

THE FORTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

Horticultural Hall, Boston.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Tuesday, March 31, 1896, was one to be remembered by all Spiritualists, for on this day one of the finest celebrations of Spiritualism was held in Horticultural Hall, under the auspices of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists.

The Directors had come to the conclusion that Anniversary exercises of this Association should be held free, in order to present our religion to the people of Boston, and the fact that there were fine audiences at the three sessions, proved to us that we were not mistaken.

The Morning Session was called to order by the President at 10:45, who with a few well-chosen remarks greeted the many friends, and in the name of the Association bade them welcome.

The service commenced with congregational singing, after which Mrs. Webber gave a soulful invocation. The first to address the audience was Dr. Smith, President of Queen City Park Camp-Meeting Association. He spoke briefly, feelingly alluding to his wife, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, and then spoke of the Doctors' Law, and of Mr. Newell, the man who is performing such wonderful cures through the western part of our State. Dr. Smith had the pleasure to meet this man, and he spoke in highest terms regarding him.

The next speaker was Dr. A. H. Richardson, that veteran worker in the ranks. He spoke earnestly and to the point. He compared Theology and Spiritualism, and closed with congratulating the Association upon their success, and wishing them progress in all their undertakings.

The next speaker was Mrs. N. J. Willis, who spoke in part as follows: We meet upon this bright morning to commemorate the Forty-Eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, realizing that Spiritualism is as old as life; yet we meet to rejoice in the growth of a human soul; we rejoice in the advancement of manhood and womanhood; we rejoice you have so far progressed to grasp the thought of Spiritualism; and to-day we rejoice that the white flag of Spiritualism floats without a stain all over the world.

As we come into your presence and hear you discussing your unjust laws, and see you so actively at work trying to have those laws repealed, and we hear you say you blush to have these laws upon your Statute-Book, we can but say we blush for the men who have voted to put such men in office who would make such laws. Certainly this cannot be laid to woman, for she has never had the opportunity to cast her vote. Liberty cannot triumph as long as party lines are supported.

Just as soon as the Spiritualists of the country stand up in the dignity of their manhood and womanhood, and demand their rights, they will be heard. Spiritualism has lifted woman up until she knows she is something more than a rib, and is therefore determined she will overcome all the difficulties, and climb over all obstacles, and stand equal with man. Let us rejoice; remember we that have passed on rejoice with you, rejoice because we feel that with us you are willing to work to advance the grand and glorious truth, to present it to the world in its purest light.

Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., made brief remarks, after which Mrs. Hattie C. Mason favored us with a song. Mrs. Barnes, President of the Ladies' Aid Society, then voiced a few remarks. She spoke upon the transition of Dr. Beals of Greenfield, and said she was pleased to learn he had a spiritualistic funeral, so many of our workers who have stood in the thick of the fight, when called upon to leave this mortal form, have the last service performed by a minister. She urged this thought, that if Spiritualism was good enough to live by, it should be a sacred trust of those that remained to see to it that a Spiritualist should attend the funeral.

Mrs. Alice Waterhouse was the next speaker; she is ever ready to do her share of the work whenever called upon. She said, I see before me to-day a grand army of spirits, and they bring a message to you to-day: they mean for you to organize, and to push on in the great battle of life. I would ask all to come in and work, and help to push onward the great Cause you espouse. Many loved ones are here to-day, and before this meeting is closed mediums will be presented who will give loving messages to those who are hungering for spiritual food.

Dr. Price, of Philadelphia, was then presented to the audience. He said it gave him great pleasure to speak before a Boston audience. So many grand people and grand plans for freedom have emanated from Boston: in the political time, Boston was in the advance, and one thing more, Boston is the place where that grand organ of free thought, the BANNER OF LIGHT, originated. It is for us to see that we lose not one iota of the liberty that has been fought for in the past.

We know that the spirit existence of the human soul has been demonstrated. Spiritualists are like children—they like the phenomena best, but we have to force the philosophy upon them. Mr. Price closed his remarks with a poem.

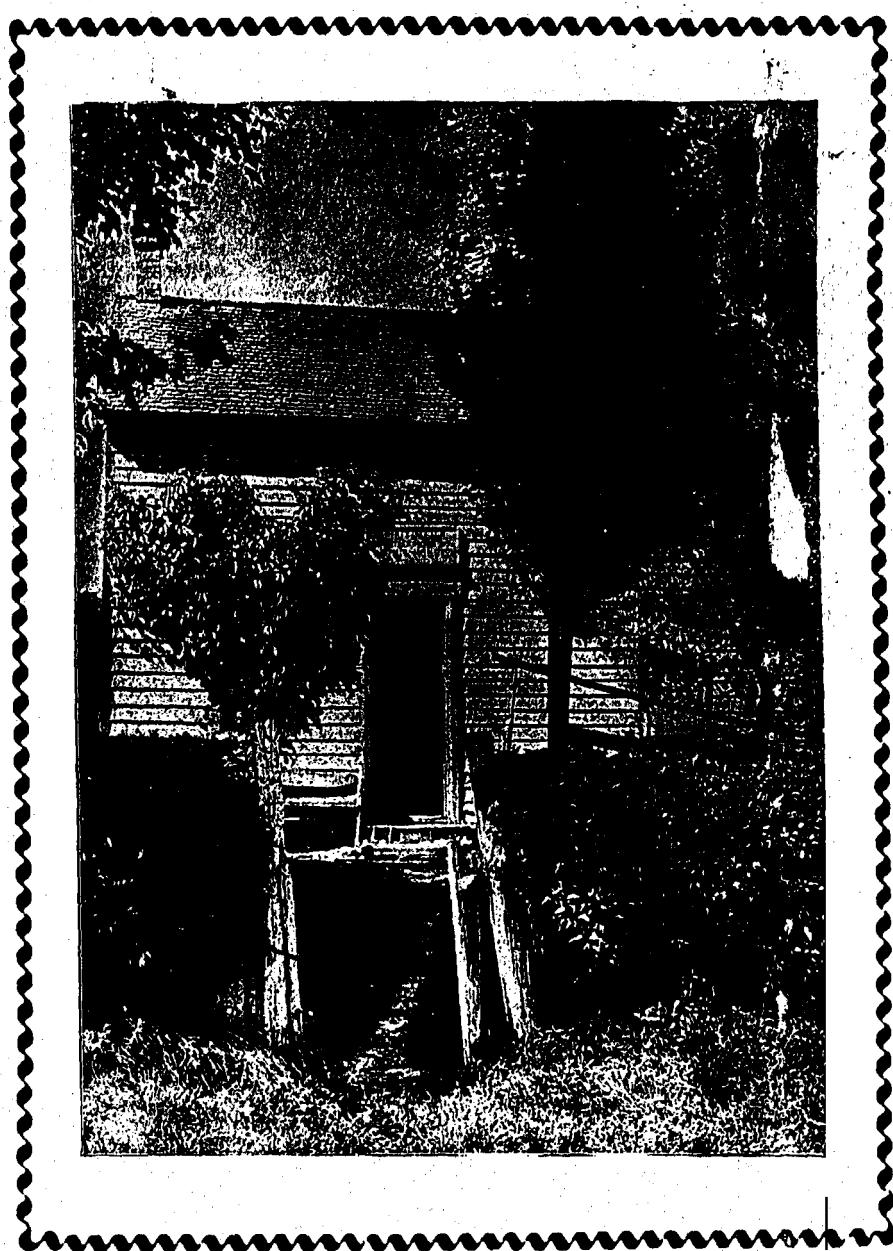
Mrs. H. C. Mason was the next speaker, and said: "I am glad to be here, in behalf of our Association, and I am pleased with the good work that is being done." Mrs. Mason said it was the phenomena that had led her to investigate Spiritualism, and she was glad that to-day she was a medium.

Dr. T. A. Bland was the next speaker. "Spiritualism," he said, "is a religion of freedom, while other religions are of despotism. They have been in league with those who have hampered the souls of Spiritualists. I could not help being a Spiritualist, because I believe in the universal liberty of man, woman and child. I want freedom for all!" Dr. Bland was very eloquent, and spoke briefly upon the medical law.

Mrs. Clara Field Conant closed the morning session with a benediction.

The Afternoon Session was called at 2:30 o'clock, and was opened with a fine piano solo by Mr. Willis Milligan. This was followed by a poem by Mrs. Mattie E. Hull, "All Hail This Day," and a duet by Miss Amanda Bailey and Mrs. Hall, both of Salem.

The first speaker was Mrs. Davenport, of Providence, R. I. She spoke upon the history of Spiritualism. The world is beginning to realize that Spiritualism is not a new thing, and that it is the higher phase of thinking, speaking



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

and living. Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, of Braintree, was the next speaker. She said: "We commenced to celebrate last Wednesday, and have kept it up pretty much all the time until to-day, yet to-day seems the most fitting time, for forty-eight years ago Spiritualism came to lead man from darkness into light. I believe the soul of man to-day is touched with the divine intelligence as never before. Spiritualism is a sacred thing, not a thing to toy with."

I believe as we look into the depths of Spiritualism we shall hold it as the most sacred thing in this world. How can we expect to receive the tender, loving messages from our loved ones, when we do not give them proper avenues to communicate through? I want you to make your Spiritualism as pure as these beautiful white lilies, and place your Spiritualism on a platform of justice and truth." Mrs. Loring closed with a poem.

Mr. Moses Hull was the next speaker. He said we ought to do more than we are doing for Spiritualism, and I believe this convention in particular should be one to assume a practical shape, decide on plans of work, to let the world know we mean something. Some people call the work of organization a craze. Well, I do not know but what it is. I don't know but Lincoln was crazy when he gathered an army together to protect the Union. I hope the craze will continue. I hope it will strike every Spiritualist. I am in favor of ordination. I do not care what form or ceremony you enter into, but if you have a grand speaker and you ordain that speaker, you send this speaker all over the country, you Spiritualists are responsible for this speaker; you give the speaker a moral backing that brings out a cooperation with the lecturer and the people.

Spiritualism has been imposed upon until there would be nothing left of it if it had not a divine basis. Spiritualism wants a standard, and we must live up to it. I want to see an organized effort in the State of Massachusetts. Let us build up this State Association, and with united forces we can build headquarters right here. We do not want to attack the old fossils. We must pull together. Now shall we unite to build up the grandest religion in the world?

Miss Maggie Gaule of Baltimore, Md., who so kindly stayed over in Boston to be with us, gave some very convincing tests to many in the audience. Little Eddie gave two fine vocal selections. Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding was introduced, and spoke briefly. She was glad to be able to be with us on this occasion, and was proud to call herself a Spiritualist. Mrs. Harding gave convincing proof of spirit return. She is one of our finest test mediums.

Mrs. Baker of Marblehead spoke briefly, and told of the hardships she had to undergo when she first started in the spiritual work, but she kept faithful to her line of duty, and was glad she was a Spiritualist. To-day her work is more in a line with the children, as she is Conductor of the Salem Lyceum. She spoke briefly and eloquently in regard to this line of work.

Edgar W. Emerson, the well-known test medium, then gave evidence of spirit-return. He gave several tests to many in the audience, all being recognized. The session closed with a benediction.

The Evening Session opened with singing by Miss Amada Bailey, which was well received. The following Anniversary poem, written by Edwin Poole, was read by Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y:

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

BY EDWIN POOLE.

In retrospect we stand to-day,  
Where, fifty years ago,  
Death seemed a tyrant fierce, the grave  
The synonym of woe.  
When in a message from on high  
Our whole great country shook,  
Given through the pure child-mediumship  
Of Kate and Margaret Fox.  
Materialism cold had reared  
An intellectual throne,  
Externalisms all the truths  
That it had ever shown.

But now the supreme Inner Truth—  
At earth's closed portals knocks,  
And comes to re-assert itself  
Through Kate and Margaret Fox.

Good Christian folks their parents were,  
Who worshiped God in fear,  
And they were very much alarmed  
These knockings strange to hear.  
Intelligence was manifest  
For when the children spoke,  
Their words were evidently heard  
And rapt replies evoked.

Experiments in silence proved  
The wondrous presence near,  
And Kate said: "Oh! Mama, it  
Can see, as well as hear."  
The truth ennobled them  
Through Kate Fox's lips,  
Revealed a light from heavenly spheres  
That nothing can eclipse.

This day, the thirty-first of March,  
We meet to celebrate  
Our Christmas-time. Our savior's age  
To-day is forty-eight.  
And as each heaven-inspired tongue  
Of our redeemer talks,  
We'll not forget its heralds bright,  
Young Kate and Margaret Fox.

Though different phases of this power  
Delight our world to-day,  
Remember in the noon-day glare  
The sun's first dawning ray,  
A grand commemorative shaft,  
Hewn from the granite rock,  
Should be erected and inscribed  
To Kate and Margaret Fox.

Mrs. Loring then presented Dr. George A. Fuller, to give the address of the evening. [This address will be printed hereafter.] Recitation by Master Willie Sheldon received an encore; song by Mr. Robert Laidlaw and Miss Gertrude Laidlaw, which was also well received.

Miss Lucette Webster, who needs no introduction to a Boston audience, then favored us with two fine readings. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes was the next speaker. She said she looked upon Dr. Fuller as her boy, for she well remembered him when he first started in the spiritual work, and she was pleased to see that his motto was upward and onward, and to-day she felt proud of him. She continued: In regard to myself I can say I do not belong to any organization of Spiritualists; I belong to God, the angels and humanity. I have labored a great many years for the angel-world, and I think my work should speak for itself. I want to see our spiritualistic platform placed on such a plane it will command the respect of all. Let our lives become more beautiful because we are Spiritualists. Love one another; be kind unto others. I hope this society will live and progress to do a grand good work. You have my deepest sympathy, and I shall always come among you, and be a worker.

Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sen., spoke of the grand workers who had gone to the other side: Luther Colby, Henry F. Gardner, Fanny Conant, Dr. Beals, and many others, how pleased they must be to witness this large audience, and to see that the people are thirsting for knowledge of a continued life. Spiritualism is a religion for humanity to-day and forever: the ones who work for humanity are the ones who lead the van.

Mr. Moses Hull was called upon. He said he must take a text, "By their fruits ye shall know them." He then went on to speak of old theology, and said Spiritualism is growing and coming to the front. We are to-day celebrating our Forty-Eighth Anniversary of the New Dispensation of Spiritualism. Christianity was six hundred years old before it built a temple. Spiritualism is permeating the world more and more every day; we do not build churches because we are going to convert and set the ministers to preaching Spiritualism. I would like to have some eminent divine debate with an able Spiritualist; they know they cannot expose it, so they will not debate. Give Spiritualism forty-eight years more, and where will it be? It is known now in every village and hamlet over the world. Where will the opposition be in fifty years from now? We never can all organize, but the advance guard

will organize, and Spiritualism will swallow up everything that comes in the way of opposition.

Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson then spoke briefly, and improvised a poem, "Our Anniversary." The evening closed with a benediction by Mrs. Mattie E. Hull. A vote of thanks was given to President G. A. Fuller for the able and impartial manner of conducting the services.

Thanks are extended to the BANNER OF LIGHT for courtesies of the press, also to Mr. Hayward of Braintree for calla lilies, and to all the speakers, mediums, singers, readers and musicians who cooperated with the committee to make this a grand success.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

The Quarterly Convention which was to be held in Springfield, Thursday, April 30, has been changed, on account of illness of the chairman of the committee, and will be held instead at Salem, April 30.

MR. N. B. PERKINS,  
MR. WM. A. PETERSON,  
MR. J. B. HATCH, JR.,  
Committee.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

Ladies' Aid Society, Boston.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated by the First Spiritual Ladies' Aid Society on Friday, March 27, at 241 Tremont street.

The weather was all that could be desired, and a well-filled hall showed the eagerness of the friends to hear from their loved ones.

The session was opened in the morning at 10:45 by the President, Mrs. Barnes, who welcomed all to the hall, in the name of the Society. The first speaker was Dr. A. H. Richardson. He said: "I am pleased to be with you, to greet you, on this occasion. I am pleased to look back and see what a growth Spiritualism has made, and how the earlier workers have smoothed the pathway of the younger mediums. I wish the Society all success in its good work." Mrs. Hattie Mason sang "When the Dear Ones Gather at Home," after which Mrs. Waterhouse was introduced. She spoke of the Ladies' Aid Society, and said here was a place where we tried to make our Spiritualism practical. We have not been able to found a college, or to build schools, but we have succeeded in helping many in distress. We have given clothes to the needy, and helped many a brother and sister over a rough path. Dr. Harding was the next speaker. He said: "We have met here to see what the spirits will give us. I am proud to say I am a medium, and I will endeavor to give a demonstration of my mediumship." He then gave tests, which were all recognized. Mrs. Shackley, trance medium, was controlled by "Pond Lily," and gave many convincing tests. Dr. Huot spoke briefly, and was followed by Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant. She gave many tests, which were all recognized. She said she wanted to say Clara Banks was present, and gave greeting to all her friends. This closed the morning session.

The Afternoon Session opened with singing by Miss Amanda Bailey, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Lizzie Clapp.

