evelyn Day; violin solo, A. L. Roberts, accompanied by Miss Luce; piano solo, Miss Mabel Ray.

All the speakers, including Rev. Solon Lauer, representing the Unitarian church, and Rev. Amanda Deyo, representing the Universalist Society, eulogized the grand work which Modern Spiritualism had accomplished in the past forty-eight years.

Mr. Montague spoke of the services Spiritualism had rendered to science.

Dr. J. M. Peebles said that Spiritualism was the coming religion, and to war against it was to war against God and immortal souls.

About sixty of the friends and relatives attended the wedding of Walter L. Spaulding and Mrs. Della Hager, at the residence of O. E. Spaulding, on Michigan avenue east, last evening. It was a very pleasant and informal affair. . . . Mrs. A. E. Sheets, in a peculiarly beautiful and impressive manner, conducted the services. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding will spend a few days with friends in Battle Creek, and then return to their home in this city.—*Lansing (Mich.) Journal*, April 9.

Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

JOHN W. DAY, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held March 20, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Divine Spirit, once more we meet by the open door—the door of communion and communication. We seek thy blessing as we stand as those between the two worlds to bring sweet comfort and consolation to all mankind. Bestow strength on the weak, and let us have an understanding of what is meant when thou hast said: "Seek, and ye shall find—knock, and it shall be open unto you." How often do those that are in spirit knock at the door of a friend's heart in the physical form, seeking for admittance, seeking to give consolation and strength—to dry the tears of a sorrow, and to make them feel that there is no death: "what seems so is transition."

Oh! may we feel a calm influence this morning as the gateways of heaven are open. May those who give utterance to their sentiments also carry the identity with them—truly we know that the personality may change, the identity remains ever the same. Bless each and every one connected with our circle—this morning; all need thy assistance more than they know, but thou knowest all things. So, Father, guide us and direct us this morning; give those that are about to voice themselves and to carry forth comfort, light and consolation—for truly this fact is like the small mustard seed, wherever it is sown it will take root and bring forth a harvest. Oh! hear us this morning; guide and direct us in whatever duty we are called upon to do, that we may have power to do it, and may strength be given us for all things. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

C. H. Stone.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I would like to send a little word of greeting, and some consolation, to the dear ones that are left in earth-life. It is sometimes hard to give all that one desires, especially if you have left the mortal body; it is hard to come in contact with those that are still in earth-life, especially with those that do not really understand how to communicate.

I feel this morning, Mr. President, some ways from home, and yet not a great distance either, for I was familiar in your city, but never lived here. I would like to be carried more to St. Johnsbury, Vt., as that was my home, and where my family was, and now is. I would like to say to them, that while I did not pass away out of my own home (for I was in Jacksonville, Fla., when the spirit separated from the body, and my dear companion who was with me then was broken up pretty badly by the change), that all is well and I am only waiting for her, and for them to come over here, and we shall then have a glorious reunion in the by-and-by.

I want Arthur and Philip both to realize that father has not gone—and also Mary—because those were my children I loved very dearly.

I have many friends all over the State of Vermont, and some that I have been waited to by the influence of spirit returning to mortal because some of them believed that way. I ob, serve also that your valuable paper is received in the district, and I feel if I am able to send forth a word of greeting I will not be forgotten. I desire the friends to seek a more private interview, and I will assist to make them feel that I have not left them; specially Arthur, because he has taken to a certain extent my work that I have left undone. I was interested in newspaper work, and I was interested in all things that were progressive, and for the benefit of human life and advancement.

I want to say, also, I have seen some changes pass by since I entered spirit-life, but I am satisfied with all things. I was a long time connected with *The Caledonian*, published in St. Johnsbury, Vt.; I think that through that paper I will be remembered. I want to send greetings to all the dear ones so closely connected with me. Let them seek and they shall find; let them seek private interviews, and I will give them not only the answer to their needs, but consolation to know that death is only birth. You may put me down as C. H. Stone.

