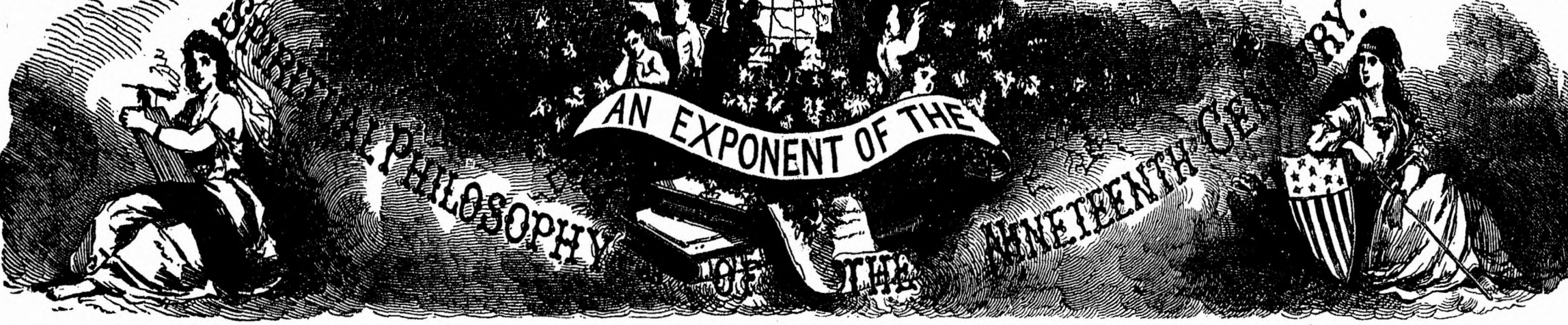


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THE MESSAGE.

I heard it when my heart was well-nigh breaking
With sorrow, and the daily round of pain;
When sleep's dread dreams gave horrible awaking
And, stricken sore, my soul made loud complain.

I heard it like a grand cathedral psalm,
Descending from the Beautiful Above—
A voice of peace, which soothed my wild alarm:
"Have courage, soul, and know that God is Love!"

Shrined in the morning's opalescent gleaming
It leaped from peak to peak, and sudden stirred
The million-voiced bird-choirs to praises streaming—
This message to my quivering soul I heard:

"Ope wide thy gates to Me; I come to stay,
Thrice blessed be thy spirit's altar place;
For, o'er it, shines Love's glory-lamp alway,
Thy cross is hid behind Christ's smiling face."

Oh! singer, sing thy song, for there are listening
Throongs of sad, weary pilgrims waxing faint;
Thy words of peace may set some eyes bright glist-
ening,
And crown thee with the blessing of a saint.

Sing while thou 'rt climbing to the summer height!
A thousand mountain echoes, far and wide,
Will waft thy words to pierce the starless night
Of doubt and fear, till hope o'er all preside."

"Death will bring peace to thee when earth-life
closes,
Changing thy cross into a harp of gold,
Changing thy crown of thorns to one of roses,
Opening the gates of Happiness Untold.

With deeds of Loving-Kindness fill the hours,
And angel-hands will ring their chimes for thee;
From earth to Heaven will spring a path of flowers,
With faultless voices breathing harmony."
Sydney, New South Wales. DEVOTION.

Possible Conditions of Another Life.

BY MINOT J. SAVAGE.

As a text I take from the Epistle to the Hebrews the twelfth chapter and first verse—
"Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

You will understand, I trust, that I am not dogmatizing this morning, that I am not assuming to tell you only things which I claim to know. I speak with no authority. I give you only what seems to me to be rational thoughts and theories concerning another life, of the fact of which I feel perfectly sure.

When we come to the last moment of life, as we call it here, I believe that we shall find it not a horror, not a pain, but only a lovely sleep. Those who have the best right to an opinion on this subject will always tell you that in ten thousand cases there is rarely any consciousness of suffering in the fact of dying. Let us, then, put away from us that one fear. We may suffer a good deal during the rest of our lives. I do not believe we shall suffer in the process of passing from this world to the next.

Neither do I believe that there is going to be any marked or sudden change in us. Were I to die at this moment, I believe that, on my first coming to consciousness in the other life, I should be just my simple self. I see nothing whatever in the fact or process of dying that should make any marked change in us, any more than, as I have said, our going to sleep last night and waking up this morning has made another kind of being of us.

I think we have distorted all our ideas of the other life by our theological speculations, and by supposing that death is a line the moment we have crossed which our destiny is fixed, and we are either devils or angels forever. I do not believe that we change. We carry with us our personal consciousness, our memory of what we have been and who have been our friends and those most closely associated with us. If I could be persuaded that I was to enter another life, and at the same time forget all about this one and who I have been while here, I would not give much for its possession. It would mean absolutely nothing to me. I believe that I shall wake up from that sleep conscious of the past, conscious that I am I, and remembering and loving those that were dear to me here.

Neither do I believe, as some seem to, that the going out into that other world is into a strange and lonely country. When we came into this world we were expected. Our coming was prepared for, and we were welcomed into arms of love and tenderest care. I do not believe that the next step ahead in the universe is into something poorer than the occasion of our coming here. So I believe that we shall find ourselves among friends, in a place that shall seem very much like home, with people who, as Mr. Collyer has somewhere and at some time said, are "just folks like the rest of us," so that there will be no lonely or sad waking up for us when we reach that other country.

Now I wish to mark very distinctly, here at the outset, one point that appears to me to be of great importance. We may be able, clearly, scientifically, beyond any question, to establish the fact of another life beyond this; and yet we may never be able to know very much of it in detail until we get there. I speak of this, and wish to speak of it with emphasis, because a thousand times the question is asked me if any one has ever reported from the other side why have they not told us all about it?

Will you note carefully with me one fact? All our knowledge here is limited of necessity by our past experience, the experience of the race. If I were to attempt to describe to you any new thing or any new place, I could do it

only by comparing it with something with which you are already familiar; and, just in so far as it was unlike anything with which you were familiar, just in so far as it would be simply impossible for me to describe it to you so that you could have any intelligible idea of it.

Suppose, for example, that I should come back from a journey in Central Africa, and should sit down with a friend and say, I found some very strange and curious thing there; and he should say, Well, what shape was it? I would say: It was not the shape of anything you ever saw. It was a new shape. What color was it? It was a new color. What was it like? It was not like anything you ever saw. Do you not see that it would be absolutely impossible for me to explain it to him, though I might know about it and might be absolutely certain of the fact?

