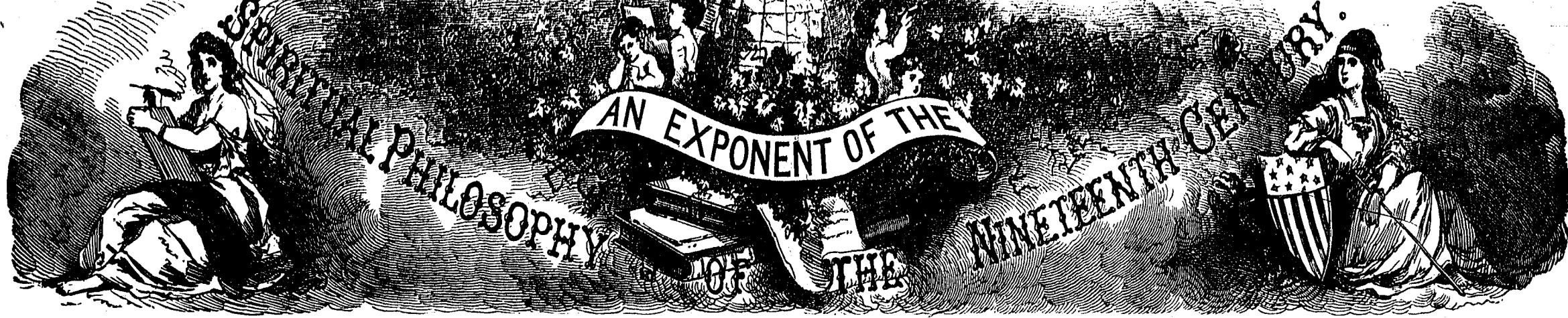


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NO. 10.

EVOCATION.

BY EDGAR GREENLEAF BRADFORD.

Hearken—rejoice!
Hear ye the oracle of Life,
List to the rune with meaning rife;
In trumpet tone
Or softly blown,
Thus speaks the resurrecting Voice;
Or be it more, or be it less,
Thyself express!

For this did elemental powers conspire
To focus thee, a world's desire,
In that dear matrix of maternal love;
For this, a second time
Thou shalt be disintegrated, oh! Soul,
And Mother Earth shall give thee birth
To brighter clime.

Thou shalt express thy Self!
To thee
And other forms that be
This chant is sung
In common tongue:

I am that I may be:
In line and hue
And coupled might,
In star-strewn blue,
And earth bedight,
I would unfold me to myself,
I would behold me in thyself!

For this are shine and shade inwove;
For this the seven-rayed sunbeams rove,
And riven on cloud, and rock, and leaf,
Escape their lucid prism-sheaf:
For this is hung the solar wreath;
For this the deep's brine seeks the sky,
And flowers' souls are waft on high.

Thou art
In brain and heart
Of the essential Whole a part;
In the vast book of life, a Word—
Speak forth thy name

All undeterred

In this alone
Is Life outshewn;
In this is joy
Without alloy!

Always thou dwelt in primal tones,
And when the harper Destiny
Struck forth thy latent chord,
Under that Titan touch
Thou camest 'st a Voice
To sing through echoing ages—
To finer ears made known
When lost to ours.
And life?—to live fearless, full-orbed and free;
And in all other forms thy soul's perspective see!

Common Sense versus Spirit Revelations.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

When the schoolboy has worked out his sum he is taught how to prove his result by doing it over again in some other way. Spiritualism has been a "sum" for its believers. They have kept adding statement to statement, as given them by returning spirits, until they have a whole column of beliefs about another life. They have then added it up, and called the total "Knowledge Concerning Life After Death." The only proof they have demanded has been some reasonable identity of the returning spirit. It does not seem to have occurred to even the grandest of their seers that "Common Sense" demands, and has a right to demand, that their sum in addition shall be checked by adding it all over again from the other end. In this article for the good old BANNER OF LIGHT, I propose to change the usual process, and instead of accepting statements made by returning spirits, I will help the student to add up facts gathered by mortals, and then see how far such total agrees with the present beliefs, wrongly called *knowledge*. I know this sounds harsh and unkind to the whole-souled Spiritualist, whose implicit belief in her spirit friends and relatives is based on many years of happy spiritual communion. But alas! neither happiness nor belief can be added into figures when you are demanding solid proof that your present total is correct.

First, let us see what we believe to-day concerning our own hereafter, as the result of half a century of teachings by "spirits." We believe that if we have developed our own soul-life we shall find ourselves in a world very much like this, but decidedly improved. We expect the sun to shine upon scenes such as, if believed, make death our best friend, for we have been taught that our coming "leap in the dark" lands us amid all that heart could desire. So we believe in a glorious reunion with loved ones "over there," and that we shall dwell in cities, towns, hamlets, or in rural solitudes, as we may prefer. But everywhere alike the beauty of our surroundings is to satisfy every craving of our soul. Trees with unfading foliage, flowers with hues unknown to earth, and insects gorgeously arrayed flitting from blossom to blossom will make "home, sweet home" for us. We hear of birds whose trills are everlasting songs of praise to their Creator. The brooks, the rivers, the lakes and the oceans are both soul-satisfying and harmless, whilst lofty mountains not only offer foothold to those who like to go up into a mountain and pray, but necessarily perform their accustomed part in creating movements in that celestial atmosphere. And we believe, for so we are taught, that in this region of bliss are triumphs of architecture by man, and for man, transcending our imagination of to-day. Without further detail we may accept these statements as embodying our present beliefs, all of which, we must remember, are the result of revelations by returning spirits—some in the name of God, and others on their own account and responsibility. So we have the child's sum before us, but added up from the spirit's end

of the column. I will now invite the reader to do the same addition, but from the other end; that is to say, from discoveries made by mortal man here in earth-life. If the result be the same we will shake hands all round, and proclaim our coming angelhood. But if the totals differ, it would seem to be the part of COMMON SENSE to search for the mistake.

First, then, let us begin with a great discovery made long ago by the renowned Prof. Tyndall. He proved by exhaustive experiments that the old dream of the creation of man out of the dust of the earth was only a fragment of a mighty truth, for without dust creation itself would be a mighty failure. An atom of dust is the core of every raindrop. Without it every time a super-saturated atmosphere discharged its surplus moisture it would be in a "cloud burst," which would destroy every form of life, save, perhaps, that of fishes. Rain would be unknown and impossible. Without dust the sky would be black instead of blue, and light would flash in streaks that would only variegate the darkness. It is dust that permits reflection and refraction, so without dust we should have no color, and therefore no glorious sunrise or sunset. Beauty would be unknown, for flowers in the absence of dust could neither absorb nor reflect the prismatic ray. A maiden's blush would be impossible since the maiden herself would not be present to typify beauty, virtue and love. Such was the discovery of the cold-blooded scientist, so the reader will see that when he proposes to add up his beliefs from the earth end of the sum he must do his work in an atmosphere containing a certain mixture of dust. But he presently observes that the spirit communicator has not only been apparently ignorant of such facts, but has actually been picturing for us a spirit-world without any dust. And yet he has been claiming every effect which, so far as we can prove, cannot be produced in any other way. Let us now notice the tremendous difference in the total of this sum according to which end is our starting point.

Without dust there can be neither blue sky nor glorious sunshine in the spirit-world, and therefore no flowers and green leaves for maidens to wear. The homes and temples that sparkle in the sunshine, as we are told, could not do any sparkling without dust. Moreover since rain demands dust as the core for every drop, there is either dust and rain, or no dust and no rain "over there."

I hear a skeptical believer say "Stuff and nonsense. The angels have something more important to do than to talk about DUST. Of course there is dust 'over there,' and every other good thing. So this is all 'much ado about nothing.'" But unfortunately Common Sense is not satisfied. He replies that dust becomes "dirt" when it accumulates where it is not wanted, and it is dirt that wears the heart of the careful housekeeper. Dust-pan and broom must then be celestial implements of which the good angels, when we have politely invited them in, have never said a word. It has never occurred to us to offer them a bath after their long journey, yet if there is dust in their atmosphere, as well as ours, we may be sure "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and soap a necessary means of salvation. Yet in the long column of beliefs added up by the Modern Spiritualist, there is not even a line about soap, and dust pans and brooms. Not even a figure of speech to tell us what they do with their wet dust, which we call "mud," nor about their necessarily soiled clothes, and therefore washing days, with occasional house-cleanings.

The reader will now begin to see that his column of beliefs, when added up from our end, does not agree with the total he has figured, as told by saints and angels. So some thing is wrong somewhere; I do not say where; but there is the mistake staring us in the face, if we dare to open our eyes. I do not even say as the believer has just said: "Of course they have dust over there." I simply repeat that I cannot add up my column to agree with that added up by our spirit visitors. I do not even know that there is a particle of dust in the next life; but if there is, and it is not a necessity of life and beauty, as in this world, then I humbly confess that I do not know anything about it, in spite of all the inspirations and revelations which adorn Modern Spiritualism. So we actually find that a little thing like dust has been settling upon Divine Revelations, till the divinity is becoming uncertain and invisible.

Now we will take another line in our column of beliefs which refuses to add up correctly, and that is the personal Love which we are told is waiting to welcome us to a heaven of eternal joy. Nothing has been more powerful in winning belief than the descriptions as "revelations," common to every religion as much as to Modern Spiritualism, of the LOVE which, unkillable by death, goes on fondling for all eternity. We will now let Common Sense add it up from our end of the column, and we will take the love of loves, or MOTHER LOVE, for our illustration.

The great majority of animals will risk life in protection of their young. They exemplify the self-sacrifice which is the glory of motherhood. This "mother love" lasts so long as absolutely necessary, but usually no longer. In a few weeks or months the youngster is driven off or punished if he presume to ask for his mother's old caress. We may call such love an instinct necessary to the preservation of the race. The longer the infancy, the more prolonged the "mother love"—but there comes a time when it is no longer necessary, and then it usually dies out. It has been one-sided all through. One mother is as good as another to the infant. No "love at first sight" comes

with babyhood. If the mother die, the child misses an accustomed face. That is all. There is nothing mutual in the instinct. It is true that by association a very different love will be evolved, for it will be a love which is mutual. The continuance of the old one-sided and protective Mother Love, even if possible, becomes ridiculous because Nature has no further use for it. I have recently illustrated this thought in an article by picturing an orphan child, trained and educated in the beliefs of Modern Spiritualism, and at last dying with a great soul-longing for the embrace of her spirit-mother. And according to the picture we imagine Nature atoning for that cruel mortal bereavement by the eternal happiness of that mother and child. Such is the very essence of Modern Spiritualism. But Common Sense finds that "Mother Love" won't add into his column of "facts in spirit-life." It is beautiful, but impossible. If every mother is seeking to express a mother's love in that higher life, then the mother of that orphan child—the orphan's grandmother—is seeking a fond embrace for her child. But in its turn that embrace is mothered by a call from her mother—the child's great-grandmother—to come and be her own mother's darling-babe. The poor orphan, newly arrived, will surely discover from such an experience that there may be altogether too much of a good thing, even if that be called "Mother Love."

Common Sense makes a comment here. He asserts that everything personal, whether applied to God or Love, is limitation.

HARMONY WITH ONE'S SELF IS HEALTH.

HARMONY WITH ANOTHER IS LOVE.

HARMONY WITH ALL IS IMMORTALITY.

Dis Harmony in one's body is disease. Dis Harmony with another is discord and hate. It is necessarily destructive of form, and is therefore "mortality." In the spirit-world, as in ours, disharmony must sooner or later disintegrate and destroy form. So Common Sense declares that LOVE and IMMORTALITY are the same thing. But it is not the limitation of the earth love, with its personal element. It is perfect harmony with all that is, and embraces a universe as much as a soul. It could not die, for it is God manifest in form.