Mrs. Hattie Mason was the first speaker. She said we could all give as well as receive, and if each one would make it an individual religion, we would progress faster. We must love one another. "Sunshine" then took control of her medium and gave satisfactory delineations.

A reading, "A Stray Sunbeam," by Mrs. M. A. Brown. Song by Miss Bailey, "Shadow Land," was well received. Mrs. Annie Cunningham spoke briefly and gave tests. Mrs. M. A. Cushman, that veteran medium, has recovered her health enough so as to be able to be with us; she voiced a few remarks, and said she had worked for the spirit-world forty-two years, and she expected to die in harness.

Mrs. Carrie F. Loring was then presented, and said another year has rolled around, and we meet to celebrate the principle of a mighty truth. Forty-eight years ago came the rap, which moved the world from North to South, from East to West. It has opened the pathway of many a life to a broader unfoldment. We should individually breathe a prayer to those dear workers who have passed on before. When we understand the truth of the continuity of life, it will have a tendency to make us nobler and better men and women.

We live to-day in a progressive age; we cannot look anywhere but what we see this great wave of progress. We must advance. Let us march onward, looking not to the right or left, and on our banner bear this motto, "Progression, Advancement and Good-Will to All."

Mrs. N. J. Willis then spoke; she said, "In entering your presence to-day we fully realize why you celebrate. In looking back over the past year we are certainly glad to see how much has been accomplished, while Spiritualism, through its teachings of truth, has brought to humanity of every condition of life, hope, encouragement and light. We should rejoice that our sacred religion stands before the world asking for no recognition, for we know it is a Truth. You are here to make the world better because you are a Spiritualist. Spiritualism has come to redeem the world from ignorance, superstition, bigotry and sin. We need not fear about Spiritualism being popular. There is no other religion that is attracting so much attention before the world, and can prove itself."

The next speaker was Mr. Thos. Beals of Portland. He spoke earnestly; said he always intended to be in Boston at Anniversary time; he was glad he was a Spiritualist; he spoke briefly of pioneer work in Maine. Miss Amanda Bailey then favored us with a song, after which Mrs. Barnes said it gave her great pleasure to present Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. It seemed as if our sister had come from spirit-life, she had been so near the Border-Land. Mrs. Byrnes said there are none here who can appreciate the feeling I have to-day. For many years I have been counted one with you, but a few months ago I thought I would not be with you; I thought I should be with you in spirit; yes, I thought how fulsome the eulogies would be if I had passed on. I have had all the evidence I need of the existence of another life. I am willing to still wear the harness; I rejoice in this day, and that the Spiritualists are getting their eyes open, and are beginning to feel we need culture and education; we may rejoice with exceeding gladness that we live and shall live always. There is nothing hurts me so much as to see Spiritualists trifling with Spiritualism. (Continued on second page.)



F. A. Wiggin.

In THE BANNER for February the present year appeared a picture and an illustrative and descriptive of this well-known apostle of the New Dispensation, and his work among the various Spiritualist Societies of the country.

Mr. Wiggin is now to speak in Boston, Mass., for the Spiritual Temp. Society, meeting in Berkeley Hall, during the month of April.

As practical evidence of the satisfaction called out at his latest engagement in Washington, D. C., during March, we have been put in possession of the following letter, which, while it speaks well for the lecturer (when in another city), ought also to render Boston Spiritualists specially anxious to hear him during the current month:

WILLIAM H. BANKS, Esq., 77 State street, Boston, Mass.:

My Dear Sir and Bro.: Permit me to congratulate you and the Berkeley Hall Society that you are to have with you Mr. F. A. Wiggin, of Salem, who has so acceptably occupied our platform during this month.

We are very fortunate as a society in being able to secure as we have, Mr. Wiggin for two months next season, March and April. He has had splendid and appreciative audiences, and has created much enthusiasm for the cause of Spiritualism.

Our society sends greetings on this the Forty-Eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and wishes your Association great prosperity. Fraternally and truly yours,

GOFF A. HALL,  
Secretary First Association of Spiritualists,  
Washington, March 30, 1896.

Indices that Point to Spiritual Progress in Lima, O.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It seems as though the long dreary night of superstition, in which our fair city these many years has been sleeping, is about to pass away. To say the least, the spell of darkness is not so dense, for through the fog of mental lethargy, the past few months, beacon lights of Truth and Freedom have appeared mounted upon the sublime pedestal of Spiritualism.

Why this metamorphosis I know not, unless it be ascribed to the power of Moses' staff, and the arguments of Mr. Frank Baxter. The former came to this city near the close of last year, and delivered two lectures that shook the orthodox system of the city from center to circumference, and so the theologians all a-rog. The lectures of Mr. Hull gave the spiritual audience such a prolific impetus that not a man-God was born, but rather a spiritual society sprang into existence a few weeks ago. From the very first this society, R-igio-Philosophical by name, has exhibited a most wonderful life-principle. Indeed it manifests a maturity worthy of a Spiritual Society with a decade of experience. In its very first selection of a speaker, one that would serve well as an inaugurator of a season of brilliant lectures, the Society displayed wisdom in procuring that excellent lecturer, J. Frank Baxter. He was at first engaged for twelve lectures, but the number was here the more intense because the infatuation with his superior work, until it resulted in a little adroit management whereby it was made possible to divorce him from Eastern engagements, and giving us eighteen lectures. As has been noted in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, the secular press of the city have been extremely generous in their favorable comments of his lectures, and above all, the general public, unto a surprisingly great measure, were entertained, delighted and convinced with his forcible arguments. As to the local Society's appreciation of his energies, I can use no better argument than the presentation here of the resolutions adopted by the Society at its meeting prior to the departure of Mr. Baxter.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas: It having been the fortune of this Society to have the talented lecturer, Mr. J. Frank Baxter, with us during the past two months, be it

Resolved, That we now manifest in this humble manner our appreciation of his most valuable services.

Resolved, That we consider his eloquent and logical addresses delivered before this Society to be of everlasting benefit, not only to this Society, but to the community at large.

Resolved, That in his happy association with us, he has, by his refined character and cheerful disposition, exemplified the teachings of a pure philosophy, and won for him a place in our affections that will ever remain as tender and peaceful as the break of day in the joyous springtime.

Resolved, That on his departure from us, we extend to him our well wishes for a continued success, naught less brilliant and as sterling as his eventful career of the past.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our esteemed brother, and a copy be placed among the archives of this Society. (Signed),

R. M. HALE,  
S. M. FINCH,  
C. W. TAYLOR,  
Committee.

The amount of good the Religio-Philosophical Society has already done of course cannot be measured; but suffice it to say, it is powerful and energetic, being made up of good, wholesome mentality, with a pulsating spirit of philanthropy that beats warm and fast for a suffering humanity, fettered with the bonds of ignorance, smothered by superstition and persecuted by a howling infamy. Ah well, we feel that a new day is about to dawn. "And when the sun is up, the cruelties, crudities, monstrosities, injustices of the long night of Orthodoxy will have fled away with the shadows." C. W. TAYLOR.

A DISTINCTION—"There is a man who continually steals my ideas," said the young writer. "He's a kleptomaniac, sure," replied his medical friend. "You mean a plagiarist." "No, a kleptomaniac'll take things whether they are of the slightest value or not."—Washington Star.



[Continued from first page.]

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

to the Editor of the Banner of Light:

## The Grand Concert

The proceeds of the above entertainment (which is under the auspices of Mrs. W. S. Butler and Mrs. Viles Wyman) will be given to the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, for the support of the same.

**Lynn, Mass.**

### To the Editor of the Banner of Light

MISS ANN ANDERSON, Sec'y.

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**Haverhill, Mass.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

MRS. H. E. JONES, *Ass't Guardian.*

**Springfield, Mass**

**To the Editor of the Banner of Light:**

The afternoon service commenced at two o'clock, Vice President Wood in the chair. The exercises opened with music; Mrs. Carrie F. Loring gave an invocation and read a poem entitled "My Creed"; then Mrs. S. E. Ring

**Lowell, Mass.**

**To the Editor of the Banner of Light:**

**Providence, R. I.—B. T. Hall.**

**To the Editor of the Banner of Light:**

and most ably presided at both services.

Cor.

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Rev. Mr. B. J. Caldwell, H. H.

**Providence, R. I.—Columbia Hall.**

**To the Editor of the Banner of Light:**

of Spiritualism.

The Pawtucket Spiritual Association celebrated the Forty-Eighth Anniversary on Saturday and Sunday, March 28 and 29, in a most interesting and becoming manner, in St.

**Brooklyn, N. Y.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light

SAMUEL D. GREENE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

ANNIVERSARY, '96.  
BY E. J. BOWTELL.

ence, after which Rev. J. H. McElreay delivered an eloquent address upon "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism." Mr. McElreay commanded the closest attention of his hearers, while he

[Continued on sixth page.]

## Which Will Prove a Blessing To Humanity.

## THE WONDERFUL KAVA-KAVA SHRUB.



**A FREE GIFT OF GREAT VALUE TO YOU**

Rev. W. B. Moore, D. D., of Washington, D. C., Editor of the "Religious World," writes of the wonderful curative effects of Alkavis:

Mrs. James Young, of Kent, Ohio, writes the

ys or Urinary Organs. We advise all re  
to send their name and address to the Co  
ny, and receive the Large Case by mail fr  
costs you nothing, and you should sur  
it.



# 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?

### THE NEW YEAR LEDGER.

I said one day a year ago:

"I wonder, if I truly kept  
A list of days when life burnt low,  
Of days I smiled, and days I wept—  
If good or bad would highest mount,  
When I made up the year's account."

I took a ledger, fair and fine;  
"And now," I said, "when days are glad,  
I'll write with bright red ink the line,  
And write with black when they are bad—  
So that they'll stand before my sight  
As clear apart as day and night."

"I will not heed the changing skies,  
Nor if it shine, nor if it rain;  
But if there comes some sweet surprise  
Of friendship, love or honest gain,  
Why, then, it shall be understood,  
That day is written down as good."

And if to any one I love  
A blessing meets them on the way,  
That will a double pleasure prove—  
So it shall be a happy day;  
And if some day I've cause to dread  
Pass harmless by—I'll write it red."

When hands and brain stand labor's test,  
And I can do the thing I would,  
That will a double pleasure prove—  
So it shall be a happy day;  
And if some day I've cause to dread  
Pass harmless by—I'll write it red."

When first I meet in some grand book  
A noble soul that touches mine,  
And with his vision I can look  
Through some "Gate Beautiful" of time:  
That day such happiness will shed,  
That golden-land will seem the red."

And when pure, holy thoughts have power  
To touch my heart and dim my eyes,  
And I, in some diviner hour,  
Can hold sweet converse with the skies,  
Ah! then my soul may safely write,  
"This day hath been most good and bright."

What do I see on looking back?  
A red lined book before me lies,  
With here and there a shadow of black,  
That like a passing shadow flies—  
A shadow, it must be confessed,  
That often rose in my own breast."

And I have found it good to note  
The blessing that is mine each day;  
For happiness is vainly sought  
In some dim future far away.

Just try my ledger for a year;  
Then look with grateful wonder back,  
And you will find—there is no fear—  
The Red Days far exceed the Black.

—Amelia E. Barr, in *Treasure Trove*.

### The Chaperones.

Polly and Molly came out to play one morning, and brought with them their dolls, their garden tools and their twin kittens. These last were exactly alike, only Molly's wore a red necktie, and Polly's a blue one.

Polly and Molly were very much alike, too; and so were their dolls. They usually played together very happily. But to-day Molly wanted to play party, "with me for a shamprone," she said.

"What is that?" asked Polly, much surprised.

"Well, the minister's wife came to see mamma yesterday; and she said she was shamprone for some girls at a picnic. They kind of look after 'em, I think. Anyway, it must be nice, or the minister's wife wouldn't be it. I'll shamprone Arabella and Rosa, and you can dig in the garden."

"I want to be shamprone for Rosa, my own child, myself," said Polly, decidedly.

"You can't, you can't," said Molly, firmly, and with a superior air. "You don't know how."

Polly fired up at this.

"You always want to be the best of everything! And you are as selfish as the lions in Daniel's den," she cried, stamping her foot.

"You are the greatest child to get things twisted," said Molly, laughing, while Polly got very red in the face. "Daniel didn't have a den, poor child."

There is no telling what would have happened next, if Polly's kitten had not growled and spit at Molly's, and then the two rushed across the lawn to a hole in the fence. Polly's kitten jumped through this and Molly's looked through anxiously from the other side, when—slap! came a soft gray paw through the hole, and struck Molly's kitten, who instantly slapped back.

"Well, will you look at Fly?" said Molly.

"And Spy, too," said Polly.

"Then they ran and caught them, and sat down on the grass to give them a good lecture."

"Twins fighting! who ever heard of such a thing?" said Molly. "It's perfectly scandalous!"

"I'm as ashamed as I positively can be," said Polly, rubbing Spy's pink nose against Fly's.

"Kittens are very silly sometimes, I think, don't you, sister?" said Molly, dimpling at Polly.

"Kind of; exactly like girls sometimes," answered Polly, dimpling, too.

"Then they looked straight ahead and blushed a little."

"I'll tell you what, let's play we're both chaperones. There's dolls enough, and kittens enough, too, for that matter," said Molly, presently.

"Well, let's," said Polly, cheerfully.

And then they leaned over and kissed each other.

would never trust me out of her sight with a young man again."

"My mother trusts me," said Grace, "just the same as ever, and I mean to deserve it."

I am very sure that the children who can go to father and mother not only with their joys and sorrows, but with their youthful faults and follies as well, knowing that the reproof, if it must be given, will be loving, knowing that they will be trusted to try again, will make the truest men and women.—*Advocate and Guardian*.

### Little Things.

Young people are apt to be impatient, forgetting that "trifles make up the sum of life," just as in building, single bricks laid one at a time, one upon another, combine to make the towering and solid wall. Here is a little story, which illustrates the importance of little things:

A young man having exhausted his patrimony in obtaining a professional education, settled himself in a town already filled with successful lawyers, to practice law. One day one of these old lawyers asked him how, under such circumstances, he expected to make a living.

"I hope I may get a little practice," was the modest reply.

"It will be very little," said the lawyer.

"Then I will do that little well," answered the young man, decidedly.

He carried out his determination. The little things well done brought larger ones, and in time he became one of the most distinguished jurists of his state.

Again, a certain old bishop, who was fond of finding odd characters in out-of-the-way places, was visiting in a quiet neighborhood. One day, in a walk with a friend, he came across a cross roads settlement of a few houses. Among them was a snug little shoe-shop, kept by an old man.

Interested in the old cobbler, the bishop, stopped for a chat.

"My friend," he said, "I would not think so small a business as mending shoes would pay so well."

"Ah," said the gentleman with him, "old Cato has the monopoly of shoe-mending in this region. No one else gets a job."

"How is that, Cato?" asked the bishop.

"Just so," replied Cato. "It is only little patches put on with little stitches or tiny pegs. But when I take a stitch it is a stitch, and when I drive a peg it holds." Little things well done!

### Cigarettes the Cause.

The School Board of Santa Ana found that, for some reason, the boys in the public schools were nowhere nearly as proficient in their studies as the girls, and an investigation was instituted to discover the cause—whether the boys were being neglected by their teachers, or whether a lack of discipline was chargeable with the fact that the boys were not doing well. The investigation was had, and it was found that ninety per cent of the boys who attended the public schools smoked cigarettes. The investigation did not require to be pushed any further. It is sufficiently well-known that cigarette-smoking blunts the intellect as well as undermines the constitution, and if ninety per cent of the Santa Ana boys study with the habit, ninety per cent of the Santa Ana boys will be failures in life, and no help for it.—*Palo Alto Mail*.

### To Walk Properly.

Stride out to your full measure, but don't try to go beyond it; and try not to fall short of it as you go on. Keep the knees as straight as you can conveniently, and this will oblige you to rise on the ball of the foot behind at each step. The calf of the leg is a valuable element in walking, and yet many walkers throwing their weight upon the knees and the muscles of the front of the upper leg, lose the push and spring of the calf altogether. Such men habitually stand with knees bent, like a sprung horse, and only straighten the knees by an effort. The arms should swing freely, the head should be up, and the chest expanded, breathe deep and slow. Few people walk right; yet it is an easy thing to learn, and when it is learned, you can walk farther, faster and more enjoyably than if you do it wrong.—*The Christian Uplook*.

### A PUZZLING EXAMPLE.

Dot is five and Jack is ten,  
She's just half as old as he;  
When she's ten, why, Jack will be  
Only one-third more than she.

When Jack is twenty, she'll be then  
Just three-fourths as old as he.  
Now Dot's puzzled—do n't you see?  
To know just how long it will be  
Till she's as old as brother Jack,  
Who now is twice as old as she.

—Virginia Sarah Benjamin, in *April St. Nicholas*.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1.

Met as usual in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, Boston, Sunday, March 29.

This being Anniversary Sunday the lesson was that referring to the Hydesville raps, and the story connected with their investigation as the modern proof of the intelligent, individualized existence beyond the change called death.

