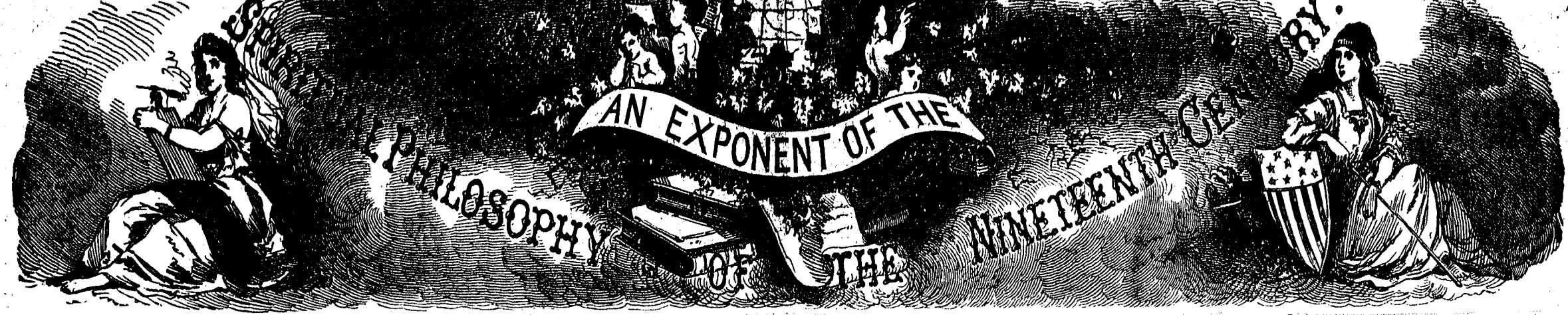


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A WARNING VOICE.

BY DEVOTION.

When all the world lay fast asleep,
I heard a voice like thunder roll
From out the heavens, till trembling deep
Stormed all the chambers of my soul.

For shrill and clear out rang my name,
And I—though half consumed with dread—
Felt contrite for my sins and shame,
Which stood before me lurid red.

I listened, and these words I heard:
"Give ear, and do thou faithful write
This warning, for God's Spheres have stirred
To wield the avenging sword of Right."

"In the Eternal Presence, thou
With all thy frailties known, dost stand.
Repent thee! Seize the Eternal Now,
Lest thou shouldst lose the 'Better Land'!"

"Behold the spawn of very Hell!
And oh, avoid them, lest thou fall
To those low levels where they dwell,
Hardenest almost beyond recall."

"Beware! They who endure Hell's flame,
Sink in the depths of Self's abyss,
Are legion; lost to sense of shame,
They live for sin, and think it bliss."

"The idle gossip crawling round,
Following the scandal-monger's breath,
Till the too trusting friend hath found
A poisonous serpent-trail of death."

"The slanderer's knife-like, blasting tongue,
Far-reaching in its fiendish strife,
Dividing friends whose hearts are wrung
With anguish till the close of life."

"That conquering demon—Drink—man's foe—
The soul-obliterating curse,
Which plunges human beings as low
As brute creation; aye, far worse."

"Then Free-Love, with insidious smile
To mask the hot, insatiate lust,
That leaves trapped Innocence, in a while,
Stained, trampled, dying in the dust."

"Polluters of the innocent maid,
Corruptors of Youth's dawning mind,
Scoundrels at Christ, yet half afraid
Lest some hereafter they should find."

"The secret bestial sins, that bold
Women and men like vile chained slaves,
Diseased and prematurely old,
Unsexed and brought to early graves."

"The ones who plot and plan to read
Home's peace and sanctity in twain,
But to secure their loathsome end,
And leave two tortured lives in pain."

"Last, they who live by damning fraud,
And dare impersonate the 'dead',
Till blind Credulity bows awed
Before Conspiracy dyed red."

"These murderers foul of gentle faith—
Base utterers of the blackest lies—
Fell breeders of a very death—
These criminals which men despise—"

"On Love's pure sacredness do prey
When parents and their children weep
In frenzied grief, till Truth's search-ray
Lays bare Fraud's machinations deep."

"Then Hop's falls senseless on the plain
For the betrayed, who frantic turn
From side to side in deadly pain,
With frozen hearts that once did burn."

"All these descend by flame-wrapt stairs,
Dragged by their own self-woven fate
Down to Hell's depths, lit by the glare
Of all their sins both small and great."

"Art thou of these? Consider well
And hearken, for thou'lt surely die.
Hell's tortures none on earth dare tell
With truthfulness, but smile a lie."

"When death draws nigh, none can suppress
Self-condemnation, nameless fear,
The earth-life stripped to nakedness,
Seeking in vain Oblivion's Sphere."

"Take hold of the all-powerful Now,
And purge thee of thy sins and shame,
Ere 'Hell' be writ across thy brow
And thy soul launched on seas of flame."

"Thou art so precious in the sight
Of Him, the Father-soul of love!
Oh! make thy years one path of light,
Reaching from earth to heaven above."

"In purity and faith, oh be
Cuddled through storm and sunshine! Then
Death shall bring golden wings to thee,
And angels chant thy life's Amen!"
Sydney, New South Wales.

Old Age--What is it from a Spiritual Standpoint.

BY E. W. GOULD.

As I am now in my eighty-eighth year, it may not be thought presumptuous for me to attempt to answer this interesting inquiry, although years have but little to do with age. My thoughts have been directed to this subject by reading one of Sister Abby A. Judson's very able and interesting letters, No. 48, in the BANNER OF LIGHT. She quotes from the Outlook of Nov. 26. That writer says: "In youth we listen to the voice of hope. In maturity, to that of cheer. In old age, to that of warning."

Miss Judson continues: "This writer has precisely the general view of mankind on this subject. There is not a religion in the world that has succeeded in making its votaries look at old age in any other way than this. Neither has there been a philosophy in the world that has gone any further than to make it wisdom in old age to be resigned to it, and to surrender uncomplainingly to what seems inevitable. As I took in the sense of this writer's illustration

my whole soul rose within me; to think that he and the whole world in general are so blind to the natural facts revealed by Spiritualism alone as to think that old age is in any sense a period of gloom and discouragement. Even Christian Scientists sympathize with this fear of old age, by promising, if one only follows their maxims, he need never grow old, he need never die."

While Miss Judson is by no means what is called an old woman, her experience and observation qualify her eminently to judge of the value of spiritual teaching and its effect upon all classes that accept it, whether young or old. All realize the abiding effect, the powerful influence of early teaching upon the minds of the young. Sister Judson is an exception to the rule, and while her early life was spent under the direct care and training of the strictest orthodox teachers, she evidently was relieved from that exacting parental influence at comparatively an early age, or was brought under the more powerful spiritual influence before the parental training had entire possession of her young sensitive mind. She expresses surprise that any one learning the facts developed through spiritual teaching should admit for a moment "that old age is in any sense a period of gloom and discouragement."

Thousands of less sensitive persons and of more mature age than Miss Judson, and who accept the truths of spiritual teaching, are not by any means free from gloom and apprehension at the approach of old age. Not always through fear, however, or the effects of early teaching, although that, of course, has its effect even upon sincere Spiritualists.

For long years before modern Spiritualism was introduced, orthodox Christianity had established itself in the minds of the large majority of those who have become Spiritualists, and to-day are classed among those who are growing old.

What is it to Grow Old?

"Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forego her wraith?
Yes, but not this alone.
Is it to feel our strength—
Not our bloom alone, but our strength, decay?
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more loosely strung?
Yes, this and more, but not,
Ah! 'tis not what in youth we dreamed it would be.
'Tis not to have our life
Mellowed and softened as with sunset glow,
A golden day's decline,
'Tis not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt, prophetic eyes,
And heart profoundly stirred,
And weep, and feel the fullness of the past—
The years that are no more.
It is to spend long days,
And not once feel that we were never young;
It is to add Immured
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain.
It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The phantom of ourselves;
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghosts,
Which blamed the living man."

If the poet's interpretation of old age is correct, there are many causes why old people look with apprehension to that period, without any reference to the life which is to follow. Our cherished poet, Albert Pike, too, prints some very suggestive lines, when he says:

"The spring has less of brightness
Every year;
And the snow a ghostlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor autumn's fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for they sicken
Every year.
It is growing darker, colder,
And the heart and soul grow older
Every year;
I care not for dancing,
Nor for eyes with passion glancing;
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.
Of the lives and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship eoded
Every year;
Of the ties that stilled might blind me
Until time to death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year."

One who has lived a pure, devoted life to the cause of humanity, as Sister Judson has, can exclaim with Victor Hugo, "Why then is my soul harmonious, when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, eternal spring in my heart. The nearer I approach the end, I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite us."

And she continues: "Youth is sweet and full of hope. Maturity brings the joy of work, of duty patiently fulfilled, but old age brings with it the happiness that springs from the angelic assurance that heaven is near, that our loved ones are waiting and watching, and that we shall soon, yes, very soon, be with them in their ineffable and tranquil joy."

But from my standpoint, I regret to add that only those who are conscious of having lived pure, upright and devoted lives, and have the undoubted assurance from the spirit-world that their fondest expectations will be fully realized when they pass to the higher life, can overcome the many damaging causes they have had to contend with in their journey through life, commencing where sister Judson stood when she exclaims, "Ah! me, how well I remember the fainting heart, the desperate shrinking, with which I noted the passage of

decade after decade of my mortal career, and saw the narrowing and darkening vista, to be closed in at last by the tomb."

In youth or middle age but few persons are so seriously affected, perhaps, by orthodox teachings as Miss Judson evidently was. But when confronted by old age and its natural attendants, as Bro. Pike so feelingly expressed it, but few are so confident that they are seldom, or never, willing or anxious to try the reality, if indeed they do not shrink from the inevitable altogether.

A simple belief in the teachings of Spiritualism will go but little ways in satisfying a thinking, reasoning mind that the law of compensation can be ignored, or that man does not reap as he has sown. Hence something more than a belief is necessary. A pure, unselfish life devoted to the cause of humanity will do more to remove the fear of death from old age, or any other age, than all else.

If Sister Judson, and other wise and eminent spiritual teachers, could realize that in order to remove the fear of death from old persons, or persons of mature age, of any religious sect or denomination, that a life of benevolence, love and charity for the errors of the vicious, the unfortunate and the poor, is more necessary than a conformity to the teachings of any sect or denomination, they never would cease to urge the practice of these cardinal virtues as a condition necessary in the lives of all Spiritualists, whether young or old, to insure them against the fear of the dread messenger into whose hands all ultimately fall.

Washington, D. C.

Altruism vs. Egoism.

BY EDWIN B. SMITH.

At a recent meeting at Parker Memorial, in this city, I had the pleasure of listening to a short address on the subjects, "Egoism and Altruism," which were elucidated in a very able and interesting manner by Mrs. B. Fay Mills. Her talk on those intricate subjects have prompted me to offer to the many intelligent readers of THE BANNER a few thoughts which have come to me from time to time, and which are the result of a careful investigation of those contradictory attributes of the human mind. Egoism and Altruism are questions which thus far, in the evolution of the race, seem to have failed to interest the mass of mankind in consequence, I think, of a lack of a proper understanding of those terms, or a realizing sense of the capabilities of those attributes which are such powerful factors in the world for weal or for woe. So far as I know, the life and teachings of Jesus are the purest and most exalted examples of Altruism of which we have any record, the general principles of which are embodied in his Sermon on the Mount, and the quintessence of which is contained in the Golden Rule.