Such is the LOVE which Common Sense adds into his column, but he draws his pencil through Mother Love, so long foisted into heaven by revelation. Necessarily the total, when once more added, gives him a very different spirit-world to that pictured by returning spirits.

Almost every so called "statement of fact" concerning the next life is equally unsafe as a foundation for belief. I know it seems difficult for old Spiritualists to move on a little and look at the future from another standpoint. But Common Sense leads the way.

I have been reading letter No. 65 by Miss Judson in the BANNER OF LIGHT. She is a valued and frequent correspondent of mine. I admire her clear headed, warm-hearted and logical way of expressing her ideas. But all the same she is adding her sum from the spirit end of her column, so her total and that of Common Sense seriously differ. For instance, she says "filial and parental love are imperishable." Yet, as we have just seen, Common Sense shows and proves that such limitation of love is a direct trespass on the rights of eternity. Years ago, she tells us, she accepted certain statements from her spirit guides, so of course they stand to-day added into her total of belief. Yet more she claims "to use such statements 'to unlock every closed door.'" Thus her argument, like that of all other mediums, is based on the statements of spirits, instead of being founded on facts gathered and added up by mortals. Her theories of spirit brains holding mortal memories won't add into our column. She would probably be unhappy if she could even imagine herself as differing from her revered spirit father. Yet his statements, like those of all other spirits, must stand the ordeal of being added up from the other end of the column before they are pronounced correct. Her claim of two bodies to one soul yet united in memory, is as yet a spirit statement only.

As I write I look down into the foliage of a tree under my window. I witness a tremendous battle going on between English sparrows. One almost watches to see if either side has a Dewey or a Sampson to crush the foe. I now close my eyes, and scenes in England are instantly before me. Space is thus an impossible limit to my Ego as it dwells to-day in my mortal body. The dinner-bell rings, and I hear it with satisfaction. Yet I instantly sense the call of the old Roman to his mid-day meal. Thus the Ego within my mortal form knows absolutely nothing of the limitation of time. Yet it is the same Ego, expressing itself through the same mind in the same mortal body. It does not need a supposed spirit body to explain the facts. Clairvoyance is thus, or may be thus, only the use of my one sole mind, but on a different level of vibration, in which its accustomed limitations disappear. It sees and hears unlimited by space. It is supposed to travel because of our educational limit. The power of the Ego, working through mortal mind and organism, may amply suffice for phenomena without compelling our acceptance of the spirit dogma of two bodies to one soul at the same time. Such ideas are all right if you must add your column from the spirit end, but they don't figure in the total presented from mortal experience. And, of course, the spirit statement may be correct; but until the total is the same from either end something is

wrong somewhere. So perforce I pass without further notice each and every critic who persists in adding from the spirit end and calling his total knowledge.

I must now ask the reader to notice the extraordinary limitations and contradictions presented in statements by spirits who profess to tell us about the life they are now living. We must remember these are questions of fact, and not offered to us as theories. A few weeks ago there was a long communication in the BANNER OF LIGHT given through the Ouija Board, and describing many of the alleged scenes in spirit-life such as Common Sense suspects to be impossible. We are told of newborn spirits finding, each for himself, careers exactly adapted to their inherent tastes and mortal experiences. Such details give us a pang of satisfaction at the prospect of death. At last the spirit-historian—blended with a Ouija Board—tells us that old soldiers delight to gather in regiments and march as in days of yore. Presently GOD ALMIGHTY comes and personally reviews them.

We cannot condescend to criticize such nonsense. But it shows the spirit-limitation on which I am insisting, and it would be there all the same if this honest talker had not thus "let the cat out of the bag."

Again, a week or two later, was another description of spirit-life through a Shaker medium, and therefore, from the standpoint of Shaker belief, John Calvin is pictured in lonely misery, as the result of having burned Servetus. At last, and all spirit-tales have an "at last," Servetus comes to help him. Together they presently reach a home where a form of worship expressed in singing and dancing is going on. Of course Calvin joins in and thereby presently becomes a pious shaker.

Now I and the reader don't know these accounts are not all true. But we do know they won't add up from our end of the column. And we assert that although the majority of spirit-talks leave no such loopholes, we are not thereby justified in accepting them as Divine Revelations.

Now what does all this mean? Thousands are reading these articles, and many of them anxious for truth at any cost. These readers for the most part know that spirits return, and thus prove life after death. Such facts will add up with the same total, whether you start from top or bottom. Immediately following this great discovery came a flood of spirit-talks containing statements which have been, with few exceptions, counted as much "facts" as the first two. And out of such statements a whole philosophy has been spun, which crowds of enthusiasts are striving with might and main to crystallize into a new religion. Yet further, history teaches us that the religions of the past have originated in precisely the same manner. We almost always have a mortal or mortals listening to a voice from the inner life, and presently accepting it as a religion. And since all could not thus see and hear, BELIEF has been woven into a necessity of salvation under the name of FAITH; and from the spirit end of the column the facts always added up into a Divine Revelation. My present contention is that in every such case the sum should be proved by being added up from our end of the column.

Now I must once again reiterate, for the benefit of new readers, my own explanation of the why and the wherefore of my general distrust of what spirits say about the next life. What they say about this life can be easily "added up" from this end, and is often rejected as untrue, that which has been said about the next life is, and has for the most part been accepted if it has been in harmony with intelligent public opinion at that time. But both positions, that of the seen and the unseen, the reader and I are now examining from the mortal standpoint. Of course there is indignant protest from mediums whose guides deny, and also from believers with experiences they deem sacred to truth. And if the reader thinks it is a pleasant position to thus advance all alone against such intrenchments, let him just enlist for the war, and he will soon find out how it feels.

Taking Miss Judson as a representative of the very highest mediumship, we find her taught by her controls that we all have two bodies in this life, each of these bodies claiming the same memory. This is addition from the spirit end, ignoring all recent discoveries of the vibration of matter, and the consequent storage of memory. We have discovered that convulsive changes, either by accident or design, destroy memory in mortal life. We therefore infer, and have the right to infer, that changes of vibration will destroy memory in any life. Let us see what this means in our search for truth.

We have on this coast a gentleman, with whom I am acquainted, who has by his own brain power risen to a position where his influence as a man amongst men is realized by hundreds. Few know that at one period of his life he had a convulsive fit, and that as a consequence seven years of his life's experiences disappeared, and have remained silent ever since. This interval included his marriage to a loved maiden, and the birth of children. In a moment they became strangers, and all who claimed his friendship were objects of suspicion. His mental power was great as ever, and, for the most part, his tastes unchanged. He learned at last to accept those seven years with all their events, as realities, because he added up the facts from his present end of the line. To-day he exhibits a new and absorbing love for both wife and family, founded on a noble manhood, that, nevertheless has a gap of seven years between its links.

Nature's law, by which memory is embedded in vibration, is too old a story for these col-

umns. We know it as a fact in earth-life. When any one, such, for instance, as Miss Judson, denies that this scientific fact applies to spirit-life, she is adding her column of beliefs from the spirit end with a result that contradicts all our mortal experience. I have already shown that the theory of two bodies and brains to one man in the present life is spirit doctrine that won't "prove," but much worse is the idea that the spirit can, either by look or by crook, control both his mortal and immortal memories at the same time, regardless of Nature's law of vibration. We have many instances of a mortal brain so changed by a convulsion that its memory is gone. The hypnotist produces a similar effect when he says to his subject "do not remember," with the result that certain experiences disappear. The medium when entranced finds the old memory silent. Memory is perpetually giving us example that it is subject to law, but in spite of such facts gathered by Common Sense those who take their knowledge on faith are constantly talking and believing as if spirit memory had no such limitations. Personally I do not know that it has. But if it has not, then I confess my utter ignorance concerning life after death.

Having thus paid our attention to mortal brain, suppose the reader and I now turn to that of the spirit. I presume the said spirit has a brain because I notice that when he comes back he can remember everything he said or did on any of his visits, recent or remote. And I assume memory to be an attribute of brain. But I decline to assume that he is independent of the law of vibration. Necessarily if he be an advanced spirit, the change of vibration by which he reaches our senses when he returns, must be enormous—far greater than the convulsive change of vibration which, we have seen, destroys earth-memory. Yet we are asked to believe that such a tremendous change leaves his memory bright and clear as ever. The reader will see that such an idea will not add into the column of facts which common sense is trying to total. If there be light in heaven there is also vibration; therefore Vibration is lord and master both of God and man "over there." Love has one vibratory beat and hate quite another. Change that beat, and you may destroy either or both. Such is Natural Law. Now fancy a spirit carrying with him the gossip of the sewing-circle or the pink tea, the coarse sensuality of the smoking-room tale, or the myriad horrors that have beset and perhaps cursed his life. There would not be much bliss in that. Such a heaven would be a suburb of hell, with a through train every ten minutes. Yet nothing but this very law of vibration stands between the progressed spirit and just such memories. He has none of those old memories, because they are left behind in the old vibrations, and nothing but their effects are written on his soul. Now watch such a spirit returning as near to the earth-sphere as the law of his new manhood will permit. He is seeking a medium. But what for? The general opinion seems to be that the medium is to be used just to voice the memories the spirit has brought with him. But such memories are impossible. They would be contradicted in his spirit-home. He seeks the medium that the medium may recall for him the old vibrations, when the old memories reappear as a matter of course. If the medium is exactly adapted to the needed vibrations we call that "spirit return" perfect. But if that medium can only partially repeat for him those old vibrations then the poor spirit has most of his trouble for nothing. One of the most noted mediums in the world writes to me to say that she has had a myriad of experiences proving to her satisfaction that spirits do not forget their earth history, and retain their old memories. But the sister has not grasped the law. Her visitors have their old memories because she can help them to their old vibrations, and not because they walk round in spirit-life with their old memories pinned to their coat tails. Each earth-thought, word and deed has made for them a state of consciousness of love or hate, of virtue or crime, which determines spirit status by this very same law of vibration, and which must be outlined and evolved to the manhood of an angel.

Now suppose we reverse our thought and apply it to the memories of spirit-life. Such memories are imbedded in vibrations which the mortal medium could not express and live. Lightning's bolt would be no more deadly to the mortal. But before that spirit can return to earth his vibrations must change to a point at which he can influence the medium's brain. But the student will notice that the mortal medium cannot help that spirit to recall his memories of his spirit experiences. She has no vibrations of that kind to place at his service. Therefore the spirit can do no more than reflect and repeat such spirit-thoughts as he can grasp under those conditions. At this point comes in the wondrous law of MULTIPLE PERSONALITY. That returning spirit is having certain experiences during his return that belong, so to speak, neither to heaven nor earth. They are being imbedded in vibrations of their own. When he leaves they remain. When he returns they await him. They are records of his manhood on that level, and therefore are actually a personality of his ego that belongs neither to earth nor spirit life. But they are evolving States of Consciousness in spirit-life, like every other personality. Some spirits come to play the devil. Others are holy angels. Remorse will darken the one, and love brighten the other.

Surely we can now see that the spirit can, at the very best, express but few spirit facts amidst such vibrations. The medium's own vibrations, amidst which the spirit builds his new personality, will largely determine both what he says and what he believes when he is in what we call "control." And this offers a most rational explanation of the contradictions and absurdities told concerning spirit-life by our celestial visitors.

The student reader will now take careful note that the foregoing facts must be added into his sum if he would hope to even measurably grasp a single detail of the life that awaits us all beyond death. For he can now see that no spirit has ever come to earth save under these limitations, therefore every communication has been colored by the conditions of the spirit's new personality. Furthermore, that new personality remains as permanent on or amidst its own vibrations as the personalities of either the earth or the spirit-world. Such, at least, is the conclusion drawn by Common Sense when he has added up the total of the column from the earth-end of the sum.

