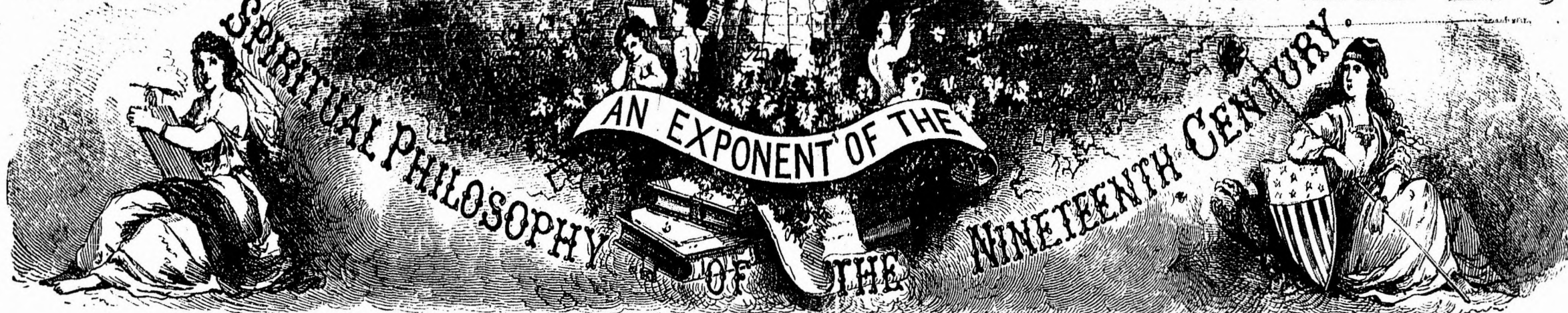


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Alexander Wilder.

Paracelsus.

[Conclusion.]

It is curious that the term "quack" was first employed to denote a physician who prescribed mercury, whereas it is now a term of reproach for one who does not. In Denmark the word means a witch. When Dr. Charles E. Taylor was prosecuted in St. Thomas for practicing homeopathy, the indictment, as forwarded to Copenhagen, charged him with "quacksalverie." The primary meaning of the word "quack" is living; hence it would seem that it ought to be applied to signify a physician who is alive as contrasted with one having a name, although as a healer he is really dead.

It should be remarked that Paracelsus was an alchemist, and used the terms "sulphur, salt and mercury" in the mystic sense of that school of occultists. It was the "philosophic mercury" that was signified.

In his writings we find little that can be classed with what is sometimes called "allopathy." But they are replete with mystic delineations which the wise understand. He anticipated the dynamic and homeopathic doctrines of Hahnemann, the alimistic theory of Stahl, mesmerism, etc. Our Theosophic friends have drawn liberally from him in regard to elemental spirits, elementary spirits, and astral bodies. The Van Helmonts, of Holland, and the inspired Theosopher, Jakob Boehme, may be classed as his disciples. Rademacher, the eminent German eclectic physician and author, was a diligent student of his writings, as well as of those of Emanuel Swedenborg. Paracelsus taught the power of faith and imagination as zealously as any believer in that physical medicine.

John Brown had been a student of William Cullen, but forsook him and propounded a theory of his own. It was warmly received in Scotland and in the continent of Europe, but naturally received little favor in England. Benjamin Rush was his disciple, but I had never supposed him to have discarded mercurials. In Philadelphia, where he is a kind of patron saint, his admirers have no kind of antipathy. He was, however, tolerably independent; he never disguised his hatred of General Washington, and actually gave a courteous reception to Samuel Thomson. Several of his students embraced Thomson's views. He was noted, however, for his frequent use of the lancet, as in the Yellow Fever Epidemic of 1795. I had supposed that Gen. Washington died under the Rush treatment—copious bleeding, mercury and blisters, till the poor tortured man entreated to be permitted to die in peace.

I must acknowledge that I was a little surprised at the manner that Dr. Bland spoke of Samuel Thomson. Here let me ask you to refrain from spelling his name with a p. It is bad enough for our penny-a-liners in Cyclopaedias to do this, and to confound him with Dr. Benjamin Thompson of Concord, the friend and physician of the distinguished Senator Isaac Hill.

True, Samuel Thomson took out patents for his methods, and sold patent rights. It is a thing that I do not like; but I always regarded it as having been done to secure the protection of the law against the persecutions of his enemies. His very life had been conspired against in Essex County; the Courts were prejudiced against him, and Legislatures were beleaguered to pass statutes warning him and making it a crime for him to practice. He accordingly sought such protection as the laws afforded him, and I think ought not to be blamed.

I acknowledge that I doubt whether he was original in his methods. Lobelia, at the time, was an emetic, and known among the Indians of New England, and vapor baths were of world-wide celebrity. I have seen the statement that a book had been published in England setting forth that treatment, but I am not so credulous as to believe that he ever read it. I give him abundant credit for Cayenne pepper, the one remedy in his list which seems to me like a satanic agent. But with all his faults, his dogmatism, often intolerable, his offensive coarseness, I wish right heartily that we had men now living among us possessing the intrepidity and aggressive energy that characterized him and his three sons. The great service that Dr. Bland has been performing would not then have been necessary. I will add that Professor Waterhouse of Harvard Medical School, knowing both men, pronounced him a greater genius than John Hunter. That was "praise from Sir Hubert."

I apprehend that Dr. Bland contracted his prejudices from Dr. Alva Curtis. There were rivalships and unrelenting jealousies in those days among "medical reformers" as among those of the sixteenth century. Indeed, it is natural to hate those who almost agree with us, but not quite worse than those our avowed adversaries.

About 1839, trouble occurred in the Thompsonian ranks. Dr. Alva Curtis headed the bolters, and organized the Physio-Medical School. Hence came bitter animosities which only death terminated. Dr. Curtis was a self-taught man of extraordinary ability. In 1832, when Asiatic cholera was sweeping down its victims at Richmond, and doctors were helpless, he, with his Thompsonian patent right, copied single-handed with it with a success that seemed miraculous. Such a man could not bear the yoke of Thomson's exclusiveness. He demanded more thorough professional in-

struction, and established a medical college for that purpose. Sometimes he filled all the chairs; he was able to do it. But he exhibited as lordly a temper as ever Thomson did, and men left him. Dr. Wooster Beach set up his Reformed Practice in New York, and his disciple, Thomas Vaughan Morrow, established first the medical department at Worthington (near Columbus), Ohio, and afterward, the Eclectic Medical Institute at Cincinnati. All the while the contention between Curtis and Morrow was as bitter as the dissension that parted Paul from Barnabas.

When I saw Dr. Curtis in 1871 he was in advanced years. He had been obliged to give up his college and employments; but still adhered to the doctrine of "non-poisonous medication." He had got beyond the old animosities; he was ready as ever to learn. Indeed, he never had much of the "old fog" about him. He deserved Dr. Bland's praises richly.

The Physio-Medical School of Practice, however, has but a limited number of adherents. The Eclectic organization absorbed many of them. They have colleges in Chicago and Indianapolis, two State Societies and a National Association.

It is not to be desired or expected that any system or doctrine shall remain stationary. The religion, the ethics, the intellectual discipline and pabulum of one generation will not meet the wants of another. There is not power in us to behold truth unveiled and unshaded; our vision is not infallible, nor our faculty of perceiving. We must view with such facilities as we have, and modestly bear with one another. Only we must be stern in adhering to the principle of right.

I do not set much by talk about progress. Mankind move in circles, apparently advancing, and then apparently retrograding. Yet they never get back to any old point. It is either spiral upward or vertical downward; but there is, doubtless, a bettering of condition.

I wish Dr. Bland every success. He is right in the concept that a proper medical practice should be evolved from physiology. In the chaos of crudity, falsely denominated medical science, this notion appears as a nucleus of organization.

Our old medical ships may be scuttled, but even then we may desecrate a light beyond a better method and a truer starting-point. Then will be light from above.

Newark, N. J. ALEXANDER WILDER.



Written especially for the Banner of Light.
A Christmas Gift from the Dead.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning the wharf was crowded by the villagers, for it was an event in that hamlet when a ship departed. It carried away sons, husbands and fathers, and only by chance would they again be heard from until their return.

The *Albatross* lay at anchor off the harbor, and Capt. Mark, with many a hearty hand-shake, stepped into the whale-boat that was to carry him to her. The men lay by their oars waiting command.

"When that anchor is on board it will not be cast until in the same place, what may betide," he said, with a proud inflection, "and that will be Christmas day, a year hence."

"Without a cargo?" laughingly said the by-standers.

"No, with a cargo such as no ship has brought for years!"

He gave the word, the oars struck the water as one, and soon they stepped on the bow of the ship. The musical "Ileo heave," faintly came to the shore. The sails expanded like the white wings of the bird which gave her name, and bowing gracefully, the *Albatross* sped onward into the purple mists which veiled the horizon of the Atlantic. After all good-byes, and waving of hands, there was a fluttering of a handkerchief from the deck, answered by another on the pier.

A year and two months is a short time to go by the stormy Cape Horn into the Pacific, and over that vast expanse to the Northern Sea. Yet half that time had not gone by before the sailors from the deck of the *Albatross* saw the icebergs with glittering pinacles moving down the north, and with these they saw the great monsters of the deep, leviathans, like islands sporting with life, and for a time they were busy in their pursuit. The ship had half a cargo, and then luck forsook the captain. In vain the lookout scanned the limitless ocean.

