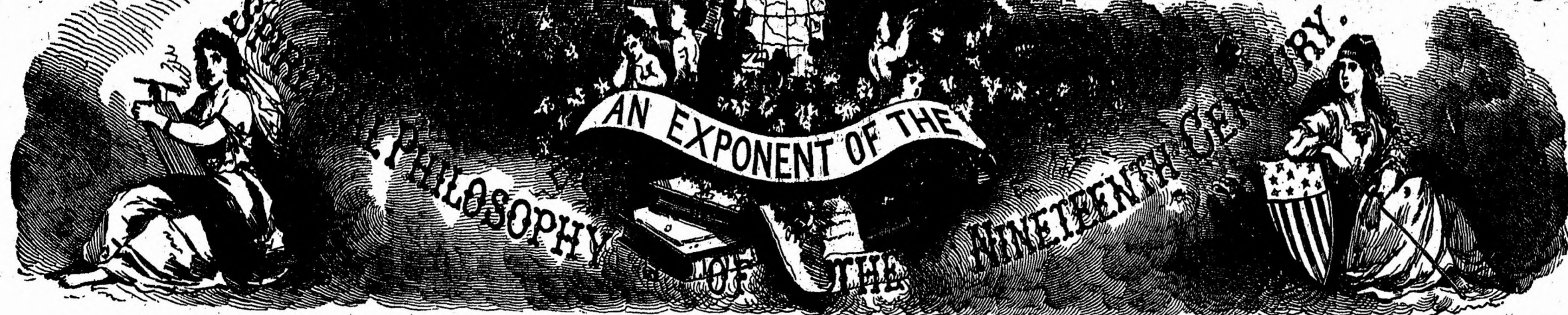


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NATURE.

Like bird and bee I love the fields and flowers.
Like moss and fern and grass I love the sod;
I love the woods through summer's blissful hours,
And every place where beauty's feet have trod;
I form a friendship with the smiling earth.
This through the years I cultivate and keep;
I revel in its ministry of mirth,
Yet sigh with winds and waves that mourn and weep.

The great wide world seeks refuge in my mind,
And by its pictures illustrates life's book;
So mountains there and meadows low I find,
With spreading plains, the daisy and the brook;
Nature's reflected in my open heart.
As in a lake the sunlit woodlands rest;
But more, when night and shadows o'er it dart—
God's heaven of stars is buried in my breast!
Castine, Me. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Our Bible Class.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Your readers have already been incidentally informed that, at the request of a few young people, I held twelve sessions of a Bible class in Boston. At first I had fears that many of the students would find the studies dry and dull, and would after the first session or two back out; but, with one or two exceptions, such was not the case. All became more interested with each succeeding lesson. At nearly every session I submitted from ten to twenty questions to be answered at the next session. At the eleventh session I told them that instead of submitting questions to be answered at the next meeting, which came within forty-eight hours, I would request each student to submit a written thesis on some department of the grounds over which we had traveled.

Following are abstracts of the first two theses read at that session. Before submitting either of them, I will say that at the first session of that class there was not more than one, if there was one, that knew how to go to work to find a text, nor even a book in the Bible. The first essay here submitted is by L. Maude Beckwith. It was entitled, "A Brief Review of the Work of the Bible Class," and is as follows:

"Our first lesson was advice on searching the Scriptures. We learned that the Bible should be used as a key with which to unlock our thoughts—not as a prison in which to confine them. We have learned that there is no place in the Bible where the phrase 'Word of God' means the Bible itself; it always refers to inspiration or prophecy. We have also found that 'man of God' is generally a medium, but sometimes refers to a visitant from another world.

The Bible mediums gave manifestations which resemble those which we receive today. We find those mediums fully as liable to mistakes and frauds as our mediums are now. Next, we found undoubted evidence in the Bible that Moses was not the author of what is commonly called the Pentateuch, as is generally taught. We have reason to believe that the book supposed to be found by Hilkiah, the priest, was written by Ezra, or by Shaphan, the scribe.

Our studies on 'Some of the Errors in the Science, History, Morals and Theology of the Bible,' gave us positive proof that the Bible is not infallible. We can see plainly that the Bible, instead of containing God's opinion of man, contains the opinions of some men about God.

The last, and to me the most interesting lesson we have studied, is on the question 'What is Man?' This study has shown us that man is the 'Offspring of God,' that God is in man, and that as God is immortal so man must necessarily have as much of immortality as he has of God in him.

The Bible shows plainly that the flesh cannot be raised from the dead; that the soul or spirit leaves the body at death, and may return and communicate with those still living in the flesh. We have found that consciousness is an attribute of the spirit and not of the body, therefore we shall retain our own individuality in the spirit-world.

Besides the regular Bible work, Mr. Hull has given us many beautiful thoughts which, if taken into our lives, will help us to develop noble characters.

We would extend to our beloved teacher our heartfelt thanks for his earnest, faithful work with us; and we sincerely pray that he may stay with us many years, and that the brightest spirits may ever help him in his work."

The last paragraph of Miss Beckwith's paper was adopted by vote of the class as its unanimous sentiment.

The next paper, and the only one I will now present, was read by Albert P. Blinn. I abridge it somewhat.

Subject: "God in Man."

"There is one body and one spirit." Eph. iv. 4. "One God and father of all, who is above all, and in all, and through you all." Verse 6. These texts speak for themselves; in these sentences metaphor is left out, and plain facts stated. "There is one body and one spirit." That is plain enough for even the most incorrigible materialist to understand. One body, which by means of our material sensor system we see and feel in our fellow beings; and through which we, ourselves, our ego—the one spirit, of which Paul speaks—is manifest to the material senses of our fellow beings.

In Genesis ii. 27, God is said to have created man in his own image; male and female created he them. This was on the sixth day. After the seventh day God formed man of the dust of the ground, and man became a living soul. Gen. ii. 7.

This is easily understood; in the Scriptures man is spoken of as spirit, as body, and as both. In the first chapter of Genesis God formed man in his own image. That is, spirit man and woman too, for it says "male and female made he them." After this severe day's work he saw that a spirit man was of no use in cultivating the soil and then formed material man; but alas, he forgot to form a material woman, and when he saw that it was not good for man to be alone, he took a rib from man's side and made a woman of that. That is, when God formed a physical Eve, the spiritual woman entered, permeated it, and took entire control. Thus was the woman of one spirit and of one body completed.

God is in all, above all, and through you all. God is spirit, and spirit is our real self. Spirit is above all; and yet I am sorry to say, our spirit is often below and subordinated to the body, when we give place to the lusts of the flesh, such as drinking, smoking and other injurious abnormal and sinful habits. In such cases we make spirit subservient to the body.

Every being is born into the world a spirit and body—a composite of the finite and the infinite. All have infinite possibilities which, if cultivated, render the spirit supreme and the body only an instrument for its use. When spirit thus becomes what it is intended to be, disease will have no power over the body. Beast, bird and fish will be subject to him.

Solomon said, "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." Prov. xvi. 32.

When we realize the God in us—that we are God—that we are infinite, death will indeed have lost its sting, and the grave its victory. Then, in fact, there will be no death. Man will be so spiritual that, like Elijah, he will be seen to ascend. MOSES HULL.

Can Steel and Glass be Disintegrated and Restored?

A coterie of ladies and gentlemen were one evening being entertained by the late Lloyd Moxley, at his elegant home on K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., when the conversation turned on the above topic.

Our host took from a pile of slates (all alleged to contain occult messages) one in particular, on which was written: "Moxley, here are your spees. Shake. G. C." This short sentence called for, and received, this explanation:

"Premising," continued our host, "that one branch of my business is main outside advertising agent, and during last spring an old-time friend, Mr. Richard Ball, well known as advance agent for Barnum and Bailey's Great Show, called at my office and suggested that we take a spin around the city and show him the location of show posters and other sights. I said, 'Not this morning, as I have a special engagement for us, and you are to go with me.' Just then a bundle of mail matter was deposited on my desk, and feeling for my nose glasses, and quite annoyed at not finding them—I said, 'We will go now, as my spees are left at home; I must lay the letters aside.'"

"We proceeded to the apartments of Pierre L. O. Keeler, then on H Street, where Mr. Ball, notwithstanding his skepticism, (the usual pronounced type) was permitted to occupy the table with me.

"Taking a pair of new slates I carefully cleaned and wrapped a handkerchief around them, and placed them upon the table before us. In a few moments slight raps indicated that the work was completed. On opening the slates both inside faces contained messages, but in writing too fine for my eyes without glasses, and again I expressed regret for the want of them, as I would have to postpone the reading. At once Mr. Keeler's hand was made to move and write, as he claimed, wholly without his volition. 'Where are your spees?' I'll get them. G. C.' This purported to come from George Christy, Keeler's 'control.' I laughed at the idea of a spirit's going eight squares and bringing so material an article as steel-bowed glasses, but again was written: 'I mean it. Tell me where they are. G. C.' I replied: 'In my vest-pocket hanging in my wardrobe of my bedroom, No. 1215 K Street, N. W.'"

"Wishing to make good the time I cleaned other slates and placed them together, enclosed in a wrap, as at first. This time we stood up, Mr. Keeler holding two corners and I the other two.

"After a very short interval we heard a peculiar jingling sound, quite different from the ordinary, and, as before, taken to mean that the work was completed.

"Upon opening the slates, lo! there lay my nose-glasses, and just above and around the bow was written what you here see:

"Moxley, here are your spees; shake. G. C."

"How they got there between two closely wrapped slates, held by two men with eyes wide open, in broad daylight, was indeed a mystery, quite as much a surprise to Medium Keeler as to myself and friend Ball.

"Coming away we met Miss Maggie Gaule, the noted clairvoyant, just in from Baltimore, and to her also the incident was deeply interesting. Pausing a moment, for we were on the city street, she said: 'Spirit George says: Tell Mrs. Moxley I had not time to hang up the vest.'"

"Accepting my invitation Mr. Ball came home with me that day for dinner. Mrs. Moxley met us at the door, and almost her first question was: 'How did you get on today without your glasses, for when I hung up the garments you were last evening they were in your vest-pocket, and I supposed you would send for them.'"

"I replied, with a sly wink at Mr. Ball, 'If you know where my spees are please get them for me.' She tripped up the hall stairs to comply, but presently returned with a petulant rebuke on her lips, that I was a sweet one to send her for what I had doubtless already gotten, for she had found the vest lying on the bed with the pocket turned inside out, where, as she had hung it up in the wardrobe that very morning.

"This seemed a clue to G. C.'s message through Miss Gaule, and finally Mr. Ball, who could hold the secret no longer, told Mrs. Moxley how the glasses had reached us between two enclosed slates.

"A few days afterward Mrs. Moxley, while enjoying a social interview with her friend,

Mrs. Noland, 602 H St., N. E., and knowing something of her psychic attributes, gave her these glasses to hold, for a simple experimental test.

"You see," continued Mr. Moxley, "they are ordinary steel-bowed glasses, yet directly she had taken them, her hand cramped as if holding a 'live wire,' and she exclaimed: 'Why, what a strange sensation they impart; they seem to have been reduced to atoms. I think of flying through space, with the speed of light, unmolested even by walls of brick and stone.' It was wonderful to hear her go on, and throwing them down she refused to touch them again, declaring she was afraid her cramping hand would break them. Altogether the sensation was very trying and unpleasant.

"About the same time Mrs. Blodgett, of Dubuque, Iowa, a woman of national reputation for possessing a well developed 'Sixth Sense,' viz., Psychometry, was my honored guest; she had heard nothing of her history, but as soon as she touched these glasses she exclaimed:

"Why, how they cramp my hand! Their particles seem to have been disintegrated, and sent through walls and space with the velocity of light. Tell me what can they contain to produce such a sensation, and what does it all mean?"

"During the trial she seemed to undergo convulsions, as if painful; indeed, more pronounced than the medium last mentioned, and Mr. Moxley concluded his statement by saying: 'Here you have the simple facts; you can draw your own conclusions.'"

In business circles Mr. Moxley was a man of standing, and his check was 'gilt edged' for whatever amount he chose to name and sign, and your reporter writes this incident just as he heard it related to a circle of invited guests; yet strange as the facts may seem, they fully corroborate similar phenomena vouched for by Zöllner in his work on 'Transcendental Physics' and many other works on the occult, which would imply that Spirit Chemistry begins where Material Chemistry leaves off, and their experiments are likely to be as successful under favorable conditions in Washington as in Berlin or the Orient. S. K. HALL.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 24, 1897.

My Attitude to the National Spiritualists' Association.

BY J. C. F. GRUMHINE ("WHITE ROSE").

In Boston and Brooklyn, in fact, wherever I happen to minister, the question is asked: "Do you believe in the National Spiritualists' Association?" or "Do you believe in organization?" and, as it is quite impossible for me to find time or opportunity to reply individually to these inquiries, it will be pardoned if I reply through the medium of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

It is quite difficult, if not impossible, to make one's position intelligible by saying that one is in favor of organization for business but not for propaganda, for different minds attach a different meaning to the construction of words; and yet such statement implies my relation to any local, State or national organization. Civil rights, as they relate to the question of religious belief, can best be secured and perpetuated through organization where combinations of men effect what individuals could not effect, and where religious freedom to worship God after the dictates of conscience can be maintained by appeals, repeals and legislation through the suffrages of the mass of the people.

Questions also that affect all religious bodies indiscriminately can be best handled through some form of organization, although exceptional cases exist where single individuals have been more successful than organized bodies of men and women. The laws regulating interstate commerce can be upheld by such committees or organized bodies who make it a business to see that justice is dealt out equally to all, as in the case of clergy half-fare permits.

"Then the superficial or local needs of media, such as the right to ply their vocation without fear or penalty of arrest and fines or unjust prosecution, persecution, libel and imprisonment, are beautifully or can be beautifully attended to by such organization as the National Spiritualists' Association. Indeed, all that pertains to the business of Spiritualism can be effectually dispatched by such an organization as the N. S. A. Whether such an institution shall exist is at the discretion of those who are interested most in its behalf. It does its work when it discharges its business obligations; it exceeds its office when it enters the field as an exponent of Spiritualism.

"I can have no creed, for none is authorized, and should any be so authorized it would be the creed of such Spiritualists who framed it, but not the creed of Spiritualism. Whatever claims it may make as to Spiritualism being a religion are made not out of its own mouth, so to speak, or on its own ipse dixit or authority as an oracle or exponent, but through the avowed statement of the organized and unorganized body, its followers and media, in law its media and teachers should be summoned just as were Jesus and Paul, to give an account of their religion, for they are the moral inspirations of the movement among men, and could best answer for their followers. In this instance, neither a propaganda as the Sanhedrin, or a college of men as the Pharisees, or a government as Rome, could vicariously answer for Judaism or Christianity as Jesus set forth in his teachings. They could, if they would, plead for him, and take up his case and cause, but the real issue belongs to the real exponent, not to his attorney, colleagues or government who work for or against him.

