

SEP 28 1893  
LIBRARY.

# BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



VOL. 74.

COLBY & RICH,  
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

(\$2.50 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.)

NO. 4.

## ALONE.

From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were—I have not seen  
As others saw—I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring;  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow—I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone,  
And all I loved—I loved alone.  
Thus in my childhood—in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life—was drawn  
From every depth of good and ill  
The mystery that binds me still:  
From the torrent, or the fountain,  
From the red cliff of the mountain,  
From the sun that round me rolled,  
In its autumn tint of gold,  
From the lightning in the sky  
As it passed me flying by,  
From the thunder and the storm,  
And the cloud that took its form,  
(When the rest of heaven was blue)  
Of a demon in my view.

—Edgar Allen Poe.

## The Spiritual Posthum.

### JACOB'S WELL.

BY WHITE ROSE.

This is an age of the drying up of old wells. Many of the fountains which once supplied the soul with inspiration and nourishment have lost their flow, and men have forgotten even their location and names. The water was sweet and helpful as long as it lasted, and thousands slaked their thirst by it; yet the supply suddenly stopped, and left a stagnant pool, or an empty, stony basin. Men looked into these wells, and sought for water in them in vain, and where they circumscribed their destiny by what they day by day would afford, the knowledge of the sudden stoppage of the flow of water must have thrown them into a condition of despair. Where could they go for water but to these wells? Yet they were like the woman of Samaria who went to Jacob's well to procure water, and found that the well was nearly dry—but she met one who pointed her to a supply within her own spirit which would cause her never to thirst. So to those who stand grieving beside old wells—reason tells them to go elsewhere for such drink as they need and crave.

Jacob's well is here used symbolically as illustrating the changing character of all earthly sources of good. No one should expect that in an active universe, where all things are in commotion, and where progress marks man's destiny, he will be able to withdraw from this condition of things into inertia, or keep near him a well which is not subject to the law which keeps nature changing and stirring. The weakness and vanity of man are shown in his limiting himself by such surroundings and conditions as may give him solitude, or an isolation from the needs and thought of a progressive life.

It seems, however, that but a few comparatively of the millions who people the globe desire to grow and keep growing forever. Many are content to confine their life to a log cabin, without a desire to read, to think, to travel, or to gain knowledge or learn anything of the mysteries of life. Others go further, but stop when progress cuts a path across their pride and prejudice, and many more abide at stations where material comforts swallow up and deaden their ambitions and aspirations; for to all these there is the well of the water of which they drink freely, yet at last the waters of these wells give out, and leave them forsaken, and with an insatiable thirst burning their lips.

It is true that to many life is but a struggle for inertia, a state of conflict and effort, to end in an utter rest from all labor. Is it not said that man has but to toll for a few years to accumulate a fortune, and then to sit, down, so to speak, and enjoy the fruits of that toll? And are not the hurry and push which characterize and curse the generation, the expression of this very belief? Where is the well which has not grown empty as such ambitious people drank of its waters? For surely, after their effort to find such a well, and they drink of it until it is empty, they learn by experience, as did the woman of Samaria, that even such a well has its limit of supply, and that those who look and go to it for water must pass at last from this broken and empty well of Jacob to the well of living truth which is within them, and such a change is a resurrection of the inner life.

If this woman had understood somewhat the subterranean changes which had taken place about and beneath the well—how the streams which coursed through the hidden paths among the rock strata had been forced and carried into other channels, she then would not have marveled at what Jesus told her. Her carnal and ignorant mind grasped but the miracle of his words, and did not catch their deep meaning. Whoever, said Jesus, drinks of these material wells will thirst again. This was not an idle and passing remark, for it covered and was meant to cover all the experiences of mankind with material things. It was true that the time would come when man would see that the waters in these wells not only do not and cannot afford him nourishment for his soul-life and development, but that they would become exhausted. For this woman was a typical one of the class who in all periods of history sought and now seek to receive the highest good of being from one fountain, and that is carnality or a material life.

For this woman had had a history which Jesus knew. He read it and her character as a book; and he was strongly impressed that her career was about to end, just as the water in Jacob's well had been used up, when she should for-

sake her past, leave the old and empty well and partake with him of this living water. The rose of her life was withering before her eyes, petal on petal was falling from the flower until the corolla was destroyed, and she at last saw the ovary where the seed of the new life lay, and Jesus took that seed and told the woman that to make it heavenly in its growth and destiny it should have heavenly nourishment. And if any words ever went straight to a woman's heart these words of Jesus penetrated it, for the woman at once recognized in him a prophet and a teacher, and went straightway forth and asked all the men that she knew whether he that told her these things was not the Christ.

It is not strange that Jesus associated together at all times in his ministry the form with the substance, the manifestation with the reality, the symbol with the truth, the material with the spiritual, for nature so blends them, and by such comparison and contrast man then was led as he is led now, unto such progress as gives a heavenly and soulful direction to his life. While man lived on the physical plane and toiled for such pleasure as belongs only to that sphere of being, Jesus pointed him to the actual state of Jacob's well as the terminus of a life circumscribed by the body, and, to those having eyes to see and ears to hear, he gave such vision and teaching of the nature of the soul as to make man not only ask "Whence hast thou that living water?" but, "give me this water to drink, that I thirst not, neither come all the way hither to draw." To those who misunderstand him not, who feel and crave the need of this other water, who out of deep sorrow pray for celestial loves and comfort, who, having drank deep of pleasure which makes them still thirst for more, are ready to drink of that which forever slakes this inward thirst; these also who, having mastered the symbol of being, long for the reality and are willing to surrender the empty well for it—to all such, life becomes deep and sweet, and heaven is not far away, for no change for a better and higher life can signify much until man has lost all desire for sitting at his empty well, expecting the living water to bubble up in it. Mark how these changes which have been wrought in the soul-life of mankind have dried up for it and carried away the waters of the wells which all along the line of its development have served a local and temporary purpose. It has taken, as it will continue to take, centuries for man to arise out of the power of the physical into the power of the intellectual, and from either one of these states into the moral and spiritual being.

The question is not whether man has a physical and a spiritual body—for modern science is fast coming to admit Paul's affirmation that there is a physical body and there is a spiritual body—but, born with a soul which is not a microcosm within a microcosm, but the grand reality of which the body is but a form and vesture, should man not strive to live as it becomes him, especially with regard to his highest nature, knowing, as Mark Hopkins stated in his book on Morals, that the lower nature is related to the higher as the conditioned to the conditioning, and that to it as to reason, conscience and then to God one should go for the source and authority of all law for conduct. And it is in the soul indeed where duty first arises, and where, as it descends into and permeates all the ramifications of the physical nature, that the warfare between man and God begins. Duty is stern and implacable only to the man who selfishly and in a spirit of egotism seeks to live on the physical or intellectual plane, or the moral, emotional and spiritual, indifferent to and oblivious of the lower and necessary states of being. It is the voice of God to those who truly hear it and know its meaning and see in it the angel pointing them to the skies. For to whom has the higher life no attraction and elevation of spirit but to those who seek to enjoy the carnival of the senses, who live in the cellars of their being where their immortal life and pleasures may be indulged in without abridgement, and where with the eye that is evil so that the whole body may be full of darkness, no light may shine in upon them, no conscience may disturb their revelry, no thought of God may flash fear and trembling into their souls? Yet these misguided and wretched ones see and know not how little water there is in their wells, and how the hour is drawing near, nay, is, when they will seek for water in these wells and it will not be found; when they will cry for light and the darkness about them will answer the darkness within them; when they will beg for the living water, and satisfaction will come only as reason and conscience will point them within and above, and out of the cellar in which they live and away from the empty well into which their eyes stare, to the care and upbuilding of the soul which they have neglected and eclipsed.

Man cannot stop at one well and say, "there I shall abide," for the eternal law of progress demands that he shall go with it and not stay at one place or remain stationary forever. As the drop of rain has in it the gravity which draws it to the ocean, so man is attracted to God, and will aggravate his lot by delaying his progress. The old wells are, as guide posts to the living water not far away, indeed that is within man, where all mankind will and must at last go to slake their inner thirst; and as the ocean cannot be put into one well, but requires a receptacle suited to its expansive nature, so man should not expect when his soul-life has burst its channels, and wings an upward flight, that the living water should bubble up in the well which it has served and outgrown. Did not Jesus speak truly when he said that no man should put new wine into old bottles? So civilization has broken away from its old moorings and channels; it has leaped out of the covers of one Bible and theology; it has risen above the level of superstition and ignorance; it has been drawn by the light of God's face to the highlands, where man, catching the glory of the morning light, will stand before the world as though transfigured, and will drink deeply of the living water. Yet let it not be a sad reflection that this happy and supernatural state of being is still far distant in the future for many men, for perhaps as long as there remains a drop of even stagnant water in these old wells millions will go out of habit and form to them for drink; they will worship at shrines, though their backs were scourged, rather than be called unpopular; they will sing praises to an anthropomorphic god, adore a brass, stone or wooden idol, if that will give them social caste, rather than stand alone before the world, true to their convictions and independent in their thoughts, more willing to be dragged to the stake than to tell or think a lie or profess outwardly what they cannot and do not inwardly believe. This condition of things must be destroyed, as it will be, before these people will crave for the streams of living water which have passed out of their wells and gone merrily on to the sea.

The physical as well as the intellectual life has its law and limit, yet that law and limit are defined by the relation which they bear to the destiny of the soul. Use of the physical and intellectual being which does not serve to sublimize the soul, that is to edify, purify, glorify and make symmetrical the inner man, retards its progress and is often fatal to its growth, and this is really the meaning of what Jesus set forth to the woman of Samaria. A chemist can obtain but oxygen and hydrogen out of these elements, and these same elements will enter only into certain combinations. He cannot make oxygen produce sulphur, nor make hydrogen produce silica; and while he may find an ocean of these elements in the earth, yet they are in their atomic and molecular condition just what they are in their combinations.

So also is it with the body, or what is called organic life. It is circumscribed by law and nature. It has its own peculiar character. It will yield under certain normal and abnormal conditions the same invariable phenomena, and just as vice was vice in Solomon's day, and grew out of the abuse of the physical organism, so vice is vice to-day. Herein lies the meaning and lesson of experience that, as human nature has its shores, and these shores do not vary, so conduct follows a law as exact as mathematics, and will so follow it to the end of time. Yet of what avail seems to be experience to one who prefers his empty well, and goes to it as the Samaritan woman went to the well of Jacob, and knowing of heavenly satisfactions, yet turns away from them, and from seeking for the living water. There is no relief for such except that which grows out of utter despair. When man knows that there is a more vitalizing water for him to drink than that which lies stagnant in the old wells, and that this other water alone is nourishment for his soul, that it slakes but does not make thirst, that as he drinks of it it becomes in him a clearer and richer fountain, until at last, as Jesus said, man enters into a condition where he realizes and enjoys the higher life; when he indeed knows this he will gladly lay his old life aside, and say, "Give me of this living water!" For who could and would content himself with the glory and happiness of a part of life with the whole of life before him and within his grasp? Who could and would live in a subterranean cavern when by climbing up out of its depths and slime, he could be in paradise? Who could and would stop on the physical plane at an oasis in the desert, knowing that by pushing on and out of the hot and dry sands he would at last come to a land of pure delight, where, as the poet wrote, infinite day excludes the night, and pleasures banish pain? Not one of us. Then, if this be true, if this be the burden of humanity's toll, the meaning of its failures and its successes, let man live the soul-life, being and doing good, and he will pass at once from the old well, where perhaps he was waiting for and listening to hear the bubbling of the living water, to the life of life, where, as he desires and toils for the good and the truth, not only for his own, but the joy of all satisfaction of the highest and purest order will come to him, and after this mortality is ended, and the body is committed to the earth, a peace, not of sleep nor of death, but of life everlasting, will be his!