After the consideration of the subject by the Leaders with their groups, the Conductor referred to the changes which had been wrought with the humble beginning of investigation through the Fox girls, and the pioneer work which we as Spiritualists must expect to perform in order to prepare the way for the masses of humanity who with a vision less keen, are gradually absorbing the truths which have been scientifically demonstrated.

The exercises consisted of the grand march; recitations by Leon Sloper, Harry Williams and Miss Flossie Butler; songs by Miss Lillian Rice and "Little Eddie," the latter rendering "Palm Branches" with a most beautiful effect. Remarks were made by Mr. Seavers of the Sojourn Lyceum, also by Dr. C. H. Harding, whose inspiration was encouraging and soul stirring.

CHARLES T. WOOD, Conductor.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum took part (this Sunday) in the Anniversary exercises with Boston Spiritual Temple Society, in Odd Fellows Hall.

Happiness is a queer thing. The more one tries to give it to others, the more of it he has himself.

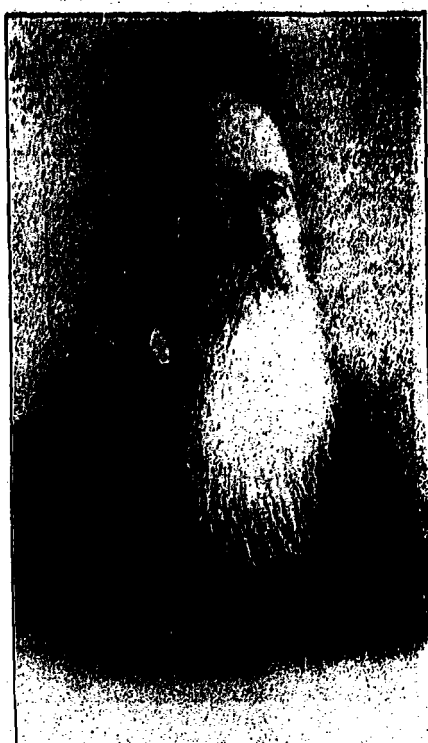
"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile."

ANSWER to last week's enigma: BANNER OF LIGHT.

Original Riddles or Charades for young people of all ages will be gladly received. Address this Department, BANNER OF LIGHT.

### For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINKLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children 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.



### Birthday Honors to Dr. Peebles.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On the evening of March 23 there was a brilliant gathering in the parlors of Dr. J. M. Peebles in honor of the "Pilgrims" seventy fifth birthday anniversary.

The house was magnificently decorated with roses, lilies, palms and twining vines. There were forty guests present, and among them physicians, judges and clergymen. The Rev. Solon Lauer (Chairman) read letters of congratulation and commendation from noted speakers and writers in both prose and poetry from different parts of the country. After the Rev. Mr. Lauer's remarks and the readings, the Chairman introduced G. E. Rogers, President of the First Spiritualist Society, who offered the following:

SAN DIEGO, CAL., March 19, 1896.  
DR. J. M. PEEBLES, DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the First Spiritual Society of San Diego, held this evening, it was voted unanimously to present to you, on your seventy fifth birthday, March 23, 1896, the congratulations of the Society. And we all ever bear in mind the kind and sympathetic feeling you have demonstrated to us in social, spiritual and financial matters. And we wish you very many returns of the day.

Very respectfully and fraternal yours,  
In behalf of the Society,  
GEO. E. ROGERS, President.

CLARA A. BECK, Secretary.

And now, my dear brother, I have another pleasant duty to perform on this occasion. A number of your friends, having for some time, more or less, read your books, pamphlets, your articles in newspapers, in the *Arena* and other journals, having often heard your ringing words upon the platform in the interests of Spiritual Truth, Temperance, Woman's Suffrage and other reforms, and considering you a strong man of strong convictions for the right, and knowing of the great loss sustained in the destruction of your library of between two and three thousand volumes by the San Antonio fire—have procured a set of *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and now ask your acceptance of the same, not for their intrinsic value alone, but in remembrance of library studies, of books you especially admired, and of the many occasions when you were surrounded by friends dear to you, and who in turn appreciated your love, your culture and your friendship.

And we, your friends, here assembled, hope and trust that when the one hundredth milestone of this life's journey is reached it will find you still harnessed for the fight, your eyes undimmed and your intellect unimpaired, still dedicated to humanity in this and foreign lands, the words of knowledge, the ways of health and directing them into the royal road that leads to heaven.

So surely as effects follow causes, so surely do we know that your reward will come when called home beyond death's crystal river into the higher spheres of immortality.

And may we all, with other pioneers, and the rest of your dear friends, meet you in that better land of progress and blessedness, in the heartiest wish of all here assembled on this your seventy-fifth birthday.

Poems from James G. Clark, Emma Rood Tuttle, Rev. Wm. Brunton, (Malden, Mass.), Mrs. C. K. Smith, (in her eightieth year, San Diego), and Mrs. S. M. James, San Diego, and nearly a dozen papers, were read by the doctor's old-time friends. Short speeches were also made.

Knowing how the columns of THE BANNER are crowded, we forward but two or three selections from the evening's exercises. Those desirous of seeing the full proceedings, with the poems, papers and speeches, will be gratified by finding them in the next (the May) issue of the *Temple of Health*. This issue will also include the eloquent address of Prof. S. B. Brittan, through the entrance of organization of Mrs. Emma J. Bullene, now on her fourth month's engagement to the First Spiritualist Society in our city. Here find James G. Clark's poem and portions of one or two of the letters read:

ETERNAL YOUTH.  
[To my friend, Dr. J. M. Peebles, on the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birthday, March 23, 1896.]

On the camping ground of Life,  
Kind Pilgrim, sage and friend!  
You stand with strong and youthful face  
Where two worlds meet and blend,  
Defying Time's rude hand to trace—  
On brow or cheek—a line  
That angel hands may not efface,  
Or touch with light divine.

On the battlefield of Life,  
Bold hero of the Right!  
There are conflicts to be fought and won  
Against the foes of Light.  
Wherever word pleads to be done,  
In every phase of truth,  
We see you face the rising sun  
With all the zeal of youth.

From the signal heights of Life,  
Brave Traveler, friend and Seer!  
We hail you from a hundred lands  
And nations far and near—  
From India's shrines and Jordan's strands,  
From islands far away.  
We lift our hearts, we lift our hands,  
And greet our friend to-day.

Always your friend,  
JAMES G. CLARK.

The following is an extract from a letter just received from one of the old pioneers in reform work, Mrs. M. S. Townsend-Wood, Stoneham, Mass.:

"How hungry our souls get! I sometimes wonder if the starvation of soul is not more painful than the starvation of body. The soul to grow must have living bread daily. How many years have rolled away into the abyssal past since we first met upon the platform as co-workers on a common cause for human good. Not only angel ministrants, but Woman's Suffrage, Temperance, the Peace and Arbitration movement, Anti-Slavery, and other reforms, unpopular then, but becoming popular later. You certainly remember the Connecticut Peace Convention, and the grand words of the great-souled Henry C. Wright. When speaking of conservatives and bigots his common remark was, 'Poor critters, God pity them!'

We lift our hearts, we lift our hands, and go up higher. You and I, and a few others of those moral warriors of thirty years ago, are still toilers in the vineyard each in his and her own way.

And you have reached your seventy fifth milestone, and are hale, hearty, and harnessed to battle for the right! Well done, faithful servant of the higher powers! Multitudes in this and far-off lands breathe the air of your coming, and those who have done them. Your monument is already erected in thousands of human hearts.

I feel to say as you commence the seventy-fifth year's march—you were born in March—God bless your grand God born soul!

Courage, old reformer. Press on, still on, till the summons comes to lay you dusty shoes, and enter the broad, grand fields of eternal life. My soul goes with you in all your good works and noble undertakings, my brother, my friend. Thank God that I have known you—and other old heroes and heroines that have laid off their armor, and gone up to the highlands of immortality to prepare the way and introduce us to our coming home to the 'Seers of the Ages' that have long summered in the heavens."

DEAR DOCTOR PEEBLES—

I am learning from perusing the pages of the *Pilgrim* that an important event occurred on the 23d of March, 1822—an event not less than the addition of a bright bounding boy to the family of Peebles, I congratulate you upon safely and so honorably reaching the close of your seventy-fourth year. In those days that knew little of "woman's rights" the birth of a boy was considered far more desirable than that of a girl. No doubt the neighbors would congratulate the family upon the birth of a son; and could they have seen his eventful and useful life as exemplified

and recorded in the hearts of humanity they would have had reason to exult. I remember well the first time that I ever saw you. It was more than fifty years ago when you were laboring publicly in Genoa, about twelve miles south of Seipio, N. Y., my birthplace. You did not look over twenty years of age. I recall your face as I saw it at that time, and how light complexioned, dark hair, graceful, poetic and dowerly in your public deliverances. You exchanged with the Rev. Harvey Boughn. You lectured too in those times, young as you were, upon temperance, abolitionism, botanic roots and herbs as preferable, in your estimation, to poisonous drugs. You gave everything a tinge of sunshine. Life seemed to glow, and your way a pathway paved with gold. You believed God too good to eternally torment anybody. You ever helped the wronged and the down-trodden. You advocated the immediate emancipation of the slave. You were by nature an enthusiastic, energetic, impetuous and intensely pushing in any cause you espoused. You were pale, tall, audacious and ambitious. And had I not frequently seen you at these periods of years, I could not have known you, and noting the gradual change, I should certainly call for positive proof that the venerable Dr. J. M. Peebles, now so hearty and symmetrical in many proportions, is the veritable outgrowth of that light-haired, pale-faced youth of over half a hundred years ago, that halcyon venerable saint! On the evening of the last quarter of a full rounded century, already have you helped to make history. Your name is known alike in the Occident and the Orient. And may the years yet to come bring blessings and abundant prosperity to the full measure of the past and be alike propitious in adding to your spiritual growth and treasured wisdom. And may your birth into the higher life be hailed with joy and gladness by all the dear friends gone before.

I am reminded of one of James G. Clark's heartiest songs, entitled—"This Sweet to be Remembered," the last verse of which I will quote as expressive of my feelings upon this occasion:

"This sweet to be remembered, when our life has lost its bloom,  
And every morning sun we meet, may leave us at the tomb;  
When our youth is half forgotten, and we gaze with yearning  
From a world where all are dying to a deathless world beyond,  
'Tis sweet to be remembered as the stars remember night,  
Shining upward through the darkness with a pure and bright light."

I have just itervew'd your old friend, Bro. Harter, through the "oracle board," and he sends greetings as of old, and gives a few lines in rhyme, "not poetry," he says:

Brave pioneer in freedom's cause!  
Whose onward march has found no pause,  
Who seized the torch in early youth,  
And led the way of light and truth,  
Companion of my school boy years,  
Partaker of my joys and tears,  
A brother's loss in thee I found,  
And in those last full-on days I mourned;  
Thine open hand and heart to me  
Were full of aid and sympathy,  
And bore my sinking spirits up  
While drinking from life's bitter cup.  
Our very souls together blend,  
And many happy hours we spent  
In boyish pranks and beautiful jokes,  
Which sometimes shocked our sober folks!  
Our hearts were open to each other,  
Like trusting child unto its mother;  
We ate, and slept, and laughed together,  
And in those days of life's forever,  
When universal love shall reign,  
And severed loves be joined again,  
And now my faithful, dear friend,  
My hearty greetings extend.

MRS. A. H. (HARTER) REYNOLDS

As the hour was already late, the doctor's address was comparatively brief. After thanking those present for their very kindly, heartfelt words, and the neighboring ladies for so profusely and beautifully decorating the parlors and dining-room with twining vines, roses, lilies, and hanging baskets of flowers, constituting a very Eden of beauty and fragrance, he said, with considerable emotion, that words were too tame to express his deep soul-sentiments upon this birthday occasion. He deeply appreciated the poet's burning lines of friendship, and the different speakers' tender words of faith and confidence. Letters read from friends of forty and fifty years ago revived a thousand pleasant memories. Memory's loom pauses not in its weaving, nor are any of its golden threads broken. Old age was a misleading phrase. The most spirit is always young. Existing in the centre of eternity, it summers in eternal youth. Never, said the doctor, "did I feel younger—never was I doing so much work; for, besides my literary pursuits, writing for the press, writing pamphlets, and writing in connection with another pioneer a three-volume 'History of Spiritualism in All Lands,' I am attending to and tending over three hundred patients—and yet I count upon a quarter of a century's work before me and another voyage around the world."

Deeply he regretted this evening, as do you, the absence of Mrs. Peebles. I expected from her a letter of congratulation. This may have been in the mail car that, with all the other cars of the train, were burned recently in the railroad wreck between here and Los Angeles. A letter just received from her informs me that she is visiting in Boston and Brookline, in the midst of a New England blizzard. God be praised for the frostless lands of the orange and the lemon, the palm and the pine-apple. Old age! The old age of the body is what people make it. Eternal youth comes from obedience to eternal law. There should be no death! CORRESPONDENT.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers, after years of caution, he decided to offer it to the world, and will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Bellevue, Iowa, March 11, Mrs. H. C. LAY. Born at Binghamton, N. Y., March 11, 1831; her late residence being Chicago, Ill.

The funeral services were carried out according to her belief, no emblems of mourning being visible. A beautiful bouquet of flowers, tied with white ribbon, hung on the door, and flowers shed their fragrance in the rooms. Mrs. J. M. Harvey of Maquoketa, Iowa, conducted the services from the residence of Mrs. Dr. J. P. Roach, March 14. The large number of persons attending to the funeral, and the kind ever held at Bellevue. The remarks and whole service by Mrs. Harvey were beautiful and impressive, and left a good impression upon the people here concerning our beautiful pillars.

Four children survive Mrs. Lay—Geo. W. Lay, of Grand Junction, Colo.; Mrs. Jos. W. Hall; Ella A. Lay, of Leadville, Colo.; Dr. W. F. Lay, of Chicago, Ill., with whom she resided, also grandsons, twelve years of age, W. Parker Howe, whom she raised.

While the dearest friend on earth has passed from our mortal sight we know she is with us in spirit, therefore enabling us to be reconciled. She was true to the convictions of her belief, being at all times ready to battle for the cause of humanity, passing out peacefully prepared.

98 Ogden Avenue, Chicago, Ill. DR. W. F. LAY.

From the residence of one of her two devoted daughters, at Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., with whom she had made her home for years, Mrs. MARY F. BELL, aged 82 years.

Since the decease of her husband years before, she was led to Spiritualism to realize its truth, and she ever after had drank refreshingly from its waters. She looked philosophically upon death, and hopefully—after preparing for her departure—she was ready to go, and she was so at the time of her death, being at all times ready to battle for the cause of humanity, passing out peacefully prepared.

From the home of Mr. Barney Whipple, in Sutton, N. March 12, Mrs. LYDIA NELSON, widow of the late Moses Nelson, aged 83 years.

The funeral services were held in the church on the 13th ult. Mrs. J. M. Clark of Concord, N. H., officiating.

One of the near friends of Mrs. Nelson had passed to the higher life until she alone was left to finish her earthly pilgrimage among strangers. But kind hands administered to her needs, and her knowledge of the beautiful life beyond, and the sweet communion of spirit-friends, was her solace and comfort.

The arisen one was a veteran Spiritualist, and in years past entertained at her home many of our noble speakers.

Sutton, N. H., April 1, 1896.

From his late residence, 33 Chandler street, this city, Mr. J. M. LYNCH, aged 74 years.

He was an old-time Spiritualist, connected with Henry F. Gable, and Mr. J. M. Clark, and others in the early days of the Cause in Boston. Was a fervent advocate of the liberalism of Theodore Parker, and first began the movement with others in favor of Cremation.

His remains were entombed at Forest Hills on Wednesday P. M., April 1, 1896—this gift to the world the final proof of his truly to this custom for the disposal of the material body.

From the home of his son-in-law, Charles Standly, Liberty street, Davenport, Ohio, IVORY EDGECOMBE. Interesting spiritual services were conducted by Amos B. Saunders, who read a beautiful poem. ELBRIDGE K. STANDLY.

That's Wheatlet.

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Sold in 5-lb. packages by all leading Grocers.

### A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

The times are hard, but there always seem to be opportunities for those who are willing to work. In the past month I have made \$15 above all expenses selling Climax Dish Washers, and have attended to my regular business besides. I never saw anything that gave as general satisfaction. One should not complain where they can make over \$5 a day right at home. I have not canvassed any, so anxious are people for Climax Dish Washers that they send after them. Any lady or gentleman can do as well as I am doing, for any one can sell what every one wants to buy. I think we should inform each other through the newspapers of opportunities like this, as there are many willing to work if they knew of an opening. All you have to do is to send for sample Dish Washer. This company does not ask any pay until you have them sold. For full particulars, address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. After you have tried the business a week, publish the results for the benefit of others. Oct. 28.

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

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1896.

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"In things essential, UNITY; in things doubtful, LIBERTY; in all things, CHARITY."

## Two Dollars Per Year.

The management of the **BANNER OF LIGHT** have decided, on due deliberation, to reduce the subscription price of the paper to **Two Dollars per year** (former price \$2.50)—beginning with the issue for **March 7**, which is No. 1 of Vol. 79.

