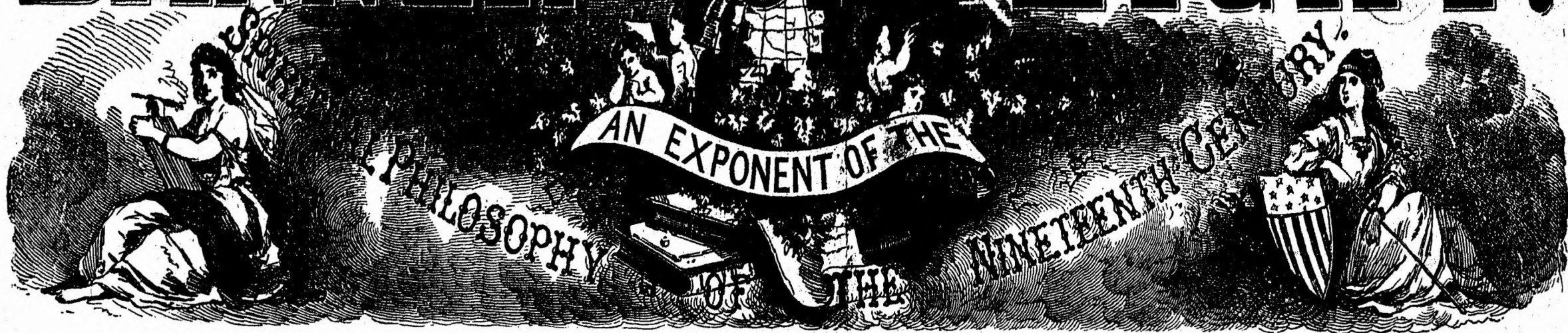


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NO. 10.

## THE BILLS WE'LL HAVE TO PAY.

No, you need n't tell me, stranger,  
That the things that's out of place  
Is accorded to God's will,  
Cause He is n't in the case.  
And if you forget your colors,  
And go "thrust a comrade through,"  
Do n't you think that God will settle,  
No; He'll "send the bill to you."  
It's a note that won't pass payment;  
It's too easy, far: a way  
Just to shift our human meanness  
Unto shoulders where 't will stay.  
But it's just a shopworn notion,  
And it cannot help us through;  
If you injure friend or brother,  
God will send the bill to you.  
The free will at the commencement—  
Back in Adam's time, you see,  
Was n't given just for Eden;  
It's come down to you and me;  
And if we should choose to use it,  
In the fashion that s me do,  
Then do n't talk of God's strange rulin',  
Cause the bills are ours when due.  
And there's one odd thing about it,  
That seems odd to human trade,  
There's no bankrupt acts will carry  
In the laws that God has made;  
And the burdens that we've fitted  
To the backs of frie ds we knew  
Will be hoisted to our shoulders,  
When the bill of life come due.  
*Ella C. Eckert, in Everywhere.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

## SEVERIA:

An Occult Story.

### PART I.

I WAS, I AM, I EVER SHALL BE.

I was an old, very old man when the tardy messenger of death released me from the earth. For nearly a century my eyes have looked upon thy hills, O Sweden, dear land of my birth! In the strength and vigor of youth my arm was raised in thy defense; beneath the cold, glittering stars that shine over thee lie my kindred, my friends; one by one death called them, and I was left alone in my desolation. But my mortal eyes have looked for the last time upon thee, my Sweden, and the indifferent hands of strangers have laid all that is left of the old man in thy bosom, and covered him from sight.

However philosophical we may be, death brings a feeling of sadness, uncertainty, dread, that is born of its mystery. We lay our loved ones in the grave, and who shall tell us of their welfare? Would that all could realize that death is but a new life that is thrown about us, and not a going out into the darkness.

I fell asleep, a lonely old man. I awoke surrounded by loving friends and neighbors, and with my wife Severia's soft cheek pressed fondly to my own, and her clear, full voice tenderly repeating my name. I returned her caresses, half-bewildered, for so completely had the old man fallen from me in that last sleep called death, that for a time I failed to recall my life of disappointment that had just closed.

It was in the cold regions of Sweden that we were born into the mortal life, both of noble families, my love and I. She was fair and bright, but her beauty and noble nature were often marred by selfishness and envy. Although in those happy days it grieved me, yet it could not turn me from her, for my love was of the eternal.

According to the custom of our rank and country, an engagement for our marriage was entered into by our parents when we were of a very tender age. At the proper time it was consummated, but the close relations of married life proved destructive to our happiness, and we dragged out twenty years of a miserable existence, when death released us from our bonds. She was taken, and I remained upon the earth, brooding in loneliness and silence over my wasted life, and looking forward with grim satisfaction to the oblivion of the grave. My scholarly tastes kept me from utter despondency, and I buried myself in my books until I, too, was called to lay aside the tattered old robe of mortality, and to take once more the shining garment that awaits the freed spirit.

Severia's blue eyes were suffused with a tender light that puzzled me, and I could but ask why she was so unlike herself, while she ravished me with her gentle beauty.

"Come with me, Alec," she replied, gently, "and your questioning will be answered."

Wondering at her manner, I arose, and clasping my arm about her, went into the open air. As we walked I said, "Dear, you are fairer and sweeter than ever, and you were always the fairest and sweetest of all."

Smilingly she replied, "We shall see, Alec."

Everything about us was entirely familiar. The air was soft and bland as on a summer's day, and the birds were filling it with the music of their love-making; all nature was alive and joyous; a strange feeling of elation filled me; I stopped and gazed around, I thrust out my hands, and brought them violently together. "Surely I am awake," I murmured.

Turning to my wife, I questioned, "Have I been ill, Severia, and has the winter passed away and the summer returned while I lay unconscious? It seems to me that when I lay down last night there was a cold bleak snow-storm raging. The streams were frozen, the trees were leafless, the birds had long before left for sunnier lands, all nature was desolate. How is it, Severia?" I asked, perplexed.

Suddenly the truth flashed over me. "Dear," I said, taking her tenderly in my arms, "we are dead. I buried you, my wife, long years ago. Your yellow hair was faded, your fair brow wrinkled with care, your blue eyes dimmed with weeping. I, too, was an old man even then, prematurely old, indifferent to all

of my race, listless and unmoved even by your death, Severia. Or was that a dream, and this the reality?" I cried. "Did our beautiful love die, Severia, or was it all a horrible nightmare, in which I lived a life-time of disappointment, remorse, loneliness?"

"Alec, my love, we are indeed dead to the mortal life, but alive to this beautiful, this spirit-life. The earth-life was no dream, it also was real, but in it we seemingly lost more than we gained, but it was not without its good results, as I will show you. Suffering is for a purpose, Alec, even though we bring it upon ourselves."

As she spoke a slight shiver ran over her, and she leaned heavily against me, covering her face with her hands. Instantly the familiar landscape vanished, and a blaze of light flooded the scene around us. We stood in a most gorgeous palace. Gold and silver, rich carpets and hangings, slaves in gaudy attire, men and women arrayed in all the splendor of an Eastern court, stood about us.

Again I was a monarch. Again a beautiful haughty queen was my wife. Again princes awaited my commands, and I, myself, was covered with trappings of gold, and precious stones gleamed upon my raiment, while cringing slaves waved jeweled fans through the perfumed air.

The stately, haughty woman who stood by my side was beautiful still, but she looked coldly upon me.

"Severia."

A low obeisance was my answer.

"Severia, my wife," I said tenderly.

With a slow, scornful smile she replied haughtily:

"My Lord chooses to be facetious."

I was startled by her haughty voice; a deep, quivering sigh escaped my lips. The beautiful dream of blissful love was over, but it still haunted my brain. I was bewildered, grieved, disappointed, but I still could not say what was amiss.

Surely I am the King, not only of these people but of this haughty woman. What is it that I have lost? What is it that I would recall? Ah! I remember, I remember, it was a dream—a beautiful dream, but only a dream. I can almost grasp it, but it eludes me—it is gone.

Perplexed, wearied and anxious, I turned to the world of ambition, greed and sensuality that pulsed and throbbed around me. I received messengers from various courts and made answer to numerous supplications; then, wearily folding my robes about me, I went out into the brilliant sunshine. The air was redolent with the perfume of rare flowers. The scene was as gorgeous as the one I had just left. Alas! I sighed, this life of voluptuous splendor, so empty, so empty! is the reality—the life of noble manhood and satisfied love the dream.

Would the life of my dream be possible, I mused, if we were stripped of all this power, this splendor? Does there breathe so fair, so sweet a woman as the love of my dream?

"Away with this magnificence!" I cried, "it stifles me. Lift from me this burden of care and disappointment; take from me this life that craves so much and receives so little!"

Gently a soft arm pressed my neck, tender kisses fell upon my face; a delicious languor took possession of me; I seemed to be floating in mid-air, holding fondly the caressing hand. Again I opened my eyes, to find Severia, my love, waiting tearfully by my side.

"Alec, dear, do you know?" she asked softly.

"Yes," I replied, "I remember, but I am bewildered; I cannot grasp it."

"Alec."

The calling voice was that of a young girl. Again the snow-covered hills, the glittering, ice-laden trees, the frozen streams of Sweden. I am skimming over the smooth, polished ice, with my love's bright face, rosy with the cold and exercise, turned fondly toward me, and the clear, sweet, full voice sounding in my ears. Youth, health, love, hope and joy, are again my own. It was for a moment, then it vanished, and I turned questioning to my companion.

"These are but pictures of the past that I have been showing you, Alec," she said, gently. "Nothing is lost; the smallest act, and even thought, is photographed upon this sensitive plate, memory, and can be vividly recalled at will, or, indeed, it often comes unbidden, an unwelcome guest. The days of our youth, in beautiful Sweden, were the happiest of all, but hidden beneath the pleasant exterior were the smouldering fires of pride, selfishness and intense self-love, fostered by our former estate, when we ruled over our people with an iron hand and often cruel hearts. We were indifferent to one another in those days of earthly pomp, for we were disguised, Alec. When the angel of life first called us to go to the earth, that our innocence might gain strength, that our spirits might learn through sympathy for our fellows the meaning and beauty of our being, we were not left to chance, but were watched over by those wiser than ourselves, whose duty it was to see that we were so placed that our highest development should be eventually ensue."

"We were first born into the splendors of the Eastern court; kings were our fathers, queens gave us birth, and we lived the surfeited lives of royalty. We loved only our own magnificence, and we brought forth a great brood of vices. We died together by violence."

"As the material robings dropped from us we stood revealed: For one blissful moment our spirits met in rapturous recognition that left out the mistakes of the earth-life, and left us conscious only of our first love of innocence."

"But innocence is not virtue. We had been tried, and found wanting in almost all that is essential to the grandeur, purity and delight of spirit-life, which is the real life. We went forth bright with hope and love; we returned dissatisfied, selfish, bruised and unsightly. I was the most marred. My life had been one of entire forgetfulness of all save my own desires. Selfishness had eaten deep into my soul, and I shrank with loathing from my own spirit. With tender pity you held me to your heart, Alec, and together we mourned over our lost innocence, innocence that should have become virtue, but we had buried it so deep beneath selfish pleasure that we mourned it as lost."

"We will return to the earth," we said, "and by a life of usefulness we will overcome these blemishes, and we will become what our Creator intended we should be, by effort, perfect in spirit. Thereby shall we obtain unto perfect love, which is life, for all true life is love."

"Our return to the earth was, seemingly, left to our own wisdom, but, as before, we were guided by tender, wise spirits, who have never ceased their watchful care over us. We gave to it much anxious thought. We thought to choose where ease and indulgence would be impossible."

"We sought to become the children of virtuous, self-denying parents, for while as returning spirits we have an individuality of our own, yet we are much affected by the influences that surround our birth into the mortal life."

"Beautiful Sweden, with its frozen streams and snow clad mountains, was chosen, but as before, we were guided to the homes of the chiefs."

"That life, with the pleasures of its youth, the misery and indifference of its maturity, and for you, Alec, the loneliness of its old age, is still fresh in your mind."

"Again I was the chief offender, and that I might have an opportunity to govern carefully our past, to see for myself alone, without your sheltering love, my mistakes and needs, I was allowed to come first. These long years that have been passed by you in listless indifference and loneliness, I have spent in searching out these things, that I might be prepared to show them to you when you were allowed to come to me. In these long years of repentance and waiting I have done much, but not all, for I would fain be altogether beautiful, that I may be worthy of your love, Alec."

"So I ask you," she continued, brokenly, "to break for a time the cord that binds us, and let me go alone to the earth, that I may be brought into close relations with a selfishness as repulsive as my own has been, that I may learn to forget self in serving others. Poverty and sorrow shall be my portion, that my haughty pride may become a sweet and gracious dignity."

Her subdued and gentle manner, the sadness of her voice, the awakened memories that half eluded me, the memories of love and joy, sorrow and disappointment, that were still fresh in my mind, overcame me.

"You are indeed my lost love," I cried. "You are the love of my youthful dreams! You beautiful woman, that Severia was to have been, when as my honored and trusted wife, and the mother of our fair babes, the faults and follies of her youth should have been put away and forgotten."

"You are dearer than all the world, my love, my love! fairer, sweeter, more precious than I can tell. Never shall you leave me, never go from me. You have no faults! You are now altogether beautiful, my love, my love!" I cried, passionately.

Sobbing, she clung about me, kissing my face, my hands, my hair. "Alec! Alec! you trusted me before. Your generous nature covered my shame, your love shielded me from blame. Then I was blind, now I can see. My sins were many," she faltered; "I sinned against your true love, I brought discord and misery into your life, I laid waste your loving heart, and left you desolate, robbed by my selfishness."

"Father," she prayed, "give me strength to overcome my weakness, help me to be strong, dear father." Her voice sank to a whisper; murmuring the words of prayer, entreaty and love, she fell asleep on my breast. Tenderly smoothing back the disheveled hair from her now closed eyes, and still holding her tenderly in my arms, I sank down beside her, and into oblivion.

[To be concluded.]

The story is told of Henry Ward Beecher that, although he did not read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when it appeared in serial form, he secured a copy of it when it came out as a book, and soon became so lost in it that he could not be induced to put it down. He carried it with him to the supper-table that night, and answered his family only in monosyllables when he was addressed. When bed time arrived Mrs. Beecher retired alone, and it was not until late in the morning that the great divine appeared, having devoured the entire story in the one night's reading. His only comment on finishing it was: "Well, if Harriet Beecher writes any more books like that she'll be the death of me."

A MATTER OF REGRET.—A lady friend at Malden tells the "Listener" this story: "Once I had occasion to buy a pair of boots in a strange city. I went into the first shoe store I came to. An Irish gentleman was behind the counter. 'What are your wishes, ma'am?' said he. 'A pair of boots, please.' 'What number?' 'Threes.' He gave me a queer look, went to the back of the store, and presently returned with an apologetic air, but no boots. 'I'm sorry,' said he, 'but we have only one pair of threes in the store, and that of them is a four.'—Boston Transcript.

## FRANK WALKER.

We take pleasure in introducing to our readers the General Manager of the International Jubilee at Rochester next year, and the President of the New York State Spiritualist Association, Mr. Frank Walker of Hamburg, N. Y., the subject of this sketch.

He was born in Athens, Bradford County, Pa., his parents removing soon after to Hamburg, Erie County, N. Y., where he has since resided except from the age of two to eleven years, when his people resided at Springfield, N. Y. Mr. Walker's education was obtained in the Hamburg Union School. He is a born Spiritualist, and the youngest of a family of seven children. His parents became Spiritualists at the time of the Hydesville rappings. His father, George Walker, was a man of rare mechanical ability, an inventor, an independent thinker, and before the advent of Modern Spiritualism had become quite an adept in Mesmerism. He was also a magnetic healer, and from personal experiences and by philosophical reasoning became convinced of the truth of spirit communion, which he afterward substantiated through positive demonstrations.

