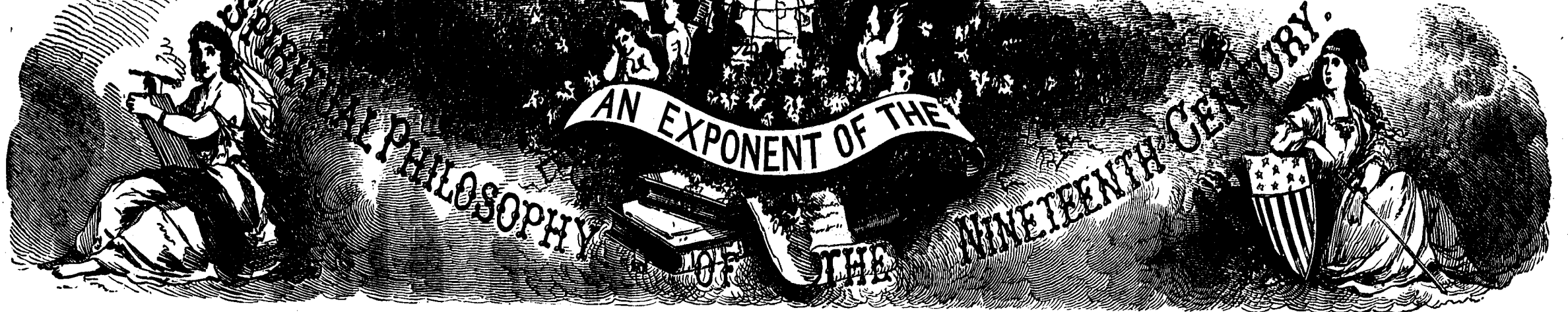


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Original Contributions.

The Lyceum: How to Organize.

“**N**OW shall we proceed to organize a Lyceum? Must we have some one to show us how to conduct the meetings?”

Such inquiries are being constantly received, showing the great awakening interest in this most vital movement of Spiritualism. The *Lyceum Guide* furnishes every required information, and by its aid any one of ordinary intelligence will be able to organize and conduct a Lyceum. The movement is not under the control of any central Lodge; it has no mystical rites, signs, passwords, degrees or initiations. It is too broad and free for all that. It requires, however, disinterested, unselfish, energetic work of all who engage in it, from the presiding officers to the members of the youngest group.

If you wish for a Society in your town or neighborhood, talk the subject over with those you think may be interested, and call a meeting at which you can decide on your plans. If you are a few in number you can meet at a private residence. If in a town, you will surely need a hall, and will find it best to secure a good and pleasant one. Bear in mind that the Lyceum is for adults as well as children, and that numbers do not measure success. If there are none to cooperate with you, you can do as a lady in Washington State did—start with only your own family gathered in the parlor. She rejoiced in her success, in keeping her children from the Sunday school, and in its place substituting true and healthful teaching.

After a Lyceum has been organized, and is in working order, there is one suggestion that, if heeded, will save all jars and conflict of opinion, and bring all official workers in harmony before the sessions of its members. This is, to hold “Leaders’ Meetings” as often as necessary, composed of all officers and members who care to attend, and to bring all business and suggestions of work before such meeting, and there fully determine on the course of action.

The purpose of the Lyceum is to make each and every one advance in their own sphere, and do all they can for their own benefit and that of others: To instruct others, and thereby instruct ourselves: To cultivate the true spirit of Spiritualism, which is for internal growth, rather than the external training of the parrot.

The elements of success are earnest, persistent work, freedom from envy, jealousy and selfishness, being content with having the good done and the Lyceum succeed, whoever the active agent may be for pushing forward the work.

In a regular Lyceum session, which opens with singing, the leaders of the groups can each select subjects for the discussion of their respective groups, or take the general lesson proposed for the whole Lyceum, and present it according to the capacity and age of their groups.

We will take the following as a suggestive outline of a lesson, which the Conductor may read, and from which each group may take suggestive passages—this subject having been announced the preceding session:

TEMPERANCE—BE TEMPERATE IN ALL THINGS.

A true system of morals must begin with diet, and by that highest law we can regulate our conduct as regards our food, as hunger was given to compel attention to physical waste. When that is met it is sufficient; further gratification is not desirable, and opposed to physical and mental well-being.

Intemperance has two relations—to the mind and the body. Intemperance is a disease, and should be treated as such. The body should be sustained by healthful diet and tonics that take the place of alcohol, until the natural action is established.

Then appeals to the will and morality may be made with prospects of being heeded.

The inebriate is made the victim of a false moral and mental philosophy. It is said he knows better, and might reform if he would. He may have inherited a constitutional tendency, craving alcohol more insatiably than others crave water, or ignorantly he may have induced such a state.

Is he to be censured? Rather should he receive unmeasured pity.

The difference between a habit and a natural demand, is that the latter is for something inherently necessary for the support of the organism, while the former is for something which has of itself created the desire. The desire for water is not a habit, but a necessity of being, while the desire for alcoholic drinks is a habit, because such beverages have caused the peculiar changes in the system which call for these beverages instead of water. The same is true of tobacco, opium, etc., the use of which leads to the habit. They induce a change felt by the mental and moral perceptions.

The feverish antagonism of the present civilization calls for stimulus, as the flagrant racer is urged on by the spur, and overwork creates a demand for stimulants. Nature requires simply rest, that she may recuperate, but there is no time to rest. The pleasures of the future are sacrificed to that of the moment. When the drink habit is once established every atom of the body becomes adjusted to the presence of alcohol. This induced state demands alcohol, just as the normal demands water. The withdrawal of each particle of alcohol, when the attempt of reform is made, increases the irresistible desire. We should be temperate in drinking, in eating, and in everything.

The Leaders of Groups have a much more difficult task than teachers in Sunday schools, who listen to the repetition of Bible texts, and have only to repeat the phraseology that has

been worn threadbare. Yet the benefit reflected many times repays their efforts. They are constantly advancing themselves. They must acquire skill and tact in their work, for the leader of the children of six years of age must understand the demands of child-life at its source, and pursue an entirely different course from the leaders of children of ten or fifteen years, or of the adult group.

A pleasing variety is produced by each member committing to memory a passage or motto, and rising in place and repeating it. At the close of this exercise the Conductor, if he chooses, may give a summary of the whole. For harmonious success, the expression of thoughts and ideas must never be allowed to take the form of disputation. No reference must be made by one member to anything gone before. Each must express his or her own views without allusion to what others have said. It is in no sense a debating club, but a symposium, where all lay their best thoughts on the altar—the best thoughts of the whole preceding week. Now, when it is taken in consideration that the libraries of the world and the vast book of nature are all in the hands of the Lyceum, and open for its instruction, some conception may be formed of its work and possibilities, not only Spiritualism at its highest and best as a system of morals and science of life, but the realm of physical nature, is open for perusal.

Never was there a plan more perfect to lead the mind onward to the higher fields of thought through pleasant paths, and it is all in the hands and subject to the desires of any one who will accept and utilize it.

Berlin Heights, O. HUDSON TUTTLE.

A Voice in the Wilderness.

A NEW CONVERT'S EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

THE suggestion has been made in the spiritual press that perhaps it would be well for the opponents of our Cause to ask the new converts to expose Spiritualism. As the term includes the undersigned, I have my pen in hand to address those who are investigating, but have not yet received sufficient light to justify them in accepting the fundamental claim that our departed friends live and can communicate with and prove their identity to us. Fully realizing my own position, in the A B C class as yet, I will address myself to those who are not so far advanced as that even, in the earnest hope that my own experience may be a help to such, and that they may push on till their spiritual perceptions are opened, and they see the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

Born and reared under full Orthodox teachings, I early saw the sophistry of the claims of the church in regard to the so called miracles. If God were an unchangeable Being, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and no respecter of persons, surely he would not grant to Moses, Elijah, Gideon, Paul, Thomas, and all those old Bible men, the proofs they are said to have received, and then deny the same, or their equivalent, to poor me.

Also I noticed that when a young person wishes to embark in life as a teacher, doctor, lawyer or preacher, he or she must have a certificate or diploma from the proper authorities. In like manner a Christian, if I read my Bible correctly, is to have his credentials. These are two in number—first, an overwhelming love for all beings in the universe; and second, the possession of occult powers, or mediumship. “He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also,” said Jesus, and the candid inquirer has only to read his Bible in the light of reason to become aware that either the fundamental claims of Spiritualism are true, or else the Bible is a most gigantic deceiver. Having thus disposed of the objections of the churches, my hope was greatly strengthened by my reading in old church histories of the physical and mental phenomena occurring in the presence of those Orthodox celebrities, John Wesley and Martin Luther.

About this time I learned of the presence of a medium in Keokuk, Ia., by the name of Mrs. W. L. Thompson. I determined to visit her, and did so. This was about two years ago. You may be sure that, in my ignorance, I took many crude ideas with me. Really, I thought that the spirit-world, if there was one, lay out in space a few hundred or thousand miles from the physical earth, like two apples near each other, instead of surrounding the material sphere after the manner of the layers of an onion, as we now know it does. I fear too little attention is paid to instructing the primary class. Many good, prospective Spiritualists are driven off by absurd or impossible ideas for the lack of proper kindergarten teaching. “Feed my sheep.” The medium was very kind to me, gave me many tests, and sent me home more mystified than ever. Under her direction, my wife and I sat at a table every night for three months, with no manifestations except several dozen clear white marks made independently on slates. At the end of three months the table suddenly moved and began answering questions intelligently. These physical manifestations have continued almost without interruption and with increasing force to the present time.

Beloved reader, my experience has been that the home circle is the place where you are most likely to get convincing proofs of the presence of your arisen loved ones. The mes-

sages of love we have there received have been such as to leave no room for doubt. A new heaven and a new earth have been made known to us, and we can now joyfully sing:

“There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain;
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
That heavenly land from ours.”

And we can sing it with the spirit and with the understanding also.

In conclusion, dear reader, let me say, buy books and subscribe for spiritual papers. Get thoroughly posted in regard to the foundation principles on which Spiritualists are agreed. Consult some good medium for directions in regard to sitting for development. Then sit regularly, harmoniously, and patiently await results.

CHARLES CROSSLAND.

Bowen, Ill.

Recognition of a Spirit Message.



THE BANNER of Jan. 11 contains a communication from JUDGE CHARLES S. BRADLEY, formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. He was a distinguished member of the Bar, and his standing as a jurist is evidenced by the fact that, though a Democrat, he was elected by a Republican Legislature. His position on the bench was distasteful, he resigning after several years' service, to resume his practice.

Doubtless some may query as to the genuineness of the message, assuming that a man, or a spirit so distinguished, would not condescend to appear and participate in a spiritual circle. But such doubters should understand that spirits are not mortals; that on the spirit side of life men like Judge Bradley will act out themselves; they do not stop to ask, “What will this or that man say? will it be popular?” but speak and act, if thereby truth may be enforced. As a spirit Judge would be no less independent than in earth-life. I have no doubt of the verity of the communication—that it is an inspiration of his decarnated personality.

There is one point which to me is positive evidence—the allusion to my father. He and Judge Bradley were strangers—never saw each other or had any communication together. My father resided in Brooklyn, Conn., while Judge Bradley lived in a suburb of Providence, near thirty miles away. My father laid down the burdens of life nearly twenty years ago. Now, if that communication is not genuine, how happened it that my father was alluded to by the medium especially as prompted by the judge? When connected with newspapers in Providence I several times had occasion to call upon Judge Bradley, always having very pleasant interviews. On one occasion I was in his company more than a day. A party having been invited to dine with Mr. George F. Wilson, at the celebrated Rumford farm in East Providence, the judge and myself, with two others, started from Providence soon after noon in a hack. Snow was then falling, and soon whirled right merrily, blocking the road somewhat. Our drive was some six miles, and as slow one. We intended to return in the evening, but were obliged to stop over night, not being able to return till the following afternoon.

We had a very companionable time, talked about farming and politics on the lines of certain phases obtaining in Rhode Island, touching the suffrage, etc. Subsequently we met, and had very pleasant chats. My father, though passing over from Brooklyn, I know is frequently with me—I may say, makes his home with me. It is nothing strange, therefore, that when he met Spirit Bradley, he sensed our intercourse, and came *en rapport* with the Judge. In no other way is the matter explicable.

Persons not personally acquainted with me, from the retention of Jr., would naturally infer that my father was still in the mortal; hence when he is spoken of as a spirit, and designated Sen., cavaliers are without a hook to hang upon.

After writing the foregoing, I took planchette. Immediately was written: “My son, you are right.” Then there was written the name “Charles S. Bradley,” and beneath it this: “We recognized each other, as you suggested.”

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

The Psychical Society.

ADDRESS BY J. J. MORSE ON THE CONTACT OF THE SUPERPHYSICAL UNIVERSE WITH US.

The singing of a couple of solos by Frank Mitchell and the reading of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem, “The Beyond,” preceded the address given [on a recent Sunday evening] by J. J. Morse of London before the members of the California Psychical Society and quite an assembly of non members at Armory Hall.

Attention was first called to the dual division of thought which is occupying the minds of men. There was the pure, cold, scientific consideration of life and the emotional religious views. Between the two, however, there were many gradations, rising from the severe critical scientific to the poetic conceptions of many of the agnostics on the one side. The same scale of difference was observable on the other in the religionists, from the purely dogmatic in belief on through various degrees of latitude until religion becomes with some simply credul sentimentalism.

Between the two distinct extreme generic thoughts there was apparently no possibility of Christianizing science. It was held by the speaker that Christianity must repudiate the mistaken dogmatic conceptions framed in bygone times, and Christians must not consider science dangerous to religious thought. At the

same time severe scientific minds must be modified before there can be a harmonious blending of the far-diverging views now occupying the attention of many. Science, it was held, gives true knowledge of man and the physical world. It was the mission of religion to elevate and prepare man for this development.

The subject proper, “The Superphysical Universe, Its Point of Contact with Us,” was finally introduced and illustrated by a syllogism. The impressions received from the contact with the exterior world; the adaptability to environment; the pure sentiments and elevating conceptions accepted by and influencing the human being, when brought in contact with the beautiful, poetic, the grand and noble, were considered all proofs of the contact of the physical and superphysical, and to strengthen faith, hope and belief in a superphysical existence after death, when faith would become knowledge, hope certainty, and belief conviction, and the ego, or self, suiting itself to the superphysical conditions, would advance in perfection, light and intelligence.—*The Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.*

The Reviewer.

THE HIDDEN FAITH: An Occult Story of the Period. By ALYNN M. THURBER. Published by F. M. Harley Publishing Co., 87-89 Washington street, Chicago. Price 50 cents, paper.

This decidedly interesting, and somewhat unusual story, even in these days of the “occult novel,” gives, in two hundred and ninety-four pages, printed in large type, on excellent paper, the singular history of a husband and wife who had grown apart through mutual misunderstanding and neglect, but who were led through the wise counsel of a truly inspired spiritual teacher to take the right steps toward a new and higher union, which proved delightful and ennobling in every respect.

The author, in a very brief preface, says that no apologies are made for the “heresies” contained in the book, for she has not studied but felt the teachings therein recorded, and minds which are in a condition to receive will receive; while others will pass the volume by, seeing nothing but an author's ambition in the story.

In all the twenty-three chapters there is not a dull sentence, nor does there seem to be an unnecessary word. The style is transparently lucid, but of high literary tone, and is in all respects excellently calculated to favorably impress, and perhaps also to influence, and that decidedly for good, the many who will be charmed with the crystal-gazing and other episodes connected with profitable clairvoyance, which are deftly introduced into the story in a manner to render them both as natural and as impressive as possible.

The scene is laid in Chicago, and one of the leading characters is described as a member of the “Royal Legion of Justice,” and has an office address in that great business block known as “The Rookery.”

It is surprising to note how many of the great questions of the day are touched upon by the leading heroes of the tale, one of whom is a very liberal and spiritually-minded physician, who has learned how far transcend the ordinary use of drugs, and minister directly to the mental and spiritual needs of those who are drawn to him.

The tale really hinges upon accurate clairvoyance and spiritual direction, and, though not written from an exclusively spiritualistic standpoint, cannot fail to introduce the reader to the highest teachings of undiluted Spiritualism in a most practical and convincing manner.

The greatest beauty of the story consists in the clear record of the positive good accomplished by a beneficent exercise of spiritual gifts; and to the account of an ideal room for sittings described on pages 166 to 176 in the chapter entitled “A Mystic Lodge Room,” we would specially introduce the many who are earnestly seeking instruction how to begin such an undertaking.

Another wonderful feature of the story is the part played by a noble dog; the more than average human intelligence displayed by this beautiful animal—a magnificent St. Bernard—deserves study as a practical problem in mediumship.

As the book from beginning to end contrasts the higher with the lower, the true with the false, it cuts like a two-edged sword, and while it will be hailed with sincere delight by many who are ready for plainness of speech, it will probably excite antagonism among those who are wedded to their material idols.

The solution of the employment problem by metaphysical means is a very valuable and intensely interesting portion of this out-of-the-common narrative.

On page two hundred and seventy-seven we read: “Today the full-souled healer relieves the sick by laying on of hands. We go back to Christ's time and the days of the prophets and call such things miracles. They were anything but that.”

They are not miracles to-day. The undeviating action of changeless law is proclaimed throughout, and though the work has many romantic elements, and may be regarded in some sort as the production of a dreamer or visionary, it is surely the product of a seer's experience in the two states of existence commonly called the two worlds.

This book is being rapidly sold by agents acting in the employ of the Educator Publishing Company of Chicago, at the head of which concern have long stood my faithful friends Drs. M. E. and Rosa Conger. As this book deals largely with questions of special interest to a large percentage of the readers of the BANNER, I dare say this brief *tertium sap* will cause a few who see this notice to order a copy through the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore, where I believe everything worth reading is obtainable.