She came to my side as soon as her father had left the room, and said she loved me quite as much as Bethos, which gave me great joy. Her face was a little heavy with stupidity, and mine made a good companion piece. Her complexion was a light chocolate, peculiar to Egyptian women; her hair was in truth coarse and black, something like the fabric of a salt-bag, but it looked to me as fine as the flax of asbestos. Her form was not as shapely as it might have been in one of her sex, but I had no eye for such trivial things. Her masculine accomplishments in the tending and herding of cattle made her from my point of view a desirable helpmate.

I toyed with a little ornament suspended from her neck for the want of something better to do; I looked up into her face with a meaningless grin overshadowing my features, and there a smile quite as intellectual greeted me. "Sesesta," said I, "do not for the world disobey your father, for the gods forbid it; but never mind your love for your brother, and marry me. Tell your father your life would be unhappy with Bethos. Do everything you can to make him miserable and me happy, and if you always struggle to please me and devote your life to my happiness and welfare, I shall be satisfied."

She, dear girl, thought we could get along nicely under such simple circumstances, and consented to be my wife if her father gave his permission, which I most anxiously trusted he would.

It is strange that suspicion, doubt and dislike grow contemporaneously, and in the same ground with love-making. We sometimes wonder that the soil that produces the one should put forth the other, yet the poisonous plant and the harmless flower may grow side by side.

There had grown in me a hatred as deep for my friend Bethos, now that he stood in my way, as my love increased for his sister. Not one thing had he ever done of his own accord to injure me. No unkind deed had I ever known him to do any one. Yet I resolved, should chance offer, to do him injury.

As the years went on with me, and grew in number to twenty-six, they went on also with my father. They brought me strength and vitality, they brought him weakness and infirmity. He had been ailing many weeks, and one day he died like a good old Egyptian, making a prayer to the gods, craving their blessing on us all and their leniency upon himself. For many days we were in mourning. We had him embalmed. No man was able to say aught against him, therefore he was to be with his fathers. Over the lake he was carried, and the judges there decided him a worthy soul. They admonished me to keep his body carefully, that he might come back to inhabit it at the proper time. I had it placed in a coffin and stood up in the best room of our house. By this wise method among the Egyptians they were enabled to make a graveyard of their own dwellings, and had also the pleasure of being in constant company with a whole family of mummies. It may be a satisfaction to have your relations in coffins, but to have them standing about the room, watching everything you do, can neither be agreeable nor edifying; at least it would not be so to the people of the eighteenth century.

I was now the head of the house, yet I was not a husband or father. My stepmother kept house for me, and affairs ran on as they did in my father's time. When he died he gave me his blessing. Without it I would have been miserable, and with it I was far from happy.

The crime I had committed long ago still held a place in my mind. I longed to atone for my early mistake. But other things awaited me that were to cause more misery than the murder of Apophis.

A priest had come from Memphis to the little town near which I lived. He had been assaulted one night in our immediate neighborhood, by whom nobody knew. It so happened that Bethos was out for a walk that evening, and thinking I saw an opportunity to get his sister by defaming him, I averred to the authorities that I saw him attack the priest and belabor him mercilessly. He was immediately arrested, and I was sent for as a witness.

We had in Egypt a senate or thirty judges who administered justice to all without cost. Before them we were brought, and my testimony taken. I affirmed that Bethos was very irreligious, that he had often spoken of his dislike toward the priesthood, and that he had many times threatened that if the opportunity presented itself, he would injure any of them that came near. I testified to having seen him do what he was accused of, and said it was a painful duty I had to perform, as he had been my friend.

A long and careful examination followed. Much that I testified was confuted by those who knew the prisoner quite as well as myself. The priest was unable to say just how the man looked who attacked him, yet he was under the impression that Bethos was not the one. Other evidence placed me in a painful position, and, seeing the case likely to go in his favor, I offered to withdraw, but the judge forbade my doing so.

## Original Story.

## FROM AGE TO AGE.

BY ALBERT E. ALLEN.

(Copyright, 1893, by A. E. Allen.)

### CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

tion, and, seeing the case likely to go in his favor, I offered to withdraw, but the judge forbade my doing so.

Finally, the president of the assemblage arose and touched Bethos with his seal. This indicated that Bethos had won the case and was not to be prosecuted.

Now all eyes were turned toward me, and I was put on trial for false witnessing. That I was a rival of Bethos in his sister's love was proven. Other testimony exposed me as a false accuser, and I was condemned to suffer the punishment Bethos would have had had he been found guilty. This was to lose both of my hands.

Oh, horrors! what hope was there for me now, when honorable judges condemned me? How could I hope for leniency from the gods, now a double crime was on my head?

To be incapacitated for life by losing my hands was only a part of my affliction. I had lost honor; I had lost respect for the present life and hope for the future. My fathers stood side by side in my house, but I could never stand by them. My soul must go, according to the Metempsychosis, down into the bodies of animals, and finally into annihilation. Sesesta would never become my wife now. The temples were no longer open to me. The gods would never hear my prayers. And the immaculate King Sesostris would no longer number me among his faithful subjects.

When my hands had been amputated, and my wounds healed, I married one of my slaves. It was degrading in the eyes of my neighbors, but what was degradation now? Moreover, no one but a slave would marry me. The rest of my slaves and cattle I sold.

On my land I built an expensive tomb for my father and placed him therein. No compartment was left for me, knowing that I could never fill it. A small monument I dedicated to the goddess Isis, hoping thereby to find some favor in her eyes, and possibly some intercession for me with the other gods. Then, taking my wife, I traveled to middle Egypt, where I was unknown.

The one hope that was now left me was to leave behind me a son. From him I might expect honor, even though the world refuse it to me. He, if he was an Egyptian worthy of the name, would reverse his father at all hazards. This was another of our valuable customs. I regret that so few of them have come to posterity.

Several years passed away, but no son was born. Three daughters were given me, but what were they? Here I had been honoring my father all my life, but no one was to honor me. Events took an unlucky turn for me in everything. At last the climax came which completely upset my nerves, perplexed my senses, and helped end my miserable life.

It happened thus: For several weeks my rest had been disturbed by a noise in my room, which was on a level with the ground. I felt miserable enough without having some predatory animal come and rob me of my sleep. Yet night after night this noise continued. That it was an animal I knew, but what kind I could not conclude. First I thought it was a fox, then I thought, perhaps, it was a young crocodile that came up from a stream near by for food.

One night, being more tired and weary than usual, I lay down to await the tortures the intruder was to put me through. I tried to woo sleep, to fall into its kindly embraces, to be warded away from care, and so gently it came stealing over me when all was quiet that I knew not its approach. It danced upon my eyelids and brought me to the realm of dreams where my active fancy led me amidst a thousand pleasures.

Then came the outrageous scratching. Sleep was at an end. I resolved to kill the persistent nuisance if it took all night to do it. After waiting two hours by a closet door, the object of my torment came within reach.

The night was dark. I could just see its form as it came near me. Raising my foot, which had for the purpose a heavy sandal upon it, I gave it a kick which almost sent it through the roof. "Take that, you contemptible creature," said I, with a sigh of relief. "Then lighting a taper I proceeded to see what it was that I was so happily rid of, when judge my surprise on finding it to be an ichneumon, one of the animals we worshipped, and a favorite deity with myself.

This filled my bowl of misfortune. Even my daughters could not love or respect a man who had deliberately kicked the life out of a god. My wife threatened to run away from me. In these most terrible circumstances, my health being enfeebled, I took sick during the season of the south wind, and died. A happy relief to myself, my friends and the world.

It is very common for us after we die to believe we are still alive. For this reason we do and think things we would not do or think if we understood our real condition. We go from place to place with wonder and rapidity, yet we notice not the change in our traveling ability. The reason is we are in a confused state of mind. All the circumstances pertaining to



our last days on earth are fresh in our memories. We feel that some great change has taken place, but it is some time before we comprehend what the change really is.

Some spirits break the ties that bound them to the love of the world in a few days, some even in a few hours, but it is not uncommon that a spirit hovers about familiar places for years. The more material, the more likely they are to cling to the world after they are dead. Those that love the pleasures of the earth, and the enjoyments that belong especially to the flesh, miss both considerably when separated from them. In my case I had not much difficulty in separating from a world that had become all but unbearable.

During life in Egypt my animal propensities had not predominated. My longing had been chiefly in its religion. Veneration had been developed in me, but I had given so much of it, and received so little in return, that I was almost tired of veneration at the time of death.

The hardest trial I encountered at the start of my spiritual life was the manner in which my memory was treated on earth after my death. They paid me even less respect than I anticipated. My body was not embalmed, as it should have been. Mourning was worn but a remarkably short time, and for all of which I endeavored to expostulate with my wife without avail.

Some hours after life had fled I was near my body, when a man approached. He looked long into its face. There were tears of sorrow on his cheek as he raised one of my handless arms, and laid it back again. It was Bethos. He had forgiven me long, long since, and had come from lower Egypt that he might be of some assistance in cheering my drooping spirits. How much more noble was he in this one act than I had ever been!

From this scene I took a lesson. I saw how much better it was to love one another, and that a purifying pleasure ever attended those that did good. Yet when I came again on earth to live a life in Greece, I fell with almost every temptation, and lived for supreme self.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Again I came on earth to die!  
My duty's but to pass wrong by;  
And gain God's love and grace;  
By sinning I incur a stain—  
I must improve, or come again  
Another course to trace!

It was while in a full state of activity in the spirit-world, which implies that I was free to go wherever I pleased, and do with myself that which afforded the most pleasure, that I experienced day by day a peculiar sleepless stealing upon me, which lasted until I became totally insensible to what was taking place around me.

How long I remained unconscious I have not been informed. When I again became myself there stood not far from where I lay an elderly woman whom in time I learned to call "mother," for it was she that had led me with much suffering into this world.

I cannot remember that she was doing anything in particular the time I first recollect her, nor can I tell why some acts or scenes of minor importance stamp themselves so firmly upon the mind of a child, while more important events go by unheeded.

It may be likened to one that sleeps heavily for several hours, and when this slumber is near its end becomes half awake, and then dozes again before becoming thoroughly sensible of what is going on about him.

It would appear after the first recollection of my mother that I again slept in happy forgetfulness until one event after another found a place in my memory, and kept me awake.

I was born in Athens, and grew from babyhood to be a strong, robust boy without incident worth recording. My father I did not remember—he having died in the battle of Marathon when I was but two years of age.

My mother was poor, but respectable. She permitted me to roam about Athens at will, picking up enjoyment as only a child can, in every nook and corner in which I found myself.