Frank's mother was mediumistic—a woman of fine intellect and happy temperament. Both of his parents were kind and genial, loved and respected by all who knew them, though outspoken and fearless in their belief. The subject of our sketch comes from excellent stock, his ancestors being early settlers in New England and Eastern Pennsylvania. His first occupation was that of millwright and mechanical draughtsman, at which he worked with his father. He also had charge of the construction of flouring mills, at which business he was very successful. He has been in other occupations since, and is now engaged in the real estate and life insurance business at Hamburg and Buffalo.

Though a believer in Spiritualism from infancy, it has been only since the death of his parents, in 1890, that he has taken an active interest therein, and in that work has been ably assisted by his sister, Miss E. J. Walker.

In 1892 he assisted in the preliminary work of organizing the Spiritual, Educational and Protective Union at Lily Dale Camp, a Society that has had much influence, by its own action and through its members, in the organization and support of the National Spiritualist Association, and also in organizing the New York State Association.

In 1893, when the organization of the Union was completed, he was elected Corresponding Secretary. In '94 and '95 the offices of Secretary and Corresponding Secretary were made one, and he was elected to it. In 1896 he was elected President of the Union, and was one of the delegates from the Union to the Chicago Convention, and was there chosen by the New York State delegates to represent them on the Committees on Organization and Nomination of Officers. Since then he has headed the delegation from the Spiritual, Educational and Protective Union to every Convention of the National Spiritualist Association. He has twice been Chairman of the Committee on Credentials, and Chairman of the Committee on Nominations every year, and has been a member of the Finance Committee at every National Spiritualist Association Convention excepting the first.

Mr. Walker's work for the National Spiritualist Association, at Cassadaga Camp and elsewhere, has been of great value, where he raised large sums of money to sustain it.

In June, 1896, he was elected President of The Friends of Human Progress of North Collins, N. Y., known in former years as "Hemlock Hall Meetings." This is one of the oldest Societies, if not the oldest, in our ranks, having held successive annual meetings since 1855. He is its second President, the late George W. Taylor of Lawton Station having served in that capacity from the first until his decease.

The last Sunday in March, this year, he was elected President of the Hamburg Spiritualist Society, a local Association formed that day, which body has been granted the first charter from the New York State Association.

He has been a State Agent of the National Spiritualist Association for the last three years, and acting in that capacity, and as State organizer of the Spiritual, Educational and Protective Union, he planned and conducted the arrangements for the New York State Convention of Spiritualists held at Syracuse, April 13, 14 and 15, 1897, where was organized a State Association. This movement is the outcome of the organization of the Spiritual, Educational and Protective Union, and one that Mr. Walker has urged the need of for the last three years. The State Convention adopted his plan of organization with but slight change, and elected him first President of the New York State Association.

At the meeting of the new Board of Trustees of the National Spiritualist Association last October he was unanimously chosen as the proper person to plan and conduct the arrangements for the International Jubilee of Spiritualism to be held at Rochester in 1898, and was appointed General Manager of the same. His plans, and the subscriptions he has so far obtained, attest to the fact that the National Spiritualist Association Board made no mistake in his appointment. His work in the Brooklyn, Buffalo and Syracuse mass meetings in raising funds by subscription was very successful, as they were also at the National Conventions at Washington.

Mr. Walker is an earnest advocate of the truth as he perceives it. He is a man of positive convictions, and always has a reason for the position he assumes. He believes in going to the root of things, hence is a true radical in his religious thought, but believes in building rather than destroying. When once convinced of its truth he is perfectly fearless in the advocacy of any cause, no matter how unpopular it may be. His life is as an open book, typical of what good parental instruction and spiritualistic enlightenment will do for all mankind when properly applied.

## A Dog's Life.

We are all familiar with the old proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," but that was more applicable in former days than in the present age. Now, thanks to Pasteurism, the hydrophobia scare is so great that it is quite sufficient to say that an animal is a dog to have it put out of the way as quickly as possible. Our pets are not even allowed to travel with us, but we have to give them over to the tender(?) mercies of the men in the baggage car.

I heard a story not long ago of a woman who was traveling in an English compartment car. She had a rabbit with her, and the guard demanded that it should be put in the luggage van. She refused to allow this, and a man in the next compartment upheld her, on the ground that he had a turtle in his pocket, and was not required to part with it. The guard went in search of further information, and returned with this remarkable statement: "Cats is dogs and rabbits is dogs, but turtles is insects." And so, because our beloved "Towers" are not insects they are taken from us; and when we unhappy owners are women, we are not permitted to travel in the baggage car with our pets, that we may see they are well-

treated. Yet, bad as this is, it is the least of our sorrows, for it is not often that we are obliged to carry our dogs away from home; but suppose some one else should? "There's the rub."

"Are we not in hourly dread that our dog friends, those whom we love and who trust us so implicitly, will be stolen and given into the hands of the merciless vivisector? Many people are making a business of stealing pet animals (usually dogs or cats) and selling them at the medical schools, where vivisection is carried on. If our animals die a natural death we cannot help it; and if they have been properly cared for during their lives we have nothing with which to reproach ourselves; but to think, if they disappear suddenly, that they are being tortured; that their kidneys are being cut out or their skulls sawed open, or any of the dreadful things that vivisectors do are being done to them, is intolerable. In the mind of the noble Brutus it seemed better to "be a dog and bay the moon" than to be a degenerate Roman, but I cannot help fancying that were Brutus with us now even his high ideals would not make him wish to change places with one of the unfortunate canines who is liable at any moment to be seized as "material" by a medical student. ANNA SARGENT TURNER, Sec'y New York State Anti-Vivisection Society, Saugerties, N. Y.





Travels by Dr. Peebles.

## A THIRD PILGRIMAGE AROUND THE WORLD.

Off and away on the bounding sea, by the steamer *Australia* Dec. 5, bound for New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, India, Thibet, Persia, Egypt, Palestine; through Europe, to Rome, Paris to London!

What a relief to be upon the sea! No well-meaning friends calling and occupying my time—no miserably written letters to study out—no diseases to diagnose—no medical prescriptions to fill—no compositors calling for copy, but the blue waters beneath, the off-weeping skies above and strangers' faces all around me. Our captain is king, and we are ship-bound subjects.

Why, at your age, asked scores of my friends, do you venture on a third tour around the world? Because seeing is knowing. Because I want to study the progress of races and nations, since my first trip around the world twenty-five years ago, and because I want to visit Thibet, Persia and other previously unvisited countries. You will better know other objects of this journey when reading my forthcoming volume of foreign travels.

Fully am I aware that with my multiplied years, nearing seven-six, travels in hot and semi-civilized countries, Asiatic and African, are attended with perils. But really I do not know the meaning of fear. No dread frowning future haunts me. The universe is infinite, and to all of life's allotments I am reconciled. Be they whatever they may, they are disciplinary. God and law reign, and ever in the end the right, the true and the good come uppermost, and justice is done.

"Whichever way the wind doth blow,  
Some heart is glad to have it so;  
Then blow it east or blow it west,  
The wind that blows—that wind is best."

## ON THE OCEAN WAY.

The seas constitute a seasonable place to induce contemplation and the recollection of other days. Trusting to the recollection of a Latin sentence, committed to memory while attending my *Alma Mater*, Oxford, New York, and which, by the way, celebrated her hundredth anniversary last June, I venture a translation of the following: *Homo sum humani nihili a me alienum puto*. "I am a man, and deem nothing foreign to my feeling that relates to man." It is recorded in history that when this statement, so broad and beautiful, was voiced in a Roman Theatre some nineteen hundred years ago, the vast assemblage arose and with one accord cheered and cheered the noble sentiment. Well, though on my way through lands civilized, semi-civilized and savage, I feel that no coast or remotest isle, peopled with human beings, white, black, yellow, brown as the Mysore Hindu, or red as our own Western Indians, is foreign to me. One blood fills and thrills all human veins. All, of whatever clime or color, are my brothers; I shall greet them with an open hand and a warm heart. But here we are nearing the

## SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The scene is like a picture from fairy-land. While our steamer was landing, the supple natives, called Kanakas, entertained us by diving for coins. They are experts in the water, so deep, clear and blue. Seen from the harbor, the city, embosomed in tropical foliage, is decidedly attractive. The lawns and gardens clothed in deepest green, shaded with cocoanut palms, ornamented with equatorial shrubbery, and dotted with roses and flowers of every hue, present a picture most beautiful.

The city proper numbers seven thousand. The streets are narrow. The native women dress in Mother Hubbards, whether out shopping or receiving callers. They are copper-colored, and experts at horseback-riding; but I saw none on bicycles.

In the years long gone many of them married white men. The population is decidedly mixed. The principal diet of these Kanakas is taro root, not very unlike a turnip. Of this they make a food called poi. This starchy-looking stuff is sold in buckets; they eat it with their fingers, in connection with raw fish and fruits.

The Chinese, Japanese and Portuguese upon these islands are very numerous. And whatever the missionaries of Honolulu or the politicians of America may say to the contrary, the Sandwich Islanders—the vast majority of them—do not wish to be annexed to the United States. The missionaries, and especially the missionaries' sons, are rich, the natives are poor, and gradually dying off. "The fittest"—that is to say, the civilized wicked of these islands—"survive." The natives pray for the return and reign of their queen.

## KATE FIELD, THE WRITER.

During my week's stay in Honolulu I met the President of the Republic, several of the officials, and Bishop Willis, who naturally belongs to the mouldy seventeenth century. The Englishman who accompanied me to his residence greeted him as "My Lord Bishop." It seemed to me funny.

Accompanied by an admirer of this lady writer, I visited her grave. Exceedingly popular in Honolulu, Kate Field was writing an exhaustive history of these rainbow islands. While at her work, overworked, death called. Passing all too soon the dim portal of the tomb, the angels welcomed her on the other side. Her body was to be removed to America for cremation. It was my privilege to once meet her in Washington. Though abounding in spiritual vitality, she was delicate in physique, artistic in temperament, exquisite in taste, frank in expression, and heroic in feeling. She ever made friends from the first meeting. Among her many good qualities was her stern sense of honor. The friendship of such women is above all price.

## LEPERS AND LEPROSY.

Among the other objects of this projected tour I purposed visiting the most noted hospitals, infirmaries, insane retreats and sanitariums of the Asiatic and European countries. Accordingly, the most uncanny sight that I saw in the Sandwich Islands was the "receiving leper hospital." The physician in charge accompanied me, and kindly informed me in detail of the past and present treatment. As yet, no infallible cure has been discovered; and yet this result has been partially attained. Some have been cured; others were convalescent, and others still, considered beyond hope, the doctor confessed that he was experimenting upon. The sore, sickly, deformed and horrid specimens of humanity that I saw beggar all description.

It is the opinion of some of the Honolulu physicians that the origin of this disease upon the islands was syphilis, intensified by the eating of so much poi. It was unknown on this group of islands when they were discovered by Capt. Cook. Father Damien, the good Catholic priest who sacrificed his life in ministering to these poor leper-stricken creatures, is having a monument erected in his honor. I

am deputized to bear the advice and the most efficacious remedies for leprosy to leper hospitals of Ceylon and India. This will be a pleasure.

## THE GREAT VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN.

Though standing in the past by the burning craters of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, and other of the world's noted volcanoes, *Kilauea*, in the island of Hawaii, is incomparably the grandest of them all. It is really an overflowing lake of fire, embracing an area of about twenty acres. The Kanakas call this volcano the House of the Everlasting Fire. It struck me that this sea of fiery lava might be utilized at orthodox revivals; for fear has been for centuries the most potent factor of the churches in snatching souls as brands from the burning. This fire-belching volcano is situated about fourteen miles from the ocean, and about two hundred miles from Honolulu. Prof. Dana visited it in 1841. Other scientists have stood upon the verge of this boiling furnace of fire in wondering awe, but could not satisfactorily divine the causes. Who can say whether this volcano is caused by the earth's rotation, by the chemical combustion of minerals within the earth, or by some of the other theories concocted by scientists?

On the 7th of March, 1891, these volcanic fires were suddenly extinguished for a month. Why? At this time volcanoes in Italy and South America were reported more active. Is the origin of this interior region of restless, leaping fire a few miles below the earth's surface, or seven or eight thousand miles below, according to the hypothesis that this eggshell earth is within a molten, rolling, heaving mass of fire? The question is an open one. There is a fine hotel a little distance from the crater of *Kilauea*, but quite too near for the timid. It is well kept.

## THE SAMOA ISLANDS.

This group was formerly called the Navigator Islands. They are situated almost directly under the equator; and were built up originally by volcanic forces, aided in the work by the profusely abounding coral polyps. Creation is continually going on. Evolution is ever evolving. Only the Infinite Energy of the universe, Causation, is fixed and unchanging.

The middle island of this little group is the most interesting, because here is situated *Apia*, the port of entry and the seat of Government. There were several warships in the harbor. We reached this island on Christmas Day. The weather was intensely hot. Although pineapples will grow in such warm countries as Singapore and the extreme southern part of California, Samoa seems to be their island home. They grow to a monstrous size. I saw one that weighed thirty pounds. Those green, stringy specimens dumped in New York are unfit to eat.

Through the kindness of our Consul I had an excellent opportunity of studying the characteristics of the native Samoans. Though dark-skinned they are certainly an affectionate people. They are also naturally confident, trusting and hospitable. Foreigners have imposed upon them shamefully. Missionaries have grown purple-fat on their lean poverty. The only exception, I was informed, were the Roman Catholics.

These natives daily bathe, and then use cocoanut oil upon their bodies. Many of them bleach their black hair to a pinkish white with lime. Some said they did it for fashion's sake; others informed me that they employed the lime to kill the vermin that their heavy locks sheltered. The most of the men are tattooed. Every youth must be tattooed when he assumes the mulberry-bark *toga virilis* as a covering about his loins.

The English, American and Germans exercise an equal protectorate over these isles. While Americans are admired, the Germans are hated by these simple-minded, honest natives. Some of their chiefs are to this day imprisoned in Tonga, without so much as a show of a trial. Such treatment is a disgrace to Germany.

## AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

Our trustworthy steamer, with her crew, arrived in Auckland on New Year's day. Having in some way learned that I was to arrive by the *Australia*, several Spiritualists, whom I had met and lectured to on one of my previous visits to New Zealand were at the landing to welcome me. Their kindly faces, a little more wrinkled by a quarter of a century, called to mind many pleasant memories of the past. One of the best psychometrists of the world (Mr. Cox), so pronounced by William Denton, resides in Auckland. It gave me great pleasure to meet him.

New Zealand is one of the most prosperous and progressive countries in the world. The government owns the railroads and the telegraphs. Great syndicates and labor-crushing monopolies are unknown. Woman suffrage is as thoroughly established as in Wyoming of America. Saloons, filthy gin-shops and gamblers' dens do not flourish well when women, wives and saintly mothers take the governmental reins in towns and cities. This is an absolute demonstration in New Zealand.

They have recently discovered some more very valuable gold-fields in the mountains of northern New Zealand. There was considerable excitement over it in Auckland, and hundreds were flocking to the coveted deposits.

## SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

Five days by steamer brought us from Auckland to Sydney, a thriving Australian city and competitor of Melbourne. The New South Wales colony, of which Sydney is the capital, is free trade; and Victoria, of which Melbourne is the capital, has a protective tariff. They lie side by side, and, passing from one into the other, baggage must be examined. There is a good degree of jealousy between the politicians of these two colonies.

Sydney has one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. It is land-locked and dotted with evergreen isles.

The Spiritualists of Sydney, learning of my arrival, called upon me at my hotel, the *Australia*, noted for exorbitant prices. Here I met the crusading band of Theosophists. Not only did I hear their public lectures, but met them several times in private. They were called here the "American Judges," and the way they criticised Col. Olcott and Mrs. Besant in private, and sneered at them in public, can only be expressed by the word, contemptible. They publicly stated that "theosophy was at a very low ebb in India, and that Col. Olcott's branches were mostly on paper." This I knew to be a misstatement, for I had seen the last official report. And then, their talk of brotherhood—brotherhood, holding meanwhile a dirk to stab! God pity them! Mrs. Tingley, Queen of the "Crusaders," and authoritative Mahatma, was formerly a spirit-medium in New York, if I am correctly informed.