There are two principles ever operative in the human mind and in society everywhere, viz., the Egoistic and the Altruistic attributes. When necessity associates these two proclivities as they are in the make-up of man, one must necessarily be in subjection to the other. The man must act under the influence of his carnal, sensual nature, or according to the promptings of his philanthropic, spiritual nature. He must be either selfish or unselfish, egoistic or altruistic, for he cannot be both at the same time, neither can he serve two masters. He cannot serve God and mammon. Egoism and Altruism cannot by any possible means be made to commingle, for they are counteracting and antagonistic in their operations, and are as destructive to each other as are fire and water. The egoistic or selfish principle is negatively exclusive in all of its transactions and manifestations, its tendency is toward disintegration and dissipation, toward disorganization and final dissolution. Under any condition it is destructive to human happiness. While on the other hand the Altruistic or philanthropic principle is preeminently constructive and cooperative in its character and transactions. Its inclination is to unite and consolidate; it is humane, benevolent and sympathetic in all of its manifestations, the ultimatum of which, according to the law of evolution, is rationality—perfected manhood. Hence we perceive that the latter mentioned principle is constructive, while the former one is destructive. Which shall we choose?

The highest and most prominent altruistic faculty of the mind is called benevolence, and is a philanthropic attribute which seeks not any personal consideration, but devotedly labors for the common interest of humanity. According to phrenology, it is located at the front and top of the head, and is, therefore, by right of position and intrinsic worth of character, commander-in-chief of all of life's forces, and when fully matured is capacitated to overcome and subordinate to useful obedience the animal part of man, and to establish social relations in harmony with the sympathetic, cooperative nature of universal, altruistic life. The unfeigned, disinterested love of benevolence is innately disposed gratuitously to relieve affliction wherever it is to be found, whether in heathen lands or on Christian grounds; in refined life, or in dens of degradation. Without the aid of this Christ-like attribute, there would be no tender-hearted sympathy for suffering, for when misery is met in the absence of, or when benevolence is but feebly developed, it is "passed by on the other side." The good Samaritan never comes along except when attended by well developed benevolence, which does not wait for suffering to come begging, for it is deeply interested in looking up the need for its assistance. With the manifestation of such altruistic love, there

is associated a heavenly consolation, the degree of which cannot be obtained elsewhere; for benevolent action is the fulfilling of the highest obligation; therefore it justly merits the highest approbation, which in reality insures the purest and sweetest satisfaction.

The cause of most of the evils which afflict the world is brutal selfishness. It causes men to be avaricious, covetous and niggardly, exclusive in all of their transactions; to be careless and utterly indifferent to the sufferings and urgent needs of others. Besides causing men to become vassals to an excessive love of filthy lucre, it causes them to become groveling devotees to sensual, animal lust in all its varied and most loathsome forms. By laying up exclusive treasures on the earth, men become avariciously selfish and accessory to every imaginable species of iniquity—to deception, to oppression, to idolatry, to stealing, to robbery and murder. The inordinate love of money, which is truly "the root of all evil," is capable of procuring the perpetration of every crime. But on the other hand, money is entirely powerless. It cannot purchase heavenly enjoyment nor peace of mind when unpunctuated by conscience assaults. In fact, brutal egoism is monopolizing the intellectual, the political and even the religious strength of the world.

Happiness is what all men are ostensibly in pursuit of, but evidently in the wrong direction: in the darkness of superstitious ignorance, rather than in the light of scientific knowledge—in the noisome haunts of egoism, rather than in the delightful realm of altruism. In consequence of pursuing a mistaken course, enjoyment is elusively evading their grasp, for the innumerable evils of degradation are subjugating in indiscriminate all classes and conditions of society to their ruthless, seething power. Pride, extravagance, oppression, arrogance, knavery, treachery, famishing want and squalid misery are stalking through the land with rapidly-increasing force, and none are able to escape their withering contamination. The pinching, blasting hand of avarice abroad in the world, and instead of being discountenanced, appears to be the founding pet of the people. Such a condition of things is convincing proof that the benevolent purpose of an all-wise and beneficent God is far from being the inciting principle of such boundless disorder. Evidently His will is not yet done on the earth, and will not be until the peaceful, gentle and loving spirit of altruism shall reign supreme, which will enable men to live as science decides that they ought to do, in union and harmony, free from the annoying evils of undeveloped life.

The social problem, or the problem of human life, is, to my mind, a theme of vital importance which in all ages has evoked a great deal of thought and speculation without reflecting much light on the subject, for the reason that up to the present time the mind of man has not attained sufficient growth to enable him to comprehend the profound teachings of Jesus, or to fathom the depths of his highly developed mind. When Jesus said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on the earth, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall wear, ye cannot serve God and Mammon; whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all he hath cannot be my disciple; it is more blessed to give than to receive," etc., etc, he spoke truths in harmony with moral requirements, and which are within the scope of scientific demonstration. But they are yet beyond the comprehension of a sufficient number of people to make a practical application of the sublime principles which he promulgated as a guide to scientific living in a superior system of society, viz., the kingdom of heaven, which he said is within every one; and which is ultimately to be brought into practical form here on the earth.

Although experimentation is doing wonders in developing truth in other directions, it has thus far failed to penetrate the depths of mind and to explore the moral department of it. The development of the unselfish, or the altruistic principle of rational life, is a study of the highest importance, the most difficult to understand, therefore the last to be comprehended, hitherto beyond the reach of the human understanding, and will remain so until the Science of Mind is brought into efficient action in solving the problem of human existence, which will reveal to mankind the requirements of matured, rational life, when the will of God is to be done on the earth as it is done in heaven.

The efforts of philosophers, until Jesus' time, to solve life's problem, and to develop true happiness, have proved futile, because they had no knowledge of the Science of Mind nor the necessary moral development to enable them to acquire it. Solomon, in the strength of his intellectual wisdom, experimented to the extent of his ability, in the search for reliable enjoyment; he tried impulsive pleasures, for he knew of no others, such as riches, the honors of the world, and all the sensual pleasures which riches and position could secure to him, and the best within his reach, but the ultimatum of his experimenting proved to be vanity and vexation of spirit; an entire failure, and nothing satisfying associated with his egoistic efforts.

It is said, "the world is what we make it." If this is true, why is it filled with calamity? Is it because we choose and love to have it so? Or is calamity the effect of misguided education? It is hardly to be supposed that we love adversity, though we may unwittingly choose it. If we are, in consequence of ignorance or undeveloped mind, burdening ourselves with dire, unendurable calamity, how long is it

wise, how long will it pay, how long is it necessary, to continue to make ourselves wretchedly miserable by tenaciously and persistently adhering to the troublesome, mischievous prejudices of traditional superstition?

From some cause, within a comparatively short time, there has grown into being a general turmoil, a universal clashing of sentiment, which is valid proof that something is very much out of joint, which thinking, discerning men are beginning to look after with a suspicious eye. We are hearing men on every hand exclaiming: "What is the matter with the world: what is the cause of its being in such unparalleled commotion?" There is manifested a feeling of an unsupplied need. It is evidently true that there is something of the greatest importance, yet undiscovered, which is very much needed, and which must be found before true enjoyment can be realized.

Truly, the all-important problem to be solved is how to relieve the world from its present distressed condition, which can be done only by honest, earnest and thorough investigation, by searching out and removing the causes of the deplorable wretchedness with which humanity is so heavily laden. What and where is the remedy? The answer to this important question can be answered only by reliable knowledge. If we wish to banish misery and wretchedness from the world, we must first ascertain what are their causes. We must then endeavor to remove them, for in this manner only can these evils be abolished.

The remedy for all social ills is simple. We have only to allow the altruistic attributes of the mind to predominate absolutely over sordid egoism; in other words, substitute the Golden Rule for the rule of gold, and the problem of problems will be solved, and beatific enjoyment of life be assured to all who choose to enter into the heavenly compact.

In accordance with the cumulative movement of progression, the time has arrived when the unselfish nature of man has become so fully developed and matured as to unavoidably bring on the great struggle for the mastery of the rational man over the irrational animal and to bring it into useful obedience. The decisive battle must very soon be fought, when the demoniac, selfish principle is to manifest itself in the strength of its malevolence, to endeavor to put down good with evil, and when the rational philanthropic principle is to assert itself in the irresistible power of its magnanimity in opposition to lustful, brutal selfishness; to overcome evil with good. The critical time has come when the real strength of the two contradictory principles in human nature are to be tested. When the all powerful "sword of the spirit" is to be wielded by the mighty arm of scientific knowledge in combat with "carnal weapons," wielded by the puny "arm of the flesh," when the latter is to be defeated by the former, which is to triumph over the barbarous spirit of desperation, which is abroad in the world, rife with malicious envy, ripe for destruction, which it is to bring upon itself, in its futile effort to obtain despotic authority over the principle of human reason.

The choice must very soon be made, either to combine and cooperate according to the altruistic principle, viz., each for all, and all for each, or submit to the worst tyranny which the world has ever seen. We are entering upon a supreme and momentous day in Christian history; and unless the church (and the world at large) grasps a new conception of Christianity, unless it comprehends that Christianity is a life to be lived as well as a doctrine to be professed, it will surely come to grief, and must inevitably sink to the lowest depths of degradation and disgrace. The only security for the nations of the world in the Golden Rule. To this, scaffolds, prisons, judges, ministers, deacons, courts and legislatures, swords, guns, arsenals and fortresses are useless. We are now unmistakably living on the apex of the world's crisis, on the verge of sanguinary revolution and thorough reconstruction. The decision is now to be made, it may be, at the expense of rivers of blood, so to speak, whether the moral or the animal nature of man is to predominate, whether the impulsive, exclusive, or the rational, philanthropic principle is to control the ultimate destiny of the world; for they cannot by any possible means be made to affiliate or to compromise differences. It must be brutality, as it ever has been, or rationality, as progressive science determines that it shall be. The result of this terrible conflict will be to successfully and forever establish peace and plenty throughout the whole world.

Boston, Mass.

An African Paper.

A queer newspaper is the *Gordonia Review*, published at Upington, in the northern part of Cape Colony. Type and printing press have not reached that town apparently, for the *Review*, from the first to the last of its sixteen pages, is in the handwriting of anybody but the editor. It is so legible that it is probably safer to say of one of his assistants. Some duplication process of the electric pen sort has been used to multiply copies.

The pages are a little larger than those of the ordinary magazine, and on the orange-colored cover is a picture, also made with the pen, of "Emperor, winner of the Upington Plate." He looks much like any other horse, but that is a characteristic of the portraits of racers in journals much more pretentious than this one. The *Review* contains a large quantity of local news, wherein it differs from, and is superior to, the average colonial newspaper. —The Fourth Estate.

Funerals,

suspended Animation, Premature Burials, "Therapeutics," Spiritual and Medical, Diplomatists' Plot for Examinations and Registrations.

BY ALFRED E. GILES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Among the many good results that may follow to individuals and communities from knowledge of certain principles of Modern Spiritualism, will certainly be more considerate and beneficent methods in the preparation and conduct of funerals. With the conviction that Spiritualists hold, that every human being is a living spiritual being composed of soul and spirit, and that this composite soul spirit is a substance interfused and blended with every molecule in every corporeal, nerve and tissue of the human body, vivifying and energizing its organs, using and controlling them, as the necessary intermediary agents or instruments that enable it to come and be in rapport with the matter objects and attractions of the external world, comes the consequent assurance that a person is not always really dead when the body appears as a corpse. Appearances are deceitful. Things are not what they seem.

The soul and spirit constitute the "Ego," the "I," that every person is or may be conscious of. It is the entity which thinks, wills and feels, and which every person speaking or thinking of himself, designates as "I, myself." Spiritualists believe that the "Ego," the "I," does not die at the time when the body does, but that as it loses its connection with the body, itself becomes more sensitive and aware of what is being said and done near to and about it, yet all the while may be utterly unable to breathe, speak or to manifest life in any of its bodily organs. Proofs of the verity of this belief may be found in countless cases of trance and suspended animation.

TRANCE OF REV. WILLIAM TENNENT.