There were at this time in the city a great many recruits for the army. Among these free and easy men I found my chief delight. They taught me to run and jump, besides giving me small coins and cakes when I succeeded in throwing boys of my size to the ground.

I had scarcely reached my twelfth year when misfortune befell the Athenians. The Oracle at Delphi warned the inhabitants to leave their homes and seek refuge, as the Persians, with whom we were then at war, would sweep down upon our city destroying all before them.

Great was the consternation. On every side could be seen men and women hurrying to and fro with bundles and bags, each making preparation for departure. Every vessel that could be procured lay at the water's edge, and was no sooner laden with human freight than it made speed for a place of safety.

My mother and I embarked on a very little boat that threatened a watery grave to its crowded voyagers too frequently for comfort, but eventually landed us at Froezen, where every attention was paid us by the inhabitants.

We had happily escaped. But a large number of families thinking it unnecessary to leave the city sought refuge within the wooden walls of the citadel, and on our return their dead bodies were found fearfully mutilated and in an advanced state of decomposition. This was indeed a sad spectacle, and quite as sad was the destruction visible everywhere. The people that were homeless on this occasion found shelter beneath a shed built for the purpose. My mother and I were unfortunately among this class, and a miserable life we were obliged to lead.

While preparation was being made to rebuild what had been overthrown, the Oracle again bade the people seek a place of safety. The word as it passed from mouth to mouth filled us all with gloom, and caused my poor mother to cry exceedingly. As there was little choice in the matter, every one concluded to leave the city at once, nor were we out of it too quickly, as the relentless enemy, full soon after our departure, came upon the defenseless metropolis and completed the destruction of much that they had before left standing. Again our people full of sorrow returned to their devastated hearths. They groaned in anguish on seeing the homes that had for years sheltered their families now in ashes. The stately and temples, the pride and glory of Greece, had been razed; nothing but a few massive buildings superior to the ravages of fire or the ingenuity of destruction remained to meet the gaze of a troubled populace.

My mother, by selling some of her clothing, purchased a tent, while I, by rendering help to my neighbors, was paid enough to buy the coarse necessities of life.

As there was much to be reconstructed and

comparatively few to do it, the able-bodied men being absent at the war, I readily found employment with a mason, who in time taught me his trade. This enabled me to live comfortably, and there being few in the city that could surpass my workmanship, I had not worked long before I found myself saving money. I did not at first deprive myself of occasional luxuries, but necessities were good enough, yet, too good, some of them, when the habit of saving became avarice. I grew to find my only pleasure in the slight and thought of what I had accumulated, and my sharpest pain in expenditure.

This came not in a day nor a year; it grew from nothing to make itself felt, and from making itself felt to making itself master. The poor I laughed at for their improvidence. The rich I envied and begrudged them their own. One of the latter had grown to wealth by keeping a bakery. Why not start one myself? While turning the thought over in my mind, I saw an opportunity to marry a young woman who held in her right considerable property. Thinking it mattered little whether a man loved or not, I married her, more for the advantages her riches would give me than the pleasure of her company.

I had, as you will perceive, grown to manhood in blank ignorance of all things that interest an inquiring mind. My only thought had grown to be self; my only ambition was that of acquiring money. When people talked of poets, orators or administrators, I would leave them, as the subject did not interest me. What is the use, thought I, of one's bothering his head about appointments, earthquakes and the stars?

The wise men of Greece who profess to know all about these things cannot make a star or tell such men as I what they are made of. They cannot cause one to shine or make one cease to shine. From this and like reasoning I became convinced that none knew their origin or purpose, and that the discovery would not help man much if found out.

There was something tangible about money, and now that I had a wife to help me in the drudgery, a bakery was purchased and work commenced in good earnest. Each year I labored the harder to save more. As my customers were numerous and their purchases liberal, I might easily have hired a few hands to help me, but in my eagerness to accumulate gold I forced my wife to toil by my side over hot ovens from early morn until almost midnight. It need hardly be said she grew to hate me, but I cared little for that. She was a good worker, and as long as she did not fall sick I was quite content to hear her complain as much as she liked.

One night, after we had been married a number of years, she asked permission to visit her mother, who lived several miles distant. As the wife was ailing, I concluded it was best she should be sick among her relations, and thus save me trouble and expense, so I let her go.

Being without her companionship on the evening in question, I grew lonely and despondent. My baking (which for years was going on at this hour) remained undone, and I sat moody and dejected upon a stool in the dim-lighted cellar, thinking upon the reverses and misfortunes that lay in the path of my ever becoming rich. All the money I had saved before marriage and all I had saved since was less than three talents. What was that for a man to save who had worked incessantly for years? It was nothing. I looked contemptuously upon what I had hoarded. For the first time it gave me no comfort to count it. If anything it made me more miserable. Other men about me had become wealthy, lived better and worked less. Why should the fates thus conspire to keep me poorer than they?

While thus in selfish meditation, a stranger entered the store whom by his speech and dress I knew to be a Spartan. As I understood but little Doric, he indicated by gesture that he wished to purchase something to eat, and selected bread and honey from the numerous edibles offered him. While paying for the food selected, I observed he had upon his person considerable money. He seemed to fear no harm as he sat leisurely down to appease his hunger. I was glad it was so.

Here is a chance, thought I, to gain more gold in an hour than I can honestly do in a year, and such pieces of good fortune do not fall in my way every day. As I thought it over everything seemed favorable to its accomplishment. My wife was well out of the way for the night, and the streets, owing to the lateness of the hour, had become deserted.

On looking about me for a weapon, I remembered that in an adjoining room there was a great club we sometimes used in kneading bread. This apartment lay directly behind the Spartan, and gave me an opportunity to steal upon him unawares. Several trips were made to and fro to the room, each time bringing him a plate, cloth or something of the kind, that he might become used to my going to and fro without suspicion. The last time I entered I secured the club, and on returning dealt him a blow that felled him with a bound to the floor. Fearing he might soon arise and overpower me, for I was much the weaker of the two, I brought down the club a second time upon his gray head, and then dragged his body into the cellar, where the money changed owners speedily, and the body was placed temporarily in the cold oven.

Then securing a cloth I proceeded toward the stairway, that I might wash up the blood which would otherwise criminate me, when, to my dismay, there stood my wife, too horror-stricken to cry or move from where she stood. She had seen it all. It was a fearful surprise. Before I could speak she recovered sufficiently to give an unearthly scream, and fell to the ground. I had but time to carry her body to the store and lay her where the Spartan fell before the neighbors, who heard the cry, crowded in to see what it might be that caused the alarm.

[To be continued.]

**Pamphlets Received:** *The Fall Catalogue, for 1893*, of hardy bulbs and plants, with beautiful colored floral covers, issued by John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, N. Y.

*Charles Darwin, His Life, and What the World Owe Him*, by B. O. Flower and T. B. Wakeman. H. L. Green, publisher, Buffalo, N. Y.

*Allegory of the Four Gospels*, published by the author, John S. Snavely, Lebanon, Pa.

*Christ; by O. Sadakichi Hartmann.*

*The World's Parliament of Religions*, by Daniel K. Tenney, H. L. Green, publisher, Buffalo, N. Y.

**For a Nerve Tonic.**

**Use Harnford's Acid Phosphate.**

Dr. H. M. HARNFORD, Augusta, Me., says: "I regard it as one of the best remedies in all cases in which the system requires an acid and a nerve tonic. I have used it freely with most excellent results."

## Banner Correspondence.

**New York.**  
**NEW YORK CITY.**—Henry Forbes writes: "That strange and weird blending of Eastern fact, phantasy and philosophy with Western invention, known by the modest title 'Theosophy' is fast growing to a 'fad.' Among the latest to make public announcement of its tenets is Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She has come before the public in the rôle of a veritable match-maker, by lending her aid to the spreading of a 'knowledge' (Theosophy) which is the marriage tie between 'science and religion.' But what an alliance this would prove! Of the 'science' which she demands a backing of demonstrated fact for every claim, wedded to the youthful and confiding Theosophy, still too inexperienced to know, and often too vain to ever learn, the difference between fact and fancy. 'Incompatibility of temper' would be the plea set down in the papers for legal separation, if the bride did not too soon become a most miserably disconsolate 'shell,' struggling ineffectually to preserve its evanescent existence in the shadowy realms of the 'Astral World.' However, the marriage will never take place. Science is too wary to be inveigled into such a union."

Mrs. W. makes some very interesting statements in *The Arena*. For instance, she says, "to investigate so-called spiritual phenomena, we need first to realize that death does not mark the end of this brief earthly life into another life which is final and eternal." Finally and eternally! Oh! for access to the esoteric chamber of the vast cathedral of the "wisdom religion"! 'Shells' of the immortals, produce the mystic key! or must we linger, disconsolate, in the 'ante-room' (Spiritualism)? But let us return to things temporal, by begging information as to the method of arriving at realization before investigation. Realization requires knowledge, and without investigation how is knowledge possible? The world's best minds have investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism without any antecedent thought as to what death does or does not 'permit,' and their unanimous conclusion is that the phenomena are rightly called spiritual. Why this conclusion? Because the phenomena are absolutely no evidence of 'evidence.' Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which can be evolved that ingenious dodging of the truth—the doctrine of 'shells.' Are the disinterested investigators of those 'discrepant' 'plausible' investigations to whom Mr. Stebbins eloquently referred in *Chicago*—the heroes of our Cause—to be ignored and spurned with an arrogant wave of the hand presuming to extend beyond the confines of the universe? Are they to be substituted by the dogmatic proclamations of visionary Himalayan nonentities, of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence? Spiritualism is a free-for-all, in which Mrs. W. and other Theosophic writers so complacently deny. Furthermore, a searching scrutiny of the innumerable records of intelligent investigation, with which the glorious literature of Spiritualism abounds, will fail to find any evidence from which



Written for the Banner of Light.  
UNTRIED WAYS.  
BY WILLIAM DRUMTON.

When first to Britain's shore there came  
The bearers of the Christian name,  
Bold Saxon at their preaching said:  
"We know not what we are when dead;  
For like a bird from out the gloom,  
That flies a moment through the room,  
And then in darkness hies away,  
So seems to us life's little day!"

If these new men can tell the tale,  
Then shall their word with us prevail!  
And so the hope of life before  
Found refuge on the white-cliffed shore;  
And down the centuries comes its strain,  
"Man dies that he may live again!"

He passes through the realms of night,  
And finds in bliss the land of light!"

And why should this so doubtful be,  
When present life we have so free?  
Consider well the wondrous fact  
That here we are to think and act;  
No future state can more surprise,  
Or be diviner to our eyes;  
That here and now we live and move,  
The there and then would seem to prove!

And yet with dread we picture change,  
Peculiar mystery and strange;  
In ignorance we try to see  
How souls appear when they are free!  
Unloathed of flesh we seem to fade  
As mist before the sunbeams laid;  
Forgetful that the spirit pure,  
From youth to age did change endure!

Ah! not in utter lack of light  
Are we in murkiness of night;  
Each night we sleep away the hours,  
Reveals our hope of dormant powers,  
And shows the miracle so deep  
That we arise from realms of sleep:  
Not all untried the way we fare,  
For oft we journey half-way there!