The Spiritualists of Sydney are not sustaining public meetings at present, though they have a dozen or more spiritual seances every Sunday evening. There are also week-day evening seances held for investigators. The harmonies among the Spiritualists of this city are unpleasant in the extreme. These jealousies, envies and slanderous babblings in the "household of faith" are infinitely more detrimental to the dissemination of Spiritualism than the maddest ravings of Orthodox preachers.

In all my forty-five years in Spiritualism I do not recall an instance where the tattler—the liar—did not come to some bad end. Justice follows the unjust, and penalties are certain.

The Unitarian preacher in Sydney is an outspoken Spiritualist, as much so as the reverend Savage of New York. Many spirits attend his services regularly. The Spiritualists of Sydney gave me a fine reception in a public hall. It gratified me to see so many old friends and acquaintances. Some of the old workers, such as Mr. Gale, had crossed the crystal river, death, but greeted me as of yore in spirit. We shall know each other over there, for true friendship is undying and love, pure love, is immortal.

## MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

What changes since I first visited this city a quarter of a century since. It now purports to have a population of five hundred thousand, and is just recovering from a terrible depression. Speculation was at the bottom of the bank failures, and depreciation of lands and colonial estates. Booms, in whatever countries, are euries.

Though somewhat English in architecture

the city presents a magnificent appearance, with its gardens, parks, lawns, library buildings, and a vast network of streets, crisscrossing along the streets and avenues fringed with ornamental shrubbery.

Upon reaching the city I was met by Bro. W. H. Terry, known the world over as the editor of the *Harbinger of Light*. After a lunch I was met by a few friends, and very soon conducted to Mr. Terry's beautiful suburban residence. It is some seven miles from the city. His office constitutes the head centre of Australian Spiritualism. His *Harbinger of Light* is one of the very best journals published in the interests of Spiritualism. The Victorian Association of Spiritualists, of which Mr. Terry is President, meets in the same building of his book-store and medical dispensary.

Another most devoted medium, medical practitioner and spiritualistic worker, is Mr. George Spriggs, Brunswick street, East Melbourne. The sturdy genuineness of his mediumship was never questioned in Cardiff, London, or since settling in Australia. He gives no sittings at present for materialization; but he has the direct voice, and is daily entranced for diagnosing diseases. He is also the conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Though taking this tour largely for a change and a rest, I have worked incessantly with tongue and pen. After public receptions by the Victorian Association, which were decidedly flattering, I commenced lecturing—lecturing free—for the Spiritualist Association in Masonic Hall, which has thirteen hundred seats. Whenever the weather was fair the hall was packed, and many standing in the hallway entrance. During the nine weeks' stay I have also lectured for the Unitarians in their church, for the Swedenborgians, for the Vegetarians, in the Rev. Dr. Strong's church basement, and for the "Church of Our Father," three-fourths of which congregation are considered Spiritualists. Their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Trumbull, certainly is. He voluntarily left the English Church priesthood.

## BORN TO FIGHT.

A peace man, member of two peace societies, I have been on the battle-field nearly ever since I reached Melbourne. My public lectures, being fairly reported in the press—a marked change during the past twenty-five years—the belligerence of the Orthodox theologians was aroused, and they commenced denouncing Spiritualism, and personally battling me through the press. Need I tell you that I was in my element? In controversy my pen never fails me. My Scotch grit does not part with years. Emphatic language is at times commendable. Others took a hand in the daily press discussion of Spiritualism. The battle has raged for weeks. One of the most conspicuous of the priesthood entering the arena was the Rev. Amos Brazier, of the English Church. He has made no reply to my last published letter in the daily *Herald*. That your readers may have something of an idea of this public press battle, I submit the following paragraphs, culled here and there from my replies to the preachers and others who tried to write me down:

"If these theological critics would study the constitution of man, hypnosis, telepathy, psychology, and the finer psychic forces in and around us, they would not, as they now do, excite sorrow for their ignorance or pity for their impudence.

"1. 'O. D. C.' believes in 'spiritism,' but declares that it is of 'the devil.' How does he know? What does he know about the devil, anyhow? Does a semi-Omnipotent devil really exist? If so, who created him? Admitting his existence, his industry is certainly very commendable. And if he exists, why does not God, who is Omnipotent and Almighty, kill him at once? I see no practical use for him. People are seemingly going to damnation fast enough without any devil to tempt them. But I deny—deny the existence of the devil—and so this matter is out of court....

"Another letter writer for *The Herald*, under the signature of 'L. B.', declares that 'Spiritualists are illiterate and superstitious.' One scarcely knows whether it is better to pass such infamous charges by silent contempt or not. Suffice to say that Spiritualism is the only legitimate antidote for superstition, inasmuch as it insists that every one shall study, reason, and exercise his highest judgment upon all subjects, social, political and religious. 'Illiterate!' The brightest, brainiest men of the world either have been or are to-day Spiritualists.

"I never saw Victor Hugo but once, and then in a spiritual seance in Paris, Mr. Hollis-Billings being the medium. He was an avowed Spiritualist, as was M. Theirs, President of the French Republic, as is Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, and as was M. Leon Favre, Consul-General of France. And, by the way, M. Favre was a writing medium, as is Mr. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews* and *Borderland*. William Crookes, the scientist, W. F. Barrett, Professor in the Royal College of Science, Dublin, G. F. Fechner, Professor of Physics in the University of Leipzig, are (with a dozen other University Professors that I could name) Spiritualists. Thomas A. Edison, the American 'wizard' inventor, is a Spiritualist. Abraham Lincoln, William Lloyd Garrison and Theodore Parker were Spiritualists. The poet Longfellow was a Spiritualist, and on his last European tour he attended seances with the Guppys, in Naples, and at Baron Kirkpatrik's residence in Florence. But enough! Hereafter I will notice no scribbling blackguard, nor any one that does not write under his or her correct signature.

"The Rev. Mr. Brandt, making no distinction between soul and spirit, asks in substance, what 'knowledge I have that the spirits influencing mediums are the souls of the dead?' Come as a pupil, sir, and I will tell you—gladly tell you—what knowledge I have. But my knowledge would not be your knowledge even then; for I can no more know for you than I could eat or drink for you. You must fast, pray, investigate, study, and know for yourself. Personally, I know that these influencing intelligences are the spirits of the so-called dead, because, while in the full exercise of my intuitions, reason and best judgment, I have seen them, heard them, and conversed with them—all of which, to me, constitutes positive knowledge. And now will Mr. Brandt tell us what he knows about this personal devil, of whom he writes so glibly? Did he ever see him? Ever hear him? Ever converse with him? No dodging! Tell me what you know about the devil, and how you know it?

"This gentleman thinks it 'silly' that I should ask (admitting His Majesty's existence) why God does not kill the devil? Let us see. If a mad dog were rushing along Collins street, biting, poisoning the people, would it be thought 'silly' to ask, 'Why not kill the dog at once?' And so, if there's a personal devil, converting millions to Spiritualism, and tempting, winning and dragging millions more down into endless hell torments, I ask, in all honesty, Why does not God kill him, and so at once end his devilishness? Logically put, if God cannot kill the devil, he is not infinite in power; if he can kill him, and will not, then God is not infinitely good. Friend Brandt can pose on just which horn of this dilemma he finds most comfortable....

"The theological doctrines of the churches have been or 'the fall of man,' a 'personal devil,' 'three persons in one God,' the 'vicarious atonement,' and 'future endless torments in hell for the vast majority of mankind.' These are the doctrines of the evangelical churches; and, in apostolic language, I deliberately pronounce them the 'doctrines of devils'—doctrines that have made more jarring atheists and scoffing infidels than all the Humes and Volneys, Paines, Voltaires and Ingalls that ever lived. True, these ecclesiastics are now reviving their iron-clad creeds. For this I give them credit. And when, in this thinking, reasoning, progressive age, they get them further modified, revised and re-revised, making the last article to read like a railroad ticket, 'good for this day only'....

"The Rev. Brazier's church dogma of atonement is grossly immoral; inasmuch as it opens a way of escape from just punishment. Here's a case in point: Charles R. McGill, of Cleveland, O., U. S. A., a drunken, thieving libertine, shot and killed Mary Kelly, who, not having been converted and baptized, was, of course, sent to hell; while the red-handed murderer,

McGill, repented in prison, accepted the 'atonement blood,' was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Cooley on Thursday, and on Friday was executed, swinging from the gallows to glory. The next day the secular press announced the hanging under the flaming caption, 'McGill Jerked to Jesus.' Such is the practical outcome of the 'vicarious atonement,' one of the apostle's 'doctrines of devils.' And the three personal Gods in one God is another.

"The doctrine of the Trinity was not taught by Jesus, nor by the evangelists; but was a Hindoo Egyptian piece of patchwork, tacked on to primitive Christianity by these old church fathers, who, according to Mosheim, deemed it right to 'lie for the glory of God.' The Apostle Peter pronounced Jesus 'a man approved of God.' He called himself 'the Son of Man,' ate, drank, slept, and grew like other Hebrew boys. Later, he learned obedience by the things he suffered. I understand the theological twist of Jesus' two natures, human and divine. But if only the human, the finite nature of Jesus, died on the cross, then you have no infinite atonement; and if the divine died, then there was a dead God. Resting for a moment on one or the other of the horns of this dilemma, you may sing the hymn:

"When Christ, the Mighty Maker, died  
For man—the creature's sin."

Think of it—the Mighty Maker dying on the cross—a dead God! Think of it, the created crucifying the Creator. Such abominable doctrines drive thinking men into Atheism.

"Spiritualism is a well-established fact. The greatest thinkers, the brainiest men of the world to-day, are among its believers. It is unpopular only in the 'homes of the feeble-minded,' 'lunatic asylums, State penitentiaries and sectarian churches. Personally, I know several Episcopal clergymen who are firm Spiritualists, and another who is a writing medium, like Mr. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews* and *Borderland*. And what is 'Incumbent' going to do about it? Spiritualism is of God, of Christ, of angels, of ministering spirits—and how puny the priestly voice against it!

"Cheerfully do I give credit to 'Incumbent' for daring to visit a medium. It was an exceptional act of moral courage. Better, however, that he hold home seances. Possibly he may then develop personal mediumship, and so, with Paul, Peter and other trance mediums of New Testament times, know—positively know for himself—of future existence. Finally, and most affectionately, may God in his infinite mercy give my revered brother Brazier the gift of grace to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Spiritualism.

"Not only is the vicarious atonement 'stupid,' but it is unchristian, unreasonable, immoral in tendency, and in direct violation of Paul's teaching that 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'—also reap. But, according to the atonement doctrine, a man may sin and sow hell till death's final hour, and then, through faith in the 'atonement blood,' triumphantly reap heaven—singing, as they enter the pearly gates:

"While the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return."

"I have not found fault, sir, with the Sermon on the Mount, nor with the ethical teachings of Jesus, the mediumistic man of Nazareth, but deliberately do find fault with and pronounce as pagan 'doctrines of devils,' the 'fall of man,' 'total depravity,' 'personal devils,' 'election and reprobation,' 'elect infants' (implying infant damnation), 'trinity,' 'vicarious atonement,' 'resurrection of the physical body' and 'endless torments in hell-fire'—all of which have been or are believed and preached as Christianity. And these church doctrines for the last fifteen hundred years have caused the bitterest persecutions. They have incited and encouraged the most desperate bigotry. They have imprisoned scientists and reformers. They have cramped, crushed and maliciously murdered their innocent millions. They have crisscrossed God's green earth in human blood. They were born in the hell, and the clergy uniting with demons cradled them. And any intelligent preacher ought to be ashamed, blushing ashamed, to believe or preach such old Egyptian, blood-inciting, devil-pleasing dogmas....

I leave here on Saturday by the *Areadia* for Ceylon—then India, Thibet, and so on westward, remembering the Nazarene command: "As ye go, teach." On Tuesday evening the Victorian Association of Spiritualists gives me a public farewell, and on Thursday evening the Lyceum does the same. Only pleasant memories do I take with me from these Australian friends.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## The Financial Question.

BY E. W. GOULD.

Allow me to congratulate the publishers of THE BANNER for the very instructive and enjoyable paper they issued on the 17th of April, the Anniversary Number, superior to any other in point of biography, of history and general interest, and ought to be classified as the banner copy. Among the great variety of valuable articles found in that number I had hoped to see some reference to a new reform movement for the purpose of giving new life and energy to the financial question now overshadowing all other obstacles for the advancement of Spiritualism. But a careful perusal of the paper fails to discover any marked effort in that direction. And yet the experience and the example illustrated in the long history of the BANNER OF LIGHT shows conclusively, as it does in that of every other successful paper, and in the experience of every man of business and successful organization, that only through the use and influence of money can success be secured.

Failures in most new enterprises, in societies and in churches, are not uncommon, and until they are grounded upon a financial basis, and have a system of revenue that can be depended upon, no permanent success can be looked for.

As a sect, Spiritualists have now entered upon their fiftieth year, and judging from the experience, and wonderful results, as related in this Fortieth Anniversary Number of THE BANNER, and in many other ways, we are bound to conclude that much has been accomplished without money since the introduction of Modern Spiritualism. But is it probable that causes that have contributed to this heretofore will continue? All was excitement, curiosity and enthusiasm then, until the churches arrayed themselves against the new movement. Then those who did not accept the church theory charged fraud, insanity, and witchcraft. The few that developed mediumship had more than they could do for some years to respond to the numerous calls from those who had become satisfied of the truth of the new religion, and required but little money.

As the result of Swedenborg's and Andrew J. Davis's writings, and the Rochester Rappings, following closely upon each other, the scientific world, the Agnostic and the Materialist, were aroused to activity, and psychological societies, Christian Science, and many others sprang into existence, and the devotees of simple Spiritualism were challenged to the front to protect their faith, and advance the Cause so valuable to them.

The issue is now upon us, and the sooner it is met and provided for the easier it can be done. The question of finance is the important one, the one that confronts Spiritualists at every step at this time. Is its importance understood? Do our writers, our thinkers, our leading minds, comprehend the situation? Up to the present time we have been accommodated, as a rule, by resorting to public halls, schoolhouses, camp-grounds, etc.; and while these common places of resort are sufficiently attractive to draw crowds to witness phenomena and gratify idle curiosity, they are no longer sufficient to attract large numbers of educated, cultured people from the churches and the outside world, who would be glad to unite and identify themselves as Spiritualists if the usual provision was made for their accommodation. We often wonder at the absence of certain members of spiritual societies from their accustomed seats, even when the platform is acceptably occupied. We have not far to go to learn that a pleasant church, handsomely furnished, with a fine organ and a cultivated

choir of singers, has attractions, oftentimes, that are not overcome by any logic or influence from their own rostrum.

Is any other argument necessary to show the reason why spiritual societies do not grow? why it is so difficult to support them?

It is presumed there are a thousand per cent. more Spiritualists in America than are numbered in organized societies to-day. Every year improves the character and the intelligence of our audiences. We only need comfortable, attractive chapels or obhouses to insure full houses on every public occasion.

It is not large sums of money that we need, but a system of assessments and collections, whereby those who are able and willing to contribute may feel assured that a judicious use is to be made of their money and they be encouraged to build up the society. This cannot, of course, be done without individual effort, or by strangers, or without money or credit. Who, then, is to step to the front and take the lead in this matter if our writers, our thinkers, our teachers, shrink from any reference to the subject when they come before the public?

And yet a careful perusal of the paper under review, THE BANNER of the 17th ult., filled with everything interesting relating to Spiritualism past, present and prospective, and from the pens, too, of many of our best writers and thinkers, fails to discover any reference to this most important subject.

How is this to be accounted for, Mr. Editor? It is certainly no idle dream. Our friends who are fighting upon the battlefields, and in the reform ranks of the advance guard, are certainly aware of the danger we are in. The opposing forces are strengthening their breastworks, and threatening our lines at every available point.