We trust that Spiritualists all over the country will cooperate heartily with us in the step taken by **THE BANNER** in recognition of the demand of the times, which everywhere calls upon magazines, newspapers and current literature for some reduction of former prices.

Will the regular subscribers for **THE BANNER** make an effort to increase its circulation? It would be an excellent and practical plan if every one now on our subscription books would make it his or her business to obtain one new subscriber to this paper for 1896.

It is our desire to maintain the heretofore high standard of **THE BANNER**, and to add to the value of its contents and the practicality of its work, wherever opportunity shall be given us; and we hope the Spiritualists of the mundane world will work with us, to strengthen our hands for the service of that world of spirits, whose Cause this paper has so long defended.

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

## Cracking a Liberal Nut.

The ordination of a Massachusetts man to be a clergyman took place recently, the candidate answering the ordaining committee's examination questions after the following manner. It shows pretty plainly the extent to which liberalism of thought on religious subjects has entered the Baptist church equally with the rest, that being the particular denomination to which he belongs. "My faith," said this candid and courageous applicant for ministerial service in the church, "is Christ-centric." Being asked by the council whom he would declare Christ to be, he answered, "The Messiah, the Son of God." He believed that the human nature of Christ had all the elements of humanity. He did not believe that Jesus was omniscient. He could not venture to attempt an explanation of the Trinity. He held that the objective point of Christ's ministry was to save the world. He said he did not clearly understand what was meant by the atonement, but he liked to look at it as an at-one-ment with God. He regarded prayer as being the same to the spiritual life as eating is to the physical life. He did not have to struggle himself to come to God. Whatever faith he had was of gradual growth.

Baptism he regarded as a setting apart. The Lord's supper he regarded as a memorial service. He had never taught that it is necessary for salvation to be a member of a church. The mission of the Holy Spirit he considered to be to carry on the work that Jesus laid down. He believed Jesus, instead of saving from sin, gives us the power by which we are saved from sin. He believed that all sin was punished, and that sin committed in a future world would receive its punishment—that is, he did not believe that death worked a miracle in man—a bad man going to the eternal world would carry with him the element of sin—and if he sinned in that world he would be punished for it; questioned point blank: "Do you believe in Future Punishment?"—[that is, the punishment taught by the church to follow in the other life the misdeeds committed in this]—he replied courageously that he did not. A deacon asked if that did not border on Universalism? He said he did not know about future punishment. He would not lay down any hard and fast rules of theology.

Questioned as to his belief about the Bible he answered that he did not believe it was ver-

bally (literally) inspired. When asked if he believed that all men will eventually be saved, he answered that he dared not confine himself to any one system. After such questions as drew out the foregoing answers had been put the candidate, the examining council went into executive session. They deliberated on the matter a proper time, and finally coincided in a decision to give him an ordination to the ministry of the church. Preaching and appropriate refreshments followed. The regular preacher allowed that there is danger in these days of losing the spiritual element in the work of the ministry. Messages of welcome to the newly ordained young minister came from the other churches—including the Unitarian.

Thus we can see the leaven of liberal thought working in the mass of dogmatic belief and the churches that hold and proclaim it. When liberalism after this pattern enters a Baptist church, it may be safely asserted that it has indeed acquired a firm hold. That church is forced to ordain a minister who says he does not believe in hell, and who by his responses to the questions of investigation put to him demonstrates the fact that he is a Universalist, a Unitarian, and above all a Man. It is especially gratifying to be able to record such ecclesiastical transactions as this, proving as they do the steady growth away from the dogmas that are fetters and prisons to the human soul.

## The Latest Heresy Trial

Has failed utterly in its intent. Dr. Brown of Madison, Ct., its victim, came through the ordeal without "smell of fire" on his garments. The accusing parties were totally unable to bring evidence in proof of their assertions—and the matter fell through! The "new theology" has gained a resonant victory in Connecticut over the old—and let us all give thanks therefor!

Our neighbor, the *Boston Herald* of a recent date, spoke as follows regarding a public séance held at the Back Bay Spiritualist Temple, by Mr. Ayer—the medium being Pierre L. O. Keeler:

"A great many persons wondered as they came out from the First Spiritualist Temple this morning. They had seen hands materialized, had seen them thrust through a solid cloth drapery—sometimes very muscular hands and sometimes quite ethereal looking ones draped in lace; they had seen a guitar thrust into the audience in a most undignified fashion, and strong men and slight women ruthlessly thrown off their chairs, and they were mystified. Then there were slips of paper thrown out from the cabinet, which, when read, revealed the names of a hundred in the audience. The names were printed with a lead pencil."

**THE BANNER** has received, and will give to its readers as rapidly as space is afforded, reports of Anniversary services held in New York City, and at CASSADAGA LAKE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., BALTIMORE, Md., ST. LOUIS, Mo., CHICAGO, Ill., WORCESTER, Mass., CLEVELAND, O., DENVER, Col., and other places. Our thanks are due, and are hereby returned, to the correspondents who have forwarded the same.

A recent number of the *Beloit (Wis.) Daily Free Press* says of Prof. J. Jay Watson of Brooklyn, N. Y.: "Mr. Watson is a rare master of the violin, having no equal in this country, even if elsewhere, and in his hands the instrument enchants with its exquisite and melodious voice."

Frank E. Crane, a skillful musician, who has long been familiar to the campers at Onset Bay and the Spiritualists of New England, passed to spirit-life at Montpelier, Vt., on Wednesday, April 1, the cause of his decease being pneumonia. The interment was at Newton, Mass.

Mrs. M. A. Chase, concerning whom **THE BANNER** made an appeal a few weeks since, passed on from her residence, 26 Appleton street, Boston, on the morning of April 2. The funeral was observed at her late home, April 4—A. E. Tisdale officiating.

W. J. Colville's tribute to the late Hon. Amos Adams will be published next week.

## Personal Paragraphs.

**Mrs. W. P. Thaxter,** whose name has been so frequently mentioned in these columns, in reference to her medial and other work, held at her rooms in the Banner of Light Building, Thursday eve., April 2, her first public séance for the demonstration of the fact that friends in the spirit-world can and do hold converse with those still remaining in the mortal. The number of persons attending was limited to twelve, and all present received complete satisfaction.

Thursday evening, April 9, and each following Thursday evening throughout the month of April, these meetings will be held; as the number of persons attending these gatherings is limited to twelve, those wishing to be present must notify Mrs. Thaxter at the earliest moment. These séances are given free; therefore she reserves the privilege of selecting, by the aid of her spirit-guides, those persons applying whose magnetic forces will affiliate, that the best results may be obtained.

## Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant

Is spoken of by a correspondent writing from Mansfield, Mass., in the following strain of appreciation as to her truly remarkable mediumship:

"The third meeting of the Spiritualists of Mansfield, under the auspices of Messrs. Merrill, Shepard and Beeson, was held in K. of H. Hall Thursday evening, April 2. Mrs. J. K. D. Conant of Boston was the leading attraction, and after a short address upon the subject, 'Your Belief,' delivered readings from nearly seventy-five articles placed before her—the last twenty, owing to the lateness of the hour, being condensed into rhyme.

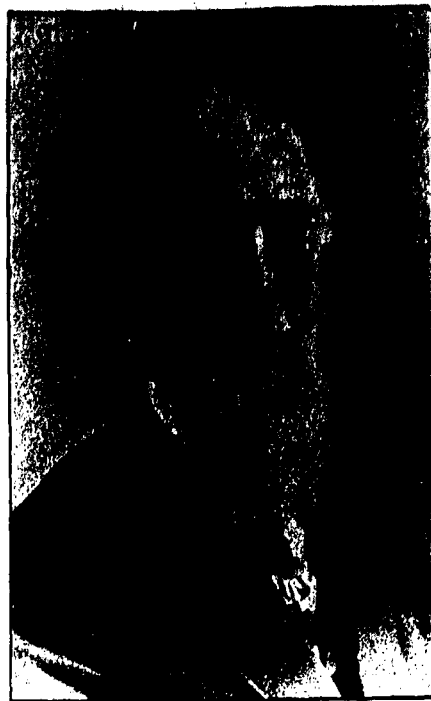
Music from the organ, also singing by a chorus of children, were pleasant features of the occasion. This is the second appearance of Mrs. Conant before a Mansfield audience, and she has won many warm friends among the interested by her pleasing address and her wonderful readings."

## Mrs. J. B. Hagan-Jackson

Made a call on **THE BANNER** editor April 2. During the last year she has spoken in Grand Rapids, Mich., her home, about six months—and good meetings have been sustained there during her absence—Dr. J. C. Badori, President, Mrs. Hinkley, Secretary, Mrs. Jackson, Treasurer, and many other friends and local mediums joining in the worthy work. As one commendable mode of helping on these sessions—and one which could be profitably imitated in other places—the medium of Grand Rapids gave a Wednesday evening circle each week, the proceeds of which go to support the public lecture course.

Mrs. Jackson spoke in Meriden, Ct., two Sundays in March; then in Norwich, where she conducted the Anniversary service as lecturer; on the 31st of March she spoke for Mr. Ayer (the Back Bay Temple) at Boston, and gave a poem in the evening at the celebration held in Horticultural Hall by the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists. April 2 (evening), she assisted in an entertainment in Worcester, Mass., where she was engaged for April 5, and speaks the 12th also; April 19 she is in Haverhill, the 26th in Providence, R. I. (Columbia Hall). During May she attends the first Saturday and Sunday, the Connecticut State Spiritualist Convention at Hartford; is in Haverhill, Mass., again May 10. The last three Sundays in May she speaks in Stafford, Ct.

Dr. W. F. Lay has removed from Leadville to 28 Ogden Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



A Veteran's Closing Word in Mortal.

**Decease of Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, President of the Onset Bay Grove Association and the Veteran Spiritualists' Union; Vice-President of the Berkeley Hall Society, etc.; For Years a Valiant and Vigorous Worker for Modern Spiritualism.**

Dr. H. B. STORER, so long a prominent figure in the history of Spiritualism generally, and in New England particularly, passed to spirit-life, on Thursday, April 2, from his residence in Boston, Mass.

He was born at West Haven, near New Haven, Conn., on the 18th day of November, 1824. The grandfather, on his mother's side, was pastor of the Congregational Church in East Haven for fifty years. When about seventeen years of age Dr. Storer identified himself with that church, and remained in its communion till somewhere about 1859.

He was apprenticed to his brother, and learned the printer's trade, and, on buying out the office, he founded what has since become the second largest printing office in Connecticut.

About 1850 a friend who was publisher of a paper in Derby, Conn., wrote an account of his visit to the house of Rev. Eliakim Phelps, at Stratford, Conn., giving startling details that led him (S.) to demur. A letter in reply affirmed the truth of the stories, with an invitation to visit the house and see for himself. They went to Stratford, and all the family but the doctor being away, heard him relate the strange and wonderful stories that Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps has just striven to explain away with a laugh in her autobiographic sketches in a popular magazine, but which have gone into abiding history.

Dr. Phelps then gave the name of a little girl in Bridgeport, who was developed as a medium, and to the house of Mrs. Middlebrook they went. At the circle in the evening a communication from his recently ascended wife was given, with great clearness and minuteness of detail, together with a prophecy of his own mediumship and the great work for which he was destined by the spirits. He was convinced by the evidence, and was converted to Spiritualism. He retained his connection with the printing office for about two years, and then voluntarily gave up what was an assured success, to go out as directed into the world as a trance speaker.

Dr. Storer has spoken in nearly all the towns of New England where Spiritualism has found an audience. He has attended hundreds of funerals, where his inspired words have found lodgment in the hearts of the bereaved and those seeking for the light of immortality.

The first Spiritualistic camp-meeting was held in Pierpont Grove, Malden, Mass., in 1866, for three consecutive years. Dr. Storer presided for two years.

The next camp-meeting was established at Harwich, Cape Cod, in 1868, the first permanent camp-meeting ever organized by Spiritualists, and has been held annually for twenty-six years. Dr. Storer has been President of this camp-meeting about half the time since its organization. He has spoken before the Cape Cod Society every year for the past twenty years.

At Walden Pond and Lake Pleasant Camps his name appears in successive years as one of their speakers. At Bucksport, Temple Heights and Etna, Me., the camps always depended on his presence and inspired words. At Lake Sunapee, N. H., he was one of the dependencies of the camp, presiding for a portion of the time. At Queen City Park Association, at Burlington, the Spiritualists of Vermont gave him welcome greeting, he having visited them in their homes and lectured before their societies.

He has been identified with the Onset Bay Grove Association for the last twenty years, and was its President when he laid down the burden of mortal life. The story of his finding the locality of this charming spot, and its purchase by a committee of seven, appointed at Lake Pleasant, and of their final organization as an independent community, will continue always to be an interesting episode in the history of spiritualistic organizations.

## THE CLOSING WORD.

At the time when the Boston Spiritual Temple Society convened on March 29, at Odd Fellows' Hall, Boston, to remember the Anniversary which means so much to the Cause, its members were saddened by the announcement that Dr. Storer was too ill to attend, but in his place he forwarded a brief Address, to be read to those present. In the light of what has since transpired, it proved to be his closing word in the mortal form to his friends and co-workers for the New Dispensation:

On this Forty-Eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, although not being able by reason of sickness to be with you in person to assist in celebrating it, I will briefly state my reasons for believing it to be the most important celebration to which the human race has ever been called.

We celebrate the demonstrated evidence of the continuity of human life after the death of the body. And this for the entire race of men. Without preference or denial, this is the cardinal doctrine of Modern Spiritualism. We know nothing of good or bad—know nothing of the metaphysical subtleties that divide human beliefs as to the condition of spirits after death—are not concerned in any system of salvation that offers favoritism to one class, at the expense of all the rest. But simply having

recognized beyond doubt the demonstration of human persistence, with all the characteristics of the individual mind, unchanged and in its elements unchangeable, we celebrate immortality as the inherent possession of every human being.

Spiritualism has come to us in the order of Nature, and by means as simple as the exercise of our ordinary affections. It assumes no authority—simply states what is, and wins us by the inherent adaptation to our wants.

While we believe that the final evolution of mankind, from its present imperfect development to a successive recognition of the powers, uses and enjoyments of which the spirit is capable, we do not believe in any supernatural agency as guiding that process. Everywhere the reign of law is commended to our judgment, and whether by the varied relations that we sustain to the outward world, that law may seem harsh and vindictive, yet we know that in its final result all will be well for our entire humanity.

By the term *super-natural* I indicate something outside of Nature, and that cannot be known by any natural methods. We have before us, apparently, two lines of thought that characterize the teachings from our spiritual platform. One is akin to the old theological dogma, that essentially a new birth is to make mankind into beings altogether different from what the powers and aptitudes of their original nature involved, as the subject of evolution, and the other is that, whatever man may attain, through evolution, is a part of the original being, and subject to eternal progress. All authority is founded upon the *first proposition*, viz. the inherent right of a superior to dominate the entire life of an inferior and subordinate it to his own will; the other is the broad principle of individual sovereignty, permitting all the forces of Nature to act upon the individual soul, and thus ultimating a Perfect Being.

I give my adhesion to the latter hypothesis, and celebrate it as the basic fact of Spiritualism.

For this reason we are obliged to accept all the phenomena of the mundane and supramundane worlds as tentative, awaiting the recognition of the individual soul, before becoming the law of the conditions under which we live.

And this brings us to the necessity and value of mediumship. Mediumship is not automatic. It is the way, the truth and the life of every progressive soul. Mediumship brings us into sympathetic rapport with other minds, enabling us to perceive and think as they do. The individual men and women, who have ascended from the earth-plane, have carried with them the impressions made upon their consciousness, while living here. The generations of the past are represented by the spirits with whom we come in contact through mediumship. Their opinions, more or less modified by their experiences in the spirit-world, are the actual entities with which we come in contact, and from which we derive our knowledge of human life in the spirit-world. No supernatural element guards them there, any more than here, from liability to error. Mediumship simply relates us to them, as they are. Hence mediumship is not the revelator of infallible truth. It is the means of obtaining from every spirit what belongs to the common life of the race, and as such is of inestimable benefit.

We belong to a progressive people—mediumship is the conservator of all the progress made by the generations of mankind. We are heirs not only of immortality, but the immortality of all things.

With you I celebrate the advent of the *New Light* that shall establish Righteousness among all the generations of mankind.

## THE FUNERAL.

Services were held in Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall, Saturday, April 4, (burial in Connecticut Sunday,) under the auspices of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union and Boston Spiritualists' Society, Moses Hull presiding.

The services were opened with singing by Mesdames Foster and Crawford. Mr. Hull followed with reading selections of Scripture. Mrs. Hull gave a very beautiful invocation, and Mesdames Foster and Crawford then sang "I was the Voice of an Angel."

"I was the voice of the prophet, and quoting Jesus' words to his disciples, 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you,' he said these words were spoken by Jesus in his own funeral discourse, at his own funeral occasion, and Mr. Hull now applied it to the present occasion, and continued in speaking of Dr. Storer, his helpful life was devoted to helping others; he wanted to know what was on the other side; he had now gone to where he could know for himself. You old Spiritualists know that Dr. Storer probably has delivered more funeral addresses than any other man in Spiritualism; he thought on these matters, and tried to give consolation. In a good man death does not put a punctuation point; he has gone to the spirit-world, and will open at the same page where he closed, while we mourn him here.