And oft I think we sense in love  
The charm immortally above;  
For as red rose is made a rose,  
Because sweet heavenly light it shows,  
So characters of strength and truth  
Reflect celestial hope and youth;  
They show in fields of time below  
The wondrous glory Heaven must know!

Whitman, Mass.

The Earth and Sea.

In the Ocean Depths.  
A Torchlight Procession at the Bottom of the Sea.

The structural differences between the deep sea fish and the fish that frequent the shores, or remain near the surface, are due to their peculiar physical surroundings, the absence of sunlight, the increased pressure of water at such great depths, and the quiet stillness of the water, says the *Washington Star*. At such depths the water is not agitated as it is at the surface, and this favors the development of long, delicate tentacles or feelers. These tentacles help a fish in its groping about the depths searching for food. When the fish are brought to the surface, most of them appear to be soft, pulpy masses. The bones and muscles appear to be feebly developed. The tissues seem thin, weak and easily ruptured. These conditions, implying muscular weakness, are apparently inconsistent with the powerful shape of the jaws and the rapacious-looking teeth of some of the predaceous fishes.

It must be remembered, though, that at the depth of one thousand fathoms the pressure upon a fish, or any other animal, is equal to a ton to a square inch. These flabby-looking fishes, that can be tied in a knot at the surface, at such depths are firm-bodied and vigorous. When fish adapted by organization to these depths are brought to the surface, frequently their bodies are ruptured, their viscera protrude, their eyes start out, and they present the appearance of having suffered a frightful death. When the fish ascends, and the pressure upon its body becomes less and less, the gases in its body begin to expand, and the expansion causes the demoralized appearance of the fish. If the fish could be popped out of the sea in an instant, it would probably explode with a bang when it reached the surface.

To the absence of light is due many of the most wonderful peculiarities of the deep-sea fish. Some of them are totally blind, having no eyes at all, or mere rudimentary eyes. Others have huge eyes so organized as to collect as many light rays as possible. Sunlight, it is said, does not penetrate to a depth of two hundred fathoms. If there is any light there at all, it is the merest glimmer, and below that depth there is absolute darkness.

Now these deep-sea fishes being out altogether from the sunlight, many of them furnish their own light. They have no organized gas companies, but each furnishes his own light—carries a lantern or torch around with him. They have organs that emit a phosphorescent gleam and shed light on their path. Some of them carry little torches in the form of tentacles that rise from the tops of their heads. Many of them have regular symmetrical rows of luminous spots along their sides. These fish glow like a torch through the water like a torchlight procession. Sometimes when brought to the surface these spots still glimmer with light. Dr. Bean thought it possible that some of these fish were completely enveloped in light. Nearly all the deep-sea fishes brought up have been found to be allied to some species of shore or pelagic fishes. The pelagic fishes are those that live far out at sea, but near the surface. Some of them come rarely to the surface, and in their structure seem to form a connecting link between the pelagic and the bottom of the sea. It is supposed that the fish at the bottom represent degraded types. Their ancestors were once shore fish or pelagic fish. Driven by their foes or by the disappearance of their food supply, or other unfavorable conditions, they have crept out from the shore along the bottom until they have become deep-sea fish. Else they have been pelagic fish, and gradually descended vertically.

How the World will Come to an End.

According to all probability, notwithstanding all the circumstances which threaten it, our planet will die, not of an accident, but a natural death. That death will be the consequence of the extinction of the sun, in twenty million years or more, perhaps thirty, since its condensation at a relatively moderate rate will give it, on one hand, seventeen million years of existence, while on the other hand the inevitable fall of meteors into the sun may double this number. Even if you suppose the duration of the sun to be prolonged to forty million years, it is still incontestable that the radiation from the sun cools it, and the temperature of all bodies tends to an equilibrium.

The day will come when the sun will be extinct. Then the earth and all the other planets of our system will cease to be the abode of life. They will be erased from the great book, and will revolve, black cemeteries, around an extinguished sun. Will these planets continue to exist even then? Yes, probably, in the case of Jupiter and perhaps Saturn. No, beyond a doubt, for the small bodies, such as the earth, Venus, Mars, Mercury and the moon. Already the moon appears to have preceded us toward the final desert. Mars is much further advanced than the earth toward the same destiny. Venus, younger than us, will doubtless survive us. These little worlds lose their elements of vitality much faster than the sun loses its heat.

From century to century, from year to year, from day to day, from hour to hour, the surface of the earth is transferred to the cold and the continents are crumbling away and becoming covered by the sea, which insensibly and by very slow degrees tends to invade and submerge the entire globe; on the other hand, the amount of water on the surface of the globe is diminishing. A careful and reasonable calculation

shows that by the action of erosion alone all the land of our planet will be covered by water, in ten millions of years.—Camille Flammarion, in *L'Astronomie*, Paris.

A "REGULAR" CONTRAST.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Physicians have all sorts of experiences with their numerous patients. Those who practice new methods are closely watched, and if patients die very often a great cry is raised because they did not die under good orthodox treatment; but the dear people seldom take into consideration the fact that sick people rarely resort to new methods until they have been the rounds of one or more of the medical schools, all sorts of patent medicines included, perhaps. Thus they consume much time, money and vitality, until they are often in the last stages of their disease and cannot possibly recover under the best of treatment, or until they have become disgusted with doctors' prescriptions, and in desperation resort to something new, when, if not too far gone, they live to "laugh and grow fat" and preach the better way to those who derided them and cried "humbug."

Physicians do not report for the public good cases that fail to recover under the most wise and judicious treatment they are able to administer.

To make a new departure in this line, I will tell you of the patient that died, condensing the statement as much as possible for the glorious BANNER, that sends its brilliant rays of light into thousands of homes, educating, uplifting and cheering its millions of readers. A few years ago I was called to see a young lady; she was a devoted Christian, but had failed to recognize the religion of the body, and her zeal had made sad havoc with a frail constitution. With day-school, Sunday-school, church, prayer meetings, societies, mission work and the many duties that are imposed upon every willing worker in any cause, she at last found herself a hopeless, helpless invalid, with the long train of physical manifestations that attend the last stage of pulmonary consumption, accompanied with such extreme nervousness that all noise was suppressed in the home, and people living near had been cautioned to be as quiet as possible during the few days she was expected to live.

My diagnosis was complete at a glance. She searched my face, and said, "You have been sent here to cure me, and you must do something for me." I said, "I know I can make you more comfortable, so that you will rest better and not suffer so much."

To her mother I said, "Your daughter in her present condition can live but a short time; I am a stranger here, with my reputation to establish, and I could only make her more comfortable, perhaps prolong her life, and at the end should be accused of killing her." She replied that they had never deemed her anything but a martyr, and that she had no faith from the moment she sent for me that I must do what I could; that her physician, a most excellent man, had done his best for her during several months, and would be glad to see her condition improved.

I commenced the treatment by discarding her stimulants and opiates, and teaching the mother the simplest hygienic methods to be observed in dress, diet, ventilation, etc., and to the patient I applied the gentlest hand-massages, later combined with massage and movement cure, with sufficient hot water cure, internal and external, to cleanse the system and relieve local distress.

She was treated in the morning before getting up (often taking a nap while being treated), and each day directions were given for the succeeding twenty-four hours. Cough, night sweats, chills, fever, nervousness began to vanish, and she insisted upon getting as well and enjoying as much of life as possible. About the time she was expected to die she was much better, and surprised us all by getting up, dressing without assistance and walking out of doors. Later she was no special care to any one, took short walks on the street, rode several miles a day, often driving her own team, and taking an invalid with her; she made several visits among her friends, went to church on Sundays, and was so far from nervousness that noise and confusion ceased to annoy her.

To be "more comfortable" was all we expected, but the improvement in every way was a daily surprise to herself and her friends, and we were really surprised why I did not have greater hope in the case; the patient often said: "Don't you see how much better I am?" and finally insisted upon the truth with regard to her condition, which I reluctantly gave. We reviewed her active life, her disregard of the laws of health, the gradual encroachment of disease, until the beautiful "temple" was nearly a mass of ruins, unfit longer to contain the spirit; we had several talks upon the subject, but nothing discouraged her, and she repeatedly said: "I will be all right either way; I am prepared for life or death; words can never express my gratitude to you for the pleasure and comfort I have experienced, and I am determined to enjoy all I can while I do live." In fact her intense enjoyment of life was such that some of her young "sister Christian" friends became alarmed and held several prayer meetings in her behalf, while she, the bright, cheerful spirit, might, with much more reason, have prayed for them.

She was under my daily care for two months, when she decided to take a short trip from home for a few days, which doubtless hastened the end, for she gradually began the downward way, still full of courage, ambition, and remarkably free from suffering. She was able to ride out every fine day until the last, enjoyed her friends—indeed, nothing seemed to disturb the serenity of the sweet spirit that was just waiting "outside the gates," and one bright morning, while sitting in her chair, a glorious angel, with an unseen hand, closed the weary eyes and gently bore her through the heavenly gates to her longed-for home.

A few days before this patient passed away I met one of her young lady friends, who, with a dreadful frown, told me she thought my patient "had better have died three months before, when she was prepared, than to have lived in such a worldly state of mind."

I asked, "Do you really believe it would have been better for her to have lingered along two or three weeks, a suffering burden to herself and an unceasing care to her weary mother, rather than to have lived three months of happiness, as she says, able to walk out here, enjoy the beauties of nature, the society of her friends, and be a real blessing to all those about her, with her bright, sunny ways and words of cheer?" In a doleful voice she replied, "Yes, I do; for then she was prepared to die, but now I fear she is not." "Well," said I, "we have had several talks upon this subject, and she will stay with us as long as possible, then willingly and joyfully go home, and her friends need have no fears with regard to her future life." This form of dissatisfaction was entirely new to me, and devoid of reason.

A few days later some one said to me, "I hear that one of your patients died the other day." "Yes, she died; patients die by the score under 'regular treatment,' and you take it as a matter to pass by without comment; but when I lose one, how busy people are in spreading the news all over town, as though some crime had been committed!"

Some months later I went to an adjoining town to give a course of lectures, and before my arrangements were made. "You lost a patient over in the next town," greeted my ears. "Yes, I lost two or three who were nearly dead when I first saw them; but, having heard what my treatment had done for a friend of theirs, they insisted upon having the same." Suffice it to say that my reputation did not suffer, and the case created so much comment and inquiry as to "why she died after getting so much better," that I was obliged to explain and discuss the subject in one of my lectures.

There are plenty of similar cases, and they will become more numerous as people become more independent with regard to medical treatment.

My experience has been that physicians of all schools and no school too often neglect to in-

struct their patients in sanitary matters, to say nothing of their failure to teach them the simplest laws of health. When physicians combine teaching with practice, their occupation will be on the wane, but we shall witness a great increase of health, happiness and longevity. DR. ELLEN GODDELL SMITH, Dwight, Mass.

September Magazines.

THE COMING DAY contains a statement of the principles and mission of "Our Father's Church," which is a "spiritual communion of kindred spirits without external organizations and of adherents without sectarian operations"; "A Hundred Years Old and a Child" is the theme of the sermonette which precedes the conclusion of "Paul's Letter to the Galatians." Other matter of interest is also contributed. Williams & Norgate, publishers, Henrietta street, Covent Garden, London, Eng.