San Leandro, Calif.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The time at last is coming,
When we all must take a stand,
To drive the foe of honesty
Forever from the land.
At last we've reached the station
Where we must select our choice;
And say if right or wrong shall live,
With one uplifting voice.

These curses to humanity,
And to the Cause we love,
The demon mouthed intruders;
To the work of those above.
We must crush them down forever,
Blot their deeds from history's page,
Frauds at last will be conquered,
And will vanish with this age.

It will be a mighty battle,
Not with cannons, guns and sword;
But with voice and deeds most noble,
And with pens true mightiest words;
Truth alone can gain the struggle,
Let us use it pure and free;
Until our fraud, deceivers,
We shall gain our victory.

Friend, you've started strong and wisely
In the grand and noble work
Of making pure the spirit teaching,
Round whom shadows never lurk.
We have gathered here this evening
Like true patriots of old.
To show you our appreciation
Of the work you've made so bold.

We will aid you in your doings
You to us the Truth have shown,
Carry out your grand endeavor,
We will prove you not alone.
May the spirits ever guide you,
And their purest blessings send,
And though others turn against you
I'll remain your Sincere Friend.

EDWARD WARREN HATCH.

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The Purpose of Life:

Or the Phenomena and Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism Reviewed and Explained.

BY C. G. OYSTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

Is One Embodiment in Physical Life Sufficient for the Eternal Progressive Requirements of the Human Soul?

Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own,
Vestments of her life are her natural kind,
And with something of a mother's mind,
She sees that her own image is reflected;
And so she weaves by night or day,
In simple, clean, and soothed, and soothed,
The homely nurse does all she can
To make her foster child her inmate man
Forget the glories he has known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
That brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

—Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality."

The highest ideal of the most advanced individual on earth to-day—the most elevated conception of the great Eternal Spirit entertained by man is that the aggregate intelligence presiding over the destiny of mankind is a principle of Divine Justice. This altruistic principle of absolute goodness has determined that what is common to the experience of one individual cannot be particular to another. That no partiality or favor can be shown to any soul, but that every being in existence is entitled to the same privileges that have tended to unfold the innate possibilities of another.

Then if this order of operation does obtain in the higher world of cause, it becomes our imperative duty to explain philosophically why such anomalies exist on earth—why the tendency of the majority of mankind seems to utterly ignore the possibility of such a beneficent ruling. Let us, therefore, take an unprejudiced, impartial view of human nature manifested in its various phases, and see if we can reconcile ourselves to the conviction that equality of privilege and Divine Justice are manifested during man's sojourn on earth, without introducing the explanatory philosophy of reincarnation.

We have on the one hand a street Arab, conceived in poisonous surroundings, cradled in vice and pollution, bathed in misery and crime—a being saturated with all the impurities that can possibly darken the spirit-body. Through no fault of its own that spirit is obliged to imbibe the waters of spiritual bitterness, to roam famishing to and fro, its whole activities concentrated in schemes conceived how to obtain the physical necessities of life. No benign influence of blessed education dissipates the intense darkness of his mind; but, destitute of all the hallowing associations which render life pleasant and profitable, that degraded being is sacrificed to the remorseless selfishness of man. On the other hand, a spirit comes in contact with matter in aristocratic circles. Every facility is afforded the mother to saturate that child with beautiful impressions and to promote high aspirations. Its advent to earth is heralded with gladness and ostentatious rejoicing. Thoughtfully tended and highly educated, no care or anxiety being manifested for the material necessities of life, that child is endowed with extraordinary privileges and blessings which the less fortunate cannot possibly obtain. Is this right? Does it accord with superior conceptions of Divine Justice and the equality of mankind? Talk not of compensation in spirit-life readjusting the obvious inequality. There cannot be a special law of compensation for one half of humanity at the expense of the other. The same principle of association which renders possible the existence of rewards and punishments cannot be twisted to suit the petty conceits of undeveloped man, but that law must be as stable and relentless as the universe itself.

How many degrees of advancement do we find in the manifestation of human life on earth from the impenetrable Esquimaux or Hottentot to the sublime dignity of intelligence displayed by a Plato, a Bacon or a Shakespeare? Knowledge truly is power. Then if the acquisition of intelligence and its judicious application renders one man superior to his fellows, and bestows upon him inexpressible blessings, why are not all endowed with the same quality of receptivity and perception? Surely wise provision has been made for the less fortunate, for his mental activities can be promoted by coming in contact continually with superior minds, and yet in spite of such exceptional advantages, how few can adequately appreciate the benefits to be derived therefrom? For instance, you sit down to discourse the most sublime symphonies from an instrument properly attuned for manipulation. You pour out your soul in rapture, and the spiritual breathings interblend with the musical strains until your emotions find expression in tears. However, one individual there present is positively pained, and the rich, melodious cadence grates harshly upon his ear. So distasteful is the exercise of your artistic dexterity that he rises up and deliberately walks out of the room. Must not your appreciation of harmony be infinitely superior to that unfortunate being?

Take him into an art gallery, and while you could dilate with soulful pleasure upon the inspirational enthusiasm which dictated the delicate touches of the artist's hand, perhaps your companion would be most charmed by the gaudy, gilded frame which encompassed the mental treasure of so much admired.

Of course in the consideration of our subject pre-existence goes without saying. The soul cannot be infused into the child by virtue of the pro-creative act because, being a distinct entity and indivisible, it can never be born as a soul, for it follows as a logical necessity that, this being a starting point in our existence, there must be an ending point, and the spirit will surely die with the body, but man must be an eternally-existent being, past and future, or we may reasonably assume that annihilation is the ultimate destiny of the soul. If the inner principle is derived from the parents, why is there such a dissimilarity in the characteristics and abilities of families? Why is it that one may be a philosopher, while another is a cornered loafer? Why is it that one member of a family may possess an unguaranteed temper, while another may be as

sweet, gentle and loving in disposition as any soul that ever wore flesh. These separate children may be introduced to the world under similar psychological conditions, the parents experiencing the same daily routine, and yet the offspring may be as far asunder as the poles. Nay, if the parents alone gave the soul active and independent existence, we may reasonably imply that the children will of necessity resemble their progenitors spiritually as well as physically. Again, if you endorse this idea, you practically admit that the child is all at once endowed with sufficient knowledge to weave, mold and control the most complicated piece of machinery in the whole universe. Preexistence being a logical sequence of my position, let us suppose that a far advanced spirit wishes to come in contact with matter for humanitarian purposes. Now the idea of reincarnation seems generally entertained in the case of Jesus of Nazareth. The Christians who believe him God Almighty tacitly admit his power to take on material clay, although the mightiest spirit in the realm of being. The Spiritualist, who rejects the God idea in connection with the Nazarene, recognizes him as one of the most powerful, pure and benevolent spirits that ever lived on earth, and this spiritual teacher himself declared "Before Abraham was, I am." Then, suppose he wished to return, what course would he pursue? Certainly if he presumed to inhabit the mortal form in all the glorious effulgence of his expressed spiritual power if he came into direct association with an earthly mortal without condensing his spirit-body and enshrouding his spiritual glory, that mother could not bear the influence of her would-be son, and his intense brilliancy and power would cause instant death to that instrument which he desired to employ for the purpose in view. Nay, he would appropriate to himself grosser particles as he descended, until earthly beings could bear his transcendent expression of power, and by condensing his spirit-body he would eventually appropriate to himself the material atoms, utilize the conditions supplied, and attach to himself material habits, moods, and walk and talk with men as heretofore.

It is assumed by the opponents of reincarnation that if a spirit be destitute of a certain experience he need not necessarily return to inhabit the material form, but by passing side by side with a suitable medium, he can obtain the requisite soul power which will equip him for his eternal journey. Now this assertion I emphatically deny, for, were this so, men need not come in contact with matter at all. He would only require to be furnished with knowledge and instruction from higher spirits, and he could pass onward and upward forever. How often do we see shoulders with our fellow-man who is bowed down with sorrow, yet we cannot adequately appreciate his pain.

But it is urged that when a child passes away prematurely, and that being has become wound round the tenderest affections of its parents, it is too revolting to anticipate its return to material life; such a conception would only have a tendency to estrange the love of the parent from the child, and cause the mother to manifest indifference towards the incarnate babe. Surely this is taking too narrow and contracted a view of the grand comprehensive principle of love. The innocence of childhood and the absence of temptation and sin may seem very sweet to some minds; but you cannot make a spiritual athlete unless you give him something he can grasp and handle, something that can test his powers. If it be a great and invaluable boon to be allowed to live on earth to a good age, surely ample justice has not been meted out to that child, who is deprived of this privilege. Again, would you have your child in spirit-life exclusively confined within the narrow circle of your domestic relations, although you knew his soul could be enriched by adopting a more wayward policy and condescending to grapple with matter once more? Love, confined within a narrow compass savors much of selfishness. Love must be generally diffused in the higher life, or the purposes of the spirit-world will be subverted.

It is maintained by advanced spirits that there is a limit to man's progress in spirit-life, that all progress on the part of the individual will cease unless he accepts the inevitable alternative, and once more becomes encased in flesh. For instance (they say), suppose you were to ascend into the air in a balloon. You would experience no unpleasant sensations until you had attained a certain height. Then your muscles would relax, and, unless you intercepted your flight, unconsciousness would ensue, and you would of course pass away. Now, spiritually, your experience will be somewhat similar. You will rise upward and onward, but eventually your energies will become paralyzed. If you refuse to come to earth again to strengthen your spiritual being, you will be entirely overcome by the inexpressible glory and loveliness. Your volition will be suspended, and you will be incapable of moving forward until you obey the spiritual law, which provides by a plurality of physical existences for the perpetual progress of man.

The necessity to re-inhabit material conditions is not imposed by some august arbitrary power as a punishment. Man possesses within himself the possibilities of a God, therefore he must practically encounter every phase of human experience in order to become thoroughly conversant with his own innate powers, that he may "know himself." When this knowledge has been acquired—when he shall have mastered and subdued everything beneath him—when every weakness has been completely overcome, he will break off association with a material planet, and return to clothe himself with a physical body no more. Morbid, indifferent souls while on earth must be lashed into activity by the whirlwind of adversity, and the pain attendant on suffering is as essential to raise a flame of aspiration, as physical pain is a necessary sequence in the promotion of harmonious development and unfoldment. What is aspiration, but a yearning of the spirit to return to the transcendently beautiful condition which it has left? Even the most undeveloped, lymphatic and ignorant spiritual being cannot perpetually resist the tide of advancement and progress, and a consciousness must eventually dawn upon that soul of happiness in the far distant future which is its lawful inheritance and within the province of attainment. But it is just as possible for an inhabitant of earth to ascend beyond our material atmosphere with his physical body in an endeavor to reach the planets, as for a soul in an inferior degree of unfoldment to enter the realms of light and peace without the tuition of a plurality of physical life experiences.

Suppose a council of the wisest men this earth can produce was held in an upper room—men who commanded the respect, homage and adoration of their fellow beings—on the ground floor of that assembly room there resided a boy, who, observing the potency of the mighty power wielded by these gigantic luminaries on the horizon of the intellectual world, resolved to secure admittance and participate in their deliberations in order to give perfect expression to his ambition and receive the grateful admiration of others. Of course his intellectual power could not harmoniously assimilate with that of more matured experience, and he would be kindly informed that he must return to a condition more adaptable for display of inferior capabilities, so that he might learn another practical lesson before he could blend his exertions with the veteran students of spiritual philosophy. Our spirit-friends inform us that previous to man's taking on material elements he existed in spirit-life pure, but ignorant of the vast possibilities of the eternal essence within him. In that condition he possessed in his own person both qualities, male and female, which constituted a perfect sphere spiritually. Of course he could not descend to earth until these two constituent elements became separated. Consequently the disuniting of the two principles occurred, and they both became incarnated in flesh for the first time. Progress was simply impossible until man had struggled with his latent powers by grappling with troubles, trials, difficulties and adverse conditions on earth. Even as the athlete strengthens his muscles by gymnastic exercises, so the spirit unfolds its latent possibilities by rough contact with material life.