Dr. Storer welcomed death; it came to relieve sufferings he was no longer able to bear. He has not died, but been born anew over there. He had no fear of death; he was ready to go. Every one spoke of him as father in the cause of Spiritualism. In 1852 he commenced his investigation; he heard from his wife, who spoke of their little boy, who was not very well, told him what to do for the child, who is now a gray-haired man here present.

Mr. Hull now called on A. E. Tisdale to say a few words—who spoke in part as follows: In the presence of this misdeed death it is the hour of my friend; it is only an incident; a birth into a higher life. He has gone into the realms of spirit. Mr. Tisdale in beautiful language compared Dr. Storer's death to a noble tree fallen in the forest; it is dissolved, but the work is not finished. It is death, but there is life still; every atom is in motion. That which gives life to the lily and the rose speaks no more of death; it is life, life which is a stepping-stone to a higher life. The kindly hand of nature stretched forth and plucked him. All have lost a friend. In the midst of the happy ones behold the arisen, gone to his spirit-home, the land that is free to all—the sons of God.

Mr. Hull next introduced Mrs. Byrnes, who said she had been for forty years an intimate friend of Dr. Storer. He stood beside the casket and spoke the words of comfort when her mother passed away. She was glad to pay this tribute to his memory. He has done much for others; we should now sit in simple silence and reverse his memory.

Mr. Cobb then in a very feeling manner voiced a few words, and said: I have not much to say. If Dr. Storer is here, he will know all that is said. I have stood by his side at many a funeral service. Something comes in and makes me cry, and I cannot help it. When a great rock falls, the world knows it; that is like some characters in life; our good brother is like a rock; his going out is felt; it leaves a space in the world and in the hearts of men.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing said she had known the doctor; he had suffered much; he was always so kind and thoughtful; he said once, "Oh, dear, I suffer so much, I am afraid I shall forget to be kind." His example ought to teach us, and in loving memory of him we ought to be kind, to be true; could his life speak, he would say be kind.

Mrs. Clara Field-Conant then spoke briefly, and said: Twenty-six years ago I first met Dr. Storer; he gave me encouragement. He has gone now to the land where he will no longer be misunderstood. Mrs. Hull followed, adding her testimony, saying: The last time I heard his voice was at a meeting of the Veterans; he had just received the news of the death of one of the old workers, and the question was asked, who will be the next to go? Now was Dr. Beale, N. S. Greenleaf, and now Dr. Storer. Mrs. Hull continued in words of eulogy, and then Mr. Hull told those present who wished to take a last look at the remains to do so.

There was a large audience present to pay the last tribute of respect to the arisen brother. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Richardson, Pres. A. E. Barnes of Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, Secretary of the Helping Hand Society, Col. Crockett of Onset Bay, Simeon Snow, Mr. Edwards, Mrs. Stansbury, Mr. Fred G. Tuttle of **BANNER OF LIGHT**, Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant, and many others too numerous to mention. Those on the platform were Mr. and Mrs. Hull, Mr. A.

E. Tisdale, Mrs. Byrnes, Mrs. Clara Field-Conant, Mrs. C. E. S. Twing, Mrs. Eben Cobb. The pall-bearers were J. B. Hatch, Jr., M. T. Dole, representing the Veteran Spiritualists' Union; Hebron Libbey and John Woods, the Boston Spiritual Temple; Maj. O. F. Howard, the Onset Bay Camp-Meeting Association, and Eben Cobb, Spiritualists in general.

Floral tributes were sent as follows: The **BANNER OF LIGHT**, an ivy wreath with white plums; Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant, ivy wreath and lilies of the valley; Mrs. Russell, a wreath of pink and roses; J. Q. A. Whittemore, Vice President of Onset Bay Camp, calls lilies in a sheaf of wheat; from the family, a wreath with roses inscribed, "Father"; Mrs. May S. Pepper, a bouquet of calla lilies tied with purple ribbon; Mrs. Klinehans, a bouquet of pink roses.

## 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 of 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**.

## N. Frank White,

Who, in the early history of the Cause, bore as a medium the flag of Spiritualism from Maine to Texas, and was always accounted an eloquent speaker, and a staunch advocate of the New Dispensation, is now in difficult circumstances peculiarly. He was one of those who were severely injured in the great disaster at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., when that building fell, burying so many government clerks in its ruins. The Congressional Committee has been exceedingly slow in reporting on this case to the government, and so bringing on action in behalf of the injured men. Bro. White, as we understand it, subsequently lost the position he held by a condemnation in his department, and is thus in his old age thrown on his own resources, at great disadvantage. Those who once knew him, and at those who now wish to add a worthy spiritual brother in distress, are invited to send their offerings to the address of **THE BANNER**; they will be acknowledged in our columns, and at once forwarded to the beneficiary.

## New York—Carnegie Hall.

We have received from "M. A. N." a report of the Anniversary Exercises at this place, but too late for use this week; we shall print the account in the next issue—April 18.

Saturday, April 4, Mr. S. D. Clark, of Port Huron, Mich., called at our office, being on a visit to Boston. Mr. Clark is a Spiritualist veteran, having for twenty-five years been connected with the public work in the West. Of old time he was acquainted with Mrs. J. H. Conant, William White, Luther Colby, Dr. Gardner, and many of the early Spiritualists of Boston. Mr. Clark spoke enthusiastically of the service being done the Cause in Port Huron by Mrs. Anna L. Robinson, who has been laboring there upward of three years with continually increasing success.

Mr. Charles T. Wood, of Room 15, 1784 Tremont street, Boston, will open a class of a limited number in Astrology, at the above address, Thursday evening, April 16. All who are interested and desirous of joining, can write, or call as above.

We are in receipt—from Mrs. Juliette Yeaw and Dr. W. L. Jack—of memorial tributes, setting forth the decease of Cynthia T. Goodell, at Dwight, Mass. These respectful remembrances will appear next week.

## Illness of President Barrett.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We regret to announce that the worthy President of the National Spiritualists' Association has succumbed to severe nervous prostration in the midst of his duties here, and lies quite ill at the home of Dr. G. C. B. Ewell, 1420 Franklin street, this city.

Friends are responsive to his needs, and are tendering the best care and advice attainable, and it is hoped speedy recovery will crown their efforts.

Attention will be given to his correspondence as soon as he is able. S. L. HARR, Sec'y Independent Spiritual Church, Denver, Col., April 2.

## A Word from Prof. Wilder.

To the Editor of Banner of Light:

Mrs. Milton Rathbun takes exception very justly to the illegitimate terms "psycho," "sensative," "hypnotic subjects," "occult instruments," "mind-readers." She is unquestionably right. The term "seer" however, is proper. It means the same as clairvoyant, but its use in the books of Samuel, etc., may constitute an objection. I do not, however, quite like the term medium. It is a term in the neuter gender, and always properly signifies a thing, and not a person. Mr. Henry Kidde made use of the word "intuitive," which is both correct and unexceptionable.

I acknowledge that I have hardly the right to say all this, but, like Elihu of the Bible, "I show forth mine opinion." A. WILDER.

## Card.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Roscoe of Providence, R. I., wish to return thanks to Mrs. Wm. S. Butler of Boston, Mass., for the many courtesies extended to them on March 31, and for the grand spread tendered them at the Hotel Reynolds on Tuesday evening.

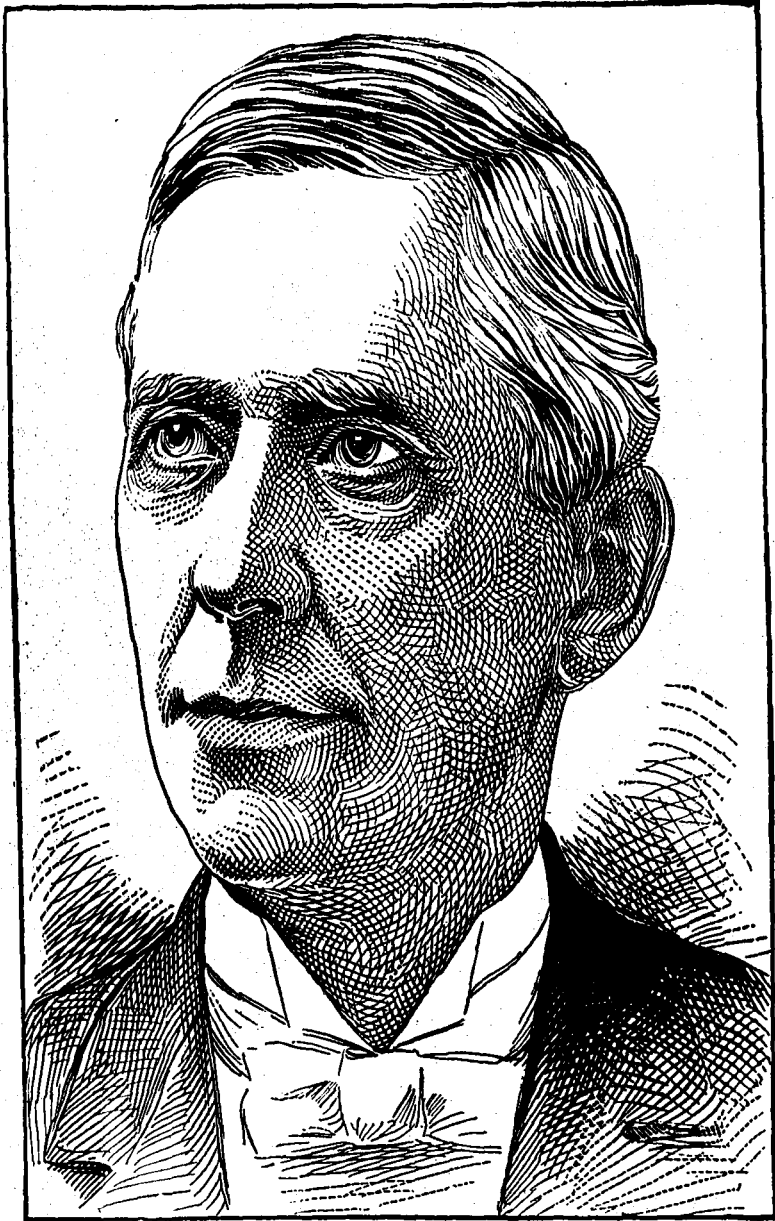
F. H. R.

Hall's Hair Renewer is pronounced the best preparation made for thickening the growth of the hair and restoring that which is gray to its original color.



# Rev. Zephaniah Meek, D. D.

## Eminent Methodist Divine Cured of Nerve Trouble by Paine's Celery Compound.



Rev. Zephaniah Meek, D. D., is a household name all over the South. Since 1837 he has owned and edited the "Central Methodist," the leading paper of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South. He represented his State at the General Conference.

He was one of the Kentucky Commissioners at the Chicago Columbian Exposition. During his ministry in the South he has built and dedicated five churches. He writes from Catlettsburg, Ky., where his home is, as follows:

"I have used several bottles of Paine's celery compound for nervous trouble, resulting from overwork, and with immediate effect, as well as permanent benefit. It is the best nerve tonic that I have ever tried. It has also been used in my family with great benefit."

Men, women, and children, need something more than a mere rest. They need a positive, unmistakable nerve food; they must have a reserve of nerve-force to draw from before their heads will cease to ache and their nerves cease to tremble with neuralgia.

It is estimated that there are over ten million nerve-fibres in the body.

So long as the minute tissues are kept fully nourished, one lives in blissful ignorance of any such thing as neuralgia, headache, or even a nervous system, but let one become "run down," and the nutrition of the body gets low, and every one of these myriad fibres becomes a "live wire" within the flesh. Headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and other forms of nervousness and debility, result directly from a famished nervous system. Paine's celery compound is able to correct this faulty condition. It builds up the nervous system and sustains it. The brain at once feels the strengthening effects of the superb nutriment. There are thousands of men and women to-day who have been enabled to keep vigorously at work, who must have given up but for Paine's celery compound.

Nervous affections are a warning to busy people. At the earliest sign of reduced nerve-force, inability to sleep, languor, or a gloomy habit of mind, every one should look immediately to the nutrition of their nervous system and to the purity of their blood. Paine's celery compound will attend to both of these urgent needs more thoroughly and more speedily than anything else in the world. Paine's celery compound is not to be confounded with the common preparations, the sarsaparillas and nervines. Being the discovery of a man of science, Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth College, it has the support of the best physicians; they prescribe it universally; and the many sick persons made well by its use prove that their support is justified.

To the great majority of business men a vacation, to say nothing of three months of complete inactivity, is out of the question at this season, even when their brains demand a complete rest and their nerves ache and threaten them with prostration. Now, there are hundreds of business men and hard-worked professional men in this city in just this condition. What are they to do? Those who are tired out, "run down" and debilitated at this trying season, will do well to read some of the straightforward and convincing statements from the men and women who have been cured by Paine's celery compound.

Nervous weakness vanishes before Paine's celery compound as mist before the strong, health-giving rays of the sun. Convince yourself of the fact at once, if your health is at all impaired.

exercises opened with an invocation by Mrs. Chase, and a solo by Mr. Leslie, of Boston, sung very beautifully, after which Mr. and Mrs. Tyler again pleased the audience with a song. These sweet singers fairly took the Lynn people by storm, and we hope it will not be their last visit to us. Master Harry Williams then gave a very spirited recitation, followed by an address by Mrs. Butler, which went right to the hearts of her hearers. Many accurate tests were also given. Miss Antoinette Cyr sang and recited very beautifully. Sunday, April 12, we shall have Mrs. Ida E. Downing, of Boston.

**Malden.**—"S. E. W." writes: April 5 Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing of Westfield, N. Y., gave her opening lecture of the month to a large and appreciative audience; subject: "Living Waters." She said the "Living Waters" referred to by Jesus to the Woman of Samaria was the truth of a continued existence after death. The speaker was listened to with great interest—her audience consisting of members of the various churches as well as the Spiritualists.

The interest of the occasion was heightened by the fine rendering of an Easter Anthem by Mr. Harry Stickney, accompanied by Mrs. J. W. Pettigill.

**Lawrence.**—"Cor." writes: The First Spiritualist Society opened its meetings Sunday, April 5, with F. H. Roscoe of Providence as speaker. At 2 P. M. the exercises opened with invocation; singing by audience; Mr. Roscoe read a poem; song by Miss Ollie Hunter of Providence. Lecture by Mr. Roscoe: subject, "I Am He that Was Dead but Liveth." A large

and appreciative audience was present; the tests and readings were remarkable.

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TO MR. ISAAC B. RICH, the earnest friend and faithful co-partner of Mr. Colby for many years.

TO THE PIONEERS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM, a hardy race, now passing rapidly to their well-earned rest in the skies.

AND TO THE YOUTH OF THE NEW DISPENSATION, who are reaping in joy what their forefathers have sown in tears, and whose faces are now set toward the sunlight of world-wide victory.

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

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

JOHN W. DAY, Chairman.

### SPRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Feb. 28, 1896.

#### Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Divine Spirit, once more do we call upon thy great name for assistance in our work for humanity. Once more we stand between those two great sources—the mortal and the immortal. We beseech thy divine power to baptize us this morning—to give us strength that thou seest we need; open the hearts of those by whom the communications may be received, that they welcome our words with truthfulness and thanksgiving. We realize that without thy aid nothing can be accomplished.

We beseech thy blessings upon all this morning, especially those that are in darkness, those that will not be comforted because some dear one has been taken from their fireside, and has left a vacant chair. Oh! draw near unto such this morning, that they may comprehend the true power of love, may remove out of the shades and place themselves more firmly on the rock of confidence and of peace.

Bless this assembly this morning, because we feel that we are in need of thy great divine blessings—each one of us needs to be helped according to our requirements. May those that voice their thought through the instrument of day voice it like the swiftness of the many winds—may it be heard at a distance everywhere. We come in close communion this morning, hoping that all things will unite, and that a great divine spirit of love will descend upon us, and that there will be a wide cooperation—for in love there is sublimity peace!

Hear us, we ask thee, this morning; give us strength, and give strength to those that are drawn near to us who are also anxious to bring light to friends on the mortal shore. Amen.

### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

#### Mary Ann Green.

Good-morning, Mr. President. Oh! I feel so happy this morning, because I was informed, as I drew near to this circle, that I could speak a few sentiments, but I hardly know how to put them together. The spirits that are around me have advised me to talk to you just as I would to my friends if they were talking with me; so it is under their direction that I desire to reach those near and dear to me in earth-life. I have got a dear companion in the mortal who do not believe in Spiritualism—in fact, I have no one that really believes in it—and I am so anxious because he is not doing just right. My death—as he termed it, was such a blow to him that he is not taking good care of himself since, and he has moved from one place to another so much that I do not feel happy. I also left two dear little children, but the children are not with my husband. I cannot see them with him, but feel them, as I look from my spirit home, with my sister Annie. I want Annie to keep them. I want her to know I am not finding fault, but would like her to open the door so that I can speak to her. When we are on the earth we all belong to different churches, and our church is much to us. I was a Catholic when I was in the body, but my husband was a Protestant—so you will see where the difference comes. I thank God we have no special religion in the spirit. We have to be as the Father would have us, and live our lives out.