At times, here and there, as one's daily life passes on, come rumors in the news of the day, and sometimes paragraphs and articles in the papers, that some person supposed to be dead had, just before, or at the moment of burial, manifested signs of life, that the funeral had been postponed, and that the efforts made to further resuscitate the supposed dead person had, or had not been, successful. The case of Rev. William Tennent, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian church at Freehold, in New Jersey, was a noted one. He was three days in a trance, apparently lifeless; the funeral was appointed; the people collected; and to a friendly request of one of the mourners that the burial might be delayed, Gilbert Tennent, a brother, answered: "What! a man not dead who is cold and stiff as a snake?" The unfortunate friend, however, prevailed. Another day was appointed for the burial. The people met again to bury him, but could not even then obtain the consent of his friend, who pleaded for one hour more; and when that was gone, for half an hour; and then for a quarter of an hour, when, just at the close of this period, Mr. Tennent opened his eyes. Then they pried open his mouth, which was stiff, so as to get a pipe into it, through which some liquid was conveyed into the stomach, and he by degrees recovered.

Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, in the *Contemporary Review* of November, 1879, page 511, mentions a case in which a young lady, who had seemed gradually to sink until she died, had been placed in her coffin, careful scrutiny revealing no signs of vitality. On the day appointed for her funeral, several hymns were sung before her door. She was conscious of all that happened around her, and heard her friends lamenting her death. She felt them put on her the dead clothes, and lay her in her coffin, which produced in her an indescribable mental anxiety. She tried to cry, but her mind was without power, and could not act on the body. It was equally impossible to her to stretch out her arms, or to open her eyes, or to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The intense agony of her mind was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral hymns began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed down. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the first one that gave activity to her mind, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame. Just as the people were about to nail on the lid, a kind of perspiration was observed to appear on the surface of the body. It grew greater every moment, and at last a kind of convulsive motion was observed in the hands and feet of the corpse a few minutes after, during which fresh signs of returning life appeared. She at once opened her eye, and uttered a most pitiable shriek!

DR. TANNER'S INSTANCE.

Dr. M. S. Tanner, in his letter to the *New York Times*, Jan. 18, 1880, mentions two cases where persons awakened from trance at the moment of sepulture, described in turn what their feelings had been. Said one:

"Have you ever felt the paralyzing influence of a horrible nightmare? If you have had such experience, then you are prepared to conceive of the mental agonies I endured when I realized that my friends believed me dead, and were making preparations for my burial." Said he: "Once I believed there was no hell; now I not only believe but possess positive knowledge. As hours and days of mental struggle spent in the vain endeavor to break loose from the vice-like grasp of this worse than horrible nightmare was a hell of torment such as no tongue can describe or pen portray."

The other instance mentioned by Dr. Tanner is that of Dr. Johnson of St. Charles, Ill., who in the hearing of Dr. Tanner, and in the presence of a large audience at Harrison's Hall, Minneapolis, stated that when a young man he was prostrated with a fever. He swooned away, apparently dead. His attending physician said he was dead. His father was faithless and unbelieving and refused to bury him. He lay in this condition, apparently dead, fourteen days. The attending physician brought other physicians to examine the apparently lifeless form, and all stated equally that he was dead. Some of the physicians, among them many eminent professors, examined the body, and there was no ambiguity in the expression of their conclusion that the boy was dead. But the father still turned a deaf ear to all entreaties to prepare the body for the grave. Public feeling was at last aroused. The health officer, and other city officers, acting in their official capacity, and by the advice of physicians, peremptorily demanded that the body be interred without delay. On the fourteenth day the father yielded under protest; preparations were made for the funeral, when the emotions of the still living subject, who was conscious of all conspiring around him, were so intense as to be the means of his deliverance. He awoke from his trance."

Similar cases, wherein the patient was conscious of preparations being made for his funeral, yet unable to manifest the slightest sign of life, are from time to time reported in one or another of the newspapers of the day. Without specially looking for any, some sixty or more I have seen published in detail or otherwise alluded to.

BLACKWOOD MAGAZINE RECITAL.

Melancholy as such recitals are, there are other experiences even more dismal, that certain survivors of regular old-school doctor practice have undergone, and yet survived to tell the story. A man of great endurance and clear thoughts, relates his experience in the October, 1821, issue of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*:

"I had been ill some time of a slow and lingering fever, my strength wasted, but the sense of life seemed to become more and more acute, as my corporeal powers became weakened. I could see by the look of the doctor that he despaired of my recovery, and the soft and whispering sorrow of my friends taught me that I had nothing to hope."

"One day, toward evening, the crisis took place; I was seized with a strange and indescribable quivering—a rushing sound was in my ears; I saw around my couch innumerable strange faces; they were bright and visionary, and without bodies. There was light and solemity, and I tried to move, but could not; for a short time a terrible confusion overwhelmed me, and when it passed off, all my recollection returned with the most perfect distinctness, but the power of emotion had departed. I heard the sound of weeping at my pillow, and the voice of the nurse say: 'He is dead.' I cannot describe what I felt at these words. I had the most powerful power of volition to stir myself, but I could not move or cry out."

"After a short pause my friend drew near, and, sobbing and convulsed with grief, drew his hand over my face and closed my eyes. The world was then darkened, but I still could hear, and feel, and suffer."

"When my eyes were closed, I heard, from the attendants, that my friend had left the room; and I soon after found the undertakers were preparing to habit me in the garments of the grave. They thoughtlessness was more awful than the grief of my friend. They laughed at one another as they turned me from side to side, and treated what they believed a corpse with the most appalling brutality."

"For three days a number of friends called to see me. I heard them in low accents speak of what I was, and more than one touched me with his finger. On the third day some of them talked of the smell of corruption in the room."

"The coffin was procured; I was lifted and laid within it. My friend placed my head on what was deemed its last pillow, and I felt his tears drop on my face."

"When all who had any peculiar interest in me had retired, the undertakers' men placed the lid on the coffin and screwed it down."

"I was then left alone—every one shunned the room. I knew, however, I was not yet buried, and that my friends were still near. I had hope. The day of interment arrived. I felt the coffin lifted and borne away; I heard and felt it placed in the hearse. There was a crowd of people around; some of them spoke sorrowfully of me. The hearse began to move; I knew it carried me to the grave. It halted, and the coffin was taken out. I felt myself carried on the shoulders of men by the inequality of the motion. A pause ensued. I heard the coffin in the coffin moved; I felt it swing as dependent by itself. It was lowered and rested on the bottom of the grave. Dreadful was the effort I then made to exert the power of action; but my whole frame was immovable."

"Soon after a few handfuls of earth were thrown upon the coffin—

then there was another pause—after which the shovel was employed, and the sound of the rattling moulds as it covered me was far more tremendous than thunder. But I could make no effort. The sound gradually became less and less, and by a surging reverberation in the coffin I knew that the grave was filled up and the sexton was treading in the earth, slapping the grave with the flat of his spade. This fact I could not doubt for a moment. Can it be possible, I thought, that my friends suspect they have buried me too soon? The hope was like light bursting through the gloom of death."

"The sound ceased, and presently I felt the hands of some being working at my throat. They dragged me out of the coffin by the head. I felt again the living air, but it was piercingly cold. I was carried swiftly away, I thought to judgment, perhaps to perdition. After being carried some distance I was thrown down like a cold body was not on the ground. A moment after I was lifted into a cart, and by the interchange of two or three brief sentences, I became aware that I was in the hands of two of those robbers who live by plundering the grave and selling to doctors the bodies of parents, and children and friends."

"When the cart reached I was lifted out and carried into a room, my shroud rudely stripped off, and I placed naked on a table. My eyes were still shut, but in a short time I heard by the bustle in the room that students of anatomy were assembling. Some of them came round the table and examined me minutely. They were pleased that so good a subject had been procured. The dissection itself at last came in. Previous to beginning the dissection the professor first tried to excite in me some galvanic experiments. The first shock vibrated at least on my nerves. The students expressed their admiration at the convulsive effect. The second shock threw my eyes open, and the first person I saw was the doctor who had attended me. But I was, as it were, dead, and could not move. Among the students I saw the faces of many with whom I was familiar, and when they were opened I heard my name pronounced by several of the students with accents of awe and compassion and a wish that it had been some other subject."

"When they had satisfied themselves with the galvanic phenomena, the demonstrator took the knife and pierced me on the bosom with the point. I felt a dreadful cracking, as it were, throughout my whole frame—a convulsive shudder instantly followed, and a shriek of horror rose from all present. The lee of death was broken up—my trance ended. The utmost exertions were made to restore me, and in the course of an hour I was in the full possession of all my faculties."

Awful as is the preceding narration, and other similar ones, which may be found in the old-school medical records—wherein the supposed dead person does not manifest signs of life until the very moment that the autopsy was to be made—there are doubtless thousands and tens of thousands of burials alive wherein the victims died in fearful agonies, and of which no memorial remained except as here and there it might survive in the fragments of shattered coffin or misplaced skeletons. James F. Otis tells the following in the *Southern Literary Messenger* of June, 1837:

BURIED ALIVE—AN OVER-TURE TALE.

It was at mid-day in a populous city. The church-yard wall separated the sleeping from the moving crowds. As I passed the gate leading into the burial ground, I observed some persons near a spot at the further end of the yard, where the soil had been freshly turned up; I joined them. The sexton was removing the earth preparatory to opening the tomb from beneath the stone, and the family to whom it was entrusted, and whose remains were to be placed there that day. He had thrown up the earth which covered the stone steps leading to the door of the vault. It had not been opened for fifteen years. Descending the steps, he drew wide open the old door upon its rusty hinges. As he did so, there fell outward from his feet—upon them, as he stood on the stone—a fleshless skeleton. They were bent downward toward the edge of the lower step which formed the sill of the iron door while closed. The arms were extended over the head, and fell beyond the skull, which rested on the last stair but one, while the finger-joints dropped upon the stair above. The skull was partially covered with long hair, plainly denoting the sex of the deceased. I noticed also that the eyes were bent downward upon the edge of the lower step which formed the sill of the iron door while closed. The arms were extended over the head, and fell beyond the skull, which rested on the last stair but one, while the finger-joints dropped upon the stair above. The skull was partially covered with long hair, plainly denoting the sex of the deceased. I noticed also that the eyes were bent downward upon the edge of the lower step which formed the sill of the iron door while closed. The arms were extended over the head, and fell beyond the skull, which rested on the last stair but one, while the finger-joints dropped upon the stair above. 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Children's Spiritualism.

Written for the Banner of Light.
YOUR ANGEL.

BY J. MARION GALE.

Happy greeting, dear young friends,
In all that happy life portends.
Your happiness is goodness here,
As well as in the higher sphere.
Each flower you give to comrades true
Will send its perfume back to you;
Every joy to others given
Is joy the angels know in heaven.
The future none need ever fear
Who nobly do their duty here.
'Tis thus in duty wisely done,
The crown of happy life is won.
The rarest virtue, sweetest grace,
Beams out from every honest face,
And all the good that life can give
Is found in learning how to live;
To learn that whether you work or play,
An angel is with you every day;
When your angel gets control,
You will find it is your own sweet soul
Weaving a garment pure and white,
To wear when you live in the land of light.
Good-night, darlings, good-night.

Spirit Work.

BY LOTELIA.

Lotelia promised to tell THE BANNER children something about the little people of the spirit-world, and now I will try to do so. As I told you before, there is a great and beautiful country where I live, that is filled with good people of the Indian race, who have learned a great deal over here, and who are trying every day to help poor people on the earth who are sad or who have no homes. Well, in this Indian Hunting ground, there are a good many houses, or lodges, that are like pretty homes, furnished in good taste, and with everything that can be wanted by those who live there. In these special homes little children live who have been taken from poor-houses and slums on earth, where they had no happiness or comfort, and here they get the best of care and training, for they have guides and teachers who look after them all the time. In my lodge there are several children of this kind, and they are as happy and sweet and good as any dear little folks you ever saw. They go to school and they learn very rapidly. Some people say the life of the spirit is all in the mind; well, if it is, there is more real interest in the living and work and play of our world than any one ever saw on earth. So the lessons in our schools are object lessons, and every pupil takes an interest in them. Now you cannot kill anything there, and so when a class has a lesson in botany, and the teacher pulls to pieces a flower for the children to learn of its different parts, it looks as if it was dead; but all the teacher, who understands the laws of nature, has to do is to place the parts together again, then draw to the flower certain parts of the air by waving the hands over the flower, and breathe upon it, and it is as fresh and perfect and alive as it was before the lesson was learned. So you see, the children with us have many interesting things to study and learn.