So, just in so far as this other life, which I believe is all around us, transcends the life with which we are familiar here, just in so far as it is simply impossible for even an archangel to describe it to us, to give us an intelligible picture of it.

I sit down beside a Sioux Indian, and I talk to him about Herbert Spencer's philosophy. I may be familiar with it, but it is so beyond any experience or development of thought that he has had that it would be utterly impossible for us to understand each other. You sit down by a child of eight years, and let him ask you questions that imply twenty years of experience, and can you make yourself plain? You may know all about it. The child has had no experience in the light of which it could interpret the things that you would say. So it is nothing against the fact that some of us believe that another world has been discovered, and that occasionally a message comes from thence, that this message is not able to answer all the questions which curiosity may suggest.

In the nature of things, as I have said, it is impossible for us to understand or comprehend or clearly picture to ourselves anything whatsoever that transcends human experience. So you need not doubt the fact itself because you do not happen to know all about it and can find nobody who can tell you.

Where is this other country? The ancient peoples, as we have seen, put it frequently below the surface of the earth or away in some far space of the heaven, thinking that the rainbow might be a bridge over the abyss that led to this far-off paradise. Others have located it in isles of the Blessed toward the sunset. In all conceivable places has the imagination of man located the other life. Our astronomy, an astronomy learned and demonstrated since the principal theological creeds of the time were formulated, has compelled us to change our conception as to the definite location of any possible or conceivable spirit-world. I am inclined to believe that it is very near us. It may fold this old earth of ours round, as does the atmosphere. Not that the inhabitants of it are compelled to remain always in contact with the earth. For I believe that death releases us from the prisoning of one planet and makes us citizens of the universe. But I believe that this spirit-world is all about us. It may be true, as Milton speculated when he said:

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Now take a word of the most authoritative scientist of the age as touching this matter. Professor Jevons is one of the greatest authorities of the world. In his famous book called "Principles of Science," he says: "We cannot deny the strange suggestion of Young that there may be independent worlds, some possibly existing in different parts of space, but others perhaps pervading each other unseen and unknown in the same space."

Who is this Young that Jevons quotes? He is the man who controverted the theory of light which was held by Newton, and converted the world to his theory, which is the universally accepted one to-day. In other words, he is one of the great names in the science of the world; and he tells us that for anything our eyes and ears have to say to the contrary, we may be surrounded on every hand by other worlds, invisible, intangible to us. We are so apt—we people who think we know it all—to be the fools of our senses.

Do you know that I can see only after the ethereal vibrations reach a certain number in a second, and that the moment these vibrations pass beyond another certain number I cease to see? In other words, I can see a narrow space while these vibrations are kept within certain limits; while on either hand the universe stretches off into infinity, invisible to our present senses. So I can hear within certain limits of ethereal vibrations; up to a certain point I hear nothing. They do not produce on the drum of the ear the effect capable of being translated, in the mysterious fashion of which we know nothing, to the brain as sound. After a certain number of vibrations have been reached, all is again quiet to our senses. Huxley tells us that if our ears were adapted to take in all the vibrations, the noises of the growing of flowers in the night would be as loud as a thunder storm.

In other words—and this is all I wish you to take from what I am saying—there may be millions of spiritual creatures walking the earth, pervading the atmosphere all around us, real, thrilling and throbbing with life, a life more intense than anything we know anything about, or can dream of, and our present senses take no cognizance of them whatsoever. Do not imagine, then, that a person or thing cannot exist because you cannot see it, or hear it, or feel it.

Do these people inhabiting the other world have bodies? I think so. I do not know what

powers of imagination may be possessed by other people; but what some people talk about as "pure spirit" means simply pure nothing at all to me. Is there anything unscientific or unreasonable in talking about the inhabitants of this other world as embodied? Nothing whatever to a man who really understands what he is talking about. Scientists are perfectly familiar with states of matter so ethereal that they are not cognizant to any of our senses. So real though invisible bodies may exist. Ninety-nine times in a hundred, or nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand, perhaps, they are humbug and fraud; but a "spirit" photograph is perfectly rational, and not in the slightest degree unscientific. I do not know that there ever was a fact of that sort; but it is perfectly possible—so far as science has anything to say about it—for the sensitive plate of a camera can see better than human eyes. You can photograph an invisible star. You can photograph the side of an old ship, after it has been painted over and over until no human eye can detect the lettering underneath; and the photograph will show that which is covered by the coats of paint. A camera, then, may see better than we can.

Let me give you one instance in this direction as a suggestion: Alfred Russel Wallace is the most famous scientific man living on earth to-day. He made independently, and about the same time, the same discovery that Darwin made; and from the Isles of the Southern Sea he sent home to Darwin a paper to be read at the British Association, setting forth this discovery. And at the same time Darwin was writing his book, not thinking that any one else was thinking the same thoughts. So this man shares, and always will share, with Darwin the glory of discovering the central principle of evolution. He told me in conversation some years ago that he had carried on this practice of attempting to get photographs in the other world, with a friend in a private house month after month, and he said: "I got a perfectly recognizable photograph of my own mother, which was utterly unlike any picture taken of her during her life." It true, this could not have been a copy of anything in existence—except his mother. This is Wallace's testimony, which you may consider for what it is worth.

It is perfectly possible, I believe, that the inhabitants of the other world are embodied in some ethereal way, which we, perhaps, cannot understand to-day, and that they thrill and throb with life, in comparison to which this life of ours may seem to them to be almost a sleep.

Now comes another question. I have been asked it, I do not know how many times—thousands, I suppose. If our friends are about us, and can see our suffering and struggle and temptation and disappointment and tears, how can it be any heaven to them? Before answering that question, as I intend to do, let me ask another. Which would you rather do, or would you rather be near by, even though they were suffering and you shared a little their pain? I had rather be where I could know what was happening to my wife and children and friends, even if they were in trouble, than to be away off in some delectable spot in space, trying to forget about any loved one here in order that I might be happy. That would be no heaven to me.

But here is another answer, which seems to me absolutely conclusive. A mother, as she sits in her home with her little child playing at her feet, sometimes has an experience like this: The child breaks her doll, or plaything of some kind or another, and this is a heart-breaking sorrow to the little one. But it does not break the heart of the mother at all. She picks the child up in her lap, clasps her to her, hushes and comforts her. She knows that it is but a passing sorrow and is not going to cloud the child's life forever. So it seems to me that those who have found out to a certainty what the grand issue of life means cannot be ever troubled because we shed a few tears over a loss in Wall street, or because we have a pain which may last us for a week. They know what is before us; they know it is to be a victory in time; and perhaps they know that these experiences of suffering that we are passing through are part of the training that is to make us capable of entering into the joy and felicity which they have found their own.