I have been waffled back through the strength of mother-love to my children, and I know that they are well taken care of. I want the one I love to feel that I have not left him. I am still with him, and, although he may roam from place to place, I will go in spirit with him. I will send this, hoping that the good angels will lead him to a consciousness that he must take better care of his physical tenement. Oh! I am so anxious, because he was so good to me while I was in the body.

My name is Mary Ann Green. My husband's name is George W. Green, and my sister's name is McCabe. Mother is in the spirit life with me, and so is father; I have met Rosa, too. My home—my own home—was in Philadelphia, Penn., but my sister and my children are here in Boston; my husband is in Chicago. I trust that some influence will go to them, that they may know I am still active and conscious of my life in the spirit, and also have an interest in those in the body. I would like to say—although it may make some one feel badly—I would like to say to William (that is my brother), I freely forgive him. He will understand it, if he gets this message.

#### Ellie Kimball.

They tell me you let little children come in sometimes, and I want to send a letter to mamma and papa.

I was only a little bit of a girl, but my sister comes with me that was older, and they tell me if I will try and send a letter to mamma they will help me to tell you what I wish to say. I had oh! so many pretty things in the earth-life. I want mamma to know that I come now and play with my dolls, even if she has put them away; I want mamma to know that she must not feel so bad when we put our arms around her neck, and want a kiss for good night, for when I do that she always cries, and it makes me cry. Nettie (she is my sister that is with me) went to spirit-life before I did, and she was a good deal bigger and older, but she

wanted me to send this letter, and she will see that my mamma gets it, if you people send it. I want to say that her little Ellie Kimball and my sister Nettie are here. My mamma's name is Ellen, and my papa's is Edwin, and I want to make him happy, and mamma too. I was only a little girl three years old when I went away, but my sister was bigger; she was most seventeen, and my people felt so badly because we went a very little while apart. I wanted to go with her, and she came after me. My grandma is with me, and we have so many people that I did not know in earth-life, but they knew papa and mamma—and I know them now, and they love me. I want you to tell my folks on earth I am having a good time now. The man tells me that I have got to say where I lived. I lived in Massachusetts, in Belchertown, and my mamma lives there now. I am so happy that I want them to feel happy too. This will do for this time, and I will come again by and bye. I love pretty flowers [alluding to a bouquet on the table] and I have them in the spirit-land.

#### Solomon Emery.

What strange things come to a man in life and in death; for truly while I walked your earth-life I walked in ignorance—for little did I think then that after any one had passed through the change called death they could return and communicate with the friends on earth. But it is a fact just the same, and I am glad of the privilege this morning to try and demonstrate that fact. I have lingered round here many times, and wondered what my friends would say if I attempted to send greetings to them—for I have many that love me, and I love them. I was only a young man when I was called to the spirit, and somewhat suddenly (comparatively speaking). I was away from home, but not among strangers; for I had many friends around me, and have also those still in the body that I would like to come closer to—that I would like to awaken to the fact that death is not such a dreaded thing, after all, though we are swept out of existence and into eternity, not realizing where we go. I would like to say that I am satisfied with the change, and am truly enjoying much of my surroundings and conditions in spirit, but would be still more happy if I could open up with my earth-friends the real communication between the mortal and the spirit. I, too, like many others, will be remembered by many, more than when alive on earth. My friends are scattered around considerably. I lived in Philadelphia, Pa., but my home was in North Bangor, Me. Both in the North and South of the city I shall be remembered as Solomon Emery. I feel that there are some of my friends somewhat interested and investigating the spiritual phenomena, and I would say that perhaps such action will bring more conviction to their souls.

I am anxious to reach more than one. I would say, also, I have met many in spirit, and, in fact, was somewhat surprised after passing out of the body to find myself in such familiar conditions. Oh, there is so much that I would like to talk about, but I do not feel it best to write it; but if the friends will give me an opportunity I will prove to them where I can be of a bigger blessing and more benefit to them than even while I was in the body. Do you know, my friends, sometimes we are more valuable dead than alive—but I don't convey it that way. I merely want to destroy the thought of separation; I want to establish a union that exists between ourselves after death. Death destroys nothing—only changes the form; the identity remains the same. I feel the old conditions coming back as I hold the medium, although not intending any injury. I will withdraw, thanking you very kindly. Good-morning, Mr. President, and may God bless you for affording such a channel as this now open. You might say that I have not been out of the body but a little while; not quite two years, as I reckon it, but I am not exactly sure of it.

#### Harriet Williamson.

What a beautiful morning it seems to be on earth; it is hard work sometimes to really believe I am out of the body, because the two spheres seem to be linked so closely together that I can hardly feel certain that I am gone. I want to tell Mary that Lucy woke me up—they are two of my children.

I was called out of the body very suddenly—although I knew my end was near, because I felt that I had fought out life pretty well. I want to say also to the aged companion I have left, it is only a little while and all will be well, because the change of death is beautiful; it is like one sweet, beautiful sleep.

I have left behind me on earth many that loved me; I want Charlie and Thomas to know that mother is with them just as much as she ever was in the body. I would like to say, the long lost wanderer that I mourned so many years, the brother that I was unconscious of while in earth-life, whether dead or alive—I want to say to Joseph that Albert is now in spirit, and it will decide all anxieties. I have got many dear ones that have wondered so many times if I suffered when the spirit separated from the body, or if I was conscious that I was going. I was not conscious after I got out of the body; when they moved the body from one room to the other I then became conscious that truly the spirit had separated. While all the confusion was going on I was in a sort of dazed state, could not feel, and could not understand why they should make such a fuss over me. When Lucy stepped up, and mother, and many of them gone before, I realized that there was a reunion! Joy on one side and sadness on the other! I want to say to those in earth-life, Be joyful, don't be sad, don't carry on that long face that you have so many years taken up because one particular friend is called to the higher plane for the better.

I do not want any of you to submit to the old-day customs, for I see now things so much different than I did before, that I feel happier. I speak of this, for I know they are very apt to wonder how I would take it, so I will say to you, my friends, I am happy, and will be more so when papa comes here, because I miss his companionship as much as he misses me. Tell William all will be well. I want to say that my name is Harriet Williamson, and my husband's is William; our residence or our home was in Meriden, Conn. I shall also be known in Boston, and I have got one boy in Colorado. Say I want them all to know I am well.

#### Captain William Hills.

Friends, I have not traveled quite so far away from home as some of the spirits who have preceded me; I am perfectly at home in Boston—for I lived in Malden (a suburb) many years. I have an interest in the progression

and welfare of humanity. Many of my own relatives are with me in spirit. I feel that there are many that have an interest in me still, and I want them to know that Captain William Hills is still anxious to return to mortals and let them feel his influence—and that for good. I was well known in the shipping business, as I spent really more of my life on the water than I did on land. I was pretty well rounded out when I was called to spirit; what I mean by that, I had seen my seventy-second birthday.

I have been very much interested here this morning, in taking in what others have said, and I could not help thinking what an education this must be, what a wonderful school this must be for both the mortal and immortal.

How much we can learn, how little we really know of mankind, of the inner feelings and of the inner springs of action. There are so many times we are apt to look at a person and pass him by unheeded and unnoticed. Oh! it seems, Mr. Chairman, that for all the many years and experiences I have had in the earth-life (and I feel I was a pretty good judge of humanity—I really felt that I could read many people's minds, and in a certain sense perhaps I did), we are apt to read men from the external; we are apt to read them as we meet them in business circles; we are apt to read a man by the greeting that he usually sends out when we meet him.

Every day since I have come to spirit-life has opened my eyes to a consciousness that while the mortal is in the mortal we know very little of each other—we understand each other very little; it seems as though we all looked at each other through a smoked glass; but, thanks to Almighty God! when the change called death comes, and when we are disrobed of the flesh and enrobed with the immortal, we behold things as if we were looking in the looking-glass; we behold ourselves as we never did before. I want to tell those in the mortal that I can understand to-day what I did not while in the earth-life. I hold no malice, nor did I ever against any one; but I feel that there is much good that can be brought by throwing the main influence around others, that they may feel truly they have something more to stand upon than the judgment of man; and with that purpose in view I have come here to voice a few sentiments. I will say that I have got four of my own family with me in spirit-life. I have found the long lost one in spirit; one dearer to me than all others left home and never was heard of again; but I would like to say I have found her in the spirit-land. I want to have this sent out, because it has many times been questioned; we are together now; only a little while more, and we will all be on that spirit-side where there is no sorrow and where there is no misunderstanding. Oh, what a glorious thing it is!

Oh, there is so much to be done—so much that ought to be done—that it seems we have but little time to do it in. I hope my letter will be received. May God bless us and direct us and take care of us, that we may live to the best of our understanding! While I was not a Spiritualist in one sense of the word, I did know that my mother in spirit helped me while in earth-life, and it was because of that that I was not entirely ignorant of these matters.

There are so many times we see things that we do not understand; if we could see them as we see them now to-day, we should note that there is a wiser purpose in them than we are aware.

#### Dr. John Clough.

Good-morning, Mr. President. I have come in this morning in answer to a promise. It has been requested by some of my friends that I should try and communicate sometimes through this channel—that is, they have not asked me to communicate through THE BANNER, but I have heard them say, "I wonder why none of my friends ever come through that Message Department." I thought this morning that as everything was calm and peaceful, I would try and send them just a little message, so as to give them to understand that I have been around, and heard what they have said. I have got a dear companion in earth-life, and father is in spirit with me; mother is still in earth-life, and I have many friends, but this letter is not so much for the benefit of my mother as it is for friends that do not believe the spirit returns. Mother does.

While in earth-life I was very active, as I was a physician, not what the physicians call magnetic, but of the old school, I believe you would term it, though I had great magnetic powers, which were unknown to myself. Having great ambition, perhaps overdoing, the result was the body could not retain the spirit. I want my friends to know that I am still ministering to them. I have still an interest in all, and would like to have them become more subject to the magnetic current that I throw out, and they would feel better.

There have been some changes in our home since I passed out, and others have joined me, but I would say we are all happy when together. It is seldom that we are appreciated when we are in the earth-life, but it is after we pass out that we know how much attention was given us.

Say that John Clough of Bangor, Me., is still active, and has an interest in the welfare of the earth-ones. I would put down "Dr. John Clough," Mr. President, because I always had the title, and I presume they will look for it now.

[Received Jan. 10, 1896.]

#### Mrs. P. H. Bradbury.

Good-morning, friends. I hardly know how to express myself, because I may review some of my experiences while on the earth-plane, and my consciousness of these communications while in the body. While in the mortal form I used to take great comfort in reading communications that were voiced through the various instruments that have spoken from this establishment—and I have oftentimes thought why there were not more who came through the spirit-medium—why they did not also come to the oldest and dearest of those who were so desirous of hearing from them; but, friends, this morning I have come here to not only say that my work is not done, but lately I have been brought to those I love in mortal life, and they have heard my voice repeatedly through others who search this valuable paper so many times; and they seem to think that those who come are of the far distant—seem so far from home that they do not get the comfort out of it I would desire; it seems, Mr. President, that when they are in the body, some people think that spirits can do most anything that they can do, and come at the call at all times, and demonstrate to them without question—without anything of the requirements of law. Now I have been brought here by a promise that I have made to those on earth, that if I could

get an opportunity to voice a few of my sentiments here I should be more than pleased to do so. I have met so many on the spirit-side since I was liberated, so many have come to me, that for the benefit of those who are with me, and the benefit of those who are in the earth-life, I want you to say to them that Mrs. P. H. Bradbury of Fairfield, Me., is not dead. I want them to know that I have met so many, many friends on the spirit-side!

There is one with us who was loved by all, and that is Dr. Ware; he wants me to say that he is still carrying on the camp meeting, and we are having a more glorious time with our camp-meetings here on the spirit-side than we did while on the mortal—because on the spirit-side we work together, we work for humanity, and we work for love—they will know what I mean! I want them to know that we are working with the earth ones, and they will see in the life beyond the success in the spiritual campaign. Dr. Emery is also with us, an other worker of our "Maine" force, showing to the friends that we are all together: Dr. Emery is of Glenburn, Me.; we are still striving, and have got the Indian element with us. Thanking you, friends, for permitting me to express my thoughts in this letter, and hoping that the earth ones will translate the meaning aright, I will say, Good morning.

#### Messages to be Published.

March 8.—Edward C. Spooner; Mary E. Walker; Stillman Morgan; Mary Ann Richardson; Sidney Howe; Frances Miller.

March 15.—Washington Nelson; Isabel W. Bell; Capt. Thomas Potter; Mary Ann Fitzgerald; Lafayette Bishop; Sarah Wilson; "Widdow" and "Bluebell" to their medium.

March 20.—C. H. Stone; J. D. Ford; Mrs. William Howell; Thomas A. Doyle; Margaret Smith; Charles Wood; Edward Sharn.

March 27.—Thomas Dowling; Nancy L. Weymouth; Nellie M. Miller; Eldridge Cheney; George Whitney; Annie Thompson; William Carroll.

April 3.—Albert G. Powers; Louise L. Walker; Eddie White; Mary Morgan; Robert McKenny; the Guide, for Joseph Beals.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUEST.—[By S. T. Taylor, Baltimore, Md.] 1.—Referring to the doctrine of reincarnation: If a spirit after being born into a higher life is again incarnated, or enters into and animates another human body, does it or does not that involve the transmigration of a spirit in the spirit-world? Is there not one spirit less in the spirit-world after each reincarnation? 2.—If this be true, does it not prove that in the other world there are life-periods and death periods there much the same as in this present world? What say your guides to these questions?

ANS.—Those who most persistently advocate the doctrine of reincarnation as suggested by our questioner are not always fully explicit on the points raised by the above question, and though we do not presume to possess the ability to fully elucidate so great a problem, especially within the narrow limits of an answer to a question, we will do our best to make our meaning plain.

The first point which seems to need clearing up has reference to the spirit-world as a locality, while a better idea thereof is gained by considering it as the inner side of all worlds and yet limited by none.

The spiritual realm is simply that territory which is unseen by fleshly eyes and unperceived indeed by all the external senses.

We are all of us conscious at times of two distinct planes of existence. We function alternately if not simultaneously on two planes of expression; therefore it is quite comprehensible to all who are in any degree clairvoyant or who have enjoyed any clear communion with spirit-friends, that we may be quite at home in the spiritual state, participating in the occupations common to that plane, when we are asleep in our relations to the physical.

There is a far more intimate connection between terrestrial and super-terrestrial states than most people imagine, and with the rapidly increasing sensitiveness of large numbers of people all over the world, which is a characterizing feature of the incoming era or new age now dawning, the seeming chasm between the so-called two worlds will be greatly bridged.

During our earthly embodiment it is usually the case that, during the day hours and amid scenes of external activity, spiritual relationships and associations are but little known, but this lack of conscious appreciation of them by no means proves that they do not exist.

Many of you are quite unknowing to your spiritual relations as they actually exist, but all the while your guardian spirits know all about you, and are thoroughly cognizant of your doings.

A reincarnation would not necessitate the same sense of loss in spirit-life as the change called death occasions on earth, because knowledge in the spiritual world concerning life and its persistence is much clearer than on earth. Even supposing that it is known in the spirit-realm that a certain soul is going to do a certain piece of work on earth and fulfill a term of service there, so great is the confidence in the abiding character of spiritual relationship that no more than a recognition of a change in expression for a time could ever come to the consciousness of spiritual kindred.

We wish to emphasize the following proposition: We are all in spirit-life, but we are not all embodied physically; therefore, the spirit-world cannot lose a denizen if one of its population temporarily assumes a robe of flesh, though the earth does lose (at least on its outward side) one of its inhabitants whenever an earthly dress is laid aside.

A. 2.—In all worlds there are life periods and also death-periods, if you choose to call them so, though the word death has so gloomy a sound and so ominous a significance to many on earth that it is not always the best term to

employ when seeking to designate changes in state of expression.

There is always a "next world," but this is by no means a final world.

In our next state, whatever it may be, we shall realize all we anticipate, and all we deserve. When that state is over for us we shall go on to another state, which will in its turn be our next world, and so on indefinitely, perchance FOREVER.

It is only a weakness of human vision which causes the majority of people to look forward to an endless continuance of existence in the next state to the present, but so true is it that we only see a little way ahead, and it is desirable that we should concentrate our energy upon what is immediately before us, that we are unable to clearly perceive what lies before us in the far distance.

These words are ever applicable to the spirit's endless progress, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter," and as we must learn our lessons, and take our forward steps one by one, there are no means whereby we can grasp the entire circle of a life's experiences.

Whenever we are preparing to take a step onward in any direction, we shall feel an anticipation of something that is coming; that anticipation will be dim and vague at first, but will grow clearer and brighter as we approach the change.