As a religion, or the religion, Spiritualism stands or falls on its own merits, not through the imperialism of an organization that can make it popular, as Rome popularized the Nicene creed, at the cost of thousands of lives. An organization ceases to be an attorney for a religion when it obtrudes its own intelligence and interpretations for the truth for which it alone stands.

Now no one set of men and women, headed by an uncrowned queen in the name of Cora L. V. Richmond, beautiful and unsurpassed as the woman may be in her sphere of mediumship and inspiration, can or should be permitted to stand as the exponent of Spiritualism in its cosmic sense, on no other ground than that of organization. If the teachings of Cora L. V. Richmond are true, the spirit of truth in each one, and not organization, should enforce them. Each one in the sphere of divinity will perceive the truth, and no organization can do for man what man alone must do for himself. In presenting organization to the world the leaders have made the mistake in upholding the Jesuitical law that the end justified the means, and of advocating organization, not as such or altogether as an adjunct to the Cause of Spiritualism, but boldly affirming that it

will have naught to do with propaganda, but rather, using the religion and its propaganda to further its end, as if that end were altogether the object of Spiritualism. That we need an organization for business, any one with a pair of eyes can see; but that we do not need an organization for propaganda, not every one perceives, absorbed for the while in a zeal for the success of the spiritual movement by all legitimate means.

I do not speak *ex cathedra* for Spiritualists, nor for those who bravely and wisely stand for their own convictions, but I offer my own reasons for my position. Spiritualism as a religion is a movement, not an ecclesiastical system of faith, nor a philosophical system, nor yet a theological creed, save as truth is such in its absoluteness. To make such a movement serve organization, rather than organization serve it, is the danger of the hour. For instance, as a propaganda what guarantee has any one that even the National Spiritualists' Association will not be moved by preference in the selection or rejection of media, were that prerogative given that body by all avowed Spiritualists?

I can instance more than one case where favoritism would be shown, and where now, if at any time in the history of the organization when its policy is being shaped, and all eyes are upon the leaders, individual or organic preferences should be forever sacrificed and crushed. What guarantee have the media and speakers who are not members of the National Spiritualists' Association that their names and their works will be lauded and commended by the ecclesiastical syndicate? Would it not be human, and in the natural order of the policy of the National Spiritualists' Association, to choose and recommend such as are allies, rather than those who stand aloof, however honorable and praiseworthy may be their career and work? Would or could the National Spiritualists' Association in the sphere of propaganda escape the pit-falls into which all religious denominations have fallen, of setting up a standard of judgment and measurement, Protean in operation, by which only those who "stand in" would be pushed and praised, and made successes? How is it to be but as I have shown when the spiritual movement has been side-tracked or absorbed by an ecclesiastical octopus, and a "new spiritual movement" opens its lips to declare again the precious truth of a million years?

Must the new seers, like Jesus, be persecuted from city to city by "organization," or become ministers to the old religious order or ecclesiastical régime? Of course this will not happen, but suppose it should—what then? It will be observed, then, that organization should have no other end than to serve and not to govern its master. It will be seen, then, that the bottle is for the wine and not the wine for the bottle.

It will be shown, then, that religion adopts its own forms, makes its own government, calls its own seers and media, and, like the sea, makes its cycles and inspirations ebb and flow according to its own law. It will be perceived, then, that liberty is too precious to give it away, that Spiritualists may be recognized in the world as a respectable lot of people.

I, for one, am willing both to let Spiritualism and Spiritualist run the gauntlet of the world's severest tests of merit by the intrinsic worth of the religion and its advocate. No religion can be quicker advanced than by the consecration and spirituality of its followers.

But let us have organization for business—not for propaganda. Let the spirit of the universe attend to its business; let each one of us do his own.

Synopsis of Lecture Given by W. J. Colville

On Sunday, Feb. 28, to a very large audience, in the Temple, Exeter and Newbury streets.

In view of the fact that the Spiritual Temple has recently been the cynosure of many an eye, in consequence of the recent legal discussion concerning its rights and standing as a religious edifice, much interest centered in the special topic of the lecture given within its walls on "The Constitution of Vital Religion."

The lecturer preceded the lecture with a significant reading from "The Book of Life," by Sivarthia, in which the author declares religion to have direct bearing on every social function and to properly exist for the general well-being of mankind, not to promulgate and enforce any special set of dubious doctrines.

Though by common consent it is usually supposed that organized religious bodies have a pretty clearly defined view of the Deity and a prescribed mode of divine worship, there are no valid reasons for insisting that such requirements must be met in order to constitute an association a religious body, for the exact meaning of the word religion, in its Latin derivation, is whatever unifies, binds together and reconciles.

If any body of people assemble to consider questions pertaining to human welfare, to moral culture and spiritual advancement, they certainly meet all the requirements of a religious organization. As to the always vexed question of the physical phenomena pertaining to Spiritualism as exhibited in the presence of public assemblies, honest opinions can easily differ as to the wisdom of such exhibitions and the good likely to result from them; but when a company of ill-behaved persons is permitted to break up an otherwise orderly meeting without being punished for such offense, the only verdict which reason can pass is that such support of rowdism can only tend to encourage a hoodlum element in the community which seeks to substitute brutal vulgarity for rational investigation. It is unworthy of any respectable newspaper professionally sacred or secular to endorse any such misconduct, and if such vandalism is upheld by law it will not be long before disturbers of peace and destroyers of property will be invited to commit depredations wherever they choose. Even if deception is practiced it can never be effectually put down except by methods in themselves reasonable and respectable.

The true functions of religion may certainly include all attempts to demonstrate the immortality of man and the power of spirit over matter, though the supreme function of a religious congregation must ever be to ennoble the life that now is, and elevate the tone of society in the midst of which it is situated.

Instead of being depressed or crestfallen on account of seeming obstacles in the path toward perfect freedom from tyranny and oppression, every new blow struck at liberty from any quarter or by any hand should urge forward the supporters of equity to more manfully persist in perseverance to the end. The spirit of true philosophy is beautifully expressed in the triumphant words of the Apocalypse, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things," and to him it is said shall be given a new name, written on a white stone, which no one can interpret save he who receives it.

The struggle for the palm of victory is worth more than all it costs, and when a correct

view is taken of the trials and sufferings which are necessary to a noble career, it will quickly be shown that a vast amount of tribulation is not due to any sins we have committed or even to mistakes we have made, but is the necessary concomitant of our connection with the things we are to subdue until we have subdued them.

Everything is at first difficult to master and control. Artists of every name, equally with all scientists, know how hard it seems at the outset of their endeavors to compel obdurate material to submit to their commands and let itself be shaped into the forms of use and beauty they desire to make it assume, but after the victory is won the conquest more than repays the effort. The outcome of pessimistic materialism has been well summarized in a single definition of life recently given by a leader in the neurotic school of decadent literature, whose words are, "Life is an epileptic fit between two nothings." It is well to face the issue if we are in love with negationism, and see whither it is trending.

Suicide, euthanasia, and all the other cowardly attempts to juggle with destiny and escape the inevitable by craven folly, are only so many outcomes of a false philosophy of existence which, because it utterly fails to see the glory to be revealed, thinks it highest wisdom to shirk, if possible, the present pain. Those who overcome suffering, and get on to the right or upper side of it, experience no more pain, for they have mastered the conditions which induce pain and render it a temporary, though certainly not a final necessity.

After the lecture the speaker improvised a fine poem on four subjects given by the audience.

How to Meet Doctors' Plots.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

One of our noble Revolutionary patriots once said, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." True to day as when uttered originally. So long as tyranny exists, so long there is the duty of obedience.

A tyrant may be a single person, a special agency created by the legislature or a corporation. The tyrant may execute his power at will, as do the Spanish tyrants in Cuba, or under the forms of law, as is done in this free (?) Republic. The Allopathic medical fraternity, a conglomerate of ignorance, brutality and greed, has sinuously entered our halls of legislation, and by various pretexts obtained tyrannous, monopolistic legislation, the outcome of which is the abrogation of sundry personal rights, under the plea that there should be an authoritative body to attend to sanitation.

Boards of Health have been created, machines to be operated by the regular M. D.'s for purely selfish purposes. Through them the allopaths hope to be masters of the situation, conservators over the people, depriving them of their natural inalienable right to choose their own physicians. This is rank tyranny, the forcing a citizen to call to his bedside, in an extremity, involving health or death, a man, a doctor, in whom he has no confidence.

This want of confidence is no senseless crotchety, or an idle whim, for every man who has arrived at middle age, if he has been at all observant, knows that the popular drug medication kills more than it cures; that many who survive the ordeal are physical wrecks, dragging out a miserable existence till their lingering death is ended at the grave, when they go where drugging is no more.

The people have been too spiritless to resist, and hold their representatives to a strict accountability. The conspirators who have engineered these boards of health and monopolistic legislation have moved step by step, saying smooth things, not to create too great a shock which would defeat their plans. A little this year, a little more the next; in due time it is hoped an allopathic paradise may be created, where the poison-dispensers may become absolute monarchs.

It is time the ballot box began to talk: time that every candidate for a legislative office be scrutinized to ascertain his position, whether he favors freedom or despotism. The ballot box and independent voting sometimes works a revolution. We had a notable example of this once in Rhode Island, when the colored school question was made an issue. In Providence colored children were ostracized, barred out of white schools. They were forced to occupy inferior school rooms, many obliged to travel a long distance. The city authorities refused relief. The colored people and their friends appealed to the legislature. Unsuccessful at first, the ballot box was appealed to on a direct issue. The Republican city ticket was defeated, solely because the candidates favored the proscriptive schools.

This defeat had great influence; the large outlying towns were also a battleground, and after a contest of some three years the proscriptive schools were abolished. The ballot box created the revolution. Without an appeal to it, and close scrutiny of candidates, the controversy would have dragged along indefinitely, so intense was prejudice and color-phobia. Let such be the policy of the friends of medical freedom. The ballot box may be made an emancipator, not for ourselves alone, but for those who come after, by delivering them from the curse of poisonous drug medication.

MEDICINE UP TO DATE.—Physician of the New School (after turning X-ray on patient): "Your case is a somewhat complicated one. There is a slight trouble with your left lung, and I observe enlargement of the liver and fatty degeneration of the heart. Kindly hand me that \$2.50 in your right-hand trousers pocket, and I will prescribe for you."—New York World.

Little Mabel—"Papa, does our family own a planet?" Papa—"What nonsense child! Who put that idea into your head?" Little Mabel—"Why, I asked sister last night what big star it was above us, and she said it wasn't a star but a planet, and that it was mine."—Brooklyn Life.

Written for the Banner of Light

THE TEMPEST.

BY ROSE MAXIM.

The clouds obscure the sun; the breezes sigh
Among the forest trees, and now the rain
Comes showering down from out the dismal sky,
And all is dark again.

The rising winds rush by with loud alarm,
The thunder's crash, the lightning's fiery chain
Make more terrific the tumultuous storm,
More fierce the hurricane.

And furiously now and wild and drear
The rain in torrents beats against the pane,
And timid mortals, trembling with fear,
Wait for the storm to wane.

And now the clouds lift high—the sun breaks through
And shines resplendently o'er hill and plain;
The earth refreshed comes forth with brighter hue,
And Nature smiles again.

The raindrops glisten now on everything—
The leaf and flower, the grass and growing grain;
The brooks are tuneful, birds mount up and sing
In gladness for the rain.

So may we find, as through the world we move,
No day so dark, or drear, or full of pain,
But tender, pitying, unchanging Love,
Can make all joy again.

WITH ONE ACCORD.

A SPIRITUAL ROMANCE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

AS the party at Crocodile Towers were seated at their late breakfast Mrs. Parrot eagerly discussed the remarkable telegrams, which were but fresh proofs, if such were needed, of the perfect spiritual guidance under which she was acting as regarded the decisive step she had only the evening before determined to take on the advice of the powerful Order which had never been known to err in any of its important movements.

One telegram, which was from Mrs. Paddersleigh, read: "Are we right in hearing you are going to India?" the other, from Harry, was as follows: "A wfully jolly to go to India as Auntie's private secretary."

Neither Mrs. Paddersleigh nor Harry having heretofore shown any such remarkable clairvoyance, or other form of "mediumship" such as these messages decidedly proved, Mrs. Parrot was thoroughly convinced that in some extraordinary manner her sister and nephew must have been communicated with, telepathically or otherwise, by the Brotherhood which had always assured her that every person upon earth called upon to act in direct association with it would be individually invited to serve, and that such invitation would be conveyed in an agreeable and convincing manner to all who were thus approached.

Baron Wilderswift and Lady Lovejoy had been the recipients of so many thrilling summonses during their extended travels nearly all over the world, that they could easily account for what to any uninitiated person must appear nothing short of miraculous.

The afternoon passed very swiftly in delightful converse, and in the evening, after a very simple dinner, Mrs. Parrot gave her first public lecture in Pasadena to a large and appreciative audience. Her subject was, "The Marvels of To-day Compared with Ancient Mysteries." So interested were the listeners, and so numerous were the questions following the lecture, that it was nearly eleven o'clock before the Chairman dismissed the audience, and then the greater portion of it lingered as though reluctant to depart, even at so late an hour, despite the promise that other lectures of equal interest would soon follow.

The following Sunday Mrs. Parrot spoke twice in a large theatre in Los Angeles, which was packed from stalls to gallery. The truthful representative of one of the city newspapers devoted three columns to the evening lecture, pronouncing it "a masterpiece of eloquence and erudition."

Calls to San Diego and many other southern points poured in upon the lecturer, who paid as many visits as she possibly could to all the surrounding places in the very short time at her disposal. Everywhere she was greeted with acclaim, and urged to take up her permanent abode in southern California. But the imperative voices, which she never disobeyed, insisted that the finger of imperative duty pointed far across the seas.

On the Monday following the receipt of the telegrams two letters arrived, so intensely interesting in their contents as evidences of remarkable psychical experience that Mrs. Parrot undertook to render them public, simply omitting such portions as were private in interest as well as in style of address.