Day after day went by, and still the same restless world of waters without life. The year was almost half gone, quite half gone, and now with the best of luck the vaunting promise could

not be fulfilled. Capt. Trescott went to his cabin with a heavy heart. He had made a foolish pledge, yet honor and love claimed its keeping. His pride would listen to no excuse, and miserable, worn and weary, he fell asleep. Was it sleep, or what shall that state be called which allows the approach of spiritual intelligences, or the breaking in of knowledge which otherwise could not be known?

A stranger entered the cabin in a matter of fact way, and approaching gazed intently into his very soul. Then he spoke, and he knew that it was not a mortal, but a spirit, with whom he conversed. The presence said to him:

"I was wrecked in a storm, took to the boats, and went down. Though I took the ship's papers, I left a letter which I want to reach my wife and family, who now suffer the greater grief of uncertainty."

"What can I do for you?" asked Capt. Trescott.

"Visit the wreck; you are now steering nor'west; change two points by north, and at daylight change the lookout."

The Captain was wide awake, and going on deck found that the visitor had correctly told him the direction, although he had given orders to steer due west. He changed the course, and impatiently paced the deck until the gray morning broke. He was startled by the lookout calling: "A whale!" "Where away?"

"On the leeward bow."

All was excitement on deck, where the mist shut out the distance. The Captain vainly sought the object with his glass, and again called, "Whereaway?"

"Approaching on leeward bow."

Just then the captain caught the object in the field of his glass, and an exclamation of wonder escaped him: "A wreck!" and scarcely had he spoken, when the fog lifting, revealed the black and battered hull of a whaler, her masts broken and dragging behind, holding her in steepest way. On her bow was her name, scarcely legible: *Clio*, of New Bedford.

A boat was quickly manned, and the wondering crew soon stood on the deserted deck. Captain Mark went down into the cabin and found a letter, as he had been told. On the wall was a portrait—that of the person he had seen in his vision. The letter was superscribed: "The cargo of this ship belongs to the one who discovers this letter, and who delivers it to Mrs. James Colton, New Bedford."

The cargo! Who had thought of a cargo on this derelict? Yet a cargo there was of casks of oil and of whalebone, which, when transferred to the *Albatross*, filled every available space, and then not all could be taken. Such a turn of luck! And now joyfully the *Albatross* spread her wings, and the Southern Cross soon sparkled above, and the pole star sank on the horizon. The stormy seas of the Cape were passed without loss of a shred of canvas, and that was the more noticeable, as every rag was set and every reef shaken out, and when there was a lull extra sails bent. The oldest sailors, who trusted the captain implicitly, deprecated the tempting of Providence by keeping the sails when they cracked like whips, and the mainsheets hummed like harp-strings. The spray was flung defiantly from the ship's prow as the north star rose, and the bracing winds of the North Atlantic gave new life to the sailors, enervated by the heat of the tropics.

It was December when they struck the Gulf Stream, and the twenty-fourth that they passed Montaque Point and laid their course for Greenport.

The mists that had been gathering in the east grew denser, and a fog fell over the sea with blinding snow. They could not see the length of the ship, and with the increasing gale, were in a hopeless plight. To keep on would soon bring them to a lee-shore, and to turn oceanward and brave out the storm was equally hazardous. To perish when almost in sight of home; to go on the shore in calling distance of the sought harbor, were more unbearable than perishing in the unknown North.

Captain Trescott stood at the bow, vainly keeping watch, the snow adriking to his clothing and the spray freezing as it fell. He felt that it was vain to hope for rescue, yet would he keep stout heart to the end. Suddenly he felt a thrill, like a continuous electric discharge, and with an imperative desire to take the helm. It was a strange sensation, which he did not understand, and which, in after years, he always alluded to with reverence. He obeyed the impulse, and, with hands almost frozen to the wheel, held his course into the darkness, where the crests of waves gleamed like white tusks of devouring monsters. He was under the control of an intelligence higher than his own, which saw clearly through the night, and over him came a perfect trust, as though well knowing his bearings.

The morning slowly broke—even the drift of clouds, the fog, the snow, could not wholly withhold the light that Christmas morning. Yet was it no more than a gloomy twilight, and the storm still swept onward with increasing violence. As the ship plunged on, there was a slight abatement—the sea was not running as high. Surely by some mysterious power that controlled the hands of Captain Trescott, he had steered past the terrible dangers northeast of Gardner's Island, and was getting into the smoother waters of Gardner's Bay. He did not know, but his mind working with that desperate intensity born of danger, hoped that it might be so. He steered southwest by west, the sea taming down all the time, and then he called his men to stand by the anchor and be ready at the few sails that gave the ship steerage way.

On and on—it seemed the minutes length-

ened to hours while they waited for the command, which at last came: "Let go the anchor!" As it plunged into the waves the vessel came round bow to the wind, and the frozen cordage creaked and cracked with the new strain.

Almost instantly the fog lifted; the sun shone through the white, rolling masses of clouds, and they found they had dropped their anchor within a ship's length of the place from which they had taken it when they left that haven. On the west were the hamlets, half buried in drifts, of East Marion; south the wooded slope of Shelter Island; while to the north was their own beloved Orient. They had come by that wonderful guidance out of the very jaws of death, through the narrow channel between Long Beach and Shelter Island. It was by a power that saw through the storm and the darkness as clearly as though it were noonday—a power that did not need to take a reckoning or even look at the compass.

Early rising fishermen down to see how their boats fared, were astonished at the apparition. The buffeted wanderer was safe in the harbor of Orient! The news spread on swift wings, and soon half the villagers were on the wharf, congratulating their returned kinsmen, who had pulled ashore in a boat.

Although Elsie had snail's hopes of Mark's return, she had been busy the previous day preparing for a Christmas dinner for a few invited friends. She arose earlier that morning, and had been so busy that the clock struck ten before she even looked out over the bay. The storm had ceased, except wandering crystals here and there, like flecks of down, and the light was clear over the pearly fields to the dark waters. She gazed carelessly across the bay, beyond where the old windmill stood like a giant spectre holding its bony arms heavenward—and, slowly turning to the harbor, her eyes met a sight which made her heart beat wild with joy. There was the *Albatross*, her black hull low in the water, and every shroud and spar white as crystal. The ship had come! Was the captain there? Ay, there, or never would the ship, with such unerring purpose, have found the harbor. Her doubts were soon dispelled, for she saw her father and Mark, arm in arm, coming on the walk, and with audacious boldness she was taken up in two strong arms, and the captain said bravely: "You see I've won the race."

"Yes," responded her father, "and the biggest and the best cargo ever brought into port."

At the dinner that day were intimate friends, the minister and his wife, and Capt. Mark, whom "no one expected and every one hoped for." Said Mr. Harley, "I can't pledge him in a glass of wine, for wine is not allowed in the village, I'll drink to his health this glass of water." Draining the glass, he said, "As they say in Germany, 'drank to the sail!' and now for the wager. The worthy winner shall have his reward. No use waiting or haggling. Here is the bride, here is the groom, and here the minister. No body answers, silence is consent. We will repair to the parlor." Taking Elsie on his arm he led the way, and when order was restored, he called Capt. Mark to the broad window overlooking the harbor, and taking his hand and Elsie's joined them together, and said, "This much I can do, and our minister will complete the ceremony." And it was finished that happy Christmas day: two souls, loving and trusting each other, were made as one.

More than half a century has passed since that happy day, and in a cottage by the sea yet dwell the Captain and his wife in beautiful, healthful age. Three sons have they, who with ancestral instincts have sought the seas; one sailing as master of a steamer trading in Australian waters, one as captain of an ocean greyhound, and one commander of a steel-clad warship that guards the rights and honor of the nation.

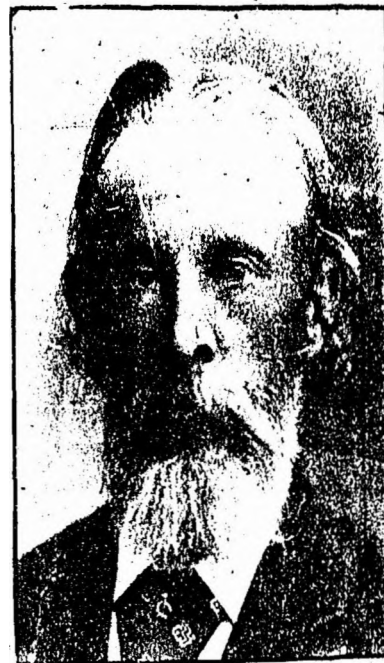
In closing this story it may be added that Capt. Trescott carried the letter he found on the wreck to New Bedford. He found that ten years before the ship *Clio* had sailed from that harbor, and had never been heard from. The captain's wife, with a babe to care for, had become destitute, and as time added to the certainty of her loss, nearly broken-hearted. "If I knew his fate!" she would moan. "To not know, and be tortured by imagination of horrible suffering, starvation and prolonged agony in the icy north, is unendurable." Capt. Trescott found her in a dilapidated cabin, with her child, where she maintained herself by washing for the fishermen, assisted by small charities. He related his story, and gave her the letter, which she read with tears. "It is passed," she said, "and I rejoice that he suffered only death."