Can we expect to maintain our advanced position and protect our followers if we sit quietly by and allow them to be gathered up and coated into our enemy's lines?

There are already thousands appealing to us for assistance from the church, from the ranks of materialists and from scientists. It is only temporary relief they need. Shall we decline to open our doors and provide for the wants of those who are famishing for the bread of life?

We need schools, or institutions of learning, where those who are desirous of qualifying themselves as teachers, whether mediums or not, can be educated.

Belonging to such institutions should be a faculty competent to examine and determine upon the qualifications of all such as desire to become teachers of Spiritual Philosophy.

And above that we need, more than all else, in every community where there are one hundred Spiritualists, a church or chapel devoted to spiritual purposes. With these the way would be open, and but little time would be necessary for the congregation to accumulate the social attractions and make a spiritual home for all whose sympathies incline them that way.

The Lyceum, the choir and the auxiliary societies would soon swell the numbers, so that there need be felt no apprehension of failure or loss of interest in our beautiful religion.

Now, Mr. Editor, if I have not overdrawn this picture, please contrast our present condition with what it would be twelve months hence, provided a system of finance should be adopted commensurate with the occasion.

With the business experience and the financial ability of many of our leading minds I will not presume to point out the *modus operandi* by which a prudent and an effectual system of finance may be carried into effect.

My object is to call attention of those who are interested in this great work to the real situation, believing "that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom."

We are too much inclined to look to our spiritual papers for all social or moral reforms. But this is asking too much, and is shirking a responsibility that should be borne by all. In no other way can we arrive at the consensus of opinion on any subject.

Our papers are obliging, and always ready to voice the sentiment of the community, but ought not to be required to make the sentiment in all cases.

This question of finance is one that all sincere Spiritualists should think and speak of upon all proper occasions.

Washington, D. C., April 20, 1897.

## Lake Pleasant, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A gem among the mountains of Western Massachusetts—a mirror-like sheet of water, perhaps a mile in length, half a mile wide, set within a frame of chestnut, pine and maple the foliage of which droops down to kiss the ripples of its surface—such is our lake; and on its western shore, veritably a city in the woods, is the dear old camp ground, with its two or three hundred cottages, its tents, hotel, auditoriums, dancing pavilion, its band-stands, to be so well occupied by the Fitchburg Military Band this season, and last but not least, with its spacious and commodious Temple, a fitting tribute to the efforts of the Ladies' Improvement Society, which helped the Association with more than half the cost of its erection.

Oh! Lake Pleasant, only a camper and a resident can appreciate all your beauty and attraction. We who have attended the meetings year after year, seeing no mosquitoes, troubled by no fogs or dampness, breathing the pure mountain air, limbing the clear, sparkling mineral water from "Jacob's Well," enjoying the lovely moonlight evenings in the pavilion, or better still, out upon the star-reflecting waters, the music from the orchestra softly wafted to our ears, we can appreciate even the beauty of the Garden of Hesperides.

It is not alone a place of enjoyment for those who desire excitement, for when one tires of the concerts, dancing, boats, of the noise of the little ones in the swings in the grove, when one is not inclined to listen to the lectures he can stroll away, only a quarter of a mile, to the cascades or to the glen, and there be alone with only the handwork of nature and his thoughts.

But as the physical is being benefited the mental is not neglected. The best lecturers in the country have been engaged, and from July 24 to Sept. 1 they will discourse on matters of popular interest to the people. We have just contracted an engagement with Hon. John R. Littlefield of New York, a leading orator and lawyer, and a life-long friend of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Littlefield was with President Lincoln at the White House during the whole term of his administration; and on Saturday, Aug. 28, he will lecture at Lake Pleasant, taking for his subject his reminiscences of the life and sayings of Abraham Lincoln.

Arrangements for excursion rates over the Fitchburg Railroad have been settled, and the \$3.75 round-trip ticket from Boston will go on sale June 1, good to Nov. 1; and the \$3.25 ticket will go on sale July 15, good till Sept. 15. No admission fee to the grounds will be charged for passengers of the Fitchburg Railroad, but at the west gate and at the electric railway station on the Highlands a fee of ten cents will be charged.

The rates at the hotel will be the same as in former years, from \$7 to \$12 per week. Rooms can be hired at the cottages at from \$2.00 per week upward. Board at the boarding houses is \$3.50 and \$4.00 per week. The Hotel Comfort House is being thoroughly cleaned, and is already in condition for its summer guests. Those who have cottages and tents to let this season are requested to send in their names, with price and all particulars, as I have many calls for cottages. If the friends who so kindly distributed packages of circulars of Lake Pleasant last year, and the Secretaries of societies who are willing to take them to their societies for distribution, will kindly send me



# 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?

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.  
**THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.**

What do the robins whisper about  
From their homes in the elms and birches?  
I've tried to study the riddle out,  
But still in my mind is many a doubt,  
In spite of deep researches.

While over the world is silence deep,  
In the twilight of early dawn,  
They begin to chirp and twitter and peep,  
As if they were talking in their sleep,  
At three o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps the little ones stir and complain  
That it's time to be up and doing;  
And the mother bird sings a drowsy strain  
To coax them back to their dreams again,  
Though distant cocks are crowing.

Or do they tell secrets that should not be heard  
By mortals listening and prying?  
Perhaps we might learn from some whispered word  
The best way to bring up a little bird,  
Or the wonderful art of flying.

It may be they speak of an autumn day,  
When, with many a feathered roamer,  
Under the clouds so cold and gray,  
Over the hill they take their way,  
In search of the vanished summer.

It may be they gossip from nest to nest,  
Hidden and leaf-enfolded;  
For do we not often hear it confessed,  
When a long kept secret at last is guessed,  
That "a little bird has told it"?

Perhaps, but the question is wrapped in doubt;  
They give me no hint or warning;  
Listen, and tell me if you find out  
What do the robins talk about  
At three o'clock in the morning?

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

## Fables After Aesop.

CLORINE'S FINE DRESS AND HAT; OR,  
DO FASHION AND PRIDE PAY?

BY SYLVANUS LYON.

Clorine was a sweet, innocent girl, beautiful with the glow of health and rich with happiness and content. Joyous hopes and bright influences were her gifts; adorned with no jewels, but she looked so sweet in her muslin gown and pretty straw sailor.

Alas! a promised visit with gaiety beguiled Clorine, and mamma made her a rich velvet dress, with fine cape and a gay plumed hat.

Pride brings arrogance and surely begets selfishness, and thus the soul loses its beauty and tender loves.

And oh! such harm and evil came of Clorine's finery, for if the young and foolish did admire it, it caused Louise and Mary a little jealousy, and poor Dora, the maid, to feel, "Oh! I am only kitchen girl," and tired mamma did worry and toil too much to make them.

Somewhat in a little time the dress and plumes grew shadow and glooms in Clorine's heart, and she loved again her sweet simplicity, for it gave more happiness.

## MORAL.

True beauty and real charms are the soul's graces, and love and affection the best riches, whilst health, virtue and happiness are the jewels of life.

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

## Literature for Children.

There is nothing so important to the true formation of character as the reading of healthy literature. Good books are good companions. They put into the minds useful thoughts, and stimulate a worthy aspiration.

Much that is called good reading is very pernicious, because not true, and therefore of the most objectionable character.

Religious books for children abound; you see them in the hands of almost all children. Parents believe them to be the best books, because they are published by religious organizations. On looking them over, it will soon be seen that many are calculated to have a bad effect upon the mind of the child.

Literature is a stream into which has flowed all that has been thought, said and done. Good literature is as necessary to the growth of the soul as good air to the growth of the body, and it is just as bad to put weak thoughts into a child's mind as to shut it up in an unventilated room. We may sow weeds or flowers.

ALONZO DANFORTH.

## What to Teach Girls.

Give your girls a thorough education, not only in the schools, but in the home; in work, as well as in books.

Teach them to cook and prepare food for the household, and food that will not give them the dyspepsia, and ruin the health of those who eat it.

Teach them to wash, to iron, to darn stockings, to sew on buttons, and to cut and make their own dresses, and not have them so tight that they cannot draw a natural breath if it were to save their souls.

Teach them to spend within their income; to keep their accounts; to know where their money goes, and to have something to show for it.

Teach them to wear a calico dress that is paid for with more comfort than a silk one for which they are still owing the merchant.

Teach them how to purchase, and to see that the amount of the bill tallies with the purchase, and that the goods are what they bought, and what they are represented to be.

Teach them that good health and a bright face are better than any cosmetic, and if they want fair complexions, clear skins and rosy cheeks, they should avoid tea, coffee, oolong, and similar drugs, and should dress loosely, and take out of good exercise.

Teach them good common-sense, self-help and industry, which will make them independent and useful.

Teach them that marrying a man without principle, conscience or religion, is like putting to sea without a compass, or chart or rudder.

Teach them, if you can afford it, music, painting and other accomplishments, but insist on a certain amount of good daily reading. In reading good books there is education, development, and often solace and comfort for weary, lonely hours. The woman who does not read will be likely to gad and gossip, and make mischief everywhere.

Finally, teach them that matrimonial happiness depends, not on wealth, nor on appearance, but on good health, good manners, good principles and personal character.—*The Common People.*

## Useful Cheesecloth.

The popularity of cheesecloth as a household article increases rather than diminishes. For use in the kitchen one progressive housekeeper declares that it has removed a life long burden—the always greasy dishcloth. Grease is quick-

ly routed by this beneficent material. A little hot water and soap send it out of its fibres with celerity. It is used for dish-towels, scrub-cloths, bread-cloths, dusters, strainers, coffee-bags and even tea-bags, when the tea-bag is out of order or has not yet put in an appearance among the family silver.

For trimming windows, toilet stands, and in a bag form for holding soiled linen or aprons; while she works the delicate dolly for her cut-glass finger-bowl, or she may be polishing those very bits of glass to mirror brilliancy with a coarser quality, or rubbing silver, drying china, cleaning brasses, wiping floors, washing windows, shining bronzes, dusting bric à brac, and so on through the list.

Little bags with a thread run in to draw up and wind around the neck are a substitute for the tea-bag, and make a cleanly method of making tea.

Sash-curtains no less than longer drapery prove how a small expenditure may be put to good and durable purpose.

Very fine and smooth cheesecloth, without the familiar black speck, can be painted in water color, large flowers conventionalized being easily accomplished by stretching the stuff over a frame without a back, and painting in air, so to speak.

Cabinet-makers use it entirely to oil furniture, providing three cloths in every set—one to rub on the oil, one to rub it off, and a third for polishing purposes.

For baby's face it is soft, and for towels and squares it is recommended especially. The capacity to hold water makes cheesecloth, or cotton material, less irritating to chafing skins than linen.—*Philadelphia Times.*

## Salt This Down.

Salt will put out a fire in the chimney.

Salt in the oven under baking-tins will prevent their contents scorching on the bottom.

Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored tea-cups.

Salt and soda are excellent to apply to bee-stings and spider bites.

Salt thrown on soot fallen on the carpet will prevent a stain.

Salt put on freshly-spilt ink on carpets or rust will assist in removing the stain.

Salt in whitewash makes it stick.

Salt thrown on a low coal fire will revive it.

Salt, if used in sweeping carpets, will keep out moths.

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

## A NEST.

BY ELIZABETH FISKE.

A nest of leaves and bits of stick and straw,  
A tiny thing; I might have crushed it  
Where it lay.

I might have mingled with the common clay  
This little home without a flaw,  
I found one day. It did my fancy hit,

As something fair and grand, not known before,  
And full of hope and love, and peace and care,  
And all things beautiful—

"Oh, little nest!" I cried, "how sweet and dainty  
Is home life, 'e'en the humblest, and therefore  
'T is best by God, who made it pure and fair."

Orange, Mass.

## The Children's Lyceum

Connected with the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield, Mass., closed its sessions for this season with a rousing meeting on Sunday, April 25.

The subject for discussion was, "What have we gained by our Lyceum?" and there were many good answers to the question. Among them were: "We have learned that the better we are here the better it will be for us in the other life." One little tot said she had "learned to be good to love everybody."

"That there is a future life, and communication is established between the two worlds." These and many other answers were given, and the children, while waiting to get out in the beautiful sunshine, still regret that the sessions have ended for the present.

Our Lyceum has been an overwhelming success. The subjects have been presented by the children in a great extent, and each person giving a subject has written on paper on it and read it after the responses have been given. This has resulted in giving some new and original thought, as well as making the children think about their lessons.

During the winter, in addition to the regular Thursday evening school, at which the children have been made welcome, we have had a ride to the home of John Baldwin (the Lake Pleasant hulled corn man), where an oyster supper was served to the children, a candy pull and other social features, while the children have been instrumental in aiding the finances of the Society by making a quilt which was sold for ten dollars, a number of trinkets that met with ready sale, and took charge of a booth at our second fair which netted the Society a tribute worth thirty dollars.

In this way the Lyceum has aided the work of the regular Society.

Christmas we gave an entertainment, with a Christmas tree, each member of the Society being remembered, and the receipts of the evening paid all expenses. I call attention to these matters for the benefit of those societies who say they cannot afford to keep up a Lyceum.

Early in the season the subject was discussed: "How can we best make our Lyceum interesting?" Mr. Lewis, a veteran worker of this city, suggested that a library would be of great advantage, and closed his suggestion with the announcement that he would donate one hundred dollars worth of books.

It was taken up, a committee was appointed to secure a book case, and purchased a good walnut case, which was paid for by the Lyceum. Donations were asked for, and now we have in the neighborhood of two hundred volumes, some of them rare works, and all suitable for circulating library purposes. This library has been well patronized by the members.

We purchased song books, Myra Payne's "Book of Responsive Readings," book case, and other necessities, and close the season with about ten dollars in our Treasury. Talking of song books, children like to sing rousing songs, and societies desiring a cheap song book, and one the children will like, can secure one that gives the best satisfaction of any I have seen by sending fifteen cents to A. Flanagan, Chicago, Ill., with a request that he send a sample copy of "Merry Melodies."

Hoping that all societies will feel that their Lyceums have been as beneficial and as successful as ours has been, I take my leave of this Lyceum, and trust its future Conductors will be able to do better work than we have done.

W. H. BACH, Conductor.

## Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1

Met as usual at Red Men's Hall Sunday morning, April 25. There was a very full attendance. It being "Band of Mercy Day," the children had their leaflets and read a great many useful thoughts. Mrs. Soper, the Superintendent, talked to the children, also read them a fine story. The children did not forget their answers to the subject under discussion. "What can we do to Make the World Better?" They were many and varied. Then Assistant Superintendent Yeaton read his thoughts, which were very instructive.

The grand march was entered into with a great deal of interest, seventy-six scholars in line, after which Lillian Goldstein rendered a piano solo; Ruth Gilliland, Clara and Lottie Weston, Anna Ratzel, Mollie Camp, Mabel Edmonds, recited finely; Gracie Scase; Mrs. Brown, our Guardian, read a poem, also Superintendent Soper. Mrs. May S. Pepper was present, but being obliged to catch a train she could not address the children. Dr. Hale announced the entertainment to be held in Arlington Hall, for the benefit of this Lyceum, on May 5. With a few brief remarks he closed the session of the day.

ABRIE F. THOMPSON, Sec'y.

## The Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

Sunday afternoon, April 25, found Berkeley Hall well filled with happy boys and girls at the usual session of this Lyceum. "Self Control" was the topic considered, and from every group came one or more responses.

From No. 3, Ralph Ransom and Emily Craville. No. 4, Eddie Ransom and J. R. Snow. Speaking from No. 5, Alice Ireland said: "Self control means the power to direct one's actions in all things." From No. 6, Charlie Hatch said: "Self control enables us to build up a good character." Earle

Keeler, Ralph Bakeman, and President Geo. B. Lang also responded from this group. Mr. Alonzo Danforth, as leader of No. 7, read a very instructive essay on the subject. Edward W. Hatch started the discussion from No. 8 with a word of advice to mothers. Mr. F. H. Watson thought we should control ourselves that our children would find us a worthy example to follow. Mr. Packard, Mr. Mawer, and Mr. J. H. Lewis also spoke very interestingly.