Mrs. Paddersleigh's epistle was as follows: "My dearest Sister—I scarcely know what to make of the marvelous communication which came to us this very evening from a messenger of the Brotherhood with which we know you are connected, though of its interest in myself and Harry I have never had such evidence before. It was about 10 o'clock, and we were sitting talking of you, speculating as to your whereabouts, and probable experiences, when suddenly Harry and I were alike conscious that there was a third person in the room. We saw no one, nor did either of us hear an outward voice, but simultaneously we felt ourselves to be listening to words distinctly spoken telling us clearly and unmistakably that you were at that instant being told exactly what we were made to hear, viz., that you were called to India and we were invited to accompany you. As I have long wished to visit the Orient, and Harry has a passion for travel and adventure, we were not in the least shocked, but on the contrary, greatly pleased with the prospect of going with you to the scene of your new work.

"When you left for Australia my chief regret was that I could not also accompany you to that wonderful land beneath the Southern Cross; but as Harry was then only fifteen, and finances did not permit of any extended travel on my part, I saw you go away to remain for several years, with the earnest prayer in my heart and on my lips that if you safely returned to us and started off again, we might all go in company. When I saw you leave for Los Angeles with four trunks (which suggested the idea of prolonged absence), I broke down utterly after the steamer had sailed, and during the two days you were on the water I was utterly miserable, for I let myself believe you would at least go as far as England, and I could not decide how much further, before your return to California. Harry declared from the moment you set sail that you were widely on the wing, but he persisted we should soon cross continents and oceans with you. Youth is so often hopeful, while mature age takes a soberer view of life, that while I tried to believe he got a correct impression of things, my heart sank, as what I am foolishly accustomed to call my reason told me not to be over- sanguine. Even now, since receiving the marvelous message in some occult manner from one of the Mystic Fraternity, I still doubt, for it is possible that both Harry and I have been victims of overwrought imagination, though as I pen these words I feel them to be almost sinful. At any rate, we have each sent you a telegram, and letters to follow, so if there is any mistake you will be able at once to rectify it. Please answer the telegram by wire, that my doubts may be dispelled as quickly as possible.

"Your loving sister,
POLLY."

Harry's letter contained no less striking information, though the style of it was widely different. Here it is in substance:

"DEAR AUNTIE: Mother is writing to you at one table and I at another in our sitting-room. What has just happened is too funny for anything. I have n't the least doubt

concerning what I'm about to relate, and as a preface to the curious news, I'll tell you one of my recent psychical experiences. Since I've been Secretary of the Society for Theosophical Research, and hand-in-glove with the '777' movement, I've developed wonderfully as a seer, though I have n't said anything about it, as I don't like to see fellows go off half primed. The crystal you gave me has proved a great success in my case, though mother sees nothing in it. The day you left, directly after dinner, I took the crystal in hand, and saw a vision of you on the water. I saw you in a very different state-room from the one you put your luggage in when we saw you off. You were reading Prof. Van der Naillen's latest book, 'In the Sanctuary,' and seemed greatly absorbed in its contents. Mother told me afterward that you had taken that book, and one other, in your hand-bag to read on the trip, but I did n't know it. Well, the pictures in the crystal appeared one after another in rapid succession, and though mother saw nothing herself she was delighted with my descriptions, and said they were better than fairy tales to while away an evening, though between us two I do n't think she took much stock in them. She always believed in your visions, but seership is new with me, and she always has called me fanciful. I saw so many things, and so clearly, that I began to wonder if I was quite right in the upper story, though I feel well, sleep well, and am, as you know, in generally first rate condition. Next morning (just for the fun of it) I paid a visit to Dr. Fischkettler, the funny old physician who told Dr. Bancroft's daughters that their father was suffering from 'acute boiling of the brain' because he wrote a book on Occultism, and showed more intelligence than was required for slimping and furbelows. The old man looked me over thoroughly, felt my pulse, examined my tongue, stethoscoped my lungs, etc., etc., and finally told me I was sound as a brick, gladly pocketing two dollars for the assurance, and telling me my youth alone prevented him from charging a much higher fee. That was Wednesday morning. The same evening I had another set to with the crystal, that time with even better success than the night before, and this time mother was really impressed, as well as interested. I saw a grand ship in full sail steaming toward India. Then I saw myself with you and mother in Calcutta. Some of the public buildings I easily recognized as closely resembling the pictures you showed when I worked your lantern.

"At length out of a seeming canopy of mist there gradually formed a perfect view of a handsome interior, where we three were seated together sipping chocolate, waited upon by a Hindu in a very conspicuous turban. Suddenly the crystal ceased to reveal anything. I put it away, and did not touch it again till this (Thursday) evening. After holding it about twenty minutes I fell fast asleep, with the crystal held firmly in my hand, and when I awoke, i. e., between sleeping and waking, so it seemed to me, a magnificent appearing man, young, strong, athletic and dignified, said to me: 'I have just told your aunt what I am now causing you to behold. Your mother and yourself must accompany her on her voyage to India, for which the day is already set. In this declaration I do but confirm your hopes and announce to you the answer to your fervent prayers, for you are one of us in the truest sense, for you are faithful to your highest light, and honest as the day. Your mother is now receiving by interior impression what is now being revealed to you. Address your aunt at once, and tell her of your glad willingness to be her escort, and to fulfill the duties of a secretary of our Order.'

"No sooner had I fully awakened than mother exclaimed: 'Oh! I know it's all true now; send a telegram instantly; your Aunt Catherine must not be kept a moment in needless suspense.' You know how eager mother is when she gets started, so I can tell you I hustled. It was only a matter of a few minutes with me before the telegrams were sent, and I was back again and writing you this letter, which, along with mother's, I shall post immediately, before retiring for the night. It is now midnight, and we are both ready to sleep, and perhaps to dream of the wonderful future (I know it's a bright one) in store for all of us.

"Your devoted nephew,
HARRY."

What followed the receipt of this momentous news, and how the great good work of the allied Societies of 999 and 777 was carried on in Eastern lands, must form the subject of another history.

All the leading characters mentioned in this tale, and all the enterprises started by them under wise spiritual direction, are succeeding and flourishing. With one accord are they all working at their several avocations, and though the unthinking world may heed it not, just such agencies as have been described in the foregoing pages are working to evolutionize, and therefore to rightly revolutionize, the existing strata of society.

The "777" Fraternity does the outer work as it appeals to the needs of the age, but all its members are well imbued with the true philosophy that all power proceeds from within, therefore no ostensible efforts are made in any direction until from the inner council-chambers of the spirit the word has gone forth.

No test of creed, only of loving service and loyalty to truth as far as it is perceived by the individual, is exacted of those who pledge themselves to work not for self chiefly, but in the spirit of pure philanthropy.

In all religious and other organizations there are some who have felt the call to a higher life than ordinary, and to these such work as the "777" Fraternity is engaged in must ever appeal as an honest, earnest attempt to fulfill the precept "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

The far more occult and seemingly mysterious order of "999" is one of those hidden wellsprings of strength and knowledge which in the outer world is known only like all of nature's potent forces—by its effects. No awful oaths or fearful bonds of secrecy are required of those who are privileged to join its ranks, nor can any one edge his way into such a Fraternity by the payment of money, or indeed by any outward means.

If any reader of this narrative is called to enlist in such an army, an officer thereof will appear to him in some guise or other which will be unmistakable. When the jarring sects cease to wrangle, and truly with ONE ACCORD unite in the service of truth for the elevation of humanity, then will veils fall and walls be razed, and the unity of humanity be doubted no more forever.

THE END.

First Spiritualist Society of Little Rock, Arkansas.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On February 21st, 1897, Dr. I. S. Lee, after several weeks' inspirational lectures, and giving of psychometric tests, and teaching a class of spiritual instruction in the use of spiritual talents, such as hypnotism, healing, etc., organized a society, and there was an election of officers of the "First Spiritualist Society of Little Rock, Ark."

The charter members numbered 37 influential citizens, judges, lawyers, doctors, engineers, telegraphers, merchants and others, with their wives, and the society is almost daily growing in numbers.

Officers elected were as follows: Benjamin F. Campbell, president; Judge Duball, vice-president; Morene Campbell, corresponding secretary; Mrs. S. Curtis, treasurer; Isaac S. Lee, chaplain; Mrs. Ella Campbell, superintendent of lyceum; J. B. Lewis, leader of choir; James Campbell, janitor or deacon; P. Houch, janitor or deacon; ———, recording secretary.

Constitution and by-laws were adopted, and it was resolved to secure a charter from the State society, soon to be re-organized, and an effort made to hold a Spiritualist camp meeting the present year, somewhere near Little Rock or Hot Springs.

One of the by-laws makes it the imperative duty of the executive committee to call on every "fortune-teller" or "advertiser" of "to find hidden money," or "treasure," or lovers, or sellers of charms or lucky articles, and warn them not to advertise here as mediums or Spiritualists, or they will be surely prosecuted by that committee for obtaining money under false pretences.

Spiritualist and liberal papers please publish the above, and send samples of all papers, etc., to chaplain, corresponding secretary and president of society.

Weird Comfort.

BY KATE TYSON MAHR.

"Come with me to see Maggie Gaule," said my friend Mrs. Townsend.

"I am afraid," I answered. "I have never seen a Spiritualist, and I would be frightened out of my senses; I am not strong enough to risk the experience."

"It will do you good," she insisted. "You grieve too much. Do come. I think she will comfort you. Do you know," she went on, "I get perfectly hungry for a sitting? I am not a real active Spiritualist, but when I am in trouble I go to a medium as I would take a tonic. So come with me; it will do you good."

To a woman who had been bred with all the narrow ideas of a convent education this was indeed a new departure. It was some time before I could quiet my scruples sufficiently to consent to the proposition, but her very earnestness, and seeming desire to help me, won me in the end, and with great reluctance I consented to accompany her.

This was in the city of Washington, about six years ago. The neighborhood in which Maggie Gaule made her headquarters was unknown to me. It was simply an impossibility that she could have known anything direct or indirect relating to myself in any way.

When we arrived, the waiting room was crowded with handsomely dressed women, several of whom, like myself, had never before visited a Spiritualist, but were there in the spirit of curiosity, because Miss Gaule's fame had been something phenomenal. Incidentally, let me here relate that she was reared a Catholic. The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent's School, Baltimore, which she attended, assert that even as a little child she was weird and uncanny, and her recital of what she saw led them to regard her "as one possessed." To return to the waiting-room. The ladies discussed her, and I remarked that I had no faith in the occult, I had come as an investigator to oblige my friend. Our turn came at last. Mrs. Townsend went first. Had she known any of the details of my sorrow I should still have doubted Miss Gaule's powers, thinking I had been betrayed, but these were matters unknown to anyone on earth save myself, consequently no question could be raised.

I entered the room enveloped in antagonistic feelings. Fear, curiosity, reluctance, mingling with a superstitious dread, obtained complete mastery over me. Miss Gaule met me pleasantly, and invited me to be seated. She looked at me for a moment, then pressing her hands to her face said, "I cannot sit with you—I would rather not."

"Why?" I asked in surprise.

"Because," she replied, "it is all trouble, great waves of trouble, with only your head above them. I would rather not sit with you," and she rose to usher me out.

"Tell me why," I asked again, now eagerly curious. "I have never been to a Spiritualist before, and my friend thought you might comfort me."

"Well, sit down," she said; "but you affect me horribly. I feel as if I were being smothered. Some one very dear to you passed out in that way." She clasped her hands over her face again, and went on: "Such trouble, such grief, oh! my God, what a life, all sorrow, and the worst of it is there are years of it yet to come."

Fifteen months before this visit I had lost by death my oldest son, a boy of fifteen, in whom my heart and soul were centered. He was rarely gifted physically and mentally, and ranked as the brightest boy in a class of forty-three in the High School. All the love and pride of motherhood found pleasure in mapping out his brilliant future. From his baby days we had been boon companions. He was not only my child, he was my friend, my confidant, my companion. The most complete congeniality marked our comradeship, and his tragic death had been mourned by hosts of friends. To me his death meant agony and despair.

He was inventive and ingenious. The house was filled with all sorts of odd contrivances, and I encouraged the spirit in him. This very ingenuity of which I was so proud robbed me of my idol.

I had been out the evening of that fateful night, and when I returned we ate a little luncheon together, after which he kissed me "Good night" and repaired to his own room. A little later he returned bringing his school trousers that needed repairing, with the request that I would attend to them before the school hour, then kissed me again.

In the morning I sat in bed doing this little mending, when I detected the odor of gas. Quickly donning a wrapper and slippers I hastened over the house. His room was the last I entered. As I opened the door—there lay my boy dead—half resting on his little bed.

The horrible deadly odor stifled me; I screamed to my little daughter, who ran for the physician living next door. In a very few moments two others had joined him, and all three were working over the rigid form, but science was powerless, it was too late.

By some accident the wire with which he turned off the gas, after studying his lessons, became entangled, how, of course, no one could tell, but its deadly work had been accomplished.

I could not become reconciled to his death, and my whole soul was crushed. My health failed and I was a wreck. He was my only child by my first marriage, which made the link even stronger between us.

Maggie Gaule could have known nothing of all this.

"Who is it," she asked, "who calls you 'Mama,' but says he is brother? A boy about thirteen?"

"I know," I answered.

"Well," she replied, "he wants me to say to you that you must not grieve so for him, that he cannot be happy in the spirit-land knowing that you are grieving as you do, and he says his death was necessary, that your life might be less hard to bear." She then proceeded to describe with most minute details every circumstance of his death, the position in which he was lying and all, and then said, "He says, 'Mama, I tried so hard to call you, I knew I was dying, and how dreadful it would be for you, but I could not reach the door. It was so hard to die alone when you were so near me, but you must not grieve.' Every article in his little bedroom was most faithfully described. Then she said: 'A handsome man puts his arms around you both and says, 'My baby, it is dreadful for me to know all that you suffer when I cannot help you, but when everything looks darkest for you a new influence will come into your life, and you will get much happier days.'"

There were other messages from my father of a purely private and personal character, together with several predictions that seemed improbable at the time, but which have since been actually verified.

Before Miss Gaule had finished I was sobbing hysterically. She put both arms around me and sobbed with me as if her heart were breaking.

"Never mind," she said, "it will be a long time coming, but there is much brightness yet in store for you."

We were both completely unnerved. When I offered to compensate her, she refused the usual fee, saying:

"I could not take anything from you. Come to see me again. I want to know you."

We stood clasped in each other's arms fully ten minutes—she sharing my grief in sympathy.

The waiting-room was filled with ladies when we re-entered it together. My friend came quickly to my side, asking what was the matter. Every one was astonished. Miss Gaule apologized to the ladies, remarking that it was impossible for her to give any more sittings, as she would have to become quieted before her lecture of the evening.

As soon as I could control myself sufficiently, I said, in explanation:

"In justice to Miss Gaule, I must say I hardly know what to think. She has described the great sorrow of my life with perfect accuracy. It has been wonderful."

I spoke very briefly of my child, and soon all were in tears. Before we parted I gave Miss Gaule my card, and a strong friendship has since existed between us.