A male spirit can never become a female. Sex is determined by the formative principle, viz. soul. One objection urged against reincarnation is that identity will not be maintained in the spirit-life; that it will be quite impossible to recognize each other after passing through more than one physical existence. But this implies that individuality will be lost. In another portion of this work individuality has been defined as those spiritual characteristics that distinguish one man from his fellow. The individuality is the real man. The personality is the form that man assumes externally while becoming more perfectly individualized. In condescending to measure its strength with matter once more there is no more danger of losing the individuality than in the case of the geologist who by an apparently *in-fra-di* proceeding accomplishes an important result. He may clothe himself in a miner's garb, descend deep down into the bowels of the earth in order to acquire valuable scientific knowledge. His personality would be very unrepresentative in polite society when he appeared on the surface, but his individuality would be immeasurably enriched thereby. That personality could be changed, but not the individuality. Individuality is inexpressible form of the soul.

Knowledge once acquired is retained forever. The external consciousness may not be directly sensible of how it has acquired and manifests a special adaptability for displaying extraordinary dexterity and ability in one particular direction, but the soul has sensed that experience in former incarnations, and leading characteristics become pronounced in proportion to the successive embodiments.

[To be continued.]

The wisdom of God is not made up of pieces, but is only one. While we are on this earth we ought to keep our mirror on God so as to be in every respect as a child is like its father. Thus we ought to be made out of the whole cloth, and not patched up.—Paracelsus.

The honest man never stops to inquire if honesty pays.

Settled Speakers.

BY F. A. WIGGIN.

I have been asked to give my views as to the advisability of a long-termed settlement of speakers over spiritualistic societies. My brief experience in this connection has, doubtless, taught me something, but I am sure that much remains for me to learn in this direction. At one time my enthusiasm in favor of settled speakers knew no limit. I am now more convinced than ever of its advisability, but only under radically different conditions than those which now obtain.

Experiences have led me to shade my views respecting settled speakers very much. There certainly is much work to be accomplished here (except in a few instances) settled speakers can be considered, at best, as only in the light of a doubtful success. Conditions do not warrant anything like universal success in this direction at present. Certain situations confront us (and I am sorry to say it) which seem in an unwarrantable degree, to master most Spiritualists.

It is plainly the duty of every Spiritualist to look the facts as they are squarely in the face, and also to peer into the requirements of the future. When this is done, not all by any means has been accomplished. There will ever be a pressing demand to make real the ought-to-be rather than to submissively abide by the what-is.

A long settlement of speakers over organizations of Spiritualists, would constitute a ministry. An uneducated ministry will never prove a success. Such a ministry, upon a very questionable plane of usefulness, has, it is true, met with success, but it has only required the wisdom of to-day to demonstrate that its success was a most lamentable, if not disastrous failure. Have we an educated ministry to offer to the people? If we have not it will be best to wait until we have before we offer any. When we speak of an educated ministry, we especially refer to a class of people who are educated along the lines of the work's requirements. We are not unmindful of those in our ranks whose scholarship would certainly suffer nothing by comparison with any class of teachers of religion. But a too limited view of a minister's education must not be taken. The mere platform, mental exercise of a Sunday is indeed but a slight consideration in relation to real, true pastoral success. There are business, financial, institutional and social (and especially the latter) features which will soon swamp the novice.

If a man with no qualifications in these respects, yet being an eloquent and able preacher, were to settle over a long established church, whose membership had been trained to church methods of government, he might find no difficulty in meeting with success as a pastor; but quite a different state of affairs than this is sure to confront a speaker who attempts the work of a pastor over most any of our spiritual societies now established. It will not require much time in most cases for him to discover that he has a membership which considers itself not only competent to manage the affairs of the society, but will very soon dictate the policy of the pastor also—and also that "verily a little knowledge is dangerous." The following seem to me to be self-evident truths: First, we must have an educated as well as a morally and spiritually illuminated ministry; one which will feel the importance of educating the people, never considering merely what a people want, but always what they need. Second, that such a ministry will be able to accomplish more wise and spiritual ends by gathering around it a few kindred souls who are in harmony, and individually disposed to labor unselfishly for the good of the cause, than by trying to lead a society having more or less of internal inharmonious, which has not yet learned that the "world does move," independent of certain ruts.

Take this as a nucleus, and, possessed of executive ability to lead, open a meeting in a desirable place, having things harmoniously and orderly arranged; having not only a good meeting place and good preaching, but go in music and generally attractive accessories; then do not, as so many are now doing, viz. dress their institution in a silk hat while its limbs are covered with blue jeans. In other words, get things into a pleasantly appearing correspondence; the admission to all meetings should be absolutely free; then instruct the people, and consequently interest them in the work being done, and the people are certain, in return, to contribute of their means toward the establishment of a society upon a basis of permanency. This idea can be carried to a successful issue.

Third, under the present condition of the majority of organized societies which employ the phenomena, which are sometimes of a questionable order to draw a crowd, whose ten cent door fees must largely pay the running expenses, no settled speaker for any considerable time can possibly prove a success. Such a spirit as must of a necessity animate such a procedure is a flat contradiction of the real principles of true Spiritualism. Whether with or without a settled speaker, no spiritualistic society can thrive, in a spiritual sense, which in practice denies the spiritual significance of the truth.

No one who can read between the lines of the Rev. Minot J. Savage's last Easter sermon can fail to see that, in the above inconsistent position of Spiritualists, lies his principle objection to popular Spiritualism.

I am, as most of your readers know, a test medium, as well as a lecturer. I have made a careful study of the situation, and can come to no other conclusion than that a settled speaker would never prove a success who depended upon the phenomena alone for the establishment of a permanent institution. He might draw a crowd, but that is far from proving a success; for back of the crowd there exists no institution. For success, the speaker must have back of him or her an institution, else, when they step out, all is gone.

Furthermore, being equipped with that kind of education to which we have referred, the society should have some simple yet well defined declaration of principles, not only of government, but of belief. To the principles the speaker could point. These principles, however good, might prove objectionable to some—but more can certainly be won to something than to nothing. If the people are to be won to our cause, it must be defined, subject to such changes as new revelation may prompt and suggest as desirable.

Education on the part of speakers, and quite as much on the part of the people, is the open sesame to a supply for a world need. In America, after fifty years of work, a successful demonstration of a settled pastorate is wanting still. Here and there, a speaker has been able to remain in one place as speaker over a society for a considerable time, but how about the success? My ears, in answer, can catch but one sweet echo from Greenwich, Massachusetts, where an institution can be found back of the speaker.

I feel that the man is born who will be able, notwithstanding the opposition from so many, who will step outside all methods now in vogue and demonstrate to the Spiritualists and to the world that settled speakers over spiritualistic societies can prove a success.

Our Fifty-First Anniversary.

An Address by Mrs. Juliette Yeaw of Leominster Before the Massachusetts State Association, Boston, March 30, S. E. 51.

I am always glad when it comes to the Anniversary of the glorious time we celebrate, because years and years ago so-called death was clothed for me in the garments of light and beauty, hence I have reason to rejoice. I am thankful I still live and live in this life. It is a beautiful world to me, and all the experience of years cannot take away from me the simple joy of living in this state of existence. Perhaps if it had not been for Spiritualism I might not have been able to make that statement to you.

You have listened to-day to addresses so profound that if you had heard them, or their like, for the first time you would have been surprised that outside of theological lives there could have been so much that is grand and beautiful. So I do not try to say anything very profound, or give you any new ideas, I know that I shall be pardoned for simply expressing a few simple thoughts.

There is one thing that has impressed me as I looked out on the audience from the platform, and that is how largely it is composed of the men in the prime of life, whose heads, like my own, are silvered over with the frosts of years. If I turn to the platform I see the same conditions manifested. As I look out into your earnest intelligent faces, it seems as if my very soul is moved by the impress of this great company. If I should go to each one of you, I suppose almost every one would tell me that, for more than a score of years, perhaps for fifty years, perhaps even for as many years as we are celebrating to-day, you have enjoyed the revelations of Spiritualism. Think how your sorrows have been softened and lightened by it! If each one of you were to give the proof you have received in relation to communion between the earth and spirit life, if records could be made of your testimonies, this platform might not hold the volumes that could be written of those experiences. In this, then, is the expression of the power and grandeur of Spiritualism. More than fifty years have passed since it has been an acknowledged power in the world. To day we are told that our Cause is really moving on. This is necessarily the case, for, as Spiritualists, we cannot stand still. There can be no going back. There can be no standing still. Forever and forever must this march be onward and upward. The various phases of the manifestation of this power are much as in the earlier days, when we were glad to listen to spirit-teaching, although we

hear a great deal to-day of frauds here and there. I am not, and those who really believe are not, moved from our tracks by such thoughts.

Spiritualism is a renewal of the question of the ages: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Or, as it is more appropriately referred to sometimes, "If he once lives, shall he ever cease to live?" It has taken centuries and centuries of growth and development to realize that in order to answer so naturally. Truly has it been said that in order to know, man must do all that is possible through religion. Years ago people asked those who had been through spiritual teachers if they should live again? They have never experienced this condition, and as they cannot reply in a sensible, natural and truthful manner. They only point backward to the realms of the past. They point down the bygone ages to the man Jesus, repeating the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," not looking forward to the natural answer that we can give, because their minds have not developed to that point of unfoldment to receive the answer as it really is. A little more than fifty years ago came the answer to our question: "I still live, and because I have thus communicated to you, you upon earth also shall live."

As I look into your earnest faces to-day, and see the joy that beams upon some of them, I see the lines of care and sorrow on them also. I read here a lesson of a strong, earnest purpose and an entire faith that works in reason. Take hold of the undying assurance of this beautiful fact of living beyond the grave. It makes a man strong to go on in the grand and noble work of spiritual investigation and the reception of spiritual communication. There is no sadness in my mind to-day as I remember you are nearer the end of your natural life than the beginning. But a few years more shall pass away before the veil shall completely be rent in twain, and you shall know, through actual experience, what you believe you know to-day. Your intelligent, reassuring friends have told you, and so you know, for it comes through eternity's gates. They have proven themselves to be those you had esteemed when living, and we realize that this change must come to us all in the not far distant future; then we shall be with our loved ones on the other side of life.

I see, as it were, a new audience before me; those now in life are sliding down the scale to maturity, filling the places that will then be vacated in the home, and still younger ones coming on to fill the depleted ranks. I see the workers who are ripening for the change coming out to join the vast majority of the grand old workers of the olden days. Scores and scores of them have gone home, and the encouraging words they spoke, the noble lives they led, and the earnest work they did here with us, lead us to see not one vacant place upon the platform, but all those old workers joining with you to-day to keep and to bless and to hallow this sacred anniversary. If each of us will but work as faithfully and as well as they did, Spiritualism must go forward.

When the time shall come for us to lay off the garments that now encumber us, we must show that we have grown, that we have helped the weaker ones to grow strong in spirit and prepared them to take up the work where we laid it down. How often we hear people urge others to come and take up the work the old workers have done. Take up the work for yourself. The old workers have never left it for others. They have never laid down their work. They are working still for this great movement. They worked so faithfully and ably while here that they continue to instruct others to strengthen their hands to work as they were wont to do when on earth. Let this thought, then, of the greatness and glory of the Spiritualist's fight for good, be with us, and let us build wisely and well. The works that we are building now are for time and eternity.