J. D. Ford.

If I were about to argue a case in court, I should want my evidence accurate, and then I would know how to press the case; but this morning I am coming in to argue something that I don't understand very well—and specially I don't understand how to control this brain; but there are so many of my friends that are mourning for the loss of the body that I feel that I must relieve them in some way by sending a few words through this paper. I have been here waiting others, to see how well they did, and waiting for an opportunity, that I might also send a few words of greeting. At this season of the year anyway we feel sometimes more astray than others, because at the approach of Easter we are ending forth our Easter greetings—and not being able to demonstrate these in the flesh I felt I would like to send a few words—and that perhaps they would be received as such. Especially I wish to speak to my daughter

Blanche, because she feels she is left alone—and yet not alone, for father is still with her! I also have many friends in the West and in the East, and I would like to have them realize that I am not dead, but living, and trying to progress as rapidly as possible. I have come to the conclusion that it is not death that makes the mortal feel bad—it is sometimes the cause of death or as to what it might be. I, too, was away from home when I passed out of the body; I was in Cincinnati, O.; if you notice my speaking of arguing a case, my profession was as a lawyer, and for that reason I addressed you as such. I was on duty when I was very suddenly taken from the body, but I want my friends to know that, although the blow was sudden, I was not conscious of any pain.

The physicians said it was apoplexy, but I was gone beyond the benefit of earth hands when they found me.

I would like to reach a sister that is in Rockland, Me. I have got many friends also in the same place, who will remember me, because I visited there quite often. I want to say to the doctor that Bert is with me, also that we were both called very suddenly from the earth-plane, and are having a good time in spirit-life. I have met many on the spirit side, too numerous to mention this morning, but will say that we all join in sending happy greetings to the loved ones on earth life. My home was in Toledo, O.—that was my home; my daughter is there now, and I want them to come in contact with me. I have got friends that believe in spirit-return, and yet when the change called death comes it upsets them just the same as it does other believers; Spiritualism gives us comfort and consolation, but it does not heal the broken heart altogether; still, it is much more comfortable to feel that the dear ones are around you and that we will meet in the by-and-by, than to believe the old Orthodox ideas of not knowing where your friends are. With these few words I will bid you a good-morning, thanking the dear friends on both sides for assisting me here. J. D. Ford of East Toledo, O.

Mrs. William Howell.

Some might say that being out of the body night unto nineteen years, why should I return now? But I have come here by the request of a mental impression, rising from friends that are still in the body, who are desirous to know whether the spirit returns or not. I did not understand anything about this when I went out of the body; many have joined me since I passed away; time don't seem so long to us as it does to the mortal, because there are so many changes to take up the attention that the past is sooner forgotten; but sometimes we come in contact with little memories that press us to a consciousness of past conditions, and that is one reason I want to come back this morning to the loved one on earth.

I feel to thank God that in his great mercy he has been good to the human family, and is always opening up channels to bring communion to some souls—for he cannot reach all at once. I have still friends left, although they are scattered now, especially in Oldtown, Me., where my husband will be known as William Howell; while he will be more known than myself, I was known there many years—although I was not a very elderly person, only in the prime of life, when I passed away. I think I was somewhere about forty eight. It is the young children, the offspring, that I am desirous to come in contact with, because I see where they need assistance and influence, and it seems to me if my friends could fully comprehend that the spirit does see and hear their thoughts, they would sometimes be kinder to the loved ones.

I would like to say that Sarah is with me, and also Mary, and oh! so many are crowded around us, that, Mr. President, it would take more room than you have to spare this morning to mention them. I hope this will be received, and if it is, we will give them more later on. I would like to say they have had many changes in Oldtown since I passed away. I have realized a great deal of growth from my observation in spirit, and I am glad that some are opening up the doors of investigation, so that even if the spirit has passed from the body many years it is not forgotten. Mrs. William Howell.

Thomas A. Doyle.

Good-morning, Mr. Editor. When I addressed you as such before you used to be the assistant, but we find that Bro. Colby is now helping us on the spirit-side. I should say for the benefit of Mr. Day that I remember him through our correspondence, and he will remember me as Thomas A. Doyle of Providence, R. I.

I was familiar with your philosophy. I have not come back to give a "test," or to interview you, but I have still an interest in the welfare of humanity, and as I was somewhat interested in political affairs while in earth-life, I find my ambition was not crushed when I laid aside the mortal, and entered into the higher spheres above. This is a critical time with our country; many and various questions are advocated. I realize that our presidential election is coming off very soon, and all are doubtful as to who the best rulers will be for our country. I want the people to know in Providence that I am neither dead nor sleeping, and that I still have an interest in the welfare of the city and country at large. I thank God that I was so well protected by angel guidance while in the body, and also for the successes I carried with me. I want this communication to go to the friends, to give them courage and strength, that I have not forsaken my fellowmen, neither have I left them. I would like also to say that I hope that the people will work with a spirit of honest zeal, and place the one in the chair that will do the country the most good. I know that there are many adversaries to meet. I would have the people listen to the voices within, and let the influence of the spirit force lead them, because we have a large congress in spirit—where we have many, many that have passed from this sphere of action that are still working for the welfare of humanity. I say humanity, because as we pass on to the spirit side we can see the needs of the people better—we can see the necessity of remodeling in many of our various branches of government today; we have a personal interest, for all men are our brothers, and we ought to feel that all women are our sisters.