Conductor Hatch expressed his pleasure at the large number of answers given, and called upon the Assistant-Conductor, Dr. J. L. Root, to close the discussion. Kindness was the timely topic for the final subject. Responses were given by Little Maud Armstrong, Carl Leo Root, Winnie Ireland, Johnnie and Addison Ormby.

While the Guardian, Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, prepared the several groups for the grand march, Mr. Fred Watson rendered a piano solo, and the interesting after-entertainment consisted of recitations by Little Maud Armstrong, Harry Shivers Greene, Hattie White and Correll and Clifford Lamont from the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1. Master Philip White sang. Mr. Severance, of the Scholastic Lyceum, made remarks. Mr. E. B. Packard gave a choice reading, and Dr. Root told the little folks a true story about some kittens, that was listened to with close attention.

Subject, May 9, "Is Belief in a Deity One of the Teachings of the Spiritualistic Doctrine?"

X. Y. Z., Clerk.

ANSWER to Enigma in last BANNER—Benjamin Franklin.

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

## Address of H. D. Barrett

At Berkeley Hall, Boston, April 25, 1897.

There is always something to be said upon the great question of Spiritualism in its application to our every-day lives. Some of our opponents have said that we have never had any of the "All Compelling Must" in our Spiritualism: that each speaker has contradicted the other; that there have been no positives, but plenty of negatives; and that we have not built anything for the moral upliftment of humanity in these years that Modern Spiritualism has been among men. Perchance there may be a modicum of truth in that statement, yet there is so much to be said on the other side, and so many roads leading out from the centre, around which we wish to focalize our thoughts this morning, that I hardly know which one to take first.

The iconoclasm that has been prevalent during the past forty-nine years has been necessary. There must be a breaking down of old forms, the clearing away of the debris that has gathered through the lapse of ages, ere there can be that building of the spiritual temple which shall mark an epoch in man's progress and stand as a signboard along the way, pointing to better and greater things yet to come. Although iconoclasm has been widespread in our ranks, the time has come when a halt must be called, and the attempt is now being made to conserve all the good that the past has had and bring it into one system of truth. It is not the purpose to bind men's souls by the fetters of another creed; but to bring them to a common altar, and there feed them from the tables of the angels; if they are athirst, give them drink from the never-failing fountain of the pure waters of life that flow from the celestial gardens of God. So to-day we can take courage, when we see that the breaking-down period is about to be relegated to the regions of the past, and men are taking hold of the good things that lie all around us, bringing them into one harmonious whole for the purpose of making our humanity better.

We are charged with being destroyers of even the good that the past has held; that we deny all the truth that the Bible contains; that we have no regard for anything sacred; and, as I said at the outset, have no All-Compelling Must to bring to bear upon each human life to make that life better in its round of duties. There may be a difference in regard to what constitute sacred things; I dare say there is a difference, yet I do not believe there is one within the sound of my voice this morning but what has enthroned within the depths of his or her soul some sacred memento, some treasure of thought, some holy memory, so sacred that they would not barter it for the wealth of the whole world. I do not believe there is one who has not found some good thought in a book that he has read that makes the book a sacred thing to him.

Go with me to the pages of history, far down the ages of antiquity, and you will find there this same lesson revealed. Those who have followed the great teacher of China, Confucius, have found in his thought a sacred memento, a sacred teaching, that to them was an uplifting principle in their daily lives. The name of Confucius is dear to millions at the present time; and when his religious thought is coupled with the philosophical thought of Lao Tse, another great philosopher of the Orient, you find that millions of people will tell you that there is no greater name under heaven than that of Confucius or Lao Tse. They taught rectitude of conduct, purity of thought, nobility of purpose in our every-day lives. Live true lives; do good; speak truly; think purely; act nobly. All those teachings came forth from the oriental sages of the olden time, and we to-day, I say it boldly, have not gone very much beyond the statements made by those philosophers of old. To be sure, Confucius said, in the sublimity of his thought, in the ecstasy of his inspiration, that we are encompassed round about by a great multitude of witnesses, and he thought that there was communion between that other life and this, yet that thought did not bear a very great part in his teaching; at the same time it was accepted by him. When he was unable to inculcate this principle into the thought of his time he said: "Be kind to one another; be just to your ancestors—care for them; do good unto them; preserve them; see that they are cared for in their old age; and when death comes unto them, see that they are ministered unto by the children of their love." Ah! my friends, there is a sacred treasure of thought to you and to me—if you and I will study the teachings of Confucius in that respect.

Let us see what a vast difference there is between his thought and that of our own modern times. Our Christian friends, after their fathers and mothers have passed the age of active labor, take them in open wagons to the yawning portals of the almshouse, to be cared for by the charity of the community in which they live.

I say unto you, friends, that this teaching of Confucius is one of the sacred memories that we as Spiritualists owe to ourselves and to the religion of the angel world to conserve, to serve within our system, and make it a part of our daily lives forever. When this is done love will supplant hatred, and parents and children will be linked together by that indissoluble bond known as love supreme, and humanity will be made better by following the thought of the man who lived twenty-five hundred years ago.

There is another teacher: you all know the story of his life. I refer to that great teacher, also of the Orient, the teacher in Hindoostan, Buddha. You know he was born in a palace. All that wealth could command was given to him, but he could not solve the question of human misery, which had been carefully kept from him until he had passed the age of manhood. You all know at last, in the dead of the night, he left his wife and child in the beautiful palace, and for the sake of humanity set forth as any beggar would. You all know his search was in vain until one time when he was seated under the Buddha tree and heard a voice saying: "Think purely, speak truly, act nobly. Let your daily life conform to the thought of righteousness, and all will be well. Take care of this life. Be true; be just; be sincere; be honest."

Ah! my friends, these are sacred words to me as a Spiritualist. I fail to find anything that goes very far beyond them. What has been the result of these teachings? Go with me to their country. You will find no look upon the door to keep out marauders. What they have is free to the visitor who comes beneath their roof; and when you are traveling through their land, and seat yourself beneath

their trees, fruit, water and milk are brought to you, and then they retire, thinking they may disturb the sanctity of your meditations. There is something in the simple life of the Buddhist that puts to shame this wild rush for fame, for gain, for power, and appeals to us to live for the life of the spirit instead of the life of the senses. [Loud applause.] He also teaches a doctrine that has a moral effect far greater than any similar one of modern times, for no true Buddhist tastes the intoxicating beverage. Would not we be a little better if we had some of the sacred teachings of Buddha in respect to wine and liquors in our own America? We, as Spiritualists, can take a useful lesson from the simple teachings of Buddha, teachings that by some are supposed to emanate from Satan himself.

Zoroaster taught that good and evil were two contending forces in life, each one struggling for the mastery, always striving by day or by night to gain a victory. In the final contest Ormuzd conquered Ahriman, and evil was swallowed in the universal good, even as we would fain have the world believe that in the ultimate end good will triumph over evil, and men, through suffering and striving, will earn for themselves their places in the land beyond the sunshine.

We have no right to give anything but our best thought to the world. If we have gained possession of a new truth, that truth should be taught to the whole world, but it should be taught not alone by precept, but by example. "Let our deeds and acts confess the holy gospel we profess," and then all the good things the past had had, all the sanctified thoughts that have come down to us from ages ago, will be found within our Spiritualism, plus that which we have demonstrated, i. e., communion between the two worlds; also the all-compelling consequences that come to you and to me for the acts which we do.

I might call your attention to the teachings of the Old Testament, running through which we see a thread of gold, linking this world to the after-life, telling us a story that we are glad to hear, that some few knew, that there was a spirit world, in which their loved ones would dwell after leaving the mortal form. I might cite to you the New Testament, whose teachings team also with stories of spirit manifestations that entrance the thought.

I am not here to mock at the honest Christian or skeptic, but I simply ask one and all to look into the teachings of the past and present time, to draw therefrom whatever of good it may contain. Whatever of truth there is in the Bible, we are willing to take and cling to as long as our consciences tell us it is truth, and we can prove it to be such through deduction, induction and scientific investigation. We have welcomed the higher criticism of the Bible because the true is being winnowed from the false, and we are made the richer because of that winnowing. Remove all spiritual evidence from the Bible and it becomes worthless chaff to all thinking people. We must not fall down and worship anything that the past has given us, but we must prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good. Consequently, if our ancestors blindly worshiped the book, our reason, the touchstone to knowledge, should be applied to every problem with which we are confronted, and every avenue of investigation held wide open, and fearlessly traversed until we have gained the desired end, which is truth and knowledge.

We can turn our eyes upon these pages and gain knowledge therefrom; but let us see if we cannot find something that lies closely to our hearts at the present hour.

Go with me into almost any home, and you will find an empty place at the table; you will find little shoes laid away, into which the feet never more will be pressed, little dresses laid away by the loving hand of a mother whose heart was breaking, little toys that our loved ones played with in the days of our childhood, and then tell me, if you can, that we, as Spiritualists, have no sacred things within our hearts to link our souls to those who have gone before. Far more blessed to me is that little chest of drawers at home, in which I find the mementoes of my arisen sister, than any Bible or book that was ever written, even ten thousand years ago. I had rather have it, because it draws her more closely to me.

The sacred memories of a Spiritualist's heart link the past with the present, the present with the future, and unite them in one eternal now. Let us gather round the altars of our homes, and lay upon those altars these precious mementoes that come down to us from years that are no more, and I will warrant you that from the altar of every home a sweet incense will arise, and cause all arisen souls to sing one glad song of joy; "There is no death; ye weary mortals, come up higher, for all is life."

I will take my Spiritualism, with its iconoclasm, with all its errors, its misconceptions, its misapplications, instead of the cold annihilation of the skeptic, who says that death ends all, or even the Christian, who says if it be God's will we will live in heaven, but if it also be his will, we will go down in the depth of fiery torment forever.

I want to ask you to see that our All-Compelling Must makes us worthy of a life beyond the cloud-drift. Is not this very line of thought I have been following the impinging presence of the dear ones gone before, an All-Compelling-Must? Isn't the thought of their knocking at the door of our consciousness an All-Compelling-Must to us to be truthful, to be honest, to be just, to be sincere? Then let us open wide that door, and bid the angels come in. Isn't the thought that your fathers and mothers, your loved ones, all are looking down into your very souls, knowing your secret thoughts, your highest aspirations, an All-Compelling-Must, to teach you to think pure thoughts, to tell the truth, and to do right for right's own sake? And we have an All-Compelling-Must in the world Consequences. Consequence is sure to follow each and every deed we do. We alone must pay the penalty; there is no pathway of escape. Whatsoever we sow that shall we reap. Our thoughts are things, and they have been recorded through all the years of our lives, and if we must face our own thoughts, does it not behoove us to have these thoughts written in letters of living light, white, pure and clean, that we may face them fearlessly, and meet the consequences with a light heart? The All-Compelling-Must of Spiritualism is greater far than the lake of fire and brimstone, greater far than all the fear that has existed during the past years, greater because it brings us knowledge, and forces us to face the record that our own hands have penned.

Spiritualism has an All-Compelling Must to carry the light of truth to every sorrowing son and daughter of the Infinite, and say to them, "be free"; through this truth of Spiritualism all men can be made free, but we must first teach them how to receive this truth, that they may not mistake liberty for license, and branch into directions that will lead them contrary to the teachings of righteousness.

We want to make this thought so clear to every human being by and through our own actions that all men who run may read the lessons that Spiritualism has written through our own daily lives. In this direction we have a message to the world, and we owe it to ourselves to so preserve the thoughts that have come to us from the other side, that like golden sheaves of grain, we may carry them to the mills of truth, and have them ground into the finest, whitest flour of love and intellectual unfoldment.

Then let us unite in a holy crusade against every form of wrong, in favor of every form of right, against every evil thought, in favor of every pure thought, against every evil deed, in favor of every noble deed, and open wide the portals between this world and the next, that the angels may come in with their love and sympathy, to wipe away the darkness of humanity, and enthroned the king of righteousness, known as Love in the hearts of our humanity, to call all men higher through pure desires, noble deeds and sincere aspirations for truth.

There recently existed a human race in Madagascar tall in stature, with red beards, straight hair, features rather more like the European than the Mongolian type. This would seem to correspond with the North American Indian. Nott and Glidden, in *Indigenous Races*, describe a similar people in Oceania. This would indicate that the red man here was exotic.

## Women and Car Straps.

We have all of us noticed the struggles of the feminine part of the community, when unable to get a seat in the street car, in her endeavors to keep her footing as the car sped rapidly ahead, turned a corner, came suddenly to a stop, or started with an unexpected lurch. The swaying forward and back of the struggler, the jostling of neighbors, occasioning oftentimes laughter at the knockabout manner of the forced proceeding, but sometimes a more serious humor when sensitive parts of the feet have been trodden upon, or hats and bonnets dislodged—are all too well known.

Do you say there are straps by which women can steady themselves? There are, indeed, straps, and men are able to steady themselves by them. But have you noticed the height at which those straps are placed? If you have, you must have observed that no woman, unless of uncommon stature, can as easily maintain her equilibrium by means of the car-strap as the man. If she is of the average height, in holding on to the strap her arm is raised vertically, without allowing a bend at the elbow, and the sleeve of her jacket or dress is drawn away from her arm, leaving it bare to an uncomfortable extent below the wrist, whilst to turn to the right or left to address a person is really embarrassing.

To women below the average height it is even much worse, and when we witness their discomfort under such trying circumstances we wish that the European custom was in force here whereby every passenger taken on the car is provided with a seat, a placard on the outside of the car announcing when it is full, or the number of vacant seats when not filled.

Of course, it is much easier and less tiresome for a man to ride standing, as the strap is more nearly on a level with his arm extended horizontally.

We would suggest a remedy by lengthening the strap, and that it might be available by all could include several loops, letting the grasper take the choice. We think this could be accomplished without interfering with the present comfort of those fortunate ones who are able to be seated.—*I. F. P. E., in Boston Ideas.*

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MRS. WINSLOW'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.

## May Magazines.

RECEIVED.—*The Household*, 110 Boylston street, Boston, Mass. *The Theosophist*, published by the proprietors at the Theosophical Society's headquarters, Adyar, Madras. *The Light of the East*, published by the proprietor, 681 Shikharbagar street, Calcutta. *The House-keeper*, Minneapolis, Minn. *The Phenological Journal*, Fowler & Wells, 27 East 21st street, New York. *The Mystical World*, printed and published by H. A. Copley, Canning Town, London, E.

## A SIMPLE CATARRH CURE.

I have spent nearly fifty years in the treatment of Catarrh, and have effected more cures than any specialist in the history of medicine. As I must soon retire from active life, I will, from this time on, send the means of treatment and cures as used in my practice, free and post-paid, to every reader of this paper who suffers from this loathsome, dangerous and disgusting disease. This is a sincere offer, which any one is free to accept. Address Prof. J



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## Banner of Light.

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TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

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We trust that Spiritualists everywhere will cooperate heartily with us in the step which has been taken, and that regular subscribers for THE BANNER will make an effort to increase its circulation. If every one now on our subscription books would make it his or her business to obtain one new subscriber to this paper for 1897, the heretofore high standard of THE BANNER could easily be maintained, the value of its contents and the practicality materially enhanced, and the Cause which this paper has so long defended and upheld greatly strengthened.

## The Jubilee in Boston.

In a recent issue we urged the Spiritualists of Massachusetts to unite in one grand Jubilee celebration in this city on the 31st of March, 1898—S. E. 50. To have a successful celebration, the work should be begun at once, as we have only eleven months in which to make the necessary arrangements. This Jubilee celebration should be made one of the most notable events of the nineteenth century, and will be such if all Spiritualists will but take hold with a will to make it so.

THE BANNER feels that this celebration should be held for the good of the Cause as a whole, not for the benefit of any one society, or for the glory of any one individual or clique. To that end, there must be concerted action, and no petty striving for place or preferment. If any particular local society should undertake to lead in this work, jealousies would be engendered, and the celebration would amount to nothing. The best efforts of all workers are needed to make the Jubilee what it should be.