"I have another message for you: your husband's share would have been something like one thousand dollars. I feel that it is only just that I give you that amount." He handed her a package, and continued, "You will find this correct, and it will enable you to live more comfortably in the future. It comes somewhat late, but you will accept it, not from me, but as a CHRISTMAS GIFT FROM THE DEAD."

It was all conjecture that the ship *Clio* had, after desertion in the Arctic Seas, been frozen into the ice, and remained several years before being loosened and drifted South. Or perhaps she had drifted all that time a toy in the hands of winds and currents.

The town of Orient, Long Island, has never had a saloon, nor allowed liquor to be sold within its borders. For nearly half a century it has maintained a temperance society, which has all that time held regular meetings.

Pneumatic tubes will in a few weeks perform the service of carrying letters from the post-office in Philadelphia to the two great railway stations in that city, experiments between the main post-office and a sub-station having proved a success.



Mr. W. H. Terry.

A PIONEER AUSTRALIAN SPIRITUALIST.

No name is so associated with the history of Spiritualism in the Australian colonies as is that of Mr. William H. Terry of Melbourne, Victoria. Ever since he grasped the fact of continuity of life after death of the body, and the possibility of communication between the two states of existence, he has been an ardent promulgator of those great truths. Undeterred by the bitter opposition of the skeptical, the ignorant, the clergy, or the scientist, Mr. Terry has been ever ready to do battle for the truth, whether publicly on the platform as a lecturer or debater, or in the columns of the press, or privately in the family circle; this, too, at a time when these spiritual truths were new to the world, and the holder of them had to submit to calumny, scorn and persecution from the incredulous; it did indeed need a bold heart to come to the front, as did Mr. Terry, and be ever ready, at the sacrifice of friendship, good name and pecuniary position, to make known those truths to others.

WILLIAM HENRY TERRY was born in the year 1836 at Islington, London, Eng. His residence in Victoria, Australia, dates from the time of the gold discoveries of 1853. He was not then a Spiritualist, and for seven years his ideas of Spiritualism were such as he gathered from the satirical newspaper press, and that his believers based their religion on the antics of animated furniture and supernatural phenomena. His religious education as a boy fortunately had not been bigoted or creedal, for his father had connected himself with the liberal Unitarians. Also, when a boy, he had attended the Sunday services at the South Place Chapel, Finsbury, London, and listened to the eloquent lectures of Mr. W. J. Fox, M. P. for Oldham; the liberality of thought inculcated by this great speaker had a marked after-effect upon forming the mind of the young man, and on arrival in Melbourne he sought in vain among the churches and chapels for similar congenial ideas.

It was in 1860 that the knowledge of Spiritualism being a truth came to Mr. Terry. Its advent to him was accidental, and interesting as showing how the good a man does may continue working after his death. Mr. Terry, Sen., in pursuance of his business one wet day found himself weather-bound in a hotel of a small country town in Victoria. To pass the time he picked up a book from a side-table. This book happened to be "Spiritualism," by Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter. Mr. Terry, Sen., was delighted with it, and spent the day reading it. The truths stated in it were just such as he had been all his life seeking for; the phenomena they were based on were certainly astounding, but they were so rationally stated in the book that they compelled belief in their truth. "This is the very book for my son William," thought Mr. Terry, and he sought the landlord so that it could be bought or borrowed. The landlord knew nothing of the book, except that it had been left behind by some travelers, and he permitted Mr. Terry to borrow it.

This book of Judge Edmonds presented Spiritualism in an entirely new light to Mr. W. H. Terry, and he pondered over it deeply, the intellectual teachings and general superior style of the work gradually bringing conviction to his mind that what was stated must have some truth in it, and determining him to investigate the subject himself and endeavor to obtain personal corroboration. Judge Edmonds, when he wrote that book, little knew how much he was doing to spread the knowledge of Spiritualism over the whole of Australia!

Mr. Terry's inquiries led him to find that Spiritualism had already obtained a footing in Melbourne. With difficulty he got permission to be present at a circle of investigators, and on arrival he found twelve persons sitting around a large table, with their hands upon it. The table moved laterally and tilted vertically, in response to questions, and Mr. Terry was invited to join the sitters. The result of the evening was that he was satisfied that there was a force exerted other than that of the sitters. Here, then, was one fact for him to begin with—a supernatural power could move inanimate matter. The next thing was to ascertain the nature of that power, and with that view he obtained an introduction to a private circle of one family who had had some months' experience, and were thorough believers in spirit-communication with mankind. At this séance the table moved and spelled out messages freely in response to questions, and they "raps" were heard. The result to Mr. Terry was that he was convinced of the intelligence at the back of the power; that this intelligence was good, and that there was every reason to believe it was what it purported to be, that of disembodied relatives and friends. He resolved, therefore, to try on his own account; so, in connection with two friends, he sat down at his first circle. After sitting about half an hour, to the intense amazement of the three sitters, the table tilted vigorously, so a mental arrangement was made with the unseen to move the table at the desired letters of the alphabet as repeated by the sitters. The result was that the name and address (when on earth) of a relative were spelled out. At their next sitting the table was moved and reeled about in a very lively manner. Then, through the calling of the alphabet, the name of a brother was given, also the time, place and circumstance of his death and other details which entirely removed all doubt of the identity of the communicating intelligence. This brother had died when away from home and under distressing circumstances, and some of the details given were unknown to the circle, but were afterward verified. Mr. Terry writes: "Never shall I forget that, to me, a mental light. I realized the great truth of man's continued sensuous existence after the change called death! I felt the presence of my brother, and it was, indeed, a happy reunion. Death had lost its sting, the grave its victory. My soul was filled with joy inexpressible, and as I wondered my way home to tell the glad tidings, I could scarcely feel the ground under my feet, so happy was I."

[To be concluded.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

MINDING MOTHER.

BY WILL H. WAITT.

I move among the throngs of men,
And strive by honest labor,
Come thick or thin, this need to win:
Regard from every neighbor.
Yet though I win the high regard,
And deem each man a brother,
I would I were a boy again,
That I might mind my mother.

Oh, mother! passed within the veil
Beyond the lesser day!
My heart to night reflects the light
You cast upon my way.
You speak to me when, sorely tried,
I bend in supplication,
And slumbering conscience wakes again
To each grave obligation.

Yet though my heart reflects the light,
And thrills with melody,
This minor chord hath deeply stirred
- Life's perfect harmony,
Wild with the passion of regret
Nor time nor toil can smother:
Oh, let me be thy boy again,
That I may mind thee, mother!

Set me once more the old-time tasks,
And I will do them all
Right willingly, if but for thee,
At thy dear beck and call;
And when the paltry chores are done,
And daylight dims to even,
Thy pleasant word, thy winsome smile,
Shall seem the gift of heaven.

Bid me again regard thy word—
Show me the righteous path—
Grant me God-speed, and I will heed
Through sorrow, wrong and death.
For he who heads the mother's word—
Regards the mother's childing,
Will find a balm for every wound
In memories abiding.

Ah! well for him to whom is given
This flawless memory—
The tender grace of a sainted face,
Unveiled through the years to be!
Thrice well for him if he can say—
No vain regrets to smother:
She knows that always, when a boy,
I minded her, my mother!

For the Banner of Light.

WITH ONE ACCORD.
A SPIRITUAL ROMANCE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AGNOSTICISM SIFTED.

As one of the mottoes of the Dromedary Institute was "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," some of the workers desired to devote a spare evening, when such occurred (which was indeed but seldom), to listening to an exposition of the tenets of Agnosticism from the lips of a brilliant woman of the decidedly "advanced" type, who had been engaged as reader and lecturer by a so-called FREE-THOUGHT ASSOCIATION in San Francisco.

It was on a cold, wet Saturday evening (ten days later than the date of the telepathic incident just chronicled) that Agnosticism was to have its innings in an avowedly psychical abode.

The lady who was to present the stupendous claims of this much vaunted modern cult was a very striking female, on account of her intensely masculine appearance, if for no other reason. Though it was raining heavily, she had ridden in bloomers and a mackintosh over two miles on her bicycle, and reached the Institute in a dripping condition (as she had no umbrella) and considerably out of temper.

Mrs. Georgia Muchmore Clinton was far too "cultured" to be able to live with her husband, who was, poor man, decidedly behind the times, as he actually believed in the immortality of the human soul, and thought some parts of the Bible were beautiful. To do his divorced wife justice, it must be said that flirtations and scandals had made no sort of inroads into the Clinton family. No breath of suspicion had ever been raised against the sad, eccentric woman, whose pitiable fate was pessimism, and who scorned all the joys of life because of her intensely hypochondriac disposition.

When Mrs. Clinton obtained her divorce, she gained it without any difficulty on the score of incompatibility, and as she was not a mother, she went out upon her reading and lecturing tour alone to face "a steely, heartless world," as she expressed herself, but with no impediment in the way of a husband to "flaunt ridiculous superstitions born in an age of crass ignorance of science, in the teeth of that ennobling free-thought, which is humanity's only possible savior."

When Miss Sherrington opened the door to Mrs. Clinton (who kept her husband's name for purposes of professional identification), that peculiar woman appeared not to see the kind hand held out to her, nor to hear the gentle voice which bade her welcome.