From her I received the first grain of comfort, and her repetition that my boy had said he could not be happy in the spirit-land because of this grief, had a soothing effect upon me. Other things I learned from her that enabled me to regulate my life in such a manner as to mitigate coming trials. The friendship between us has existed nearly six years. In all things I am not a Spiritualist, yet I have the deepest regard for those who do believe its tenets. A medium who is honest and sincere has a wonderful mission because of the gift she possesses.

I went to Miss Gaule unprejudiced to oblige my friend. Yet in going I demonstrated one of their greatest truths by carrying with me the best conditions, and feeling kindly I obtained the best results.

When I consented to go I entertained the keenest desire to learn from her all that she could tell me.

She comforted by both her power and gentle womanly sympathy. I went a stranger, somewhat skeptical. I left a friend, and a deep thinker.

Written for the Banner of Light

More Economic Methods of Time and Money are Necessary for the Promotion of Spiritualism.

BY E. W. GOULD.

When we consider the brief period that has elapsed since the wonderful developments at Hydesville, now less than fifty years, it should not perhaps be thought strange that so little has been done toward formulating a more perfect system of organization and groundwork for the future up-building and advancement of the great principles underlying the spiritual philosophy.

That millions were made converts to its teachings, in so short a time, is only an argument to show that no organization or system were necessary to convince the inquiring mind that had been aroused by the developments at Hydesville. But the number of investigators increased and is still increasing, notwithstanding the lack of system and a thorough organization, which has become more apparent each year, for several years past, until it is now evident that in order to maintain our prestige and secure a permanent advance that can be relied upon, for all coming time, we have to enter upon some new, to us, far-reaching system of organization, more thorough, more uniform than has heretofore been thought necessary or adopted. This is not new or peculiar to Spiritualism.

All new theories or systems of religion or science, have to go through a chrysalis or preparatory state before their peculiar necessities or wants can be determined, or the proper modes by which they can best be advanced are agreed upon by their friends and promoters.

Spiritualists have now for several years been debating upon the various methods suggested for organization, and a uniform basis upon which all could agree to adopt, as fundamental and practical.

How that is to be arrived at has not been determined upon, so far as I am advised. The National Association, at its next convention in October, will be in position (through its delegates, who should be authorized to act in all matters of general interest), to consider the subject of a permanent platform of organization for the future guidance and policy of Spiritualism in America.

This is an important subject, and vital to the character and advancement of our cause, in connection with other sects and denominations, laboring in the same field of education and moral reform. A recommendation from a committee selected by the convention, to consider and report upon the many reforms and necessary amendments to our present practices, would go a long way toward introducing them. But of course, time for discussion and consideration is necessary to satisfy many that a new system, a more perfect organization, is of sufficient importance to our advancement to justify radical changes and the introduction of new methods.

And we should not attempt too much at a time, or to go faster than circumstances justify. There are some things in which we may probably all agree, and the adoption of which will lead to others. One thing I will refer to, and this is suggested by the headlines of this article: Economy of money and time.

Of money, paid for railroad transportation for our lecturers on the public platforms on Sundays, which seldom exceeds one month at any one place, and often less.

Of time, which is absorbed in traveling from place to place, which ought to be devoted to the society by the lecturer in making the personal acquaintance of each family in the society, and of learning their spiritual and social wants and surroundings. By one month engagements, or even one year, deprives the society of much of the great value of the lecturer's personal acquaintance and missionary labor, by which the membership of the society might be greatly increased and its usefulness extended.

These are only a few of the advantages that would result in this change from the present general custom. But there are others that might be mentioned which would result in even greater benefits, perhaps. The Lyceum and the Kindergarten are becoming great factors in the education of young children, and we cannot afford to stand idle and see our brethren of the orthodox denominations absorb this great element of future strength of all sects.

Recent statistics show there are in the United States some fifteen millions of children within the age, or that come within the age of those denominated "Sabbath school children." Of these, it is claimed, five millions are now under the direct influence and care of the church through their Sunday schools and kindergartens. I have not the figures to show how many are estimated in the Lyceums and kindergartens of our societies. If I had I should lack the courage to make the comparison. But herein is where our great strength and hope lies, and we cannot do better than to include in the duties of our public lecturers and teachers that of assisting to build up and sustain the Lyceum in the society over which they are presiding.

This would, of course, involve the question of compensation, capability, etc., all of which would regulate itself after a few months' trial, if the system was approved, and generally adopted. As I have often taken occasion to suggest before, we have the National Association in position to act as an exchange, or an agency, in carrying into effect the detail of any arrangement not provided for by any general system of management that may be adopted.

After these requisites are provided for others will follow in rapid succession, which must be a part of the general system of the improvement in contemplation. All will admit the necessity of some practical plan by which each society of a given number of members will be able to build a suitable church or chapel for its accommodation. Not a temple, but such a structure as they can pay for without embarrassment, or incurring a large debt. This will do more to increase the growth and popularity of the society than anything else.

My observation and inquiry lead me to the conclusion that a large majority of our present lecturers will be glad to sanction a change that will enable them to appropriate their time and talents more economically and more profitably to the societies that employ them, besides rendering it possible for them to establish homes for themselves, and to those that have families to enable them to live at home, and to become identified as citizens in some community, which is now difficult for them to do.

It may bring into the field many new laborers who have heretofore declined the active and responsible position of an itinerant lecturer. And many are qualified, or would be glad to qualify themselves, to take charge of small, growing societies, and become their settled pastor.

If this system does not bring into the field a sufficient number of qualified laborers to supply the rapidly-increasing demand, there seems no practical method of securing them, except that adopted by all other sects and organizations, viz., building and equipping institutions of education, in which those desiring to enter this field of labor may be trained and qualified.

It is claimed by some sincere thinkers that if those who desire to enter this field of teachers and missionary work will place themselves under the direct influence of spirit-control, and follow the advice of the best guides obtainable, they will need no better or higher education or spiritual training to make them competent and acceptable teachers on any platform. It is sincerely to be hoped this supply may be sufficient to fill the demand. But while thousands have developed as good mediums, and are engaged in the field as teachers, and are sincere, competent workers, there is evidence for believing the spirit-world will not always continue to do for us what has heretofore seemed a necessity.

Fifty years would seem time enough for mortals, under the instructions of advanced spirit teachers, to become competent to manage and provide such educational institutions as may be required. And if, as we believe, our spirit-friends never do for us what we can be benefited by doing for ourselves, the time seems near at hand when we shall be called upon to utilize all our available time and means to promote this new religion, this great cause of humanity, with competent teachers.

Washington, D. C., March 1, 1897.

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 Lyceum and Home Department.
MORNING THOUGHTS.

"Commune with your own heart on your bed."—*Psalm 17.*
Will you tell me, my ministering angels,
How best to make use of this day,
That it leave on my heart—or some other—
An impress for good that will stay?
This dear little life, placed so near to my own,
Turning to me for counsel and care:
I would nourish and strengthen each impulse for good
In his heart that is implanted there.
Will you show me how best to examine
My own faulty life by your light?
And help me, by conquering self-hood,
To be able to counsel aright?
Make known to my mind, by some power,
How best to make use of this day,
That it leave on my heart—or some other—
An impress for good that will stay?
IDA J. CHASE.

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

Joe.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. M. L. PORTER.

Poor Joe was simple, one of the world's unfortunate, born in a family of bright children of an intelligent and cultivated parentage. He had a severe sickness when a young child, which left him clouded and stunted in mind. He was the only boy in the family, and had been named with great pomp after a rich bachelor uncle, who appreciated the compliment enough to leave Joe—when yet a baby—a goodly fortune, which was to go to his children after him. In case he had no issue, the money was to go to another branch of the family.

It will be readily seen that Joe, although despised, and looked upon as a disgrace, was carefully watched over, as he was the moneyed member of the family, and his wants being few, the others enjoyed most of his income.

Joe was never happy or comfortable with grown people since his mother, the only one who loved him, had died; but with children, animals and flowers, he was contented, and at home.

Simple Joe lived so near to Nature's heart that all dumb creatures seemed to feel him one of themselves, and the most timid of them would readily come to him. All children loved him, and he was often seen with a little group around him—he, perhaps, the simplest one among them, telling them, while they listened in wide-eyed wonder, marvelous stories of what the birds, the bees, the dogs or the horses had told him.

Indeed, all dumb nature spoke to Joe with a voice easier understood than that of man's. As for flowers, he could soon coax the most stunted plant into growth and bloom.

Joe had one unalloyed blessing, a never-failing source of delight, in a lovely little girl now three years old—a niece, whom he had nursed and tended in baby illness, and cared for at all times, and who was as absolute a little despot as ever possessed golden curls, sweet blue eyes and dimpled cheeks. These two were constant companions; he idolized her, and she preferred her Joe—as she called him—to any one in the family.

It was their daily habit, and Joe's greatest delight when the weather was pleasant, to take a morning walk. On this morning—destined to be one marked in deepest lines on all their memories—Joe and Gladys were strolling along hand in hand, she prattling in childish innocence, he listening in quiet happiness, when a pretty kitten attracted the child's attention as it ran across the street. With a childish impulse no sooner felt than obeyed, Gladys sprang away from Joe's loose grasp into the street, in fleet pursuit, directly in front of a fast moving car.

Without a second's hesitation Joe followed just in time to lift and throw the child from the track, but not to save himself from the swift-moving wheels, which crushed him in their ruthless power. Tenderly, with pallid, awe-stricken faces, men raised poor Joe, and carried him home. He lived but a few hours, and in all his conscious intervals called anxiously for Baby, and when assured of her safety sank back with a happy smile, not one word of regret or complaint. His one and only thought was for her, his darling, his happiness that he had saved her from harm.

And what a lesson for those conscience-stricken ones who stood around him! How noble seemed poor foolish Joe! With his great agony swallowed up in unselfish joy, his love, pure and true, lighting up even the "valley of the shadow of death." Here was a lesson none there could ever forget, for Joe, who had missed the strength of brain and body of manhood, had found some way how to develop the purest attribute of humanity, unselfishness, and as he passed into that kingdom where the greatest and mightiest must become as a little child, all bowed in reverence before him as a hero. For "greater thing can no man do than give his life for another."

340 Warren street, Boston.

Cigarettes.

"Does cigarette smoking injure the lungs?" asked some one of a leading New York physician. For his answer the doctor lighted a cigarette, and, inhaling a mouthful of smoke, blew it through the corner of his handkerchief which he held tightly over his mouth. A dark brown stain was distinctly visible. "Just such a stain," said the doctor, "is left upon the lungs." If you ever smoke another cigarette think of the stains you are making.

There is a disease called the cigarette eye, which is regarded as dangerous. A film comes over the eye, appearing and disappearing at intervals. And do you know that boys have been made blind by smoking cigarettes? How would you like to part with your sight, and never again behold the light of day or the faces of your friends?

Shall I give you two or three pictures? A writer greatly interested in young people (Josiah Leeds) described a pitiful spectacle which he saw—a pale, weak-boned boy, seemingly less than ten years old, standing at the entrance of an alley, without a hat, his dilapidated trousers very ragged at the knees, his hands in his pockets, shivering with cold, yet drifting away at a cigarette.

Dr. Hammond says: "I saw in Washington a wretched-looking child, scarcely five years old,

smoking a cigarette, and blowing the smoke from his nostrils. His pale, pinched face was twitching convulsively, his little shoulders were bent, and his whole appearance was that of an old man."—*Christian Work.*

Mrs. General Fremont.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, in her story of "The Guard," a body of young men who followed "The Pathfinder" into the Civil War and made a brilliant record for their courage and gallantry, tells a pathetic little story of a dumb beast who also was loyal and courageous. While the guard—a body of cavalry—was drilling one day near St. Louis, a little fox terrier followed one of the men, Herr Wisa, a Hungarian officer, going with him to camp. He could not be driven away.

The men all made a pet of him and named him the "Corporal"; but, though he was so fond to them all, he made the Hungarian soldier his companion and friend, sleeping at his feet at night and following him by day.

When the guard made their memorable charge at Springfield, Mo., the "Corporal" charged with them, keeping beside his master's horse throughout the battle. Herr Wisa was wounded, and fell apparently dead in the thick of the fight. The fox terrier, his horse fled wild with terror, but the little "Corporal" nestled close beside him, licking his face and trying to rouse him.

There the dog remained through the bitter cold night. When morning came, he ran to the distant road, and by his frantic barks and cries induced a passer-by to enter the thicket.

The man, seeing only a cold, stiff body, supposed the soldier to be dead and would have hurried on, but the "Corporal" furiously drove him back and would not be silenced until he saw his master move and speak, when he crouched, dumb and contented, at his feet.

Mistakes of Mothers.

They Worry Over Trifles and Overlook Real Dangers.

"A great many mothers are worried and anxious about the wrong things; they are annoyed by earth stains which a little patience and water will take away," writes Mary C. Stetson in the *Ladies' Home Companion*. "If Jennie or Tom comes in covered with mud, there is a great outcry, when really that should not be an unexpected event. I would not give much for the energy of a child who could not soil a dress; but let me whisper it—what is a real cause for anxiety is a little deceit, a little lie, a little moral contamination of any kind. Mothers should rejoice that there is a time when all impurities are outward and can be washed away with pure water, and pray that they may never see a time when all their tears will fail to purify a soul. Since girls, as a class, are not physically so strong as their brothers, they are shielded in childhood by greater care, and the habit grows. It has really come to be a tradition that girls should be taken care of, but boys can take care of themselves. The educated woman does not so much believe in traditions. She will study her children and their needs as though they were the first beautiful experiment on earth. She will begin early and not turn away her boy when the new baby comes. When she is able, she will leave the infant, whose wants are only physical, and take her little boy up to bed, hear his little prayer, and sympathize a moment with his sorrows and joys. She will greatly desire that a feeling of dependence on her love and advice be kept alive, because she knows that if she sends her boy away from her when he is little, he will be beyond her call when he is grown."

A Mother's Privilege.

If you allow your duties to run like a machine, you will soon break down in body and mind, with no chance to recuperate. It is the constant succession that wears your patience and strength, especially if you have a large family.

If you are pressed for funds, the closest economy is necessary and right; if not, a jacket or a shoe is of little value compared to your health and happiness. Every woman has tastes, wishes and preferences. She should require them to be respected. If you choose to omit a small duty for a pleasure which is more valuable to you, take the liberty to do so. You owe your father a bright face and a well-formed mind, as well as butts and patches. Just as you custom them in this respect will their demands be. So many mothers are draining their lives away in little steps and stitches.