In order to avoid local jealousies, heart-burnings and factional differences, we suggest that the Massachusetts State Spiritualists' Association take the initiative in this matter. It is composed of members of all local societies, hence has no axes to grind, nor personal ambitions to gratify. THE BANNER would also advise that each society be given something to do, that all may feel an interest in the celebration, and that its success depends as much upon one as upon another. If the State Association takes the lead, the rights of no one will be usurped, nor will any society be slighted.

We further suggest that Music Hall would be the proper place for the Jubilee meeting, which should be not less than three days in duration. Committees should at once be appointed by the State Association to solicit funds to defray the expenses of such a great undertaking, incident upon hall rent, music, platform talent, etc. Appropriate decorations should also be provided for.

We believe that the admission to all sessions should be free, and that pledges to the full amount of all expenses should be obtained before engaging in the work. By this means it will be a people's meeting, and large returns will result from collections and appeals for cash from the platform.

One full day should be devoted to the interests of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, and a special program prepared for the occasion. The Union deserves well at the hands of all Spiritualists, and a special effort should be made on that occasion to fill its treasury for the sake of those earnest workers in whose behalf it is so zealously laboring. By making the Union a special feature, there would be an opportunity for all philanthropic Spiritualists to prove their devotion to the Cause on that occasion.

The best platform talent in our ranks, speakers and mediums alike, should be engaged for this Jubilee, who should generously donate their services.

We want the best of music and such other accessories as will make our celebration the event of the century to all true Spiritualists.

All local societies should be requested to close their meetings during this celebration, and unite heartily in the work of the Jubilee. Let the meeting be opened March 31, and closed Sunday night, April 3. Let us have an attractive program, and the people will rally around us by thousands.

We make the above suggestions in all kind-

ness of spirit, and without one particle of assumption on our part. If our plan is not adopted, then a better one will be, and we can work for it as well as for our own. THE BANNER has only the good of Spiritualism at heart, and earnestly hopes that the Boston Jubilee will be the means of placing our beloved Cause in its highest and best light before the world. A successful celebration in Boston means much for the international celebration in Rochester, in which every loyal American of course will feel a deep interest. Boston, however, should lead.

## More Sunday Laws.

Connecticut has a new Sunday law, and presumably many of her citizens are now happy. The Hartford Times says that the new law is not so bad as the old one was, and seems to feel that this fact is a sign of progress. The new law imposes a series of fines, from one to fifty dollars, for engaging in certain pursuits between the hour of midnight Saturday and the same hour Sunday night. If this be a sign of progress we fail to see it.

THE BANNER holds that one day out of every seven should be devoted to rest and recreation, hence feels that the will of the majority, having decided upon Sunday as the day, should be heeded. But to fine a man for engaging in needful occupations through which he can add to his own happiness as well as to that of his friends, is not only unjust, but it is tyranny of the worst kind. There should be no day so holy or sacred as to keep one from doing an act of kindness to a suffering fellow being when necessity requires, nor should any one be subject to a fine for engaging in farm work, or any labor of necessity, on Sunday or any other day.

This is another attempt of the conservative church to limit man's freedom in religion, and an entering wedge for the introduction of legislation that will force church attendance in the near future. If the new law is broader and more tolerant than the old, then the old one must have been a remnant of the inquisition, minus its physical tortures. We should take no steps backward, but should be ever on the alert to secure more liberal laws, and further privileges for the common people.

The tendency of the present age is to too much legislation. Every Legislature seems to feel it to be a bounden duty to revise the statutes of the State during the session, and to pass other laws that will protect (?) the people, the fish, game, and the Sundays that happen to come under the observation of the local Solons in solemn convocation assembled. This policy is entirely wrong, and will ultimately result in a whole train of evils to our race unless a radical change is made.

The people should be free to think for themselves, free to act as their consciences dictate so long as they grant the same privilege to their neighbors, and do not interfere with the rights of others, and free to be happy in their own way, under the moral restraints of reason, on all days in the week, Sunday not excepted. Spiritualism has a message for the whole world in educating the masses to a true understanding of liberty, and a full appreciation of the gospel of equal rights to all. Restrictive Sunday laws, class legislation, and sumptuary measures of all kinds must go, and a larger freedom in matters of right and justice granted unto all classes of progressive people.

## An Interesting Discussion.

The Sunday Voice, Cleveland, Ohio, has opened its columns to a vigorous defense of Spiritualism and Spiritualists by Lyman C. Howe, in reply to the unjust attacks of Rev. Dr. Joblin of Cleveland. Rev. Joblin's strictures were unusually severe and required prompt attention. Mr. Howe has answered the clergyman in a manner that must be very satisfactory to all intelligent Spiritualists.

The Voice says that Dr. Joblin's attitude was purely orthodox, and his line of assault formed upon sound theological and Old Testament scriptural doctrines. The pious Doctor pitched with drastic severity into the personal character and moral qualities of the Spiritualists as a people. It goes on to say that it publishes Mr. Howe's article in the interests of fair play, and distinctly disclaims any favoritism in the controversy. Says The Voice: "This is a Christian country, and Cleveland is a Christian city. The church itself, when rationally considered, is good enough for any one who seeks after a knowledge of immortal things."

Immediately following this remarkable statement, we are told by The Voice that a great many minds of at least the average value are reaching out of the authorized direction for information, and that this discussion is, therefore, a profitable one!

What condescension on the part of The Voice this last sentence is, when we consider that every great reformer, teacher and thinker of modern times at least has been a heretic to the literal teachings of the church. "Minds of average value," forsooth, when such men as Wallace, Hare, Mapes, DuPre, Aksakof, Victor Hugo, Varley and Flammarion come into view.

Spiritualism need not apologize for the mental status of its leaders, nor cringe before the bar of public opinion when discussing the question of morals. The absence of Spiritualists from jails, prisons and reformatories is good evidence that their morals will compare favorably, to say the least, with Dr. Joblin's friends and associates. A Spiritualist lady once asked permission to distribute some copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT among the prisoners in one of the largest penitentiaries in the United States. The prison officials refused, alleging as a reason for their action that there was not one Spiritualist among nearly two thousand prisoners, hence the papers would not be read. No doubt other prisons would show a similar record.

The Voice says that this discussion between Dr. Joblin and Mr. Howe has been remarkably interesting, concluding with the statement that Mr. Howe's last paper does not fall below the average quality of those that have preceded it on either side. A scholarly presentation of the principles of Spiritualism will always command a hearing on the part of the reading public, and will always be welcomed by a progressive secular press.

A private letter from Hon. L. V. Moulton informs us that his daughter, Miss May, who has been critically ill for some weeks, is now improving slowly, and will ultimately regain her health. This is good news to his many friends, and we congratulate our brother and his family upon the prospective recovery of their loved one. We understand that spirit agency had much to do with her restoration to health.

## Proposed Legislation.

Another measure has been introduced into the Legislature of Illinois which will impose heavy penalties upon certain mediums claiming to be clairvoyants and seers, and those who claim prophetic powers. A similar monster bill was introduced into the Legislature of two years ago in that State, but was not even reported from the Committee. It is probable that the present bill will meet with the same fate, for the influence of the Spiritualists in Illinois is too great to be ignored.

If the measure merely dealt with the fortune-tellers, pretenders, and brazen frauds, who are now abroad in the land, it would stand some show of becoming a law. THE BANNER would not hesitate to support such a law in any State because of the criminal practices of the classes named. But clairvoyance is too well established now to be dealt with in any such manner, for no body of law-makers can afford to ignore scientific facts. Whenever a proposed law attacks legitimate mediumship, whose claims are verified in fact, THE BANNER will not hesitate to sound the alarm, and call for a vigorous defense for the parties unjustly attacked. Mediumship true and tried is here to stay, but fortune-telling, fraud and charlatany of all kinds MUST go.

## Unconstitutional.

Under this caption our esteemed contemporary, The Progressive Thinker, states editorially that the Supreme Court of Wisconsin has decided that the compulsory vaccination law is unconstitutional, on the ground that it may be objected to as a matter of conscience. To enforce such a law might interfere with religious liberty, hence the adverse decision.

We congratulate the people of Wisconsin upon this eminently just decision, and hope other States may profit by it. Less legislation in favor of a privileged few, and more attention to humanity's real needs, would be a very refreshing change in all States.

The Progressive Thinker further states that the Constitution of Illinois is similar to that of Wisconsin, and opines that a like decision would be rendered if a case of the same nature reached the Supreme Court of the Prairie State. Let us hope that all States may profit by the example of Wisconsin, and thereby go upon record as opposed to all forms of class legislation, especially of the kind that tampers with the people's health.

Pilate's Query, by S. C. Clark, author of "A Look Upward," "To Bear Witness," etc., is a most impressively told story, resting on the well-known query of Pilate, "What is Truth?" The brief but expressive dedication reads simply, "With Malice toward none, with Charity, which is love in motion, for all." The story is a spiritual and occult one, and in its progress discusses, with the help of the three or four characters involved, Spiritualism, Christian Science, and the Wisdom Religion of the East, which is accounted the mother of all religions. The previous stories of Miss Clark will prepare those who are yet to read "Pilate's Query" for the enjoyment of the real treat in store for them.

A model young married man, taking his bride from the Back Bay of Boston, most naturally becomes interested in Spiritualism, the several stages of his interest being described in a life-like manner. A sick sister of the young man's wife is almost the central figure of the story. The little family, consisting of these two daughters and the widowed mother, furnishes the background for the action. Both the young wife and her mother are church-people after the strictest form. The married pair take their residence in New York, where the husband is embarked in his profession. Attending church with her he is struck with the inconsistencies, and worse, of the words of the worship after the Episcopal form.

By a mere accident, told with marked grace and skill, he is made acquainted with the teachings of Theosophy. Next he encounters the phenomena of Spiritualism. And finally he is led, always, however, described by character-drawing, rather than by mere narrative, to examine the claims of Christian Science. But from first to last his quest is simply for the truth. Eventually a young man is introduced, possessed of wonderful clairvoyant and magnetic powers, who takes the rather desperate case of the invalid sister in Boston in hand. That occurs about the time when the separation of the young pair in New York voluntarily took place, he to go to Europe for a brief stay, and she to return home to her mother and sister.

The descriptions are both delicate in their outline and strong in their effect. How experience brought about great changes in belief and motive is well told in the development of the story. It is all but a close and thoughtful portrayal of the discovery of truth by those who were blinded by religious prejudices before. The manner of this discovery constitutes the main feature of the story. In its telling, the discussion of the three beliefs mentioned before is fully as instructive as it is interesting. "Pilate's Query" is to be commended on a great many grounds. It teaches the truth in the act of seeking to discover it; it impresses by the example of its fitly joined characters, which are all living ones; and it searches the heart with the pure and holy sentiments that radiate in every direction from its sweet and harmonious recital. Great good cannot but come from its perusal. The several characters are disposed of in a way to perfect the story.

This work is for sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT Publishing Co. See advertisement on seventh page.

One of our leading speakers sent in nine subscriptions to THE BANNER last week, as the result of one appeal to a single audience. This is a straw which shows what could be done by all speakers if they would but remember THE BANNER in connection with their work. We are grateful for all favors received, and try to reciprocate on all occasions. THE BANNER only asks equal consideration with its contemporaries on the part of all workers in Spiritualism, and will depend upon its merits to hold the affection of the people when they become interested in it.

The many friends of James G. Clark, the gifted poet, will be pained to learn that he has suffered a relapse, and at last accounts was thought to be on the threshold of the spirit-world. He is one whom the Spiritualists of the world delight to honor and are proud to call their own. His pleasant home in Pasadena, California, will be the centre to which the loving thoughts of mortals and of spirits will be sent until he either enters the highway of health or exchanges worlds.

## Providence, R. I., Mass Meeting,

APRIL 21, S. E. 50.

April 21 was a red-letter day for the Spiritualists of Rhode Island. Three sessions were held in Columbia Hall, Providence, and addressed given by many of the leading speakers in New England. The attendance at all sessions was large, the hall being crowded to the doors in the evening. Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, State Agent of the National Spiritualist Association for Rhode Island, officiated as Chairman of the meeting, and gave the address of welcome at the opening of the morning session. She was followed by Miss Jennie Reynolds with a piano solo, after which Miss Lizzie Harlow offered an invocation. Brief addresses upon topics of interest to Spiritualists and Liberalists were then given by Harrison D. Barrett, President of the National Spiritualist Association, Dr. C. W. Hidden of Newburyport, Mass., Mrs. Sarah E. Humes, President of the Providence Spiritualist Association, Dr. Lucy Barnicoat, Mrs. Hortense G. Holcombe of Springfield, and William Foster, Jr., of Providence. Miss May Blood gave a pleasing recitation, after which the Convention adjourned to 2:30 P. M.

The afternoon session was opened with an invocation, followed by a vocal solo by Miss Amanda Bailey of Salem. Mr. Barrett was the first speaker, and his theme was organization. He was followed by Eben Cobb of Boston, after which a song from "Little Eddie" and a piano solo by Miss Fannie P. Bryton were features of attraction to the audience. Dr. Geo. A. Fuller of Worcester, Mass., was then introduced, and spoke earnestly in favor of organization.

Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly, the trance speaker from Newburyport, Mass., gave an excellent address, and urged organization as one of the needs of the hour. Miss Flossie McDougal then rendered a vocal solo, after which J. B. Hatch, Jr., of Boston made an enthusiastic and stirring address in behalf of the National Association. Each of the afternoon speakers was listened to attentively, and their words in behalf of a higher Spiritualism, closer union among Spiritualists, and greater zeal in behalf of the Cause, were warmly applauded.

The evening session opened at 7:45 with a piano solo by Miss Reynolds, followed with an invocation by Mrs. H. G. Holcombe. Little Eddie favored the audience with one of his songs, after which Mr. Barrett spoke briefly, closing with a reference to the International Jubilee at Rochester, N. Y., in June 1898. Miss L. Fields rendered a vocal solo, after which Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydenville, Mass., made a brief but logical address. Miss Bailey followed with two solos, after which Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes gave a timely address upon "The Issues of the Day as Related to Spiritualism." Mrs. N. J. Willis of Cambridgeport, in an earnest speech of ten minutes, set forth some of the truths of Spiritualism as she understood them.

The closing exercises were somewhat hurried, owing to the fact that the delegation from Boston, including many of the speakers, was obliged to take the ten o'clock train, but interesting addresses were given briefly by Mrs. Wm. S. Butler and Mrs. J. S. Soper, both of whom had a good word to say for the children, and entered a plea for the proper training of the same. A vocal solo was then rendered by Miss May Eaton, followed by a piano solo by Miss Garside. Mrs. May S. Pepper followed with some excellent tests, after which the Convention adjourned.

This Convention reflects great credit upon its managers, and will, undoubtedly, lead to excellent results in more ways than one. The secular press gave fair and impartial reports of the proceedings, and the thinking people of the city were greatly interested in the thoughts of the several speakers. The National Spiritualists' Association is better known and its principles better understood in Rhode Island than ever before, and a small sum of money will be returned to its treasury, which, together with a number of contributing members, will encourage the National Spiritualists' Association officials to hold another meeting in Providence next year.

We must once more utter a word of caution in regard to the reports of Spiritualist meetings. We wish to deal fairly and impartially by all, but we must insist upon a truthful presentation of the facts. Where only twelve or fifteen people attend a gathering, we object to being made to say that "the hall was crowded to listen to the eloquent speaker, and the most remarkable tests that were given by the wonderfully-gifted mediums in attendance." We want to chronicle truthful events, and write the history of this epoch in an honest, conscientious manner. Our correspondents will, therefore, kindly eliminate all superlative adjectives and fawning flattery from their communications, and write us brief, crisp and newsy letters of solid fact. We welcome all such gladly, and will give as much space to them as we possibly can without trespassing upon other matter.