THE KINDERGARTEN NEWS.—This valuable and instructive little magazine, devoted to the dissemination of Froebel's method of instruction, not only in the school but at home, has changed ownership, and has been transferred from Buffalo, N. Y., to Springfield, Mass., where it is published by the Milton Bradley Company, and edited by Henry W. Blake. To all parents, and those interested in the best physical, moral and intellectual training of the little ones, this periodical will prove of vast assistance. As the editor significantly remarks in substance: The kindergarten is not for the poor alone, as some excellent people imagine. The temptations of both classes are not exactly alike, but they are omnipresent, and whatever they are, can often be largely counteracted by kindergarten training.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—"Glimpses of People and Scenes in Honolulu" is a delightful article from the pen of Emma Seckle Marshall; collectors of coins will be interested in "Coins of the United States"; the various departments are of especial interest, particularly "The September Wardrobe," "Inexpensive and Easy to Make for Fairs and Sales"; "Some House Furnishings that Women Can Make," etc. Published at 110 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.

THE HUMANITARIAN appears this month in a new cover of neat and attractive design, and is published simultaneously in London at the old address and by the Canon Press at 20 Vesey street, New York.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT, published by the Editor and Proprietor, J. D. Shaw, Waco, Texas, has been received. It has an excellent table of contents.

Cleveland, O.

The Society at Army and Navy Hall is now fairly started, with good prospects for the season of '93-'94. On the evening of Sunday, Sept. 17th, Mrs. H. S. LAKE, the settled speaker for the Spiritual Alliance, had for her theme: "What is Living?" Her lecture, which was followed by psychometric phenomena, was highly appreciated by her hearers, and was well spoken of by *The News and Herald* of the following morning.

She said, substantially, that no thoughtful person can fail to realize that we are in the midst of a mysterious universe; that living means more to us than it did to our ancestors.

There are those whose physical senses relate them to a narrow range of mechanical being; who know nothing of the vast stretches of mind states into which enter the student and the philosopher. These latter live in a world so thoroughly dissimilar from that of the mere animal man that there is scarcely any comparison.

The mental realm is of such magnitude that he who explores it may be said to be living in a new world; for living is the ability to unfold power in environment, to individualize the universal energy.

If the animal and mental man find living a vastly different experience, the spiritual man is still further separated by reason of different capacities. His ability to unfold power in environment relates him to great principles, which he grasps and maintains in the face of every obstacle. To him living is absorbing the love and wisdom of the infinite intelligence. He grows conscious of conditions which others of his fellowmen do not cognize.

I look back along the history of the race, and I see the cave-dwellers, whose living was narrowed by the lack of power to small area and meagre subsistence. Then I contemplate the philosopher and inventor of to-day, and I see that enlarged capacities have unfolded different methods of living. Daily we are discovering that that is the better life which touches the greatest number of possibilities. We should seek to refine the animal man, to illuminate the mental man, and to free the spiritual man.

Too Many

To print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world. The Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food. Grocers and Druggists.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Buffalo, N. Y., on Friday, Sept. 15th, Little May Hull, daughter of Willard J. and Elizabeth A. Hull, aged 15 years 8 months and 28 days.

Her remains were cremated Sunday, the 17th. Funeral services by E. W. Sprague of Jamestown, who spoke eloquently upon the value of Spiritualism in the hours of trial. Little was a pure bud just blossoming into womanhood, and her departure is a sad blow to her parents—but now more before they and will be all right either way; I am prepared for life or death; words can never express my gratitude to you for the pleasure and comfort I have experienced, and I am determined to enjoy all I can while I do live." In fact her intense enjoyment of life was such that some of her young "sister Christian" friends became alarmed and held several prayer meetings in her behalf, while she, the bright, cheerful spirit, might, with much more reason, have prayed for them.

Our deepest sympathies go out to Bro. and Sister Hull in their hour of trial. Mr. Hull is widely known throughout the North and West as an eloquent and enthusiastic worker for Spiritualism, upon the platform, and thousands will unite to proffer himself and family respectful commendations at their bereavement.—EWS.]

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

Corticelli Silk.

Prudent purchasers save time and mental friction by careful discrimination in their selection of sewing materials.



This group of fine Corticelli Silks, and Worsted and Roll Brads, each bearing the name Corticelli, which is a guarantee of excellence. The reputation of this brand has been secured by 55 years of effort, and is now a household name. Ask your dealer for it, or send 10 cents for sample spool. 500 yards. (Numbered from 20 to 100.) Send 10 cents each for Illustrated Catalogue. Corticelli Books, Nos. 1 & 2, 18 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Do You Crochet?

Then you should use GLASSO TWILLED LACETHREAD. It is preeminently the best thread for every sort of fancy work. It is also equal to the very best threads made in the country for all sewing purposes, whether by hand or machine. Ask your dealer for it, or send 10 cents for sample spool. 500 yards. (Numbered from 20 to 100.) Send 10 cents each for Illustrated Catalogue. Corticelli Books, Nos. 1 & 2, 18 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Glasse Lacethread Co., Glasgo, Conn.

Ang & Snow

Descriptive Mentality.

BY HOLMES WHITTIER MERTON.

A concise and practical method of learning to read the character, habits and capacities of the mental faculties, from the entire school of mental healers, operators and students in her conclusions as to the means by which curative effects are produced. That disease, even organic, can be cured, as well as caused, by the mind, also asserts; but she repudiates the idea that the theory which underlies certain of the systems has anything to do with it. The result, she claims, is due to the concentration of thought. 8vo, pp. 238. Price \$1.50. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

THE HORROR OF IT.

Only Those Who Have Experienced It Know.

A Thrilling Story Most Plainly and Graphically Told.

Did You Ever Read Anything of Greater Interest?

The following communication from Mrs. Minnie Miller, who resides at 5 Guthrie street, Fort Wayne, Ind., explains itself:

"For many years I was troubled with indigestion and constipation. Three years ago I became so weak and nervous that I was a complete physical wreck. I had dizzy spells, palpitation of the heart and numbness of my hands and feet."

"These attacks came often, and each time worse. My life was a burden to me and a trouble and worry to all my friends. I expected to die. At times I thought I should lose my mind. My stomach was in such a condition that I could eat nothing but a very little of the lightest kind of food. Sleep was impossible. Every little noise would startle me, and I would feel faint."

"No one can imagine the agony I suffered but those who are afflicted with nervousness. I cannot describe the feeling in half its horrors."

"At last I saw Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy advertised, and read the testimonials of cure of some of those who had been afflicted as I was, so I thought I would try it. Wonderful to relate, the first



MRS. MINNIE MILLER.

bottle helped me so much that I had faith in it. I took two more bottles, and oh! I feel so much better. I can sleep soundly, and the nervous feeling has almost left me. I can eat with a good appetite, and have gained seven pounds."

"My friends say that I am looking so much better, and I know that I am feeling as they say I look. I tell everybody that the Nervura has done it. I cannot say enough for it, and I praise the Lord and thank this wonderful medicine for giving me relief."

"I am only too glad to recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy to any one afflicted as I was, and I hope this testimonial will be the means of inducing many to use this marvelous remedy."

If you are a sufferer, do not fail to get this medicine immediately from your druggist. It costs but \$1, and it is purely vegetable and harmless. Owing to its great strengthening and invigorating powers it is the best medicine possible to take. It is the prescription and discovery of Dr. Greene of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the most successful specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, and the doctor can be consulted free, personally or by letter."



BY REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

This work is one of the most dignified and thoughtful discussions of Psychical problems ever written. It embodies the results of more than a score of years of patient research on the part of Mr. Savage, and contains a great number of intensely interesting and well-authenticated "ghost stories." Indeed, it cannot fail to prove as entertaining as fiction to the general reader, while for those who are interested in psychical research it will be welcomed as one of the ablest, most critical and important presentations of this subject which has appeared since the scientific world has taken cognizance of Psychical phenomena. This volume embraces the subject matter found in Mr. Savage's masterly series of papers which appeared in *The Arena* during 1886, also his discussion of Psychical Research published some time ago in *The Forum*, together with an important introductory paper. The cloth copies contain a fine portrait of Mr. Savage. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

PRICE REDUCED FROM \$2.50 TO \$1.50.

Voices from Many Hill-Tops—

—Echoes from Many Valleys;

OR THE

Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eoná,

In Earth-Life and Spirit-Spheres;

In Ages Past; In the Long, Long Ago; and their Many Incarnations in Earth-Life and on Other Worlds.

A Spiritual Legacy for Earth's Children.

This book of many lives is the legacy of spirit Eoná to the wide, wide world.

A book from the land of souls, such as never before published. No book like unto this has ever found its way to earth-land shores, as there has never been a demand for such a publication.

The book has been given by spirit Eoná through the "Sun Angel Order of Light," to her soul-mate Eon, and through him to the world.

It has 650 large-sized pages, printed on heavy paper, in large clear type, is elegantly bound in fine English cloth, with beveled boards and gilt top. Price \$1.50, postage 15 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

MIND-CURE

On a Material Basis.

BY SARAH E. TITCOMB.

Miss Titcomb is one of the very few persons who have written upon Mind-Cure who seems to have a clear and definite idea regarding the process by which cures are effected; and it is a curious fact that, having made the subject a matter of earnest and conscientious study, she differs from the entire school of mental healers, operators and students in her conclusions as to the means by which curative effects are produced. That disease, even organic, can be cured, as well as caused, by the mind, also asserts; but she repudiates the idea that the theory which underlies certain of the systems has anything to do with it. The result, she claims, is due to the concentration of thought. 8vo, pp. 238. Price \$1.50. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

A History of Religions:

Being a Condensed Statement of the Results of Scientific Research and Philosophical Criticism. BY ELIZABETH E. EVANS.

12mo, paper covers, pp. 128. Price 25 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

BANNER OF LIGHT:

THE OLDEST JOURNAL IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE

Spiritual Philosophy.

ISSUED WEEKLY

At 9 Bowdoin Street (formerly Montgomery Place), Corner Province Street, Boston, Mass.

COLBY & RICH,

Publishers and Proprietors.

ISAAC B. RICH,.....BUSINESS MANAGER  
LUTHER COLBY,.....EDITORS.  
JOHN W. DAY,.....EDITORS.  
Added by a large corps of able writers.

THE BANNER is a first-class family newspaper of eight pages—containing FORTY COLUMNS OF INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE READING—embracing  
A LITERARY DEPARTMENT,  
REPORTS OF SPIRITUAL LECTURES,  
ORIGINAL ESSAYS—Spiritual, Philosophical and Scientific;  
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, which treats upon spiritual and secular events;  
SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT,  
REPORTS OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, and  
CONTRIBUTIONS by the most talented writers in the world, etc., etc.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, IN ADVANCE

Per Year.....\$2.50  
Three Months.....1.25  
Three Months......65

Postage Free.

Specimen copies sent free.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Banner will be sent to New Trial Subscribers for Three Months upon the receipt of 50 Cents.