W. J. COLVILLE.

A Strange Psychic Experience.

To the Editor:

A week ago last Thursday, as near as I could judge about 2 o'clock in the morning, I heard—whether awake or in a doze or asleep, I know not—breathing, which seemed to come from a person in great distress. At the time I thought of my wife, and felt it was her, but it sounded so distinct to me that I could not understand it, as she is over eight hundred miles away from here. Feeling somewhat worried, I wrote her the next day, wording the letter so she would not laugh about it, asking if any one was sick. In due time I got the following: “The children are all well, but Thursday night I was very sick. I went to bed about 10 o'clock, and at 1 I awoke, and it seemed to me my heart had stopped beating. I could hardly get my breath. I thought my last day had come. Any one could hear me breathe down stairs. I didn't intend to tell you about it,” etc. As I have had other remarkable experiences, I would like some one to explain.—C. O. L., in *New York World*, Feb. 1.



MRS. HELEN STUART-RICHINGS.

Among lady orators, Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings has attained enviable rank. She has earned her position through natural gifts of rare worth, and sterling accomplishments in rhetoric and general literature.

Whether her fame as a speaker is superior to that due her as a writer for the press is a question upon which excellent judges might disagree, for whatever she undertakes in either department is so complete and satisfactory that criticism is usually disarmed, and approval secured by the first impression of the performance.

There is hereby no intimation that her merit slackens at any point of a forensic or written effort, but rather that she thoroughly understands and adroitly uses the boldest effects of *merveille*, and apparently always at the right moment.

Mrs. Richings has gained much credit for her lectures on Spiritualism in the leading cities of the country, and just now this is her special work. She speaks extemporaneously upon questions propounded by any one in the audience, and frequently discusses eight or ten different queries in a single lecture—not exhaustively, for time is not sufficient, but attractively, and with intelligent appreciation of the mental and spiritual needs of her interlocutors. She is pointed, earnest and convincing. As a specimen of her quality we may briefly quote from remarks made by her some time since in reply to the question: “What is Truth?”

“That is what we do not know. It is incomprehensible to the finite mind. Every individual must judge of truth from his or her plane, for in no other way can be felt a consciousness of its possession. If you stand upon a higher plane than I, you have a clearer light, and therefore a better comprehension of truth. If you really occupy this higher position, then I cannot explain to your satisfaction those things which make truth evident to the understanding; but to those whose plane is below mine I am probably able to bring some light. It is thought that we are continually coming into a fuller view, a better radiance, a more thorough comprehension of truth, and it is opportune to ask how we may best arrive at the grand desideratum. I answer: By living to-day and every day that which conscience points out as truth. Then we must surely advance. The chastened heart is a true monitor and a positive indicator of truth; and heart-living—this is the noblest life. It is the life of the true Spiritualist.”

Do you think that because you believe in spirit-return you have the truth? That because you obtain spirit tests day after day you are a Spiritualist? How do you suppose the spirit-world estimates you in view of your eternally iterated demand for these tests? The only significance they have is in their demonstration of spirit-return. Of this you are fully aware, and you had this demonstration years ago. What, then, is gained by so much iteration? Many people are constantly calling for tests, but when the spirits respond they run away without a-king for the information that would assist their lives and make them better men and women. It is wonder enough for them that spirits come at their call, and it is a wonder to me! These people, if they desire to progress toward the light, should enter when the door is opened and find what there is to learn in the inner temple of the spirit. Then there will be opportunity for them to surrender their belief and receive in place of it positive knowledge, which is truth.”

Mrs. Richings's talents are eclectic. In nothing is she an imitator; but as a writer, a lecturer, an elocutionist, a musician, a dramatist, she individualizes the *clan* of the indefatigable student and the genius of the devoted artist. Her appreciation of modern tendencies in taste and culture is true and always alert, and certainly to some extent she has been able to train and direct the ethics of their progress, and unfold, with classic truth, power and beauty, the better qualities of the individual nature.

Her relation of spiritualistic experience is quite as convincing as any we ever listened to, and every auditor must credit it with conscientious regard for the facts as she saw them. In psychometry she has remarkable gifts, and her public readings of the character and incidents in the lives of persons entirely unknown to her are the wonder of all who have experienced them.

Mrs. Richings is, during the month of February, speaking and giving psychometric readings with marked success at the First Spiritual Temple (Newbury and Exeter streets), Boston. She deserves the widest hearing among the citizens hereabout.

The world does not hear much of John Ruskin nowadays, but he still lives, and has just celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday in his rural home in England.

Original Story.

"THE MAN WHO FAILED."

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY OLLAH TOPH.

IN his early days, even before the gates of youth unclosed to him, he stood before a door, and knocked, and at his knocking there came from behind the door the stir of wings, and the odor of incense, and the gentle murmur of a singing voice. Still the door was not opened, and he sat down and waited; and then, when the odor had stolen into his brain, and the singing into his heart, he arose and knocked again—not loudly, no, for all the force of his little hands could only awaken a faint echo against that wonderful door. And then, with the odor stealing deeper and deeper, and the song beating itself against his heart in a perfect furor of divine entreaty to be enclosed, the door opened, and the Angel who guarded the room appeared, and led him therein. And when he issued forth he told wonderful tales of what he had seen—panoramas of exquisite beauty, banks of flowers and strange happy people who dwelt in a land where no one was ever sad. As if any one could believe that! A land where no one was ever sad!

And so, very properly, he was whipped, and put on a bread-and-water diet, and made to feel the disgrace into which his wicked imagination had led him.

And later, when youth came, he still withdrew at times into that lovely room. But, grown wiser with years, he did not talk so much of what he saw and heard, but took to scribbling on bits of paper in rhythmical measure the echoes of those songs which beat into his heart. And, strangely enough, they were always measured to human joy or human sorrow, though the inception of them was in that eerie chamber to which he possessed the open sesame.

And later, there were more than songs—sketches of human life, and stories of men and women, and love and sorrow, and sometimes death; for the Angel of the room familiarized him with Azrael until he came to love him, though never yet beholding him. At first he had been afraid, "Azrael," he said, "oh! no, no, dear Angel, I cannot even hear him spoken of without shuddering. Death is cold, and I so love youth; an old, old man with grinning lips, and white sunken cheeks, and flaming eyes and bony hands. Oh! no, let us not talk of death." "But," remonstrated the Angel, "one cannot write unless he knows Azrael. He is so often with the children of earth. He is in the home, in the churches, in the legislative halls, in every place where human interests concentrate. And he is beautiful! Oh! the tenderest voice like a mother's and the softest hands, and the most winning smile, binding you to him. Clearly, you have a wrong impression of Azrael—dear Azrael, who loves humanity, and in his country devises measures of relief for suffering."

Then he wavered. "And is he really so, dear Angel? Is he never austere, or harsh, or forbidding?" "See! Behold the answer!"

Then upon the wall of that wonderful room a strange thing happened. Slowly there grew upon it a cross—a rough cross, burdened with a hanging body. The blood-drops oozed from the nail prints of the hands and feet, and from the pressure of the cruel thorns on the fair brow. The lips were white and anguish-drawn, for it is a terrible thing to die upon a cross—as terrible for one poor body as for another—shameful and humiliating, and tendon-tearing, and bone-breaking, and nerve-wrenching—all this for any poor frail body, and of double anguish when borne undeservedly.

And as he looked a great awe surged over the soul of him. And the tears came into his eyes. And all the sorrows of dead centuries seemed waiting in that wonderful room, and beating and tugging, and forcing the songs of joy from his heart.

"The dear Christ! The poor white Christ!" he sobbed. And then, as he looked and wept, another figure grew upon the wall beside that cross. Oh, such a beautiful, living figure that his heart yearned toward it, and the sorrow changed to triumph and the wails to shouts of victory. And the beautiful one lifted a cup to the lips—others had filled it with vinegar and myrrh—but the beautiful one breathed over it, and it became as the sweetest water. He lifted the thorns, and laid his caressing touch over the piercing nails. And then, deep, deep, he looked into the dim eyes, and, placing his lips over those white ones in a lingering kiss, he drew the soul away.

"Are you longer afraid of Azrael?" asked the Angel softly. And so, in this manner, he came to love Azrael, and wore thoughts of him into his songs and stories, so that the world might grow to love him, too, and to cast aside the old, foolish conception. But you must not think that this man who failed (and out of whose failure blossomed sweet success) did nothing but talk to the Angel in the room. He was poor—and some of you know what that means—ceaseless toil and privation and skimping and saving, little by little, for the chill, rainy day which falls into most lives. Doubtless Lazarus saved a bone now and then in anticipation of that coming day when there should be neither bones nor crumbs.

He did some sort of office work—I forget rightly just what—but grinding, monotonous, uncoöperative work—and unremunerative, I think, by the threadbare coat and worn shoes and patches. But there always seemed a margin for books. He usually carried a book or manuscript. And he was not at all the dreamy, useless creature you are picturing. He was like a flower sweetening the world about him. And after a while, dreams of ambition crept into the tenderness of his songs and stories. He saw the world full of struggling, pushing, jostling, writing people, and from his standpoint they all seemed successful. They certainly were, for they told him so. There was Miss Smith—she was successful, he knew, for she told him so with praiseworthy self-care and brave little attempts at Smith laudation. She was the coming woman in the world of literature. They could not get along without her at the office—oh, yes, she was a journalist, and she did literary work between times—she

had numerous requests for title page poems and descriptive articles, and even a novel when she should find time to write it, but really, no one else could do her work at *The Journal*, and—

But here she turned the corner, and he sighed softly—not enviously, for he had not come to that yet—and wished that he were as needed in the world as Miss Smith, and that a title page might be solicited of him.

Sometimes papers or magazines published his poems or stories, and then he felt as though the gates of heaven were swung for his delight. His heart swelled with love toward all the world. He remembered all the toiling, sorrowing multitude, and he wished that such success might come to all. And the people who belonged to him were jubilant, seeing him on the way to glory. But he could not bring himself to speak boastfully of his little successes. It seemed to him despicable to flaunt success in the face of one who, perhaps, was bitterly defeated. And those who, too, had succeeded seemed strangely indifferent to his good fortune.

And he kept his faith in humanity. Sometimes bitterness disturbed the sweet waters of his content, for that is the common occurrence to mortals; but the first kindly word or glance restored its tranquility. Others spoke bitterly of envy and jealousy and favoritism and ugly strife. He simply refused to believe it. The world was sweet and beautiful, and men and women generous and lovable and mutually helpful.

A few were as he believed them; but others, I believe, laughed at him.

There was Richards: himself one who had climbed, bearing the marks of the climber in an awkward haughtiness and a freezing unresponsiveness and a gracious solicitation to those who grasped higher rungs; conciliating, lest they trample his clinging fingers, while below his feet pressed remorselessly into tender flesh that still held firmly. A man who, early resolving to cut himself loose from any association of failure, courted the influential; who, disclaiming the woes of humanity, the wrongs of men and women and children, since such consideration could not advance himself, created about him, by some occult process, an atmosphere of cultured aestheticism which precluded the intrusion of gross affairs like suffering and want and misery. A writer of grace rather than vigor; analytical rather than creative.

Clearly he and "the man who failed" could have nothing in common. He loved beauty, too. But since the gift of writing is a God-gift, he dedicated it to the sacred cause of humanity. Richards preached art and analysis and criticism to the people; he preached love and purity and charity. I think he had it in his power to write as well of the ideal as Richards. But he reasoned that they to whom art was preached did not need the knowledge, else they would discover it for themselves, while they to whom love was preached needed it sorely for their strength of endurance. Art might uplift man to the stars, but love uplifted him to God.

And he had a way of beginning a story or poem with a little introductory prayer in his heart that the written words might spread, not to his glory alone, but to the good and comfort of mankind. And all those prayers the Angel turned to blossoms and twined into the wreath. Richards prayed, too—in a cushioned pew on a velvet foot-stool—with the light falling softly through the stained glass; he prayed from a gilt-edged, gold clasped, morocco bound prayer-book; and if he slipped in an extra petition, it was thus: "And, oh! Lord, let wealth and fame be the portion of thy servant," and, as a happy after-thought, "and humility in my high estate. Amen, amen; oh! Lord, amen."

And with that persistent, bullying amen, what could the Lord God do but grant him some of the things for which he prayed? And honor, wealth, fame coming first, were apportioned, and humility, blessed boon! given to some other supplicant. There cannot always be blessings enough of one kind to go around.

After a while he got a foothold in the busy world of literature; and gray was in his hair. There was jealousy around him, and meanness, but he shut his eyes as long as he could; little contemptible meannesses from which his great heart shrunk as from unclean things, and he had to nerve himself to hold his faith in humanity. He braced himself against the onslaughts of avarice and envy and littleness of soul.

He did not want to think that brother-depreciation often covered self-failure and the despair of mediocrity. He did not want to think that haughty bearing and cold glances and sneering words hid a burning hatred of those who dared struggle upward. He did not want to think that cymbal-tinkling words and pedantic phrases covered shallow ignorance. He did not want to think that unfriendly criticism or neglect or insolent ignoring of honest work covered foolish vanity and narrowness and intolerance.

He had started in the race with the theory that all honest work, if it be done in a good cause, if it be done for work's sake and not for mere selfishness, is worthy the respect and even the hearing of others who labor.

He believed in the immortality of words as in that of man. He reasoned that, as nothing of matter really dies, but is evolved in other forms, so words, being themselves spirit, must endure forever. He clung to that faith in his own work, thinking that anything good he wrote would be written in the future ages and in eternity; not the original words—such life is given only to genius—but the spirit of the written matter would live in some form to bless and influence others. And this, not in the pride of the egotist, but in the humility of the artist. For clearly, whatever is good is of God, and what is of God dies not. And I do not see how, without this beautiful faith in his work, he could have persevered. He was foolish. All men who fail are. The wise man succeeds. The wise man does not want his personality divorced from his work. "It is I, I, I," he cries insistently; "the great I. Admire, revere. And this is the work of me."

But he thought of his work in relation to the good it might do. Of course there were mo-

ments when ambition whispered of personal advancement, but that was never the dominant wish.

By-and-by, since he was not a fool but only foolish in a blind credulity, his faith began to waver. And then in great fear—for what can take the place of faith?—he withdrew to his room and the Angel consoled him with tales of the heroism of all ages—tales of men and women who had died for others, of noble sacrifices, and tender, willing abnegation, and patient, uncomplaining burden-bearing. He understood that only in that room was it really true; that only the world of imagination held all beauty. But he knew that the striving world, too, held isolated spots of spiritual beauty, and this helped to brighten the desert of unfaith which stretched about him. And always, when the hot air of the desert crept into his lungs, stifling the freedom of breathing, and the ugly sands blew sirocco hot into his eyes, blinding them to loveliness, and the world grew still and oppressive and unlovely, and his throat grew parched and the blisters festered on his feet and his very soul withered—then he withdrew to the room and the Angel companionship.

And at the door he bowed to his old self—the toiling, struggling mortal whom he pitied—and shook hands with the new man whom he revered. The new man was a man of success. In the dream-room was no space for failure. There he was beloved by the world and admired and looked up to—for I told you ambition sometimes whispered to him—and it was in his power to help young strugglers who came to him for advice. He was kind to young West. West was a poor poet, with a mighty soul throbbing with great thoughts and tender songs, which somehow never issued forth in the correct interpretation for editors' approval—and a starved body and an unflinching belief in the goodness of man and the eventual, conquering force of genius. He helped West. He put him on the right track—this man who himself wandered in by-ways. He put his name in big magazines. He put money in his pocket, and consequently less in his bones and brightness in his eyes. He bandaged the thorn-wounded feet and set them among roses. He lifted suffering humanity to a plane of comfort and ease. He blew the breath of love over the world and banished hardship and pain. He wrote encouraging letters and spoke gracious words of commendation.

He even wrote a book in that dream room, with the Angel laying divine touches on each page and sealing it to the upliftment of man. Oh, it was a most wonderful book, with sons of life and love in it, and the blessed kiss of Azrael revivifying; for was not Azrael always a creature of love and beauty and goodwill toward man? And that book brought him success, even as the practical world counts success—friends and fame and exalted position and money. And he used all these adjuncts to pleasant living for others' good.

There was no bitterness, no envy, no jealousy, no littleness of soul in that room. And when the door closed again he shook hands with "the man who failed" and took up the burden cheerfully, doing his work well, even to the smallest duty; tender with his faults and encouraging under his defeat, and always wisely counseling loyalty and patience.

So long as he sent out his songs humbly, not challenging recognition, the world indulgently tolerated him. But when ambition urged sterner effort and bolder strokes, those of the world put their shoulders together and tried to push him down.

"He disputes with us," they whispered together. They drew their brows down and set their lips tightly.

"Each one who comes makes it harder for us who strive. Down! Push and trample and grind him into the dust. Over his bones we shall spring more lightly. See! others lie whitening."

He heard; and looking downward saw the ground white with bleaching bones and grinning skulls that had once held throbbing brains. "Down!" he heard them mutter, while they pushed against him and the bones crumbled under their feet. But he was firm-purposed and strong hearted, and refused to down. Then they reviled and sneered at and depreciated his work. A few were loyal to brotherly love with sympathy and encouragement. And these few helped to maintain his faith; and the hostility only strengthened his determination to do battle to the limit of his power—for I told you he was not a useless, helpless creature. The harder he was pushed, the harder he worked, hearing always the undertone of the songs in the wonderful room, feeling always the inspiration of the Angel's presence. You ask why, with an angel's presence, he was a man who failed. Well, successes are not to be measured by individual limit. Take this comfort to your souls, you who are kindred to this man: the failure of individualism may develop into the success of collectivism.

After awhile the book of the dream-room became the book of reality. It bore his name and was made of his thoughts; a part of his soul he considered it. He delivered a message to the world concerning the wrongs of earth, urging men to redress. He pleaded for the weak and defenseless. He sang the beauty of faith and love. And he sent the book from the room into the world.