An interesting article from the pen of our esteemed co-worker, Mr. J. J. Morse, will appear in our next issue. His "Echoes from England" have always been gladly heard and eagerly read on this side of the Atlantic, and we are pleased to welcome their reappearance. Bro. Morse is a very busy man, but he finds time to make The Lyceum Banner the best journal for children we have ever seen. Since his return to England he has made several notable improvements, and his Banner is now full of good things for grown children, as well as for juveniles. Long may it wave, and prosperous may it ever be.

The Sunday Morning Press, Columbus, O., contains the program of the coming State Spiritualist Convention in full, together with a full column upon the general principles of Spiritualism, written in a fair and candid manner. It credits Bro. C. W. Taylor with being a man of business ability, despite the fact that he is a believer in Spiritualism. The secular press is treating Spiritualism and Spiritualists with great courtesy and consideration since organization has been effected in our ranks. Success to the prospective Ohio State Association.

We are in receipt of a copy of the St. Louis, Mo., Post-Dispatch, containing a scholarly article from the pen of Prof. W. F. Peck, reviewing the Easter sermon by Rev. W. W. Boyd, D. D., on the proofs of the resurrection. Prof. Peck's logic will be very difficult for the reverend gentleman to controvert, while his facts cannot be dodged nor explained away. Such articles are educational in their tendency, and do a vast amount of good.

We shall present the first of a series of scholarly articles by Mr. Alfred E. Giles, of Hyde Park, Mass., in our next issue. Mr. Giles is well known as a writer of great ability upon the subject of Spiritualism, hence we feel certain that our readers have a rich treat in store for them in the perusal of the articles in question.

Dr. M. Cora Bland, 120 West Concord street, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia for the past two weeks, is now convalescing, and will soon be able to meet her patients and friends once more. This is good news to her many friends in this city and elsewhere.

## May Festival.

On Saturday afternoon and evening, May 8, the ninth of the ANNUAL FESTIVAL, which have become such a feature each year at Boston Music Hall, will be held under the auspices of Mrs. Wm. S. Butler and Mrs. Lila Viles Wymen.

The successes of the past will be reenacted on this coming occasion. A grand variety of group dances, beautifully arranged and correctly costumed, will be presented, among which may be enumerated the following: The Normandy Wedding Dance, Military Dance, Floral Dance, Ribbon Dance, Firefly Dance and many solo dances, all new and special features. Over a hundred children will take part, also over a hundred young ladies and gentlemen, who have offered their services to assist Mrs. Butler in making the occasion one of the best.

Tickets can be procured at Mrs. Butler's office, 178 Tremont street, Heard's ticket-office, 32 West street, and at the BANNER OF LIGHT office.

We learn with great pleasure that the well-known and highly-popular German Spiritualist magazine, The Sphinx, which suspended publication about a year ago, is about to be reissued under a new management. It will be edited by L. Holbing, and will be published at No. 14 Leitergasse, Altenburg, Germany. We welcome the reappearance of The Sphinx, and wish it abundant success in its field of labor.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of The Teacher, Darroville, Ohio, edited and published by our esteemed co-worker, Moses Hull. It is issued in the interest of the summer school at Mantua, Ohio, and will prove a valuable assistant in that good work.

We extend our thanks to Mrs. S. M. Thomas, of Onset, Mass., for her gift of a magnificent basket of trailing arbutus, received on our birthday, April 26.

John W. Day, Alfred E. Giles, Levi P. Barrett, Mrs. Sara Humes and F. A. Wiggin were welcome callers at the editorial sanctum last week.

See Mrs. C. B. Bliss's advertisement in another column.

FRED L. HUGHES has appealed his assault-and-battery case to the Supreme Court, and all donations in behalf of the Michigan State Spiritual Association appeal will be gratefully received by the Secretary for that purpose.

MAY F. AYKES, Sec'y,  
129 River street, Lansing, Mich.

## That Outrage.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I have but just read the account of sixteenth century justice in the Wheatlands trial. This is another proof that the liberty of conscience is yet in jeopardy at the hands of Christians. We often criticize radicals for attacking the Church and Christian teachings; but so long as they persist in such malicious persecutions for Christ's sake, there is need of radical work in the interest of freedom and justice. Religious intolerance is still strong in many parts of this "free country." The prejudices of ignorant bigots are carried into the courts, and justice is mocked, and innocent victims are robbed and imprisoned in the name of law and justice, at the dictation of Christian zealots. Freemen, arouse! Why will ye hesitate? Rally to the rescue! Let us meet the foe and test the validity of such petty court decisions. It costs effort, sacrifice, money and hardships to meet and master the villainous machinations that are constantly intruding upon private rights and public justice, and let us not shrink from our part in it.

This decision, as it is presented in THE BANNER of April 17, is a menace to liberty that does not stop with one victim. Let this become a precedent, there is no limit to the prospective wrongs that may follow, and we are all in danger from it. Precedents become law, and soon master the statutes. We must meet it now. Come to the rescue, all ye that love justice and liberty. Do not wait. Send in your mite, be it a dime, a dollar, or five dollars or ten dollars, as you can afford. Every man who is free from debt, has a home and three thousand dollars, can afford to send five dollars at least. He cannot afford to withhold it.

A wrong—an OUTRAGE—committed against one of us, is a sin against each one of us. Let us make common cause against this enemy of our cause. It is the same spirit of prejudice and spite that has made Christianity an offence to lovers of justice, and to-day fosters crime, plots treason and poisons the minds of the young who are subject to their railings. It has no part with the spiritual life and teachings of Jesus. It is ignorance, superstition and malice parading, pious cant and reveling in the spirit of the inquisition. Do not wait for others, but read the account in THE BANNER, and send on your donation to help defend our liberties without delay. There is not one in a hundred who reads this but can send twenty-five cents to one dollar without serious sacrifice. Here goes my dollar for the cause of liberty, justice and Spiritualism. LYMAN C. HOWE.

## The Members of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union

Are hereby notified that the annual meeting of the corporation will be held on Monday, May 17, at 7:30 P. M., in the large reception room, Arcade Hall, 7 Park Square, Boston, for the election of officers for the ensuing year, and also to see if the Union will amend Sec. 5, Art. 3, of the By-Laws, as follows: By inserting after the word annual the words "or special"; by striking out the words "provided the amendments proposed have been inserted in the notice calling the meeting," and insert in place thereof the words "provided the amendments proposed have been read at a meeting of the Union held not less than seven days before taking such action, or have been published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, the publication day of which paper containing such notice shall be at least seven days before voting thereon."

The section, when amended, will read as follows: "These By-Laws may be altered or amended at any annual or special meeting of the Union, provided the amendments proposed have been read at a meeting of the Union held not less than seven days before taking such action, or have been published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, the publication day of which paper shall be at least seven days before voting thereon, and provided two thirds of the members present and voting are in favor of said proposed amendment."

Also to transact any other business that may legally come before it.

MRS. J. S. SOPER, Clerk.

## The Philadelphia Spiritualist Society.

Thomas M. Locke writes: During the month of April we have had the pleasure of listening to the lectures delivered through the organism of our brother E. A. Tisdale. His discourses were logical and instructive, and were listened to with marked attention. He has our best wishes wherever he may go.

We have also had our sister, Miss Maggie Gaule of Baltimore, for the two last Sundays of the month on the platform with him. Her tests were so marked that large audiences gathered at each service to learn something of the life beyond and hear from their loved ones. So convincing were the tests that she gave the people during her stay with us that, in obedience to their request, we have secured her services for two months next year. Our people regret to part with her, but we look forward to her coming again in the autumn.



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## SPRIT Message Department.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

### SPRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held March 19, 1897.

#### Spirit Invocation.

Oh! Spirit Divine, again do we approach thee for instruction and knowledge how to assist and elevate humanity. We realize how weak the physical body is, and we know how strong the spirit can be when wisdom and knowledge are given. We seek the unfurling of justice and divine love. We oftentimes labor under darkness and superstition, while clothed with the physical and mortal life; we seek instruction that might give us the power of operating the human organism with perfect ease, so that thy divine power will be known and be understood. Bless us this morning, bless each one as thou seest we need strength for the part that we have to perform or duties that we have been called upon to do, and we know thy name shall have the praise through eternity. Amen.

### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

#### Dr. H. B. Storer.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. Well, I am pleased this morning to have the privilege of controlling this physical organism and of sending forth a few of my thoughts to the children of earth. We find in spirit-life the sweet memories of the past are oftentimes retained, and I have just been thinking that a year ago now I was planning a little speech to be delivered at the anniversary at Berkeley Hall, and as the physical body was not able to retain the spirit to deliver it, it was kindly handled through the organism of others. I was interested all through the proceedings, and I have been very much interested in the outcome of the last years, although I can view it from a better standpoint to-day than I could when in the physical body, because there were so many, many years that we planned and worked and labored to celebrate that wonderful day of all days, the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

We seem to-day, in spirit, just as much interested in these celebrations as ever before, and your good Chairman has given me the privilege this morning of sending forth a few words of encouragement through your valuable columns; for THE BANNER was always open and free in publishing anything that would come through my organism or others that was for the benefit of humanity, and the reason I return this morning is that I wish all that are interested in life's progress and the advancement of spirit manifestations and the upliftment of humanity at large to know that at this season of the year there seems to be more of the cooperative power, and if ever the Spiritualists need to cooperate and bind in harmony, it is now.

I wish to have them all know that I am still anxious to see the work progress, and that I still wish all our mediums and laborers to work in harmony, to cast aside those little petty and selfish feelings that are so natural to earth-life, and when we are so sensitive we sometimes feel hurt where no harm was intended.

I wish to send a thought of encouragement to our Veteran Spiritualists' Union, and say to them, I am interested in the work that they have undertaken to develop and materialize, and will join with them heart and hand, as far as possible for me to, in making their work a success. I desire to thank them for the kindness and consideration that they have shown to the past memories of one that has gone on before.

I wish also to say to both the Berkeley Hall Society and Ladies' Aid, and every one that I was accustomed to meet with in those memorial days to celebrate and cooperate, and bring the people together for the benefit of all, that from our standpoint now in spirit-life we hope that all will be successful, all striving to do their own duty, each one trying to fill his and her own place, and as they do that they will find that one place is just as important to fill as the other, for the spiritual work is like unto a great building; the workers are the material; some are necessary to be the underpinnings and foundations, and hence they are not seen, but working silently; others are the cement to hold the outer walls together, while we find others that can be the ornaments, and that can dictate and ornament, hence the outer appearance may seem to be noticed more; but I speak this morning emblematically of each one in the work, showing in the great temple of life all things are needed, and all workers are needed, whether they be great or small, and we celebrate the Forty-Ninth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, yet it is oftentimes asked, what has Spiritualism done? what has it accomplished? what has the harvest been?

I should say, from my own sense of knowledge and experience, it has liberated thousands; it has brought thousands to the consciousness that there is no death; it has saved many from insanity and destruction, and it has brought consolation, comfort and gladness to the hearts of those who could not be comforted; it has opened the gateways of heaven, that they can behold the friends; they hear them and talk with them, and what else has brought more comfort to the human family? But I am reminded, Mr. Chairman, that I am not in a public hall now. I am not only address-

ing a few that might listen to the sound of the physical voice, but I am talking and taking up the time that others ought to occupy, who, perhaps, were not blessed with the privilege and knowledge that I had; but I feel this morning as I have felt many times when one happens to address the people at large as to the importance and value of what is to be said.

I wish to be remembered to all, and I want to say, especially as I have now given my thoughts to my friends and co-workers, I wish to turn my attention to those who were so dearly connected with me through the bonds of love and sympathy in my last hours of earth-life. I wish to say to the dear ones, for they will know whom I mean, that I have not left you. I am still present with you, seeking to assist you, seeking to advise you; and remember what I have so many, many times said: Be true to yourself; do not be too sensitive as to what others may say; stand for right and justice, and do not falter, neither must you grow weak, for the time is not far distant when what seems darkness, disagreement, and perhaps envy, will all be cleared away, and all things will be made clear.

I do not come, here this morning to give a test, because I feel I have gotten through with that long ago. I merely want to send a few words of comfort, of consolation, to all the world at large, for truly earth-life is limited, and when we reach that realm we shall then be known as we are, seen as we are, and known better than in earth-life. These are my earnest and humble wishes. Dr. H. B. Storer.

#### Mary E. Hilton.

Good-morning, Mr. President. I don't suppose I am able to give forth such eloquence as the one that has preceded me, but our hearts can feel just as full, and we can feel for our friends just as much. I feel that I am interested also in earth-life, and wish I could hold still closer communion with those I am interested in, for while I don't seem to sense that those in earth-life really believe that the spirit returns, yet they sometimes wonder where we have gone to, what we do after we get over there, whether we merely sit down and sing songs, and seem to be resting in that great divine conception of glory, or whether the spirit is conscious of the return to earth-life, and we can see the sorrow of the friends. I sense all these conditions, and no doubt it is both reason and logic that call forth these ideas, but I wish to say to them that in spirit rest is merely what is considered a mental rest, a soul rest. We find that we get rest by being in harmony, we get rest by doing things we love to do, we get rest because we are with those we love; and what gives us the most happiness is when we feel we can assist another, especially if we can make those in earth-life feel our presence, and have it reciprocated, have it believed, and have no doubts in connection with it, that is what makes our spirit home and our spirit-life happy.

I know, Mary—she is my daughter—when I see you linger around so many times, questioning and doubting, and almost discouraged as to knowing whether there is anything in earth-life, anyway I see how oftentimes your sensitive feelings are touched by those around you, because I realize you are not in harmony, you are in discord, that is what makes you unhappy, that is what is making you sick, and I wish I could bring you more closely to a consciousness that mother is still with you, and so is Charlie, and I have got the baby also with me, and he grows fast. I wish sometimes that I could make you see this, but those are conditions we cannot give you.

I wish also to encourage my husband, that is still left in earth-life, although he is now pretty well rounded out in the body; to say to him, "Josiah, you will yet feel differently when you come to the spirit-life, and you will understand better, and you will know why God doeth such things." I wish to speak of that, for my husband is what is termed a Materialist; he don't seem to realize anything beyond the short existence of earth life. And I want all my friends and neighbors, although some time has elapsed since I passed away, to feel I am interested in all, and just say I passed out of the body with what the doctors called dropsy; but through my suffering I was conscious that God helped me.

My name is Mary E. Hilton, and my home you will locate in Concord, N. H., although I have got friends in Worcester, Mass., also in Connecticut; but I hope I shall be recognized, for it will make me happy, as I want to make others happy.

#### Capt. Robert Burns.

Good-morning, Mr. President. Well, this is somewhat strange, but I have been trying to open up a channel with the mortal world for quite a number of years, until, to some extent, I have succeeded, and in another way I have not, for I have not been successful in destroying all doubts in connection with spirit-return with those that are yet in earth-life, although I was not really a Spiritualist. In fact, I don't know as I was anything, but I have those that have become very much interested, especially a boy of mine, and I am anxious to prove the soul more tangible, if I possibly can. But I was not much of a speech-maker, and I don't know as I can make much of a letter for your paper, but I thought it would be all right to put a notice in your paper saying that Sallie is with me. She is my wife, and there are so many of the others that it would take a whole column to give the names of the family; but I want to say to those that are left, or remember me, that I still have my faculties, and that I am still conscious and remember a good deal of my past life, showing that truly we carry these faculties beyond the mortal body, and I know I am here this morning trying to control a brain that is very much foreign to my own, but will try and do what I can.

Just say that Captain Robert Burns, of Ellsworth, Maine, would like all those along the coast of Maine and other places that will remember me to know that I am still steering and piloting the boat, and I am not delivering goods now; but I am anxious to deliver some knowledge and anxious to help others, if I can, and we are still ploughing the mortal seas; for I see you many times in hurricanes, speaking of the mortal conditions of the dear ones in earth-life, and that is why I want to pilot them out and assist them into better harbors, where they can go along better.

And so with that, Mr. Chairman, if it don't sound very well, I want it to go, for I am in hopes it will help them that it is intended for, and I will now say good-morning, because I don't feel as if there was much more I care to say. Just let them know I have got to port, and all is well.