With our people no one asks whether the person who comes is ever poor, or lowly, or of red or white skin on earth or not. One is as good as another, and all have the same chance to learn and grow.

Some years ago Mr. Pierpont brought a little boy to Harebell. He was a poor little fellow on earth who had been in the streets without a home, and had picked his food from garbage barrels, and had slept in boxes and doorways, or anywhere that he could find a place to rest his head. Well, after a while he was run over by an ice cart on a hot day, when he was trying to get a piece of ice to cool his hot tongue. He suffered very much for three days, and then he went to the spirit world. He lived on earth among people who were what we call ignorant, and those of them who had gone to the spirit-world did not know how to look after the little fellow, for they were under training themselves, and had to go to school too; and so Mr. Pierpont took the child, and brought him where he could have the good magnetism of our life and care, and he became a happy soul. Bye and bye he showed signs of having musical talent, and then he was put in the care of a great musician, who carefully studied the needs and gifts of his pupil, and in time the little fellow who had been an outcast and a waif on earth, whom nobody loved, became a fine musician, as well as a very intelligent boy.

Well, what do you think? As soon as he had the power he began to go to earth to hospitals, where poor little sick and injured children lay, and to play his sweet music to them, and some of them would hear him, and they would smile, and say they heard music, and the nurses would think they were dreaming or wandering in mind, but he kept on, and gave his music to the poor, and they were made better by it. Then, too, he would sometimes go to the lower planes of spirit-life, where the ignorant and earth-bound people live, who wanted to stay among the bad things of earth, and not rise above them, and he would make music for them, and that would make them feel sad, or softened, and sorry that they had not done right, and he would sing to them of the higher spheres, and how they could grow up to them, and he would give them help, and do more to show them how to do better and grow like the higher spirits, who work to help others, instead of living all the time for self, than the older spirits of the bright spheres could do, because he could reach them with his music, and get them to listen to it and to his songs, when they would pay no attention to others.

That boy has grown to be a man now, about twenty-two years old, and he is a teacher himself, and a good part of his teaching to others—though not all—is done through music, and that never makes a mistake. We all the time have children and older people brought to us who were badly off on earth, and they are helped to grow good and happy, and some time I will tell you of more of them.

Now I will say good-bye, dear children, and I hope that you will all be sorry for the poor little waifs of earth, and try to help them whenever you can do them any good. I love you all.

White Fawn's Message.

Dear Children of the Banner: Let me greet each of you this afternoon with wishes of love and peace. I am pleased to come and write a few words of love to you. I passed away three hundred years and more ago in the Far West land, before your pale face people ever came to my country.

I am a Chippewa maiden. Some Ottawa braves stole me from my father's camp, and he came with his braves to rescue me, and when he had saved me, as he thought, an Ottawa brave shot at him. I sprang in front to save my father and the arrow pierced my heart. Then the Chippewa braves and the Ottawa braves fought until my father, Wauben-ekun (the Sun-Bearer), and the Ottawa chief, Ka-yoshk (the Sea Gull), were all that were left, and they, too, fell, fighting to the last, and were found the next day by my brother, Kah-kah-gee (the Kaverine) way to pass over to the hunting grounds, but then we knew no better, and you know no white man had then been among us to teach us how to fight with the powder guns. All we had were arrows, spears and knives.

We loved and hated just as much as you do today, but we have had these old things all aside. As soon as father and I reached the spirit hunting grounds wise spirits of our own race took us, in charge, and we were taken care of, and our wounds (in spirit) bound up, and our souls given a chance to rest.

We found some of the Ottawas were with

us in the same place, but though at first we felt the old hate arise, the wise ones held us back, and soon we grew to feel a spirit of love stealing through us, and we were taught to love where we had hated, and to work to lead others to love, and so began our first steps of progress in spirit-life.

This is all I can write you at the present time, but some day I will come again and tell you more of what I found in the spirit hunting-grounds, and what I had been taught I should find.

Your friend in love,
WHITE FAWN.

Through her medium, H. H. Warner.

Literary Department.

THE COMING DAY—We are especially attracted to the article entitled "Meeting Places for All," from which we quote:

"A vaster universe requires a vaster God. A mightier drama requires a mightier mind for its inception, and for its stupendous development. The very word *Evolution* calmly anchors itself by that other word *Revelation*, and offers to take its place.

"The broad and secure rock on which we can all stand is that the Universe is sane, intelligent, just; and that the evolution of the human race is, for us, the highest expression of this central sanity, intelligence and justice of the Universe, whoever or whatever may be within, behind or above it.

"Man's discipline of struggle, sorrow and sin, has been his education, or, more truly, has been Nature's method of creation. By struggle, sorrow and sin, the merely animal passions, appetites and instincts become human purposes, memories, hopes—agents by which the spirit within becomes truly aware of itself.

"Of the external experiences of life, Tennyson says, of the child—

The baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is prest
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that 'this is I.'"

But as he grows, he gathers much,
And learns the use of 'I' and 'me,'
And finds 'I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.'"

So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As, through the frame that binds him in,
His isolation grows defined.

Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

THE CENTURY.—In the article by James L. Hughes, "What Charles Dickens Did for Childhood," we learn that "Froebel and Dickens are the best interpreters of Christ's ideals of childhood."

"Dickens was the first Englishman of 1855 to advocate the kindergarten. In July, 1855, he published an article of eleven columns in *Household Words*, which would take a leading place if compared with the papers read at a meeting of the International Kindergarten Union to-day. The following extracts from this article, written forty-three years ago, would not be unworthy of Dr. Harris, Mme. Kraus-Boelté, or Miss Blow:

There would be fewer sullen, quarrelsome, dull-witted men or women if there were fewer children starved or fed improperly in heart and brain. To improve society—to make men and women better—it is requisite to begin quite at the beginning, and to secure for them a wholesome education during infancy and childhood....

His boys came to him [Froebel] with many a twist in mind or temper, caught by wriggling up through the bewilderments of a neglected infancy. The first sproutings of a human mind need thoughtful culture; there is no period of life, indeed, in which culture is so essential. And yet, in nine cases out of ten, it is precisely while the little blades of thought and buds of love are frail and tender that no heed is taken to maintain the soil about them wholesome, and the air about them free from blight....

Childhood should be made as happy as God in his wisdom designed it should be, and full play should be given to its energies and powers....

The whole principle of Froebel's teaching is based on a perfect love for children and a full and generous recognition of their nature, a determination that their hearts shall not be starved for want of sympathy; that since they are, by infinite wisdom, so created as to find happiness in the active exercise and development of all their faculties, we who have children round about us shall no longer repress their energies, tie up their bodies, shut their mouths, and declare that they worry us by the incessant putting of the questions which the Father of us all has placed in their mouths.

The frolic of childhood is not pure exuberance and waste. "There is often a high meaning in childish play," said Froebel. Let us study it, and act upon hints—more than hints—that nature gives. They fall into a fatal error who despise all that a child does as frivolous. Nothing is trifling that forms part of a child's life....

The cardinal point of his doctrine is: Take care that you do not exercise a part only of the child's mind or body; but take thorough pains to see that you encourage the development of its whole nature....

Only the mother should, if possible, be the child's chief companion and teacher during at least the first three years of its life, and she should have thought it worth while to prepare herself for the right fulfillment of her duties.

The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—"Bethlehem was little among the thousands of Judah," writes Mrs. Lew Wallace in the February issue. "We are told that probably not over thirty children fell under the order of Herod. The murder of the innocents of the nineteenth century is a march to untimely graves, not by order of a wrathful king, but under what is claimed to be the finest free school system in the world. Go into any public school and you will see girls pallid as day-lilies, and boys with flat chests and the waxen skin that has been named the school complexion. Every incentive and stimulus is held out: dread of blame, love of praise, prizes, medals, badges, the coveted flourish in the newspapers—the strain never slackens. Watch the long lines filing past, each pupil carrying books—three, four, five—to be studied at night in hot rooms by fierce, sight-destroying lights. Time was when spectacles went with age. They are no sign of age now. Many must wear glasses to help eyes worn prematurely old by night work."

Onoto Watanna writes of a place "Where Age is Looked Up to": "The parents' word is always law in Japan, and perhaps this accounts for the sweetness and gentleness of the Japanese character. The Japanese are inherently an obedient people. The old always take precedence of the young in all things. An eager, impetuous young man, be he ever so brilliant and clever, is not expected in Japan to have the reason, the wisdom and the foresight of an old man. Therefore the old man comes first always. As a result, there is, perhaps, more general happiness in Japan than anywhere else in the world. One might imagine that where duty is carried to the extent it is in Japan the natural love is not so much in evidence—I mean the actual affection, rather than the mere duty, of a child to its parent. On the contrary, the natural bond of affection between parents and children is nowhere so wonderful as in Japan. No matter how unkind, unjust, or even wicked the parent may be, or how degraded, the child invariably clings to that parent, even though, as is often the case, its own nature be finer."

The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW OF

REVIEWS.—In the February number, the editor seeks to apply the lessons of our national failures in the South during the reconstruction

period following the Civil War to the present problems of a similar nature in Cuba, Porto Rico, and in the Philippines. His deductions are interesting and instructive. He says: "The true way to restore the South to the Union after the war was to restore the South to its own people." The same principle applies to-day in the new territories just coming under our control. The editor warns us against a new type of "carpet-bagger" who is threatening to invade Cuba—namely, the franchise-grabber. A large proportion of space in this number of the *Review* is given up to editorial and contributed articles on the management of foreign dependencies. Sylvester Baxter contributes an interesting study of the Dutch rule in Java, and Dr. Daniel Dorchester makes a statistical exhibit of the recent drift toward colonial and protectorate governments. The *Review of Reviews* Co., 13 Astor Place, New York.

THE ON TIMERS' TRIBE—a magazine devoted exclusively to the rare virtue of punctuality. A decidedly good idea. Many unique devices are resorted to in the school-room, to inculcate the habit of punctuality; but this is the first effort to reach "children of a larger growth," and we hope the little magazine will find its way to all quarters of the globe. Note the following thoughts to be remembered: "Tardiness is another name for the sin of slothfulness."

An excuse for tardiness is usually clumsy at best.

Attention to engagements indicates character.

Issued by the Tribe, 15 Twenty-third Avenue, Denver, Colo.

Monthly Publications Received.

The Reporter, Advertiser's Guarantee Company, Chicago, Ill.

Suggestive Therapeutics, edited by Sidney Flower, LL.D.

Our Dumb Animals, edited by Geo. T. Angell, Boston.

The Caxton Caveat, Chicago.

Siber Chain Messenger, edited by James M. and M. Theresa Allen, Springfield, Mo.

National Single Taser, published by Geo. P. Hampton, New York.

Faith and Hope Messenger, edited by W. J. Colville, Boston, Mass.

The Cassadagan, Toronto.

Boston Hygienina, Boston, Mass.

The Restaurant News, edited by L. C. Thompson, St. Louis, Mo.

The Household, Boston, Mass.

Every Where, edited by Will Carleton, New York.

The New People, edited by O. R. Nation, Alameda, Ala.

The Columbian, published by L. N. Cushman, Boston, Mass.

Spirit Mothers, edited by Olivia F. Shepard, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Soul, edited by J. A. Fealy, Calhoun, Ala.

Weekly Publications Received.

The Beacon, Boston, Mass.

Columbia Press Association, New York.