I would like to say, also, that many have joined me since I passed on to the spirit. I do not wish those of earth to think they are alone, because they have not heard from us before. When I was on the earth-plane it was always business and duty first, and when that was complete, I then gave what time I had to my home and family. I know that you know that we

are not separated, and have that beautiful assurance that we are only waiting for the by-and-by when we can meet and understand each other in the true sense of brotherhood.

I will close now by thanking you very kindly, Mr. Chairman, for giving me this opportunity of voicing my sentiments. I know it is hard for one to suggest a name for our fellowmen to follow, because each one has his own opinion in connection with the chosen man, but I will say that I hope the people of Providence will hold together man to man, and be loyal to themselves. I believe, Mr. President, you received letters from me while I was in the form.

[THOMAS A. DOYLE was repeatedly elected Mayor of Providence, R. I.—indeed, if we remember rightly, he continued to be so chosen until increasing age warned him to refuse to allow his name to be longer used. He enjoyed to a singular degree the respect and affection of the people of that city, and has left a memory there for probity and honor which will be as enduring as the mighty bay of Narragansett, which sits like a silver crown on the forehead of the city founded by that distinguished martyr to principle, ROGER WILLIAMS. Among the letters THE BANNER received from Mayor Doyle in the old days was one recognizing the verity of a spirit communication published at the time in our Message Department.—ED.]

Margaret Smith.

I wish to reach my home and my family in Philadelphia, Pa., because I loved my home and I love my family, and I know that they love me; I think that is a great deal; I wish to say this morning that I want to reach Lizzie; she is not well, and I want her not to feel that she is alone, because mother is still with her, and would like to say for her not to worry over father; things will terminate all right for her. Eva is with me in spirit, and I have Henry also; but it is the ones in earth-life I am more anxious over, because I see where my only boy, William, is not feeling well—his head seems confused over business matters; I want him to take a little advice through spirit-power, and we can aid him in settling many things that are not to-day satisfactory to him.

My name is Margaret Smith, of Philadelphia, Pa. I should like to say that before I passed from the earth life I had great trouble in breathing, so it hurts me here to control the instrument to give what I want—but I am all right when I am not too near the earth-plane.

Charles Wood.

Well, this is really pleasant; I have thoroughly enjoyed myself here this morning, and have seen so much that I have had an inspiration that I would like to be identified as one among you; I had some experiences while in the body, but we should remember believers must have an opportunity to manifest just as well as disbelievers: I thought I would like to come in just for a few minutes, to let those in earth-life feel that I have not forgotten them. I know that I am not, especially by Emma—she was my niece, and was like a daughter to me, and I want her to feel better, for I don't like her depressed feeling because she don't seem to be very well physically. I want Parker, also, to know all is well, and I have found things in spirit-life very much as I expected to—I don't know but that I might say I got more than I expected; but truly it was a happy greeting when I got on the other side; when father and mother and my brothers and sisters all met me there, it seemed truly like going home. I had rounded out my life pretty well while on this plane, and I felt that I was ready to go home; but when I threw that old physical garment away and went, as I said, to the spirit-side, I felt so happy that I thought I would never want to return to the earth-life again; but when I came to consider how kind Emma was to me, and so many other friends, I felt that I must not be selfish; so I return now to send them greetings. I never had any real family of my own, so that my sisters' and my brothers' children were like my own (as I was never married), and I wish my nephews and nieces to feel that I am quite well and happy, and still have an interest in their welfare.

You can put me down as Charles Wood, of Worcester, Mass. I want merely to add: Those that have joined me since I passed away are all together.

Edward Sharp.