Richards glanced at the book and closed it. Clearly this man was becoming too pretentious. Such unvarnished vigor parading as art! So, he who fondly believed himself the savior of the world artistic, voiced only contempt; and some laughed and some believed.

But God knew, and the Angel knew. And God said: "Whatever is good is of me, and I die not; therefore, the words, being written in a good cause, shall live."

And the Angel said: "I am God's servant; they shall live."

And in that dream-room these things were told unto his soul. And he did not lose his faith, though unfaith pressed sorely. He neither lost it in man nor in his work. Himself he divorced from his work. He was a thing apart; an instrument. But the book should live, though all the intellectual pigmies derided. God said so, and God does not lie. So he commanded patience and waited, and the book in the world of literature—the world which he had fondly imagined to be noble and hospitable and lovely, but which was really narrow and censorious and jealous—the book strove for a place.

He withdrew to the room when despair assailed him, left himself who was at the beautiful door, greeted the man who was to be, and dreamed his dreams.

And after a while he went there oftener for another reason. The book was gone. Its mission was appointed; it would fulfill it. He never doubted that.

And a sickness fell upon him; languor, and pain, and increasing weakness. He hid his retreat so that only the Angel and one other knew. He worked on bravely, for he held it the part of a coward to fall in the rear. The multitude pushed and jarred till they bruised him, and he could scarcely stand for weakness. But yet he would not down. Oh! but he was persistent and stubborn in resistance. He went to the routine of his office work, and, in between times, slipped the echoes of the songs he heard beating against his heart.

Richards said to him one day, "Sir, you are a man who has failed."

The eyelids drooped, and the mouth quivered. Richards looked over the faded countenance, the gray hair, the bent shoulders and thin hands, and again he said, with triumphant cruelty, "Sir, you are a man who has failed."

Then the words of God came to him, and he answered bravely, "Friend, if there has been self in my work, I admit failure. But if there has been something larger and better than individualism, then my work shall live. It shall live. I know it. God has said so, and God does not lie. It shall live. It shall be a success. Myself, I am a failure; I grant you that. But what is this little frame of flesh and blood and bones? What does it amount to, except as a unit in the great number of flesh suffering? But the soul of me! That has fought the fight and kept the faith. Yes, even the faith that you would crush out, friend," he added gently, "the faith in human love and brotherly kindness. I have made that love the theme of all my writing. I have heard that faith singing an undertone to my songs, and a triumph over my stories. I have heard it when the waters of sorrow threatened to overwhelm. I have heard it even in the night of failure. What better could there be?"

And Richards stole away, awed by the triumph of the voice, and the light in the eyes, and the prophecy which seemed to dwarf his own selfish aims.

He went home, murmuring to himself of that "man who failed," and when the morning came he did not go to his office work, but withdrew to the dream-room with the Angel. And the Angel there said to him, "Look."

And he looked. And upon the wall there grew a picture—a body-burdened cross—and the face of the body that hung there was the face of "the man who failed." And a holy awe filled the heart of him, for the body bore the marks of abuse and scorn, even as the body of Christ bore marks. And he knew it to be himself. He knew that the multitude waited in the shadows, whither they had withdrawn to witness his anguish. He knew that cruelty and persecution had crucified the soul of him even as they crucified the body of Christ. And more: that his crucifixion was but a type of the many; that endless crosses might be uplifted on that wonderful wall, and countless bodies hang thereon.

He realized, for the first time, the real world. Azrael drifted from a corner, and drew aside the veil. He saw error masquerading as truth; selfishness for liberality; bigotry for breadth.

For one moment his soul grew sick. To lose faith and Azrael so near! And then he remembered the women who wept at the torn feet, and the angel who rolled the stone away from the sepulchre, and the old tales of heroism, and his vanishing faith came back.

He leaned forward, and pressed his hand over the nail-prints of the pictured body, and then he turned to the Angel.

"It is not in vain," he said, "for out of my failure shall spring success for the work, and for others who honestly and patiently labor. Whatever is good is of God, and what is of God dies not. Dear Angel, thou blessed spiritual part of me, thou higher self, I keep the faith."

And the door was barred, and the dream-room still.

Hearing Arguments for Freedom.

On the 6th inst. the American Health Club had a hearing before the Joint Committee on Public Health of the Massachusetts Legislature in favor of the bill to restore to the people of this State perfect freedom in the choice of physicians.

Dr. T. A. Bland, Secretary of the Club, and author of the bill, introduced Arthur W. Crossley as the first speaker. Mr. Crossley is an enthusiastic member of the Club, and is thoroughly imbued with the idea that the bill is just, and ought to pass. Being a lawyer he appeared as the attorney of the Club, without charge—a rare example of liberality on the part of his profession. His argument was able, and to all unprejudiced minds present, absolutely convincing. Some report of it will appear hereafter.

Dr. Bland followed Mr. Crossley with a speech which we are able to present to our readers in brief; of its merits we let them judge.

Dr. Hervey, Secretary of the Board of State Physicians, was present, and spoke in favor of some amendments to the Registration Act, but he made no defence of the Act, nor any reference to the bill for its repeal, nor to the arguments of Mr. C. and Dr. B. Evidently he dared not attack the bill of the Health Club, nor attempt reply to the speeches of its attorney and Secretary.

MR. CHAIRMAN, and Gentlemen of the Committee—The bill under consideration, should it become a law, would restore to the people of this State a right and privilege of which they are deprived by an act passed two years ago.

This bill is in line with the principles upon which the government of this nation and of this State are founded: the principles of freedom, equality and justice.

The act of two years ago to regulate the practice of medicine in this State, violates and contravenes the Declaration of Independence, which says: "All men are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." To restrict the right of any citizen to employ the physician of his choice, is to abridge his right to life and liberty.

This bill is based upon the idea that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has a Republican form of government, instead of being a paternalistic despotism; that under this government all citizens are free to enjoy all privileges which are lawful to other citizens, and that no class of citizens are entitled to privileges not enjoyed by other citizens.

There are two distinct forms of government—despotism and democracy. In the first the people are ruled by a patriarch, king or emperor, who, if he is wise and benevolent, gives his subjects such laws as shall promote their best interests by protecting them against criminal classes and selfish organizations. If he is wise and benevolent, his government is just, just and despotic. This form of government is properly termed paternalistic. The founders of our present government rebelled against that form of government, and established a Democratic Republic government—Democratic in principle, Republican in form.

All laws restricting the practice of medicine are based on the assumption that the people are not capable of judging the merits of physicians, and

that, therefore, the State should restrict their choice to those physicians who are secured a certificate from a board appointed by the Governor. If this is not paternalism, then I do not know the meaning of the word. And if this is not an assumption that the Governor can find a number of physicians to compose this State Board, who are fully qualified to judge of the fitness of other physicians to practice medicine, and who will exercise this function without sectarian prejudice or selfish motive, then I do not understand what an assumption is.

Manifestly, the present medical law of the State is based upon the assumption of the ignorance of the people on the one hand and the superior wisdom and righteous intent of the Governor on the other.

We do not challenge the purpose or intent of the Governor, but we do question his medical wisdom; and we deny the right of any board of medical men whom he may select to license physicians at will and to refuse license at will to others. And this is just what the act of two years ago, known as the Act to Regulate the Practice of Medicine, was intended to do and does do. That act assumes that a diploma from a medical college is not *prima facie* proof of fitness to practice medicine. It assumes that a license, or permit, from the State Board of Medical Examiners is *prima facie* evidence of fitness to practice medicine.

With the first assumption we have no quarrel, but we protest against the second. We regard it as absurdly absurd that the official board in possession of superior wisdom and virtue in the medical faculty of Harvard or any other medical college regularly chartered by statute and legally authorized to confer degrees and issue diplomas.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, famous alike as one of the founders of this government and as a physician and medical author, is on record as saying: "All laws restricting the rights of one class of physicians, and giving special privileges to others, are the *Bastilles* of our sciences."

Gladsione, in opposing the passage through the British Parliament of a restrictive medical act, said: "A man should be free to select his own physician as he is to select his own blacksmith or baker."

Herbert Spencer, in opposing the same measure by written protest, said: "Medical monopoly and religious monopoly must stand or fall together. It is manifestly as great a wrong to prohibit a man from selecting his own physician, as it is to prohibit him from selecting his own preacher."

Similar quotations from eminent men could be given in great numbers, did time permit.

I desire to remind your honorable body that at the time Dr. Rush made the utterance quoted above, there were two new medical systems just beginning to make headway among the people, and that the Allopathic school, which claimed to be Orthodox or regular, was appealing to the Government of the State for laws to exclude the disciples of Brown and Hahnemann from the privilege to practice their systems of medicine.

Dr. Rush became himself a Brownian, though at the head of the leading Allopathic college in America. "We beg to remind you that the effort to restrict the right to practice medicine to the regular Allopathic school, and to exclude Homeopaths, Botanics, Eclectics, Hydropaths, etc., etc., was kept up continuously, until the Homeopaths and Eclectics became so numerous and powerful that all hope of depriving them of equal rights with Allopaths was abandoned from necessity. Then the Allopaths formed an alliance with these two schools wherever they could, notably in this State, and those three medical sects claim the exclusive right to practice medicine, and to prevent physicians who do not belong to either of those schools or sects to exercise that right."

This would seem on its face to restrict or abridge the privileges of physicians, and to deny to the citizen the freedom of the citizen in the matter of selecting the physician of his choice, unless that choice happens to rest upon some physician licensed by the Medical Board.

The avowed object and chief purpose claimed for the registration act is the protection of the people from quacks. If it does not do this, it is a failure. Does it protect the people from quacks? Let us see. Under its provisions all persons who had been engaged in the practice of medicine in this State during the three years preceding the passage of this act are excluded from its operation, and allowed to continue to practice without being examined by the State Board of physicians.

Were there no quacks in Massachusetts for three years prior to the passage of this act?

The word quack admits of several definitions. The orthodox Allopathic doctor applies this epithet to doctors of all other schools or sects, without regard to their learning. In his opinion they are quacks because they hold to false theories and practice false systems. Doctors differ about who are quacks, as they differ about many other things. And when doctors differ, the people should be allowed to decide.

But I beg to answer the question: Who are quacks? So long as medicine shall continue to be a system of empiricism, and in this opinion, all physicians are quacks; some of them learned, while others are unlearned or less learned, but they are all quacks. I say this as a physician. I make no exception in favor of my own medical sect; no comparison prejudicial to physicians of other medical sects.

When, if ever, medicine shall become an exact science, it will be possible for men and women of suitable natural talents to become scientific physicians, and not, as the most learned of them now are, mere empirics, quacks, there will then be no medical sects quarreling over dogmas such as now divide the various schools into hostile camps.

When medicine shall have attained to the dignity of a science, the "patents" of dead doctors will be already showing signs of decay. As quacks are doing its deadly work in the medical, as well as in the religious world.

Many eminent physicians have lost all faith in the theories, and all confidence in the remedies of the schools. The people are also losing faith in the old systems of medicine, and are turning for relief to the pains and penalties of their physical sins, to the patent medicine vender, the magnetic manipulator, the beef cure, the grape cure, the color cure—or abandoning all physical remedies, they adopt purely metaphysical methods of healing. The physicians have become alarmed at the loss of patronage these desperate measures involve. They drop their quarrel about pathies, and unite for self-protection. They form medical trusts, and ask Legislatures to give them a legal monopoly of the practice of medicine.

This, gentlemen, is what the act passed two years ago by the Legislature of this State, entitled "An Act to Regulate the Practice of Medicine," was intended to do. It is just what it did, and it is doing it now.

It deprives the people of this State of an inalienable right, by limiting their choice of physicians to those who were residents of the State for three years prior to the passage of this act, and to such other physicians as this State Medical Board may choose to admit into this medical trust, thus endowing the Medical Board with despotic power.

I am here to speak for the American Health Club; an organization whose objects are to promote health, and prevent disease.

I am not here to defend the quacks who are by this act deprived of rights enjoyed by other quacks.

I am here to ask that a right and privilege of which the people of this State have been deprived, be restored to them. That *none* we shall ask to amend the statutes relating to malpractice in medicine and surgery, as to protect the people as fully as it is possible to protect them by law, against the blunders of incompetent and dishonest physicians and surgeons.

This is in line with the true functions of government, and would prove effective in checking the evils of quackery without abridging the rights of the people or the rights of any class of physicians.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LEADERSHIP.

To lead the world in truth and love,
Ah! that were prize of bliss impetuous;
No sweeter life abides above—

To lead the world!

And lo! the banner fair unfurled—

Our soldier spirit yet to prove,

Till wrong be down in darkness hurled.

Oh! would that our hearts might move,

So timid fear to faith uncured,

And lion courage wed the dove—

To lead the world!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From his home, No. 10 Lincoln street, Portland, Me., Wm. H. HATCH, aged 83 years.

Mr. Hatch was a watchmaker by trade, and was formerly of the firm of Banks & Hatch. For years he had been unable to work at his trade, although being able to be out, and was quite active for a man of his years. The transition of his beloved companion, who had passed on some many years of active and shadow—only three short weeks ago, hastened the end, and he calmly laid down and went to sleep, to awaken in the sunshine of the spirit-world.

For many years Mr. Hatch was a devoted and outspoken Spiritualist, never having a doubt of the life to come, and was willing and anxious to go. He leaves a son and two daughters to mourn the loss of a kind parent.

Services were held at his home on Sunday, Feb. 2, Rev. Mr. Blanchard speaking words of comfort and consolation. II. C. BERRY.

Jan. 18, 1896, Mr. LEA PRIST, aged 75 years.

He passed suddenly and unexpectedly away, of heart trouble, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and lay in the mortal with him but his loving and devoted wife.

I made his acquaintance forty-one years ago; he was then an investigator of Spiritualism, and has been a firm believer ever since. From the time to the present his friendship I have highly esteemed. B. N. FOGG, Wilmington, Del.

(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 average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.)

There is no excuse for any man to appear in society with a grizzly beard since the introduction of Buckingham's Dye, which colors natural brown or black.

LYCEUM AND HOME DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. J. S. SOPER.

SPECIAL REQUEST.

Will Conductors of Lyceums throughout the United States send to this Department an outline of their method of conducting their Lyceums, as applied to the younger Groups?

LITTLE MR. BY-AND-BY.

Little Mr. By-and-By,
You will mark him by his cry,
And the way he lingers when
Called again and yet again,
Gloom if he must leave his play
Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-By,
Eyes cast down and mouth awry!
He is known as Pretty Soon,
And he's cousin to Don't Care,
As no doubt you're well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-By,
Always has a fretful "Why?"
When he's asked to come or go;
Like his sister—Susan Slow.
Hope we'll never—no nor I—
Be like Mr. By-and-By.

—Clinton Scottard, in the February St. Nicholas.

Little Corners,

[OR, HOW MUCH WE CAN HELP BY OUR EXAMPLE.]

Georgia Willis, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Somebody had been careless, and let one get rusty, but Georgia rubbed with all her might; rubbed, and sang softly a little song. "In the world is darkness, so we must shine, you in your little corner, and I in mine."

"What do you rub at them knives forever for?" Mary said. Mary was the cook.

"Because they are in my corner," Georgia said, brightly. "You in your little corner, you know, 'and I in mine.' I'll do the best I can, that's all I can do."

"I would n't waste my strength," said Mary. "I know that no one will notice."

"God will," said Georgia, and then she sang again, "You in your little corner, and I in mine."

"This steak is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I suppose I must. If he knows about knives it's likely he does about steak," and she broiled it beautifully.

"Mary, the steak was very nicely done today," Miss Emma said.

"That's all along of Georgia," said Mary, with a pleased red face, and then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles; she was tired and warm. "Helen will not care whether they are fluted nicely or not," she said; "I'll hurry them over"; but after she heard about the knives she did her best.

"How beautifully my dress is done," Helen said, and Emma, laughing, answered, "that is owing to Georgia;" then she told about the knives.

"No," said Helen to her friend who urged, "I really cannot go this evening. I am going to prayer-meeting; my corner is there."

"Your corner! What do you mean?" Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," the friend said, "if you will not go with me, perhaps I will with you;" and they went to the prayer-meeting.

"You helped us ever so much with the singing this evening." That is what their pastor said to them as they were going home. "I was afraid you wouldn't be there."

"It was owing to our Georgia," said Helen; "she seemed to think she must do what she could, if it were only knives." Then she told him the story.

"I believe I will go in here again," said the minister, stopping before a poor little house. "I said yesterday there was no use, but I must do what I can." In the house a sick man was lying; again and again the minister had called, but he would n't listen to him; but to night he said, "I have come to tell you a little story."

Then he told him about Georgia Willis, about her knives and her little corner, and "doing what she could," and the sick man wiped the tears from his eyes and said, "I'll find my corner, too; I'll try to shine for Him." And the sick man was Georgia's father.

"I believe I won't go to walk," said Helen, hesitating. "I'll finish that dress of mother's; I suppose I can if I think so."

"Why, child, are you here sewing?" her mother said; "I thought you had gone to walk."

"No, ma'am; this dress seemed to be in my corner, so I thought I would finish it."

"In your corner?" her mother repeated in surprise, and then Helen told about the knives. The door-bell rang, and the mother went thoughtfully to receive her pastor. "I suppose I could give more," she said to herself, as she slowly took out the ten dollars that she had laid aside for missions. "If that poor child in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am? I'll make it twenty-five."

And Georgia's guardian angel said to another angel, "Georgia Willis gave twenty-five dollars to our poor people in India to-day."

"Twenty-five dollars?" said the other angel. "Why, I thought she was poor?"

"Oh, well, she thinks she is, but her Father in heaven isn't, you know. She did what she could, and he did the rest."

But Georgia knew nothing about all this, and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine."
—The Pansy.

Dissolving Views.

BY ED. S. VARNNEY.