The only sounds which greeted Miss Sherrington's ears were, "Horrid night! Where shall I put my bicycle?" The bicycle was soon accommodated, along with the mackintosh and the boyish hat, and the lecturer provided with a large glass of mineral water and a cracker, as she positively refused any other form of refreshment, but showed real appreciation of the simple fare, which she declared constituted the staple of her essentially hygienic diet.

Rain had no effect in keeping back the eager audiences who attended the meetings of the Dromedary Institute, and as a setting forth of the tenets of agnosticism by a stalwart advocate of that pretentious cult was a new experience for the frequenters of that college, the attendance was if anything larger than ordinary. At any rate, when the clock struck eight, and Mr. Leech escorted the speaker to the platform, every chair was occupied.

The presiding officer simply presented the lecturer of the evening in his usual quiet, kindly, polished manner. There was no music on this occasion, but the orator prefaced her address with a recitation. The following were the verses from the "exquisite poem," which Mrs. Georgia Muchmore Clinton considered one of the choicest gems of modern composition, "destined to finally overthrow the last lingering vestiges of degraded and degrading superstition which yet becloud the intellects of even some bright and intelligent minds," who are but one-half agnostic, instead of wholly ignorant, as they should be in order to deserve to rank among the "grandly cultured" of the present arrogant and supercilious age. Mrs. Clinton pressed the Agnostic Annual fondly to her heart as she quoted almost from memory:

"Of all the millions of the dear death-parted,
No soul hath e'er returned the tale to tell;
No sign, no word, to cheer the broken-hearted,
Or give the sweet assurance, 'All is well!'"

"We ask for proof, and not for poet's fancies;
We hope, but with a dim and starless hope,
Clouded with doubt, that evermore enhances
The dark uncertainty in which we grope."

"Oh! give us back our early faith unshaken,
That our dear dead are watching us for aye,
And know and love us, tho' on earth forsaken,
Soon reunited for eternal day."

"No answer comes to that vain supplication,
And none will come, or ever came before;
For widow's hope or mother's consolation,
Our dead, alas! are gone, and gone forevermore!"

The above "beautiful" stanzas are the last four in a

"fine poem" composed of thirteen verses, the first of which reads:

"And must it pass away—that dream so glorious,
Which promised brighter hopes beyond the grave;
Which pictured life o'er sin and death victorious,
And comforting for all bereavements gave?"

"What do you think of it?" inquired the eloquentist, turning her blazing eyes to the chairman, (her impressive manner and commanding stage presence lent a faint semblance of impressiveness to whatever she undertook to render.)

"Think of it?" replied Mr. Leech; "I deem it the veriest trash that was ever fashioned into rhyme; and worse than trash, I pronounce it stupidly cruel—heartlessly, blasphemously and insanely self-contradictory."

It was rarely that this calm, gentle man ever showed passion of utterance, but on this occasion he was, as some people expressed it afterward, decidedly wrought up, and his eyes could sparkle with righteous scorn when he was requested to applaud inanity and praise what can but degrade.

"I always implore criticism of whatever I read. The poems I select are preludes to my lectures; they are always radical in the extreme; they invariably shock tender susceptibilities; but we must have the truth at all cost," fiercely shouted the now much excited lecturer, who, having succeeded, much to her inward satisfaction, in proving that she was on hostile ground, and at the mercy of an antagonistic chairman, proceeded to harangue her audience hysterically on her favorite theme, "The Glory of Doubt."

When at length it seemed as though even she had exhausted her long catalogue of abusive epithets hurled at everything she chose to call *faith*, she at length reached her peroration and shouted frantically, her eyes gleaming with a dangerous light:

"Doubt, all hail, thou only savior of the human race! Through thee, oh! doubt, and through thee alone, are the portals of the Temple of Science opened. Hail, janitors of reason, hail! Bid the black bat superstition fly! Turn away the follies of hope, the puerilities of faith! Open to us the gates of knowledge, our only angel *Doubt*, DOUBT, DOUBT!" and she sank into her chair exhausted. Two glasses of mineral water sufficed to restore her sufficiently after that terrific outburst, so that she could resume something of her original stridency and call for questions which she declared herself fully able as well as perfectly willing to answer.

The entire lecture having been of so thoroughly negational a character, there was little room for asking questions by way of eliciting a further elucidation of the speaker's position, which harmonized exactly with that of the "poem," which, when carefully scanned, teaches the following consistent (?) philosophy:

We are agnostics, and therefore ignorant of all things outside the pale of sense-observation. Notwithstanding we are ignorant of whether there is or is not a spiritual world (as continued life for man after physical dissolution, we know there is not. We cry out for our old childish faith in immortality. Because it gave us more hope, strength and comfort than our present denial, still we must denounce it as an evil, though it plainly did us good. Moreover we must doubt everything, and doubt is surely uncertainty, and at the same time we must rigorously deny and call everybody a fool if not an impostor who dares to assume that the opposite certainty is true, while we, though doubters, are absolutely dogmatists of denial.

Let whosoever can reconcile the self-contradictory, the task was quite beyond the intellectual capacity of even the brightest among Mrs. Clinton's hearers, but then she was apparently the only full fledged agnostic in the room, therefore the "semi-barbaric chairs" could not be expected to fully comprehend the "wholly civilized" platform.

Questions were attempted by a few young men, but the answers were so unsatisfactory the audience soon grew weary of seeking light from a quarter from which evidently none could be obtained.

However, after a deathlike silence of two or three minutes, during which the audience were perhaps supposed to be digesting the "wisdom" they had imbibed, Mr. Fitzlemonhoff rose slowly in the back of the hall, where he had been a quiet listener all the evening, and said, impressively: "Mrs. Clinton, dear madam, you appear a young woman; I am an old man; I have been a wanderer in the dreary wilderness of agnostic thought for many a weary year, and as one who has been delivered from the galling bondage of the heart-breaking cult you have espoused, I stand to testify that the sentiments expressed in the poem you read are wickedly untrue. I know there is a life beyond. I know I have had a revelation therefrom, and I challenge any would be scientist of any school to disprove what has been demonstrated to me beyond peradventure. My health, happiness, and all that makes existence enjoyable and useful, has been restored to me through a very noble form of Spiritualism. I would, therefore, be the basest of ingrates, unworthy a continuation of the smallest share in the mercies I have received, were I to permit this opportunity to slip for giving testimony to these two hundred eager searchers after truth (many of them young men under twenty-five) on the side of that mighty truth of the supreme reality of spirit, and the certainty of human immortality which has been granted to me unstintedly."

"I thank you for reading the verses which prefaced your discourse. I am glad they are printed, for one reason, viz., that their utter misery and insane contradictoriness may be the means of opening the eyes of some who are none too well grounded in spiritual philosophy to their hopeless ness and inanity of so-called 'agnostic' diatribe."

"Mr. Leech is a young man, and has never suffered as I have, and has, therefore, never felt that need of consolation in hours of bitter trial which I have so recently received; therefore, as chairman of this evening's meeting, I thank him a thousand times for his bold, truthful answer to your pointed question concerning the sentiments expressed in your favorite poem, strangely titled 'Immortality.' For you, personally, dear madam, we have only the deepest sympathy and kindest regard, but for your theories we can have no respect. I am glad I have had an opportunity of hearing your address. You have shown yourself a brilliant speaker, and, considering your subject, and what you have endeavored to uphold, no one could have done better; but, if an old man's counsel may be heeded enough for you to reflect upon it a little, let me say to you, with fatherly tenderness, pause ere you seek to publicly enforce a theory of existence which can lead in this world (to say nothing of another) only to the portal of that awful state of gloom which immures its victims in a living tomb, over which is inscribed the fearful legend: 'ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE!'"

"I implore you to call upon sorrow-stricken humanity to abandon despair. Despair makes hell on earth, and drives its victims to suicidal mania. You have energy, ability, and power to do good. My only prayer for you is that you may yet come to see the need of hope to brighten your own none too cheerful way, and, as you derive comfort yourself from spiritual knowledge, may you help many others to share it with you."

Mrs. Clinton, though inwardly touched, as she confessed afterward, was outwardly defiant, and, assuming to regard Mr. Fitzlemonhoff's kindly-intended words as an "attack," she drew herself to her full height, which was by no means inconsiderable, saying: "I know I am engaged here at a price to lecture for your association, and I have laid myself open to insults, if need be, but I'm a strong woman, with a broad back, so I can bear them. I now ask you, sir, a question: Have you not found out, by this time, that so-called mediums are a pack of fraudulent adventurers, and that Spiritualism is nothing but a money-making humbug? If you have not yet discovered it, I trust you soon will," and, with this boomerang, Mrs. Clinton resumed her seat, decidedly self-satisfied.

Mr. Leech this time undertook to address the audience, and he spoke as follows: "Though I grant that Spiritualism has its deep shadows as well as its bright lights, I have no hesitancy in declaring that, if there be any grounds for accepting the old proverb, 'Of two evils always choose the least,' I would unhesitatingly pronounce Spiritualism at

its worst a lesser evil than Agnosticism at its best; for, even were we compelled to accept some rubbish and falsehood, we should not utterly starve for lack of the bread of life, though, of course, adulterated food, on any plane, can not be thoroughly wholesome."