#### Lilly Moore.

Good-morning. The good chairman said I might come in a little while, because I was just a little girl when I passed out of the body, but I have been in spirit-life quite a long while now, and I have got to be a big girl. I have a sister and a brother yet in earth-life, and I feel anxious that my sister especially will know that I have not left her, although I was only a little when I went to spirit-life. I remember things probably better than she would. I want them to know that papa and mamma are here, too, in spirit-life with me, and the reason I want to come in this morning is because my sister is feeling badly lately, and she sometimes thinks she has not any friends in earth-life or in spirit, and I want to encourage her.

I see sometimes she takes your paper and reads your letters, and mamma thought I had better speak than she, because she spoke to her before; and now we all join in sending our love, and will assist her all we can. My name is Lilly Moore, and my home is in Boston, Mass. My papa and mamma have come to spirit-life since I came, but I have a brother and a sister in earth-life that I want to help.

#### Charles Belknap.

Well, Mr. Chairman, we find it beautiful this morning. The atmosphere seems pleasant, and truly it seems like getting home to have the opportunity of sending a few words to the loved ones, especially when we feel there is no thought of news, for that strange word death has made many feel that there was no return, and hence they seek not to know where we are. If we leave our home while in earth-life, and depart to another country, or another part of the globe, if they don't get news from us they are apt to search, trying to communicate with us, but when death is the cause of the separation they bury the old body, and then lie back in silence, and seek no more, but I want to wake up an interest in that silence, for none of those that belonged to me had the consciousness that the spirit could return, but I feel like waking up a feeling, and calling forth, as I should say, through your valuable paper, for truly it is like the white dove of peace, it brings on its flight glad tidings of immortal joy, and the continuation of life.

Say to my dear companion, Catherine, that death does not separate us; it has only taken us from the body; and I wish them to know that although I was suddenly called to spirit-life with no warning, no opportunity of settling anything, and it has been a sad shock to me, as it was to the earth ones, but thanks to my father, and my dear old mother and Fred, and those that had gone on before, I am able to return, and try to assist those that I wish to, and I wish all the children and the friends to know that I am still interested, but if they will seek me in private I will try and do more for them.

Mr. President, I shall just say that my name is Charles Belknap, and my home was in Chicago, Ill., where my friends, I hope, will see and understand this.

#### Freddie Holland.

Well, now, I want to send just a little bit of a message this morning, because if big people talk in here, little people can, too. I have both a papa and mamma yet in earth-life. I went out of the body under very sudden circumstances, and although they have gotten pretty well over it now, I sometimes find mamma questioning and wondering why it was so, but I am not going to tell her this morning. I want to say I am getting along beautifully in the spirit-world. I am studying and learning, and I shall be able to carry myself with more benefit to both papa and mamma than if I had stayed in the mortal body. I have also an interest in my little brother, who was younger than I, and I have two sisters who are older than I.

I want to say that in spirit-life we do not reckon by age, but we keep our sphere, and we are in our places; but when we want to do a good thing, when we wish to assist some one else, then we always use the privilege just the same as the great grown spirits; and so I want to come in and just say to all, I am awful happy, and I want others to be so. I am so pleased because mother has got my picture made so large. It looks just like me, and I want mother to know it, for it will make her happy. I know father feels me, for he is somewhat mediumistic and somewhat spiritualistic, but mother doesn't believe anything in it, and that is why father wished I could come in; and I want to say to her and papa that no one came in to this medium and told her about this. I came here all by myself, and grandma and grandpa and Aunt Hannah are in spirit-life with me, and there are a good many more, but I will not mention them; and that is the reason I want her to know that I do come sometimes and rap for them. My name is Freddie Holland, and my mother lives away down in Gardiner, Me., but I did not pass out of the body there, she lives there now. Good-bye. Thank you very much, and I am awful happy.

#### Messages to be Published.

April 12.—Charles F. Clark; Charles H. Rankner; Hannah Mitchell; Clarence Woods; Sarah Field; Capt. Clarence Elmer.

April 19.—Mrs. Harriett Gott; Zelotes Perrin; Rachel Farrington; Mrs. Charles Edmonds; Absalom Palmer; Albert Lorely.

April 18.—John Glose; Dr. Edwin Scofield; Perry Boulard; Francis R. Reed; Phineas Field; Bessie Wells; Carl L. Shepard.

April 19.—Phineas N. Spencer; Clara Brown; Patrick Hickett; Mary A. Mower; Emma McCann; Marian B. Rice.

April 20.—Capt. Charles K. Tucker; A. W. Busby; Lepha Drake; Delight J. Cogswell; Elizabeth Becknell; Edmund W. Dean; John Lawrence Boardman.

#### Unity Spiritual Society, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Claude F. Ray, Assistant Secretary, writes: Last Sunday evening closed a successful two-months' engagement with Mrs. Julia Steelman-Mitchell of Bellevue, Kentucky.

Her lectures have been of a deep spiritual character, and given in a pleasing manner. The tests that followed each lecture were good, being principally messages from spirit-friends from sealed photographs.

Mrs. Steelman-Mitchell was favored with large audiences of thinking people. We regret that her stay here was not a longer one, but she was obliged to depart to fill other engagements.

As the members of the society desired to express in some way their appreciation of Mrs. Mitchell's services, a rising row of thanks was given her, with our hearty good-will and sympathy.

We hope to have Mrs. Mitchell with us again at some future day. Our Society is to be honored with a visit from the Hon. L. V. Moulton, who will give us a course of scientific lectures during the month of May.

This Society has just received its charter from the National Spiritualists' Association, and we are glad to be numbered with the societies that are doing their part to sustain such a worthy organization, as we believe that the National Spiritualists' Association will accomplish a great work for our Cause in the future.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### Death.

BY SILAS BOARDMAN.

Ever since the advent of humanity in the beautiful Garden, wonderful man and mysterious life have been at loggerheads. At least such is the inference to be drawn from the records of the Orthodox world. The abstract view of nature has been pessimistic; man by nature utterly wicked; life a wilderness, a vale of tears; earth a desert drear, heaven the only home, and few there be that find it. Yet, with all the wretchedness that has been concentrated into the "fleeting span" of life the world has not succeeded in proving death, by way of contrast, to be an unmixed blessing. Death is a spectre, the last enemy. It has been left for the disciples of the happiest philosophy known in human history to eulogize this "pale messenger" as a veritable blessing; as a "consummation devoutly to be wished." As the writer takes exception to some of these eulogies a few words in explanation may be admissible. So much in favor of death with our liberal friends that hardly an issue of a Spiritualist paper fails to present some encomiums; and the consensus of thought seems to be that, of all the blessings of life, death is the cap-sheaf.

If Potamon, the Alexandrian philosopher of the third century, in the spirit of prophecy anticipated the sentiment which pervades the popular mind to-day concerning this shadow that separates the children of time from the denizens of eternity, then indeed he had some reason for the fear expressed in "Antiquity Unveiled," page 64: "We dare not as spirits give the masses of the present day absolute proofs of spirit-life, for should we do so they would not perform their mission here. Once in possession of the absolute proof of the after-life you would find this people becoming a nation of suicides. First they must understand the true duties of mortal existence before they can safely receive the absolute proofs of spirit existence." Reflecting that the message, from which the above extract is taken, was given to the world within the last decade, it has a very plausible appearance, but the reasoning seems to me to be faulty. It is suggestive of keeping back a part of the truth because people are not ready for it. It comports with what a good Methodist said to me three years ago, that "the world is not ready for the truth." It has a parallel in Paul's message to the Corinthians: "I have hitherto fed you with milk, and not with meat, because ye were not able to bear it." To me the old apothegm sounds reasonable: "One extreme is as bad as another." A modern genius refuses to divulge a chemical discovery, lest the great enemy death shall be entirely overcome, and the earth speedily become over-populated. There is good philosophy in those lines of Tennyson:

"A lie that is half a lie is ever the worst of lies;  
A lie that is all a lie can be met and fought outright;  
A lie that is half a lie is a harder matter to fight."

He might also have said with equal propriety: A truth which is but half a truth of doubtful value appears:

"'Tis like a law dividing space in two great hemispheres."

You never can see this one, you fall in placing that. And presently you'll be asking whereabouts you are at!

It hustled poor old Joshua's unparalleled research When he stopped the sun in Gibeon, then left him in the lurch.

And it will hustle anybody who will adopt either Paul's or Potamon's philosophy. I never could relish the famous episode of Ananias and Sapphira (it is probably fiction), but that is another instance of half a lie, half a truth. They kept back a part.

Ladies and gentlemen: A half a loaf may be better than no bread; but when we come to ethical philosophy, metaphysics and spiritual philosophy, I believe you will agree with me that we do not want a half a lie nor a half a truth. Even if nine-tenths of the world cannot learn the truth without being driven to suicide, I am in favor of the truth for the sake of the other tenth, and to insure the survival of the fittest. Let the others go, if they will go, and leave this little planet to people who will try to make good use of it. Now, if death is such a grand thing, surpassing life and all its amenities; if it is good and only good, then why all this hue and cry against suicide and murder? Why, when one gets tired of life, may he not step out with impunity? Possibly this is a question that should be left with the infinite Wisdom, while we assume only so far as we do know that life with all its concomitants is what we have and what we are, to be made the most and the best of according to our several abilities. And he who is rash enough to usurp the prerogative of that Wisdom who giveth and taketh away, and cross the shady river without a passport, will have learned his lesson too late, that as we saw we must reap. Death is a welcome visitor to one whose body is worn out in doing good. That does not imply self-neglect.

Of course in discharging the true duties of life we must deny ourselves many luxuries and many necessities; yet it is very seldom that we are obligated to really hazard our own well-being, physical or spiritual, in doing good; yet it is lawful for one to lay down his life to save another. Would that be suicide? I do not see how you can make anything else of it. After all, each must learn his own lesson. Nine-tenths of the deaths of the world may be called accidents or the result of ignorant living, and in such instances death is an untimely visitor and an evil. The natural death of old age, or of the pure self-sacrifice of doing good, may comprise the other tenth, and the best that can be said of it is that it is a transfer from the temporal to the spiritual state. Of itself it cannot be a good only in its results, while it may be attended with suffering. It is natural for us to shrink from it, and the best philosophy of all ages, Spiritualism included, has not succeeded in overcoming that natural law by which all living instinctively shrink from the approach of the spectral foe. We think that the spirit-life of one who is good and true here is ineffably beautiful and grand, and the thought is reasonable; but as a rule the best we can say of the transfer is that it was not of long continuance. And it seems whimsical, or like letting loose a freak of the imagination, to say that, as a general thing, death is anything better than a grim spectre, whom it is our cue to avoid as long as we can. With

each departure of a dear friend we are told that we should not mourn, as the friend is happy now, and straightway our tears flow the faster. Let us be patient with grief. We do not mourn because the friend is happy, but because he or she has left us. At the same time, perhaps the friend is with us more than ever.

I will not assume that this talk was called for, but it has appeared to me that people have been idealizing and personifying and extolling death beyond due limits. The best that can justly be said of it, is only a thin veil between us and them. It has been likened to a bridge between the two worlds. But that idea does not seem to hold up well under the developments of spiritual science. With us the turbid stream under the bridge must be relegated to the domain of mythology. Let us be reasonably acquainted with our eulogies of death and make as little of it as we can, and we will be enabled to make the more of life and all its beautiful privileges.

## Banner Correspondence.

Our friends in every part of the country are earnestly invited to forward brief letters, items of local news, etc., for use in this department.

#### New York.

SYRACUSE.—A correspondent says: "Those noble workers, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, remained with us until the 19th of April. Through the untiring efforts of Mrs. M. H. Cowan and our worthy benefactor, Dr. E. F. Butterfield, a meeting was called in Empire Hall, at 3 P. M., on April 18.

The features of the afternoon and evening meetings were speaking by Mrs. M. H. Cowan and Mr. E. W. Sprague and tests by Mrs. C. A. Sprague. The principal object of this meeting was to organize a local society, the name of this society to be the First Society of Spiritualists of Syracuse. Dr. E. F. Butterfield was chosen President; Mrs. M. H. Cowan, Vice-President; Miss Otyoe, Secretary; Mr. E. E. De Voe, Treasurer. These four officers were also named as Trustees. Mr. E. B. Crofut, Mr. A. E. Underhill and Mr. C. E. Wheelock were added to the Board of Trustees, making seven trustees. Our society has over thirty charter members.

Mr. D. Peck, Miss Otyoe and Miss A. M. Armstrong were named as a committee to draw up the preamble, constitution and by-laws for our society. Judging by the work accomplished, a more efficient committee could not have been found.

At our regular meeting, April 25, these articles were almost unanimously adopted, but one amendment being offered. Other features of this meeting were the address by Dr. E. F. Butterfield, remarks by Mrs. M. H. Cowan and the singing by the congregation of several beautiful selections.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Underhill gave a general invitation to all to meet at their home, 127 White street, on Wednesday evenings after May 5."

ROCHESTER.—A correspondent writes: "Easter services were held by the First Spiritual Church Sunday, April 18.

At the morning service G. W. Kates lectured upon "The Resurrection." He argued that there was no evidence that Jesus was resurrected physically. If he appeared to his disciples, as recorded, he must have appeared in the materialized form, as spirits do now, or he must have come forth from the tomb as a man who had not died.

All the facts, if spiritual, are in accord with Modern Spiritualism, and sustain the spirit teaching and clairvoyant discovery that the spirit is resurrected, or rehabilitated, immediately after so-called death. All forms and forces resurrect from decay and dispersion into new expression. There is no possible destruction. The spiritual philosophy is in harmony with nature, and the revelations of the past were only promises of greater ones to follow in proof of the continuity of life.

At the evening meeting the hall was packed by a large audience. Special music had been provided, and elegant floral offerings were displayed with fine effect.

Mrs. Kates was the speaker. Under spirit control she blessed a little child. The spirit said in part: "It is our privilege to not christen a little child, but to dedicate her to the spirits, and breathe around her soul the Christ-principle that to-night we celebrate, as having arisen so bright and beautiful. May the blessing of God and the spirit-world be poured upon this child with a grand power of inspiration. A little child may lead us to the blessedness of peace. This child is guarded by the presence of a spirit mother, who gave her life that this little one might live. She now brings it into the fold and will ever watch over and care for it. We consecrate to the spirit Bessie Johnson, and may the spirits' blessing ever guide her pathway in life. You came to earth at a great sacrifice, but as a pearl of great price thou art bestowed upon the mother as a beautiful image of herself.

The soul of a little child is the most beautiful thing earth can produce. Thou art a medium, and must do a work for the spirits. I send thee to thy seat with flowers in thy hand, and may shadows never mar thee, but may you ever be blessed on thy way through life." The control then gave a splendid lecture upon "I have Arisen."

#### Michigan.

HORTON.—George H. Worth writes: "No words of mine can tell how much this small but enthusiastic society owes to Mrs. F. V. Jackson of Grand Rapids. In fact it is to her, and to our speaker, Mrs. Emily P. Beebe, that we owe our existence as a society. Mrs. Jackson was with us three weeks last fall, and she made so favorable an impression on the people that it was decided to have her again. She has been with us now three weeks, and no one can say too much in her praise. To any society in need of a good test medium I most cordially recommend her."

"Yes," said the corn-fed philosopher, "the rub still holds. Even the high-towering, theatre-hat has a woman at the bottom of it."

## Scoff and Cough.

The man who scoffs at the friendly advice, to "take something for that cough," will keep on coughing until he changes his mind or changes his earthly residence. A great many scoffers have been converted by the use of the standard cough remedy of the past half century,—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. But some are scoffing and coughing yet. They wheeze with asthma, bark with bronchitis or groan with the gripe. Singular, is n't it, the number of stubborn people, who persist in gambling, with health and perhaps life as the stake, when they might be effectually cured of cough, cold or lung trouble, by a few doses of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

More particulars about Pectoral in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.