How enjoyable, as well as diversified in its interest, is a panorama of dissolving views! And in a higher, grander sense, what calm, serene delight comes to the mature or ripened soul as it sweeps, with the mental telescope, the hills and vales of retrospection!

What intellectual triumphs, what moral victories, rise into prominence! What pleasant associations, hallowed memories and inspiring reflections combine to give color and diversity to the scene! And how the whole is enlivened and brightened by the silver streamlets of little acts of kindness, good advice, cheery words, merry companionships, nightrift incidents—scattered here and there, wherever the tireless feet have traversed; wherever the hands of friendly sympathy have joined; wherever the spirit-kindly brooklets of anecdote, fun, gaiety and kindred waters, have burst, with their native exuberance, into the great river of laughter; or where, in various places, nooks and corners along the roadways and avenues and secluded paths of life, the ever-welcome, familiar voice has left refreshing, lingering memories, which in the beautiful forms of "forget-me-nots" exhaled a fragrant odor.

And to the retrospective mind of the sunny-souled, actively good, what balmy airs of quiet, invigorating, uplifting personal influence pervade these dissolving views? Beautiful as are the written sentiments of the moralist or the philosopher, the unspoken, voiceless thoughts of a gentle and helpful soul transcend them in loveliness.

A Parable of Contentment.

A violet shed its modest beauties at the turfy foot of an old oak. It lived there many days during the kind summer in obscurity. The winds and the rains came and fell, but they did not hurt the violet. Storms often crashed among the boughs of the oaks.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself when you look up at me, you little thing down there,

when you see how large I am and how small you are; when you see how small a space you fill and how widely my branches are spread?"

"No," said the violet, "we are both where God has placed us, and God has given us both something. He has given to you strength, to me sweetness, and I offer Him back my fragrance, and I am thankful."

"Sweetness is all nonsense," said the oak; "a few days—a month at most—where and what will you be? You will die, and the place of your grave will not lift the ground higher by a blade of grass. I hope to stand some time—ages, perhaps—and then, when I am cut down, I shall be a ship to bear men over the sea, or a coffin to hold the dust of a prince. What is your lot to mine?"

"But," cheerfully breathed the violet back, "we are both what God made us, and we are both where he placed us. I suppose I shall die soon. I hope to die fragrantly, as I have lived fragrantly. You must be cut down at last; it does not matter, that I see: a few days or a few ages, my littleness or your largeness, it comes to the same thing at last. We are what God made us. We are where God placed us. God gave you strength; God gave me sweetness." Be contented with your lot.—Selected.

Set a Good Example.

Children early catch the tone of their surroundings, and become harsh or tender, indifferent or solicitous, sympathetic or selfish, courteous or rude, as those around them. By a loving example and persuasive influence they can be accustomed from the first to take pleasure in each other's joy, and to be sorry for each other's pain—to try to promote the one and assuage the other, to be kind and courteous, generous and self-sacrificing, until such feelings and conduct grow to be the habit of their lives.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum.—Albion R. Waitt writes: The Lyceum was held Feb. 2 under the most favorable circumstances. There was a large attendance, and a most excellent session.

Mrs. Soper, of the BANNER OF LIGHT, was with the children to day, and her work, so well started last Sunday, was very interesting. It is a style of work much needed among the Lyceums, and if carried on will, as the children imbibed the spirit of the movement, sow the seeds of love, kindness, truth and politeness, which, when constantly cultivated in the children's minds, give to us true nature's noblemen.

The answers to the subject for the day, which was Development of Mediums, were very fine, although mostly confined to the older groups. They were given by Winnie Ireland, Eddie Ranson, Eddie Hatch, Charlie Hatch, Geo. Simpson, Charles Lang, Elmer Packard, A. R. Waitt, Mollie Blinn, Mrs. Lang, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Snow.

Dr. Root laid the most stress upon the value of the development of the medium morally and physically, for as a sensitive photographic plate must have perfect development, so must a sensitive person.

We had a piano solo from Mr. Watson; recitations, Maud Armstrong, Johnnie Ormsbee, George Simpson, and Mrs. Armstrong; Mr. Packard read a poem, and Miss Grace Warren, the vocalist for Boston Spiritual Temple, sang a fine spiritual selection.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1. Charles T. Wood, Conductor, writes, held a fine session at Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, Boston, on Sunday, the 2d inst. This day was set apart as "Temperance Sunday," and the songs, recitations, and general and special remarks, were appropriate to this subject.

The Lyceum was entertained and the younger scholars beautifully instructed by a kindergarten method adopted by Mrs. Soper of the BANNER OF LIGHT for their education. She taught them to be gentle and loving and kind, as the means of spiritual growth.

The Conductor explained Spiritualists, as expounders of the "Harmony of Nature," should be particularly interested in restricting the use of anything detrimental to physical, mental and moral purity, and in stamping out the manufacture and use of one of the greatest curses to humanity, which is the liquor traffic.

Recitations were finely rendered by Miss Stella Churchill, Mr. Bird and Master Harry Williams; songs by Misses Gracie Scates, Helen Gale, Ollie Smith and Evelyn Williams; piano solo by Miss Millie Farmer; song by Mr. Pierce, and remarks by Mrs. Harraden and Mr. C. A. Abbott. The exercises closed with the singing of "America" by the congregation.

Philadelphia.—Charles L. Ge Frorer, Sec'y, writes: The Philadelphia Spiritualist Society organized a Lyceum on Dec. 15, 1895, with Mrs. M. L. Wheeler Brown as Conductor, which has been very successful, and now has over forty scholars on the roll.

Easy Cross-Word Enigma.

1. In road, but not in street;
2. In hunger, not in eat;
3. In inn, but not in tavern;
4. In groat, but not in cavern.

The whole is the name of one of the United States.

ANSWER to last week's Riddle: Letter "R."

TO MY BODY.

You do not possess me, oh! body mine,
But are possessed by me.
These things you fondly call your eyes
I made that I might see
The things I must see, in an earthly way—
The earthly doling of this day.

They are my servants; I master them,
And when they no longer see,
'T is because I am weary of earthly sights,
And rest in eternity.

And what you consider your hands and feet,
They are my servants too;
I made them to do my earthly work;
They do not belong to you.
And if they grow useless, if they are still,
It is because such is my will.

And what you boast of as your thoughts—
This thing you call your brain—
I fashioned it for my own use.
Chaos in it would reign
If my care from it I withdrew;
And it must do as I bid it do.

When your mission, my body, shall be o'er,
To dust you will return;
And I will leave you to your fate,
And when I come back to learn
The lessons that this life does not teach,
To climb the heights that I must reach,
Another body my will shall rear;
And after that body I'll build.

For I'll be nearer my Father's face,
And more with his Wisdom fled.
So cease your rebellion, oh! body mine,
For you are possessed by me,
And all you can ever hope to do,
Is to help me a step on my homeward way,
To be a short hour of my earthly day.
—M. G. T. Stempel, in The Universal Republic.

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February Magazines.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the current month opens with a very interesting paper on "Certain Worthies and Dames of Old Maryland," by John Williamson Palmer, with portraits and pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Harry Penn, Charles Wilson Peale, Sir Peter Lely, Hambrant Peale, and others; "The Little Mothers" is a tender little poem by Richard Burton; "The Story of the Development of Africa," by Henry M. Stanley, is *apropos* at this time, when the Dark Continent is attracting particular attention; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," by William M. Sloane, treats of the meeting of Napoleon, Alexander I. of Russia, Frederick William III., and Queen Louisa of Prussia, at Tilsit, illustrated with notable pictures and portraits; "The Palmerston Ideal in Diplomacy" is an article by Edward M. Chapman on the Venezuelan question, but written before the appearance of President Cleveland's special message; "Three Letters from James Russell Lowell," by Mary A. Clark, are characteristic reminiscences of the poet; "Puis de Chavannes" is a sketch of the life and work of the venerable President of the Champ de Mars Salon, by Kenyon Cox, and must be particularly interesting at this time, as his decorations have been recently put in place in the new Public Library, Boston; the sketch is illustrated by pictures and details of pictures by the artist; "Sir George Trevelyan," Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, grows more and more interesting; "Pope Leo XIII. and his Household," by Marlon Crawford, is an article of special interest, giving a personal account of the daily life of the Pope, with portraits and pictures of the Pope's private apartments; "Nelson at Cape St. Vincent" is an interesting paper, with reminiscences of that time, by A. T. Mahan, illustrated with maps and diagrams; "Tom Grogan," by F. Hopkinson Smith, has the usual installment, with pictures by Charles S. Reinhart; Catherine Young Glen, Louise Imogen Guiney, Thomas H. Wilson, John Vance Cheney, J. G. Vibert, Hjalmer Bjorht Boyesen, Martha Young, Edith M. Thomas, George Edgar Montgomery, Aubrey de Vere and L. Frank Tooker, contribute well to a worthy number. In the departments "Topics of the Times," "Open Letters," and "In Lighter Vein," will be found much food for thought, and closing a very readable number. The Century Co., New York.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for the current month opens with a paper on "The Presidential Office," by Hon. Benjamin Harrison, under the heading "This Country of Ours"; "Neighborhood Types," by Mary E. Wilkins, discusses "Cyrus Emmett, the Unlucky Man"; "The Little Queen of Holland" is brought very close to one by Arthur Warren, with illustrations by T. De Thulstrup and from photographs; "Men as Lovers," from a girl's standpoint, are criticised by Lillian Bell; very interesting "Experiences of a Professional Tour" are given by Mary Anderson de Navarro (illustrations by T. De Thulstrup and from photographs), also a reminiscence of her acquaintance with Henry W. Longfellow; "The Violet," by Julia Magruder, has an interesting installment, with drawings by Charles Dana Gibson; F. Schuyler Mathews tells how to have "A Free Blooming Garden" and what flowers to choose; "The Stuff that Makes Young Manhood" is an interesting paper by Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst; "The Conservative Woman" is treated by Ruth Ashmore in a sweet, womanly way; Ralph Adams Cram tells how to build a "5000 Colonial House"; Emma M. Hooper gives some good points on "The Art of Renovating" different articles of clothing; and Isabel A. Mallon discusses "Some Dainty Linen." Under the heading "Home Parties and Church Socials" a page of suggestions is given by Experienced Entertainers, and Agnes H. Morton gives important points on "When a Woman is a Hostess." Eben Rexford writes on "The Cultivation of the Palm." Emma Hayward has a fine paper on "Needlework by Baltimore Women," with illustrations; Annie R. Ramsey, Alice Graham McCollin, Ada Chester Bond, Mrs. Margaret Bottomore, Margaret J. Preston, Frank Dempster Sherman, Celia Logan and others all contribute to make an unusually interesting number, including all the departments not here mentioned. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

ST. NICHOLAS opens with "The Little Maid's Reply," in verse (illustrated by the frontispiece), by Charles Lee—a cute and true incident of Gen. Washington's time; "The Gibson Boy," by Christine Terhune Herriek, and illustrated by *fac-simile* reproductions of the artist's early work, is a pleasing sketch of the childhood of Charles Dana Gibson, artist, showing at the early age of five a tendency to the gift which later developed to a profession; "The Prize Cup," by J. T. Trowbridge, continues in interest, and "Sinbad, Smith & Co.," by Albert Stearns, begin their first journey, and encounter their first adventure; "Pictures, Monday in Kitten Land," drawn by David Ericson, are too sweet for anything; "Hemmed in With the Chief," by Frank Welles Calkins, is an interesting story of the early settlers in Western Iowa; "How the Flag was Saved," by Noah Brooks, is a story with two sequels, a second sequel to "The Fairport Nine," by the same author; "The Tower Playmates," in verse, by Anna Robeson Brown, gives a new incident in the history of the "Princes in the Tower"; "A Dream in February" are pleasing verses by Margaret Johnson; "When the Leaves Are Gone," by Edith M. Thomas, is a paper characteristic of that charming writer; "Letters to a Boy," by Robert Louis Stevenson, with notes by Lloyd Osbourne, still continues in interest (illustrated); "Betty Leicester's English Christmas," by Sarah Orne Jewett, has a good installment of that interesting story; also "Teddy and Carrots," by James Otis, continues interesting; "The Sword-Maker's Son," (a story of the year 30 A. D.) is by William O. Stoddard; Oliver Herford, Arthur Hale, Gannett Newkirk, and others, contribute to make a fine number, including "The Letter Box" and "Riddle Box." The Century Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

NEW ENGLAND.—In the current number "The Passing of the New England Fisherman," by Winfield M. Thompson, vividly describes a pathetic truth resulting from the march of progress, illustrated by Frederick A. MacNeal and others; "Accepted with Pleasure," by Violette Hall, is a characteristic New England story; "Memories of Bluemeadow," by Charlotte Lyon, are true sketches of persons and events in a Massachusetts village fifty years ago, the names only being fictitious; "John Rogers, the People's Editor," by William Orndway Partridge, is a very interesting paper on "one who has done more to educate the American people than any other contemporary sculptor;" illustrated with many familiar subjects; "Home Culture for Americans," by Norman Hapgood, is a common-sense article on a very important subject; "Gov. Winthrop's Homestead," by Hamilton Andrews Hill, is an interesting bit of colonial history; "Isen at Home," by Edgar O. Achorn, is a pleasant sketch of "the most discussed, admired, criticised and misunderstood writer of our time," with illustrations; "A New England Conscience," by Annie Eliza Brand, illustrates well the thought suggested in the title; "Modern Providence," by Robert Grieve, is a well-written and valuable article on a very progressive city, illustrated; Minna Irving, H. Martin Beal, Samuel Hoyt, Emma A. Oppa, Frances Hastings, with choice poems, help to make up a choice number. The Editor's Table is replete with interesting subjects. Warren F. Kellogg, Publisher, 5 Park Square, Boston.

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While thanking our regular subscribers for their continued patronage, we desire that this journal, which is devoted to the spiritual movement, as well as to secular reforms in behalf of our common humanity, shall receive ample support from the public at large.

Is It Merely a Question of Religion?

THE BANNER is no admirer of the war spirit, no friend to butchery, plunder and arson, by whomsoever committed; neither does it object in any way to measures, individual, State or National, to alleviate human suffering among whomsoever existing—let that be understood clearly in advance; and yet it seems to us that the whole so-called Christian press of the world is united in an effort to propagate a heated, and it would seem prejudiced, idea of the present troubles in Armenia; the political side is persistently ignored, while the religious aspect of the case is steadily held under the focus of bigoted prejudice. But it would seem that something is due to fairness; and we intend to present a few facts gleaned from various sources to show that there is another side to the question upon which the church-governed press of this country and Europe seems so unequivocally united.

To an outsider reading the reports, it looks as if the Armenian revolutionary committee were urging on a revolution against the Sultan, hoping to overturn everything by a fervent appeal to Christian prejudice against Mohammedanism. The crowning result of the propaganda has been bloodshed. The step is unfortunately supported by American as well as English opinion. The partiality shown by Americans toward the Armenian instigators of disorder has no political excuse. The only plausible reason given is that the Armenians are Christians, while the Turks are not. It is a very bad reason at best.

At the present time the Armenians are scattered all about over Asiatic Turkey. They are the minority of the population in any Turkish province! The Armenian agitation in the United States is simply religious, based upon the fact that the Armenians are Christians. It is in no sense political. By upholding them in their movements we foster an armed rebellion in Turkey—a friendly nation. It is the missionary boards that to a very large extent are to blame for the promotion of this false prejudice of the Americans in this case. It is a simple case of proselytism for selfish purposes, and this government is asked to back up the schemers of it.

Rear Admiral Kirkland, who commanded the European station, and condemned the missionaries in the most emphatic manner, was, as THE BANNER readers have already been informed, relieved of his command in a way that looked like actual "Church and State" government in these United States. Taken altogether, he pronounced that, "relying upon the protection of the American government, they [the missionaries] defied the local laws, and their appeals were not based upon truth."

As regards how Admiral Kirkland came out on account of his fearless utterances, THE BANNER for Nov. 9, 1895, had the following editorial:

"Rear-Admiral Kirkland, commanding the European naval station, was detached on the 21st ult., because, among other causes of dissatisfaction at the navy department, he commented too freely on the character of the American missionaries in Syria, whither he had been ordered to give them protection during the Armenian troubles. Certain religious organizations in Boston protested against his freedom of speech to the navy department, to which they called his attention; so his feet are at once cut off. He has, in consequence, been detached from duty, and ordered home. His record as a sailor is not to be traduced

because he speaks out his honest thought about American missionaries. If he is to be punished for that, though no fault can be found with his conduct, then it looks as if in taking sides with the missionaries through thick and thin the government had decided to hold up the churches through their foreign missionaries, thus effecting at once a practical union of Church and State, or of the ecclesiastical with the civil authority. Do the free citizens of the United States agree to that? We don't believe they do yet."

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, the artist and writer, told a reporter of the New York Tribune that these revolutionary Armenians make their way out of Turkey clandestinely and come straight to the United States. Here they secure their declaration of citizenship by a sufficiently long stay. Then they secure passports as American citizens, and at once return to their homes with the sole purpose of acting as agents for one of the many revolutionary societies. If caught, as they are sure to be, they claim the protection of the American Minister, hoping in this way to save themselves. Here is just where the United States is in fault. They could not carry out their revolutionary design in such a way under any other government. They cannot do it in England, or France, or Germany, or Russia; only in the United States.

Mr. Smith further stated to a representative of the Boston Herald that the root of the trouble is in the missionaries sent over from America and England. Instead of trying to help the people, they teach them to feel that they are ill-treated, and thus sow the seeds of discontent and rebellion. It is they who have started the whole trouble, and when the blame is properly placed it will rest upon their heads. "What have we in the way of religion to teach the Turks?" asks Mr. Smith. "Nothing. It's pure bumpumstuss for us to try to convert them. They neither want nor need our religion. They've got a better one of their own. Better for them, I mean, not for us. They are already more religious as a people than we are. It is often the men," he added, "who are not fitted to take the high rank among the ministry in their own country, who feel themselves drawn to work in a foreign land. The result is that we send out the most incapable specimens of our rural population—representing half a dozen religious sects which are at constant war with each other about their creeds—to convert a cultured, courteous, pious, temperate race, whose unified religion enters as much into the life of its members as does their business."