"I am not advocating, by any means, a blind, indiscriminating acceptance of every message and phenomenon that professes to come from the unseen world. I would counsel the strictest and most persistent investigation of all the evidence purporting to be given in favor of the alleged spiritual origin of any so-called spiritual communication; but however sorry I may sometimes feel to see credulous people woefully deceived by charlatanism masquerading as mediumship, I do aver that, of the two errors, that is the lesser which accepts some degree of salutary truth mingled with falsehood, than that which scornfully or peevishly rejects all testimony ever offered or to be offered on the side of man's demonstrable immortality."

As might well be expected, Mr. Leech's attitude excited a good deal of comment among the non-spiritualistic portion of the audience, and it was not long before he, rather than Mrs. Clinton (who was a decidedly interested, though thoroughly unconvinced listener), became the target at whom questions were in rapid succession fired.

Quite a new line of attack was resorted to after Mr. Leech had delivered himself of his championship of Spiritualism as the superior of Agnosticism at all times, and this time the demurrer was a clergyman representing a rather nondescript denomination, calling itself unsectarian. The Rev. Theodosius Monroe was the recently settled pastor of a "People's Church," the object of which was to unite as far as possible the undenominationalized elements in the religious community of San Francisco. Mr. Monroe had read and admired Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," and had become still more enthusiastic over "Scientific Evidence of a Future Life," by the same author.

The dual mind-theory set forth in those two remarkable books greatly fascinated the good clergyman, who thought he saw in it a scholarly way of presenting the doctrine of a future life to his motley congregation in an interesting and inoffensive manner.

Mr. Monroe greatly loved "scientific hypotheses," which promised to remove "antedecent barriers in the way of popular acceptance of religious truth," as he himself expressed it; therefore no Spiritualism, but nevertheless a proof of immortality "on a scientific basis," seemed to him especially acceptable. Having distinctly informed his present audience of his Hudsonian position, he put a direct question to Mr. Leech in the following abrupt words, though not in the least impolite:

"If you have read the books to which I have just referred (and I presume you have, sir), how do you manage to get around the author's anti-Spiritualist argument?"

This question was asked very self-satisfiedly, and the Rev. Theodosius Monroe rubbed his chubby hands exultingly, as much as to say: "Now I have suggested a poser," and he looked as though he delighted in putting posers, a reputation he fully sustained among his congregation.

"Permit me, sir," responded Mr. Leech, "to call your attention to what is, in my judgment, the one essentially weak link in the chain of Prof. Hudson's otherwise strong reasoning on the basis of our 'two minds.' Your favorite author contends that the 'subjective' mind can and does communicate with the 'objective,' and that the former lives on after the death of the latter. That being so—and I am by no means prepared to gainsay the reasonableness of that statement—I can find nothing in Prof. Hudson's book stronger against Spiritualism than the merely negative assertion that he has investigated Spiritualism for many years, and found no phenomenon which he could not account for to his own satisfaction on the basis of his pet theory of the dual mind."

"Our friend here, who has so recently lifted up his earnest voice in protest against a philosophy of denial, has within the past few weeks—so he assures us—been privileged to catch a glimpse within the veil and converse with beloved friends who passed on years ago. All I have to say is simply this: Affirmation carries all weight as against negations, even in common law, and though I am not by any means an extreme Spiritualist—and I cannot say that I consider all spiritualistic claims well-founded—I do maintain that after sifting out all the chaff from an immense mass of constantly accumulating testimony, the sincere student can but feel convinced that a most valuable residuum of truth remains."

"As chairman of this meeting, I only wish to add my mite of testimony to the affirmative side of the discussion. Mrs. Clinton has shown us that the agnostic is not happy, and that agnosticism does not solace breaking hearts in their hours of bitterest bereavement. If I were, then, to confine myself to a consideration of mere utility or simple expediency from the standpoint of this world only, leaving entirely aside the question of a future life, I should bring in the following verdict: When two systems of thought are pitted against each other, and neither is positively demonstrated, if one tends to cheer and bless, while the other tends to shadow our present life with awful sadness and impenetrable gloom, there is very strong presumptive evidence in favor of the former as opposed to the latter."

"Utilitarians, Secularists, and all others, if they will but reason fairly, must soon come to see that a doctrine of gloom, a destroyer of hope, has no claim for acceptance at the hands of struggling humanity."

The hour was rather later than the usual time for closing the meetings, and though the subject was as fresh to the majority of those present as at the beginning of the evening, Mrs. Clinton expressed a desire to re-mount her bicycle and trudge wearily lodgingward, after inviting all present to come to her rooms at the Bear Hotel the following evening.

Poor lonely agnostic, she probably thought herself doing humanity service, when she was only adding needless weight of sorrowful despair to the already heavy burdens so many have to endure.

The Committee of the Dromedary Institute when they talked it and thought it over afterward were, on the whole, well satisfied with the result of their "Agnostic Evening," as nothing so successfully convinces thoughtful people of the shallow fallacy of negationism as to allow its exponents full liberty to air their views.

[To be continued.]

A Message from Bishop Brooks.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Among the interesting messages from spirits written during a most wonderful séance given at the City Hall, Bliss on the evening of Dec. 7, the following from one famous and justly-popular Bishop Brooks is of a character to be of interest to those who were not present.

It was a dark séance for independent voices and written communications. Each of the twenty persons present got verbal or written messages from spirit-friends, and some of them got both. At various times during the evening spirits could be heard in all parts of the circle talking with their friends at the same time, and at different times spirits joined in the songs that were sung.

Bishop Brooks announced himself, and addressed the circle briefly, and said: "I will write a greeting to you all." When the light was turned on, the following, on the two sides of a small scrap of paper, was found:

"My friends, I greet you. Peace be with you all, and may the angels bless you. Earthly conditions promote selfishness, and selfishness causes differences of views and antagonisms, which prevent charity and brotherly love from doing their perfect work. Dear friends, try at all times to be guided by this rule: 'In essential things, unity, in doubtful things, liberty, and in all things, charity.'"

"Then indeed we dwyn the glorious morn when 'Ephraim shall no longer envy Judah, and Judah shall no more vex Ephraim.' So let us spirits and mortals cast aside the microscope of conceited prejudice, and use the telescope of reason. And when a sensitive one is at fault let us imitate the great painter who, when sketching the portrait of

Alexander of Macedon, had that monarch rest his forehead upon his hand, to hide the scar on his brow: So let us all hide the faults of our fellows with the hand of brotherly love. Friends, I bless you all. PHILLIPS BROOKS."

Those who knew Bishop Brooks will recognize this message as characteristic. T. A. B.

Straws in the Wind; or, Spiritual Gleanings.

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

It seems as if the winter was struggling very hard for existence, as if the sun bated to resign his sway and yield to storms and winds. Thus far very little snow has fallen, and that which has is quickly disappearing.

The season of lectures is well under way, and the charming Berkeley Lyceum is well-filled at nearly every lecture. Mrs. Twigg, long and favorably known, has been during November, and is for the present month, the speaker. She always has good advice to give, and is listened to with attention. Not that I think that people are particularly interested in good advice, or anything of the preaching order. They like startling phenomena, something to kindle the waning fires, and leave them just a trifle mystified; but good, square talk, the truth plainly and earnestly told, is not, more's the shame, up to the popular taste. Thinking is a great nuisance; reasoning something of a bore. Mrs. Waite adds, therefore, the charm of her rare mediumistic gifts, and thus all are fed. Mrs. Brigham, at Adelphi Hall, still lectures each Sunday, and a society on Columbus avenue completes the coterie of places of meeting. None are supported or attended as they should be. I have not a doubt that Mr. Savage, who co-laborers with the Rev. Robert Collyer, has more Spiritualists than all the other societies put together. He has been essentially successful in attracting large and highly-interested audiences, and is quietly pursuing the same course that made him so markedly popular in Boston. The undercurrent of his thought is so liberal, comprehensive and natural, that he cannot fail to find many interested listeners.

We have just had an attack of "Moody and Sankey," who both made a supreme effort to light the fires of an universal revival, but there was nothing to ignite, and the task has been given up. What a marvelous change the last ten years have made. Slowly the mind unfolds; it is really growing all the time, despite what pessimists may think and argue. And the people are no longer such children as they were. The terrors of hell, and the horrors of eternal damnation, were all depicted in glowing colors, but to little purpose. To be sure, there were large crowds at nearly every sermon. You can nearly always get a crowd in New York, especially if the weather be cold, but getting money is quite another thing, and as it appears to be quite as much the *fecce* as the *flock* that these theological shepherds are after, they gave up the task, and now Boston is to have a visitation. Kindly sympathies are extended. The Liberal Club, I think it was, challenged Mr. Moody to a discussion, but he replied, "There was nothing to discuss," and declined.

I think he was probably right. All that he or any of the theological teachers have to offer is a lot of baseless assertions, which, if left alone, will one by one drop to the ground. It is "impossible to argue upon the subject of religion" is the decision sent forth with priestly endorsement. Why? Surely, with at least six hundred forms of religious belief, there ought to be some one of the adherents who are able to give "a reason for the faith that is within them." Moody and Ingersoll could furnish a charming entertainment if they only would, I am quite sure. It would be highly amusing, to say the least, if they could come together. Yet that will never be. Moody knows his only safe ground is to ignore all intelligent reasoning and depend upon stirring appeals, highly seasoned with hypnosis, for his success. But even that feature is, in the language of the street, "about played out."