If you have a distaste for any special work, there is some way out of it without neglecting or hurting anybody. Teach a servant to do it, or exchange with a friend who likes it. For several years one of my friends did plain sewing, while I did fancy work for her. Each set a price on her work, and kept an account of it, but no money was paid; we only balanced accounts occasionally. If you claim your privileges, they will be granted you, and vice versa.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

Sunday afternoon, Feb. 28, this Lyceum held a very interesting session in Berkeley Hall. "What Effect has Alcohol Intemperance upon Humanity and the Soul?" was the subject for the older groups.

Mrs. Dr. Alice L. Root was the first to respond, and spoke of the effect the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants had upon the spirit or soul in the body, and since these effects are upon the mind they must be carried over to that other life. Mr. J. R. Snow read a carefully prepared essay on the subject. Earl Keeler, Charlie Hatch, Harold Dutton, Edward W. Hatch, George S. Lang, Elmer B. Packard, Albert P. Blinn, and the Assistant Conductor Dr. Root, also spoke on the question.

For the Fountain Groups there was a continuation of the series of lessons; the leading question to-day being "What are the Three Things to Avoid?" and the large number of answers given to each of the eleven questions showed that the lesson had been well studied.

Following a very enthusiastically-executed Grand March, recitations were given by Addison Ormsbee, Beulah Crowell, Johnnie Ormsbee; piano solo, Mr. F. H. Watson; Miss Maud Beck with recited very effectively "No Saloons Up There," and Mr. C. E. Packard made remarks.

Subject for March 14, "The Development of Spiritualism, and its Demands Upon its Recipients." X. Y. Z., Clerk.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1.

Held a very interesting session in Red Men's Hall, Sunday, Feb. 28. Superintendent Soper asked the smaller groups for their answers to "Honesty," and it was surprising the number of answers she received from each group. She told them a little story illustrating honesty, also read them a story. She talked to the younger groups relative to forming the "Bad of Mercy," and a large number expressed their wish to be a member. Assistant-Superintendent Yeaton read some fine ideas on "Inspiration." After the Grand March was executed the following little ones took part: Recitation, Iona Stillings; "Trusting Love of a Little Child"; song, Ruth Gilliland; piano solo, Lillian Goldstein; song, May Dorson; recitation, Harry Williams; "Our True Home"; piano solo, Grace Dorman; song, Ethel Brison; Mr. Pierce was called to speak, and expressed his pleasure at being present; piano solo, Helen Higgins.

Dr. Hale said he was glad to be with the Lyceum, and he felt it had everything to be proud of to note the large attendance of both scholars and visitors, also the ready way they answered their Superintendent when she asked the questions, showing they held the interest of the Lyceum at heart, and he hoped it would increase until Red Men's Hall would not be

large enough to hold them. He was very glad that his little daughter and wife were members of the Lyceum. Helen Gale sang, after which Guardian Mrs. Brown made remarks; song by Geo. Mulford. All were disappointed in not meeting Mrs. May S. Pepper, who was unavoidably delayed, and arrived just as the last persons were leaving the Lyceum. Mrs. Kenyon will address the Lyceum next Sunday. ANNIE F. THOMPSON.
30 Sydney street, Boston, Mass., Station K.

Anagrams.

1. No more stars. 2. Got as a clue. 3. Mind his map. 4. I hire parsons. 5. Best in prayer. 6. To love ruin. 7. Neat leg. 8. Tim in a pet. 9. Into my arm. 10. Made moral. 11. Golden land. 12. Partial men. 13. Great helps. 14. There we sat.
Traipse the letters in order to find the answers. J. W. H.

ANSWER to Enigma in last BANNER—"The Old-Fashioned Girl."

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

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.

Massachusetts.

EAST DEDHAM.—Miss N. Buckley writes: "A few days ago I had the pleasure of attending one of Prof. Southwell's séances, of Mill Lane, East Dedham, Mass.

The phenomena were indeed marvelous. It was my first visit to him, and I was a perfect stranger, also a skeptic, not believing anything in the line of Spiritualism, but was surprised upon my arrival in his séance-room to have him tell me my name, age and address; he also told me the contents of a letter I had in my pocket, which I proved to be true upon opening it.

After arranging the sitters in a circle, a committee of gentlemen was appointed, who took him into another room, and searched him thoroughly, also the cabinet, after which they took him in, and tied him fast to the chair, sealing the knots, so that it was impossible for the medium to move without us knowing.

There was then placed in the cabinet a banjo and bell. The Committee had no more than reached their seats when the banjo was seen flying around in space over the top of the cabinet. The light had been burning at full until now, then it was shaded so that we could just see the sitters in the circle.

After a few minutes the banjo was seen to come out of the cabinet, and float around over the heads of the sitters, playing lovely music.

Then a voice from the cabinet called my name, and a spirit form advanced into the circle, asking for the light to be turned up a little, so we could all see his face. I recognized him to be my uncle. He returned to the cabinet, then came out again, bringing with him my father and mother, who had passed on twelve years before. They spoke to me, and gave me advice in regard to family matters.

At this time one of the sitters looked into the cabinet, and saw the medium and spirits at the same time, proving to us that it could not be the medium.

The spirit of a little child was brought out of the cabinet, and placed in its mother's lap. Seventeen spirits materialized, all recognized. There were fifty descriptions of spirits present, giving names in full, and in a number of cases date of death."

AMHERST.—F. C. writes: "Being puzzled by some business that I was interested in, and seeing the 'ad' of Emma F. Odiorne in the BANNER OF LIGHT that I found on a friend's table, I wrote to her, out of curiosity, to see if she could solve the problem. Her answer was business-like and perfectly satisfactory. It surprised me. She also warned me about being near machinery, and said that within six weeks I was liable to be crushed by the steam cars. Within four weeks, only the strength of my arms saved me from being thrown under the wheels of a passenger train. The death of a dear friend, which she predicted would take place within two years, occurred in sixteen months. Many other things she told me came true, and it was not necessary to stretch the prophecy to reach the result. What seemed to me most wonderful was the following: Last spring an attack of la grippe left me suffering with nervous depression. I had occasion to write Emma F. Odiorne on business, and apologized for my writing, on account of my condition. In answer she said that, by my remaining in a quiet condition for a half hour or more each day, she would endeavor to have her guides assist me. I complied with the directions, and had tangible evidence of their presence. I was very soon better, and can say that for twenty-five years I have not been so free from depression or blues as I have been since the work began. To make this evidence stronger I would say that I never saw Emma F. Odiorne or her likeness, but in justice to her, and of my own free will, I write this."

LOWELL.—"M." writes: "Though not a contributor to your valuable paper, there are a few things which have come under my notice in this our little city, which I think may be of interest to your readers. That which I now particularly refer to is the mediumship of one quiet, unobtrusive little woman whom we have in our midst, who is doing a most beautiful work for the cause of Spiritualism. She is, I think, one of the most wonderful developing mediums the world has ever known."

I refer to Hattie Myrtle Chadwick, residing at 182 Merrimack street. I have attended her circles now for several weeks, and I must say I have been more than surprised at the work of development that is going on in that one little circle, every night bringing something new of great interest to the circle. Several new subjects have come under spiritual control of some kind.

Among those who are coming out most brilliantly are Mr. Charles Dane, who speaks beautifully under several different controls, and Miss Hattie Conner, who has given many fine tests. There are many others, some of them skeptics and unbelievers, that it has been my delight to see coming out of darkness into the beautiful regions of enlightenment and grasping the truth as it comes to us from those who have passed before us into the spirit-land, that land of brightness and of glorious liberty, but I will not take your time by mentioning them further at present.

It is my delight to give a little testimonial to the brave little medium whose name is mentioned above, for through her have been opened up to my vision such realms of beauty as I never dared to hope for. Through her I see before me a life work of gladness and brightness, of peace, joy and everlasting usefulness, a work I shall be glad to bring before the world to show to that world the truths and beauties of spirit return. I may tell you about this sometime in the future if you allow me, but now I will only say, God prosper the cause."

CAMBRIDGE.—Clara Cutler writes: "I am a believer in the spiritual phenomena. Spiritualism is a science, and must be spiritually discerned. It came simply by growth as soon as we were able to comprehend it. My idea is that spirits in a higher sphere discovered a way through which by means of spiritual electricity, they could send on and through matter, and thus they succeeded in making the raps; but the great discovery was when, by raps first, and afterwards in various ways, they succeeded in communicating intelligently with mortals. The mission of Spiritualism is to convince us of the survival of our spirits after the death of our bodies. Its philosophy is, 'As you sow so shall you reap.'"

Colorado.

DENVER.—Sara L. Hard, Sec'y, writes: "The first meeting of the Colorado State Association of Occult Science, since its organization, was held in First Spiritual Church, Denver, Sunday, Feb. 21. The President, Rev. G. C. B. Ewell, stated the aims of the Association, and reported formation of a Society at Leadville, with thirty members desiring to unite with it. Mrs. Mary A. Gridley, Vice President, and Mrs. Teed, Secretary, also Mrs. Brookway from Pacific Coast, addressed the meeting.

Arrangements have been made by the First Spiritual Church for Anniversary exercises the 28th, 29th and 30th. The State Association and new Society at Leadville will recognize Anniversary in a series of meetings at that place, commencing March 31, conducted by Dr. Ewell."



Chinese Lantern Plant.

Most Ornamental Window or Garden Plant Known, and a Delicious Fruit. Treated like a Tomato it grows and fruits freely in the garden during summer, or in pots both summer and winter. It bears continually numerous large, inflated blinks, much the shape of Chinese lanterns, at first a beautiful green color, changing to a yellowish hue, then to bright red, and finally to a deep scarlet. The foliage they present a most novel and beautiful sight. Autumn frosty do not hurt it, and it is a showy garden plant until December. In each "Lantern" a fruit is borne, of large size and rich ruby color, which is most delicious for eating raw, or for cooking and preserving. Branches of lanterns cut and dried retain their rich and brilliant colors for years and make most charming vase ornaments. Grows 18 inches high; bears abundantly all the time in any soil or climate. No other pot plant so beautiful as this. Having an enormous stock we offer growers for early fruiting, by mail, postpaid, guaranteed to arrive in good order, at 25 cts. each; 4 for 50 cts.; 10 for \$1.00.

A Great 60c TRIAL COLLECTION of valuable Novelties. All the following, a complete Novelty Garden, for only 60 cts., postpaid (worth \$2.00): 2 Chinese Lantern Plants, 1 Red-bellied Golden Glow, 1 Everbearing Tree Strawberry, 1 Dwarf Camellia, 2 New Giant Gladiolus Children, 3 Fancy Orchid Gladiolus, 1 Mummoth Shamrock Oxalis, 6 packets Flower Seed Novelties, including the Golden Verbesena and Rare Japanese Maples, our Catalogue, and THE MAYFLOWER Monthly Magazine for one year—(64 pages, with colored plate each month, devoted to Flowers and Gardening)—all for 60 cts.

Our Great Catalogue and RARE NEW FRUITS, is the finest ever issued. It is profusely illustrated. Several colored plates. 144 pages. We send it free to all who order or who expect to after getting it. See our new system of selling seeds in packets of two sizes, at 5 and 10 cts.

Address: JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

March Magazines.

THE CENTURY for this month is styled an "Inauguration Number," and contains several features relating to Washington. The opening article is by Mr. C. C. Buel and is entitled "Our Fellow Citizen of the White House." The paper is illustrated by numerous pictures recently made at the White House. Another Washington feature is "The Nation's Library," by the Librarian, Mr. Spofford, and Mr. William A. Coffin, the art critic, and is impressively illustrated by drawings and reproductions of decorations in the library, these and other articles of interest and instruction by prominent writers make it up to the usual high order of this magazine. The Century Company, New York.

THE ARENA.—The current number is the initial issue under the new management and editorship. The number opens with the first of a series of important contributions on the development and reform of city government in the United States. The first article is by Hon. Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston. An excellent portrait of Mayor Quincy forms the frontispiece. There are many articles of interest throughout the number, prominent among which are "The Solidarity of Town and Farm," by Dr. A. C. True; "Brains for the Young," by Prof. Burt Green Wilder; "Woman in Gutter Journalism," by Haryot Holt-Cahoon; "The Unknown: Prevision of the Future," by Camille Flammarion; "Compulsory Arbitration," by Prof. Frank Parsons, and others of equal interest. The number ends with a short story, "An Olive Branch of the Civil War," by La Salle Corbell Pickett. The departments are well cared for. Arena Company, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

ST. NICHOLAS for this month is as usual up to date, and holds its own as a magazine for young and old. It has its usual number of serials, practical articles and dainty bits of verse, all from writers of note. Its illustrations and jingles are beyond compare. The Century Company, New York.

RECEIVED.—Miscellaneous Notes and Queries, published by S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H.; *Ladies' Home Companion*, Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick, publishers, Springfield, Ohio; *The Ladies' Home Journal*, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't be Hopeless and Discouraged.

You need not be discouraged and lose hope just because local doctors have failed to cure you. It is only the specialist in such complaints who can cure you. Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the most noted and successful physician in curing disease, can be consulted by letter free. His experience is enormous, he has cured many cases like yours through letter correspondence. He can cure you. Write to him without delay. Remember it costs you nothing to get his opinion and advice in regard to your case.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Brooklyn, N. Y., Friday, Feb. 26, 1897, after a tedious illness, which she bore with great patience, Mrs. MATTIE A. TOWERS.

She was comforted with the knowledge that after death the spirit takes its flight from the body and enters into that life which is of all life—centre. The funeral exercises took place from her late residence on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 28, at 2 o'clock, at the home of Progressive Union attended in a body. Rev. J. C. F. Grumble had charge of the funeral exercises. Mrs. Link and Miss Latham sang most beautifully. Prof. Spiegel rendered an exquisite utterance of "Spiritual Warfare," which was a favorite song of Mrs. Towers. Mr. Grumble pronounced the benediction, after which, by request of the deceased, the mortal remains were cremated.

Memory still and always will linger with our dear sister, who was in the fullest sense of the word a true and good woman. ELISABETH F. KURTZ.

From her residence, 42 Fairmount street, Cambridge, Mass., March 1, Mrs. SUE B. FALES, one of our best known inspirational, business and test mediums, aged 62 years.

She was confined to her bed for seven months, and was a great sufferer. She was one of the regular campers at Lake Pleasant for twenty years, and had a wide correspondence both in Europe and America. Several of her books, translated from mystical writings, have been published, and she left a large amount of unpublished matter.

Mrs. Willis presided at the funeral, and music was furnished by Mrs. Anna Hall, and Amanda Bailey of Salem. Interment at Mt. Auburn, Wednesday, March 3. MISS ADA M. CAME.