Until further notice we will accept clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Money Order on Boston, or a Draft on a Bank or Banking House in Boston or New York City, payable to the order of COLBY & RICH, is preferable to Bank Notes. Our patrons can remit the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—and thus procure a discount.

ADVERTISEMENTS published at twenty-five cents per line, with discounts for space and time. Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

When the post-office address of THE BANNER is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and be careful to give in full their present as well as future address.

COLBY & RICH

Publish and keep for sale at Wholesale and Retail a complete assortment of

Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory, and Miscellaneous Books, as per Catalogue, which Catalogue will be sent to any address free.

Any book published in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express.

Publishers who insert the above Prospectus in their respective journals, and call attention to it editorially, will be entitled to a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT one year, provided a marked copy of the paper containing it is forwarded to this office.

AGENTS.

The following named persons keep for sale the Banner of Light, and either carry in stock or will order the Spiritual and Reformatory Works which are published and for sale by COLBY & RICH:

New York, N. Y.—BRENTANO BROS., No. 5 Union Square; B. C. BROS., 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 204 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; The Boston Herald; The Springfield Union; Our Thoughts Bookstore; WILLIAMSON & HIGGINS, 52 West Main street.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—J. H. LOHMEYER, 10 Kirkpatrick st. Cleveland, O.—THOMAS LEES, 105 Cross street. San Francisco, Cal.—J. K. COOPER, 748 Market street. Chicago, Ill.—O. H. MACDONALD & CO., 101 Adams street. THE POST OFFICE NEWS CO., 101 Adams street.

Brattleboro, Vt.—E. J. GARPENTER, 2 Market Block. Providence, R. I.—W. M. FOSTER, JR., 15 Peace street. Detroit, Mich.—SPIRITUALISTIC SALE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY, 78 State st.

Rochester, N. Y.—ALFRED JACKSON, Arcade Bookstore; WILLIAMSON & HIGGINS, 52 West Main street. Springfield, Mass.—J. S. LEWIS, 63 Fynchon street. Hartford, Ct.—E. M. SILL, 83 Trumbull street.

Lily Dale, N. Y.—G. F. LEWIS, Publisher of the Day Star. Milwaukee, Wis.—OTTO A. SEVERANCE, 125 6th st. St. Louis, Mo.—E. T. JETT, 82 Olive street.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—MR. DAVIDSON, corner Pearl street and the Arcade. Luckets, Va.—STOUT BROS. & CO. Portland, Ore.—W. E. JONES, 291 Alder street.

Australian Book Depot—W. H. TERRY, Australia Buildings, Collins street, Melbourne, Australia.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. BOWELL (Successor to Colby & Rich) Newspaper Advertising Bureau (Successor to Colby & Rich) where advertising contracts may be made for it in New York.

WORLD'S FAIR TEXT-BOOK

OF

Mental Therapeutics



In reference to an article in the last issue of THE BANNER, Messrs. Editors, on Chinese Spiritualism, I would add further information upon the subject. I remember having read many years ago in the *Annals of the Jesuits* an incident related therein by a Roman Catholic missionary, who had been an eye witness to a wonderful exhibition of spiritualism that took place in a small village in China. Two junks, it seems, were drawn ashore, each containing from fifty to sixty people belonging to two neighboring and rival villages, when they were completely lifted in the air and transported quite a distance inland. The same missionary attributed the phenomena as "the work of the devil" when questioned upon the subject.







Message Department.

The Messages published from week to week from the BANNER OF LIGHT are intended to be read as they appear in the BANNER OF LIGHT, and are not to be taken as a record of the actual words of the spirits. The Messages are published in the BANNER OF LIGHT as they are received, and are not to be taken as a record of the actual words of the spirits. The Messages are published in the BANNER OF LIGHT as they are received, and are not to be taken as a record of the actual words of the spirits.

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Séance held May 5th, 1893. Spirit Invocation. Infinite Spirit, we join in the sentiment of the beautiful song, and give thanks unto thee that the glorious gates of immortal life stand open, and that through them the angels of harmony and peace and tender love may return to mourning, discouraged hearts on earth, bearing to them ministrations and comfort and instruction from the world of souls. We praise thee that there is a highway of communication between this world of sense and matter and that which is spiritual, and that human intelligences with perceptions that are clear, and with understanding that can grasp and retain knowledge of eternal things, may return with uplifting strength and influence for those who need these ministrations.

Oh! thou Supreme Spirit, lend unto us this hour something of thy great influence and strength that we may feel ourselves baptized in spiritual light and uplifted by a new power such as we have not before understood. Send unto us a band of those good spirits who can communicate with instructive word and bestow a helpful magnetic atmosphere upon those who require it at this time. We welcome all who come, whether of high or low degree, of exalted position or of humble station, for we feel that all are thy children, and that each one may, perchance, give something that will be helpful or of use to humanity. We desire to extend to all a sympathetic atmosphere that will be of good cheer to them, for those who come from the other world are anxious to receive from their mortal friends a kindly greeting that they may be encouraged and strengthened in their work.

We give praise unto thee for all the blessings of life—for the sunshine and for the shadow, for the day of adversity as well as for the hour of prosperity, for the hard uphill climbing and striving as well as for the pathways of fragrance and of ease, knowing that all these are for the best good of humanity, that they draw out the higher powers, stimulate the energies, and thus bring to the human soul an unfoldment and growth which will be for its lasting good.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, you may present whatever questions you have. QUES.—[By Wm. A. Brueck, Oakland, Cal.] Pardon the persistency of a Banner subscriber. I am going to make it my business hereafter to inquire about communicating spirits, of their relations—even if it is for my own satisfaction only—and I have made a list for that purpose. The Controlling Spirit said in the Banner of April 16th, page six, that the reason why spirits fail to give details (especially references) is their inability to sufficiently control the medium. The general say is: "I have friends there and there," but why don't they give references to enable others to inquire about them and ascertain the correctness of the messages? If the spirits are unable to do this, why does not the Controlling Spirit do this for them? I respectfully suggest to consult the Controlling Spirit about this matter. For the sake of truth, the controlling and communicating spirits ought to be willing to help every one to investigate these matters. I have made this suggestion several times, and if my suggestion is unheeded—even if it makes me expenses—I shall find out the truth or otherwise for myself. In the investigation of these spiritual matters I said "A," and I am determined to say "Z," or, in other words, off the thing to the bottom. No discourtesy is intended by this letter.

ANS.—Mr. Chairman, the BANNER OF LIGHT establishment has, for more than thirty-five years, maintained an open platform and a Circle-Room free to the public on both sides of life, and during all that time the publishers of this journal have been given through their various mediums, never dreading investigation or scrutiny of any kind in relation to this Circle-Room or the matter obtained through the instrumentality of their mediums.

Many individuals of earth have undertaken to investigate the claims made by returning spirits at this place, and many thousands of verifications of the messages given have been recorded in the history of the BANNER OF LIGHT establishment. Some individuals who have started out with the avowed purpose and desire of proving the communications received at the BANNER OF LIGHT Circle to be the result of fraudulent practices on the part of the mediums and of the proprietors of this paper, have been forced to confess that the work has been and is taking place at this office. We do not desire your correspondent, Mr. Chairman, to feel that he is hampered or hindered in any way whatever in regard to seeking for verifications of the messages which are given at our Circle. Indeed, we would be very pleased to assist him in his work.

Many spirits are constantly coming here who claim to be former residents of special towns and villages, not to speak of those from your large cities and various parts of this country. A courteous note of inquiry sent to the town clerk or postmaster of the place given by the communicating spirit as his former home, concerning the individual whose name appears in the Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT, will, in nine cases out of ten, call forth a response, and the gentleman can easily ascertain through such means whether those parties claiming to come from spirit-life, to have lived in such a place, and to have been engaged in such a line of business, commerce, trade or profession, really did live in such a manner and at such a time as they assert.

We know that it is very difficult for mortals to understand the varying conditions with which spirits have to comply in order to intelligently communicate through mediumistic agencies with their friends on this side of life. They cannot, perhaps, understand how delicate matter it is for a foreign intelligence to handle a brain with which he is not familiar, and to impress upon it the various hard and arbitrary facts which, no doubt, he desires to give, and which mortals would be pleased to receive.

As we have said before, hundreds of spirits come to this Circle who are unable to impress the medium's brain with those facts concerning their former life in the body which are necessary for their identification. Those who do come do the best they can. Many times they have those facts which they wish to convey clearly in mind before they enter the atmosphere of our instrument. Some of these intelligences more than please themselves with what they accomplish, while others are disappointed and discouraged, because, just as they are about to apply their thought and will-power to the medium's brain in order to subject it to their own intelligence, they seem to lose the threads of their thought, and fall to accomplish their purpose.

Thus many spirits, after, perhaps, the lapse of a year, come to us in our Circle and say: "I gave a message a long time ago, but I did not state all that I wished; the very points that I desired to mention slipped from me. I desire another opportunity that I may finish my errand." But perhaps the opportunity does not come. The medium may not be in a proper condition for their control, and beside they have no right to attempt to make themselves heard in advance of those who are awaiting their turn; therefore they must wait for favorable conditions in every way before they can manifest again.

If the gentleman who corresponds with you, or any other friend who desires to seek and know the truth concerning spirit communication, and especially concerning the work carried on at the BANNER OF LIGHT Circle, will take up this system of inquiry, we shall be very much pleased.

We have no fear of the results. We have such an accumulation of evidence and testimony, from disinterested parties (many of them strangers) all over the country, of the great value and accuracy of this work that we feel it is in the hands of good spirits and of the Supreme Intelligence.

The BANNER OF LIGHT band uses their medium as best they can, and also allow such spirits as can communicate to do so according to their own will and desire. We do not, nor should we, attempt to coerce these free-will agents in any degree, only we require that order and harmony shall be maintained by spirits as well as mortals who approach this sanatorium.

Many times a spirit may be able, in communicating through a trance-medium, to impress its identity so strongly upon the message given that it will not require the name of that spirit or the names of his friends on earth to prove him to be the individual he claims he is; and again a spirit may come purporting to be a certain person, but the characteristics of that individual may not be very marked in the message given, and his name or the names of his friends on earth are of little weight in the line of bringing conviction to investigating mortals.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I speak in my own person, as John Pierpont of the spirit-world, who has communicated and controlled at these Circles for nearly fourteen years, and say that, although this medium never saw me while I lived on earth (for she must have been a little child when I passed away), I do not fear to meet any friend who knew me well and intimately during my earthly sojourn here. Indeed, I have, through her organism, met and conversed with many of my friends, and I have yet to find one who has denied my identity or questioned it. So I feel that what is the case with me may be the case with other spirits who communicate through your trance-mediums when they are enabled to take full possession and to subject the faculties and powers of their instrument to their own will and use.

The spirit-world has opened this Message Department, through which many of its denizens may speak to comfort their earthly friends, and we believe that it will open other channels of communication of a like nature, as, indeed, it has done in other localities, that the work may proceed with the utmost dispatch and utility. When this medium has been withdrawn, others will appear most certainly to take her place and do the work, for the spirit world will find its instruments, and employ them as best it can. I shall feel happy, Mr. Chairman, to continue my work with this medium in various ways, as I have done in the past, wherever she may be, and whenever I can control another brain to make myself manifest for useful work on earth, I shall be most thankful to do so.