Mr. Bradley Newell of Vermont, the great natural magnetic healer, is attracting much attention. Many patients are being treated with very satisfactory results. When asked, he replied:

"I do not know what the power is"; and this air of mystery only serves to keep the interest alive. The doctors are trying to look into the subject somewhat also; and while they would condemn most loudly the same element under any name, so long as it remains unnamed it is all right. Mr. Newell is a tall, fine-looking man, unpretentious and shrewd; he is without doubt one of the strongest magnetists before the public, not unlike, possibly, our own Dr. Newton, whose memory is still revered and respected by thousands, and who for years traversed the length and breadth of this and other countries, scattering blessings on his way. He has passed to that Great Beyond, and has now become little more than a memory; yet the great law that governed him is still acting on and through others for the good of the world.

"Opals from a Mexican Mine," by George de Valliere, is before me. So beautifully is the work gotten up by the New Amsterdam Company, who publish it, that one can but feel that, externally at least, it is well named. A more charming volume in every way it has rarely been my lot to see. The stories are exquisitely told and of entrancing interest. One wonders, as one reads, how any one can write so well, describe so eloquently, paint with such a deft hand, the weird pictures that are presented. But De Valliere is an artist; he is at home with his work; his eyes have seen, in part, at least, the beauties he so admirably depicts. There are many who will be considerably "shocked" by some of the recitals, and those who are very, very sensitive and badly affected when the truth is told, had better not invest. They will declare that there is too much of the cynicism of the man of the world. Possibly this may in a measure be true. There is ever so much sense, at any rate, and the reader will lay the book down with a sigh, and long for a more intimate acquaintance with the gifted and talented author. I earnestly recommend the book to those who have any sense of true art in literature, and to those who have not, why, *paté de foies gras* is less than beef and cabbage, and therefore fails to delight the palate.

So Prof. Hermann is dead; was snatched in a moment from all the shows and mockery of life, into the great beyond. Now he, whose great stock in trade was to hold Spiritualism up to ridicule and derision, knows the reality of that which, while it meant nothing to him, was the all in all to so many sorrowing hearts. Ah, me! how oftentimes folly leads the way to wisdom. He was a jolly, kind-hearted man, without doubt; but, dealing always in the art of delusion, it was not strange that he should have ended in missing life's greatest reality.

Surprises never end, for now we are told that Victor Hugo was a Spiritualist, and that soon, when the memoirs are published, there will be much that bears directly upon the subject of Spiritualism. And why not? The writers, poets and painters are, without doubt, all peculiarly sensitive to external impressions; in fact, I doubt if any really great artistic work has ever been done that was not influenced to a great degree by those "invisible powers" that are ever seeking an altar upon which to place the burning coal of true inspiration. It is passing strange that the majority of people are quite willing to believe in evil influences—even at times accept the presence of the devil himself—but when it comes to accepting the fact that the good and wise are mingling with the scenes of this earth, it becomes quite a different matter. The following are a few of the direct assertions of Victor Hugo:

"The exterior manifestations of the invisible are a fact." Again: "Tables, indeed, tell us surprising things." But to be still more direct, he continues:

"Strange to say I began to hear strange sounds in my bedroom every night. At one time my papers would rustle, though there was no wind; at another time some one would be heard knocking on the wall. My brother, who slept in the adjoining room, heard the same noises."

The Psychological Society should at once give these matters their close attention; they are certainly of great importance. In speaking of the higher life, Hugo becomes equally as explicit and definite, and follows a line of reasoning that will be recognized by every student of the Harmonial Philosophy:

"In the future state the full meaning of liberty will be made clear. The laws regulating it will be revealed, and men will then be free to do what they please, and at their own risk. So much the worse for those who commit suicide, and thus fling themselves into a fire which they surely know will consume them."

And now Sardou comes out with the announcement that he is a Spiritualist, and is to write a play on these lines for Sarah Bernhardt. If Spiritualism is founded upon the clumsy tricks of unprincipled charlatans, how is it that the brightest intellects, the clearest minds, the most profound thinkers, and those of highest scientific attainments, are constantly being caught in its net, and led to endorse it? The French Spiritualists say:

"If Sardou and Hugo believe in Spiritualism, it will be hard work to convince the multitude that spirits do not exist."

Well, old friends, Christmas greetings are in order, and as you see these words the joy of the Yule-tide will be in your midst. May it indeed be a happy time to you all, to which please add "A Merry Christmas" from myself.

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Names and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return called articles.

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

SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in the 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 Nov. 20, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Divine Love, we again bring ourselves in sympathy with thy law, and are ready for the new baptism of wisdom. Teach us how to receive, teach us how to understand, and as we approach the day that is set apart for Thanksgiving and feasting, oh! may it be a feasting of the soul as well as a nourishment of the body. Oh! draw nigh unto those who, as they meet together on this occasion around the Thanksgiving board, find empty chairs, vacancies in the home by the change called death. As these memorial days approach us, and our thoughts are thrown back into the years that are past and gone, we are then reminded that the memories of those gone higher are brought closer to us. May the blessed ones that have found the light, that are conscious that the avenues that the spirit can return through are still open, be full of joy. And unto those that have not the light, that have not the knowledge that their friends are close around them, we ask for them to be brought still closer and more clearly to their ideal.

Hear us while we are here together; strengthen both the mortal and the immortal as they blend together, and send forth the messages of love; and we know thy work shall render good things, and the praise shall be thine, now and forever. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Elta J. King.

Good morning, Mr. President. I approach this instrument this morning not with sadness but with gladness. I feel more impressed to manifest this morning than ever before.

I was reminded through the influence of the invocation that "Thanksgiving was close at hand; how many times in earth-life our friends and our families tried to blend together and to make the day a joyful and happy one for all!

As I have not been out of the body a great while, I remember the shadows that surrounded our last Thanksgiving dinner—because they recognized the absence of my mortal form; yet it was a blessed thought for my dear loved ones, who were conscious that the chair was only vacant by the external form, and was filled still by the spirit. As time has developed, and I have become more conscious and acquainted more with the spiritual laws, I can come closer unto them. I seem to feel that it would encourage them, and also send forth glad tidings of immortal joy, if I could be permitted to voice a few of my sentiments here, and that your glorious BANNER might carry them on its wings of love to the home that I left in earth-life.

I have manifested before in various ways, and mother is really sensitive enough as to realize my presence; those who are conscious of the spirit-return need their consolation and encouragement just as much, and more so, than those who know nothing about it.

I would like to say to my dear young friends—for, Mr. President, I was only a young lady when I passed out of the body, but a little over my eighteenth year—I feel like speaking to them, and speaking to them from the line of experience: that I found in spirit-life really more than I expected; I was so glad that my eyes had been opened, and that I could perceive a communication while yet in the mortal body; and I feel this morning there is much I would like to say to them—but I will not go into personal things, it will be enough to say to them: "Seek well; carry out your own impressions, develop your own spirit with the golden opportunity."

I would like to say to my own dear loved ones—father and others—that I am so pleased, and more so because they have given me this privilege this morning, that I may send forth a few words to them, to make them feel that I am still interested in them, and to say: All is well.

When they sit down to their Thanksgiving dinner, and when they may be thinking what the day was to them, help me to lift that shadow—lift that feeling of missing the form, and I know I shall be happy. I will say there are many with me this morning who have not the opportunity just yet to express all they desire.

I was interested in the Lyceum in Cleveland, O., and in Spiritualism and spiritual work at large, and my life being cut short, it seemed to some, perhaps, to end my work; but I say to all: "My work is only begun, and I feel that by-and-by, when we all meet together in that beautiful morning land, we shall then know and understand better."

I would say, Mr. President, that my name is Elta J. King. My home was in Cleveland, O.

Charles F. Edgerly.

It seems to me this morning it is much better to report and give a good report rather than to give a dark one. It seems, as I contrast the past with the future—or we might say especially the present—that if one were to come from the celestial spheres and report active

and well, he would be taking on an evil aspect years ago; but I thank God that times have changed, and that men and women are reasoning more and are trying to develop the faculties that nature has given them.

Now, I have been out of your active life for a long time, and, while in that life, I was a close observer of nature; but you know, Mr. President, years ago a man or a woman was obliged to identify themselves with some body to be regarded as an honorable citizen. Those customs and habits are, in a clearer understanding, dying out, and I am glad of it. I see as I have advanced myself in the idea of what constitutes religion, that the world at large has got a great deal more charity than it seemingly used to have.

I am not going to give you a long sermon on past conditions. I see through this line of progress that those that are connected with me by both name and relationship have been investigating your beautiful philosophy—have become very much interested in it. I feel that I would like to encourage all in that progressive view; I found from my own experience, after having separated from mortal life, that we had lots of opportunities that we did not make use of, and I wish to say to all, make good use of that which lies before you.

I should like to say to those still connected with us that do not believe yet in the communication of spirit-power: "Seek well, for you must work out your own salvation; and certainly the more you unfold your spirit in earth-life, the better you will understand your opportunities in spirit."

Mr. President, time is proceeding and I feel in one sense forgotten—in another sense I am not—so I feel I should reach those that will recognize me. They have wondered sometimes why I have not made myself more fully known than I have, or why I have not proved myself with more tangibility—for I was really in earth life counted a decided character.

You might say that Annie is with me, also Caroline, and we have got a good many more on the spirit-side than we have in earth life. I would like those in the earth life to know that we are working for their welfare, and have still an interest in them.