There is another question. People say to me time and time again—and I am answering these as though I believed them, you see—if the people in the other world, my friends in the other world, can communicate with anybody, why don't they come directly to me? Why must they go to a psychic, a stranger, somebody I know nothing about?

In the first place, I tell you frankly, I do not know anything about it; but I have a theory which seems to me a very reasonable one. Let me ask a counter question. If electricity will run along a wire—I am using the old theory that electricity is a fluid; but I do not know what it is, and do not know anybody who does—if electricity can convey a message from Chicago to New York over a wire, why cannot it convey it over a board fence? I do not know, and there is nobody in the world who does know. We simply know the fact; and, knowing that, we do not waste our time trying to operate over board fences. If we want a message from a friend in Chicago we expect it to come over the wire.

Now why cannot my friend come directly to me? I do not know; but, supposing the fact, my theory of it is this: I believe that what we call psychic sensitiveness—that is, the ability

to be impressed in a conscious way—might be compared to musical sensitiveness. Almost all persons have a little sense of musical sounds, but there are very few who can master instruments or who can sing so that any one wants to hear them—very few indeed. Well, now, will you go without music because you must go to the experts, the masters, the musical geniuses, to get it? or will you sit at home and say, I will not have any music until my next-door neighbor can furnish it or I can furnish it myself?

I do not know why we know only certain facts. I believe that this psychic sensitiveness is something that we all share within certain limits, but that there is only now and then a psychic genius, one so sensitive that he or she is usable, so to speak, in a practical way. That is my theory of it. I do not know why, but I do know the fact; and I have known people—and let me point out the unreasonableness of it in a word, in passing—I have known people who said, A friend of mine died ten years ago and promised that, if it were possible, he would communicate with me and let me know that he was really alive, and I have heard nothing from him. And I have said over and over again, Have you ever given him a chance? and, if you have not, what right have you to find fault that he has not reported? Perhaps it is your fault, and not your friend's.

There is another point here. I believe that these friends of ours are ministering spirits; not that they stay always by our side—you will see in a moment I believe very differently from that,—but many of them may be ministering spirits, watching around us, rendering us service of which we have little knowledge, which we cannot comprehend or explain to-day. They may interfere sometimes to render us a signal service. To illustrate what I mean, and to show what seems to me to be a more rational theory than that commonly held: Some people believe that there have been "providential" interferences in their lives—certain things have happened which seemed inexplicable to them, at any rate; and they wondered whether God had been caring for them in some special way. Now I cannot think of God as partial. I cannot think that he hears the prayer of one person, and turns a deaf ear to the heart-breaking cry of thousands. That does not seem to me worthy of our thought about God. And yet there do happen these strange coincidences. I have a friend (and her name is so well known to you all that I am sure she would not mind my mentioning it), Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, famous for her devoted services during the war, and one of the greatest woman speakers that the world has ever known. She told me of her life being saved during her travels in the West on a certain occasion by her hearing and instantly obeying a voice. She did not know where it came from; but she leaped, as the voice ordered her to, from one side of a car to the other, and instantly the side where she had been sitting was crushed in and utterly demolished. This she told me. I know she is not a liar. I cannot believe that this was the interference of God; but it may have been the interference of some friend in the invisible. And this may account for interferences happening at some times, and not at others.

Suppose I am on the street to-morrow, and an accident happens to me. A friend may be in the neighborhood, and see it and come to my rescue. But the friend may not be there. There may be no one cognizant of the fact, so no rescue may come to me. This seems to me a possible and very rational theory of accounting for what we call special providences or interferences on our behalf.

And there may be a grain of truth in the Catholic doctrine of the saints. If I cry for help in my need, and a friend knows that I cry, and recognizes that need, and can help me and does help me, my prayer is answered, though it may not have been by the interference of God in the ordinary sense of that expression. So, possibly, these heart-cries of ours, that go up into what to us is the silence, may reach the ears and touch the hearts of the friends who are not so far away as we ordinarily imagine; and out of that unseen there may frequently come to us help and comfort and strength.

These are possible things. I have not said one single word so far that any science or scientific man on the face of the earth has any right to contradict. He may tell me, and tell me truly, that I have said a good many things I cannot demonstrate; and I grant it. But he cannot demonstrate that they are not true. He cannot prove the negative; and he cannot prove that they are unreasonable. They are perfectly within the possibilities of the universe as we know it scientifically.

Now let us raise the question as to what it means to go over and live that other life. Most of us, I suppose, have given up all fear of the old orthodox place of fire and torture; but we carry in ourselves heavens and hells, and though we may not put out the fires of the infernal regions, we do not put out the fires in our own bosoms which we ourselves have kindled. So, if we wish happiness in that other life, we must cultivate that in us which is spiritual and which is good. It is sometimes said that any quantity of the life we lead here will be of no use to us over yonder. It has been said, concerning certain men, "They made themselves wonderful scholars in certain directions; but they died young, and now what is the use of it all?" Just as though that experience was thrown away. I do not believe it is thrown away at all. A man may cultivate himself in following a certain pursuit. If he cultivates himself nobly and rightly, that general development of power may be just as valuable to

him in some other pursuit or some other condition of life as it is here. So that all the intelligence that we have wrought out, all the development of self-control, of character, of nobility, of love, of goodness,—these things are imperishable, and are, perhaps, those which Jesus had in mind when he advised us to lay up treasures in heaven, and not on the earth,—to lay up the treasures that are invisible in the place that is at present invisible, and where we may take them up and find them of value on our arrival.

In that famous thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, Paul says, "If we have knowledge, it shall pass away." He is discussing things that pass away and those that remain. He is true. He is right in certain directions. I may develop all kinds of knowledge in this life, and in the other land I may find myself in circumstances where that knowledge is of no value at all; but the cultivation that I have gone through in acquiring that knowledge may be of unspeakable value to me.