I say to the good friend: We hope you will sift this matter to the bottom, and find out the truth of the assertions made by returning spirits who visit this Circle-Room, but remember we do not claim to be infallible. Mistakes are made by mortals in every department of life, and often mistakes are made through carelessness in very important affairs. You can not wonder, then, that a spirit coming back full of eager desire to fulfill some important mission, or to send a word to some friend, may sometimes make a mistake, or fail to give all that might be required of him. Make due allowance for this, good friend, and continue your investigations, for we believe you will be rewarded by finding a sufficiency of evidence to prove that spirit-life is open and free to all, that communication between the two worlds is an established fact, and that the long record of communications given in the history of the BANNER OF LIGHT Circle can be verified according to the lines of truth and right.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Gen. Irwin McDowell.

[To the Chairman:] Good afternoon, my dear sir. I hope I do not intrude at all. I feel grateful for this opportunity of reaching out in thought to the good friends and former comrades and associates who still dwell along the earthly shores, and who I know remember me with something of good fellowship and friendly regard.

It is about eight years since I answered the last call and went on to the spirit-life to find reunions there and very pleasant companionship and communication with all the things that have been easy for me, not but what every day in spirit-life as well as on earth must be gained by striving and even conflict, but it is conquest of self that tells in the higher life, and when one gets into the way of taking part in such a conflict he rather enjoys it, for every little triumph is so much added to his laurels.

I went out from California, and I have very pleasant recollections of friends in San Francisco. I was so well here, and I am of the mind that my friends will respond to a question concerning my career in that city, not only as connected with the Park, but with other matters of a more private character. If they accept my message I shall know I am not forgotten, for I shall sense their thoughts.

I have friends, and very dear ones, too, I feel, in New York City, and I send out greetings to them. I would like to give them private communications in their own home, and it would be of lasting benefit to them. I do so. My dear companion, Helen B. McDowell, who has joined me on the spirit-side since I went from earth, is very anxious to come quietly in the old circle and give something from her own heart-history. We send love, and also we send pleasant thoughts to Troy of associations there which perhaps do not concern us now particularly, but which have a power over our minds in that direction when we come in contact with our life.

You may call me, sir, Gen. Irwin McDowell.

Mary Conley.

I don't know much of Boston because I have not been acquainted here, and when I come back from spirit-life around these places I do not see very much of what is going on. I used to know North Adams pretty well, and I have friends there now. They are common working people, and I was only a working-girl myself, but I think they may be just as interested in these things that you call spiritual, if they can only know about them, as they would be if they were better educated and had more worldly goods.

I left a mother on this side of life, and a sister and many friends. I have tried to come back and tell them of this life in the spirit-world, of its good conditions and how pleasant it seemed to me after the work and the wear and tear of this earth-life.

I grew weak here; it seemed as if my lungs would never stop aching, and I got so tired of everything that I was happy when I found myself out of the body and in a place where I could feel strong and rested. I tried to let those here know about it, for I did not want them to feel bad, and I found I could come very near to Kate. Sometimes I could almost whisper to her, but she did not seem to understand. I know she is a medium, and if she would only try to learn of these things, and sit so we could come from the other life, it would be so good for us and for her, for it would make her life pleasanter and happier in a good many ways.

My name is Mary Conley, and I was a humble working girl. I don't work in the same way I did here, but I keep busy. I have many things to do, and I enjoy doing them because they seem to give me more and more strength as the years go by.

William B. Harris.

[To the Chairman:] You don't object to an old man's coming, sir? [Not at all.] Well, I don't know as I'm really an old man now, but I do know that I'm a man who has lived a long time out of the body, but that was the shell, that was what grew old and tired, if I may so express myself, while I seem to have grown young again in the spirit-world. I did keep pretty young, Mr. Chairman. I didn't feel myself growing old as some do. I think I always had a streak of youth inside of me that kept me well, perhaps I shall be pardoned if I say cheerfully, I had friends, here, and I have them now.

had a good many friends among the soldier boys, and I loved the boys in blue. I think they called me their friend, for I know they were always glad to see and hear me, and to know that I did have a thought and care for them.

It does me a great deal of good in the spirit-world to think it over, and I have met a good many who passed out in the time of conflict, and who lived a long while in the spirit-world, and their effect of warfare with patience and fortitude, but after a time sinking under their infirmities. They're all alive now, and it does me just as much good to meet one of the boys as it does one of the angels of my own family-life; so you see I've a great deal to be thankful for. I've got a freshness of feeling that makes me believe I'm young, and I've got many associates and companions, with plenty of time to work all I want to, and the best of the best that is within me, that I'm perfectly contented.

I don't know how my people will take this thing, and I don't know how the old neighbors will feel about one coming back from the dead; but I'm here to tell them this Spiritualism is a grand, good thing. Why! It helps a man wonderfully to understand his relations to humanity, and to life in general. It's so good because you're not shut off from your people that you take an interest in, but you can come back, look at them, know when they're miserable or happy, and sympathize with them in their different moods. That's why I'm here to speak to the good folks, and say I feel all well.

I was from Woburn, Mass. I take it you know where that town is. My name is William B. Harris.

Jim Cassidy.

[To the Chairman:] I suppose you don't want one of the boys to come, do you? [You are welcome.] You say that because you don't know me; if you did you might think I was one of the tough boys, "hall fellow well met" all around, but I think that's pretty good. I held back a bit when I see some of the deacons and generals and lawyers standing around looking smart and big, and I said to myself, "They won't let a fellow in like you to that place." So I thought I'd better sort of skip out, but they gave me a greeting, and they said, "Welcome, you're a good spirit, you are perfectly welcome." Well, never heard Jim Cassidy called that before, I never did, and I shan't forget it.

I don't think you'd altogether like to let me in if you knew just how I used to be. I went out in a queer way, but, you see, I thought it would do me good to come back and have something to say. I don't know as I'll meet anybody that cares much about it anyhow, but if you want my credentials you might just send me a line in plain English, and I'll be in Brooklyn, perhaps you'd be surprised to learn you haven't been just entertaining angels unwares, but anyhow I'll do you no harm.

I don't just know how I'm situated. I suppose I ought to say I'm in purgatory. Well, I am and I ain't, if you know what that is, because, don't you see, a chap in purgatory is sort of shut up like. We've been told he's sort of held in and not able to go around and make his peace with the boys, but you see I can come and go as I like. So I don't know as I'm in a dark place, but I've been in some sort of a tight place more or less ever since I went out, and I've come to the conclusion that a man is best off when he keeps straight and don't tipple too much; he'll get along a good deal better if he's the other way.

[To the Chairman:] Well, I feel good here. I'm glad I come; I'm much obliged to you, and I'll do you a good turn, if I can, when you need it.

Joseph E. Howard.

There has been some talk about the veterans and soldiers, and I think that has helped me to come in, for I was one of the old soldiers, and when I hear the old guard spoken of it makes me feel good, especially if I come around these mortal places and try to see what is going on.

I don't know as I have a great deal to say. If you folks can just imagine how you would feel if you had gone to another place where you had been quite a good while but had not been able to get into communication with your friends, and all of a sudden you had a chance to slip in somewhere and say a few words that might reach them, you can sort of feel how it is with us in the spirit-world, and believe we don't stop very long to see what we will say if we get the chance to say anything.

I shall be known, and my people, too, in West Leeds, in the State of Maine, and I have a good feeling for that town. I am in other States and in other countries, but I don't get down on my knees, but I have a good feeling for the old place that I have known, and I am glad to come back here and say so.

My wife, Ann Howard, stayed here on this side, and I went on to the other world. I have tried sometimes to make it known that I could come back. I have tried to move things around and make raps to see if I could not arouse attention, and I'm busy doing that when I can. I think I shall be able to accomplish something with other spirits that will call attention to these unseen forces that the world knows so little about.

I have been studying, polishing myself up and learning a great many things, and I see a great many more things to study and learn before I shall get the same understanding that a good many of these high spirits have got that are around me. They are good teachers and helpers, and we do not want for any help that we need in the spirit-world.

[To the Chairman:] I am Joseph E. Howard, and I thank you for this privilege.

Sarah Harding.

My name is Sarah Harding. I have a brother George in this city, and I have one that I call a dear sister somewhere around here too. I would like very much to reach them, if possible, not only with the assurance of my love, but for the purpose of giving them something that may be useful from the spirit-side of life.

I come back with a garland of white roses, and this is an emblem which will be understood, for it is a counterpart of the wreath that was here, but that faded away. I also say that my friends may know it is I: I saw you place a little diamond pin upon the pulseless breast that was laid away from mortal sight, and I knew that you would rather it would be there than that it should be worn by any one else on earth. I felt so at the time, but now I would rather it had been preserved to give pleasure to some one here that I love. I do not speak of this because I have any regret, but only for the purpose of interesting my friends in this communication which I am trying to give.

[To the Chairman:] I cannot tell you, sir, how long I have been gone from earth, but it seems ever so long when I look back upon the things that concerned me here. It is as if you were to look back upon your childhood days when, as a very little child, you were interested in the things that children enjoy; but the strongest and dearest part of my memory is that connected with my loving friends, and with the affection I held, and still hold for them.

I have seen changes taking place with dear ones here, I have seen sad experiences coming into their lives, and I know they have met with losses of a material nature, and also bereavements of the spirit. I want to tell you to them that because those dear ones have passed to the spirit-world they are not lost to their friends here. Oh! no; they are alive and happy, and full of affection for the loved ones on the earthly side. If my friends can only understand this, and realize that their spirit-friends do live and care for them, I think the knowledge will be better than jewels and gold to them.

I have a strong hope that some of my friends will see my message in your paper, because I think they have friends, whom I did not know myself, who are Spiritualists, and who will perhaps call their attention to the fact that I have returned.

Anthony Whiting.

Mr. Chairman, I give you greeting. Since the thirty-first of March, on which occasion I was present with the desire to speak a few words, I have attended your séances. To

day your Spirit President kindly invites me to close the meeting, and I shall not detain you by making lengthy remarks.

It is my pleasure to-day to extend to my former co-workers and friends, from Maine to California, my greeting and love. I say "love" advisedly and with an understanding of the meaning of that term, for I do love those who have stood faithfully at the post of duty and bravely borne their colors, never swerving from their allegiance to the Cause of Immortal Truth. I do love those co-workers of mine who have braved the storms of contumely and persecution, who have battled in the heat and dust and turmoil for the right, and who have uncomplainingly borne the discomforts of traveling from place to place, amid winter's frosts and snows and under the scorching glare of summer's sun, for the purpose of inculcating spiritual principles and disseminating a knowledge of the spiritual world among those who did not understand, but who needed the light.

All of these are my brothers and sisters, and I give them greeting. Not only do I recognize the value of the past work of one who was really my sister in family-life in this line of labor that I mention, but I look upon all with a fraternal regard, and send out to each a strong wave of sympathy and affection.

Some of my friends have been asking me lately what I am doing and why I do not sometimes make myself more fully known through some of our prominent mediums upon the rostrum or in the Circle-Room. I am not idle, and I have the interests of Spiritualism at heart. I desire to see men and women educated in the higher principles of spiritual ethics, and I desire to have them well-grounded in a knowledge of the facts of phenomenal manifestation. It is my delight to find skeptics and scoffers turning, not only into believers, but into ardent advocates of our glorious Cause because they are obliged to do so from the force of evidence which presents itself to them.