From her home in Waltham, Mass., March 2, after a brief illness, Mrs. MARIA (Haynes) JOHNSON, widow of the late E. C. Johnson, aged 79 years and 8 months.

A thorough Spiritualist, she firmly believed in the beautiful life of immortal life, and never faltered in defending her faith.

A staunch friend, fearless in advocating the right and denouncing the wrong, keeping abreast of the times in all progressive reforms. Ever thoughtful of the happiness and well-being of others, she was highly esteemed in the community in which she lived.

Her genial presence will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends at Lake Pleasant, which has been her summer home for many years. M. H. P.

MONEY FOR INVALIDS.

Mr. Editor:—I feel it my duty to inform others of my success. I was invalid many years, but cured myself with the Vapor Bath Cabinet. I took an agency. First day I sold at a profit of \$9, in four weeks \$72, profit \$180. Every body, sick or well buys. They furnish Turkish or Medicated Vapor Baths right at home, renovate the system, beautify the skin, and absolutely cure Colds, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Neuritis, Migraine, Catarrh and all Blood, Nerve and Kidney Diseases. Anyone who can afford to buy, by writing E. World Mfg. Co., Columbus, O. Why be sick or poor with such chances open? AN INVALID.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

WISCONSIN. MILWAUKEE.—Mrs. Mary E. Van Horn, Sec'y, writes: "Feb. 28 the Unity Spiritual Society of this city closed a very successful engagement of four months, the month of December intervening, with Geo. H. Brooks of Wheaton, Ill. Through his untiring energy and unselfish efforts the Society stands on a firm financial as well as spiritual basis. As a lecturer and psychometrist he is unequalled. As a man, socially and morally he is above reproach. By his genial nature he has won a host of true friends, and the Society individually, and as a body, at the close of his services, united in expressions of love and good-will to himself and his estimable wife. Bro. Brooks was the organizer of the Society as it now stands, and consequently feels a deep interest in its welfare.

Resolutions were read by our worthy President, Mrs. Flora S. Jackson, expressing the high regard in which he is held by the Society, and it was unanimously resolved that Mr. Brooks be reengaged to serve us during the months of September and October, 1897, if he is at liberty so to do. A vote of thanks was given him at the close of the services for the very efficient work rendered, and the kindly spirit manifested during his stay with us.

The Unity Society commends Mr. Brooks to all lovers of truth and spirituality. Mrs. Steelman-Mitchell is to serve the Society during March and April."

New York.

BROOKLYN.—W. F. Palmer, Sec'y, writes: "The service at Fraternity Hall Sunday evening, Feb. 28, was of a decidedly beautiful and pleasant character."

It was the occasion of the birthday anniversary of Mrs. L. A. Olmstead, our medium. A large elegant basket of natural flowers was presented to her in behalf of the Fraternity Society, the Sunday School and a large number of personal friends. President Barber made the presentation address, which was beautifully illustrative of Mrs. Olmstead, her home-life and her life-work. Mrs. Olmstead was deeply touched, and after her natural surprise, eloquently responded.

The audience followed the presentation with the hymn, "Blest be the Tie that Binds." Mr. W. H. Young sang a solo, entitled "Calvary." Then followed the usual tests and spirit-mes sages.

Our Sunday-School is growing, and arrangements are already under way for our Entertainment of the 29th March."

The National Armenian Relief Committee. To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Through the efforts of Rev. W. H. McDougal, of Claremont, and Chas. J. Service, President of Southern California Christian Endeavor Union, of Riverside, Cal., the National Armenian Relief Committee last week received a carload of oranges which were donated by the fruit growers of Southern California to the Orphan Fund.

Through the kindness of Brown & Secomb, auctioneers, the car was advertised and sold at auction free of cost to the committee. David A. King, truckman, also favored the cause.

Messrs. P. Ruhlman & Co., the Washington street fruit dealers, who have kindly attended to the disposition of the oranges free of commission, have sent to Brown Bros. & Co., treasurers, \$923.99, the proceeds of the sale, and state that they may have \$124.00 more to add to this amount. The fruit sold at a high figure, on account of the object for which it was contributed, there being much spirited bidding.

The Young People's Societies throughout the United States and Canada purpose supporting an Orphanage at Harpoot, Turkey, to care for the orphans left in that center as a result of the Armenian massacres, and this gift of \$1,000 will be the first amount to be credited to the fund. There are more widows and orphans needing aid in Harpoot province than in any other part of Turkey, and a generous response to the call for funds is hoped for.

Much interesting information regarding the work and needs there and in other centers can be obtained by writing to Rev. F. D. Greene, General Secretary, 118 Bible House, New York City. All funds intended for the work should be sent to Brown Bros. & Co., Treasurers, 59 Wall street, New York City.

SPENCER TRASK, Chairman Executive Committee. FREDK. D. GREENE, Gen. Sec'y.

Young Men, Quit Tobacco

If you wish to preserve your manhood. Education at large expense to develop mental brilliancy is torn down by Tobacco use and nervous results. SURE-QUIT, an antidote chewing gum, rights the wrong. 25c. a box, nearly all druggists. Booklet and sample free. Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

THE CHILD PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY. Advice of a Mother according to the Teaching and Experience of Hygienic Science. Guide for Mothers and Educators. By BERTHA MEYER, author of "From the Cradle to the School" and other works. Translated by FREDERICK SALOMON. Revised by A. R. ALDRICH. Paper, 12mo, pp. 155. Price 50 cents. For sale by B

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Banner of Light.

✉ Matter for publication must be addressed to the
EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the
BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Will celebrate the Forty-Ninth Anniversaries of Modern Spiritualism, Friday, March 26, 241 Tremont street, all day and evening. Dinner served at 12:30; supper at 6 p. m. in the same building.

The following list of talent have promised to be with us: Speakers, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Mrs. M. E. Hull, Mr. Moses Hull, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Test mediums, Mrs. Lizzie Shackley, Mrs. E. Webster, Mrs. Hatlie C. Mason, Mrs. M. Chandler, Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham. F. C. Cundis, Mrs. M. A. Brown, Mrs. West. Miss Maude Beckwith, Miss Victoria Moore, Master Willie Sheldon, Edward N. Hatch, M. Elta-Willis. Music, Miss Amanda Bailey, J. George Cleveland, Mrs. Eva Caswell, Mrs. Charlie Hatch.

Come and have a good time.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

N. B.—The Ladies' Aid Society has not been invited to take part in other Anniversary exercises, and, contrary to notice in BANNER, March 6, will only celebrate at 241 Tremont street, Friday, March 26.

MATTIE E. ALLDE, President.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.



VETERAN SPIRITUALISTS' HOME, WAVERLEY, MASS.

Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

GRAND UNION ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, MARCH 31, 1897.

10:30, 2:30, 7:30, sharp.

The following Societies and Meetings have been invited, and most of them will be represented:

Boston Spiritual Temple, Boston;
Ladies' Aid Society, Boston;
Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, Boston;
America Hall Meeting, Eben Cobb, Chairman;
Hiawatha Hall Meeting, E. H. Tuttle, Conductor;
Commercial Hall Meeting, Mrs. Adeline Wilkinson, President;
Elysian Hall Meeting, Mrs. A. R. Gilliland, Conductor;
Appleton Hall Meeting, Miss Minnie Soule, Pastor;
Ladies' Spiritual Industrial Society, Cambridgeport, Mrs. M. M. Nichols, President;
Lynn Spiritual Association, J. M. Kelly, President;
The First Spiritual Society, Salem, William A. Peterson, President;
Walham Society, Walham, Mrs. M. L. Sawyer, President;

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists

Will celebrate the Forty-Ninth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Monday, March 29, 1897, holding three sessions, morning, afternoon and evening. Admission free to each session.

The following speakers, mediums and musicians are expected to take part: Dr. G. A. Fuller, Hon. H. D. Barrett, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, Mr. Joseph D. Stiles, J. B. Hatch, Sr., Sarah A. Byrnes, J. M. Kelly, Mrs. J. M. Kelly, Charles Wesley Sullivan, Moses Hull, Mrs. Mattie Hull, Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Charlie Hatch, Willie Sheldon, Miss Maud Beckwith, Miss Lizzie Harlow, Miss Willis, Edward W. Hatch, Little Maud Armstrong, Dr. J. R. Root, A. E. Tisdale, Louis Bennett, Mr. Fred Watson, the celebrated pianist, will have charge of the music. Others will be added to the above list. Watch this paper.

PRES. G. A. FULLER, Chairman,
CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y,
W. H. BANKS,
N. B. PERKINS,
CARRIE F. LORING,
J. BROWNE HATCH, JR.,
Committee of Arrangements.

The BANNER OF LIGHT will be for sale during the day.

The Helping Hand Society

Will celebrate the Forty-Ninth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Gould Hall, 3 Boylston Place, on Wednesday evening, March 31. A fine array of talent will be in attendance and take part.

Those already promised are, Dr. G. A. Fuller, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Miss Willis, Mr. Fred Watson, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, test medium, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Moses Hull, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Master Willie Sheldon, Master Charlie L. C. Hatch, and other talent to be announced.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Pres.

First Spiritual Temple,

Newbury and Exeter streets, "Spiritual Fraternity," will celebrate the Forty-Ninth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism Wednesday, March 31, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Program of each session will be noted later. Also on the following Wednesday evening, April 7, the young folks of the Fraternity will give an entertainment that will be appropriate for the occasion. Printed programs of the same will be distributed at the March 31 sessions.

A. H. SHERMAN, Sec'y.

Mass Meeting

Of New York Spiritualists, and Forty-Ninth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

The Forty-Ninth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated with great eclat in Rochester, N. Y., by the First Spiritual Church, of Rochester, and the Spiritualists of New York State. Excellent talent will be engaged.

Special exercises will be held Sunday, March 28, at 10:30 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.; Monday and Tuesday, March 29 and 30, at 7:30 P. M.

The Mass Meetings will be held Monday and Tuesday, March 29 and 30, at 10:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M. All Spiritualists of the State of New York are cordially invited to attend. Action will also be taken to promote the Great Jubilee of 1898, when will be celebrated the Semi-Centennial of Modern Spiritualism.

The friends of the Cause in Rochester will furnish the hall and entertain all the visitors possible. The program of events and list of speakers and mediums will be supplied as soon as fully arranged. We hope to see present all Spiritualists in New York.

For further particulars address
G. W. KATES, Chairman Committee,
97 Edinburgh street, Rochester, N. Y.
G. W. Kates, R. D. Jones, J. W. Moore, W. W. Mosier, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, A. K. Sisson, E. C. Galusha, N. J. Tubbs, N. H. Eddy, J. L. Hall, A. S. Clackner, H. W. Annis, J. C. Aldridge, Mrs. J. L. Hall, Mrs. R. H. Joslyn, Mrs. A. L. Fleming, Mrs. L. Farnsworth, Mrs. Z. B. Kates, Committee of the First Spiritual Church, of Rochester, N. Y.

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RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.—F. A. Parmelee writes: Mrs. Russek, former speaker of the Providence Spiritualist Association, has made a change from Columbia Hall, to preside over a new society known by the name of the Church of the Spirit, meetings to be held in Champlin Hall, located on Weybosset street, opposite the Round Top Church, morning at 10:45, evening 7:30; the subject of the lecture of morning, The Bible, subject of the evening, What are Reforms, and What is the Fate of Reforms? The audience drawn to listen to the noble and gifted speaker gave her their closest attention from beginning to end.

Those who have these meetings in charge feel that the public will help them in their undertaking by their attendance from Sunday to Sunday, building up a society that they may be proud of.

PROVIDENCE.—Joseph Cooper, Sec'y, writes: The Providence Spiritualist Association held its meetings in Columbia Hall on Sunday, March 7th, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Speaker and test medium Mr. Oscar Edgerley, of Newburyport. Subject in the afternoon "Spiritualism as I see it." Evening, "Heresy and Heretics."

The subjects were handled in a masterly manner, the speaker holding the audience in rapt attention. Many tests were given by the speaker at both services.

Mr. Edgerley will be with us Sunday, March 14, '97, afternoon and evening. All who are interested in good speaking and tests should not let this opportunity slide. There will be a special meeting of the Association after the evening services.

PROVIDENCE.—A correspondent writes: The People's Progressive Spiritual Association in B. T. Hall had another largely attended meeting Sunday evening, March 7th, having for speaker and test medium for the eleventh consecutive Sunday, Mrs. Fannie Bruce Treworgy, who gave us a grand and sublime lecture upon sowing seeds of kindness.

At the close of the lecture, Mrs. Bruce Treworgy gave many recognized tests. So great has been Mrs. Treworgy's success that our society has invited her to occupy our platform the remaining Sundays of the season. Miss Ollie Hunter sang a solo in her usual pleasing manner.

Wednesday, March 31st, our society is to celebrate the forty-ninth anniversary of modern Spiritualism.

PAWTUCKET.—Edwin Bamford, Sec'y, says: Prof. J. W. Kenyon gave to the Pawtucket Spiritual Association, March 7, another of his interesting lectures, his subject being, "Why is There a Spirit, and Why a Spirit-World?" Prof. Kenyon will be with us again next Sunday, March 14. Subject, "The Powers and Possibilities of the Soul."

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD.—A correspondent writes: On Sunday evening, March 7, W. J. Colville lectured before the Alliance of Divine Unity in Cheney Hall, Main street, Hartford, Conn.

Though the lecture-room is "spacious and commodious, the crowds in attendance far exceeded the seating capacity and standing-room included. More than one hundred people, it is estimated, could not get within reach of the door, and very reluctantly took their departure just after the opening of the exercises.

The subject of the discourse was "Divine Fatherhood and Motherhood, and its Necessary Corollary, Human Brotherhood and Sisterhood." The society which secured W. J. Colville's services engaged a stenographer to take a full report of the lecture, which will soon appear in a neat pamphlet. Beautiful flowers and sweet singing added to the delights of the occasion.

On Monday afternoon, March 8, the first of a course of special lectures was given to another large audience in the same hall.

On Monday evening, March 8, W. J. Colville lectured in Springfield, Mass.

NORWICH.—Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Sec'y, says: Prof. W. M. Lockwood of Chicago, Ill., the distinguished Spiritualist physicist, opened a month's engagement with the Spiritual Union of this city, Sunday, March 7, giving two grand lectures in Grand Army Hall upon "The Spiritual Forces in Nature."

Mr. Lockwood being perfectly familiar with his work presents a class of data not only instructive, but exceedingly interesting to the auditors. While he strikes heavy blows at old-time dogmas and superstitions, he presents a beautiful philosophy, based upon the eternal principles of nature, which will stand the test of scientific investigation by any scholar in the world. In his argument Prof. Lockwood demonstrates these great principles in so clear and comprehensive a manner that a child of average intelligence may understand.