It happens, moreover, to be a fact that faithful and law-abiding Armenians are not only protected, but are employed in very high official positions, an Armenian being at the present time a Minister of the Imperial Crown. The Armenians in Turkey number a little over nine hundred thousand, have their own schools, preserve their language and literature, enjoy the respect of nationality, and have their leading men promoted to high positions and honors. Islamism is a religion essentially tolerant. Yet a few Christian fanatics countenance in Turkey what they would not encourage in their own country, and that is insubordination and revolt against the laws. We had better exercise our sympathies in this matter intelligently.

Decay of Interest in the Bible.

It seems that an American firm, extensively engaged in the manufacture of stained glass windows, reports a marked falling off in the demand for biblical subjects represented in this form, owing to the interesting fact that those ordering stained glass windows for churches are so ignorant of the Bible and its stories that they do not appreciate the fitness of a Bible story for this purpose. It is discovered that they have to be taught their Bible before they can rightly value the art which they desire to employ. The Boston Herald is convinced that this state of things bears emphatic witness that the Bible has begun to lose some of its hold on the people who ought to be its most strenuous supporters.

It is a great attraction to the churches in Europe, says The Herald, that their windows are filled with the pictorial rendering of the Bible story; but the weak and soulless designs that are now largely found in our Protestant churches, look as if those who ordered them had no faith, no inspiration, no high beliefs. What, it asks, shall be done to restore the Bible to its place? We are not, it says, a religious people, and do not have enough regard for sacred things to adequately maintain that side of life. The preference of sentiment to religion in art indicates that show takes the place of reality. But if the Bible is not to take its old place in the church and the home, it thinks it is not to lose its hold of life. It is, says The Herald, the greatest literature of the world. Its appeal to us is on the highest plane. It is inexhaustible. The time is not distant when it will be again read, not perhaps as an oracle, but as the one book which reveals us most to ourselves, and as the treasury of the highest truth that has yet been given to mankind.

A large share of the churches, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, do not attack the iniquities that are powerful among their membership. If a man has made a great fortune by speculations which impoverished thousands; or by monopolistic combinations which oppress consumers and producers; or any other of a dozen demoralizing and dangerous ways, the church to which he gives a small percentage of his wealth is very likely to look the other way as far as his questionable practice is concerned. And it says, rightly, that the people are getting their eyes open in this direction, and that this mistake of the churches is bearing its legitimate fruit, in a growing popular disfavor among thinking men.

Miss Lottie Fowler, the renowned clairvoyant medium—whose name has been for years a household word in Europe and America—has removed from Baltimore, Md., and is now established at 57 Debe Voire Place (near DeKalb Avenue), Brooklyn, N. Y.

We will send a sample of BABO'S GERMAN MEDICATED TEA and BABO'S HAMBURG PILLS to any subscriber of BANNER OF LIGHT, if they will send us the following amount in stamps. LEOPOLD BABO & Co., 61 Granite Ave., Boston.

H. E. Hitebings, Joplin, Mo., writes: "The copy I received of THE BANNER last week impressed me so favorably that I will send 50 cents as a trial subscription for three months."

Read the letter—on first page—from William Foster, Jr., of Providence, R. I., recognizing the message given through Mrs. B. F. Smith's mediumship, from Spirit Judge C. S. Bradley.

"Tracts for the Times."

Read and Circulate.

Realizing the necessity of a more general dissemination of knowledge on the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism among the people generally, and more especially among those who are almost entirely ignorant of its facts and teachings, the "Veteran Spiritualists' Union" has published a series of Tracts, of from four to twenty pages each, and has others in preparation, which will be issued from time to time, to advance free thought on religious, moral and social topics which tend to the elevation of humanity.

These Tracts are intended not so much for circulation among Spiritualists, which would be like "carrying coals to Newcastle," but for the great mass of people who would not otherwise be reached.

To make this work effective, the "Union" needs the cooperation of Spiritualist Societies, and also individual Spiritualists, in disseminating tracts in their immediate neighborhoods.

We believe this method to be a most economical and effective way to promulgate the teachings of Spiritualism. Every family can be reached by sending through the mail one or more of the little waifs, and individuals can reach their skeptical friends, thus "putting them where they will do the most good," where, quietly and silently, provoking no controversy, they will sow the seed of truth.

Six Tracts are already issued, the titles of which are:

No. 1. MODERN SPIRITUALISM, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL. By A. E. Newton. pp. 4.

No. 2. BAPTISM OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. pp. 4.

No. 3. OPINIONS OF DISTINGUISHED DIVINES ON SPIRITUALISM. pp. 12.

No. 4. OPINIONS OF DISTINGUISHED DIVINES ON THE CREDS OF CHRISTENDOM. pp. 12.

No. 5. DISTINGUISHED INVESTIGATORS WHO HAVE ENDORSED SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA. pp. 8.

No. 6. TESTIMONY OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS ON SPIRIT-PHENOMENA. pp. 20.

The above six Tracts, in one package, sixty pages, 10 cents, postage free. Address VETERAN SPIRITUALISTS' UNION, 71 Perkins street, Charlestown, Mass.

For sale at BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore, 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass.

Movement for Medical Freedom.

At the hearing before the Public Health Committee, on Feb. 10, in favor of Senate bill 12, to amend the registration law of the State, Dr. T. A. Bland and Lawyer Crossley, of the American Health Club, asked some pertinent questions, which resulted in setting the professors of Harvard and College of Medicine and Surgery and the officers of the State Board of Registration by the ears, and a lively time they had of it.

Prof. Clarke, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, pronounced the present registration law a failure, and said, in answer to a question, that the Faculty of his College would not look at one of those certificates, or regard it worth anything in proving efficiency in anything.

Mr. Crossley asked Secretary Iervey, of the State Medical Board, if the board was not really a diploma mill? He replied "Yes—in a certain sense it was." He was then asked: "Is not your certificate a diploma in the full sense?" He attempted to deny that, but Dr. Bland riveted the matter by quoting from the law "that all persons were denied the right, though graduates of the best colleges in the country, to use their title of M. D. until they got the certificate of this board," which proves that they regard their certificate as superior to any diploma of any college.

On Tuesday of next week the Health Club will have a hearing on "An Amendment to the Bill of the Health Club," which will make their bill a substitute for the present law, provided it should pass.

God-in-the-Constitution!

In other portions of this issue will be found an article from Mr. Woodbury (Secretary of the National Spiritualists' Association), denouncing the efforts now being made by certain Protestant bigots to foist their particular God and their special conception of Christ upon the official recognition of the people of this country by an Amendment to the (United States) Constitution; also a petition, intended to be cut out of the paper and signed by those who desire to enter their solemn protest to this proposed amendment.

We trust the readers of THE BANNER will circulate these petitions everywhere—when signed they can be sent to Mr. Woodbury's address, as given.

THE BANNER has from the first combated this "narrow gauge" movement by Presbyterians and others, and will continue to reiterate its denunciations of this measure—as one looking toward ultimate Church and State—so long as it has the power of utterance.

A Call

For a mass meeting of Spiritualists is issued (see fifth page), by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, who is now speaking in Carnegie Hall, New York. Mrs. Richmond is Vice-President of the National Spiritualists' Association, and makes this announcement by virtue of an order of the Board of Directors. She is a veteran and popular worker, whose voice has been heard on the spiritual rostrum from her earliest youth. Without doubt the proposed meeting will be of interest and value to the Cause.

An interesting letter on current themes, from that fearless veteran, Prof. Alexander Wilder of Newark, N. J., will appear next week.

We are informed that Dr. U. K. Mayo is improving in health, and it is hoped he will be able to be out again very soon.

A letter has been received from H. D. Barrett, dated Stuttgart, Ark., Feb. 6, 1896, which will be printed in next issue.

A letter has been received from the Pacific Coast, written by W. J. Colville, and will be printed next week.

Read the card from Mrs. Mattie Hull on page five.

"FRESH FLOWERS," a Song Book for the Infant Classes of Sunday Schools or Lyceums, by Emma Pitt, comprise choice selections both in music and words, which will impress pure thoughts in the hearts of the little ones. Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass.

"STORIES IN SONG," for Kindergarten, Home School and Lyceum, told by Elizabeth U. Emerson and Kate L. Brown, are sweet and appropriate. Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

The old Meeting House on the hill in Dorchester, Mass., has been consumed by fire. It was an historic, venerable and venerated structure, and an almost priceless heritage. The whole country round about tenders its sincerest condolences.

ONE PLACE STILL OPEN.—"Terrible cold!" cried Mr. Tuckerman, as he met the minister; "everything is frozen over at last, I'm certain." But the minister shook his head doubtfully. "You mustn't make that an excuse for staying away from church any longer," he said, warmly. And Mr. Tuckerman was half way toward the street before he saw the application of it.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

Our terrible sea-coast claimed a number of victims of the winter storm on Sunday, Feb. 9; the large schooner Florida was lost on Salsbury Beach, Mass., and her crew of seven men drowned; the British schooner Altanza was preoccupied upon the rocks off Plum Island, near by, and three of the crew perished; the schooner Glendon was lost on Hampton Beach (crew saved), and the schooner J. H. Scudder drove upon Orient Point Bar, L. I.—vessel destroyed, crew saved.

The London Daily News for Feb. 10 published letters from the Rev. Drs. Barrows and Gunsalus of Chicago, Josiah Strong of New York, Lyman Abbott of Brooklyn, and Lorimer of Boston, commending the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration to settle questions arising between Great Britain and the United States.

"MY COUNTRY" IN FRENCH.—They have translated "My Country, 'T is of Thee," into French, and an enterprising American has turned it back again into United States language, retaining the construction, and merely reproducing the meaning of the words as they stand. He makes this out of it:

"Oh, my country! I belong to thee!
Sweet country of liberty,
It is thee that I sing.
Land where are born my ancestors,
Land which makes the pride of him who
travels through it,
From each bank of the mountain
Let fly away liberty!"

—Will Carleton's "Everywhere."

The production of pig iron in the United States in 1895 was the largest in the history of iron production, amounting to 9,446,308 gross tons, against 6,657,388 tons in 1894.

It is reported, under date of Feb. 10, from San Bernardino, Cal., that the celebrated healer Francis Schlatter has fallen among the Philistines—having been arrested at Redlands as a tramp—and now is working on the chain-gang. All which may be true, and may not.

Empty barns in October are the logical sequence of empty furrows in spring. The young man may as well understand that there are no gratuities in this life, and that success is never reached "across lots."—Parkhurst.

The Cherokee delegation at Washington has presented to Congress a strong memorial protesting against the adoption of the radical changes recommended by the Dawes commission, appointed to treat with the five civilized tribes. The Cherokees make a plea for an indefinite continuance of their present form of government.

(From Printer's Ink.)
ONLY AN AD.
In Three Parts—Part II.
Only a crowded store
As a result next day,
Where silence reigned before
Now business has full sway!
Only a rapid sale,
Yielding a profit large,
Changing the merchant's tale
At very trifling charge.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Feb. 10.—Mr. Terrell, the American minister, has procured for Miss Clara Barton and her assistants, who are now en route for this city, the Sultan's safeguard, which will allow them to visit the six distressed provinces of Anatolia, and personally distribute relief among the sufferers.

Bradley C. Newell, of Jacksonville, Vt., a blacksmith, who has won considerable notoriety as a healer of disease, and whose marvelous cures are the talk of southern Vermont, has just spent three days in Brattleboro, during which time he has treated upward of one hundred patients afflicted with all sorts of disease, with more or less success. His treatment is simply the laying on of hands, and scores can testify to the beneficial effects of his treatment. He does not pretend to cure anybody, but he has successfully treated here rheumatism and aches of all kinds, including chronic ear, eye, nose and throat, which some he has not cured, and others partially.—The Boston Herald.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: The last French loan was \$180,000,000, and the French people subscribed for it seventeen times over. Americans can afford to do as well. Their national debt is but \$14 per capita, while that of France is \$116.

Has Mr. Samuel B. Capen a grievance against the venerable Handel and Haydn Society of Boston? His name heads a petition for a law prohibiting concerts of sacred music on the Lord's day, unless by a religious or charitable society, and unless the proceeds are to be devoted entirely to religious or charitable purposes, or free open-air concerts given by cities or towns.—Boston Globe.

A LOVING SERVITOR.—The big black dog, Fred, who is a member of the McLeod household, to which the Brighton street tragedy occurred, says the Boston Post, is inconsolable at the death of his mistress. Every day since she was taken away he has been roaming around the vicinity, crossing and recrossing the railroad tracks on Perkins street, watching every woman as she comes along, sniffing at her clothing and frequently jumping upon her, in his efforts to find the welcome to which he has been so long accustomed. It has been said that Fred is a vicious dog, but in this hopeless search he attempts no violence beyond the roughness that his bigness will not allow to be gentle.

THE SAME OLD STORY.
The painter brings his ladder, and his paint and brushes fine;
He starts in work at 8 o'clock, and disappears at 9;
Comes back at 11:15—he "d" gone to get a brush!
And then until it's 12 o'clock works with a feverish rush.
Knocks off at 12, and eats till 1, then has to mix his paint.
Producing awful odors that make everybody faint;
Flirts with your servant for one hour until you interfere.
And uses twenty minutes more to get a can of beer,
Then says the job will take two days, as he goes off to sleep.
Leaving his pots and brushes just where they will trip you up.
—New York Recorder.

The eldest boy of the German Emperor is a little bit of an infant terrible. One day the little crown prince was being laboriously catechized by the chaplain, who continually impressed him that all men are sinners. "Well," exclaimed the boy, impatiently, being wearied of these admonitions, "father may be a sinner, but I know mother is not."

At Bristol, Ct., Feb. 6, during a severe storm, a force of forty men were working to save a railroad bridge over Pequabuck river, when it gave way and half of them were precipitated into the raging stream below. Twelve were drowned and many injured.

The St. Paul Dispatch recently published a portrait of Prof. J. Jay Watson of Brooklyn, and announced a complimentary concert to him at Conover Hall [that city, as "the American Violinist"—adding: His [Prof. W.'s] association with Ole Bull was of a trip of a year, as a pupil, later as a manager, and at all times as a friend. This close companionship extended over a number of years, and nothing at the present day delights either the professor or his hearers more than for him to recall the scenes and events of that period."

Eugene Paul Brand has just submitted a fearful weapon to the German Minister of War. It puts all inventions in the sphere of death-dealing instruments to the shade. The Brand contrivance is a gun, which is not loaded with powder, but with compressed gas. A single charge will suffice for twenty-five hundred shots, and volleys of fifty shots each can be fired in rapid succession.

By making their point of departure from the Norwegian Islands (much nearer) the aeronauts who hope to reach the north pole in M. Anderson's balloon will, in a few hours, pass the most northerly latitudes yet reached by any expedition during three centuries. They intend to take photographs during the

journey, so as to give an exact idea of the geography of the northern regions. The expedition expects to remain at least a fortnight in the air.

THUR RIGHTFOUNESS.—Teacher—"And what is meant by keeping the Sabbath holy?" Ethel—"It means—it means to think of something you would like to do, but not do it, and then not doing it 'cause it's Sunday."—London Morning.

With its issue for Feb. 6, 1896 The Herald of Light, San Diego, Cal., is discontinued, its subscription list going to Progress, San Francisco, Cal.

If the reason be stimulated to more earnest vision, outlines and surfaces become transparent, and are no longer seen; causes and spirits are seen through them.—Emerson.

Two or three dandelion leaves, chewed before going to bed, will always induce sleep, no matter how nervous or worried a man may be, so it is said; and they cause no weariness or headache such as follows the use of chloral or morphine.

They have queer hotels in Oregon. I remember one where they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow—I had nightmares, of course. In the morning the landlord said, "How do you feel, old boss—hay?" I told him I felt my oats.—Artemus Ward.

We need to show those who are disposed to question the desirability of cremation that it is a step forward, an effort in the right direction, says Mrs. Alice N. Lincoln. Then, like many another cause which has been studied in the past, it will be understood, it will be recognized and appreciated upon its own merits.

GETTING PERSONAL.—"During the late war," he was saying, when Miss Passé interrupted him with: "That was before my time." "Oh, I was not speaking of the revolutionary war," he added, thoughtlessly, and they now maintain an armed neutrality.—Woonsocket Reporter.

An attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Mr. Jekyll: "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?" "Sir," replied Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said that you were little else!"

AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

1794. 1.—The Boston News Letter.
1794. 8.—Of which four were published in Boston.
1795. 37.—All weeklies, except one semi-monthly.
1800. 200.—Including 17 dailies.
1823. 852.—Issuing yearly 68,117,796 copies.
1850. 2,526.—Issuing yearly 326,409,978 copies.
1880. 9,723.—845 dailies, 7,500 weeklies.
1895. 20,395.—2,050 dailies, 14,685 weeklies.—Missouri Editor.

"Bacteria do not occur in the blood or in the tissues of a healthy living body, either of man or the lower animals." So says the celebrated Dr. Koch. Other doctors say that the best medicine to render the blood perfectly pure and healthy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A New Departure.

The BANNER OF LIGHT will hereafter be issued by a Stock Company, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine, with a capitalization of \$25,000; it was organized by the election of Isaac B. Rich as President, and Fred G. Tuttle, Treasurer—John W. Day, John W. Drew, Fred G. Tuttle and Isaac B. Rich being the Directors—and the large stock of valuable books, etc., the subscription-list, good will of business, etc., have been acquired by said Company.