I am privileged to associate with grand souls in the spirit-world who are working early and late to lift mankind above the snares and pitfalls of superstition and vice, and so I send back to my friends of earth the declaration that it is not necessary for me to give my name through public mediums or in other ways to express myself in order to have my work effective, for I feel that very often the silent, quiet efforts and labors of the soul are as useful as those of a more public nature.

In closing, Mr. Chairman, I have a word of cheer to give in regard to the Spiritual Cause. I hear some of my old friends say they are discouraged; that the movement is not gaining ground; that there appears to be an apathy among the former workers and soldiers in our ranks as well as among others, all of whom are doing their best to advance the Cause, especially to any movement that is made on the part of the enemy to suppress the liberties of the people or in any way to hedge in, by cramping conditions, the work and the mission of true mediumship and of Spiritualism.

I recognize this fact, am sorry for it, and if I could give any loud call to awaken those individuals to duty I would do so. Yet despite all these things, I am an optimist enough to say and believe that the Cause is growing; it is making its way, and it is making its way in a grand work; it is developing mediums in private life, bringing tokens of immortality to doubting minds, and also stimulating intellectual thought into brilliant activity along many lines of human expression. So I feel encouraged, and I believe the work was never so useful and good as it is to-day, and that it will be just as useful and beneficial in the future. No matter how many encroachments upon it may be attempted by bigotry and superstition, they will be broken down, and the light of truth, but it will so flood their strongholds with its brilliancy as to show their true character to the world.

I am Anthony Whiting.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

May 9.—Samuel W. Loveland; Deacon S. Wadleigh; I. C. Randall; May 9.—E. Bartlett; Otis Wetherbee; Jennie Anderson; Father James H. Corrigan.

Prof. Alfred R. Wallace of England on the Scientific View of the Phenomena.

The Commercial Gazette of Cincinnati, O., for Sept. 17th, prints in full Mr. Wallace's paper before the Psychological Congress in Chicago, with the following introductory remarks—italics our own (as well as the running comments, in brackets, later on):

Spiritualism, of course, is a question, as all others, with two sides, and it is but reasonable to grant that the many brilliant minds which have been directed in this channel have reason for their beliefs, possibly based on more than imagination.

It is especially true that many of the advanced thinkers have studied the subject of spirit-return from a philosophical standpoint, and not a few have advocated the belief, or rather with the distinction they are pleased to make against modern creeds, the knowledge of the question.

A paper from Prof. Alfred R. Wallace, who preceded Darwin himself in placing before the world a portion of what is known as the Darwinian theory, was read before the Psychological Science Congress at Chicago, the paper having been especially written by Dr. Wallace for the occasion. The following is the text in full:

Having been more or less acquainted with psychic phenomena for half a century, it appears to me that a few notes on the changes of opinion I have witnessed during that period may not be uninteresting to the Congress. I must apologize for the brief and fragmentary nature of the communication, having neither time nor materials for a more detailed statement.

It was about the year 1843 that I first became interested in psychical phenomena, owing to the violent discussion then going on as to the reality of the painless surgical operations performed by Dr. Elliotson and other English surgeons on patients in the mesmeric state. The greatest surgical and physiological authorities of the day declared that the patients were either impostors or persons naturally insensible to pain; the operating surgeons were accused of bribing the patients, and Dr. Elliotson was accused of "polluting the temple of science." The Medical-Chirurgical Society opposed the reading of papers describing an operation during the magnetic trance, while Dr. Elliotson himself was ejected from his professorship in the University of London. It was at this time believed that all the now well-known phenomena of "hypnotism" [mesmerism] were the result of imposture.

It so happened that in the year 1844 I heard an able lecture on mesmerism by Mr. Spencer Hall, and the lecturer assured his audience that most healthy persons could mesmerize some of their friends and reproduce many of the phenomena he had shown on the platform. This led me to try for myself, and I soon found that I could mesmerize with varying degrees of success, and before long I succeeded in producing in my own room, either alone with my patient or in the presence of friends, most of the usual phenomena. Partial or complete catalepsy, paralysis of the motor nerves, in certain fields of knowledge, or of only special senses, every kind of delusion produced by suggestion, insensibility to pain and community of sensation with myself when at a considerable distance from the patient, were all demonstrated, in such a number of patients and under such varied conditions, as to satisfy me of the genuineness of the phenomena. I thus learned my first great lesson in the inquiry into these obscure fields of knowledge, never to accept the disbelief of great men or their accusations of imposture or imbecility, as of any weight when opposed to the repeated observation of facts by other men, admittedly sane and honest.

The whole history of science shows us that whenever the educated and scientific men of any age have denied the facts of other investigators on *a priori* grounds of absurdity or impossibility, the denials have always been wrong.

A few years later, and all the more familiar facts of mesmerism were accepted by medical men, and explained, more or less satisfactorily to themselves, as not being essentially different from known diseases of the nervous system, and of late years the more remarkable phenomena, including clairvoyance, both as to facts known and those unknown to the mesmerizer, have been established as absolute realities.

[Showing the prejudice and ignorance of the "regular" medical men, combined.]

Next we come to the researches of Baron von Reichenbach on the action of magnets and crystals upon sensitives. I well remember how these were scouted by the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter and by Prof. Tyndall, and how I was pitted for my credulity in accepting them. But many of his results have now been tested by French and English observers, and have been found to be correct.

Then we all remember how the phenomena of the stigmata, which have occurred at many epochs in the Catholic Church, [I] were always looked upon by skeptics as gross imposture, and the believers in their reality as too far gone in credulity to be seriously reasoned with. Yet when the case of Louis Letau was thoroughly investigated by skeptical physicians, and could be no longer doubted, the facts were admitted, and when, later on, somewhat similar appearances were produced by hypnotic [mesmeric] patients by suggestion, the whole matter was held to be explained.

Secondly, crystal-seeing, automatic writing, and allied phenomena have been usually treated either as self-delusion or as imposture; but now that they have been carefully studied by Mr. Myers, Mr. Stead and other inquirers [long ago by us, and William and Mary Howitt of London], they have been found to be genuine facts, and it has been further proved that they often give information not known to any one present at the time, and even sometimes predict future events with accuracy. [Often.]

Trance mediums who give similar information to that obtained through crystal-seeing or automatic writing, have long been held up to scorn as impostors of the grossest kind. They have been the butt of newspaper writers, and have been punished for obtaining money under false pretenses; yet when one of these trance mediums, the well-known Mrs. Piper, was subjected to a stringent examination by some of the most eminent members of the Society for Psychical Research, the unanimous testimony was that there was no imposture in the case, and that, however the knowledge exhibited was acquired, Mrs. Piper herself could never have acquired it through the medium of her ordinary senses.

Nothing has been more constantly disbelieved and ridiculed than the alleged appearance of streams of the living or of the recently dead, whether seen by the living or by the dead, or by several together. Imagination, disease, imposture or erroneous observation have been again and again put forth as sufficient explanation of these appearances! But when carefully examined they do not prove to be impostures, and stand out with greater distinctness as veridical, and sometimes objective, phenomena, as is sufficiently proved by the mass of well-attested and well-verified evidence published by the Society for Psychical Research [but long years before in the BANNER OF LIGHT]. Still more subjected to ridicule and contempt are "ghosts" and "haunted houses." It has been said that these disappeared with the advent of gas; but so far from this being the case, there is ample testimony at the present day to phenomena which come under these categories.

In this connection, also, we have not merely appearances, which may be explained away as collective hallucinations, but actual phenomena, of such a material character as stone-throwing, beam-bending, movement of furniture, independent writing, and drawing, and many other manifestations of force, guided by an intelligence, which is yet not the force or the intelligence of those present. Records of such phenomena pervade history, and during the last century, and especially during the last half century, they have been increasingly prevalent, and have been supported by the same kind and the same amount of cumulative testimony as all the preceding classes of phenomena. Some of these cases are now being investigated, and there is no sign of their being traced to imposture. From my personal knowledge and careful experiments I can testify that some of these physical phenomena—many—are realities, and I cannot doubt that the fullest investigation will result, as in all other cases, in their recognition as facts, which any comprehensive theory must recognize and explain.

What are termed spirit-photographs, the appearance of a photographic plate of other figures besides those of the sitters, often those of deceased friends of the sitters, have now been known for more than thirty years. Many competent observers have tried experiments successfully; but the facts seemed too extraordinary to carry conviction to any but the experimenters themselves, and any allusion to the subject has usually been met with a smile of incredulity or a confident assertion of imposture. It matters not that most of the sitters were experienced photographers who took precautions which rendered it absolutely impossible that they were imposed upon. The most incredible suppositions were put forth by those who had only ignorance and incredulity to qualify them as judges, in order to show that deception was possible. And now we have another competent witness, Mr. Traill Taylor, for many years editor of the British Journal of Photography, who, taking every precaution that his long experience could suggest, yet obtained on his plates figures, which, so far as normal photography is concerned, ought not to have been there.

Lastly, we come to consider the claim of the intelligences who are connected with most of these varied phenomena to be the spirits of deceased men and women; such claim being supported by tests of various kinds, especially by giving accurate information regarding themselves as to facts totally unknown to the medium or to any person present. Records of such tests are numerous in spiritual literature, as well as in other publications; but at present they are regarded as inconclusive, and various theories of a double or multiple personality, of a subconscious or second self, or of a lower structure of consciousness, are called in to explain them, or to attempt to explain them. The stupor and difficulty that, if these phenomena and these tests are admitted, are attributed to a "second self" of living persons, and that a second self is almost always a deceiving and lying self, however moral and truthful the visible and tangible first self may be, has, so far as I know, never been rationally explained. [Neither can it be explained, Bro. Wallace. These tests are the result of direct spirit power, and which power is determined to prove to the people of earth the continuity of human life, and that immortality is a solid fact, independent of mere faith.] Yet this cumbersome and unattractive hypothesis finds great favor with those who have always been accustomed to regard the belief in a spirit-world, and more particularly a belief that the spirits of our dead friends can and do sometimes communicate with us, as unscientific, unphilosophical and superstitious. Why it should be unscientific more than any other hypothesis which alone serves to explain the phenomena which have never been explained. The antagonism which it excites seems to be mainly due to the fact that the belief of the religious world, and of the ignorant and superstitious of all ages, while a total disbelief in spiritual existence has been the distinctive badge of modern scientific skepticism, and unscientific multitude rested on a broad basis of facts which the scientific world sought and scoffed at the scientific world sought.

Now, however, we are discovering, as this brief sketch has shown, that the alleged facts are one after another proved to be real facts, and strange to say, with little or no exaggeration, since almost every one of them, though implying abnormal powers in human beings, or the agency of a spirit-world around us, has been strictly paralleled in the present day, and has been subjected to the close scrutiny of the scientific and skeptical world. Hence, then, the scientific world has been, in every case, proven to be totally wrong in its denial of the facts, as

[And also among well known mediums in this country—Chas. H. Foster, for instance.]