Charles F. Edgerly, Great Falls (I believe it is Somersworth now). Shall also be known through New Hampshire and Massachusetts. I was known by the young people as Grandpa Edgerly, whether they were relatives or not. I feel that I have been not only resurrected, but have been in active service for a number of years. This is a great privilege to me that I can express myself, and my happiness in having the opportunity to identify myself to those yet in earth-life.

Charles Hooper.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. I hardly know how to word myself, and be understood. I am not a great way from my own home. I feel familiar with your city and the surrounding towns—especially in Somerville and Medford—and I am still anxious to come in contact with those that are closely tied to me by nature, for certainly time changes, but it does not change our love.

I have been more than interested within the last two years by being drawn closely to those that I left behind me—especially my own family—for when we see them struggling and striving sometimes for existence, and trying to battle with the many environments that beset all those that live in the mortal sphere, I feel I would like them to know I am still around them. I want to be very particular, if I can, in wording this communication, because it reminds me of the parable that we have read about in the Bible. I do not wish this, to fall into the hands of thieves, for I have got those that do not believe in spirit-return, and I have those that also enjoy the spirit-communications.

I want to say to my boys: Do not speak lightly of things that you know not of; do not ridicule or make fun of the most secret law of life—that spiritual tie that brings us so closely one to another. I see where you have both been struggling to get upon your feet, and to gain that great ambition of your lives. Now, my dear boys, be cautious and be guided by the higher power than mortal—the instincts that seem so oftentimes around you—rather than the advice that may come from those in earth life.

I say to the companion whom I left behind me: "I have been conscious of the changes that have come to you; I have oftentimes stood by your side and read, as it were, the thoughts of the heart, in anxiousness as to what was right. I see where you oftentimes do acknowledge the presence and guidance of the dear ones around you, and I want you still to be more careful, be led with more caution."

I want to say to Ida: Do not be too ambitious; do not be too headstrong; life is a battle anyway, but through it all there are many blessings to be received.

I want to make a prophecy, for they will think of it in times to come: for them to be wary, be cautious and be more careful what they say about others; for before another year comes around, before another Thanksgiving, you may listen to the voice of warning. Be careful, dear loved ones, and God and the angels will direct you and will support you, for you will only be led by them.

There is much I would like to say, but a public place is not the one to express it in. I want to say, Mr. President, that I have more of my own people on the spirit-side with me than are in earth-life, but we are all interested for those still left.

Charles Hooper, Medford, Mass. I feel I shall be remembered in more places, but especially there.

Ida Dyer.

Oh! How beautiful those flowers look; and it seems to bring me back in memory to that last impression that is oftentimes left upon the spirit as we separate from mortal. It is those memories that seem to embroider themselves upon the mind and spirit, that seem to be always ready to be called up, and it seems almost that we live it all over again.

I was not acquainted with your Philosophy, I was not acquainted with what they termed Spiritualism, neither did I find my friends interested; but I did find them so many times wondering and questioning what the after-life might be—what one might expect after they left off the mortal. As to a conception of the future, as we know, it has been always pictured a most beautiful place. I am called here this morning by the Spirit of Peace, and I wish to come in contact with those I am very, very closely connected with—especially with a sister, who to-day is in deep mental trouble, who is desirous to know how she will come out, and as to what she would find on the spirit-side if God saw fit to liberate her and take her to himself; because she feels her troubles in life

are more than she can bear. But I want to say to her: "Dear loved one, you must not be deceived. You will get strength to overcome your troubles. If you were on the spirit-side in your present condition you would not have accomplished what is best for you."

I say, "Mother is with you this morning in spirit, and we are both trying to bring strength, comfort and consolation to those in earth-life; and while you may not be conscious that we can come in contact with you, we hear your prayers many, many times. Now do not worry, but do try and seek the avenue, some avenue, through which we can talk with you personally, and I know you will feel better."

I would like also to reach my husband that I left in earth-life, for he, too, has been tossing on the waves of circumstances, and he knows not what to do. We oftentimes think that on that great sea of life we are wrecked many times, but I say to him: "George, do not forget yourself. Be a man, and we will try and throw the arms of attraction around you; and don't always seem to think if I had lived what the consequences would be. I question if you would be any better off if I had, for I am of more benefit to you in the spirit than I should have been if I had still retained the physical body, for I now understand you better. I now comprehend you, and I see you better than I ever did in earth-life."

I want also to say to my father: "Although years have rolled by and many changes have come since mother has gone from you, yet she is still with you, and she is trying to make you feel the companionship of the present."

To all those that are interested in me, I say I hope you will be encouraged by these remarks I have made this morning, for it has been very hard.

I would also speak of a friend. Her name is Mabel. She is interested in Spiritualism, and often sees your paper, and I wish her to send it to Carrie. I know I can help them all around. But oh! it is like a little drop in the great bucket of life. We know not sometimes what we can do.

My own name is Ida Dyer, and I shall be remembered especially in Bridgeport, Ct., where I passed from the body. My sister is in Pennsylvania, and my friend is in Mass., so I am in hopes that, through some of them observing this message, they will notify others. I will wait with the hope that the spirit gives me that is helping me to control this instrument to be able to bring my influence to bear so that I might be beneficial to all.

Oh! you are so kind to open this door, so that we may communicate with our friends in earth life. Long may it be open. Many have you blessed by it, and I know you will be appreciated by some, if not by all. Thank you very kindly. Good-bye.

Capt. Elijah M. Bolton.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. Well, it is a sort of a strange place to come into, but it is like many other experiences in earth-life and spirit both, that when you get into a place that you are not familiar with things look strange. But from the experiences I had in earth-life I have thought nothing would look strange to me. I find that it is hard sometimes to direct your own brain through the cells of others, and tell what you want to. My greatest idea is to give those to understand that are in mortal life about what kind of place I have found after I passed out of the mortal. You see, Mr. President, I was an old sea captain; I sailed into many ports, and I found many strange experiences; so that I used to think that nothing would surprise me, and I could adapt myself to most anything. I went out of the body a little bit suddenly, although God was good to me; he let me die at my own home, amongst my friends and family, and I was very, very happy that I did. But I found that after I was out of the body there were a good many things left undone, and in fact I did not leave the family perhaps as well provided for as I should like to if circumstances had gone differently with me. But I am now anxious for them to know that my interest is not withdrawn—that I have an interest in life, and in the lives of those I was closely connected with, especially my own home circle. I see where some of them have left home now, and are trying to make a living for themselves, and that I feel happy to see; but I want to say to my wife, as her health is not as good as it has been—as she feels the whole responsibility and care—I would like her to know that I am assisting her. One of my daughters has got what most people would call "crazy," because she goes to mediums, and I have, to her satisfaction, I think, proved that father was not dead. I requested her to write and inform her mother (which I felt she did) and it has set her to thinking—yet you know it is hard for us to grasp these ideas all at once; it kind of interested me when I have been around here, and seen so many have an opportunity to prove themselves through your valuable columns, for I thought that a little from me would not be amiss.

I don't wish to send a very long letter, for I think if I can only identify what I have already said through others, that it will have a convincing effect on those left, and I feel that it will reach those I desire to. I am not very familiar around this way, but my daughter is here in Massachusetts, and she comes very often to Boston. She is interested with others who take your paper, and she has been investigating Spiritualism lately; and it is to prove to her that I do live and have an interest in them all that I come here this morning.

Mr. President, you will just put me down as Captain Elijah M. Bolton; I had a cancer in my stomach, which affected my brain at times, so that I couldn't tell whether I was one person or another; and it seems to-day, when I take control of this medium, that I have gone back there a little to the same condition. I shall be remembered especially in Prince Edward's Island; but I went out of the body in Quebec.

Jerome Butler.

Good-morning, sir. This is just beautiful; it seems to me that it feels like home, and I do not know sometimes whether I was the happiest while I wore the old body or clothed in the one I now occupy. Our happiness is oftentimes constituted by our disposition. I think sometimes we can make ourselves a good deal more happy and enjoy more if we have a mind to; and I suppose I ought to be thankful that I was born with that disposition; for I felt that I wanted to get all the good out of things that I could; hence I sought for that which would give me the most enjoyment, and to a certain extent I found it; I found, also, there was more enjoyment if we feel we can be of benefit to others, lift some one else's burden and bring joy to another's heart. I don't see much difference in spirit-life, because happiness consists very much in the same—if we

only care for self and our own gratifications, then we don't get along very well.

I was somewhat interested in your grand philosophy, because reason taught me that it looked natural, and I never was satisfied with the theory of Orthodoxy; so I tried to get as much good out of life as I could by doing the best I knew how and making some one else happy; it always did my soul good. I come back with the same spirit; not to tell what I did, but I feel I would like to make others happy; I would like to give them strength to battle with the things that come in mortal life sometimes; for we sometimes come in contact with conditions that we can't get out of just at the time. I want to say to you that all is well; we have got dark days and dark hours, yet we feel that these dark clouds have all got a silver lining for those that have faith.

I would like to reach those specially who were closely connected with me through business association, and also social, because my own family is pretty well on the spirit-side. But I have dear friends in earth-life, almost closer to me than the tie of relationship. So I want to make them all feel that I have not withdrawn my interest yet from them; that because I am happy myself, forever out of all the troubles and tribulations of earth-life, I yet think of those still in that troubled condition. But I say to all to be faithful, be strong, and we will try to assist you as much as possible.