I want you to put me down as Edward Sharp of East Bridgewater; I will give the address first, then I will be sure that this letter will go, because I have got a family there whose members are trying to find out whether spirits return or not, and I would like them to know truly they can. I was somewhat interested in the things of life, but went out of the body so suddenly that I had no opportunity to settle my affairs up; I should like to say to the friends, I am so glad things have gone on as well as they have under the circumstances; I thought when one of the spirits was speaking this morning about not being prepared when he passed out of the body, I, too, had a little bit of a sudden call, although I was not very well for some time previous to going out; I was ambitious and did not want to go out, and thought I would be able to throw it off, but it overcame me at last. I was satisfied when I came to realize I was gone, but it is the shadow it has left behind on earth that causes me to return this morning. Merely say, I am well satisfied. I found many on the other side to welcome me. I feel as much at home now as while in the body.

[Received Jan. 10, 1896.]

Annie M. Bartlett.

My friend, do you ever make room for an old lady? While I have been standing here listening to what all these people have been saying, I have been wondering how my friends would take it if I gave them to understand that, after eighty-five years on the earth-plane, I am still in existence; and while I do not think that they think I am in existence, you know, my friends, sometimes it seems strange to those who receive your paper and see these communications in it, I have been led to think that one cannot realize anything until something concerning it is brought home, and I feel that I would like to go home this morning! I am visiting some ways from home when I am talking here. I was an old lady, but I always wanted to go. I always felt my duty to God and man, and always tried to do it. I was well provided for in the body, for God was always good to me in giving me good health, but I have got some friends in want of it away down in that place you call Ellsworth, Maine. I do not feel exactly as if I was forgotten there.

They are beginning to look for friends, and that is why I was advised to voice a few sentiments this morning, and perhaps it would help

me to open the door and let me come in council. You know old ladies feel as children do—that they should be seen and not heard; but I am going to speak, more in the spirit of love, in the spirit of truth, hoping to make them feel that they are to seek more for the spiritual body than the mortal. I would just like to have you see our friends—we have got quite a band. Put me down as Annie M. Bartlett. I have been out of the body some little time. I have got two visitors with me that don't want to voice themselves. It is a peculiar coincidence that we are all well advanced in years, and are together in the spirit-life. We merely want to report that Beale Floyd is here also. She says that she does not think that they will recognize it, but we will voice it just the same, and Mrs. Hawkes is with us. There is also a younger lady in the same family who has joined us here on the spirit side named Annie.

Mrs. Alice Holmes Floyd.

"Home—Sweet Home." What beautiful words those are! It is so good to get home. My friend, my husband has been waiting for a letter a long time. He has received something, but he does not get what he wants. Oh! if I could only touch him as I want to! If I could only make him feel that Alice has not left him, for he is not feeling well, and it will not be a great while before we will both be together. I have gone and left a boy, and I am anxious to reach him, for when mother was taken from the home, it seemed sometimes all was gone. I do not feel that I am taken from the home. I felt the body wear out, and I was not able to renew the necessary elements, so I was obliged to exchange mortal for immortal. I want to say, friends, that I have traveled some distance to reach you this morning, because a few weeks ago I heard my husband say in thought: "I wish Alice would communicate with me through either THE BANNER or some channel, that I may know it is her," and I have tried to improve my opportunity. I have been very much interested in what has been said this morning, and I think as grandma, who has just spoken does, that when something goes home it opens our eyes to what is going on around us. You can call me Mrs. Alice Holmes Floyd, and my home is a long distance from here. I was best known in Sister Bay, Wisconsin. I hope the mortals will sustain you in your valuable paper, that brings so many souls together in the union of life.

In words I cannot express the good that the old BANNER OF LIGHT has done. It touches human souls that are in darkness, and brings them to the consciousness of progress and duty and love, and stretches out its work and influence beyond the borders of physical life.

May God and the angels bless you for opening up such a channel here. If there is any influence we can bring to bear on you I hope it will be onward and upward until we meet in that home on high, where each one of us attains our reward.

Messages to be Published.

March 27.—Thomas Dowling; Nancy L. Weymouth; Nellie M. Miller; Eldridge Cheney; George Whitney; Nellie Thompson; William Carroll.
April 3.—Albert G. Towers; Louise L. Walker; Edith White; Mary Morgan; Robert McKenny; the Guide; for Joseph Beale.
April 10.—Mark Farley; Elizabeth Donald; William S. Walte; Thomas Johnston; Martha Nickelson; Daniel D. Webster.
April 17.—Joseph Brown; Harriet Burlant; George A. Finckel; Mary Prentiss; Alexander DeWitt; Mary Ann Prescott; William H. Bellows.
April 24.—Richard R. Swafford; Emmeline Moore; John A. Goodrich; Ella Johnson Richardson; Judge John V. Eustace; Mary Thomas.