It is of the greatest importance that our young should be surrounded by the best of influences. As we believe in organization, we should remember that we have a duty and work to do for the young in that same direction, to so bring them up in the right that they will not drift into sectarian Sunday-schools. Let us see to-day that when we go into communion we take our little children by the hand. Teach them the lessons of spiritual communion in the home, in the Lyceum (our Sunday-school), and forever take them out of those troubling dreams where they see things in the dark, and let them feel that the angels of love and light keep watch over them forevermore.

My Dead Dog, "Rags."

Is Man Alone Immortal?

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

Once this was a query which I anxiously sought to solve, for from my boyhood I made all animals about our home pets. At an early age circumstances roused me toward Orthodoxy, and I discarded its dogmas, taking up a train of reasoning which ended in Agnosticism. As the problems of life arose in my experiences with the world, as my horizon broadened, I began to study man and his relations, believing there must be better nutriment than the dry husks of theology. Glimmerings of light began to flash out, a daybreak glow soon irradiating the heavens, lifting the fogs of doubt and uncertainty coming from the superstitions and dogmas falsely called religion. Man and his relations were revealed in a manner which supplanted the negation of Agnosticism by the positivism of Spiritualism. Man became an ever-living soul—death only a transition—a gateway to immortality. Thus was solved the great problem which for years had puzzled me. But there was a problem which had often intruded itself, which was this: Is man alone immortal? With my "open vision" of immortality for man this question pressed for solution. My love for pets caused me to care for all animals and avoid doing them harm. I never went bird-hunting for the melodious notes of the feathered songsters stayed my gun; and I never could steel myself to shoot harmless rabbits and squirrels. I had a kindly feeling for the animal creation, and when I asked myself why they were and what their outcome, it was a chilly thought that with them death ended all. When thinking the matter over I used to say to myself, "If all men are immortal why not animals? some of them certainly are more deserving of it than some humans; in the long run, striking general average, I guess the animals are entitled to the boon."

There are more mean men than mean animals. Take any of our domestic animals, critically study them, analyze their actions, and we will find numerous characteristics which, when exhibited in man, would be deemed highly praiseworthy. Scan any intensely Christianized, highly-civilized community; you will find many meannesses and wrongs which cannot be paralleled among animals; even the four hundred are not flawless. Animals possess marvelous intelligence, in their sphere, at par with man; qualities of such an exalted type that they would be an adornment to any man or woman. So many absolute virtues are exhibited in our domestic animals, that I am forced to believe that in the economy of Nature, in the equitable adjustments of the Eternal Order that rules all things, animals will "rest and expatiate in a life to come." There will be no aristocracy in death, nor when we all are "admitted to that equal sky."

This train of thought is an incidence of the shadow which has fallen across my path, which will never wholly pass away so long as I may be permitted to tenant my mortal form. I have lost my dog "Rags," the dear fellow is dead. He had been my companion more than ten years, and such a companion as one can seldom find, whether human or animal. He had a love that was pure devotion, an affection that was stronger than a chain of steel. Where I was he wished to be. He made me a part of himself; I made him a part of myself. There was such a mutuality of feeling that the sense of his absence now produces a loneliness which is almost overpowering.

You may call this weakness; if it be such, it "leans to virtue's side," being in the line of the teachings of the Man of Nazareth, who recognized the solidarity of all animate existences. If I was away he grieved, wishing for my return, when he was overjoyed, greeting me with a joyous bark sealed by a profusion of kisses. I never struck nor kicked him, never harshly scolded him, and if he needed disciplining I spoke in a low tone when chiding him for some peccadillo (he never sinned), he apparently understanding the whole matter. He received the reproaches with meekness, his eyes having an expression which told more than words. Ask him if he was sorry, he answered by a shower of kisses and expressive wags of his tail. I love to watch the workings of a dog's mind through the eye and tail; unlike men he never uses honied words or plays the hypocrite.

This came through a lung affection accompanied by a harassing cough. Monday morning, the 17th inst., I saw the change and release near. He seemed sensible himself that something unusual was about to happen; he would come and look in my face in a peculiar manner, with a solemnity which seemed to say, "Master, I am going to leave you." At length he came as near as possible, stretched himself at full length, and with his eyes upon me, breathed away his life in a very few moments. With that expiring breath an arrow pierced me, which will sting till I, too, shall drop the burden of life, finding in the Eden to be—the Beulah land of the hereafter—my pet, and a demonstration that man is not alone immortal. Gladness will be the greetings when "Rags" and master shall again meet, to traverse the endless cycle of the eternities, enjoying a soul-life compensatory for what may have been lacking in the transitory sphere of the earth. This much I deem due to the memory of my dead dog, "who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices; praise which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes."

Warwick, R. I.

Children's Spiritualism.

MAY TIME.

Florence woke and found her doll
Soundly sleeping in her bed,
"Oh! you, darling, you must wake,
Sweet blue eyes and golden head;
Mamma told me we might go
In the meadows far away,
Go and gather pretty flowers,
For it is the merry May!

Children in the days of old
Chose a queen of beauty fine,
If I should choose, it would be you,
Darling dolly Caroline;
But arise, and let us go,
For I know it will be gay;
You'll enjoy it, I am sure,
And remember merry May!"

A Christmas Pie.

BY A LITTLE GIRL TEN YEARS OLD.

It was Christmas eve. In a large parlor of a large farmhouse the fiddle was playing, and dancers were trying to do their duty.

In the cellar of that house a family of rats were all complaining of hunger.

"It's a shame!" said Miss Lucy, with an impatient swing of her long tail, "It's a shame to be kept in here all day. They're all in the parlor; let's go and see what they have been doing all day."

"Yes!" said Bob, "and we may come across something to eat. I'm most scared."

Bob and Lucy always ruled, as they did in this case. Lucy was just sixteen, a regular beauty. She was soon to be married. Bob was twenty.

The rest of the children were all plain. There was Polly, who did all the work. James came next, and then baby Jack, who was very cunning, but very homely. He ran up stairs one day, and the cat caught him by the tail and bit it most all off.

This family of seven went stealthily up stairs; and ran along till they came to the parlor door. They all took turns and peeked in. Just then the fiddle began to play.

"Oh! let's dance," said Lucy, turning to Bob, and they whirled off.

"Don't they look nice?" said father rat, "Do you remember the last time we danced? my dear, come on."

Polly, James, and Jack stepped aside and watched the two couples with breathless interest.

The parlor door opened then, which made them all scamper off, with their paws in their mouths to keep them from laughing; and thus betraying themselves.

They went straight to the pantry, and there they found the Christmas pie.

"Do you suppose we can carry that home?" husband, said mother rat.

"Oh, yes!" they all cried eagerly, and they did, though with great difficulty. Baby Jack fell down stairs of course. He never went anywhere but what he did some outlandish thing, as Polly declared.

"Why, what shall we cut it with? we haven't any knife," said Bob.

"Well, you and I must go and get one, Bob," said his father.

"No, don't try it I'm afraid you'll get hurt. We'll eat it without."

So they did.

[NOTE.—Punctuation, punctuation and spelling have not been changed by the editor.]

Cris Burlingame's Review.

We think our little friends will like to read what Master Cris, who is eleven years old, writes his brothers about the new book, "White Dandy":

"Dear Brothers: I have just finished reading a new book entitled, 'White Dandy,' which the editor of THE BANNER very kindly sent to me. It is a companion book to 'Black Beauty,' but a short, stocky pony now tells his story instead of a graceful, slender horse, as was the case in that famous book. The tale is about Richard and Fred Wallace and their family, the horse being owned by Dick. Fred has two boys, Charles and Carm, whose mother dies, and he marries a second wife, who has two children also, Tommy and Bobby (a girl). The family buy a farm and move out to it. Chet, who by this time is a grown man, runs the farm; he is very cruel. Tommy, who when a boy scalded a kitten, turned out to be a murderer. Bobby eloped, and Carm got killed in a railway accident. The story winds up with 'White Dandy' still with his master. The story is designed to win our sympathy towards animals, and to make us easier on our dumb servants, and it carries out its purpose admirably. The volume was written by Velma Caldwell Melville, and is published by J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., 57 Rose street, New York.

CHRIS M. BURLINGAME.

The Just-Like-You Country.

When Robin had passed through the Ivory Gate of Dreams, he was delighted to find his dainty little fairy godmother waiting for him just inside.

"Oh! I'm glad to see you, Fairy Godmother," he said, as he ran toward her. "I've had so horrid a time to-day. My hair would not brush this morning, and I spilled my milk at breakfast, and the cat scratched me, and mamma was cross, and Katy said I was a nuisance, and just everything hateful happened."

"I know all about it, liddle dear, so to-night I've had you come to the Just-Like-You Country. Perhaps what you see here will help you not to have any more such horrid days. Now I must leave you, for in this country you will have to find your way alone," and with a kiss like the brush of a butterfly's wing, she was gone.

"But Fairy Godmother! Fairy Godmother! I don't want to be alone! I don't want you to go away!" Robin called again and again, and when he found it was of no use, he sat down and began to cry as hard as he could.

For a few minutes he cried, when suddenly he realized that, though the sun had been shining brightly just before, rain was falling now. He looked up through his tears and saw great drops hanging from every leaf of the tree under which he sat, dripping from between the petals of the flowers, oozing from the plumage of the birds, and there—why, sure enough!—there sat a squirrel on his hind legs, with both paws up to his face, while "tears trickled slowly down between them." Everything about Robin was crying with him.

For an instant he was puzzled, then burst out angrily: "Stop making fun of me, all you things! It's real mean of you, and I won't have it—so there now! Stop it, I say!" And he stamped his foot in a fine temper, then stood amazed. For, though all the tears had stopped with his own, everything in sight was apparently in just as fine a temper as himself. No rain fell now, but the thunder growled and rumbled; the winds sighed no longer, but tossed the leaves about in fierce gusts; the birds were scolding loudly and making angry dashes at one another; the squirrel wept no more, but chattered his teeth fiercely; the thorns of a rose-spray tore at his coat-sleeve, and even the violets were shaking their heads as if daring one another to come out and fight.

At first Robin did not know what to make of all this, but all at once he remembered what his fairy godmother had told him.

"Oh, I see what she meant! In the Just-Like-You Country everything acts just the same as you do yourself. Why, how funny!" And he laughed as merrily as if tears and anger had never been near.

Quick as a wink, out came the sun, and changed every ruidrop into a sparkling diamond; the birds burst into the jolliest of songs; the squirrel displayed his shining teeth in a broad grin; and you could not have told whether the rustle of the leaves or the rippling of the

brook was the happier, or whether the roses or the violets were the sweeter.

Just before Robin passed back through the Ivory Gate into a new morning, he heard his fairy godmother saying: "It's really just the same, dear, in the daylight world as here in the Just-Like-You Country, though you don't see it so plainly. It will give back to you what you give to it."

To his mother, as she bent over him with a good-morning kiss, and "Mamma's glad to see her liddle wake up so happy," Robin declared very earnestly: "Mamma, I'm just not going to have any more horrid days—not ever. Fairy Godmother has shown me how not to have them."—C. Amador, in Mind.

Literary Department.

S. NICHOLAS.—A glimpse of life in New York city, after the British evacuation, is given in the May instalment of Mrs. Barr's *St. Nicholas* serial "Trinity Bells." It occurs in a description of the heroine's visit to her grandmother.

Catherine puts on her brown camel frock, with its tippet of the same material, and a straw gipsy hat, tied under her chin with a wide brown sarsenet ribbon. Her fair hair lay in shining curls upon her shoulders; at her throat was a small gold brooch; and in her hand she had a posy of yellow asters. A blooming little maid all brown and gold, with a face serious but not sad, and eyes that shone with love and loving purpose.