The intelligence, then, we may believe we carry with us. But, says some objector,—it is said a thousand times, printed in the reviews, spoken of in lectures,—How can we think without the brain? Is not the brain the only organ of thought? Prof. James, of Harvard, whom I quoted last Sunday, gave a lecture not long ago on two phases of this problem of the other life; and one of them was this, and he—one of the best expert authorities in the world—takes the ground that that objection about the brain is foolish, sophistical, shallow, and utterly worthless. In other words, one of the functions of the brain at the present time may be thinking. The "I" back of the brain, or above it, may use it as the organ of thought and the communication of my thoughts to others in my present condition. But that does not prove at all that the "I" ceases to exist, and that there is no thinking done when this brain gets tired and goes back to dust. To resort to a crude illustration, you may attach a dynamo for a time to some particular machine. When you remove that machine, you have not destroyed the dynamo. You may attach it to some other machine, and find that you have there all the old time power.

The best scientific men of the world have told us that this objection is of no value. Thought is not the product of the brain, in that sense. There accompanies every effort of mind certain molecular movements in the brain. That is all; but it is not a case of cause and effect; it is only concomitance. Thought coincides with the movements of the brain.

We may carry, then, with us all our magnificently developed powers of thought. We carry love, which is the grandest thing in all the world and the heart of heaven, whether that heaven be here or somewhere else. We carry with us pity, and tenderness, and sympathy. We carry all those things that we call spiritual, that are of value to us, that constitute our nobler and higher selves. The rest we leave behind, because we have got through with it, and do not want it any more.

And now a word as to possible occupations. The Swedenborgians, you know, following the great seer, tell us that heaven is almost a duplicate of the present life; that almost all the occupations that we carry on here are carried on in some fashion over there. I think it is Milton—and I cannot quote his line with perfect accuracy—who asks the question—
"What if earth and heaven be to each other like
More than of earth is thought?"

I believe, even though I cannot prove it to you just now, that the thinker carries with him his great power to think, and that there are opportunities for ranges of thought there that so surpass all that is conceivable to us to-day as to seem to us almost impossible. The thinker may study the universe, investigate, discover the natural laws of the universe under conditions of which we can hardly dream to-day.

Just a hint, a natural hint. Old ex-President Hill of Harvard, was one of the most famous mathematicians of the century. I am afraid I should not enjoy his company should I find him engaged in his favorite occupation on the other side. But this is what he said. Somebody asked him, What are you going to do when you enter the other life? And his reply was, "There are enough problems, mathematical problems, connected with the arc of a circle, to keep me busy and happy for at least a thousand years."

That was one of the most famous mathematicians of the century. Why should the musician lose the enjoyment of his transcendent power? Why the artist? Why should any of the magnificent souls of the world find themselves without occupation?

And, then, I believe another thing. There are sainted souls, men and women both, in this life who would not find themselves happy if there were not somebody to help, somebody to whom they could be of service. This condition of mind is illustrated, although humorously, in the expression of the old sainted Calvinist deacon, who had made up his mind he had committed the unpardonable sin, and was sure he would go to hell. Some one asked him what he should do to there, and he said he would try to start a prayer-meeting. This dominant wish and will of the soul, I believe, will find scope for its inclination.

And remember how many millions of little children are passing into this country every year. They would need nursing, and care, and teaching if they stayed here. I believe they will need, and will find, nursing, and teaching, and care, and tenderest love over there. And there are thousands of men and women dying uneducated, undeveloped, soiled and vicious.

(Continued on fifth page.)

GRACE.

Not for thee, sweet, but for those thou hast left
The tears fall warm and fast from my sad eyes,
For the brief time that I am here bereft
Of thy caress, and all it signifies.
No love could purer be than that which gushed
From the warm impulse of thy tender breast,
And on the fairness of thy fond face flushed
When to my loving heart thy form I pressed.

And while I wait upon the hither shore
Until the evening of life shall cast
Upon the promise-lighted brink one more
Emancipated spirit, and, at last,
I clasp thee, daughter, in my fond embrace,
And feel the joy thy presence can impart
When, in the better land, thy winsome face
Reveals to me the impulse of thy heart.

I have not lost thee, sweet, for 'mid the flowers
Which so rejoice thy sense when on earth,
But feiler far, and sweeter far than ours,
I see the face which, from the hour of birth,
Brought to my fond affection naught but love,
And hear thee whisper, fondly, soft yore:
Memory is eternal, and above
All other gifts it craves the heavenly shore.
40 Carver street, Boston.

* In Watertown, June 9, Grace L. H., daughter of Henry Lemon, 33 years 2 months 8 days.

His Master, the Mountain.

BY CHARLES H. WHITE.

It is now several years since I last saw Harold Winslow. He and I will never meet in this world again. The circumstances of our final parting were such as to entirely preclude the possibility of renewing the acquaintance in a material sense. Briefly, Harold Winslow is dead.

Dead, did I say? Oh, no! that could never be. That mind, so rich with the poetry of life, so earnestly dedicated to all things good and true—such a mind could never die. Passed away, if you wish it so, active in another sphere, but not dead!

I possessed a strong regard for Harold Winslow, although I never told him so. It was my policy not to give him an insight to my thoughts—to never reveal to him the workings of my mind. I wanted to see him pursuing the course that his nature taught him to adopt, unhampered by even the slight influence that my opinions might have been strong enough to exert if expressed to him.

He marveled greatly at my reserve. Many times did he request an explanation, but I would give him none. Even an understanding of my motives would doubtless have had some effect that I would have looked upon as unfortunate, and for which I would have felt obliged to shoulder the responsibility.

Some of the circumstances attending our acquaintance were peculiar. I will relate them here. They may point many a grooved, compressed mind to higher aspirations and a broader plane of thought.

In 1887 I was a misanthrope and a cynic. It matters not what experiences had brought me to that pass. The little faith in human nature that I had cherished was dissipated; the slender belief in the final triumph of justice that I had held was completely destroyed (or so I thought). At the age of twenty-six I stood before my fellowmen a creature devoid of hope. But even a pessimist sometimes craves society. I belonged to a club composed of young men in moderate circumstances, and it was to the rooms frequented by this crowd of pleasure-seekers that I betook myself one night in May. As I opened the door leading to the library and smoking room a familiar voice greeted my ears:

"Winslow, you're a fool!"

The speaker was well known to me—Frank Andrews. But who was Winslow? I had never heard of him before.

I entered the room and found it occupied solely by two young gentlemen—my acquaintance Andrews and a tall, slim, fair-haired, handsome fellow, with earnest, melancholy eyes.

This latter personage was now speaking. "You may be right, Frank, but please remember that I am making the best use I know how of the few brains that God has seen fit to bestow upon me. More than that I cannot do."

My intrusion was followed by an introduction. I cordially shook Harold Winslow's extended hand, and welcomed him to the club of which he was soon to be a member. Something in his words and manner had told me that I was in the presence of a powerful mentality, and I forgot my customary sneer as I gazed upon his face.