Public Opinion, 13 Astor Place, New York.

Living Issues, San Francisco. Edited by W. E. Price.

The Revue, Edited by M. W. Knapp, Providence, R. I.

The Ohio Farmer, Edited by the Lawrence Pub. Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Boston Ideas—The Idea Pub. Co., Boston.

The Christian World—London, Eng.

The Co-operator, Edited by Cyrus Field Willard, Ocala, Wash.

Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Lyceum, Cleveland, Ohio.

A Unique and Valuable Book.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

I have not yet finished Dr. Peebles' latest work: "The Christ Question Settled," but I want to express my appreciation of it as I go. It is unique, because the question it attempts to settle (and apparently succeeds) is so out of the range of our habits of thinking as to seem to have nothing to settle. If it were to determine the divinity of the Man of Nazareth, or to settle his mission on earth, or the fulness of salvation through his life and death, it would not be uncommon. But this question does not concern any of these problems. The only question is, did Jesus of Nazareth exist?

There may have been a thousand Jesuses—and even Jesuses of Nazareth—who did not represent the character described in the New Testament. This book deals with the evidence that Jesus the Christ, as described in the "Word of God," was a real character, whether God, man or devil, Savior, Divine Atoneament, naturally born or immaculately conceived. Did he have a real existence? Was he a historical character? To most readers the question will seem absurd, and I confess to something of that feeling myself. Nevertheless, the question has been discussed in real earnest and with a good deal of erudition on both sides, and a goodly number of able writers and critical students of history have taken the negative of the question.

Such men as Gerald Massey, Hudson Tuttle, Prof. J. S. Loveland, and others, whose ability and sincerity can hardly be questioned, have made a case so strong (without the opposing testimony) as "if it were possible to deceive the very elect." Nor can we suppose they had any object or intention to deceive. But they had not exhausted the resources of history, or had access to the evidence which is presented, for the first time, in this rare book. Not that these facts and testimonies had never before been published, but never, I think, in one consecutive array, in one masterly review, representing a grand symposium, digested and assimilated and transformed into vital functioning of the whole body of historic problems by the distinguished author Dr. J. M. Peebles.

In some places the author punctures the assumptions and assertions of the negative with a vigor that may seem severe, if not acrid. But we know that, in the kindness of his heart, the doctor does not stab to hurt, but to heal. If he cuts deep and expresses disgust at times, we must regard it as the expression of strong conviction and a sense of a great need, that the eyes of the blind may be opened. He would not cause a pang or an unkind emotion to thrill in any human heart, except with the sense of a need, that holds a blessing in every blister.

What matters it whether the martyred Jesus was a reality or a fiction? Much in many ways. It is for the interests of intellectual integrity, for scholarship, for a correct knowledge of the historic chain that binds the past to the present, every link of which vibrates in the deeds of today. In every pulse of the past the present shares. The dynamics of all the dead centuries are stored in the potential and working character of 1899. If Jesus existed then he exists now, as a spirit; and why dwell upon the shadow of eighteen centuries ago and content about the historic life of a man whose vital presence is now moving upon the world from his sphere of wisdom and light? "Ah! there's the rub!" The great movement of Modern Spiritualism is emphasized on the effort to establish a permanent interchange and mutual knowledge of causes and effects, principles and persons interacting between the two worlds—the objective and subjective—the Physical and the Spiritual. If there is also an outer history of the Christ man, there is also an inner history of the Christ man, and the two belong together in one chain of working influences in the human mind and upon the progress of the race.

The evidences presented in this great symposium leave nothing to be desired. To me they seem complete and overwhelming, and practically and permanently settle the question. Jesus of Nazareth, of whom Paul wrote so freely was a reality. He did and does live. I am so glad this book has been published. It shows the resources of history under the ma-

nipulations and interpretations of scholarship, and how impossible it is in these days of science and mental activity to obliterate important facts, even though they have long been buried in the rubbish heaps of myth and miracle, mystery and madness, and that "ever the truth comes uppermost, and ever is justice done."

I can breathe easier now, for I have been so startled by the bold denials of some agnostics that I have wondered if a few hundred years hence a clique of negationists might not arise and dispute the historical existence of Emanuel Swedenborg, Thomas Paine, A. J. Davis, Prof. S. B. Britton, Emma Hardinge Britton, Prof. William Danton, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Hudson Tuttle, J. R. Francis, William Emmette Coleman, John C. Bundy, S. S. Jones, Joel Tiffany, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Dr. Samuel Watson, Epes Sargent, Prof. J. S. Loveland, Luther Colby, William White, Harrison D. Barrett, Dr. J. K. Newton, A. E. Newton, Henry J. Newton, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Willard J. Hull, Maggie Waite, the Bangs Sisters and the Fox family, and finally blot out Prof. William Crookes, Alfred Russel Wallace, Prof. Elliott Coues, Prof. Robert Hare, Prof. James D. McGilgus, Rev. Minor J. Savaze, and the whole body of Psychic Researchers. Then some genius like Bro. Hudson might arise and explain that all of these men and women and all others in the spiritual life were myths conjured up by the sub-conscious mind, and propagated by hypnotic suggestion, from nation to nation and from age to age. Heaven save us from such annihilation!

Dr. Peebles and his symposium have settled the question, Jesus did live, whether he walked upon the sea, and raised Lazarus from the dead or not, and we exist, and these illustrious names are not preserved in history so clear and strong that sub-conscious hypnotism cannot annihilate the testimony of the nineteenth century, in which Modern Spiritualism brought forth striking characters whose works shall be recorded, and, if necessary, the Colemans and Buchas and Peebles of that generation shall be able to unearth the testimony, and present it in a symposium that shall settle the question that these men and women of the nineteenth century did exist, and were Spiritualists, and that in this wonderful century life and immortality were brought to light, not to a dozen or two, but to millions who are full of rejoicing, for the truth hath made them free!

PHILOSOPHY OF PHENOMENA.

BY GEORGE M. RAMSEY, M.D.

Author of "Cosmology."

IN TWO PARTS.

I. METAPHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

II. PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

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Minneapolis, Minn.

There will be a grand union three days mass meeting of all Spiritualists, held in this city at the Unitarian church, corner 8th streets and Mary Place, Feb. 21, 22, 23, 1899, under the auspices of the State Spiritualist Association of Minnesota. H. D. Barrett, President of the National Spiritualists' Association, Washington, D. C., will address the meetings each day. It is also expected that the highly intellectual and gifted medium Maggie Gauld of Baltimore, one of the best test mediums of the United States, will be with us on these dates, besides many other fine mediums. An entertaining and highly interesting program will be rendered each day. Meals will be served in the basement of the church. Come one, come all, and let us have a real spiritualistic gathering, and go away strengthened and refreshed, knowing that the white banner of Spiritualism is holding up to the world's truth, purity, peace and brotherly love to all humanity.

C. M. E. RIDGE.

In Re Mrs. B. B. Hill.

We take this means of tendering our grateful thanks to the many friends who have manifested their kindly sympathy by mail and otherwise, in our bereavement for the loss of the earthly presence of wife and mother. We would be glad to respond to each friend direct, but time and circumstances prevent. Will our many friends kindly accept this brief though heartfelt acknowledgment of their tender sympathy and fraternal regard for the departed one, who scattered seeds of kindness all along life's way, even unto the end, and whose religion was to do good and help the needy.

B. B. HILL,
M. E. CADWALLADER.

Second Annual Convention of the N. Y. P. S. U.--Where Shall it be Held?

The Constitution of the National Young People's Spiritualist Union requires that the members of the Board of Trustees of that Union should decide, prior to April 1 of each year, when and where the annual convention shall be held. This convention is to convene sometime during the month of August. We would like to hear from the management of the different Camp-Meeting Associations, or from individuals, societies or associations in the respective cities, as to what arrangements could be made for holding this convention in their respective camps or cities. All information relative to this subject should be promptly forwarded to 506 Twelfth street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

ANNA M. STEINBERG, Secretary.

S. E. Lotta informs us that a new public library has been opened in Friendship, N. Y., which will receive any spiritual literature in the way of papers, pamphlets or books. He solicits literature from those interested in the Cause and offers to pay freight on all such, which should be sent by way of Erie Railroad. We hope many will respond to his appeal.

On the eighth page of our last issue correspondence from J. A. Robinson, in regard to Mrs. Phillips' meetings, was erroneously placed under the heading New York instead of Paterson, N. J.

Health is more to be prized than fame or riches. A clear conscience is the open doorway to sound health, ergo—

Science and Immortality.

Prof. John Trowbridge of Harvard University discusses in the *Independent* the question of "Physical Science and the Doctrine of Immortality," but he comes to nothing except this in his concluding words:

"We thus, in view of the advances of physical science, appear to have an infinite capacity of conceiving of impressions which may come from regions far transcending the narrow limits of this earth; and, in view of this capacity, can we believe that this little life is rounded with a sleep from which there is no awakening?"

That is, all that the science of Prof. Trowbridge can do is to answer a question with a question. He leaves the whole matter in the same doubt with which he started out.

His labor was in vain; every attempt to deal with the doctrine of immortality by the methods of physical science must fail. It is an article of faith beyond the possibility of demonstration by science. Science is knowledge, and there is no knowledge extending beyond the grave.

Our religious neighbor has wasted its space in printing the article of Prof. Trowbridge; indeed, it has stimulated doubt of immortality rather than strengthened faith in the doctrine. It has sought to harmonize the irreconcilable for science, as science can give no standing to faith, nor has faith anything to do with science. Faith concerns matters which cannot be proved scientifically. If they could be demonstrated physically faith would not exist. Science deals only with the knowable; faith stretches out into a realm which is altogether unknowable.

When, accordingly, a religious paper submits its faith to the judgment of science it surrenders its whole case. If immortality could be proved scientifically, the whole foundation of theology, of religion, would be destroyed, and nothing would be left except a system of morals established by experience, as practically expedient for the maintenance of society.

—N. Y. Sun.

News from England.

My Dear Friends—Just a line to say that we had a very pleasant passage and arrived safely on Monday morning—the 30th. The first three days were delightful, sunny and warm, blue skies, moonlit nights and calm waters; the next three days the weather got gradually worse, and then we ran into a pretty severe gale, which lasted over thirty hours; but the ship was steady and comfortable, and after the wind abated we had smooth waters again; but the delay caused by the storm caused our detention in the mouth of the Mersey river on Sunday evening, and delayed our landing until early on Monday morning. Manchester friends gave us a hearty welcome home last night in the Salford Spiritual Church, which was very gratifying.

We enjoyed our voyage—indeed, we may say the whole trip—and look back with great pleasure upon the experiences of the last six months, and shall think of the many kind friends we met, with grateful hearts. We are both well and strong, and feel fit and ready for the return to our ordinary duties. Greatings, good wishes and warm regards to your own good selves and to all friends. May the angels bless and prosper you in your earnest and arduous labors for our sincere prayer.

Very heartily yours,

E. W. AND M. H. WALLIS.

Manchester, Eng., Jan. 31, 1899.

Knowing that the above would be of interest to the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, we have taken the liberty of publishing the same, and feel assured that all will rejoice with us in the safe arrival home of the travelers.

The National Spiritualists' Lyceum Association.

At last the charters, certificates and seal of the N. S. L. A. have come to hand, and those who have made application for charter and certificates will receive them possibly before this announcement appears in print. Delays and disappointments have annoyed me as much as they have those who sent so long ago for documents to be forwarded to them under the seal of the Association. It must be remembered that the officers of the N. S. L. A. are not able to hold Board meetings; all business is done in the way of correspondence, and as all the material with which to work has been procured since the adjournment of the meeting in Washington, therefore it has taken time to get in condition for work.