Her grandmother, Madam Judith Van Clyffe, lived in an old house on William street. She had gone there when she married Roelf Van Clyffe, and in spite of the British occupancy of New York, and of the fact that her husband and three sons were with the continental army or navy, there she had remained. Not without prudent management, however. She had permitted a noted Royalist during the war to occupy its first floor with his shop, on condition that she had the use of the upper floor. Into this upper floor she removed all her treasures, and then she suffered its windows to become covered with dust and spiders' webs, and to take on generally the appearance of being merely the storage-place of the shop below them.

Ostensibly she removed to her son Jacob's fine farm on the Bowery, and there she busied herself in making such delicious butter, and in growing such fine vegetables, and fruits for the governor's and the officers' families, that they naturally protected her in a position so necessary for their own comfort. So Madam held her tongue, and worked hard, and made a great deal of money; and whenever she put away a British guinea, she said, with a little laugh of satisfaction: "It is a spoiling of the enemy, and when my men come home again, of the gold they will be glad."

But Roelf Van Clyffe never came home again; he died on the battlefield, and his eldest son died in the hospital; and as James was at sea with his ship, only Jacob came home when the war was over. Then Jacob took possession of his home, and Madam went back to her house on William street, and there she lived when Catherine went to see her. The same store was still in the lower part of the house—only the Royalist now paid a large rent for the premises, and Catherine went into it to ask if Madam Van Clyffe was within. The place had a pleasant smell of teas and spices, and she lingered a moment after she had been answered. So it happened that her eyes rested on the figure of an Indian god seated on a shelf among bundles of cinnamon bark and bowls of nutmegs and jars of preserved ginger. And the shelf was like a page out of a romance. She instantly began to wonder what brave sailor-man had brought the image over thousands of miles of tossing seas, and the thought of the long ocean miles made her father very present in her memory. As she went up the bare, rickety stairs leading to her grandmother's rooms she thought only of him, and her heart was suddenly troubled with fears for his safety—fears which she had never before felt.

The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

THE CENTURY.—In introducing an account of Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Mrs. Griffith, an engraving of which forms the frontispiece of the May number, Mr. Charles Henry Hart gives this account of the famous painter:

Gilbert Stuart was five feet ten inches in height, with fine physique, brown hair, a ruddy complexion, and strongly-marked features. He dressed with elegance, which was possible at the period of which I write, and, notwithstanding his biting sarcasm, keen wit, and searching eye, was a great favorite with the fair sex. In his thirty-first year he chose for his partner through life Miss Charlotte Coats, a lady of much personal beauty, and with a fine contralto voice, the daughter of a Berkshire physician; they were married on May 10, 1788.

Notwithstanding the new responsibilities this changed condition entailed, Stuart continued his old manner of living, and soon found himself deeply embarrassed. In those "good old times" the supposed remedy for failure to pay one's debts was the debtors' prison, our enlightened forefathers not possessing the appreciation of the situation belonging to the untutored child of the forest, who, when confronted with a like condition, laconically said, "Ugh! In prison no catch beaver!" Thus many times did Stuart find himself where he "no catch beaver," until, to escape the walls of the old Fleet, he removed, two years after his marriage, to Dublin, and took up his residence at St. James's Park, a few miles distant from the city, flattering inducements having been offered him by his Irish friends, who were so taken with his free manner and open-handedness that they adopted him, and spoke of him as "our Irish Stuart."

Stuart had many amusing experiences while in Ireland, although his stories must be taken with much salt, as he was a vain rodomontadist, and counted the relating of imaginary experiences among his best practical jokes. One story that he was particularly fond of telling was of an invitation to visit a gentleman who desired to have some portraits painted. He found an old castle with a new tenant, a tailor who had acquired a large fortune by army contracts. The portraits that he desired Stuart to paint were of his ancestors; and as he knew not who they were, or what they were like, his commission to Stuart was to paint them as they ought to have been. This Stuart did so satisfactorily to his patron that the painter paid double the agreed price; and those portraits, with their century of age, to-day doubtless do duty for authentic likenesses of some ancient Celtic worthies. Such a story as this has its moral as an impressive warning to students of historical portraiture, and is an important footnote to the history of such false impersonations. \$4.00 a year; 35 cents a number.

The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

THE THEOSOPHIST.—Nakur Chandra Biswas is the author of a series of interesting articles on "Bengali Folk-Lore." The following is taken from the April number:

PREDESTINATION.

The Bengalis are none the less staunch than any other Indian people in their belief in predestination. The result of this firm conviction at once works for good and evil, as I shall presently show, in their daily life. Fatalists as they are, in adverse circumstances they are resigned. It breeds inordinate idleness, and, in some cases, laziness, and in loving parents and guardians a harmful undue indulgence for their truant—and otherwise vicious—children, entirely depending on what fate may have chalked out for them. In Sanscrit there is a stroke which says, fate must have its results; no friend nor foe can respectably close connection availing. They say: "Wherever you go, fate chooses you." The reason for their natural proneness to walk in the ordinary groove, or in that already grooved for them, is that they are wanting in moral stamina. Noimpetus is given

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance, the kidney poison in the blood is liable to attack the vital organs, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Then the richness of the blood—the albumen—leaks out, and the sufferer has Bright's disease, the worst form of kidney trouble. Kidney trouble can be detected, although it is slow and deceptive. First, by analysis of the urine; second, by the simple test for twenty-four hours, when a cloudy or brick-dust settling indicates it.

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to some new enterprise, or to distinguish themselves some way or other, as they take a heart in anything noble and enterprising, strewn as it is all over with thorns. The selfsame blind fate is at the bottom of this suicidal indifference. A parent, worried with the burning question of the day—I mean the expensive marriage of a daughter—when asked what he is going to do to bring it about, would answer to his consolation that she is born with her fate, and he has sent before her a bridegroom in view of the coming celebration of the marriage, and cast her lot with him and decreed it for good or bad long before she assumed this mortal tenement called body.

KARMA AND RE-BIRTH.

The Bengalis believe as much in Karma as in their own existence. They must, they say, work it out, cost what it may. Whatever action, good or bad, they did in their former birth, or rather life, they reap its full fruition in this. And the transmigration of the soul effected through a cycle of births is put a stop to, when, by doing good deeds and leading an unselfish, pious life, attains *mukti* (salvation or emancipation from the bondage of sin). Re-birth is the necessary outcome of the sum total of sin committed in this present life. It is good or bad or an admixture of both, as the case may be, in proportion to the amount of good deeds done or sin committed. I must leave to state here that the Hindu Karma is of course more lenient than the Buddhist Karma with vengeance. [\$5 a year; 50 cents a copy.]

The Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras, India.

PROF. A. W. SMALL is an optimist. Nevertheless, he thinks that he sees clouds on the social horizon already bigger than a man's hand. If they continue to enlarge, in the shape of trusts, to the bursting point, the result will be, he thinks, something like this:

"The men whose business it is to communicate ideas to their generation will be gagged by those who publish ideas; and the publishers will be shackled by the manufacturers of paper; and the paper-makers will be held up and hindered by the transportation trusts; and the transporters by the producers of steel; and the steel industries by the coal operators; and the coal-miners by the oil-producers; and the oil magnates by the stove-makers and the oil consumers; and the cook-stove men and their aids and abettors by the sugar trust; and the sugar interest by Wall street; and the stock brokers and speculators by the labor unions; and the labor unions by the farmers; and the farmers—God help them—by every body!" A grim tragedy of combinations! Or rather a philosophical primer, that defines in a homely way the antagonisms that will grow out of the present craze for centralizing the industrial forces of the country.—*The Youth's Companion.*

FROM DREAMLAND SENT, by Miss Lillian Whiting, is another dainty volume in silver, blue and gold, containing gems of verse gleaned from realms where only the pure and true can dwell. The heaven of nature and man is portrayed, and thoughts therefrom gently insinuate themselves into the reader's sphere to ever remain to cheer and encourage.

Miss Whiting is a needed worker in the literary field; her words reveal the force and eloquence of simplicity of diction; life in every shape, form or fashion is spiritualized; and a bracing element is given, causing one to take up his daily tasks with renewed energy, and a determination to find the soul of existence.

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Little, Brown & Co. Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

THE Ellis Publishing Co. of Battle Creek, Mich., has put upon the market a practical work entitled "The Actual Business Dictator."

It contains a series of letters taken from the actual correspondence of numbers of firms, covering various lines of business, including real estate, advertising, groceries, boots and shoes, railroading, lumber, agriculture, etc. The work will be invaluable to those who are studying shorthand and typewriting at home, also to young teachers who take private pupils, and of course to all schools of stenography.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS FOR THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE.—By James Guy Burr. It is a dainty little volume, compressing a deal of thought on present-day problems of social science and ethics into fifty small pages. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

Magazines Received.

Our Dumb Animals, Boston, Mass.

The Boston Hygiene, Boston, Mass.

The Realm, edited by Mary McDonnell, Toronto, Can.

The Coöperator, Olalla, Washington.

Universal Harmony, published by Mrs. Stella Cromer Bishop, Seabreeze, Florida.

Faith and Hope, Messinger, edited by W. J. Colville, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fred Barry's Journal of New Thought, 799 Euclid Avenue, Toronto, Can.

The Theosophist, edited by H. S. Olcott, Madras, India.

The Housekeeper, The Housekeeping Corporation, Minneapolis, Minn.

Reason, edited by W. A. Renfree, 36 West-bury Road, Ilford, England.

The Household, 110 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.

THE HEREAFTER: A Scientific, Phenomenal and Biblical Demonstration of a Future Life. By D. W. HULL.

In this book Mr. H. discusses the question of the origin of the Physical and Spiritual Man. One chapter is devoted to the demonstration of a future life by the occult sciences. Then follow arguments based on Phenomenal Spiritualism, Clairvoyance, Mesmerism, Sonambulism, and the Bible. Cloth, 75 cents.

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SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

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

SPIRIT-MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held April 21, 1899.

Spirit Invocation.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, but more blessed is the consciousness of the knowledge that death has been destroyed and confidence of life confirmed has been established. We praise thee, Oh, spirit of all knowledge, for the work that has been done, for we realize thy handiwork in all things. Help us to obey thy commandment, "Love one another." Oh, we realize how the spirit has touched the hearts of mortals and brought them to a sense of duty and justice to themselves. They must be their own saviors; they must seek their own salvation; they build their own heaven or hell. Many are now conscious that heaven and hell are conditions, not places; hence, we rejoice to-day that the curtain of superstition has been so much extent fallen back, that reason is the predominant power, and when reason has full sway, justice will prevail, and each individual will think more for himself and will reach out to a sister fellow-man. Oh, we rejoice that after so many years of labor and of trying to conquer error, so much has been accomplished. Oh, that great spirit of love, teach each one to understand his own sphere; quicken the spirit, that each may see that old things have passed away and that all things are new. Man and woman shall rise and rejoice in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the ministering angels, who have brought us glad tidings of immortal joy; the spirit is risen and is singing good-will to man. All can truly say, "Oh, death, where is thy sting?" Oh, grave, where is thy victory? Direct us in all things. In thy hands we leave the result, knowing all will be well now and forever more. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Amos Adams.