"Just imagine, Charles," Andrews said to me, "this quixotic individual has actually declined an elegant position offered him by a wealthy relative out West, and all because he believes it would be selfish to accept! What do you think of a man who carries absurdity as far as that?"

"I do not feel called upon to express an opinion," I replied. "Doubtless Mr. Winslow is more competent to conduct his private affairs than either you or I would be."

At this intemperate Harold interposed: "It is proper for me to explain," said he, "seeing Frank has mentioned the matter to you, that I am the only male member of our household. My father is dead, and I have no brothers. I can support my mother and sister—though not in luxury—by means of the salary I now receive. My mother's health is not good, and she would be pained by the separation were I to go away. Both she and my sister have given their consent, but, in view of all the circumstances of the case, I feel that duty demands my presence here, and I do not believe in catering to my selfish interests."

Andrews laughed scornfully: "Why, then, do you not carry out that principle in little things?" he inquired in sarcastic tone. "Were you not 'catering to your selfish interests' when you decided to join this club, or is this another 'duty' you imagine should be performed for the benefit of the women-folk at home?"

"Neither," as it happens, was Winslow's mild answer. "I believe every young man should mix with his fellows to a reasonable extent and in a suitable manner, as proper contact with those around him has a tendency to expand his nature and impart healthful vigor to his mind. This club bears a good reputation, although some lively spirits may find shelter here. I shall not be obliged to keep late hours, nor to indulge in any form of dissipation, even though the examples may be set me. The cost of membership is light, and I do not consider that I am gratifying pure selfishness in applying for the same. I have no doubt I could extract more genuine comfort from a course of reading at home."

From that time on we were often together, and our acquaintanceship rapidly ripened into a warmer feeling, but our intimacy was one-sided: that is to say, I knew Winslow far better than he knew me. I enjoyed studying him, as he was a decided novelty in my experience. One day, soon after our first meeting, he said to me:

"Do you favor mental philosophy?"

"I am interested in certain forms of it," was my reply.

"Have you ever considered the important part played by selfishness in the economy of human affairs?"

"Yes, but not to the fullest extent, possibly."

"While it is true that I possess a deep rooted antipathy to every phase of selfishness," Harold continued, "I am well aware that the world, under conditions as at present existing, could not satisfactorily dispense with it. It is by long odds the chief promoter of civilization and advancement, and the mainspring of human ambition. The imperfect creatures of this mundane sphere, owing to the bent of their natural impulses, aided by their education and environment, would have no incentive to mental, moral and physical activity, were the element of selfishness to be eliminated. Man, as he stands to day, is actuated solely by self-interest in all that he does. He craves wealth, and to his mind sincerity was vastly more important than the form of belief."

Following this sad event he and his sister continued to live together in the cottage where

exertion for mere duty's sake. His desirous affection, that it may minister unto his soul's bliss; not because it is a law of the universe that minds created in harmony shall experience mutual attraction. Therefore he conducts himself in a manner necessary to secure it. He yearns for power, that he may feed his egoism the food it demands most energetically; not on account of the good to humanity that rightly-used power is capable of doing. Therefore he bends every effort in the direction of its attainment. If he takes care of himself, it is not because he realizes that health is chief among the several attributes of existence which he is under moral obligation to cultivate, but for the reason that he knows it will greatly enhance his contentment and enable him to enjoy more keenly the other pleasures of life. He tries to be what he regards as good, in order that he may escape a possible future punishment and secure a possible future reward; and the question of duty in an abstract sense, and entirely apart from any pre-supposed consequences, is not granted much consideration.

"I am not blaming Man for being as he is, for I appreciate his condition of weakness, and know the temptations to be stronger than his power of resistance. At the same time, being myself alive to the beauties of unselfishness, I cannot avoid wondering at the average mortal's blindness to them. As I see it, the motive that underlies all human action is essentially base. I do not know how I came to be so different from most persons, but it is a fact that I distrust any impulse which seems to have sprung from a thought of personal gratification. I believe firmly in doing what I think to be my duty, without regard for the sensation of comfort or pleasure it may bestow upon or withhold from me, either now or hereafter; and the more distasteful a supposed duty seems to be, the more convinced am I that I should execute it. The matter of results, as they may apply to me alone, I never speculate upon, nor would I allow myself to hesitate in any supposedly proper undertaking, even though I knew the consequences would be permanently injurious to my personality."

"I do not wish to convey the impression that I am perfect in my own eyes. Far from that, I can assure you. I not only have numerous degrading proclivities, which I am constantly but ineffectually endeavoring to overcome, but I am not always certain of the accuracy of my judgment in matters of decision. My errors, however, are of the head, not of the heart, and I am not responsible for my faulty mental construction. No man can consistently be held accountable for aught wherein he was not to blame."

All this may seem to you as an indication that I am thoroughly satisfied with the conclusions drawn from my hypotheses, but such is not the case. The assumptions themselves seem perfectly logical, and I can detect no flaw in their make-up; but I am troubled by an ever-recurring doubt of the disinterestedness of my own foundation-principle. May there not, after all, be some kind of negative selfishness sitting through the fabric of philosophy I have woven? Have I yet succeeded in mastering my enemy? Is my motive sufficiently pure, or am I going to this extreme of self-abasement and self-suppression for the sake of some personal consolation lying so far beneath the surface that I have been unable to prove its existence to myself? These are the fears that are mastering me. This is the mountain that continually confronts me. I would cheerfully relinquish all my meagre earthly possessions, and go out in the world as poverty-stricken as the most destitute, if I might only understand myself!"

I will not quote the few remarks that I made to my companion at the conclusion of this delivery. They were of too non-committal a character to be important. Sufficient to say that he had profoundly stirred me, and had set me to thinking far more deeply than had been my wont. My admiration for Harold grew in intensity, and I marveled that a human being, situated as he had been, could be possessed of power so intellectual, and be actuated by motives so exalted.

Our friendship seemed stronger each time we met, until it was as though Damon and Pythias had been recalled to earth. While I did not express my opinions to him, I encouraged Winslow's communicative disposition, and evinced an interest in his discourses of which he never seemed to doubt the genuineness.

No events of a startling nature took place in connection with our mutual experiences. We simply met frequently, and he talked while I listened. I could fill volumes with the details of his philosophies. I could stagger savants by a declaration of his mental keenness and original trend of thought. I could put to shame the assumed positiveness of dogmatic expounders, by soliciting their replies to questions that he asked—questions that were forced to the front spontaneously by virtue of the analyzing action of his mind.