Tidings from the Pacific Coast.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is now some time since I wrote my last stated letter to THE BANNER, and since then much has occurred of more than transient interest.

I returned for the present left San Francisco, and have returned to Los Angeles, at the urgent call of the First Society of Spiritualists in that city, and many friends in the vicinity.

Before leaving the metropolis of the Pacific slope, and its many beautiful suburbs, in which I worked incessantly from Nov. 1, 1895, to April 3, 1896, inclusive, I saw a great deal of psychic phenomena of rare interest, and sometimes in quite unlooked for quarters. One of the sensations of the past few months have been the exhibitions of Anna Eva Fay.

I will not attempt to pass judgment on anything she accomplishes, nor will I quote from the experiences of others, but confine myself entirely to a personal experience of my own, sufficiently wonderful, as I think, to be of general interest.

While Miss Fay was giving public entertainments in the Auditorium Theater, San Francisco, during February last, I was specially invited, indeed requested, to form one of a party of friends who were very desirous of witnessing something out of the ordinary.

We procured good seats, very near the stage, and kept our eyes and ears well open throughout the exhibition. A member of our party—a very shrewd business man—was selected to form one of the Investigating Committee.

I pass over the results which followed after the committee had made a searching examination as possible, knowing that in a public edifice there is always a chance for the concealment of apparatus, which even the most diligent searchers might not be able to discover.

It is with the purely mental phenomena that I desire to deal, and with what happened to me personally on the evening in question.

Every one was invited to write a question, and conceal it until Miss Fay had read it and answered it, when it was to be produced as evidence that she had been correct in her statement so far as the question was concerned.

I wrote the following question, and concealed it in my clothing: "Where shall I be the coming summer?" To this inquiry I signed my name, and that was all.

When the time came for Miss Fay to exercise her clairvoyance, after reading off a number of others, she looked in my direction, called my name, and informed me correctly of my question.

That alone was interesting, but perhaps less than convincing; what followed immediately was, in my estimation, truly marvelous, in a hall containing over one thousand persons, and toward the close of a miscellaneous entertainment.

Miss Fay looked straight at me and said: "You are expecting to go only to Southern California; but you will be suddenly called to Boston; from there you will be obliged to go to London, and in London you will have to undertake some important work in connection with a new society, with which you will be officially connected."

Now the strange part of this as yet unfulfilled prophecy, is that at the time when I was writing the question (more than an hour previously) I seemed to hear a voice saying to me, "You will be compelled to cross the ocean again next summer on important and unexpected business, the centre of which will be in London."

Now what I want to know is, how did Miss Fay receive the identical impression, a little more elaborate in detail, unless some unseen intelligence conveyed the idea first to me and then to her, or was it a case of thought transference from my brain to hers quite unconsciously?

These questions are of overwhelming interest to all that large and increasing section of the intelligent public which is now bestowing serious attention upon matters pertaining to

the as yet but very partially trodden field of man's psychical possibilities.

To me there are but two rational explanations, and these are by no means mutually discordant; the first being the preeminently spiritualistic interpretation, the other that of mental telegraphy.

I have not the slightest intention of awakening discussion as to the doings of Miss Fay in particular, concerning whom there are so many divergent opinions; I only report as a truthful recorder of passing events that what I have stated did actually occur in the manner in which I have stated, and I have since learned that many others, including several people of prominence, have recently had equally wonderful experiences of a like nature.

The Forty-Eighth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism was largely observed by the various societies, both in San Francisco and Oakland.

Some of the organizations anticipated the anniversary by holding their demonstrations on Sunday, March 20, others postponed the festivities till April 3, while the friends with whom I worked made efficient arrangements to celebrate the day itself, so we had two glorious meetings March 31, one in Oakland in the afternoon, the other in San Francisco in the evening.

Steele Hall, corner of Eleventh and Clay streets, Oakland, is a fine new hall, built and operated by a family of earnest Spiritualists. The Sunday meetings there are always very well attended; they are conducted by a well-organized society, and always attract a fine array of talent to the platform.

Mrs. Mand Lord-Drake is one of the most popular speakers as well as test mediums who have ever visited the Pacific Coast.