I want them to know that Jerome Butler is not gone, neither has he left you. Mr. President, I shall be remembered in many places, but especially in Vermont; and I should say Burlington and the surrounding towns. I have been out of the body some time. I have also got friends in Maine who I think will remember me in times gone. I feel there is much yet to be accomplished that the mortal has not dreamed of.

Mary E. McLaughlin.

Well, Mr. President, I don't care to intrude on your valuable time, but a golden opportunity we must not let pass by us. Oh! I have been around here so long, and I have waited and watched for an opportunity that I might send also a Thanksgiving communication, and give them to feel that there is rejoicing in heaven because we have been able to communicate with the dear ones in earth-life. I was of a retiring nature. I don't like to push myself ahead, and that is why I looked around and I saw so many that seemed to need the opportunity really more than I, and so I have gone away many mornings disappointed; but this morning the good Chairman on the spirit-side has said: "Now is thy time; now is thy time," and I thought I would take it.

I wish them all to know that I feel not only an interest in the mortal world, but I want them to know I am still active in the work; I love to work for humanity. When in the body I was a nurse, and I used to love the sick-room. I used to love to help, as far as I could, to relieve the suffering of the body. Oh! the poor souls so many times ached and it did me so much good if I was able to help them! And I really, perhaps, passed out of the body not fully matured on account of giving out so much of my own life to others. But I do not regret it; I feel my work is not yet done. There is an attraction that I wish to relieve them, to encourage them—those that need my protection—and I ask that if they will only give me an opportunity, I will try and help them so that they may not only feel my presence, but perhaps I may be able to give them some advice that will be beneficial to them in earth-life.

I know men say it is an experiment, and hardly know what to make of spirit-control, yet I know when I labored with the mortal the spirit-friends helped me, and I know God and the angels were always around me. I know they will be with you still, and that is why I want to say, when you sit around your board, and are talking and bringing back past memories, don't think there is anything lost—all things retain their identity. The external you may lay away, but the identity remains the same.

I want to say that Mary E. McLaughlin is my name, and you will put my home down as Brooklyn, N. Y.

Messages to be Published.

Nov. 27.—Mary A. Flint; Mrs. Ruth Jones; Henry Jackson; Ellen L. Ames; Dr. H. F. Gardner; Catherine L. Murphy, for her son, Alfred H. F.

Dec. 4.—Edith James Hurling; Edwin E. Varney; Emma Fales; William Bemis; Mary Stevenson; Ellen Phillips.

Dec. 11.—Abigail Marshall; Joseph P. Hazard; Emmeline Allen; Mary Ann Atkinson; Mary A. Crosby; Archibald Clayton; Eva Emery.

Dec. 18.—Timothy H. Morse; Roland Reed; Mary J. Richmond; Mary Elizabeth Buck; Louise Bryant; Oliver Bryant Wood; Emma Lockwood.

Dec. 24.—Sarah Morrison; Maria Medson; Capt. Henry Franklin Libby; William White; Ida Wetherbee; Frank Wilder.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "BANNER OF LIGHT Establishment" is now an incorporated institution, we give below the form in which a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law, should any one feel impressed to bequeath something to assist us in carrying on the good work in which we have for so many years been engaged:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto the 'BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY,' of Boston, Massachusetts, or its successors (here insert the description of the property to be willed, and the manner in which the donor desires the same to be expended, which request will be faithfully carried out), strictly upon trust, that its officers shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

The New "Home."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We are in the residence purchased by the VETERAN SPIRITUALIST UNION ASSOCIATION for a home for the worn-out veterans in the noble cause of Spiritualism—the great need of the hour. Every religious organization in our broad land provides for its worn-out heroes. So should Spiritualism.

In the past the grand old BANNER OF LIGHT has made many appeals for help for those who had spent their youth and health as mediums for the spirit-world, and has done a noble work for the needy. How many hearts have been made glad, and their bodies fed and clothed by the funds distributed by the Veteran Spiritualists' Union the past few years; but there is a demand for a more permanent work. Here is an opportunity for the wealthy Spiritualists to remember in their wills; to give to it some of their surplus money, that will cause their souls to rejoice when they behold from their spirit-home the great good it is doing.

This Home must be paid for and endowed. Who is to do it? Not those whom the angel-world has prospered with abundance?

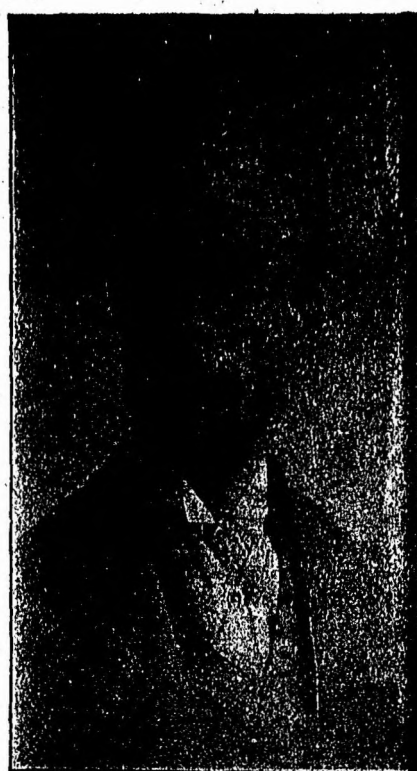
I hope and pray that the angel-world will move upon the heart and soul of every Spiritualist to join the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, and move the rich to give, also, so these rooms in this large and commodious house may be a happy spiritual home, and out of it may grow not only a home but a spiritual institution of learning. Here not only the Harmonical Philosophy shall be taught, but spiritual development may be unfolded to its highest degree of attainment by those thus aided.

Faverly, Mass.

J. W. KENTON.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Fricella Doane, Brockton, Mass.] 1. What is matter, and what are its conditions and relationship to spirit, as noted and understood by the higher intelligence?

2. Is it not conceded that all minds are emanations from one primal source? If so, must they not finally become unified as to their conception of what is "absolute truth?"

ANS. 1.—There has never been, in our judgment or to our knowledge, a fuller or better definition of matter than that it is the primal mother-substance of which all things are formed by the never-ceasing creative act of intelligent spirit.

The word *matter* is really only a slightly elongated form of the Latin *mater*, which everybody translates mother. Spirit is certainly the positive force in the universe, that which acts, while matter is the negative, that which is acted upon. As to the origin of matter, this is as much clouded in mystery as the first commencement of anything. Finite intelligences cannot conceive of a time when there was nothing but pure spirit reigning without, expression, and all attempts to conceive of such a condition on the part of theologians or philosophers will be found, on investigation, to be merely vague conceptions of a state back of the present perceived universe.

Some metaphysicians, we know, deny that what they call matter has any reality, because it is ephemeral, and from one standpoint they are doubtless correct, though from another they are decidedly in the wrong.

What is beheld by physical eyes is indeed transient, but not the essential mother-substance out of which all things are formed. Take the etheric, the atomic, or any other widely discussed theory of matter in its last analysis, and you will find that transitoriness pertains not to the substance out of which things are made, but only to the things themselves. Atoms may be eternal; not so atomic aggregations.

It seems reasonable to us to teach for all practical purposes that spirit, which is self-intelligent, is the positive energy of the universe, while the substance acted upon and molded into the shape through the operation of the will of spirit is simply the negative side of universal existence.

A. 2.—It may certainly be reasonably conceded that all individual intelligent entities have a common origin, and therefore a like destiny, and from this it may follow that all can reach a certain degree of knowledge as to what is *absolute truth*. But we wish to remark that a very different idea would be conveyed were we to think of absolute truth as to its infinite extent than though we simply contemplated it in the light of its stable character.

When a little child says two and two make four, that child is stating truth on that particular subject as clearly as it could be stated by the highest conceivable intellect; only, were you to ask the child what are twelve times twelve, he might be utterly unable to reply, though in a year or so he might be easily able to supply the correct answer.

All truth is, of course, absolute, i. e., changeless in quality, and we can certainly be absolutely sure of all the mathematical problems we have clearly demonstrated; but to presume that absolute truth is limited in extent, and that we shall ever reach a point or period in our development when there will be no more for us to learn, is a presumption with which we cannot coincide.

All necessary truth we can assuredly know, if we are faithful to our highest convictions, at any given stage in our progress; but our necessities grow with our growth; therefore all truth necessary for to-day would be an inadequate measure for to-morrow.

We know it is said in the New Testament, in one of Paul's epistles, that we can *know all things*, but that does not imply that we have grasped the whole of universal truth, only that by means of illumination from within we are capable of fully comprehending the nature and use of all the manifold objects with which we are continually brought in contact. Things are our servants, and we have a right to understand them perfectly, that we may completely subdue them to our service.

We can readily imagine a spiritual state in which there is no error, therefore no misconception or misunderstanding. At the same time, even that happy condition may be surpassed intellectually, if not morally, because the progress of the individual ego is always in the direction of increased power to drink in the beauties of the boundless universe.

All really enlightened minds agree perfectly as far as they have gone in their studies, but some have gone much further than others.

There are spiritual spheres open to all of us as soon as we merit them, in which absolute love and knowledge of truth make discord an impossibility; but the greatest saints and highest angels never suggest that they have done learning, for the increase in the knowledge of truth, when one loves truth perfectly, affords the highest zest of an endless life of progression.

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.