Harold was unlike the great majority of persons who do not live up to their professions. He did, with all the rigidity that a mortal has at his command. As an inevitable consequence, he came under the condemnation of nearly every individual who possessed an intimate knowledge of him. They applied uncompromising epithets to him—both before his face and when he was not present—but, with cheerful resignation and uttering no word of complaint, he continued steadfastly on the road that his mind had taught him to travel.

Of necessity he was regarded as an unconventional spirit by all but me. His nature and his were like oil and water—his crystal depths a constant reproach to their unctuous insincerity. But few, if any, entirely disliked him. One would admire a certain characteristic in him, and another would approve of something else; but, as a whole, all seemed to agree that he was sadly deficient. It was like a host of blind persons placing their hands upon a noble statue and criticizing the sculptor's work. He was so immeasurably their superior that their audacity in attempting to pass judgment upon him seemed to me a ghastly mockery!

For myself, I found in Harold Winslow the example I had long been vainly seeking and had not expected to discover. My cynicism had taken root in conclusions arrived at through close observation of men and their customs. The ponderous stupidity, the absurd bigotry, and the ridiculous inconsistency of human nature, as it was revealed to me on thousands of occasions and in as many different ways, had sickened me, and I had withdrawn myself in a sympathetic sense from all mankind. Not possessing sufficient strength of character, nor the essential constructive originality, I had maintained a negative attitude merely; unconsciously postponing all positive thought and conduct until the advent of that dominant mental force of which I stood in need.

My spiritual demands were liberally supplied when I met Harold. He stood to me in the light of a master, through whose vigor I was made strong. It was not as though my mental being was under his control, but as if his power awakened within me the semi-dormant potentialities of my nature, and impelled them to independent but similar activity.

They who had been accredited the advanced thinkers of the age had failed to satisfy me. There was something so narrow and restricted about their theories that I experienced a sensation of keen disappointment whenever I heard them speak or when I read their words. Not so with Winslow. His magnificent breadth of character was of limitless extent, and he breathed the God-like sentiments of a soul unfettered, and voiced the expanding, uplifting principles of a mind uncoined. Absolutely unprejudiced—the advocate of no divisional interests—he represented the essence of all that was grand and noble in thought and deed.

When his mother died (less than a year after our initial meeting), a casual observer might have regarded him as indifferent. He furnished no exhibition of grief, and made no changes in his public customs. I was well informed that there had existed but little community of spirit between Mrs. Winslow and her son, as she had followed more closely in the beaten path; but I knew Harold too well to doubt his tenderheartedness—only his way of thinking would not permit him to show his deep parture as a calamity. He had faith in his sincerity, and to his mind sincerity was vastly more important than the form of belief.

Following this sad event he and his sister continued to live together in the cottage where

their home had been when I first knew him until the established period for mourning had passed away, when Miss Winslow became Mrs. Reed, attaching herself for life to the household of a man who had held her plighted troth for many months.

Then it was that Harold came to me and said:

"I have no one left to live for!"

And it seemed indeed as if the moorings had been cast loose and the noble ship were left to float at will upon life's billows. But he made no alteration in his mode of conduct, and remained the same in purpose and in act.

At about this time I began to notice the operation of a new influence upon Winslow's mind. Not an influence that worked as if in opposition to his established principles, but a separate line of conduct. I suspected from the first what the trouble was, but could not be positive as long as Harold's confidence was withheld from me. For a time he would not tell me what was causing the look of pain to deepen on his face, but at last he gave me to understand that he had fallen in love with his employer's daughter.

"I could not help it, Charles," he said to me, "or I would have done so. Miss Meldram possesses some occult fascination that has cast its spell over my mind. It is unfortunate that this has taken place, since it will necessitate my removal from the scene. For myself I would not take such precautions. I would go on meeting and loving her, without making an attempt to gain her hand. But I must think of her interests in the matter. I know not if she cares for me, or ever would; but I must run no risks. Apart from the fact that I am not her financial equal, I appreciate the difference in mental temperament that exists between us. We would doubtless be an uncongenial couple when topics of a spiritual nature were touched upon. Her future happiness on earth—the repose of her confiding mind might be at stake; and I will retire from her vicinity rather than jeopardize her peace in any way."

I had long known that Harold was a frequent visitor at Mr. Meldram's home, and had wondered if he would yield to the universally acknowledged charms of that gentleman's only daughter. Harold's unimpeachable integrity and his utter disregard of selfish yearnings had won for him the unbounded confidence and enthusiastic admiration of his employer, who, while he considered the young man "peculiar," and the slave of morbid sentiments, was loud in his praises of Winslow's general character. Thus it was that the aristocratic mansion of the Meldrams had been thrown open to the modest, unambitious clerk, and the social recognition that wealth coupled with disrepute could not have purchased had been freely offered without solicitation to gold-unfurnished merit.

A suspicion of Mr. Meldram's possible willingness to reward Harold's virtue by consenting to a marriage with his daughter had lurked in my mind ever since the above mentioned conditions had sprung into existence; but I had doubted the acceptance of any such privilege, for I thought I knew Harold's nature too well to believe he would yield to even so powerful a selfish impulse. While I honored his consistency, in a sense I regretted his willingness to immolate his best affections upon the altar of real or imagined duty.

I made no effort to decide whether he was right or wrong. I offered no word of advice nor any note of remonstrance. Wishing him to be himself—unhampered by what little influence an expression of my views might cast over him—I remained mute and apparently indifferent when he stated his intention of seeking another sphere of action. The thought of separation depressed me, as would the thought of death; and yet I let him go without trying to detain him. The promptness with which he went testified to the strength of his resolution.

Our parting was a sad one, though the outward evidences of emotion were all given forth by him. I was unwilling to add to his bitterness by revealing to him my grief.

Among other things, he said: "I feel that my earthly career is drawing to a close. The circumstances that have rendered necessary my departure are not the direct causes, but they will doubtless hasten the result. Never have I mentioned it before, but the feeling has been in me that my hold on life was weak. The thought of this does not disturb me, but I hope we may look once more in each other's eyes before mine are closed forever. If I am allowed the opportunity, I will summon you. Will you come?"

And I answered him:

"If it is within the limits of possibility, I will."