It is the desire of the Directors to add to THE BANNER novel features, such as copious and frequent printing in its columns of "half-tone" portraits of spiritual workers and camp scenes; also the securing of special correspondents in various parts of the country, and other features that they are not ready to announce, which will greatly increase its interest and usefulness; therefore they have decided to place four hundred shares of the stock upon the market at \$25 per share. This is a statement in brief of the arrangements thus far made.

While appealing to the good fellowship of the "brethren of the household of faith," the Directors point the intending investor's attention to the fact that, as the property purchased by said Company is really much in excess of the valuation under which it has been acquired, the future may be confidently expected to bring a dividend to its stockholders.

THE BANNER has been a paying institution, and can in the future be kept as such, if the spiritualistic public for which it has so long and so faithfully labored will join hands with the New Company, and by the purchase of shares become co-workers in the good service for humanity which this paper most unquestionably achieves.

Here is an opportunity, Spiritualists: "the world, to unite in strengthening for further work the veteran journal of your Cause, and to aid in adding new features to THE BANNER.

The great increase in the volume of business transacted at the Boston City Ticket Office of the Boston & Maine Railroad has necessitated an enlargement of quarters, and after Feb. 1 the commodious offices at 322 Washington street, at the corner of Milk street, and opposite the Old South Church, will be occupied as its City Ticket Office. The location is the one for a long while used by the New York & New England Railroad, but the renovation which has been going on for the past month has greatly transformed its appearance. The alterations and additions that have been made will now make the office of the Boston & Maine system the largest and most convenient in the city. The appointments are of the latest and most improved order, and are especially designed to facilitate and expedite the prompt transaction of the business demands of the many patrons of the Road.

There ought to be no doubt as to the passage by the legislature of the proposed act authorizing any citizen of sound mind to employ such persons as he may choose as medical attendants. It is as absurd to insist that a man's choice of a physician shall be limited as it would be to compel him to engage his laundress from some special guild.—Boston Globe.

"Congress in Session."

A visit to Washington at this season is full of interest. The numerous important matters before the House and Senate insure a memorable session of Congress. Royal Blue Line personally conducted excursions to Washington leave Boston Feb. 19, April 3 and 15 and May 6. \$23 covers transportation, hotel accommodations and every expense. For illustrated literary address A. J. Simmons, N. E. A., 211 Washington street, Boston.

SPiRiT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss MRS. W. F. SMITH, an expert stenographer.

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

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

SPiRiT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held June 21, 1895.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh, thou bright angel ones, we thy presence invoke again at this hour, that some loving words may be spoken here that may uplift those that are sitting in darkness, sorrowing because their loved ones are not, and yet they are so near.

We thank thee, our Father-Mother God, that in thy great wisdom thou hast ordained that we should commune together. We thank thee for the spirit-communication and that the doorways are kept open; may they be multiplied a thousand-fold. We thank thee for the many choice blessings that are ours, that thou dost so bountifully give unto thy children. Thou art so ready and willing to give, to supply our wants; and still we ask for more; asking for thy presence at this time, and for the presence of the angel ones, that are so ready to do thy bidding.

We would ask still that our loved ones may come near, to give unto us more of their presence, that we may realize of their companionship with us. Dear Father, thou seest thy children are never satisfied, asking for more after the supply has been granted; and still, with a grateful and thankful heart, would we come humbly before thee, with our hearts open to thine inspection.

Our Father, may each one of thy children—yea, all nations that we know are thy children—drink out of that great fountain of knowledge that thou art so willing to give unto them. Be with all, dear Father; may the angel ones go from home to home to give light unto those that sit in darkness; those that are sad, may they be comforted; those that are ignorant, may they rise above the clouds of error, and may knowledge be bestowed upon them—not only now but evermore.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Charles Reeve.

Good morning, friends—for as it is always morning with us, we greet you thus.

Oh! how many happy hours have I enjoyed communing silently, mentally, with those who had passed on; for it was a knowledge that was given unto me. Oft have I spoken with the friends in Greenport, R. I., in regard to spirit-presence, spirit-communication; and my own dear companion and myself have had comfort, yea, we have risen above those sad hours that were wont to come to us in days past.

I am glad to announce myself as one that did partake of that knowledge, although many refuse to be comforted, saying their friends are not. I made myself a solemn promise many, many times while mortal, that if it was possible we could gain a permission to report from your Circle-Room, I should be found here. I knew it was possible to come, but was not sure that I could gain a permission to report. But after passing the portal termed death I little knew my feelings, I was so over-anxious to learn from what I would hear from one and another spirit as they reported here. Mr. Chairman, it is an impossibility, in my opinion, for any mortal to comprehend, or more than half comprehend, how much knowledge we gain from hearing others. One spirit may give out a point that may aid another; therefore it is like mortal life, only more of a reality. I felt that before I passed over.

I wish to say here the passage was beautiful—not a struggle, no suffering, but freed from the old encumbrance of the mortal. It was delightful to know the loved ones came so closely around us—friends and kindred, neighbors—all gladly welcoming us into their homes. I knew the home awaited me that I had earned here. The mansions that have been promised to the children of God await us, but we must furnish them by our own lives. If we do not furnish them while here, we must furnish them over in spirit, as that privilege is granted us. Let us throw off all that is possible of the heavy garment of selfishness and don the pure white garment of charity, for that is the greatest of all.

Jennie is with me, and how beautiful was the meeting, knowing we should dwell together. The poor wife suffered mentally, but yet with a hope, knowing we should be reunited. I refer to the time when I passed on and left her in the mortal, but never in the spiritual.

We are with you so much upon the earth-plane that sometimes it seems to us we hardly leave you, although we must be in our spiritual homes to do our spiritual work, or it would be neglected. I will not take more of your time, but hope it may comfort some few yet dwelling upon the earth-plane to hear from Charles Reeve, Greenport, R. I.

Abbie Cilley.

Waiting patiently, for the privilege has been promised me for some number of weeks, as you term your time here, although sometimes getting a little impatient while upon the earth-plane, yet knowing the privilege would certainly be granted me, for I never knew in my experience since I have been in spirit (which has been many years) of a promise from your Spirit President but what was fulfilled.

If I were to undertake to tell you how many times I have been here as a part of your as-

sembly I certainly should fail; but it seems to me that I have not failed to come to one meeting. Sometimes there may be an attraction to take us away before you are through, yet we are eager to listen to what may be said.

Father is here to-day, and asks to be remembered. Often I used to talk with George, and after I passed on it was a comfort to know I could come to him; but oh! how many changes have come since then.

In Andover, N. H., I passed away, where my father dwelt and my mother, and where I passed my childhood days. There are attractions that bring me there, although there are very few that I know there to what there used to be; but I love to roam over the fields, as I did in my girlhood days, and it is a pleasant feeling that overshadows us to know we are free to go wherever we wish.

When we met on the spiritual plane to some it was a surprise, hardly hearing while mortal it could return and commune together. Dear Grandma Cilley comes here, and my father, Aaron, stands beside me. He is remembered by some of the neighbors there, although many have passed on the same as we, and how pleasant the thought of the reunion, the grand reunion that shall take place where father, mother and friends and all shall know each other there, most assuredly.

If this life ended all it seems to me it would have been a failure our being mortals, although we must not question the laws of the great Creator, the Ordainer of Life. In my younger days I was educated to say God, but we use the term, the Higher Intelligences.

I am very much pleased to announce myself here, for I know there are some that will remember Abbie Cilley, and it is a pleasure for me to give out these words, hoping, as they see my name, they will feel that in all these years I have not forgotten the earth-friends—no, never.

Mary Fenker.

I, too, have waited a privilege, although I have no memory of being impatient; still many will say they feel impatient for waiting. I think it is better we should try and throw off that impatience, knowing the privilege will be granted if we have applied for it. I cannot look at it in any way except that we put in our application for the privilege of reporting here from this circle room.

In Philadelphia, where I passed away, I know there are many that think of me, yet I find some thinking of me in this way, Mr. Chairman: "I wonder if Mary found it as she thought she was going to." I answer, yes and no. I found it much more of a reality than what I expected to. Being mortal you cannot comprehend near all that may be said to you.

I should judge the last spirit that was speaking never knew of these truths here. I wonder sometimes why there's so much cultivation of ignorance, yet I don't know as I ought to speak thus, but I must. It seems sometimes that even intelligent people will cultivate doubts. Do not misunderstand me, and think that mortals should never have a doubt; you would not be mortal if you did not.

Knowing what I did, it has aided me a great deal since passing over. Words that are sometimes carelessly, thoughtlessly spoken, they may sink deep into the heart of some one, and spring forth and bear fruit in time. Then let us drop a word, whether or no a mortal seems to appreciate it or take it kindly. Leave it there; we have done our part, and that is enough.

I have noticed many spirits while they were communicating here would be so eager to aid another. That is a part of our work, although we know we must do our part the best we know how. Many times we come upon the earth to aid mortals; we feel we can help one and another; sometimes we carry our point, other times we fail.

A little while since, it may be perhaps three or four weeks, when I was in a hall in Philadelphia, I remember hearing from one good medium who was giving forth a little in her experience; the thought occurred to me how varied are our experiences. Then I heard my name spoken—Mary Fenker—still they knew not I was there; I was merely spoken of as being interested in their meetings when mortal. Dear friends, we lose none of our interest; it continues on, as our life is a continuation. I think the interest with us is strengthened, and we may give a great deal to our sisters and our brothers after leaving the material life.

I am very grateful for the few moments, the short period allotted to me. Mary Fenker, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nellie Whitney.

Sweet, yes, the feeling overshadows me now, how sweet to know we are all privileged to speak here.

I am no stranger here; I have visited this Circle-Room time after time since I passed on, and I shall take up a little time now in regard to mediumship.

I say, oh, be careful in the expressions you use, for the outward expression sometimes cutteth like a knife. Then be careful, knowing, as many mortals do, we as mediums are sensitive people, or the people from the other life could not use our organism. We kindly allow them to use our organism, to use our powers, to use the nerve aura. Then, dear friends, my words go forth to-day—charity, charity is the greatest of all. Let us wear that garment every day, not one in seven, but every day.

I do not state to you here, nor in South Weymouth, that I was perfect; no, I was one of God's children, and I used the powers as far as was made known to me, to the best advantage I could. But, Mr. Chairman, right here, I firmly believe, as my experience has proved, no medium upon the earth, no true, good medium, that has the true medial talents, but some mortal is going to point the finger and cry—*Fraud*.

In the materializing circle I am proud to say these talents were given unto me, and I allowed them to use these powers to the best of my ability. I have no memory of one hour, one moment, that I feared to meet those in spirit that had appeared to come from the cabinet.

I cannot vouch for others, I have no right to, but let us be lenient, be charitable; yea, I would say above all things, let us be spiritual.

At old Onset many have known of me, many have kindly taken my hand with a spiritual hand-shake and welcomed me into their own homes. Yea, I have walked there many times; I have been upon the platform, I have been into the séance room, and often has it been said some one has been comforted and uplifted. I thank the Father, the ordainer of life, that he gave unto me those talents, and I have no memory of hiding them under a bushel, but was willing to give forth to others.

Oh! friends, how little do you know of the life beyond, how little did I know comparative-

ly, although I felt as a medium I must know a great deal of the life beyond. Yea; but oh! how much sympathy we do crave while going through this rugged path of life; sometimes it is given out lavishly to us, sometimes we have sought and did not obtain it. But we will leave that with the Father that gave the talents; some he gave more than others, then we have more to account for.

I am pleased to be privileged to speak here to-day. I have never controlled this brain before, but I was glad in my spirit that I was attracted to this medium that I had heard of while mortal, knowing what pure guides are with her, and one and another have asked me, some mentally, some audibly, to come here and report; and, as Brother L. P. Greenleaf said here to-day, perhaps I might add a feather's weight if I reported here.

As I gazed into the face of your good editor who has passed on, I said I was ready to give my report the best I could, and it is a pleasure to me, hoping as some mortals shall scan these clean pages they may gather a few words of encouragement from what I have spoken to-day. Trust, trust the Father; he doeth all things well. The angels that are ever around are companionable with you; when the darkest hour that may seem to you comes, look above the clouds of error, and angel visitors shall bring you happiness.

Nellie Whitney, South Weymouth.

Spirit Messages.

The following messages from individual spirits have been received (according to dates) at THE BANNER CIRCLES through the mediumship of MRS. B. F. SMITH; they will appear in due order on our sixth page:

June 21 (Continued).—Daniel W. Hubbard; Martha A. Stewart; Bessie E. Gleason; Sarah Gleason; Albert Grantman.

June 22.—Samuel Proctor; Milton O. Slate; Mary E. Smith; George W. Mitchell; Annie E. Kemp; James Ferguson; Solomon J. Howard; Lillie Worthen; Lewis B. Wilson.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By Mrs. Frazier-Bottomley, Berkeley, Cal.] As light and knowledge bring self-happiness, which all living creatures desire, while darkness and sin bring but misery and sorrow, is it possible for any one to continue in sinning against light and knowledge until the soul, or ego, loses its identity?

Ans.—We think the question suggests an answer which the questioner has not detected.

If light and knowledge bring happiness to the individual, and all living creatures desire this happiness, what warrant is there for assuming that any creature will go on deliberately sinning against light and knowledge, which would be so reasonably an act that we cannot conceive of its being steadily performed by any rational or intelligent entity.

Then, again, if the soul, or ego, is an entity, and its identity is secured to it by virtue of its nature, it cannot lose its identity, no matter what suffering it may bring upon itself by long continuance in the ways of error.

We attribute all such inferences as everlasting punishment and final loss of identity (though the latter doctrine is less reprehensible than the former) to short sightedness and the impatience which accompanies narrow vision.

Many clergymen of different denominations have been heard to say that there are souls in hell now who will remain in torment, or at least in darkness, to all eternity, and such ridiculous assertions claim support from the gospels, which are misunderstood and travestied to sustain so inhuman a position.

Certain professed theosophists declare in public lectures that there are soulless people now on earth, and we understand that there have been cases where an attempt has even been made to personally designate some of these.

All such doctrines are immoral, and the effect of them is pernicious in the extreme, for they are totally subversive of that beautiful tenet of universal brotherhood, which these very people often most loudly proclaim.

We emphatically declare that provision is made in the universe for the reclamation of every sinner, for the return of every strayed prodigal to the Father's house, and that the very desire of every living creature for happiness is the divinely implanted instinct by means of which every wanderer will at length be led to seek and find the road which leads to life everlasting.

Let no one think that we teach that there is no penalty for error; penalty there is, and often it is grievous; but all penalties are educational and reformatory, and this is so plainly taught in the story of the Prodigal Son, that we often wonder how any Christian can have failed to discover in that much-admired anecdote or parable the very doctrine concerning the human will, essentially speaking, which is the cornerstone of the temple of sound anthropology.

When the prodigal came to himself, i. e., to his own true ego, he said, "I will arise and go to my Father."

The very misery and sorrow occasioned by the riotous living which brought poverty and all manner of wretchedness in its train, was the means through which, Jesus taught, the higher nature, or essential selfhood, was awakened to a consciousness of its true being.

All souls will eventually find the light, and the veritable hells into which those plunge themselves who sin against it will prove, in eternal order, as cleansing furnaces in which dross is consumed, and pure gold liberated from alloy.

Q.—[By Dr. J. A. S. C. of Washington, D. C.] Does

God rule the world and all within it, by fixed and immutable laws? If so, will he abrogate them in the interest of any one violating these laws? The self-styled Orthodox claim that Jesus, whom they assert to be one third of God, has granted them that privilege. They maintain that "he paid it all" for them to act as they please with regard to Divine Law.

A.—Though it is possible that certain pretentious sects of Christians, falsely styled Orthodox, teach the errors pointed out by our questioner, we are certainly unprepared to admit that anything worthy to be called a religion, deduced from the alleged teachings of Jesus, as recorded by one or all of the four Evangelists, suggests the possibility of any one's acting in opposition to divine law without incurring penalty.

It may be necessary sometimes to define terms and point differences in the meaning of phrases to do away with misapprehensions.

The Apostles' Creed, which is conceded to be the oldest Christian confession of faith extant, teaches forgiveness of sins, but it no more sanctions the idea of the remission of penalty than does Buddhism, which insists upon Karma, which is only a word for undeviating retributive justice.

We read in the gospel that the name Jesus means a savior—a word signifying an emancipator or deliverer; one who sets captives free by releasing them from prison; and this title is given to the Christ-child, according to the record, because at his birth the prediction is made that he shall save or deliver his people from their sins—not from the penalty due to sin, but from sin itself; i. e., from indulgence in wrong doing, which is a totally different idea.

Among the many cases of healing the sick, successfully conducted by Jesus, we are told that in a variety of instances unclean demons, or obsessing influences, were cast out, and those who were delivered from the bondage of previously dominant error were told that though then and there released from their sins, if they sinned again they might suffer still more grievous consequences.

To the intelligent reader of the New Testament, both the Calvinistic and Lutheran doctrines of justification by mere belief, mis-called faith, are proved altogether erroneous and quite unwarranted by the general tenor of gospel teaching.

Jesus did two great things on earth—he not only set a blessed and glorious example, and enforced this by beautiful precept, he exerted a silent power for good entirely beyond the measure of the influence of words and deeds.

Certainly there is no setting aside of law. No one goes to heaven to bask in unalloyed happiness on the merits of another, even though that other be divine.

Vicious atonement is utterly irrational, immoral and repugnant to the central idea of the gospels; but though we insist on this, we do teach that a spiritual force can be so exerted upon those who are engulfed in error that they, desiring to embrace righteousness and eschew iniquity, are assisted to do so by the outstretched hand of divine compassion extended through the medium of a holy human life.

No one ever can transgress or violate divine law, but whoever sets himself against it will find that the law enforces penalty as the consequence of resistance to its action, so that he who would break the law finds himself broken, and the law irrefragable.