We are always being gradually prepared for what is to follow, and as the performance of the duties attaching to one state constitutes the only efficient preparation for the state next beyond, it is ever true that sufficient unto the day are the burdens thereof.

In the spirit spheres there are all conceivable states of existence; all imaginable relationships and occupations, and to those who are now actively engaged in them they may appear endless, but periods are reached when the law of attraction summons the spirit on to other fields of work, and to other phases of expression.

In reality there are no retrogressions, though there are valleys to descend as well as hills to climb in the ceaseless march of the tireless spirit through the cycles of eternity.

Whatever we really desire we shall assuredly fulfill.

### The Anniversary.

[Continued from second page.]

contrasted Spiritualism, as we know it, with that of earlier times.

A conference was held in the afternoon previous to the Lyceum exercises. Our Lyceum has held continuous sessions since 1864. The Conductor, Mr. Robert Coffman, and the Guardian, Mrs. Fulmer, spared no pains to make the occasion one of note. The recitations by the members of the Lyceum, together with the singing, as well as the instrumental music, reflected great credit on all taking part. Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader delivered a short address upon the origin and growth of Lyceum work, especially in connection with the Philadelphia Lyceum. The hall was filled with those interested, and the beautiful badges of the members called out many words of praise.

At six o'clock another conference was held, under the chairmanship of Mr. Munn, who presided at all the conferences of the day. At 7:30 the evening services commenced. There was not a vacant seat in the hall, and the floral offerings to the arisen friends were many. After singing by the congregation, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader recited a poem written by her for the occasion, entitled "A Message from a Spirit-Child," which was loudly applauded, after which the choir rendered a beautiful selection. The address of the evening by Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader upon "Modern Spiritualism: the Dawning Glory of the Nineteenth Century," was appropriate to the occasion. In discussing upon this subject the speaker gave a brief synopsis of the remarkable progress that has been made in inventions and discoveries in the century which is about to pass into history, and said: "When the impartial historian shall write the history of the nineteenth century he will say, 'Another era has come to mankind,' and add the crowning glory of the nineteenth century was the discovery that it was possible to communicate with those who had passed from this, to a higher plane of life. Besides this all other discoveries pale into insignificance. At best they deal with the material things of life, while Modern Spiritualism deals with the tenderest emotions of the soul, appeals to the higher nature of man, and calls out all that is best in him, because it restores to him those whom the world in its blindness calls dead."

After another selection by the choir Mrs. Minnie Brown, one of our local mediums, whose ministrations are so well received everywhere, was introduced to the audience. Mrs. Brown spoke of the custom of holding a flower service for our arisen friends, saying it was like a benediction at the close of the Anniversary services. Briefly referring to the many who have passed on from the Association, and to the special significance the day had for us as Spiritualists, she took from the table the flowers, and in a manner which carried conviction to all present, gave the messages as they came to her from the loved ones who had gathered in response to our welcome. Only those who have been present at one of these services can appreciate them. As one message after another was given to the friends assembled, and recognized by them, all felt that Spiritualism was worth all the persecutions we had to bear for its sake. With Phoebe Cary we too might say, in the words of her beautiful poem:

"Oh! world, you may tell me I dream, I rave,  
As long as my darling comes to prove  
That the feet of the spirit can cross the grave,  
And the living love, and the living love."

Special mention should be made of the singing of Mr. C. L. Smith, which was one of the features of the day. A special appeal was made at the evening session as to the duty of Spiritualists to support the papers published in the interests of Spiritualism. Many of those present said that it was one of the days long to be remembered, and all joined in the closing song, feeling it had been a benefit to be present at this celebration of the Forty-Eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

CORRESPONDENT.

#### Lockport, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

March 29 being the last Sunday of the month, also the last lecture of Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly's engagement, the society improved the occasion to celebrate the Forty-Eighth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism—the grandest light which has come to this world of ours. We had a goodly number present during the day meeting, which was made one of social con-

When  
you feel  
weak, tired,  
depressed in spirit

USE

**AYER'S  
Sarsaparilla**

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







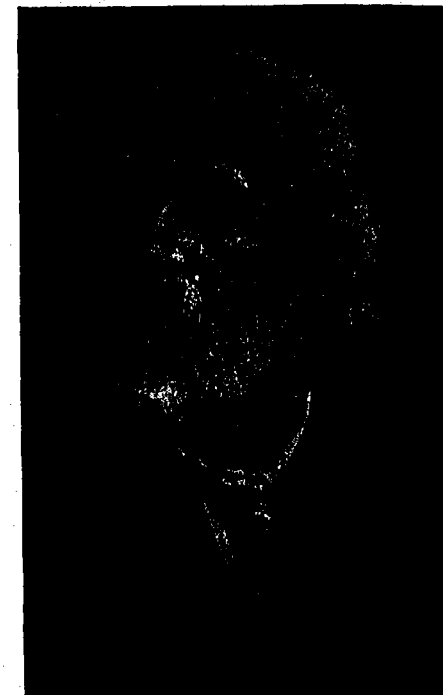




## YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

You never can tell when you send a word  
Like an arrow shot from a bow  
By an angel blind, he is cruel or kind,  
Just where it will chance to go.  
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,  
Tipped with its poison of balm;  
To stranger's heart in life's great mart  
It may carry its pain or its calm.  
You never can tell when you do an act,  
Just what the result will be,  
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,  
Though its harvest you may not see.  
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped  
In God's productive soil.  
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow  
And shelter the brows that toil.  
You never can tell what your thoughts will do  
In bringing you hate or love,  
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings  
Are swifter than carrier dove.  
They follow the law of the universe—  
Each thing must create its kind—  
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back  
Whatever went out from your mind.

— Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



## HENRY J. NEWTON.

### A EULOGY.

Written for the Banner of Light,  
BY J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

THIS great and good man has laid down his tools, completed a part of his life work, and gone home. There is something especially interesting about his life and character that must be ever valuable to the world, and the like of which is not seen every day; he was a veritable man here amongst us, with real power developed in him to stir the world and to achieve what his hand and heart set to do.

He has left us, just when we needed him, and when he had begun truly to divine the light and work that were in him, to accomplish his true mission here. Alas! does it not often befall a human life thus? Just when we get ready and fit to live and do good work for the world, we have to get out of it to do the rest elsewhere.

His was a life full of meaning; from it the wise can deduce lessons of utility, prudence, fortitude, generosity, patience, love and thrift. It was a life that began in small beginnings and ended in fortune, comfort and success.

He began life in fair but humble circumstances. His father died when he was but a child. His mother gave him her constant watchfulness and love. She was a rare mother, and she gave to her child that steady, careful character he always had throughout life. She saw his life successful before she went on to the greater existence.

In scientific discovery he made his mark. When he had made as much money in business as he thought he would need, he turned away to the quiet and delightful study of art as especially related to photography. At that time the art of making pictures by sunlight was in its infancy. He was the first man to give to the world the dry plate process. He has been called the father of that process.

For twenty years he has been the President of the Photographic Section of the American Institute. He succeeded Prof. Jove and John William Draper, the author of "The Intellectual Development of Europe." He has filled the position with honor to himself and credit to this famous institution.

In all this he was a most pains-taking man. What he did, he did thoroughly. He never tired with a subject that he deemed of profit to the world; experimental failure did not daunt him; he only tried again with more determination. It may with great truth be said of him that he did not know how to give up. This was the key to his successful character. By all young men starting in life the character of Mr. Newton can be studied with profit.

He found out that great things are only accomplished by great study and labor. With Sir Joshua Reynolds he believed that success lay in the patient ability to take pains. He had great self control. Rarely did he betray feeling or excitement in his study. In all matters of opinion he tried to study the evidence on all sides.

He made a thorough study of the character of human nature. He read character by intuition. People he met in business affairs he seemed to know without previous experience; the motive and subsequent act he apparently had the power to divine. He made few mistakes, and none in business affairs.

As a public man he was the friend of liberty and progress. Like all men in advance of his time, he often found himself on the side of the minority. He was an independent, honest thinker. He spoke the contents of his mind cautiously; but when he thought the proper time had come to speak, he spoke without the fear of man. He was untrammelled by creed, party or fashion—a truly free man in the highest and best sense of the term. He knew nothing of demagogism in practice or thought.

He was not dominated by theological restraints—he had no fetters. He followed the scientific method in all his studies and researches. He was never carried away by theories. He guided his bark close to the land of sense and fact. Nothing could have tempted him to sail out into the broad sea of speculation, and to look for truth without sense affirmation and demonstration.

He believed in education and personal freedom for the entire human race. Education and freedom are twin sisters—neither of them can live without the other. He believed in the freedom of woman, and all the movements of the age which promised a reasonable success and help to mankind.

When a boy at school he discovered a very great love for chemistry, and it was his darling study through life. He was always interested in the study of the constitution of matter. Probably no study emancipates the mind so readily from the influence of superstition as the experimental study of chemistry.

Having naturally a mechanical bent to his mind, he most readily acquired the use of tools. He started as a practical manufacturer of pianos. His business soon grew into large and important proportions. His works had to be enlarged, and he had to spread out and employ more men. He was one of the kindest of employers, but demanded strict attention to work. The shop was a model for care and method. He took great interest in the progress and physical comfort of his workmen, and tried to induce thrift and sobriety amongst them. He joined with others in a philanthropic enterprise to provide homes for workmen—the capital being provided without drawing interest. The enterprise would have been very successful, but it was found to be very difficult to promote thrift among the class of people with which the company had to deal, yet, on

the whole, the enterprise resulted in what may be called a gratifying success.

After about a dozen of successful business years he retired to devote himself to studies congenial to his nature, among which ranked as first the new art of photography. He had for some years employed his leisure hours in painting from nature. He had the artist's eye and heart strongly developed, and he was never happier than when engaged in portraying nature as he saw her, in bud, stream, mountain, wood and glen. His art is so faculty was developed by himself without lessons. He drew with accuracy and care, and put the picture into perfect shape. The imagination added nothing; he copied nature sternly.

Forty years ago, those persons who touched the camera processes were supposed by the generality of people to be flying after a "will-o'-the-wisp." How could the sun take pictures? Too ridiculous for any sane man to think of! The subject soon, however, became popular, and people became vain enough to have their pictures taken.

The rural ministry long thought that it was a mark of unchristian vanity for a person to go and have his picture taken—not at all consonant with a true Christian character; but this prejudice and folly soon gave way, and "the devil" no longer resided in the camera. An amusing story is told of an Episcopal clergyman of Cleveland, O., who read one morning in *The Cold Water Sentinel* of a certain Daguerre, a Frenchman, who had set a man in the sunlight before a silver mirror, and that he had thus taken the man's picture. He announced this to the family at breakfast amid great explosions of laughter—a foolish person had actually claimed this! At this time this devout man only uttered the common sentiment of the people. He, no doubt, lived to see that a wonderful discovery this same Daguerre had given to the world.

Mr. Newton in later years spent his summers at his home at Nyack on the Hudson River, most charming locality, nestled in the bosom of the most delightful scenery in the country. Here he, without stint indulged his taste in photography. Every spot that presented to his eye a picture he took it. On sun ny afternoons he would saunter forth, with tripod in hand, to take the sweetest bits of water, landscape and mountain that the locality could give. He snapped at limpid rivulets, the rocky bed of winter torrents, the gorgeous skies, the dim mountain outline, the Catskills, and the sleepy river on which Hendrick Hudson sailed with enraptured eyes in the days of old. These mountains, these ancient landmarks of the world, had a fascination for him; his delight grew as he neared the Palisades.

At the time Mr. Newton came to reside as a business man in New York City, his mind was imbued with a strong religious fervor. He had been religiously trained from his youth up in the Wesleyan Church; but about this time he began to look at religious questions with a wider range of vision than could be permitted in the narrow confines of that church.

He made the discovery that the principles of science had too wide a range and influence to permit an acceptance of dogmatic theology.

The vigorous and solemn dictates of reason led him to train in a more liberal atmosphere. He looked round for a people more in harmony with his thought and tastes. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham was in New York City speaking at that time, and in the thought and grace of this man Mr. Newton began to take a lively and sympathetic interest. This teacher was a broad, liberal, generous thinking man, just calculated to meet the needs of Mr. Newton. He had just awakened from that profound sleep of faith into which a young man of devout disposition can fall. His mind was aroused. Life had new charms. The world touched his soul as it never did before. There was beauty in all things. The sky, the mountains and the sea touched his intellect and heart with a new joy. The old conditions of life had passed away. It was in no common sense that he was religious. Forever on, his life was the beautiful and the true. That was his religion, and it is the best.

While Nature presented to his eye the beautiful, it also presented to him the tragedy of death. His father died when he was young, and heaven contained a tenant he loved and wanted to see. His heart knew that humanity wanted to bridge the chasm between this world and the next.

The influence of creed was now totally cast out from his soul. He took the boat and sailed out into the open sea of knowledge and thought. The illusions of faith and the charming speculations of philosophers were left behind. They gave no solid footing to his heart and soul.

About this time Spiritualism brought light to his mind. It was just what he had been looking for; it filled the vacant place. Both he and his wife became interested in Spiritualism. This began a new era in Mr. Newton's life. He had found something that he wanted—evidence that the departed loved ones lived in another world. He was a Columbus seeking for that New Land—the land of the soul. He was alive with thought. The air is breathing the thought of spirit-friends; there is no death. "I shall live with my own people forever. I shall see my father. The great and good I shall meet in that sphere from which is banished the conflict forever." This voice came to him on the still air of reason, and he was glad. To know that the invisible loved ones could touch with peace and joy the broken heart, and that this dark world had been and now was lighted up by the presence of spirits, brought his heart and intellect into a new relation.

His home became the centre of spiritualistic investigation. This was in the time of Judge Edmonds, Dr. Hallowell, Charles Partridge, Cross and Jones—all of them thinkers, honest and courageous—veterans in the new light.

The medium was ever a welcome visitor at his home and table. For these many years that home has been his resting place, more even than his own. First we became friends, and then we became brothers. His hand was the first that greeted me on American soil. One thing in his life was very fortunate. Mrs. Newton went with him into his work and thought. He affectionately called her his "control"; they have worked together through the heat of the day. They have shared together the satisfaction and success attending their varied endeavors. Their work was extended through a time when to be a Spiritualist meant social ostracism and fashionable censure, and often contempt; they went together, and thought but little of the frowns and sneers of the world; the grand fact of immortality being demonstrated paid them for all neglect and scorn.

Their devotion, magnanimity and honesty won the respect of their religious foes. Humanity will never let the names of moral heroes die!

There was once a time when Thomas Lake Harris, the socialist, poet and mystic, had a following in New York City. He was the source of much brilliant inspiration in the hey day of his popularity, but took to such strange views and ways on living and the social question, that his old friends went away and knew him no more. He was a man of large brain, and great hopes for himself as a leader. He was a most eloquent orator and of sensitive imagination. For a time Mr. Newton took great interest in his inspiration, but he tested the vagaries of his communistic plans and the mode of life he adopted after he severed his relation with the friends in New York.

Mr. Newton had now arrived at some definite views on the new study—Psychology. He found a large number of important facts unrecognized by men of science. Mesmerism had generally received the word of scorn from the *élite* of letters. It was fashionable to speak against it; but he saw that this prejudice was ill-founded, and that the subject was worthy of careful investigation.

To him the subject of mediumship was exhaustless, and difficult to investigate by any scientific method without great care and caution. He had almost an infinite amount of patience. He studied all forms of mediumship that came before him to find the great facts which lay in them beyond the domain of sense and feeling. His great charity was never ready to hurriedly condemn the faults of men and women. He was not in a hurry to proclaim that he had discovered fraud, and rush into print to make it known; but he chose to advise the erring to leave a life of deception and get back to the honest walks of life.

He held that a medium or a sensitive, when under the control of an idea or an inspiration, given off by a spirit or person, could not justly be held responsible for word or deed uttered or done while under such control or condition. Always where mediums were concerned he put a great deal of tenderness into his judgments and justice; but the wrong-doer found no more uncompromising foe. It must be conceded that the idea of moral individual responsibility involves the power to freely accept or reject. Where this freedom does not exist, there can be no ability to choose, and therefore no sin.

If spirits can control mortals, and I know they can, and if mortals can act upon the mental states of mortals by the exercise of psychical force, and I know they can, I have the conviction that the intelligent spirit or mortal controlling the medium is the morally responsible party, and no other—or the idea of control itself is given up, and mediumship cannot be the channel of inspired truth.

When his mind doubted the truthfulness of a mediumistic fact he would try the experiment again. This is the power that tells, and wears away all obstacles and difficulties. He held to the conviction that he had settled the problem of materialization. His doctrinal chemistry had led him to believe that matter was a mode of motion in a universal ether, of which spirit was another mode. The recent discoveries are in a line with this opinion, and serve to give it greater force. The ability to photograph the skeleton of the hand is demonstrative of the theory. There was a charm to him about the idea of passing matter through matter, and that which seems to the ordinary mind ridiculous, to him seemed within the range of scientific demonstration. He often photographed through an opaque body of colored water an object that could not be seen by the eye, and reasoned from this fact that there were light rays that could penetrate solid bodies, and that the tangible objects around are but so much force acting persistently upon the senses. He was thus prepared to launch upon that dubious sea of spiritual materialization with some prepossessions in its possibility, just as some scientists have had, and continue to have, an opposite prepossession.