In Stockton, Angel's Camp and other places within easy reach of San Francisco, she has done very good work of late, attracting numbers of people to her meetings and séances, who have there learned their first lessons in spiritual philosophy and phenomena.

Since my return to Los Angeles I have had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Mrs. Ada Foye, who has been of late doing most excellent work in Chicago. This most noble woman and singularly convincing medium is greeted wherever she goes with enthusiastic crowds of eager listeners, and her phenomenal power is still as great as in the old days when she and Mrs. Hardinge-Britten worked together in 1879.

On Thursday evening, April 9, a reception was given to Mrs. Foye at the residence of Mrs. Howells, 4154 South Spring street, Los Angeles, which was attended by far more friends than the spacious rooms could well accommodate. Among those present were many of the most influential people of the city.

Spiritualism has taken deep root in Southern California, and though as in other districts perfect outward harmony does not yet prevail among the several societies, all of which are doing much good and useful work, the general feeling in the community is that the cause of Spiritualism is rapidly gaining everywhere, and ground once gained is never lost afterward.

As another evidence of the progressive character of the people in this land of fruit and flowers it is only necessary to note the widespread sentiment in favor of Woman Suffrage, which is very strong in this vicinity.

That ever-popular and remarkably witty speaker, Rev. Anna Shaw, has given several lectures in Los Angeles to large and enthusiastic audiences. Her lecture on "The Injustice of Chivalry," delivered in the great Tabernacle Saturday evening, April 4, was a splendid refutation of the well-worn protests against placing the ballot in the hands of women.

It seems altogether that so liberal a man as Edward Everett Hale should take opposite ground from that so ably sustained by James Freeman Clarke and others of the old school of Boston Unitarians, but Dr. Hale no doubt seriously believes that a certain chivalrous attitude of men toward women, which he highly prizes, would be broken up if political equality were established.

Anna Shaw and other fine speakers at the Woman Suffrage Convention, held in the great Los Angeles Music Hall April 8 and 9, referred to Dr. Hale's recent articles in some of the periodicals where he airs his views on this subject, and replied very forcibly by saying that in the three States (Wyoming, Colorado and Utah) where women vote already, there is no appreciable diminution of the courtesy shown by gentlemen to ladies, and even if certain knightly attentions were withdrawn, rights are so far above mere sentimental privileges that women could well afford to dispense with certain polite courtesies if by giving these up they secured instead far weightier advantages.

The Suffrage Convention has been well sustained by men equally with women, and the local press has devoted much space to good reports of the proceedings, and has paid well-merited compliments to all the speakers, among whom Miss Elizabeth Yates of Maine occupied a very prominent place by reason of her graceful presence and remarkably fluent oratory. The speeches were by no means confined to women, for several well-known gentlemen responded to invitations from the chair, and made excellent addresses full of sound reasoning in favor of the eleventh amendment to the Constitution, which is the main issue before the suffragists in California at present. A singular feature of the decorations of the hall was a large American flag with the usual complement of stripes but only three stars; on the badges worn by delegates, and sold to the public, there are three well defined stars, and a fourth star appearing as though dimly rising, to typify the move which it is confidently expected California is on the eve of making.

Though Los Angeles, San Diego and other southern points have received much attention from the earnest campaigners, the great demonstration on behalf of political equality is arranged to take place in San Francisco next month.

Two years ago a Woman's Congress was held there, lasting an entire week, and this aroused so much general interest, occurring as it did just at the close of the Midwinter Fair, that it was followed last year by another Congress of a somewhat similar character, which also proved very successful.

The subject of this year's Congress is to be "Woman and the Government." It will be held in Native Sons' Hall, Mason street, commencing Monday, May 4, and concluding Sunday, May 10. There will be three sessions daily, addressed by Susan B. Anthony and a host of other women whose names are household words wherever advanced ideas are known and welcomed.

Los Angeles is now rapidly filling with visitors from all points of the compass, as the great FESTA is just about to commence. Los Angeles never forgets that it is essentially a Spanish city, and on the occasion of its annual festival it rivals the cities of old Spain in the wealth of its gorgeous pageant.

Business here of all descriptions is remarkably good. Prosperity is in the air, and on every side are manifold and unmistakable evidences of solid growth. Pasadena is as beautiful as ever, and there can scarcely be a fairer spot on earth.

Mr. and Mrs. Longley are residing and working there. They appear very busy and happy.

You don't know

where you got that cold. Do you know where you can get the cure for it? Every drug store keeps Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures coughs and colds.