The charter issued by the N. S. L. A. is beautiful, and will make an attractive adornment for the walls of Lyceum halls. Mr. George W. Kates, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, was appointed to look after the issuing of the charter, and he did a work of which every member of the Lyceum should be proud. I will describe the design in Mr. Kates' words: "The charter is in three colors, the background and border being engraved and the body in elegant script and fancy type. In the center is a flying eagle, bearing aloft the national colors, whilst all about is a flood of sun rays. The border is a beautiful scroll." The charters are given to each Lyceum as a "Local Auxiliary in Fraternal Fellowship." It will bear the official seal and signatures. The mottoes employed are "Proclaim the Glad Tidings," and "Wisdom is Better than Riches."

The seal is beautiful; it was procured of B. B. Hill, Philadelphia. It is Sunflower design, and will be put on the charters in gilt. Fastened to the charter, under the gilt seal, will be the national colors in dainty ribbon.

Any working Lyceum can obtain one of these beautiful charters on payment of two dollars. Every Lyceum in the United States should become a Local Auxiliary in Fraternal Fellowship with the N. S. L. A.

The certificates are nicely printed on a fine quality of paper; these will also be sent under the lovely seal of the Association. I would state that these certificates are to be sent to those who desire to become "contributing members." We have two kinds—one for adults, which can be had on payment of fifty cents, and another for those under fourteen years. These can be obtained for twenty-five cents each. It is to be hoped hundreds of these certificates will be sent broadcast over the country before our next annual meeting.

The Constitution and By-Laws of the N. S. L. A. are printed on fine paper with handsome covers; this work was done in the Office of the Treasurer of the Association, W. H. Bach, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Any one desiring copies of the Constitution, or anxious to know more in detail of the work than can be written in brief newspaper articles, can address the Secretary,

MATTIE E. HULL.

359 Normal Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Cassadagan.

The *Cassadagan* was issued on the 28th of January, and its sixteen pages are replete with the latest thought in the spiritual world. It contains an excellent article on the life of the Bangs Sisters, with half tone portraits, which is followed by "Where are the Antis," "The Miracle Worker," by W. S. Batchelder; "Science Notes," "Persons and Events," "Thomas Paine," by Lyman C. Howe; "Lily Dale Pot Pourrie," "Doings in Buffalo," "Camp Ripples," by Shirley Belle; "Emilio Aguinaldo," four pages of editorial matter, with references to the transition of Mrs. B. B. Hill, Hon. A. B. Bradford, Hon. G. W. Catbran, and Mrs. De Lisle, and poems by J. Clegg Wright, Jeanette La Faurleoz, Mary Webb Baker, and I. L. Kramer. Ask for sample copies.

Hygienic Book.

The National Spiritualists' Association has a number of copies of Mrs. Dr. J. H. R. Matson's valuable medical and hygienic work, "The Occult Physician," for sale for the benefit of its Treasury. The book retails at \$2 per copy, but the able and gifted author—who generously presented these copies to the N. S. A.—has given permission for them to be sold for \$1 per copy. This book should be in every home, as well as in the hands of every physician. Send for a copy to the undersigned.

MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y N. S. A., 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the *BANNER OF LIGHT* and the publications of the Banner of Light Publishing Co.

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Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be directed to the Editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, who will be glad to receive them. The Editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT is not a seer, but a student of the life beyond the grave, and he will be glad to receive them. The Editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT is not a seer, but a student of the life beyond the grave, and he will be glad to receive them. The Editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT is not a seer, but a student of the life beyond the grave, and he will be glad to receive them.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Feb. 2, 1899.

Spirit Invocation.

O! thou Divine Spirit, we are thankful this morning for the privilege of again opening this séance and bringing the mortal and immortal in touch one with the other. We are thankful for the few who have sought knowledge, wisdom and light. O! may we seek further and show the people of earth that life is immortal, and that there is no death. Help us in this morning in all that we undertake to do. Direct us in the wisest course; help us to comprehend more of the divine teachings, and above all give us patience and wisdom that we may have strength to see blessings in the adversities and in the clouds the same as we do in sunshine and prosperity. We seek to give out in thought to each and every one who is still struggling with the environments of life, still in darkness, and held by the chains of superstition. O! may thy ministering angels, they who have power over all things, liberate the spirits that are bound down, and make them as free as the birds in the air, and strong to take up their work. May the spirit of peace and good will abide with the children of earth now and forever. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

George Monroe.

My name is George Monroe, and I passed out of the body from Pittsburg, Mass. I was not a native of that place, but I worked there, and I passed out of the body very quick. I was somewhat interested in Spiritualism, although not a member of any society, nor did I speak much about what I considered I knew concerning it, but I was convinced myself that some very remarkable things came to me that made it perhaps more convincing to me than to any one else. I wish to return this morning to prove it to those I used to mingle with, as I was interested in the railroad business. I also left a wife and two children, and I seem to sense, since in spirit, that she is in Providence, R. I., or in that direction, although I am not quite sure, as I judge by the earth surroundings. She does not believe much in Spiritualism, but it seems to me if I was able to communicate with her and others I could benefit them and sometimes explain things not comprehended in earth life, for it is certainly true that few of us are understood while we live upon earth. I was originally from England, although I had been in this country quite a number of years. I also have a brother in this country, and lots of friends scattered in different places, but it seemed if I only could send out a thought, whether it came in contact with my own people or some one else, it might do some good to some one. It is to merely say that I too can testify to the rising of the spirit over the body, and to those who think if they were only out of the body they would keep away from everything and everybody, I wish to say that is a mistake. I hope this message may do some good, if it does not reach the ones it is intended for.

Alberta Whitner.

This message given through the Control.

I want to say that the spirit that seems so extremely anxious to manifest is a little girl, I should think about twelve to thirteen years old, pale complexion, and looks rather thin. I see she coughs a good deal, and I judge by that that when she went out of the body she passed away through the effect of consumption, or some trouble of that kind. She seems to be anxious to reach a home that she left, and I think it was her own home; yet there is a lady with her that she says is her mother, showing that her mother is in spirit-life with her. She also brings others, but she desires me to say she wishes to meet her stepfather, as she wants to come in contact with him, because he was very kind to her in her sickness, and he was always good to her, and all the others. She has lots of young friends too that she would like to come in contact with, because she informs me that in spirit she is now able to carry out her ideas and conditions better than while in the body. I should say this child must have been very sensitive, and I don't know but what she was mediumistic, because she seems to be really older than her years, and I don't know whether it is the father she speaks of or not, but she speaks of "dear George," and is anxious that he will be patient. I should think that there were earthly conditions surrounding him that make the spirit anxious, and they wish for him not to worry; the spirit will bring things out all right, and he will find that success will yet reward his efforts. His health will also be better, and if I get it right she gives me the name of Alberta Whitner, and her home in "Maple," Grand Rapids, Mich.

Evaline H. Davis.

O! how beautiful it is to return again to the earth-life and get in touch with that which we are familiar with. As I enter this place, it seems so familiar to me, for I had for many years enjoyed the Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. We speak of many years, but we don't count them in the fifties and sixties; we count them in thought. I was in sympathy with the communion of spirits, and I know they have assisted me while in the body, and I know now I can assist those who are in the body. have been waiting and

watching for an opportunity that I might return to the loved ones, especially my dear children that I have watched over and tenderly thought of, and tried to send out what influence I was able to, and to communicate with them and the companion who was left with the care. It was greater than he was able to bear, but I know the spirit surrounds him, and there are friends who have come to his assistance. It seemed as if when I was separated from the body I was needed more than ever before, but we know that God doeth all things well, and I wish to tell my friends in Buffalo, N. Y., and the many friends I have, scattered in different places, that I am glad the physical form has been laid aside, for I can minister more spiritually than ever before, and I wish I could do more. I wish to inform you of what an ordinary thing it is for the spirit to return and prove its identity to the world, and especially in operating through the different organisms.

I think that is what makes mortals question and doubt so much, and that is what causes them to feel there is so little explained of the conditions that the spirit has to take on. My parents were interested in Spiritualism even in my early boyhood, so I think I might say I was born and brought up in it. You can just say that Evaline H. Davis was in this morning, and sends love and good wishes to all and desires to assist all. My home was Buffalo, N. Y.

James McFadden.

Well, I suppose every one cannot tell such a glorious story as some, and each one must tell his own, no matter what it is. Each one is struggling to benefit himself, whether in the body or out, and, in fact, to tell the truth, I have hard work sometimes to tell myself where I am. I find myself struggling sometimes in spirit the same as I did in earth-life to conquer conditions and things. I did not know much about Spiritualism; in fact, I took but little stock in it while in the body, and I presume my friends are the same way, but I was carried out of the body very suddenly, and left things very unsettled and very unsatisfactory. In fact, my people have not been satisfied with the conditions that surrounded my death, yet I am not here to explain anything because there is nothing to explain. I went out, and that is enough, but I have been struggling for a long time to return, thinking that perhaps if I once became familiar with the laws that govern control I might be of some benefit yet to those I left in earth-life. So you see this morning I have come in as much to benefit myself as some one else. I have learned one thing, and that is I cannot benefit myself without benefitting some one else, or just the reverse, and I wish I understood them better, so that I would know what to say and how to word it so it would reach those I want it to. My wife's name is Caroline and my daughter's is Frances. I also have two brothers, James and William. I have been informed that your paper goes broadcast and I am liable to get a magnetic current back from some. That is my mission this morning, and I cannot give you a sermon nor much knowledge, but I have said what I think will cover the ground until I understand things better, and then I will inform them of more. You can put my name down as James McFadden. When I left the physical form I was in New York city, although I think I will not be forgotten in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lydia Nelson.

Well, I am glad of this privilege, and I suppose people would say, "Why, grandma, you have so many on the spirit side, what do you want to come back to the mortal for?" I have an interest in humanity, and an interest in Spiritualism, and I love to see it progress, and love to see people seek for it. We used to be so bigoted and narrow, but we all have to acknowledge it some time or other. I return this morning, after my long pilgrimage in earth-life, to try to communicate with my friends, and tell them that those who seemed to go away from me when on earth only went on before, and I knew that they provided for me, for they brought me into the influence of those I loved, and did well by me even to the end. That is why I wish to let the mortals hear from me who were so kind and patient with me in my last hours, or days as you call it, in the physical body. I wish to say to them that I am perfectly satisfied, and my husband joins with me in thanking each one for their kind thoughts, and their kind acts and attention. I see now where there are others who need my assistance sometimes, that their health is not as good as it has been, and they feel that they cannot do as they would like to. But I wish to say to Harvey, don't worry, all will come out well. I see you drive, and trying to assist this one and that one, and if you are not doing it with your hands, I see where your mind goes just the same, and I wish to say, take things more easy, and you will find it will come out better. I hardly know what to say this morning that would be interesting, but I want the people of Concord, N. H., to know that spirit life and mortal life are not so far apart, nor are we a long distance from each other. I wish to return my thanks and appreciation for all that was done, and I told them if I could I would manifest through THE BANNER if I ever got an opportunity, and I am here to prove myself in my feeble way as far as I can under the circumstances. My name is Lydia Nelson, my husband's name is Moses, and my home in Sutton, N. H.

Frank Walbowne.