To successfully carry out his experiments upon this subject he caused to be made for him a wire cage in which to put and absolutely secure the safety of the medium from perpetrating fraud upon him, and to make the facts obtained so strong that the skeptic would have more difficulty in denying than believing them. He found only one or two mediums willing to submit to the conditions he demanded, though he solicited a great many of that phase to come to his assistance. This fact in itself cannot be justly construed that all mediums that declined to sit in the wire cage were fraudulent; this is not what I mean by any means to assume. Many mediums are too sensitive to stand the strain of such conditions, and are therefore justified in declining to submit to them.

Mr. Newton was clear in his mind upon the ethics of mediumship. He understood that a medium may be a good and worthy person, but that the moral qualities of the medium are not the subject of investigation, but the psychic power only, so that a person may be a good medium and a bad character morally; a person may be a good character morally, and a very poor medium. Facts and character, if possible, it is desirable to have together, but the facts are what the mind stands in need of—facts alone can be valuable in an investigation like this.

To thousands of persons in this country materialization is a fact as well established as any fact in any of the sciences. Mr. Newton's anxiety was to have the tests of such a character that the coming of the spirit should be demonstrated by bolts and bars, and the evidence not dependent upon what the eyes see under very imperfect conditions of light, which seem necessary for the production of the best phenomena.

A scientific man should hold no prejudices. He should never decide a thing to be "so and so," unless he knows, and can make another man know, too, from the same facts. A true scientific man will welcome new facts whether they conflict with his previously pet theories or not.

My mind admired and my heart loved this man. He was my friend. His home has been my home for months at a time during recent years. I have watched him work. Together in his laboratory we have speculated on the unsettled problems of science and the mysterious powers held in the hand of chemical nature. Together we have stood in the dark room and watched the picture develop on the negative. We have talked about the film as the picture slowly grew out on the plate, just as if some secret power of intelligence was at work pushing out the lights and shadows; but no—it was the mechanical process of those chemical elements of which the mind knows so little. The momentous question would come: "May not all the phenomena of Nature be the product of the same silent, mechanical chemical elements, working under different environments?"

In the history of the human race, in every age, a few men stand out as lights and leaders of men, around whom events and great epochs turn. The brain and hand of a single man, sometimes, have reared the fabric of an empire, and created the glory of a throne. Alone at times, a thinker from his cell and mountain solitude has sent abroad new thought, and planted the seeds of a new civilization. However, in the authentic history of Time, we have but a few such men to honor. The man who has given to the world new truth and great discoveries of the capabilities of nature, that are of enduring use to mankind, is an immortal benefactor.

Henry J. Newton was one of these. He had no fear of man; in danger he had courage, and in bereavement fortitude. He was no time-server; he never betrayed a trust; he followed truth without a selfish end. He was a brave man because he dared to change his opinions. He despised hypocrisy when seen in character as well as thought. He was firm without arrogance, and kind without vanity.

This man was of that mold and make to cause the wise and good in heaven to seek his love.

He has gone. The material eye of this student is closed forever; the mouth will speak no more; the brain will never again respond to the flow of reason and the joy of love; that brave heart will no more throb with vital currents; it is silent evermore to generous justice, fortitude and hope.

This truly great man has gone to his own place in that circle of spirit life he looked for. He has filled the measure of his days, and gone to meet the great in intellect and heart who have in times past made the world speak their names in beautiful accents of praise. His call was fatally sudden, but no leap in the dark. He went to his beloved own—his children! Our confidence with fluttering wing soars heavenward, believing that he has kissed the lips of his beloved children, and has tasted the joys of that new life his mind and heart looked for through the forms of matter and of sense.

He believed in a soul, and an immortality of conscious life beyond the grave. My soul kindles with joy to inspiration's light and flame; I feel that nature will somewhere give him a chance to cross my path; though the bird leaves no track upon the air, nor the fish a mark upon the waters through which it glides, I believe that human good will never be lost, and that reason will glow in that world like the glorious light of stars, and that some day out there his heart will stand revealed to me and mine to him.

Verily, there is an immortality for that which makes men noble, beloved, great and wise.

The owl calls to the night and stars, rapt in gloom and tears, unconscious of the splendor of the coming dawn, and of the sun that shall blot out the faint light of stars, and paint the hills with joy, and kiss from grassy blade and flower the tiny tear of dew, and make the valley teem with life, and the forest vibrant with the song of birds; thus we linger in the dark night, in the dark valley, in the shadow and the storm; but he has left the forest where the owl moans, and like an eagle rising from the mountain crags, he flies aloft above the cloud toward the morn, meets with eager eye the sun, and ascends with an exalted peace toward the splendors of a day that can never be marred with a pain, nor marked with the anguish of a tear, nor see an end!

## The Clock Struck Seventy-Nine.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

APRIL 5 has brought me to another milestone on my pathway to the Land of the Ideal—the home of the spirit, the sphere of reunions after the separation of death—to the Temple of the Ages, where

"The mortal history of immortal man  
Shines, pictured on its time-revealing dome."

I am reminded of the truth of the old adage, "tempus fugit," time speeds, for the rolling years seem to shorten as they carry me along. The echo of the pealing bell of seventy-eight has scarcely died away, before it greets me again with its sweet but sonorous notes an admonitory seventy-nine—so much nearer the end of my mortal journey, so much nearer heaven. Not that fabled heaven, of golden streets and a great white throne surrounded by saints, once men, foreordained from the foundation of the world to be the elect of God—a fate, permitted by an arbitrary decree, to enjoy eternal happiness, through no merits of their own, but through the efficacy of Christ's blood, to be shed specially for their benefit, occasionally permitted to peep over the battlements into hell, with its fiery flames filled with writhing souls, the horror of the scene enlivened by an eternal chorus of shrieks, groans and agonies.

All this predetermined when the saints were elected and set apart as monuments of grace and ministrants to God's glory. No such heaven as this, nor its counterpart, a bottomless pit, crammed with God's reprobates. The myriads who, since life began, have played their part on the mortal stage, having wrought out their own salvation, poured out thought or blood to cement the brotherhood of the race, will people heaven as angels of light, of beauty, of harmony, of gladness, of worship, of strength, ever striving to bedew the earth with

"The infinitely beautiful, the good, the true."

As I peer into the mists enveloping the river I soon must cross, such is the vision dimly shadowed forth, bidding me bide my time—labor and wait till the fullness of time shall come, and my mortal career end with the translation of my spirit to paradises of celestial thoughts.

During the year the "reaper" has been busy; a goodly number of old friends have passed beyond the veil. Indeed, I am almost alone. I go to my native town, there is a mighty vacuum; strange faces are on the streets, the old homesteads where once I was warmly welcomed are tenanted by aliens.

Of my immediate family all are gone save my mother-in-law. She yet lingers, nearly ripened for her translation, and any day I may be called to pay the last offices to her mortal. I know there is a mansion for her in heaven, for sedulously and tenderly she smoothed the pathway of my father as he wrestled with the infirmities of age incident to an active, laborious life. When she shall have joined him, the world home will be obliterated here, and home will be transferred to the beyond. I am beginning to feel like a stranger in a strange land.

I am conscious that the physical is weakening, but my hopes and aspirations, sense of duty and the conception of the needs of the hour, are stronger than ever. I realize the falsities which have swayed the past, but they are less potent than they were.

The dogmas of orthodox theology, which for ages were a nightmare on the intellect of the world, are losing their hold. The omens indicate that a better day dawns. A sifting process is going on; men are beginning to learn that chaff is not wholesome grain. So they are winnowing out the chaff. As Spiritualists we are ready to take advantage of this distrust of the old, the earnest yearning after the new, a something better, more exhilarating, more uplifting.

There is, in human affairs, a law of progress. Out of this law Spiritualism was born. The ages were in travail with it, but it could not be born out of time. It waited till the fog of the past, the dungeon door shut and sealed. At length events fruited in liberalism and independence of thought; the pastor lost his prestige, and became as other men, losing his sanctity and vicegerency from God. When reason was permitted to enter the arena of free discussion, dogmas withered, creeds shriveled and religion became humanized. Churchianity was less pugnacious, the watchmen on the towers less utopist. In this mollified era Spiritualism came, has made rapid progress, summoning the world to investigation and free inquiry, to a search after the truth, that through its philosophy it may vivify the world's thought, and all institutions. It is capable, if rightly directed, of doing this, for it is a reformatory lever of immense power.

Shall these, its possibilities, become actual verities; shall it have full scope and do the work intended by the spirit world, when it produced the rap at Hydesville, following it with a series of manifestations of wide significance—all a positive testimony to the continuity of life and the immanence of deccarnated spirit?

Thus much they have done. They must have the cooperative aid of the denizens of earth; truly cooperative aid, which can only be attained by a spirit of brotherhood, a fraternal blending of effort, devoid of all selfishness. This does not exist. There are jealousies and bickerings, backbitings and slanderings, some open, some covert, out of which only evil can come.

No two mediums are alike, neither can they be. Mediumship depends on psychic peculiarities, a constitutional make-up which may be cultivated but not manufactured at will. All do not and cannot possess like phases, and when phases are alike power may be unlike. This explains some of the anomalies of mediumship; if carping critics will bear the fact in mind, they will be less censorious, less unjust, less harmful to the Cause.

Let any medium be thankful for the gift he or she may possess; if another has a wider sweep of power, be equally thankful for that, not through jealousy disparage him or her, nor recklessly seek to injure the more fortunate one. There is too much of this internecine war, damaging to mediumship and the Cause generally.

I speak thus plainly, for I believe Spiritualism to be the hope of the world, the prophecy of a better and higher dispensation, the harbinger of an expansive, all embracing religion—the religion of humanity. When this shall develop, the race shall be blessed as never before, by a baptism from the spirit world—from the good, the just, the brave, the true, who now from the empyrean heights of the Land Beautiful look down lovingly upon earth, and come down among men to impart a knowledge which shall uplift all mankind, dissipate the mists of error and superstition, carrying us forward on a line of progression to a point where the two worlds shall in a large measure blend, renovating society, purifying governments, reforming institutions, to the end that poverty may be extirpated, human rights in their entirety recognized, each individual a law unto himself, having subordinated greed and selfishness and all the passions which are clogs and hindrances to the integrity of the spirit.

You may call this a roseate view of a possible future, but it is all within the scope of Spiritualism. Shall such be the outcome? It rests with Spiritualists themselves to decide—to say ay or no. With unity of purpose, with concentrated effort, with persistent, well directed labor, it may be.

Standing as I do on the verge of time, within hearing of the rhythmic flow of that river which I must ere long cross, with glimpses of the scenes beyond the farther shore, I conjure all to crucify everything which may be a bar to the progress outlined by the Eternal Order which presides in the universe of mind and matter. The weal of humanity is more than the gratification of a flippant whim or prejudice. Bury all these beyond the possibility of a resurrection: steadily march forward, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, in the kinship of the spirit, remembering that

"If men were wise in little things,  
And were less self of all their dealings;  
If hearts had fewer rusted strings;  
To isolate their kindly feelings;

If men, when wrong beats down the right,  
Would fight together and restore it—  
To fight for right and light

— Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The world would be the better for it." I am now on my life-march to the eightieth milestone. Shall I reach it? I hope so, for I see there is work to be done. I feel that there is work still for me; that there are in my quiver arrows to be shot at bigotry and wrong, for when I lay down the burden of life I wish, ere I close my eyes to the scenes of earth, to see that I have done all I possibly could to leave the world brighter and better. I have never come up to my ideals; circumstances were against me, blocked my way, but in the beyond perhaps I can make up lost time, and send out my thoughts to aid the great revolution now under way. It will be accomplished in due time, for the crystallized dogmas and creeds of the ages cannot be shattered with a single blow. Time is the universal solvent, so let us work on bravely, whether here or over there.

Good friends, I have had my say. If in the flesh when I reach the next goal, you shall hear from me; if in the spirit, I'll try to find a way and tell you what I may have found, and the outlook from my new position—

Where nature's laws are the guide of the soul,  
Liberty only our footsteps controls;  
Where harmony tells all strife to repose,  
And life with eternity only shall close;  
The universe broad the field we explore,  
And spirits congenial are near evermore.

To the brotherhood, the world around, I extend my greetings in paternity of spirit. Let us

"Be waiting and watching  
The signs of the times,  
And daily keep warning  
With prevalent crimes.  
The evils will lessen  
With every stout blow;  
The brighter the weapon  
The weaker the foe."

Fraternally, WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.  
Providence, R. I.

## Legend of the Trailing Arbutus.

Who of us does not know and love the dainty arbutus? Many of us have tried faithfully to transplant it to our gardens, but it does not bear petting, and our efforts always have, and probably always will, end in failure.

In the piney woods, where it is hidden from the glaring sunlight, it wastes its loveliness.

There is an old Indian legend about the origin of the arbutus that will interest all lovers of the dainty Mayflower, the first flower of spring.

Many, many moons ago an old man lived alone in his lodge in the forest. His hair and beard were long, and white as the drifted snow. He was clothed in furs, for it was winter, and snow and ice were all around, and the winds whistled drearily through the forest.

He had no fuel to keep his fire burning, so he went about disheartened, searching under the snow for pieces of wood to keep him from freezing. In despair he sat down by his dying fire and cried aloud to Mannabosho to save him, that he perish not from cold.

The wind blew open the door of the lodge, and in came a beautiful maiden with large, sparkling eyes, cheeks like wild roses and hair that swept the ground as she walked.

Her hands were covered with willow buds, and her clothes were grasses and ferns, her moccasins pure white lilies; and as she breathed the air of the lodge became warm and mild as a day in springtime.

The old man welcomed her and said: "Daughter, I am glad to see you; my lodge is poor and cheerless, but it will shelter you from the storm. I am Manito; I blow my breath and the rivers stand still. Tell me who you are?"

"The maiden only answered, 'I breathe, and flowers grow on all the plains.'"

"The old man then said, 'I shake my white locks and snow covers the ground.'"

Again the maiden replied, "I shake my curls and the warm rain falls from the clouds."

The old man said, "I walk about and the leaves fall from the trees at my command, and mals hide in the earth and the birds fly away." The maiden replied, "When I walk about the plants lift their heads, and the trees clothe themselves with leaves, and the birds come back and sing."

Soon the air became so warm that the old man slept; then the sun came out, the blue-birds appeared, and the rivers thawed out and went on their way singing "I am free."

As the old man slept, the maiden passed her hand over his head and he began to grow smaller, until he soon became only a small spot on the ground and his clothes turned to green leaves.

Then the maiden knelt, and, taking from her bosom some beautiful flowers, hid them under the leaves. Then she breathed upon them and said, "I give you all my virtues and my sweetest breath, and all who would pick you shall do so on benedict knees."

She then moved away through the woods and over the plains, and where she stepped, and nowhere else, the trailing arbutus grows.—*Vick's Monthly*.

[From Boston Evening Transcript.]

## Vivisection from a Student's Point of View.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

You have printed recently a number of articles on vivisection. The veracity of most of the facts is undoubted, and they have excited wonder that such a subject has escaped a large share of public attention. While a large part of the more brutal practices are carried on beyond the borders of the States, we here, go as far as a patient public will allow.

The opinion on this subject of an experimenter in practical physiology, like that of a morbidly sensitive layman, would of necessity be partial. That of a medical student not yet entirely cramped by his surroundings, it seems, would be more fair. Then let it at once be known that it is the opinion of over four-fifths of the students of one of our largest medical schools that work in practical physiology on living animals is both odious, debilitating and comparatively profitless. It is odious because contrary to all teachings that a boy, with even an average home, has been accustomed to; debilitating, because a healthy mind and body revolts at contact with unnatural sights and odors, especially in the absence of any glaring benefit; profitless, because we have the word of great experimenters for what we are investigating. These experimenters have done their work carefully; we do it, or half do it, but crudely. We do not doubt their word, nor does it convince us to see half a class fail and half succeed in eliciting results already sworn to and believed.

In addition to the destruction of life attending the work on living and anesthetized animals, the amount of "material" used for dissecting purposes is enormous. Two or three hundred frogs, a hundred doves, as many cats, large numbers of rabbits and dogs are disposed of in a few months. Not intensely interesting even to the earnest and scientific student is the sight of a small dog, weak with the loss of blood, running about the laboratory with a cork-stopper in his neck. The object of this is to see how far they can carry certain experiments and have the dog still live.

Men must justify suffering and destruction of life, even in their private work (which is absolutely the only place it can be justified). They must show us benefits great enough, and great they must be, that their work may not be justly termed a crime against nature.

CORRECTING BAD ENGLISH.—"There," said a woman to a tramp, "is a nice dinner, but I shall expect you to saw a little wood for it."

"Certainly, madam," politely replied the tramp, attacking the dinner with both hands, "but you will pardon me, I trust, if I venture to correct your English."

"My what?"  
"Your English. Some modern authorities claim that grammar is played