NEW YORK.

BUFFALO.—A correspondent writes: Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock has been the speaker at the Spiritual Temple, Buffalo, N. Y., during the month of February.

Large audiences have greeted her at nearly every session, and appreciation of her work has been manifested by the eloquence and applause of the audience. Each lecture has been followed by readings and clairvoyant delineations, and were pronounced correct in nearly every case.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets of Grand Ledge, Mich., is to be the speaker during March.

The 19th and 20th, a Mass Convention under the auspices of the National Spiritualists' Association is to be held, and judging from preparations that are being made a large meeting is anticipated. A fine program has been arranged. Some of the most prominent Spiritualist speakers and mediums are expected to be present.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

Florence Hill White, late of New York City, is now located at 284 Boylston street, Boston. She will answer calls for platform work near Boston.

G. W. Kates and wife are engaged in the local work in Rochester, N. Y., and expect to reside and labor in New York State for some time to come. Their efforts to rehabilitate the cause in Rochester are meeting with success. The home-place of Spiritualism should be helped to a permanent public position.

J. C. F. Grumbine has first two Sundays of April '97, also May and June, open to lecturers in the West. Address him, 310 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., or Station P, Chicago, Ill.

G. H. Brooks closed his second two months' engagement of this present season with the Unity Spiritual Society of Milwaukee, Wis. The engagement has been very successful indeed, and the Society was never in as prosperous a state as now. He goes for the month of March to St. Joseph, Mo., and will respond to fourteenth and week night meetings. His address will be 417 South 9th street, St. Joseph, Mo.

Dr. C. W. Hidden, of Newburyport, Mass., is meeting with such success in healing the sick that he has cancelled all outside engagements, and will remain north throughout the winter. Dr. Hidden's Boston office is at Hotel Plaza, Columbus Avenue, where he may be consulted every Thursday and Friday from 9 to 6.

Mr. C. L. Walker, Salem, Mass., will present his beautiful Art Diorama, with illustrated spiritual and patriotic songs, for societies Sunday or week-evening at the lowest terms. Engagements for next season solicited. Address as above.

Mary A. Charter, (an old Spiritualist) one of the oldest workers in trance mediumism, is at 1308 Washington street, Boston.

Mrs. Mary S. P. Putnam, trance speaker and test medium, has returned to this city, and is open for engagements, and is now located at 10 Dover street, Boston. Mrs. Putnam will be glad to greet her old friends and the public generally at her present address.

Dr. C. H. Harding occupies the platform in Manchester, N. H., March 14; March 28 and April 4, Bridgeport, Ct. Has open dates for April and May. Would like engagements for camp work. No. 9 Bosworth street, Boston. Home address, 42 Dwight street.

Home-Seekers' Excursions at Half Rates. VIA THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY AND IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE to points in the West and South-west. Tickets on sale Tuesdays, March 30 and 10th, April 6th and 20th, and May 4th and 18th. For descriptive and embellished rates, times, and conditions, the agent, address H. C. TOWNSEND, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at 243 Alexander street, Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 4.

John Wm. Fletcher, No. 1554 Broadway, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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BY GEORGE M. RAMSEY, M.D.,
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IN TWO PARTS.

I. METAPHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

II. PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

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This highly original treatise, by Dr. George M. Ramsey, divides the subject into two heads—the metaphysical and the physical. With profound proficiency it proceeds on the line that error always promotes evil and truth always promotes good, and hence that we are to try all things and cast away everything that fails to prove true. The two classes of phenomena are named matter-phenomena and life-phenomena. The chief factors of all phenomena are recognized to be the cosmic forces of gravity, heat and life. While the author is eventually to acknowledge that honest belief is in itself no evidence of truth, he maintains that honest research will lead to the discovery of it. He declares ignorance to be the mother of credulity in all forms, and that knowledge alone works goodness.

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SPRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Consulting 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 Seance held Jan. 29, 1897.

Spirit Invocation.
Spirit Divine, Life Eternal, again we commit ourselves to thee; again we meet in our Circle-Room to open up a channel between the two worlds. Direct us in all things, that we may seek diligently thy divine teachings, and may the light be brought forth that will lead others out of darkness to the light of progress. We seek strength this morning as the instrument to be operated on by those who may communicate to our dear friends in earth-life. All are made welcome who are able to control the organism, and there are many who seek an interview, many desirous to communicate with their friends and bring consolation and encouragement to all.

Draw near to us this morning, strengthen us according to the need of the hour, give us the truth, for in all things we know thy great spirit-power will give strength and power of endurance. We seek guidance and teaching in all actions of life now and forever. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

William Penney.

Good morning, Mr. President. Well, this is just beautiful when one has the consciousness once more of even looking through the eyes of another on the earth sphere of life. It seems a good deal as we leave one part of the country and emigrate to another, we find strange conditions, sometimes they are interesting, sometimes they are not. I find also that in the circumstances we are placed we are always able to enjoy some parts, especially if we are so constituted as to have an organism that we can make good out of whatever comes our way.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I have been out of the body a long time, it seems almost too long to return, but they used to say better late than never, and that is the reason I feel that I would like to make the attempt this morning, to send forth a message to see if I am really forgotten, for time has elapsed, and the conditions have cut out very different purposes than in my time thirty years ago, but I think the change is for the best. I have still two boys and a girl in earth-life, and I have two in spirit-life with me, Henry and Samuel, and also my companion. I have been interested in the earth ones because their thoughts have reached me, and I have been anxious to inform them that I have heard them, that I am desirous to answer them, but cannot through the public press, all the questions that they would like me to, but I have been informed that by trying to make one's self known through the Banner of Light Circle-Room that my message will reach them, and in that way will be able to open up a private avenue where I can talk as I wish to.

I should like to say, friends, that my family is somewhat scattered. My boys are in the West, but my daughter is still in Connecticut, and I would like her especially, as she is much interested in Spiritualism, to know that father and mother and all join in sending their good wishes and their greetings, and for the success of all. Do not fear, neither must you tremble, for those that still love you will help you, and bring you out all right from the darkness and environments that you seem to be in just now, and as I was a peculiar person, and did not like to make myself too positive, but I feel it is different now, but you can say, Mr. Chairman, that William Penney of Hartford, Conn., is here. I was somewhat rounded out in my seventies when I passed away, but if those that I still have an interest in will only give us an opportunity we will make ourselves known to them in many ways.

George Clements.

Well, sir, my name is George Clements, and you can put me down from Maine, as I shall be well remembered, I think so anyway, for I was long enough in Maine, especially in Bangor and the western part. I lived in other places too, but I have returned this morning under my oddities and perhaps my peculiarities. I was quite well rounded out in years before I passed out of the body, and yet I thought I was a young man; I think I was pretty near sixty-six years old, but as long as I felt well I did not count the years that had rolled on, and would like also to say to the folks that I am interested in, that I am satisfied more with Spiritualism than I was while in the body. I was not a Spiritualist, and in fact did not take much interest in it, for I do not know as I believed much of anything, but I have those who were very much interested in it, and I suppose they used to think I was very hard on them, because I could not see the fun in lifting tables and chairs, and sitting down and hearing traps, etc., when it seemed to me as if it was more themselves than the disembodied.

I might say I was called to spirit-life somewhat suddenly, and being, as the world would call it, unprepared for death, it was a good thing I did not know where I was going, but would like to say to those that are left, especially Harry, Emma and Carrie, and I do not want to scold any of them, and the paper would not hold all that I would like to say, but want to humor you in saying I do now know the spirit returns. I want also Clarence to know that we have tried to rap for him, I have tried to lift the table, and I think I have succeeded occasionally, but not as I should like to, but I can behold to-day with reason why the spirits do not always administer themselves

so forcibly to the earthly ones on account that I can see now the law that governs these things, and how ignorant the mortals are at receiving them.

Why, land sakes! I have knocked and knocked and you have not heard, still I suppose that is because the spiritual ear is not sensitive yet for us to make you all understand we are right around you; but I hope this letter will give all encouragement, and so even if you do not hear us, we are there just the same, and we have got so many of our old friends and neighbors with us this morning that I would like to speak of. However, a dozen of them told me in due season they will try and speak for themselves. We are all together and are getting along much better than we did even in the body life, and so just say that I was in this morning, and hoping this will convince some of my friends that Grandpa Clements is yet active and interested in all that is interested in him. I guess this will do for this morning, Mr. Chairman, and if they will take notice so as to help me I will try some more later.

Rachel Hemmingway.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. My name is Rachel Hemmingway, and they say birds of a feather will flock together; although I did not know the last speaker in earth-life, I too am from Maine.

The good Chairman said on the spirit side that if I could take control this morning I might do so. I want to try and send my message so that all will understand it, and I hope a few will remember me, and my letter will set others to thinking, for time has elapsed since I passed out of the body, and there are a great many that have joined me too. I was not so very old when I passed away, only forty odd years, yet I left quite a large family behind me, and the remnants are still left, or I might say, I have only got one boy and one girl in earth-life. Although I did not believe in Spiritualism, neither do they, I see once in a while they go to see mediums about their business affairs, especially my boy, and mother has been kind to him, and he sometimes wonders if it is truly I, and I thought this being the stronger channel that he might be better pleased to get it this way. So I wish them all success, and I merely send this to convince them that the spirit is at times conscious of what they do, and how they do it. Say father is with me, and so is Albert, and all the dear ones that have joined us, and I have your two little children, James, so you will know they are all right. Do not mourn for them, because it was best that they should go. I know your heart was most broken when you laid the dear little darlings aside, but it is for the best, and say to all, that by-and-by when we meet on the spirit plane we will all understand each other better.

I think, Mr. Chairman, this will do this morning, and I hope the next time my boy goes to some medium that I will be able to make myself more plain to him.

Captain Silas Ingraham.

Mr. Chairman, you can put me down as Captain Silas Ingraham and my home in New York City, but I have friends both in Maine and Massachusetts and also in California, and my folks are scattered all around. I have not been out of the body so very long. I passed away in New England somewhat suddenly, and I feel that the folks are greatly broken up over my affairs, because things have not been settled as they ought to, and I feel anxious myself that I did not have things more together, but when we are in earth-life we always think there is time enough, and I have been one of those mortals that did not look a great ways ahead.

I was planning more for the present condition, because I felt I had time enough to work up things; for I was not so very old, and I did not feel that I was the one that people would call an elderly person, but I was over fifty, yet I was still strong, well and robust, and always had an eye to business, and I always kept the brain active as far as my duties were concerned, and tried to perform them, hence that is one reason, I suppose, that I did not realize that the physical body was worn out. But I would like to say to those that are left, especially my family, that I do not think there is any need of understanding all things; in due season all will come out, for there is nothing hidden that cannot be revealed; there is nothing in the earth-life that when the spirit has the proper conditions that they cannot impress you or inform you what is best to do.

I would like to say to my wife, as she is extremely sensitive, especially to spirit-influence, although she do not hardly feel that she understands it, I would like her to become more passive, and I can impress her better. You are not alone, dear; the many years we have traveled by each other's side in earth-life, just think of me away no longer, and enjoy yourself. How many times have I left home to take up my duties, as I considered, and left home for months and months, and away sometimes years at a time, to plough the great ocean between one port and another; and I want you not to think me so far off that you cannot hear me.

Be good to your mother, Maude, and all will come out well, for father has not left you, although you cannot perhaps hear my material voice or yet sense the material forms around you; but God doeth all things well, and where there is a vacancy made he will always substitute some one else.

I wish to say one more word before I leave you, friends, and that is, I desire to say that all was done that could be done. I do not wish the earth-ones to regret or feel that there was anything neglected, for I feel perfectly satisfied with what was done. Thanking you all for the kindness, I will now bid you adieu, hoping to have an opportunity of coming more often and speaking to the dear ones of earth. Good-morning.

Dora Craig.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I think I would like to come in just a minute, because time seems so precious, and yet there is such a beautiful influence here this morning that I felt that when the privilege was granted, I should certainly try to make an effort to improve it all I could, as I wish to send papa and mamma a communication, because they both believe in Spiritualism, and I know your good paper goes to the home, and oftentimes she looks over the messages and wonders why some of the dear ones do not come.

I have been gone a long time. I was very little when I passed out of the body, but I have grown in spirit-life, so I take more of the advancement than of the childhood, and I wish to encourage mamma, because she is not well; she is sick a great deal; and I try with grandma and many of my friends to help her, and

we want her to keep up good courage, because papa needs her strength and she needs his, showing that they are yet bound one to the other. I have also got a sister in earth-life, and she is very sensitive; the spirit works on her, but she sometimes thinks the influence in mortal is harder on her than the influence in spirit; it is because she is too sensitive to the surroundings about her. If she would become more passive to earthly things, and active to the spirit, she would feel better.

I wish them all well, and want to help them, and I think this will please mamma if she can see my name in the paper.

My name is Dora Craig, and my home was in Boston.

Frances Adams.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I, too, would like to come in and send my papa and mamma a letter from the spirit-land. I was little when I went to spirit-life, but grandma told me that if I would speak you would write it down so mamma could see it. I was only a little bit of a thing—three years old I think grandma said—when I went to spirit, but now I am quite a big girl. I can talk now as the big people do, and I want mamma and papa to know I still love them, and I do come to the home so often, and I can see when they feel and when they do not, and I can see my big picture as it is in the home, and I see how, oftentimes, mamma looks at it and wonders how I would look now, and if I have grown. I do grow, and I am going to school, and have all the advantages I should have had in earth-life.

I died with diphtheria, and I want you to say that Frances Adams is here, and Boston is my home, but mamma is now living out of the city, and I think she will see this letter in the paper. My father's name was William, and mamma's is Sarah. Grandma Mitchell is with me this morning, and so is Aunt Caroline.

Lucinda Ferguson.

Well, Mr. Chairman, if you will only permit me a few minutes I would like also to send encouragement to my brothers and sisters that are yet in earth-life. Although time has elapsed, many changes have come, and I feel that there is a good deal that would like to be said but is not; but, dear friends of earth, there are so many times when we are talking, either through a medium or writing so as to send it through the press, that it is not the same as when we used to sit down by each other's side and have a good conversation and tell all that we felt we could tell. But I would like to send greetings this morning to Fred, and also to George and Fanny, because I see the three are all scattered in different parts of the country and do not very often come in contact one with the other.

I see how they enjoy getting a letter, and I thought as Fannie is somewhat mediumistic, that it would kind of surprise her if she could take up your valuable paper and find a letter, either from father, mother or me, to all the dear loved ones in earth-life. I feel as I can encourage her if I can get closer to her, and if I can only gain what I feel, my mission in spirit will be well accomplished. I do not wish to infringe on your valuable time, but I seem to feel as if there is so much to be gained for the mortal, if they could only realize that the spirit can assist them, for they get so discouraged at times, it seems that they are forsaken both by the mortal and the spirit. Be of good cheer, dear loved ones, all will come out well.