We teach emphatically, and without the least equivocation, that universal law is forever fulfilled, but law is greater than we know it to be, and there is a spiritual law which immeasurably transcends what is commonly called the law of nature, though in reality the law of nature is the law of God, and therefore immutable.

If any self-styled orthodox Christian wishes to make the great self-sacrifice of the Hero of Calvary a substitute for his own disobedience to divine commands and desires to sneak into heaven under cover of "imputed righteousness," he will surely find to his bitter cost that many of Swedenborg's discoveries concerning the spiritual world are far too true to permit of the successful carrying out of his nefarious desire.

Nothing can be more blasphemous as well as contemptible than a desire to escape the consequences of one's own acts, and attempt to reap the rewards of virtue while practicing vice.

Multitudes of self-deluded "orthodox" pretenders will find their deadened consciences awake and trouble them some day, and before they can begin to realize the smallest fraction of that heaven of endless and perfect felicity of which they vainly dream, they will have to make full restitution for all their wrongs and develop within themselves the love of righteousness which will lead to the voluntary practice thereof.

Saul asks: "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" and strongly answers, "God forbid." Because we accept the teachings of the gospel we are compelled to say that any such abominable doctrines as our questioner has cited are detestable and iniquitous in the extreme.

The Spiritual Philosophy, which inculcates the inviolability of universal law, is in exact accord with the words "as ye sow, so shall ye reap," and "with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."

The false dogmas of perverted Christianity have furnished Ingersoll and every other opponent of systematized ecclesiasticism with the very weapons they so readily and not always unsuccessfully brandish in the face of professors of the Christian faith.

Love of right and the practice of right are the only evidences of oneness with heaven.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Indiana.

ELKHART.—M. F. Hammond writes of his recent experiences in the West: "I find many towns of several thousand inhabitants with a good number of believers, but no leaders. They are only waiting for someone to come among them to enliven a little life, and they will soon be able to take care of themselves. In a radius of twenty-five miles of this place there are five towns, the number of inhabitants ranging from one thousand to thirty thousand, and there are many ardent Spiritualists, but they have no meetings—hardly ever a circle; on an average of once a month some 'fake medium' comes along and advertises, and most of them so disgust the true Spiritualists that they look with distrust upon any honest medium. I came to this town and was invited to give a parlor lecture; the people seemed satisfied I was not a deceiver, and invited me to speak the first Sunday of December. I was then invited to speak the Sundays of the month, with the result that I have occupied the platform through the month of January. During the weeks I have been kept busy in the country towns with evening meetings. Now what I have done, others can do. Why will not some of the lecturers who are cooped up in cities make a start and go out in the field, which is ripe for the harvest? Yesterday at the close of the morning service I succeeded in forming a spiritual society, and I feel fully compensated for the efforts that led to this result."

Pilgrim Pencillings.

BY J. J. MONROE.

(Specially Contributed to the BANNER OF LIGHT.)

AFTER six years' absence from "the land of the free and the home of the brave," this Pilgrim again finds himself the guest of the great Republic, and under the shelter of the stars and stripes, and, at present writing, in sight of the Golden Gate, the wondrous entrance to San Francisco's beautiful harbor.

A few short months ago such a conjunction of circumstances as above stated would have been considered an utter impossibility; yet in spite of all the improbabilities against it then existing, the powers that be, wiser than their human instruments, so-willed it, and here in consequence the Pilgrim from Britain's seagirt shores finds himself once more, thus verifying many prophecies dating from the period when he last was in this city.

This time it is at the invitation of the lately incorporated "California Psychical Society," which organization engages the Pilgrim's services for one year certain, though possibly that period may be considerably extended. Before, however, describing the work either of the Society or its lecturer, let me give a brief outline of precedent events leading up to my arrival in this city on 28th of last November.

At the end of the last summer a very cordial invitation reached me from Mr. J. Dalzell Brown of this city, asking me to accept a year's engagement to speak for a new Society here. The salaried inducement was excellent, and added thereto was the proviso of expenses to be paid right out from London. At first it was declined, but ultimately professional business and domestic circumstances were severely adjusted, and the way was cleared for leaving home to undertake the duty offered me. With that sense of responsibility in my work that twenty-six years of labor has not dulled, the journey was commenced, and in a mist of tears the faces of the dearest ones, and other beloved friends, were left behind, as the big Cunarder slowly swung into the stream and began her trip westward. A magnificent ship is the *Carnegie*; excellent in all respects; a floating palace, indeed. Big and powerful as she is, however, Old Boreas was her equal, for fierce squalls and hurricanes pressed her hard for four days, reducing her speed, while in addition an accident in Queenstown Bay delayed her twelve hours; so that it was Sunday morning instead of Friday evening ere this levitation of the deep came to rest at her dock in New York. The voyage was agreeable, my able companions especially so; that well known sporting authority, Mr. Richard K. Fox, and lady, being my immediate neighbors, and whom I quite interested in matters spiritual. Their courtesies were many, and the liberality of their opinions on spiritual and other topics quite refreshing. Truly, there are Christian men and women who do not attend churches.

In due season, after landing, the hospitable doors of Judge A. H. Dailey opened for me, and once again the Judge and his amiable wife gave me a warm and generous welcome to this land, and so overwhelmed me with kind attentions that deepest thanks are all too poor to express appreciation with. For the tired and storm-tossed Pilgrim, heart-sore at leaving home and loved ones, such a welcome, and its three delightful days, were a priceless boon. Such men and women are the salt of the earth, and never will their kindly care be forgotten "while memory holds her seat in this distracted world," as the greatest poet puts it. Truly it was good to be there, in well-remembered Brooklyn once again.

The days sped swiftly, but included in them was a visit to my long-time friend, Henry J. Newton. Little did either think, as we sat there discussing old times and new, and as with fervent hand-clasp we said adieu, that never again in the mortal should we meet! Yet so it was to be. A few short weeks later the fine manly form was lifeless. A good man and honest, a firm friend for all true workers, a staunch upholder of our Cause, his life's record is his noblest epitaph. Let me thus add my leaf to the crown of bays that will ever encircle the memory of Henry Jotham Newton.

Next came a night in Philadelphia, spent in the home of that staunch and faithful pillar of our Cause, W. H. Jones, another delightful renewing of old friendships, combined with a generous hospitality. Sad times for mediums, though, then existed, and persecutions—some say persecutions—filled the air with sinister rumors. I trust clearer skies will soon prevail. But, surely, "fortune-telling" is not a thing for "our beautiful religion" to stand sponsor for. Let us keep them forever apart.

Again whirled onward, this time to Washington, D. C., where a little over two days were enjoyably passed in a visit to my brother, Capt. C. E. Morse, also to see some old-time friends and workers, Mrs. Wolff, Mr. Milan C. Edson, N. H. Herschler, Harrison D. Barrett, and Francis B. Woodbury, President and Secretary of the National Association, at its excellently located headquarters on Pennsylvania Avenue, where a most cordial greeting was accorded the visitor.

Then on to Chicago, visiting at a good old English friend's house, husband now of the well-known medium, Mrs. Hamilton Gill. Sunday was spent at the meeting presided over by that inimitable medium, Mrs. Ada Foye, who courteously invited the visitor to address the large audience, which he did, obtaining a truly cordial reception. Then in the midst of a storm of mingled rain and sleet and snow, the excellently-appointed "Overland Flyer," of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, with its "through" sleeper from Chicago to San Francisco, pulled out into the night, and the long stretch of prairie, mountain, plain and valley that must needs be traversed, was entered upon.

One journey is much like another. The one in question has been so often described that it has become almost "as familiar as household words." Suffice it to say it was virtually uneventful. We left the Lake Metropolis at 6 p. m. on Monday, and punctually to time, at 8:45 p. m. on Thursday, stepped ashore in San Francisco—time, three days, two hours and forty-five minutes—fastest running yet made for the distance.

Curiously, the writer's arrival was on the evening of "Thanksgiving Day." Certainly he was heartily thankful that his journey of nearly seven thousand miles was done.

On arrival the Pilgrim was met and was most cordially welcomed by Mr. J. Dalzell Brown, with whom all correspondence concerning the engagement had been conducted, and with whom it was a pleasure to renew the personal acquaintance of seven years ago. As one would say in England, "Mr. Brown is every inch a gentleman." He is also an earnest and intelligently discriminating Spiritualist, and possessed of no inconsiderable mediumistic aptitude. In due course he conducted the new arrival to Hotel Pleasanton, when, having "registered" and deposited his "grip," an adjournment was had, and a cable was sent to the far-away loved ones announcing the safe completion of the trip, after which supper at the Palace Hotel and a good and pleasant social chat over future plans and prospects.

On Sunday, Dec. 1, the three leading jour-

When you feel weak, tired, depressed in spirit

USE
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It will brighten your eyes, bring back the color to your cheeks, and make you feel like a new being.

PETITION TO CONGRESS
Asking us to Reject the Proposed God-in-the-Constitution Amendment.

TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED:

We, the undersigned, citizens of the United States, do hereby respectfully pray and memorialize your honorable body to reject the proposed "Christian Amendment" to the Constitution presented by Representative Morse and Senator Frye.

- We ask the rejection of this proposed amendment for the following reasons:
1. That the American principle of separation of Church and State may be maintained.
 2. That the rights of all classes of citizens may be conserved and perpetuated.
 3. As the Constitution now stands, no discrimination, on the ground of heresy, can be legally made against any citizen. More than one hundred years of experience amply justify this wide tolerance and forbearance for its continuance.
 4. The experience of all times and nations has shown conclusively that every attempt to force from the citizen a direct or indirect acknowledgment of the truth of any of the dogmas of religion is disastrous. It creates deep religious hatreds and intensifies the old; demoralizes religion and corrupts the State; it tramples the equal rights and liberties of the deserving citizen, and puts into the hands of bad men a dangerous and terrible power over the property, persons and lives of their fellow-citizens.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Boston Spiritual Temple, at Berkeley Hall, Odd Fellows Building, 4 Berkeley Street.—Sundays at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Speaker for Feb. 16, Miss Lizzie Harlow; Mrs. May S. Pepper, test medium. Wm. H. Banks, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary. 74 Spring Street, 74 Spring Street, 74 Spring Street.

The Helping Hand Society meets Wednesdays in Gould Hall, Boylston Place. Business meeting at 8; supper at 8:30. Social in the evening. Mrs. C. F. Pratt, President. 4 Berkeley Street, every Sunday afternoon at 1 1/2 sharp. All are invited. Bring the children. J. Brown Hatch, Jr., Conductor, Albion B. Wait, Clerk.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union—Mrs. Charles T. Wood writes—held its regular business meeting on Wednesday afternoon, 6th inst., at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, the President, Mrs. M. A. Brown, in the chair.

The evening exercises opened with singing by the congregation, followed by an entertaining and instructive address by the President and her controls, as well as recognized tests. Mrs. Bennett volunteered a piano solo, after which an old-fashioned circle was held. Mrs. Stuart, who is winning much attention as a medium, gave some fine tests, which were clear and specific in their details. Mrs. Lamphier, of Lynn, was also present, and allowed her bright control to come with messages of affection from loved ones. Little Eddie, the musical artist, gave a nice song, and Mrs. Downing, of South Boston, gave very impressive communications to several of those present.

These circles are a source of much interest, and mediums are invited to meet with us on the first Wednesday evening of each month.

On Wednesday evening Feb. 13, the children give another of their grand entertainments; admission, 10 cents. Come, and bring your friends.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society—Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, writes—met as usual at 241 Tremont street, Friday, Feb. 7. Meeting called to order by the President, Mrs. A. E. Barnes.

The evening exercises opened with music by Mrs. Carleton after which Mrs. M. A. Brown gave a reading. Dr. Bland then addressed the audience, and made brief statements of the medical bill before the House, and of the work intended to be accomplished by the Health Club. He read the patrons of the BANNER OF LIGHT would be able to read the article that he presented before the Committee at the State House, as it was to be printed in that paper. Mrs. Mason then favored the audience with a vocal selection, after which Mr. C. C. Shaw spoke briefly and endorsed all Dr. Bland had said.

Mr. H. H. H. then made some remarks. He said the only way to gain anything from the legislature was to go to the ones in power, and tell them unless you support us in the freedom of medicine and other important truths, we will not vote for you, we will use our influence against you. You will find that will do more than anything else. He spoke in his usual enthusiastic manner, and was much enjoyed by all. After the music, Mrs. H. H. H. gave an improvisation, which was well received.

Friday, Feb. 21, and Friday, Feb. 28, we are to have a sale in this hall, and we solicit donations from all.

Rathbone Hall.—A correspondent writes: Sunday morning, Feb. 9, developing circle conducted by Mr. G. F. Slight and Mrs. Wilkinson. A number of mediums for tests, etc., were present; singing by Mrs. Carleton.

Afternoon, usual opening services; remarks by Dr. E. M. Saunders; Mrs. Ackerman gave psychometric readings and tests; song, Mrs. Carleton; Mrs. Knowles gave recognized readings; duet by Mrs. M. Lovering and Mr. F. W. Baxter; tests, Mrs. Woods; singing by audience; tests and readings from Mrs. Peak; Mrs. Wilkinson gave grand delineations of spirits, which were fully recognized.

Evening, began as usual; Mrs. Dr. A. W. Strides gave the opening address; song; Mrs. P. F. Walton gave some readings; singing by the choir; Mrs. Woodbury, psychometric readings; song by Mrs. Carleton; Mrs. Wilkinson described spirits in her usual conclusive manner; song, Mrs. Carleton; Mr. Todd gave fine readings, and Mr. M. Knowles excellent readings and tests.

Hiawatha Hall.—The United Spiritualists of America (Incorporated), a correspondent writes, held the usual developing and healing circle Sunday morning, Feb. 9.

The afternoon and evening being set apart for the celebration of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, the services were very interesting to the large numbers present. Col. A. J. Dexter presided. The following named persons took part in the exercises: Mrs. M. A. Moody, invocation; Mr. Blackden, remarks; Mrs. M. A. Moody and Miss Colbaugh, recitations; Rev. N. D. Sherman, remarks; Mr. L. L. Whitlock, an address. Mr. Coolbaugh, Mrs. Irwin, Little Dudd Colbaugh, Mr. H. W. Martin, Prof. Martin, Mrs. Farnham and Mrs. Parnell each gave remarks, readings and recitations, with appropriate music freely interspersed, under the direction of Mrs. Moody. An original poem was read, contributed by Mrs. A. E. Sherman.

Harmony Hall.—James Higgins writes: The week-day meetings were well attended. Sunday's three sessions were, in regard to attendance, very large. Mr. Nelke's addresses, "Hope and Love," "The Development of Mediumship as an Assistance to Religion," and "Perseverance." All three subjects were grandly explained.

Tests given were all very good, and were given through the guides of Mrs. J. A. Woods, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Hughes, Mr. W. B. Wood, Mr. Nelke, Mr. Gaylord, Mr. Havener, Mr. Wilker, Mr. Terrance, Mr. Brown, David Wentworth, Charles McClure, Miss S. Lamb, Mrs. Hamilton and others. Music by Miss S. B. Lamb.

The BANNER OF LIGHT, as usual, found a good sale at the hall, and at Mr. Nelke's, 604 Tremont street.

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter and Newbury Streets.—A correspondent writes: Sunday, Feb. 9, at 11 A. M., the manifestations at Pierre L. O. A. Keeler's séance excelled (if possible) in many ways any that have yet occurred through his mediumship.

At 2:45 and 7:30 P. M., Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings spoke to appreciative audiences. The attendance at each service was large, considering the inclemency of the weather.

Sunday, Feb. 16, Mr. Keeler will be present at 11 A. M., and Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings will speak at 2:45 and 7:30 P. M.

Elysian Hall.—"L. S." writes: Notwithstanding the severe weather, our meetings were marked in spirit force and enlightenment throughout the day. At the morning circle the mediums—Mrs. Golding, Mrs. Pratt, Mr. Wright, Mr. Lathrop and others—gave fully recognized tests.

In the afternoon and evening fine tests were given by Mr. Lathrop, Mr. Redding and his new guide, and others. We held a very successful séance with Mrs. Keeler in our hall last week.

The Helping Hand Society—Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, writes—met as usual at No. 3 Boylston place, Wednesday, Feb. 6. Meeting called to order by the Vice-President, Mrs. F. J. Piper.

The evening was given over to the Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

Wednesday, Feb. 12, Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler will give this society a benefit, and all are invited to attend.

Wednesday, Feb. 19, this society will have an orange supper, and a general good time is expected.

Eagle Hall.—Hartwell writes: Sunday, Feb. 9, the morning circle was well attended and full of interest. At 2:30 Mrs. J. A. Woods, Mrs. Buck Hall, Mrs. F. Straton, Mrs. A. P. Gutierrez, Mrs. L. J. Ackerman, E. H. Tuttle gave remarkable tests and readings. E. H. Tuttle occupied the platform the entire evening, answering mental questions, giving visions in unison with their questions. Each and every question was answered satisfactorily to those asking them. He also gave many tests and readings, all of which were recognized. He closed the meeting with remarks and benediction. Musical selections throughout the day by H. C. Grimes.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at this hall every Sunday.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society—S. Rita Appleton, Sec'y, writes—met at Dwight Hall Thursday afternoon and evening, Feb. 6. Business meeting was held at 4:30. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President, presiding. A social was held in the evening, and a good time was enjoyed by all.

Commercial Hall.—W. N. P. Smith writes: Sunday, Feb. 9, 11 A. M., Mr. Wm. J. Hardy, Mrs. A. Woodbury, N. P. Smith, the Chairman, gave psychometric readings. 2:30 P. M., Mrs. A. P. Gutierrez, Mrs. E. R.