I am delighted to be identified with you this morning, and can say to my friends of earth-life that I have received in the spirit-world all I expected, and even more. I know you have now become conscious that distance to the spirit is nothing; hence, although I am some distance, as the world calls it, from where I left the physical form, I do not feel I am a stranger among you. Where we worship the spirit in truth we are never strangers one to the other. I am glad to be able to send forth a few words of comfort and consolation to the many co-workers and friends in the cause of Spiritualism, who are striving to bring it to a higher standpoint, to bring it where philosophy has taught the mortal to love, and the phenomena has healed the broken heart, and brought comfort to the darkened soul. When this season of the year approaches, and everything is prepared to take on new life and beauty, it gives us an inspiration that helps us to put new life and energy in the Cause. I wish this message to go especially to the Pacific coast, where I feel I am not forgotten, for I have only been out of the body a few years. I wish Ellen to know that while she may be left in the physical form comparatively alone, yet her knowledge of spirit intercourse makes life very sweet for her. It is useless for me to say I am with her, for I know she is with me. I am glad the old form that helped me to uphold my spirit while clothed in the mortal form did its duty well, and now I am clothed with one more fitted for progress, more fitted to help to continue the work of elevating man both politically, religiously and spiritually. I have many friends who are with me in spirit this morning too numerous to mention. I promised my friends in earth that I would come, and try to manifest through the BANNER OF LIGHT, and I am more than delighted with this privilege. You can say that Amos Adams is here to greet his many friends in the Cause, his dear ones on the Pacific coast, and all who take note of this message. My home was in Santa Cruz, Calif.

Sam'l Russell.

I, too, feel this is a precious time to send out some words of comfort and consolation to the friends of earth-life. They may be Spiritualists and have evidence of spirit-return, yet there are none of us so far spiritualized that we do not miss the material form, and long for the presence of those who have gone; and how much comfort it gives when the absent ones, under any condition, can send a word to those who are left. We know our places can be filled, and sometimes it is hard when we are called upon to fill each other's places. I wish to say to the dear ones of Cleveland, Ohio, and especially to my co-workers, both in the Society and Lyceum, to work with a will, even if the compensation is small; if each does his best, that is all that can be expected. O ye of little faith, how little do you know what your officers have to contend with to hold up the banner of truth spotless, and give to the world the undefined knowledge of spirit-return! Each one is viewing the work from a different standpoint; each one reasoning from his own understanding; each one advising to the best of his ability. When we look back and see how much there is to be done and how little is done, it sometimes grieves us, because we seem to be so feeble and simple in what we do, yet I wish to say to all mortals who are so sensitive, who feel they accomplish so little: be faithful, be honest to friends of the spirit-world, and, while you may not see it brought to you through the mortal agency, you shall have your reward. Work together, each and every one of you; stand as one great armor in the battle of life, as soldiers fighting for a victory, and that victory—Truth. I wish to say to my son and daughter and all concerned, that while you lay the physical form of your friends away, you do not lay the spirit aside. If we are active in earth-life, we shall be in spirit. Many join in sending this message of love and encouragement to all. Sam'l Russell, Cleveland, Ohio.

Lucy Wolcott.

I feel like sending a few words of comfort and consolation, and am thankful for being permitted to enter this séance-room this morning and control the medium's brain. I, too, while clothed with the flesh, found knowledge and comfort in knowing the spirit can assist mortals physically, mentally and spiritually. There is much more to be accomplished, but

what has been accomplished has been good. I want this message to go to my children, who are struggling with the environment of life. They have many things to thank the angel-world for, and yet, sometimes in the conditions that surround them, they do not always have the strength to rise superior to the environment that causes worryment. Now, dear ones, falter not, neither must you fear, for mother is still with you and will assist and do all she can for you, if you will only be faithful and true to yourselves. Conditions will change, and you will understand things as you never did before. Lucy Wolcott, Corey, Penn.

Adeline Archer.

Time has elapsed, and many changes have come since I passed on. Time is not to the spirit as it is to the mortal; it seems longer to the mortal than to the spirit. I was interested when I heard Bro. Russell speak, because I knew him well, and he, me, and we have been more than friends in the spirit world, both interested in seeing the promulgation and demonstration of Spiritualism. There are many things that the spirits might give to mortals provided conditions and time were at their disposal. There are many things we would like to explain that mystified us while in the mortal. There is much I would like to say if I had the opportunity, or was able to demonstrate myself as I would like to, but we must be thankful for small things, because it is the small privileges and blessings that often bring us the greatest reward. I am still interested in progress, and interested in those who belong to me both in home and social circles. There are many yet to be convinced of true spirit-life. We sometimes see things that do not look to us truthful and honest, yet there is a purpose in all things even in the crude manifestations. If all were genuine the press would not take any notice of Spiritualism, so, my brother men and sister women, the fraud, in one sense, does not hurt you, it only broadens the pathway, and causes others to investigate, and while they may pass judgment at the time, they become convinced of truth afterward. Adeline Archer, Cleveland, O.

Henry G. Gordon.

Well, friend, you have had many believers come in this morning, and they rejoice at their past experiences. I had not the privilege or the knowledge, and cannot say I understood spirit-return while in earth-life. Yet I recognized all through my earthly career the manifestation of spirit and its power, but we did not call it such. I think every human soul has more or less of it all through life, although sometimes we do not know just what to name it or just how to account for it.

It is hard sometimes for us to know what we really do believe. I merely return with the hope that I shall be able to assist some one to a higher and better life, for that was my motive in earth-life, and I believed in the commandment "do unto others as you would have others do unto you," and felt it ought to be observed. When we say, "God is our religion," then we know that the spirit of truth is with us, and we fear neither God nor man.

I have not many left in the earth life, as the most of them are in spirit; but still faltering humanity needs uplifting, needs support and sympathy. I have been attracted to those in earth-life who are strongly mediumistic, and if once convinced of their power in the world they would be a great help to all humanity. Hence I send this message, believing that those who will see it will understand each other better, and know from whence the power came. Put me down as Henry G. Gordon. My home while in earth-life was Springfield, Mass., but I have been out of the body many years.

Mrs. Ira V. Hayes.

I have waited some time for this blessed privilege. I promised my friends when I left them in earth-life that they would hear from me again, and they have in some respects, but there are others I have not been able to reach as I desire to. Knowing your valuable paper for I took it many years, and I used to love to send it around to others that they might read a line for themselves, reaches the homes and hearts of so many of our friends, I take this channel to communicate with them. My husband joins with me in sending our love and best wishes for the encouragement of all, and to let them know that we found on the spirit-side all we looked for, and that we did meet our friends, recognized them, and enjoyed them. I cannot hold the medium this morning, as I do not understand how to send forth my thoughts, but have done what I could. Mrs. Ira V. Hayes, Farmington, N. H. I thank you kindly for your patience, my friend, and I will try and do better next time.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER SIXTY-EIGHT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Many persons who enter spiritualistic lines of thought, and have begun to taste the sweetness connected with them, think that it can all be harmonized with their previous opinions and be assimilated by the mind as easily as by the heart. We are however of the opinion that such persons do not discriminate very closely, and also fail to see the general trend of what is called Spiritualism. By and-by they find that their minds have sloughed off what once seemed all-important, or else they come to something that antagonizes what they still hold to, and they are plunged into uncertainty and fear.

The fact is that Naturalism is so opposed to Miraculism in any form that those who think deeply find that it cannot possibly assimilate with it. In nothing is the contrast more apparent than in one's mental attitude to the dead, and to the mode of disposing of the mortal remains of those who have left the earth plane.

As regards the so-called dead, miraculism teaches that they who have entered the realm of the supernatural, are no more under the laws of nature, and that when manifestations come to mortals from the other side of life, as the appearance of Jesus in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, the door of which had been securely locked by the timid disciples, or the hearing of his voice by Paul, they occur in opposition to nature, and are evidence of the intervention of a being who works independently of her laws.

Naturalism, on the other hand, demonstrates that natural law reigns supreme in all phases of life, whether physical or spiritual, that every manifestation of mind by an embodied or a disembodied being must take place according to natural law, and that what seems supernatural at first becomes to a wider experience

and outlook a proof that the law changes not. The God of the universe is not revealed by deviations from law. On the contrary it would be the accordance of Infinite Intelligence with the laws of nature that would make their emanation from that Intelligence a foregone conclusion.

From these fundamental data, we infer that all beings who drop the earth-form in which we are now encased pass into wider activities, in which we can best engage, just as now, by adapting ourselves to the same laws of nature. Law, like life, is one and universal; its forms vary. And all beings in existence, whether plant, animal, human fetus, man that walketh, or the most advanced seraph, find growth and well-being by self-adaptation to the form of natural law that prevails in the grade of existence to which they belong.

So, when we or our friends pass in the course of time out of this body of dust, there is no occasion for fear or for permanent distress. If they have left us behind, we shall miss them, but we shall soon follow; if we precede them to the spirit-world, we shall miss them there, and shall grieve if they show inordinate grief; but we know that they, too, will soon drop the fetters of clay and come to us in a brighter realm. There is therefore no occasion on either side for anguish unspeakable or for unwise and futile rebellion against the current of natural law. A little patience, reunion will come, and all will be well, whether it be we or they who will go first.

These object lessons we receive from naturalism. The false theories of miraculism, that we pass out of the realm of nature by the act of dying, that eternal separation ensues between those who adhere to certain lines of belief and those who deny them, that the disembodied cannot communicate with those left behind, nor make any manifestation unless by miracle, that earth love is lost in divine absorption, that soul is wholly denuded of natural form, we have no occasion to consider further in this letter. But in passing we have to say that though the poverty of language leads us to speak of the embodied and the disembodied, yet naturalism demonstrates that there are no disembodied anywhere. For on passing out of the form of flesh, the soul is still enswathed in the more ethereal form which it possessed and used to a greater or less degree while on the earth plane, and will express itself through that form. The possession of that form here and now makes it quite impossible for us to forget what happens to us on earth. For, though the brain on which the impressions were made be disintegrated, corresponding impressions of passing events were made on the corresponding organ of the spiritual body, which we shall of course bear with us as we dwell in the more rapidly-vibrating forms of natural existence to which we shall become adapted by losing the grosser form of flesh.

As to the disintegrating clay form which we once inhabited, it is not possible for a progressing spirit to care much about that. While it is true that many spirits linger in the graveyards where their forms are buried, while the grosser ones sometimes find it exceedingly difficult to get free from the loathsome flesh, and while many who have got away from the body itself still continue to haunt the locality or building where they sinned or suffered, we are deeply sorry for these "spirits in prison." These painful cases result from the soul's not having progressed while on the earth. May "all we love and all who love us" learn to live the pure, natural and helpful life here, so that the spiritual body may be effectually used while here, and the soul become aspiring enough to enable them to really enter on spiritual existence on leaving the form of flesh! Many who call themselves Spiritualists fancy that this happy condition is attained by the mere act of dying. Alas, alas! this is not so.

What the children of men desire to have done with their own bodies and the bodies of those they love after becoming tenantless depends on their race, the age they live in, the religious creed they have adopted, and their conscious or unconscious materialism.

The materialism inhering in the religion of ancient Egypt, which led them to believe that the soul would, after many ages, again dwell in the same earth body, was shown by their careful embalming of the dead. The bodies of the very poor were embalmed just as effectually as those of the rich, though they were less presentable in appearance. All nations who have believed that the body would be used again by the former tenant have carefully laid it away.

The Greeks and Italians, who did not hold this notion, preferred to burn the bodies of the dead, especially as they found it more cleanly and healthful to do so. But as Christianity obtained a foothold in the Roman Empire, with its doctrine that the actual body would rise again and be tenanted by the soul, burying dead bodies came into practice. In the catacombs in Rome the underground passages are lined with tiers of crypts with sliding doors of marble or other stone, where the Christians laid the bodies of their dead to await the re-quickening of the resurrection morn.

This tenet of Christianity was founded on the erroneous notion that the earth-bodies of Enoch and Elijah were actually carried to heaven; and that Jesus entered again the body that was laid in Joseph's tomb, raised it, used it in Judea and Galilee, and at last ascended in it to heaven in the presence of many of the disciples. As this could not have been done by natural means, it was a miracle; and the miraculism of the church is largely founded on this preeminently stupendous miracle, and has been rejected by many scientists, who were therefore regarded as Atheists.