For several months thereafter we corresponded with unremitting regularity, his letters coming to me as bird oases in the desert of my life. The discussions we had mutually enjoyed while face to face were continued on paper; only with this difference, that now I felt called upon to make some replies to his expressions of opinion, lest he might discontinue them if I did not refer to them at all. The attitude of silent interest that I had been able to maintain without annoying him, when we were together, could not be demonstrated so successfully under the conditions now existing.

Finally, when he had been away almost a year, I one day received a brief note from him, evidently indited with a trembling hand:

"I am dying! Come to me!"

Obtaining leave of absence from the office, I went at once.

I found him in bed, and it was too plainly apparent that the hand of death had set its seal upon him.

"I felt this coming," said he, "and wrote you before it was too late. My sister I have not disturbed; she is immersed in cares and interests entirely apart from mine, and I thought it best not to draw her even temporarily from them. I wish you to be the first to tell her I am gone."

I promised to perform this dismal service as well as anything else he might request, and listened attentively while he gave instructions regarding his funeral obsequies and the settlement of his personal affairs.

At length, when all else seemed disposed of, he said:

"Charles, you will recollect, no doubt, the subject concerning which I have been most perplexed—the questions relating to selfishness, its influence, and the proper method of eradicating it, that have agitated my mind. I desire now to say, with the light of Eternity brightening the hitherto dark recesses of my brain, that I believe selfishness, and all other evils, to have their good uses, and their bad. They were probably given us for certain purposes, and it is only when we misuse them that they endanger our spiritual advancement. I still believe I was right in trying to live as unselfishly as possible, but I also think it was unnecessary for me to suspect myself of some undefined hypocrisy. The natural longing to enjoy mental tranquility, which I endeavored to stifle, thinking it an unworthy feeling, was an impulse that need not have been subdued. We have a right to the consolation that springs from virtuous conduct, and are not required to torture ourselves with doubts regarding the sincerity of our motives. On the other hand, we must not accept that as an excuse for yielding to our selfish impulses, charging the result to human frailty, and striving to imagine ourselves free from blame. The line of demarcation between the selfishness which is at least permissible and that which is degrading, is a fine one, and it cannot be distinguished except under critical inspection."

"I am going, Charles. I know not where, nor do I ask. Mayhap to pass into another sphere of progression, wherein the training I have had in this life will prove useful. I would rather think it so, than that I am to bridge with rapidity the chasm that must inevitably lie between human imperfection and the heaven of orthodox minds. As I lie here, on the verge of the unknown, no fears assail me. I am not a suppliant for reward, nor do I wish to avert merited punishment. With the ability that was given me, I did my duty as well as I knew how; modified, of course, by the inherent weaknesses I found it practically impossible to overcome to control. The rest I leave with the power that gave me being."

"Charles, I am sinking rapidly. I trust our spiritual existence will not be eternally separated."

rated. May you be blessed in this life, and in the life to come. Good-by!"

And with a smile of love upon his lips, he sank to rest—as pure a soul as ever passed the threshold of death—call it Death—an example of unselfish sincerity that others would do well to profit by.

His Master, the Mountain, had rolled from his mind, permitting perpetual peace.

A Story of Remarkable Coincidences
—No Fictions but Facts.

BY CHRISTIAN RUDOLPH LANGELAAN.

I have lived in London for fifty years, and have travelled in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and America. I have heard stories in each country that were more or less interesting, but of all the stories I have ever heard the one which I intend to impart to you, to my mind, was the most marvelous. It is enhanced by its being a story which actually happened. I dare say you are already getting fidgety to know all about it, so I will tell you where I lived when it happened. Of all the numbers in the world it happened to be No. 1. That's a good start, but No. 1 where? Well, it was No. 1 Fairmead Road, Holloway, London, N., next door to Solomon's furniture store, who had the easy-pay-installment on the brain, and used to let people have a thousand dollars' worth of furniture by paying fifty dollars down, and fifty dollars each week until all paid; but who, in nine cases out of ten, used to cart the whole lot back in about a month because the would-be purchasers could not keep up their payment to the time signed for.

There happened to be lodging with me a certain James Dixon from Sunderland, a seafaring man in the north of England. He was about forty years of age, and of such a combative nature that, even if you agreed with him in everything he would at once oppose you. This interesting lodger had father and mother, brothers and sisters, brothers and sisters-in-law, all living in the North; and although he had lodged with me for over fifteen years I never could name his relatives. Whenever I thought I had them all by heart something would crop up by which another was introduced, until at last when to think the whole of Yorkshire was related to him! However, a time arrived when one of his brothers-in-law, was about to pay London a visit of a week's duration. This brother-in-law's name was John Stammers, and he was about the biggest skiffint in creation. He was so close that he bezzed labeling the huge leather trunk which contained all baby's things. His occupation, being a book-keeping clerk on the Great Northern Railway, was the cause of his being able to travel with a pass, free of charge. Luck would have it the trunk arrived safe and sound, although not labelled; but not so on their return home. The husband arrived, the wife arrived, the baby arrived, but where was the trunk with all baby's things, which they both had seen placed in the luggage van at the St. Pancras station, Kings Cross, London? In vain the train was searched, in vain was the telegraph sent in motion between London and Stockton-on-tees, in vain the wife nagged the husband night after night, until he nearly lost his post from being kept awake two thirds of each night by the distracted, sleepless wife.

This lasted for over a week, when one night the husband arrived home, and to his great delight, found his wife sound asleep in bed.

"Now," said "I hope to have a night's sleep at last," and having had a very heavy day's work, he crept into bed as quiet as a mouse and slept like a top until about 2 A.M., when he felt a startling dig in the ribs, and heard his wife crying out at the top of her voice: "Get up, John, and get the trunk. I know where it is. I heard the thud when the train passed Gower Station; there, I know the guard pitched it; don't keep on saying I am insane. Get up, I tell you."