Brown, tests; Mr. Wm. J. Hardy, Mrs. M. Knowles, readings; Mrs. F. Lovering, Mrs. Nellie Carleton, pianist, sang acceptable solos, assisted by Mr. W. Baxter. 7:30 P. M., N. P. Smith, remarks and reading; Wm. B. Saunders, M. D., remarks; Mrs. A. P. Gutierrez, Mrs. E. R. Brown, tests; Mr. Wm. J. Hardy, Mrs. M. Knowles, psychometric delineations; Miss Knowles, pianist.

OHIO.

Lima.—"Buckeye" writes: The Religio-Philosophical Society of this place has every reason to feel proud over the success crowning its efforts in bringing the Spiritual Philosophy in consideration before the people of the city.

In the fall, soon after the organization of the society, Mr. Moses Hull was secured for two week-long lectures, and he enlisted the attention of several thinking men from unexpected quarters who chanced to be among his quite numerous hearers in the court-room, where his lectures were delivered.

With increased membership and a freshly aroused interest, it was voted to establish a Sunday lecture ship, and on galleons were at once entered upon with Mr. J. Frank Baxter, of Boston, to give a series of twelve lectures. Meetings were held up to the time of his coming in Mitchell's Hall, of three hundred seating capacity, every seat nearly of which was occupied in the evening of the Sunday of his first appearance, his day lecture having created an interest and an enthusiasm leading to immediate advertising of the treat assured.

On the second Sunday the hall was packed beyond seating capacity—entry way and gallery stairs even being crowded—and hundreds turned away.

Sunday, Feb. 2, came, the third in Mr. Baxter's ministering, and a good audience assembled in the morning in Mitchell's Hall. Although a steady rain characterized the evening, yet at 7:15 o'clock the roomy Opera House was packed from orchestra to uppermost gallery.

Not to quote extensively from the secular press, suffice it to remark that *The Times-Democrat* said: "Mr. Baxter delivered an excellent address, which crowded the Opera House, with a most interesting lecture. Although his subject, 'Spiritualism,' was an unpopular one to most in this community, yet in the pleasing manner in which he presented his arguments he plainly captured the attention, and so held the closest attention of his hearers." *The Republican-Gazette*, among other things, said: "Many were the bright and argumentative points put forth by Mr. Baxter before the splendid audience that filled the Opera House Sunday night, and in a manner not only very pleasing, but also, it must be admitted, apparent as well as convincing. Spiritualism may be unpopular to the ordinary mind that has not made any investigation along its lines, but to the thoughtful investigator it certainly contains many very strange things which challenge careful thought." Quite a concession, it will be noted, when the source is considered.

The management has now leased for a year Wheeler Hall, a new one, centrally located, with great seating capacity and many conveniences.

Mr. Baxter will remain here throughout February, and the Society is desirous of retaining him even longer if arrangements on his part can be made. It is at least anticipated that another season will see him here again, as well as Mr. Hull, and several others desired.

Columbus.—F. A. Skinner, Sec'y, writes: Prof. W. F. Peck began a two-months' engagement on Sunday, Feb. 2, with large and appreciative audiences, and was warmly welcomed by hosts of friends. His subjects were, "The Evolution of Religion," "God from a Spiritualist's Standpoint," and were pronounced by many the finest lectures ever given here.

Mr. F. Corden White followed both lectures with most convincing tests. Mr. White is one of the best platform test mediums in the field, and his uniform delivery and readings make a very favorable impression upon his hearers. He will occupy the platform after each lecture of Prof. Peck during this month.

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritual Association, Amphion Theatre Building, Bedford Avenue, opposite South Tenth street. Meetings Sunday evenings, 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums. Mrs. M. Evans, President.

Spiritual Meetings are held in Mrs. Dr. Blake's parlour, 444 Lexington Avenue (near DeKalb Avenue), every Sunday evening 8 o'clock.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 1188 Bedford Avenue, good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Seats by subscription. Herbert L. Whitney, Chairman; Emily B. Ruggles, Sec'y.

Psychical Society, Jackson Hall, 515 Fulton street, Mondays, 8 P. M. Prominent speakers and mediums. Augusta Chambers, President.

Fraternity Hall, 889 Bedford Avenue, near Myrtle street, Sunday at 2 P. M., and 8 P. M. J. Edward Bartlett, Medium and Conductor. Other mediums regularly provided.

The Woman's Progressive Union holds meetings Friday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, at Small's Parlors, 27 Franklin Avenue (near Greene).

Society for Telepathic Activity, 464 Lafayette Avenue, 35 and 8. President, C. Sterling Wines; Speaker, E. J. Bowtell.

Brooklyn.—E. J. Bowtell writes: Rev. J. C. F. Grumble, at the conclusion of his engagement with the Woman's Progressive Union, left this city carrying with him the best wishes of those who had profited by the teachings of his guides, and a portrait of the President, Mrs. Kurth, presented to him by her at the last social in January.

Mrs. Glading is speaker for the present month. A large attendance on Friday, the 14th, welcomed her also Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and Mrs. Henry J. Newton as invited guests. Speeches by each of these ladies, songs, etc., contributed to the evening's enjoyment.

The fair for the benefit of the Union will be held Feb. 20, and a Lecture on Hypnotism has been given Wednesday and Friday at 464 Lafayette Avenue by Prof. G. S. Wines.

I am at liberty to accept engagements for lectures during the week at any point within reasonable distance. Address 464 Lafayette Avenue.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia.—Charles L. Ge Frorer, Sec'y, writes: At the annual meeting of the Spiritual Conference Society, held Jan. 6, 1896, the name of the society was changed to the Philadelphia Spiritualist Society, and the following officers were elected:

President, Thomas R. Locke; First Vice-President, Samuel Wheeler; Second Vice-President, Charles Hammer; Treasurer, Julia R. Locke; Secretary, Charles L. Frorer; Historian, Mary R. Galloway.

Price of lecture for us the first two Sundays in January.

Mrs. Wheeler-Brown, a lady of many attainments and a magnificent medium, lectured for us the last two Sundays. Her phases of mediumship are many, and her controls are of a high order, and exhibit wonderful knowledge and wisdom.

Clear Early returns to us in February, and Prof. W. M. Lockwood comes to us in March; we are making preparations accordingly; while Moses Hull lectures for us in April, upon whom comment is unnecessary.

The last year has been the most prosperous in the history of the Society. To maintain a good society here in the face of such an attack as has been made upon Spiritualism is, in the main, a victory for the Cause and its supporters.

COLORADO.

Denver.—Robert Ward writes: Sunday evening, Feb. 2, at 7:45, the Psychic Research Society met at Douglass Hall, corner Champa and 18th street.

This society has lately been organized by Mrs. Zoe F. Prior, and a few others.

Judging from the number and quality of the people this society promises to be the leading psychic society in Denver, with Mrs. Zoe F. Prior as its Pastor; Robert Ward, Sec'y; Mrs. D. J. Douglas, Treasurer; Mrs. Douglas, Secretary. The choir is quite an attraction to the meetings, with Miss Michael as organist, Mrs. Thompson as contralto, Mrs. Douglas as soprano, Mr. R. Ward as tenor, Mr. Douglas as bass.

Mrs. Prior's subject on Sunday evening was "Ye Must Be Born Again Spiritually." The subject was handled scientifically. Mrs. Douglas sang a soprano solo, called "The Holy City" after which Mr. Prior gave tests and psychometric readings for forty minutes; all recognized. Then we had a vocal solo by R. Ward, followed with the benediction.

John Slater is holding meetings here in Winsor Hall, Champa street, every Sunday evening to crowded houses.

No paper like THE BANNER: I would not be without it for anything; long may it live to fill our souls with spiritual food.

CONNECTICUT.

Norwich.—Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Sec'y, writes: Rev. J. C. F. Grumble of Genesee, Ill., concluded his mission here with the Spiritual Union Sunday, Feb. 9, giving the afternoon discourses of a big order—speaking in the afternoon upon "Christianity and Spiritualism," and in the evening upon "The Science of Materialization."

During the intervening week Mr. Grumble has held a class in " Clairvoyance " at our home, which it is a privilege to have held, and for the benefit of those who have been thus favored, I wish to say these teachings given him by inspiration are of vital interest to all who desire to know something of the powers of their own spirit, and how to utilize them for the benefit of themselves and humanity.

Next Sunday Mrs. Ida F. A. Whitlock will be our speaker.



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A warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA ointment, the great skin cure, followed by mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure of the most distressing forms of Eczema, and every species of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly and crusted skin, scalp, and blood humors, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

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MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings in Carnegie Music Hall Building, between 14th and 15th streets, on Seventh Avenue, entrance on 5th street, where the BANNER OF LIGHT can be had. Services Sundays, 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Afternoon meetings for facts and phenomena at 2 P. M.

Adolph Hall, 538 Street, between Broadway and 7th Avenue. The Ethical Spiritualists' Society meets each Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, speaker.

114 West 14th Street. Occult Club meetings will be held Wednesday at 8 P. M. Prominent speakers and mediums. H. F. Tower, Manager.

Meetings in Yonkers, N. Y.—Yonkers Spiritualist Society holds its meetings in the College of Music Hall, 14 Götts Square, every Friday evening at 8. Alfred Andrews, President; Titus Merritt, Secretary.

Carnegie Hall.—"M. A. N." writes, Feb. 9: The snow that fell last night, and the rain which followed this morning and continued a large portion of the day, made the travelling exceedingly disagreeable, but we all know that Spiritualists are too earnest in the cause to allow a little snow or rain to keep them indoors when a feast of spiritual food is waiting for them.

I am very glad to be able to send you a short extract from the beautiful discourse given this morning by the guides of Mrs. Richmond from notes taken at the time. The subject was laid upon the desk previous to the opening of the meeting. It was "God and His Attributes."

The Delv has no need of attributes, any more than he has of arms, and feet, and eyes, and ears—these are human limitations and instruments. What ever is the one consciousness within us that is like unto the consciousness of God, man breaks that into fragments. He calls one of its elements or activities Truth, another of its elements or activities Love, another of its elements or activities Wisdom, and the list goes on of these elements or activities he calls knowledge.

Of course in his statement man must consider this; but there is no need of this fragmentary statement—it is either all love, all truth, all wisdom, all knowledge, or it is that which so far transcends these words and these statements that it requires no statement, and is the direct servers of the soul, and the soul, and the impulse to act in truth, in love, in wisdom, in knowledge, as the soul impels; and where the clear white light of the soul abides, there is the perception of God.

Do we deny the white light because it is broken up into fragments of red, yellow and blue? Because in night, almost innumerable lights and shades we perceive the light does not mean that man of intelligence, that the proposition that the highest vibrations of light are whiter than they are only broken by coming in contact with the earth's atmosphere, and by such methods as science can produce? Can any one of spiritual perception, or who knows what this is that we speak of within the soul, deny God because one man says it is yellow, another says it is black, and another says it is red? Does he not know that the fact that he sees any light at all is evidence of that which is above, within and beyond?

Instead of quarrelling, disputing, fighting and going to war about these various colors, let him place them in the true laboratory of his mind, in the crucible of his spiritual perception, and with these thoughts as the man of science does with the rays of light, trace them to their ultimate source, and find that they are only broken rays of the same light. You go to worship with the Parsee; that side of the proposition is blue; you go to worship with the Brahmin, that side is the yellow ray; you go to worship with all the different colors of this light, and the sides present different colors, you then know that they are the conditions through which they perceive the great white light of Truth.

The afternoon meeting was well attended. The Trustees allowed the entrance-fee, which for the day was raised from ten to twenty-five cents, to be given in full, before starting, I examined all the Dish Washers closely, but found the Clima much the best. You can get all needed information by addressing the Clima Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, you can make from \$10 to \$20 a day anywhere, in town or country, as every family is anxious to have a Clima Dish Washer. You don't have to canvass. Do the work completely; you can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes without putting the hands in water, and being so cheap, every family will have one. There's millions in it! Aug. 21.

A GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY! I am having splendid success since I took your advice and started in the Dish Washer business. I never clear less than \$10 a day, and have over \$3,000 in bank now, made in this business during the last year. I can't see why every man or woman, that wants to accomplish anything, don't try this business. Before starting, I examined all the Dish Washers closely, but found the Clima much the best. You can get all needed information by addressing the Clima Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, you can make from \$10 to \$20 a day anywhere, in town or country, as every family is anxious to have a Clima Dish Washer. You don't have to canvass. Do the work completely; you can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes without putting the hands in water, and being so cheap, every family will have one. There's millions in it! Aug. 21.

The exercises closed with another inspirational poem, given through Mrs. Richmond; the two subjects, "Consolation" and "The Work of Spiritualism," being beautifully woven together.

THE SCIENCE OF DEVELOPMENT.

The Law Latently Discovered. NEWLY developed mediums the proof of greatness in N. mediumship and rapid development. PRIVATE CLASS FRIDAYS, at 8 P. M. EXAMINATION FREE of charge. Only those who are truly gifted can be given of the possession of the talent. S. H. NELKE, 604 Tremont street, next to corner of Dedham street, Boston. Dec. 7.

MALE AGENTS WANTED TO SELL BABO'S VIOLET TONIC POWDER. We will give the agency to any man for each territory of BABO'S VALUABLE PREPARATIONS. A bright, energetic man can make a good living. Address LEOPOLD BABO & CO., with stamp, 61 Granite Avenue, Boston. Feb. 18.

LADY AGENTS WANTED TO SELL BABO'S GERMAN MEDICATED TEA. Address LEOPOLD BABO & CO., with stamp, 61 Granite Avenue, Boston. Feb. 18.

THE SCIENCE OF DEVELOPMENT.

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MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The First Association of Spiritualists (founded 1822) meets at First Association Hall, 8th and Callowhill streets. President, Capt. F. J. Keffer; Vice-President, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader; Secretary, Frank H. Morrill. Services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Lyceum at 2 P. M.

Spiritual Conference Association meets at the northeast corner of 8th and Spring Garden streets every Sunday at 2 P. M. Hon. Thomas M. Locke, Pres.

MEETINGS IN CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco.—W. J. Colville (lecturer) and E. A. Whitlow (violinist) conduct regular exercises in Anchor Hall, Market and 6th streets, every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.; also Mondays and Wednesdays at 2 P. M. and Saturdays at 2 P. M.

Sessions of School for Psychic Science at convenient hours during the week, as announced from the platform on Sundays.

Oakland.—Congregation of Truthseekers meets in Hamilton Hall, 13th and Jefferson streets, every Sunday at 8 P. M. and Friday at 8 P. M.

Lectures on Spiritual Science in the Synagogue (one block distant) Tuesdays and Fridays, 3 P. M. W. J. Colville, regular lecturer. H. M. Young, Secretary and Treasurer.

MEETINGS IN CHICAGO.

First Society of Spiritual Union meets at Irving Hall, corner of West Madison and South Paulina streets, entrance 101 South Paulina street. Services every Sunday 11 A. M., 7 P. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, speaker. Harmonious Circle, 111 South Paulina street, every Wednesday, 8 P. M.

First Society of Spiritualists meets at Hooley's Theatre, at 11 A. M. Speaker, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. Band of Harmonium, Thursday, 7 P. M., Orpheus Hall, Schiller Theatre.

MEETINGS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

First Society, Metzger Hall, 12th Street, between E and P.—Every Sunday, 11 1/2 A. M., 7 P. M. M. E. Edson, Pres.

Second Society.—"Progressive Spiritual Church"—meets every Sunday, 7 P. M., at the Temple, 626 G Street, N. W., opposite Pension Office. Mrs. J. D. Compton, Pres.

The Persecution in Philadelphia.

What Shall be Done to Meet the Coming Issue? A Question for Spiritualists to Answer.

[THE BANNER contained, Nov. 16, a strong arraignment by Mrs. M. E. CADWALLADER (Philadelphia, Pa.) of the recent action of the officials in persecuting and arresting Spiritualist mediums under narrow and strained interpretations of statutes in existence there. The Spiritualists of that city, assured that time has arrived for them to rally in support of their constitutional rights, have appointed a Committee to carry out their wishes, composed of members of the various societies in the city, as follows:

MR. B. B. HILL, Chairman; MR. F. H. MORRILL, Sec'y; MR. M. E. CADWALLADER, Cor. Sec'y; HON. T. H. LOCKE, C. L. GE FRORER, MRS. HANCOCK, SAMUEL WHEELER, MR. BARRY, CAPT. KEFFER, MR. KURTZ, MR. MARLOW, MR. KELLAR, DR. BATES, MRS. JENNINGS and MR. WELSH.

Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader was appointed Chairman of the Finance Committee, with full authority to receive and collect contributions to the Mediums' Defense Fund.

All funds or correspondence should be sent to Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, Cor. Sec'y, P. O. Box 446, Philadelphia, Pa.]

LADY AGENTS WANTED TO SELL BABO'S ANTISEPTIC TOOTH WASH. Address LEOPOLD BABO & CO., with stamp, 61 Granite Avenue, Boston. Feb. 18.

Scientific Demonstration OF The Future Life.

BY THOMSON JAY HUDSON, Author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," etc.

Synopsis of Contents—Defectiveness of the Old Arguments; Spiritism and Hypnotism; Spiritistic Phenomena; Ancient Psychic Phenomena; The Advent of Jesus; The Intuitive Perception of Truth; Psychic Phenomena of Primitive Christianity; Modern Psychic Phenomena; Has Man a Soul? Duality Demonstrated by Anatomy; Duality Demonstrated by Evolution; The Distinctive Faculties of the Soul; Faculties Belonging to Future Life; The Dynamic Forces of the Mind; The Affective Emotions of the Soul; Practical Conclusions; Logical and Scientific Conclusions. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 225, price \$1.50. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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A Certain Evidence of His Immortality. A Surprise to the World. BY PROF. J. L. DITSON, JR. (Brother of the late Oliver Ditson.)

Subjects treated: Man's Immensity; Immortality Demonstrated; Immortality Continued in Art; Art in Japan; The Moon in Collision with the Earth; The Order of the Universe; Culture and Refinement; The Borderland, etc. Cloth, pp. 221, price 5