It is not definitely known what became of the body of Jesus. It disintegrated in due time. Whether the form seen in the upper chamber was his spirit body seen clairvoyantly by the disciples, or whether it was "materialized" in that room, cannot now be determined. The church has said it was raised again, and went to heaven; that is miraculism. We say that Jesus went on into spiritual realms according to natural law, in his more ethereal body; that is naturalism, or Spiritualism, the terms being nearly synonymous.

Since Spiritualism has been more clearly revealed on earth during the last half of the present century, many in the church have given up the old tenet that at the resurrection the old earth-body will be raised, and again inhabited by its former tenant. Many clergymen now preach about the spiritual body of Jesus as being seen after his death by the disciples.

Simultaneously with this change in opinion has come a partial return to the cleanly and healthful practice of burning the bodies of the dead. Many prefer cremation, its advocates are increasing in number, and a return to this

method is inevitable as the light of science shines more brightly on the earth.

We feel very tenderly to those who lay the bodies of their dead in our beautiful cemeteries, deck the graves with flowers, overshadow them with trees, and record the virtues of the departed, and their own love for them on enduring monuments of stone. "Old Mortality" will continue to come, and with mallet and chisel keep the lettering and the numbers fresh and bright, as the sun and the dew cause them to fade. While in Philadelphia, I saw the old man, and his faithful pony, and Walter Scott cheering him in his reverential labor, all pictured in stone, at the entrance of Laurel Hill Cemetery.

But as time passes on, and the spiritual more and more prevails, mourning drapery, and grief-weighted monuments will diminish, and tears for the dead will be less agonizing as the great heart of humanity is soothed by the assurance that

"Though dead, they have never died."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

ABBY A. JUDSON.

Arlington, N. J., April 20, 1899.

Answers to Questions

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COLVILLE.

Q.—[By Charles H. Mundy, Geneva, N. Y.]—I have recently read the position of Spiritualists, they claim that "Modern Spiritualism" dates from the manifestations through the Fox sisters at Hydesville, N. Y., in 1848, thus making them, as it were, the corner-stone upon which the whole structure is erected.

Now if my memory serves me rightly, these very Fox girls subsequently confessed that these manifestations were not due to spirits at all, but were produced by trickery and fraud. I have also an impression that they afterward retracted this confession and declared that they were genuine.

Will you kindly inform one who has but recently undertaken a serious investigation of the claims of Spiritualism, and who is not only not prejudiced against it, but, so far as he has gone, rather predisposed in its favor—first, whether my recollection as to the Fox girls, as before stated, is correct, and, if not, what are the facts? and second, what book or pamphlet will give me all the details connected with it?

It certainly seems very unfortunate, not to say foolish, to attribute the origin of so great and important a revelation to persons who, if I am correct in my memory of the facts, were certainly guilty of either lying or fraud, and the bare coupling of whose name with the doctrine would be sufficient, in the estimation of the cautious skeptic, to handicap it with doubt and discredit.

Perhaps you will consider the questions of sufficient importance to your general readers to merit an answer in the columns of your journal.

A.—We think our questioner is quite right in stating that there was a time when at least one of the Fox sisters (of whom there were three) recanted her faith in Spiritualism under extreme financial pressure, at the instigation of some quite unscrupulous persons, who cared nothing for Spiritualism one way or another, but, being in the traveling-show business, and hard up for cash and new attractions, felt that one of the original Fox sisters "exposing" the trickery of Spiritualism would be a drawing card. It must be remembered that two of the sisters, Kate and Margaret, were very susceptible, easily-influenced persons, and when their history is fully known, the part they played in the history of Modern Spiritualism will no longer appear obscure. Historical facts are utterly impartial and unsentimental, and it is simply a fact that on the 31st day of March, 1848, at Hydesville, in the home of the Fox family, the mysterious phenomena occurred which led to the world-wide interest in Spiritualism which shortly followed. No infallible person is particularly proud of the early history of the spiritualistic movement, so far as its outermost expressions go; but as the circumstances of the case must be truthfully stated, history cannot be altered because of the subsequent conduct of two highly sensitive and not very finely-balanced women.

It is quite true that the Fox sister who did recant repented of her recantation, and when she discovered into what a sorry trap she had been led by unscrupulous adventurers, she very soon awoke to the consciousness that only her enfeebled condition, need of money, and the very strong pressure brought to bear upon her had led to her temporary disloyalty to truth.

If honest investigators pursue their inquiries far into the intricacies of mediumship they will not find the Fox episode very difficult to explain. Consider the following propositions, and then judge for yourselves whether the conduct of two of the Fox sisters was so very remarkable after all: In the first place the three little girls in 1848 were surprised and astonished, doubtless more or less frightened by the demonstrations, and then very much tired and worried by the continual demands made upon them by all sorts of people, who from all varieties of motives invaded their home, and subjected them to every sort of annoyance, and frequent humiliation. In the second place the origin of fraud must be considered as not unnatural, for as every investigator knows it is impossible to procure genuine physical manifestations on every desired occasion, therefore, if the children knew any tricks it is not wonderful if sometimes, when nothing genuine was forthcoming, they would snap their toe joints, and do various other things which led some seemingly well-informed people to declare that the whole performance was vulgar chicanery.

When in her later years one of the sisters found herself stranded, and found a business manager only too ready to make capital out of a sensational performance promising to expose Spiritualism, she no doubt trumped up some of the tricks of her girlish days and reproduced the toe-joint snappings, which were never the same as the genuine raps, which often came in showers all over the room and frequently in a large hall at a distance of many feet from the medium's body. We deem it honest to confess that the modern spiritualistic movement did originate with the "Rochester knockings," even though the whole Fox history is not a pleasing one. We cannot get rid of historic personalities who have figured largely in any world-wide movement, because there are shadows as well as lights prominent in their careers. Treasures are indeed very often placed in very poor "earthen vessels," and history has certainly repeated much of its phenomena many times since Paul wrote his epistles. For ourselves, we have always taught the universality and continuity of spiritual revelations, but we have never sought to deny that there were special events and epochs in history marking culminations and commencements in manifested spiritual power.

We differ from many Spiritualists in our view of the present Spiritualistic movement, because we do not regard it as the sign of a new dispensation, but only as a preparation therefor. It is not reasonable to regard the chaotic even though useful and necessary work of what is called Modern Spiritualism as the ministry of a new age or cycle, but it may be rightly viewed as pertinent to a period of tran-

sition. As there came marvelous phenomena fifty-one years ago, which started thought and provoked inquiry and agitation the world over, so when this preliminary period is at an end there will come a higher class of demonstration adapted to the ripper or maturer condition of the public mind. Fifty-one years ago it was necessary to have crude appeals to coarse conditions, but when the truly spiritual work commences on its higher plane there will be no need for a repetition of the old methods. For an exact account of the earliest recorded phenomena the questioner is referred to Emma Hardinge's "Twenty Years of Modern Spiritualism," out of print, but in many libraries. We know of no work which goes accurately and fully into all the details of that blot on the history of one of the Fox sisters, which not unnaturally somewhat disconcerts our questioner, whose memory appears sufficiently correct on the main points to need no further information. The chief lesson to be learned from the disagreeable episode is that when highly mediumistic persons allow themselves to get into all sorts of company, and when those who employ their services prove utterly regardless of their true welfare, it may not be long before some adventurous human shark will appear on the scene to capture an easy victim.

At one time when we were in Boston one of the Fox sisters was exploited as an exposé of the tricks of Spiritualism. The performance was a failure, because by trickery she could not produce the required phenomena; the manager absconded with the receipts, and the poor woman who had been hoodwinked was left to reflect in homeless poverty upon the folly as well as sin of denying what she knew to be a truth, in the vain hope of gaining a few ill-gotten dollars which she did not get. She sinned, she suffered, she repented, and at the hospitable home of a sincere friend in Brooklyn (Mrs. Emily B. Ruggles, since passed to spirit-life) she recuperated and gave honest evidences of genuine mediumship. "Let the dead past bury its dead," and let the Spiritualists of to-day seek to prove in the living present that real spiritual communion is possible and profitable in the here and now. Let not any inquirer be troubled over these things.

An Echo from Ball's Bluff.

If Not a Spirit, Will Scientists Explain.

BY FRED L. HILDRETH.

October 21, 1861, I stood on a bluff overlooking the Potomac river on the Virginia side, facing an open space of some six acres surrounded by dense woods. My position was in the centre of the Fifteenth Mass. Infantry, drawn up in line of battle, with the State colors of the regiment in charge, watching the conflict going on between the Northern and Southern troops at that time. All of a sudden the firing lulled, and I could hear a blue jay's shrill note, no doubt protesting in bird language against the invasion of his domain by man. About this time Gen. E. D. Baker came up and spoke in a cheerful voice, bidding us stand firm, then passed behind the crest of a small knoll where the artillery was stationed.

During this time, while standing near a large tree, the comrade at my left was shot in the top of his head while ramming down a cartridge in his musket, and fell over upon me lifeless. I was wondering how he could have been hit in that manner, when I saw Gen. Baker again, accompanied by two sharpshooters, in front of our line, pointing up in the tree over my head. One took a hurried aim, fired, and down fell a man, clothed in Northern uniform, at my feet. I asked why the General was having his own men shot, when a comrade, turning the prostrate form over, remarked that he had a Confederate uniform under the blue; and we learned later that the Confederate had stripped it from one of our comrades shot earlier in the day, donned it, climbed the tree, and was discovered by Gen. Baker while in the act of firing at him.

Years passed; the circumstance had long been forgotten, the war had closed. I had mentioned it to no one at home. We were seated about the table one evening in 1867, when my mother, who was a writing medium, laid aside her work, grasped a pencil and paper and wrote: "Perhaps you would not care to talk with a Reb," pushing it over to me. I welcomed the spirit, and asked where he knew me? He wrote: "I was in a tree and tried to shoot you, but later was shot myself." It took me quite a while to learn concerning him, for I had forgotten it, and no one else knew of the incident; but I finally found his name was Richard Holman, from near Luka, Mississippi, and belonged to one of the Mississippi regiments that we fought at Ball's Bluff in 1861. Then his mother, whose name was Rebecca Holman, came and wished to know if I knew her boy?

Years passed again, and a group of survivors of the Mass. Fifteenth went on an excursion to the old battlefields of past years. I was invited, but was too ill to go. One of my tent-mates, however, was among the number, and wishing to learn if it were true or false, I asked him to examine the headboards for the Confederate's name which he did, and found all as represented in the burial place near Leesburg, Virginia. How do the wise-heads explain this fact? My mother knew nothing about it. I had long forgotten the circumstance, did not even know he shot at me, his name, State, regiment, nor if he was buried at all in the confusion of battle.

I have had to be brief in this article, so as not to take up your valuable space, but have given the main facts. Strange threads, Mr. Editor, are woven in the warp and woof of human lives, and here is a chance for the doubter to puzzle his brains over the source of my information, if it did not come from Spirit Richard Holman of the Confederate Army.

Verification of Spirit Message.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We read in your paper, the BANNER OF LIGHT, a message from a spirit by the name of THOMAS WATSON. I, his wife, write to thank you, and to say that it is right. He was killed in Erie three years ago this month. We were glad to hear from him. Thank you very much for letting him come. I am, Mrs. WATSON. 46 Church street, Titusville, Pa., April 28.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.—Here's a new Shakespearean theory advanced by former Judge Jesse Johnson, of the New York bar: The Judge takes the decidedly novel view that Shakespeare's sonnets were written not by him, but to him by a friend, and the oddest part of the thing is that the Judge takes his theory seriously.—Ex.