My name is Frank Walbowne. This is new work for me, and it seems hard to know what to express. They have informed us in the years gone by that dead men tell no tales; I have been questioning for some time what they meant, but have failed to find out. I think there are more dead in the physical world than in the spiritual; dead to the justice of things. With all their education, all their study and science and all they brag about, I feel that they know but very little after all. It is after one has thrown the physical body off, and becomes conscious himself, that he learns anything. People do not study themselves and become acquainted with themselves, and that is the reason there are so many in places they are not fitted for; they are not suited with their own sphere of life, they would rather occupy someone else's. In sending a message, we seek to come in contact with our own. I have been asking myself, who is our own? whom do we belong to anyway? We are all part of that great centre, and we attract certain things to us according to our disposition and our conditions. My mission this morning is to awaken a consciousness, for I question myself as to how we can benefit those in the earth sphere. I see if we talk we are ridiculed or criticized. I have

watched these messages go out so often; some are cherished as we would a loving child, others throw them aside and call them nonsense, and still others who will not take the time to read and study them, will criticize them and say: "If they can inform us of this thing, why can't they of this and that, and so on. I am prepared to say to the loved ones and those who care to hear from me, that it is the influence of the messages we send out, not the words, and that when we really get in touch with those who receive it, and the mortal is in sympathy with the spirit, the message will be better understood. I was somewhat of a student while in earth-life, and I am to-day. Those I wish to reach will understand if I do not go too far into personality. You can locate me in Philadelphia, Pa., where I think those who are interested will be conscious of it and will know what I mean when I say I have entered the sanctuary of the BANNER OF LIGHT and sent a few sentences for the world to criticize, for it is through criticism I will get strength, knowledge and wisdom, and they will be none the worse. I will not delay you any longer, so will draw our interview to a close, thanking you very kindly for your patience, and I am more than delighted with the privilege that has been bestowed upon me.

Messages to be Published.

Feb. 10.—Jeremiah F. Thompson; Hannah P. Leighton; Mrs. Andrew McBride; Lovell D. Harrison; John W. Cain; George Marshall.

Verification of Spirit Message.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The friends and daughters of Mr. WILLIAM E. FRENCH, whose communication from the spirit-life appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT Oct. 31, 1898, wish to make acknowledgment of their recognition of the spirit. The sentiments expressed were those held by him while on earth, where he was ever found in the front ranks of progress along all lines of true advancement and civilization.

ANNA E. ANDERSON.

Roslindale, Mass.

Answers to Questions

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—(By Randall Farquhar, Philadelphia.) I wish to ask the following questions concerning "individual immortality."

1. May not the "sense of separateness" (implied in the expression "individual immortality") be, like the sense of time, space, distance, etc.—a state of the thinker, and not an attribute of the thing thought about?

2. If the "sense of separateness" belongs to the plane of illusion, what ground is there for predicating its continuation upon the plane of reality?

3. Of what reality is the "sense of separateness" a correspondence upon the illusive plane?

ANS. 1.—We do not consider that the phrase "sense of separateness," as used by Mabel Collins in *Light on the Path*, and very many other theosophical writers, was ever intended originally to convey any idea foreign to the concept of individual immortality. The best scholars who have taken pains to acquaint themselves as far as possible with the great truths of the Vedanta Philosophy which underlie the many misconceptions common to such as consider only the obvious literal meaning of terms, not seeking to decipher their esoteric significance, all agree that *separateness*, or *separation* can best be understood when we confine our thoughts to the idea of some hostile or unneighborly feeling between two or more individuals or natures.

If people have "fallen out," we are apt to say they have had a separation, and so they have, mystically or occultly, for their psychic outgoings do not blend, and were they both to pass out of their physical tenements they would have no intercourse in spirit life. The directions given to students of the Eastern (esoteric) Wisdom, commencing with "K! out all sense of separateness," can only be rightly construed and followed as we realize that it is a counsel pertaining to universal brotherhood. The individuality of the ego or true soul does not separate it from its brethren, all of whom are members of one universal family, as *separateness* and *distinctness* convey very different ideas to the philosophic thinker.

The best and wisest teachers with whom we can communicate on both sides the veil unitedly testify to the truth of individual immortality, but they all insist that only as we lose a sense of separateness (or antagonism) one toward the other, can we enter that blessed state of peace, though not of inactivity, which Asiatics are accustomed to call Nirvana, a term which, when subjected to close analysis, does not mean anything different from heaven, as employed by the reflecting Christian. To speak of a "state of the thinker," implies that there is a thinker who thinks, and that thinker is the persisting individual who is essentially one with all life, but nevertheless a perfect self-conscious entity.

2.—In our reply to the previous question, we have anticipated the above. *Separateness* and *distinctness* not being the same, the former can be *illusory*, and the latter *real*. On the plane of reality, or wherever truth is clearly perceived and things are beheld in their true relations, there can be no antagonism or disagreements; therefore, speaking philosophically, no *sense of separateness*.

Supposing the happy time on earth should immediately arrive when all the peoples of the earth are to be united in love everlasting, the establishment of a perfectly Utopian state of society would not and could not annihilate the distinct individuality of any of the citizens of an Ideal Republic. In like manner, when we as spiritual entities shall have reached that divine estate where we are all one in thought and feeling, we shall continue diverse in the sense that diversity is compatible with perfect harmony, but in no sense implying the slightest shade of disagreement or discordance.

The "plane of illusion" being psychical or astral, the physical state being only a temporary counterpart thereof, it is not true to teach that it is overcome immediately we drop our physical envelopes. There must be steady growth toward realization of the truly real and no mere statements coming from "across the border" are necessarily any freer from the illusion of separateness or dissonance than communications received, telepathically or otherwise, from people yet manifesting through material frames. We do not predicate the continuance of the *sense of separateness* on the plane of reality; quite the contrary we declare it to be overcome on the threshold of true initiation into the *mysteries of the kingdom of heaven*, and so convinced are we that this is the only true view of the case that we fearlessly and unhesitatingly attribute all the foolishness of undeveloped spirits and their families on earth, as well as all the splits and acrimonies common alike to churches and societies of all descriptions to this old serpent of delusion, and the attention paid to its siren voice.

It is absolutely necessary that the plain line of demarcation be unmistakably drawn between *distinctness of individuality* and the *sense of separateness* before the world can rejoice in appreciating the benefits of a truly spiritual or theosophic revelation, the advent of which is hampered and hindered by this very error "separateness" more than by all else combined.

Ans. 3. The "sense of separateness" is not, and cannot be a true correspondence to any reality seeing it is a discord not a harmony. The past interpretation of its origin and temporary mission can be gleaned from the writings of Swedenborg, who explains *progression* or selfhood very plainly. There is a good deal that is perplexing in Swedenborg's uses of the word *evil*, as he calls all sense of self *evil* from one standpoint, though good and necessary from another. We may reasonably conclude that as our instinct of self preservation is necessary, therefore thoroughly good, though selfishness is evil because it is a perversion, so the sense of individuality is good, though an antagonism to the neighbor is evil.

We are all born into a state of expression where our self consciousness needs to be unfolded and employed. We are at first, as Drummond has put it in his "Ascent of Man," engaged in the struggle for our own personal existence, but as we evolve more and more of what is involved in our constitution as human beings, we engage in the struggle for the life of others. At length struggle ceases, and we have become genuine intelligent philanthropists, mutually preservative, all contributing to the good of all. Such is the social ideal and until we set to work to fulfill it, suffering of every kind will continue to distress the earth, and also prevent the happiness of those dwellers on the threshold, or inhabitants of the borderland who have not outgrown or even sought to outgrow that aggressive selfishness which is the bane of all states where one is jealous or envious or suspicious of any other. Perversions are never true correspondences, but when we trace inversions to their source we shall always find that that which is inverted or perverted is in itself good, and only requires to be known for what it truly is to be set right, and included in the manifest whole of life's orderly intelligent expressions.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER FIFTY-SEVEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Such wonderful and unexpected assistance has come to me from all parts of the country, and even from beyond the deep Atlantic, since what the world calls afflictions have come upon me, that I feel that it is due that the friends should know what their kindness has done for me and for our beloved Cause.

When I found myself in this partially blind and somewhat enfeebled condition, which prevents me from reëntering the lecture field, I thought to myself that I could never again publish another book nor employ that avenue of giving out truth. But the spirit-world, all unknown to me, planned quite otherwise. They not only led me to begin this series of letters last January, which I did not dream of being able to continue, but they impressed many hearts during the year to send me such gifts that I have not wanted for food, fuel, and other necessities. Cheap shelter I find in this little house, which, though out of repair, and in a poor location, is good enough for a single woman like me.

I could relate many an instance when I had a need that I could not supply, and just in time a letter would come bringing me the exact amount necessary for the emergency. It was so when I needed a small cook-stove; it was so when it was necessary to pay for the coal I had ordered and stored. Nothing can dislodge the belief that my father in particular watched it all, impressed the kind friends whose hearts he could reach, inspired the subjects for THE BANNER letters, gave me thoughts for them, and strength and persistency from his own fullness to do the weekly work, and intended from first to last that the letters of the year should be published as a whole in a book. But such a thought never came once into my mind.

In November more began to come in, both in book orders and in presents. This continued. I began to wonder what it could mean, for my coal and stove were paid for, I did not feel anxious about my food, and my old garments, often mended, cleaned and turned, were quite sufficient for one who lives in a plain little town, has no occasion to go to sociables and dinner-parties, nor to meet the élite of the great city in a social way.

All through December it was the same way; many letters, good orders, generous presents. I had gripped the whole month, but made out to fill the orders for books. I was more and more astonished, and found I had a hundred dollars to put in the savings bank. And yet, strange to say, I did not feel mean in receiving all this, nor did I put anything in THE BANNER to stop it. Feeling so ill, I thought father had them do it now when he was able to impress them, to provide me for some future emergency when no money would be coming in.

In THE BANNER of Dec. 17 was the letter by Joel B. Dow of Beloit, Wis., saying that my letters should now be printed in book form. I read that Dec. 15, and at once saw clearly in letters of living light as it were, that the money had been coming in for this very purpose.

I did not hesitate, for my father wrote long ago, through dear Mrs. Lillie: "Your work will be done largely by what we term 'impulses,' as your book was written. (Alluding to 'Why She Became a Spiritualist.') When these impulses come, do not hesitate. We direct you thus."

So the next day I went to Newark by trolley and saw the printer who printed the last edition of "From Night till Morn," told him what I wanted, showed him some of the printed letters, and gave him the title of the book, "A Happy Year; or, Fifty-Two Letters to The Banner of Light." I told him I thought it would make a book of about one hundred and twenty-five pages, and asked him to give me a price for one thousand in paper covers. He gave me a price. Of course I had not money enough, but I told him I would pay one hundred dollars down when they were completed, and more if I had it, and the rest as it came in. He agreed to this, for he has dealt enough with me to know that he can trust me.

Later I carried him W. J. Colville's "Mental Therapeutics," which presents a very handsome appearance for a book in paper covers, and we settled on the same—scarlet leatherette with gilt lettering, the leatherette being an imitation of alligator-skin.

As the work progressed, we found that instead of one hundred and twenty-five pages, it

would be more than one hundred and seventy-five pages, and would cost much more than the original price that was set, for each additional page costs just so much more money. I felt quite disheartened by this, and then came the gift from some of my dear Minneapolis pupils of thirty-seven dollars, and that will partly pay the additional expense. This is the "very valuable present" alluded to in my BANNER letter of Jan. 21. Of course this seems a small sum to some persons, but it is very valuable to me, and I do wish with a full heart that all my readers who are cramped for money could have a similar present. It is, of course, much the largest that I have received. I do not know how many united in the gift.

This Minneapolis gift came directly through spirit-influence. The only one of those pupils who knew of my embarrassed circumstances, and the prime mover in making it up for me, lost her mother several years ago. That mother was susceptible to spirit influence, and we three had talked much of Spiritualism. I was once enabled to remove a severe headache from this dear lady, which had persecuted her for four weeks, and disappeared to return no more, by a single treatment. Sitting close together, I put my positive hand on the base of her brain, the other hand on the aching place, and looked up to my mother for aid. In a moment or two I felt the magnetic thrills, and the work was done. She told me afterwards that she had a most singular but beautiful feeling, as if she were floating off into space. It was this dear friend, now in spirit, who impressed her daughter to do this for me. She feels her mother's presence oftentimes. This is an unspeakable comfort to her in the loss of her own fortune and her somewhat delicate health. Fortunately, she has found most congenial work, suited to her strength, that affords her a comfortable support.