You are passing through changes, and the changes will be for the best. I think that by the time you receive this letter you will have met with a change and it will be beneficial, so remember that God in his great infinite mercy is always good to his children, though sometimes we think he chastises us severely, but open up the channel where I can communicate with you, and you will realize that things will be all for the better.

I can encourage you, even if I cannot move the flow of earth-life around you, and so with that, Mr. Chairman, we thank you very kindly and will now bid you a good-by. My name is Lucinda Ferguson, and my home when in earth-life was in Vermont, but my sister is here in Boston, the one I wish to reach.

Messages to be Published.

Feb. 5.—Mary Davis; Frederick Walpole; Emmeline McClellan; Henry George; Lizzie Harrington; Frank W. Merrill.
Feb. 12.—Seth Kenniston; Emmeline Reynolds; Ada Ford; Seth Williamson; Horace Mann; Lily Bond; C. H. Johnson.
Feb. 19.—Charles C. Hayes; William Grimes; Emma Anne Prince; Amos Green; John Quilley; Isaac Dayton.
Feb. 26.—Josiah Beck; Isabelle French Galloway; Isaac B. Taylor; Jerry Brown; Mary E. French; Robert Reynolds; Harry Smith.
March 5.—John G. Webster; Frank E. Houston; Ellen Weber; Minnie Gardner; Ellen Fuller; Katherine Leopold.

To the Believers in Spirit-Return Throughout Our Dear Country.

I am impressed with Mrs. Lillie's suggestion in behalf of the only living member of the Fox family, Ferdinand Fox Jencken, as printed in the BANNER OF LIGHT bearing date Feb. 27, and I call the attention of every person in America, whose life is brightened, whose future is made sure by the loyal acknowledgment of those sisters a half century ago, when, responsive to the spirit-strivings, they made their sacrifice to declare the authority. We boast in our conventions millions of souls in America who hold the belief in spirit-return. We are all familiar with the shrewd observer in the Romish church, who said he would only ask for his use the penny-collectors.

Within the memory of the youngest of us there has been a practical demonstration of its power in the response to a request for a penny-contribution in behalf of P. P. Bliss, a victim of the Ashtabula horror, when his sweet voice was hushed forever. The return was so immense in the total, the request had to be sent out for the contributions to cease, lest the burden of excessive wealth might be placed upon the young shoulders of his inexperienced survivors.

To an appeal from so consistent a source as Mrs. Lillie, one can do little less than say, "What can I do?" And the power of the penny-collection has been forced in upon me as an answer, and I make the suggestion that every gathering which meets in the sweet name of spirit-return to commemorate the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, at its best attended service, call for a penny collection to be placed in a general fund for the care of this member of the Fox family, to be used as needed for his care and the development of his spiritual gifts.

The society to which it is my high honor to minister as pastor is small, but I shall for the first time give them the privilege of making a contribution on this occasion and for this purpose, and if the habit of frequent contributions fastens itself upon the Gospel of Spirit-Return Society through this, I suppose you will be willing to take the responsibility, will you not, Mrs. Lillie, and with the same courage you have always met responsibilities? This, then, for a penny-collection for the only living member of the Fox family.

Cordially for the Cause,
MINNIE M. SOULE.

Appleton Hall, Boston.
I will add that where I speak on the Anniversary occasion I shall also present the subject for consideration and contribution, and sincerely hope all other speakers and mediums will do the same and help swell the fund.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHAT IS DEATH?

BY DR. DEAN CLARK.

Oh! what is death? All mortals ask
When some loved friend throws off his mask,
Deserting here his house of clay
To pass from scenes of earth away.

'Tis true, is this earthly span
The all of life for mortal man?
Or, after death, does he still live?
Who can a truthful answer give?

When life deserts this human frame
Does it return to whence it came?
Does earth the all of man entomb
Who seeming came from her great womb?

To outward seeming "Death ends all"
When here its curtain is let fall;
The body dies, we know for sure,
Whence'er its ills we fail to cure.

"Dust unto dust" is Fate's decree
To all of man our eyes can see;
And if the body is the man,
His end is death, deny who can.

If life from matter has its birth,
It must at last return to earth;
No stream above its fount doth rise,
Hence life must die when matter dies.

Death lurks in every living form,
And like a hid, insatiate worm,
By slow degrees it saps the strength,
Which from the whole departs at length.

"I daily die," said wise Saint Paul—
A saying true of each and all;
This earthly garb we mortals wear
Does "daily die" by wear and tear.

Some portion of it constant dies,
Which is replaced by food supplies,
And thus is kept life's waning fire
Until its embers all expire.

"No fount of youth" has yet been found
To keep our bodies well and sound;
"In midst of life we are in death,"
And any day may lose our breath.

Thus death keeps up his dread assault
Without a moment's stay or halt;
No life-preserver we may try
Can change the edict, "Thou shalt die."

But is it life itself that dies,
Or, Phoenix-like, doth it arise
And wing its way to other spheres
Above this earthly "vale of tears"?

Oh! what is Nature's end and aim
In lighting here life's transient flame?
Say, is it but a meteor's glow
To flash, then die on earth below?

Ah, no! 'tis Nature's wondrous plan
An angel to evolve from man,
And that through death he should arise
From lowest earth to highest skies.

Yea, death is but life's counterpart
From out of which new life doth start.
Its mission here on earth is solved:
When spirit-life it has achieved.

The mind is not of matter born,
Hence still survives when from it torn;
Eternal Spirit is its source,
And death cannot destroy its force.

Death doth but free it from earth dross,
Which separation is no loss,
But rather an eternal gain
Which frees it from disease and pain.

Yea, death is but a change of clothes,
A putting off of rags for those
Pure garments white by angels worn,
Which are not tattered, soiled, nor torn.

'Tis "shedding off the mortal coil"
To don a garb which earth can't soil;
'Tis putting off the robes of night
For those which gleam with heav'nly light.

It is a glorious birth of soul
Which lifts it to its destined goal;
'Tis resurrection unto life,
With every good and blessing rife.

It is a blessed, happy change
Which gives the mind a wider range,
That lifts it out of earthly fog,
And frees it from all mortal clogs.

It bears us up to a fairer shore
To meet the friends we loved of yore,
Where love's pure ties that bound us here
Will hold their grasp from sphere to sphere.

Death opens a flower-encircled gate,
Through which we find a better fate;
For when from flesh and sense we're free,
More rapid will our progress be.

Our best and truest friend is Death,
E'en though he steals our vital breath;
For when he takes the life here given,
He gives Eternal Life in Heaven.

The Three Planes of Affinity.

BY CARL BURELL.

In the common course of life we find it a frequent experience that we are drawn involuntarily to certain people whom we meet, and that in the same way certain people are drawn to us. Sometimes the attraction is only on one side, but frequently it is mutual, and the results are usually that of much pleasure and benefit.

If we were drawn only to a certain class or certain type of people, we would naturally conclude that it was general fitness for each other's companionship that drew us together, and we would probably think no more about it. But when we find ourselves drawn to people distinctly different, and even of opposite types, both physically and mentally, we know at once it is something specific rather than general, for it surely cannot be just the same thing that draws us to two persons who have nothing in common with each other.

As evolutionists we know the power and significance of physical attraction, but we often experience a strong attraction for some one with a brilliant mind, though the person may be unattractive or even repulsive to us on the mere physical plane; then, again, we are sometimes drawn to a person who has neither physical nor mental attractions at all noticeable. So we are led to conclude that there must be three forms or phases of affinity, or there must be three planes or conditions on which some affinity acts.

The Materialist recognizes but one plane, and that the physical, for he usually calls and treats the mental and physical as one, and he never perceives or recognizes anything above or beyond that.

The Spiritualist translates all affinity to the subliminal or immaterial plane, where all is too ethereal and mystical to be analyzed or explained. All of these schools of thought alike grasp only a part of the truth, and so fall short of a true explanation. If we would take each form and phase of attraction or affinity by itself, on its own plane, we would soon get at the truth.

To illustrate: I meet a very pretty young lady—one who is approximately my physical ideal, but she is mentally below par, hardly intelligent, at least beyond a very narrow limit; I am attracted to her, I like her, and, on the impulse of the moment, if I did not stop and think, I might even wish to marry her. Now what is this affinity? Simply and purely physical. I am drawn to her just as any male mammal might be drawn to a female of the same genus and tribe, under certain similar physical conditions. It is nothing bad of itself on its own plane, rather it plays a very important part in the evolution of physical man, but if

it predominates by obtruding on the mental and physical planes, it makes a mere animal of the man or woman who is moved solely by this one phase of affinity.

At another time I meet a fellow student, a young lady, who like myself is a devotee of art, poetry, literature and philosophy; we are drawn to each other, and spend many hours together with the greatest pleasure and profit; but she is not attractive to me physically; I would as quickly think of caressing a classical dictionary or kissing an encyclopedia Britannica, and I would as quickly fall in love with a marble Minerva; and yet I involuntarily wish for her companionship, and I would never tire of conversation with her. This affinity is purely mental, and it affords the most desirable pleasures and benefits on a mental plane, yet it would be a hyperbole-absurdum for either of us to say we loved each other.

Again, I meet some day, as nearly every one does meet sometime in life, a young lady whom I love, but I can't tell for the life of me why I love her. She may or may not be attractive on the physical or mental plane; in the case I have especially in mind (a real experience of my own) she was neither my physical nor intellectual ideal, and yet I loved her as I never could love one who was my perfect ideal on either or both of these planes.

In the first case referred to, if that young lady, by some accident, had been deprived of her physical beauty and charms, I would not have loved her at all, I could not even have endured her companionship for any length of time. If in the second case referred to, the talented young lady had by some accident been rendered an imbecile mentally, I would have abhorred her.

But in this case, the young lady might, by disease or accident, have been rendered a mental imbecile and a physical horror, deprived of all physical beauty, yet I would have loved her even more.

In the first and second case cited, I loved only so far as the party afforded me some direct pleasure or benefit. In the last case I only thought of the pleasure and benefit I could give her, and so long as I could afford her pleasure or benefit, no change within limit of human possibilities could have made me love her less, or less earnestly desire her companionship.

But though no change took place physically or mentally, there was a psychical change that made me hate her and wish to never see her again. I was not drawn to her by any physical or mental impulse; but my soul went out to meet hers, and hers came to meet mine, and no physical or mental change in either or both of us could have changed or lessened this mutual attraction and affinity. But when for mere material and artificial reasons, that is, because of external force (both mental and physical) brought to bear on a person without any fixed will or purpose, and certainly without any principle or sense of honor, she acted directly contrary to her impulses till she subjected them to the will of others, and proved false to all that was good, true and noble in her nature, she had no power attract me, and I hated her and held her in just contempt.

In the first case, nothing that the young lady could have done, either good or bad, would have made her less attractive to me physically; and in the second case no act good or bad would have made her brilliant intellect less attractive to me, but in this case a false, cowardly, contemptible act or series of acts destroyed all power of attraction.

This must have been a psychical change; when she destroyed her psychical impulses to come to me she destroyed her psychical power to draw me to her. In fact, I think she absolutely eliminated the psychical element in her nature, and lowered herself to the mere physical and mental planes. As for myself, I have not changed, only I have met no other person yet who possesses the power of psychical attraction that she had before she destroyed it.

East Pembroke, N. H., Jan. 23, 1897.

Synopsis of Lecture by Geo. A. Fuller

At Berkeley Hall, Boston, Sunday, Feb. 28.

It is a pleasure to me always to have on the platform the workers of Spiritualism. And I can say that each one has his or her work to perform, and I can always learn from them.

As I stand here it carries me back to my first work for Spiritualism. Mrs. Willis was the first speaker on the Spiritualist platform that I ever listened to. These thoughts of years gone by seem to me the fundamental thought of the Spiritual Philosophy. A spiritual revival is needed at the present time to lead us away from things material.

I know that the work before us can be accomplished, but the pioneers must go to work and make the earth the proper place for man to live on. The mountains of superstition must be leveled before the foundation of the new religion can be laid.

For forty years we have had warfare with dogmatism. It now becomes our duty to lay the foundation stone of Spiritualism. Let us do something to show to the world that Spiritualism, as a religion, is of some value. When Dean Stanley was at the head of the English church it was the grandest church of the world. We as Spiritualists should make Spiritualism the seat and centre of the religion of the whole world.

Dean Stanley made his platform as free as that of the Spiritualist. If we become so narrow that we cannot look back at the different systems of religions, we cannot grasp the whole of religion. We want to be in touch with the mighty minds that occupy the different pulpits of the world.

We want to be in touch with the wise and educated minds in the Roman church, and if we, as Spiritualists, become so narrow-minded as to think that we have the whole truth, then we will die. Let us look at the mission of Spiritualism, and see if it is not our mission to spiritualize all humanity.

I am ashamed to recognize the great body of Spiritualists that are looking into the heavens to see some development; look within yourselves, and then you will find a Spiritualism that is true. There are higher things than outside manifestation. Let us progress, we are not obliged to study in the alphabet class. I like to hear the tiny raps, for they lead us up to something higher.

It is absolute that we leave the child's lesson of Spiritualism to those that are just investigating. Let us march on, and let our souls grow. The individual that gives his time and money for phenomena alone gives little for the growth of humanity. If I have a house I want it beautiful because it will appeal to my artistic nature, and I want it useful. There are homes that are made to look at, where there are rooms that are never opened except for funerals. We want to take good care of the house where the spirit lives.

Spiritualists should know how to use every part of the soul, or the home where the spirit lives. We should give our time, and study the condition of the normal body and not the physical body. Read of health, think of health; live along that line and you will build up health and make health catching; that is one of the missions of Spiritualism.

I do not believe that it is necessary to grow weaker as we grow older. When the hour of transition comes, it will be as if with the fruit, we shall be ripened for the spirit-world. We know that there are bigots within and without the church; there are bigots in the medical profession; most medical men are opposing progress in medicine, just the same as those in the church are opposed to progress in the church. If we are Spiritualists, we should call in only the liberal doctor when sickness enters into our household. 'The hour has come when Spiritualists shall go hand in hand with all the new movements that will advance the growth of progress.

Victory shall be ours in the end; it may be far off, but the time will come when victory will unfurl the pure white flag of liberty. As long as Spiritualism remains free from all taints of sectarianism, that religion will remain in the world to bless all humanity.

On the other side there stands a great army of patriots that are with us. They band over us at this hour and lead us on to victory, and the world shall rejoice at the golden fountain.