To return to my book, I had hoped to have sold it as low as sixty cents. But that is impossible, and it has to be seventy-five cents. It seemed better to put it into leatherette covers, and it was necessary to put in the whole number of letters to make the record of the *Happy Year*. The letters remain very nearly as printed in THE BANNER, except that some peculiarly personal portions have been omitted, because, though I could give them freely to my own brothers and sisters in Spiritualism, they would be unsuitable to the general public, some of whom I hope to reach through the aid of readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

In your issue of Feb. 4 I see that Mr. Howe regrets that my book is not to be bound in cloth. The statements made in this letter show why it would be unwise for me to assume a larger debt than I have already assumed, for binding in cloth adds very much to the expense of a book. I regret that I could not afford both kinds. And I also regret that I could not venture to have it electrotyped, which I have always done with my other books. But my pecuniary circumstances were different then. Still, I am very thankful that the spirit-world provided me with means enough to venture to bring it out at all. And I take this opportunity to thank each and every kind friend of the Cause who has during the past year aided me by book orders, and by their gifts to live in my little home, and to bring out a book that we believe will advance the interests of Spiritualism.

The edition will be in my hands, Mr. Editor, before your readers peruse this letter, and can be obtained directly from me, and also from the different Spiritualist papers.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

ABBY A. JUDSON

Arlington, N. J., Feb. 5, 1899.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. C. McMaster, in Dowagiac, Mich., Jan. 28, EDWARD SAWYER STEBBINS M. D. He was born in Norwich, Vt., Jan. 17, 1819, being 80 years and 11 days old at his transition.

Dr. Stebbins was an ardent student of the Spiritual Philosophy for nearly half a century. He was identified with the pioneers of Modern Spiritualism, and a subscriber for THE BANNER OF LIGHT in its infant days. He was a man of splendid physique, a true type of the "Green Mountain" of commanding presence, noble and frank in expression, generous and manly in his intercourse with his fellow-men. His religious sentiments were clear-cut and definite; he reposed full confidence in the basic principles which sustain the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism. His mind was richly stored with gems of spiritual thought.

The services were under the auspices of the Knight Templars, of whom the doctor was an honored member. The funeral took place at the home of his daughter, Mrs. McMaster. An address was delivered by an old and intimate friend, C. F. Cole. The mortal remains were sent to Chicago for cremation.

From Bingham, Me., Mrs. DESIRE GOODRICH, widow of the late Simon Goodrich, died 73 years.

Mrs. Goodrich was much beloved and respected by all who knew her: an untiring worker in her home, and for every good cause with which she was associated; an ardent Spiritualist and an active member of the Madison Camp Association. She leaves two sons in mourning for their loss.

The funeral was at her home; a very sad feature of the occasion was the sickness of her son's wife, who has been confined to her bed since October, 1888, with nervous prostration.

Mrs. Goodrich has been a Spiritualist ever since the light of Modern Spiritualism first shone over this broad land. She was always ready to feel the hungry and assist the needy, and the community at large mourned the loss of a true friend. She was a very active member of the Bingham Grange, and will be sadly missed in that Society.

A. BAKER.

From North Clarendon, Vt., Jan. 26, ELI L. HOLDEN, aged 85 years and 8 months.

He leaves a record of true manhood. He was loved by all who knew him, for he always had a kind word for every one. No stranger could visit his house hungry, or sought his assistance in a worthy cause in vain. He leaves a son and daughter, whose lives are full of love and tenderness, unfolded in them by a loving father and mother. His wife passed to the higher life four years ago, and was ever near him. He was a true Spiritualist, proud of his belief, and a constant reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT for more than twenty years.

A. F. HUBBARD.

From Springfield, Mass., Jan. 7, M. W. LYMAN, 48 years of age.

Mr. Lyman had not been well for a long time, but his last sickness began to mend, followed by hemorrhages, soon after our return from Lake Placid, where we have spent our summers for a good many years. My husband was never so happy as when doing something for the cause of Spiritualism. He passed away very peacefully with his eyes resting on the picture "Life's Morning and Evening." The services were conducted by Mrs. Holcombe, 81 Hills street.

MARY C. LYMAN.

From Geneva, Ohio, Feb. 7, of pneumonia, MRS. HARRIET COWDERY, aged 80 years and 8 months.

Mrs. Cowdery has been a Spiritualist for a great many years, and has taken the BANNER OF LIGHT for a number of years; and she welcomed it as a dear friend; it was her Bible; she could not carry on any conversation without bringing Spiritualism in somewhere.

From the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. F. H. Day, 249 North Front street, Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 26, Mrs. ELINA MONKEY, aged 91 years.

Her birth into her new life was a very tedious one; she suffered much; but that is over, and she is at rest, and can take up life anew.

Mrs. L. F. H. DAY.

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

We fancy that this din of religion, literature and philosophy which is heard in pulpits, lyceums and parlors, vibrates through the universe, and is as catholic a sound as the creaking of the earth's axle; but if a man sleep soundly he will forget it all between sunset and dawn. It is the three-inch swing of a pendulum in a cupboard, which the great pulse of nature vibrates by and through each instant.—*Nat. Hist. of Massachusetts.*

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE SHIP OF DEATH.

BY STEPHEN H. BARNESDALE.

There's a vessel leaving earth's grand old wharf,
With many a soul on board.
Daily the sailors its ropes cast off
And it leaves the dock where 't was moored,
And it sails away, away, away,
Into the regions of space,
And we see 'neath the sails, while they swell in the gales,
Full many a dear one's face.

Some are sad and careworn, some are hopeful and bright,
And some are full of glee;
Some are radiant with heavenly peace and light
While they sail o'er this mystical sea.

The ship sails on in its wonderful course—
The angels its sailors hold—
Till it bears each soul where the surges roll
On the shores of the spirit-world.

There are homes for all in that boundless clime,
Just suited to each one's need;
And the heavenly bells most joyously chime
The music of noble deed.
No coffin dead in earth's flowery bed
Afloat behind, below;
But they breathe the pure air in the world grand and fair

Where the fountains of God's love flow.

Pioneer Spiritualist.

David S. Critchley, who passed to spirit life Jan. 26, was born June 19, 1830, in Preston, Eng. He came to the United States with his parents when but six years of age, and had been a resident of Cleveland since 1853. David Critchley was a man of social and genial disposition, widely known in this city, where he had lived for forty five years, and highly respected by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances.

All who knew David S. Critchley knew him as a Spiritualist. For many years, dating back some twenty-five or more, he was an active worker in promulgating both the phenomena and philosophy. For years he was one of the mainstays of the spiritualistic movement in Cleveland. It mattered not to him what opinion or problem and rebuffs he met with when in active work with the various organizations he was connected with, he kept right on in the work, being credited with making more converts to Spiritualism than probably any other person. His great desire seems to have been to lead others toward the light shed by Modern Spiritualism. He was in his time president of several spiritual organizations, and for several years Conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum and also its musical director. There was no distance he would not go and no trouble he would not take to convince the skeptical investigator of the truth of the spiritual philosophy. His method was the presentation of the spiritualistic phenomena, followed by their logical deductions. Added to his great earnestness in this direction, he had the very happy faculty, through his buoyant and genial nature, of making many friends. All liked the man, whether converted to his philosophy or not.

Having withdrawn for several years from active public work in Spiritualism Mr. C. was not so widely known to its more recent converts as to the pioneers in the movement. The passing away of this pioneer Spiritualist was somewhat sudden. Less than two weeks ago Mr. Critchley mingled with the busy throng down town, but he attracted a crowd which led to pneumonia. The obsequies which took place at his late home on Mars Hill Avenue, Newburg, Jan. 28, according to the spiritualistic rites, were conducted by Mr. Thomas Lees, assisted by Mr. H. M. French, Conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, in the presence of a large circle of relatives and friends. The remains were temporarily placed in the vault at Harvard Grove Cemetery until arrangements could be made for their final disposal at Lake View. David S. Critchley leaves a heart broken wife and her daughter to sustain the great loss of his departure, but no children. Special memorial services will be held in the near future in Army and Navy Hall.

From Troy Press.

The Late W. B. B. Wescott.

Warren B. B. Wescott, an octogenarian resident of Saratoga, died Tuesday afternoon, after an illness of one week with pneumonia. Mr. Wescott was a native of Greenfield, and at an early age removed to Saratoga and entered the general mercantile business. The firm of Wescott & Smith, of which the deceased was the senior member, was for many years the leading one in Saratoga. Later Mr. Wescott was connected with the Adam B. Smith Company until its failure. Mr. Wescott was a prominent Spiritualist, and also a poet of rare gifts. His poem on Saratoga tobogganing, written about a dozen years ago, in which many Trojans figured, was a superior production, and is numerously treasured as a keepsake among those who participated in that rare sport. He was twice married, his second wife dying a number of years ago. Mr. Wescott was a talented, kindly and generous man, incapable of a mean act, as was shown by his prolonged business and social career in Saratoga. If he had a fault, it was in being too helpful and trustful of others, as he suffered heavy financial losses in this manner. Bereft of family and fortune, he welcomed the change miscalled death, as he was a believer in the familiar lines:

"There are no dead; we fall asleep
To waken where they never weep.
We close our eyes on pain and sin,
Our breath ebbs out, but life flows in."

For Over Fifty Years

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

An Eventful Day

In the History of the Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Although we are only in the midst of the stream regarding our society's work, still at the present time we consider it an opportune moment to say a few words regarding spiritual work in Brooklyn, and our own society in particular.

At the close of last season's work, and after it became known that we had elected Mr. F. A. Virgin as our settled speaker for the entire season, and at his own price, many were the remarks made, and expressed to us unhesitatingly, that we had made a very great mistake, and furthermore, that our society would be bankrupt in consequence.

We knew of no better way at the time than to say: Well, it may be so, but let us be patient and wait, and above everything else, be true to ourselves, and be willing to stand by the result, be it for or against us.

Now, dear friends and good prophets, we can say the victory is ours. We have re-elected Mr. Virgin as our pastor for another year. We have met each and every one of our obligations, and there are none to say we owe them a penny. But most of all we are highly encouraged with the future outlook. We are proud to say that the Woman's Progressive Union, with the aid of its good pastor, has been able to bring about these grand results. At the same time we are not blind to the fact that our Society is growing a little too fast for our old workers to keep pace with it, and so we hail with joy and gladness the new members who have joined our ranks during the past year, bringing with them thirst

and hunger for spiritual food, but willing to help and give us material aid whenever it is needed.

Encouraged by their kind words and generosity, we now look forward to a season of unprecedented success. Having the right man in the right place, and able to keep him there, we are now raising our aspirations to a better meeting place, or rather a place of our own, with refined and comfortable surroundings, where we will be able to carry on the very important Lyceum work, bringing into our midst the young people by our varied and most interesting weekly entertainments, and last, but by no means least, to be able to throw open our doors to the people at large without an admission fee, the word "Welcome" extended to one and all, spiritual food denied to none who are seeking for it, and will enter through the open door of our coming society, which will be given the name our good pastor has selected, "The People's Church."

This is our aim for the coming year's work; we do not want to be prophetic; we do not wish to exaggerate our hopes or build too rapidly on given promises; but whatever step the Woman's Progressive Union has hitherto undertaken has always met with success.

We are more than comforted with the present state of affairs, and hope to be able at this time next year to see all of our ambitious hopes realized. But, dear friends and good prophets, never again look for the word failure in the dictionary of the Woman's Progressive Union.

ELISABETH F. KURTH.

Catarrah Cannot be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrah Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrah. Send for testimonials, free.

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25w Aug. 6.

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showing symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free

by psychic power. MRS. DR. DOBSON-BARKER, San Jose, Cal.

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while a simple device affords a perfect test of all communica-

tions. Sent prepaid for one dollar. Address: Wm. H. H.

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Feb. 4.

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and all of them as every-day associates. One of these

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audient; and, added to these, a clear perception of the philoso-

phy and phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

In the course of the narrative much is explained that is

problematic to the newly initiated in the subject, and in

many instances to long established Spiritualists.

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