Now the husband, feeling convinced his wife was laboring from delusions, to pacify her promised solemnly to send one of his men to that outlandish little station where the train seldom stopped, owing to its isolation from any habitation. He kept his promise, and sent one of the railway porters to make inquiries at this isolated station, little thinking it would be found there. You can imagine the amazement of the husband when the porter returned with the trunk, which had been thrown out by the guard on passing this station, by mistake, and which the wife heard and saw a week earlier in a dream. Who caused this woman to dream, and in her dream to hear and see exactly what had occurred? I do not think I can end this story founded on fact better than by quoting the bard, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

The following strange coincidence at which I was present happened in the Mile End Road, Stepney, London, about the year 1870, whilst paying a visit to Mrs. Van Dyke (my eldest sister). It happened that a Mr. Connor, who professed to be a medium, called upon us. My father, who was also present, and who was a great skeptic, began by teasing Mr. Connor and saying how childish people must be to believe in such nonsense as clairvoyance, rappings on tables, etc., at which Mr. Connor appeared to get angry, and invited my father to sit at the table and ask a question mentally, promising him faithfully the table would answer correctly. Out of curiosity my father took a seat at the table. I sat opposite. My sister, at the other side of the table, sat opposite Mr. Connor. After father had asked the question mentally, the number of raps, which seemed to sound from the centre of the table, counted thirty-two. My father immediately asked the answer was not correct, upon which Mr. Connor avowed my father to think once more, and he asked the same question again, and to his great surprise the table rapped sixty-one, which was correct, for the question which had been asked mentally was, How old was my wife when she died? But imagine the amazement of my father upon reflecting that he had been married twice, and that his first wife died at the age of thirty-two, and the second at the age of sixty-one!

This Mr. Connor upon another occasion paid a visit, and happened to find my sister in great anxiety about the safety of her husband, who was in Antwerp on business, and should have returned on the preceding Monday. The weather had been very stormy, so much so that telegraphic communication had been cut off. It was already Wednesday, and no tidings of the husband had been received, which naturally caused Mrs. Van Dyke to fear the steamer on which her husband was due had been wrecked in crossing the North Sea. However, Mr. Connor pacified her by declaring her husband was safe, as he should see him speaking on a bridge to a man dressed in white from head to foot. Out of curiosity she watched the time was eleven o'clock on Friday. On Friday, when her husband at last arrived home, and had seated down a little, Mrs. Van Dyke asked him if he could recollect where he was on Wednesday, at twelve midday. The question puzzled him, but after thinking awhile he said he was conversing with the cook on the bridge of the steamer by which he returned to England. The cooks on those boats are completely dressed in white, even down to their shoes.

Upon another occasion Mr. Connor mentioned to Mrs. Van Dyke that he saw a coffin in the room, and my father at that time being over eighty, she thought it must be he who had passed away, and mentioned this to Mr. Connor, who replied that it was on the husband's side that the death had occurred, which proved true, for the same day a letter arrived from Goanling, where she lived, to state she had died from a fever caused by the house being badly drained.

In 1843 Mrs. Van Dyke was living in Leiden, a town in Holland, at her servant by the name of Maria Bastian, who was very fond of having her fortune told. One day she, out of fun, introduced Mrs. Van Dyke—who at that time was only sixteen years of age—to this fortune teller. Upon seeing them both come into her house she at once remarked to the servant

that she had come not for herself, but for the young lady. The servant acknowledged that such was the fact, upon which the fortune teller told her to let the young lady take a seat. "The fortune teller said to her, 'Although you are as yet only in your teens, you have two sweethearts, the one is very dark, and the other has a much lighter tint, but you will marry neither, the man you will marry is very fair, and when a child used to play with you in the neighborhood where you are now living.' Girl-like she related what the woman had told her to her mother, who carefully remembered every word and wondered if it ever would come true, and true it came. For in the year 1847, owing to the introduction of free trade into England the family removed to England, and her father was engaged in the cattle trade, and advertised for a partner in one of the Dutch papers. He received a reply from Lenwarden, a town in Friesland, the north of Holland. This man became the partner, and by degrees managed to transfer the affection of his partner's daughter to himself. They married, and it turned out that, not only was he fair as fair could be, but that when a child his father kept a bread store in the very neighborhood of Leiden, where his wife lived, and that as children they were in the habit of meeting on the same playground."

An Important Letter.

Mr. E. W. GOULD, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir and Brother: I am constrained to write you at this time to express my appreciation of the articles from your pen that periodically appear in the Spiritualist papers. It is easy to see from said articles that you are earnestly solicitous for the welfare of Spiritualism, that the movement may command the respectful recognition and consequent dignified status it deserves, and I am in hearty sympathy with those sentiments.

Personally I have endeavored to do my part to bring about a realization of those hopes, but after nearly three years' conscientious effort, involving considerable personal sacrifice, I am forced to echo your complaint that there is something organically wrong.

Regarding the nature of that "something" we may differ somewhat, though in the main I believe we agree. In one of your articles you urge the desirability of employing educated teachers, saying:

"Unfortunately we have not at the present time a sufficient number of educated, competent teachers or pastors to supply the six hundred societies in this country."

Now, I am not inclined to dispute that statement per se, but I firmly believe that there are more "educated, competent teachers" in the ranks of Spiritualism than can find an opportunity to teach. In fact, I have come to understand that a decided majority of those six hundred societies you mention does not want an "educated teacher," not even if such could be secured for less money than is paid to the illiterate and oftentimes vulgar purveyor of "stock or fixed tests." These latter, in my opinion, constitute the real cause of the continued unsatisfactory condition of Spiritualism as a cult. They fight every effort at organization to lessen their influence; and, stopping not at that, they proceed to enlist the support of influential speakers and leaders, and they secure it, too; and these latter, in turn, become a party to the fraud that is being perpetrated daily in the name of Spiritualism. "This you may consider a serious charge to make here; nevertheless, it is true and is more generally known than the Spiritualist press would indicate."

Alas! The best speakers on the Spiritualist platform—at least those of them who have no other occupation, and have to depend upon that for a living—recognizing the general demand for "startling tests, including fraud names, dates, etc.," silently approve the fraud in order to avoid imperilling their own livelihood. I do not mean that they deliberately seek to deceive, but they are often compelled to occupy the rostrum with an alleged medium, and when the latter recites the previously acquired information that is designated "tests" or "descriptions," the former is compelled to remain quiet, and by his silence at least countenance the deception.

If such a speaker is also a test medium he soon finds himself forced into competition with these unscrupulous people, and in order to maintain a reputation that will insure him constant employment he feels tempted to utilize the artifices of the "fakir." If he yields to the impulse he will supplement his genuine tests—which are invariably of a simple nature—with "startlers," and in due time he gives nothing other than "startlers," and in fact forfeits his genuine mediumship by reason of his constant application to the memorizing of "stock" tests and the manufacturing of new ones. This, I think, is one of the saddest features of present-day Spiritualism, since it must necessarily rob the workers of all self-respect, and cause each one to regard a new worker as great a cheat as himself (and all this applies to workers of both sexes).

To be sure, an honest and conscientious Spiritualist need not yield to temptation; he can rise up and denounce the fraud at the moment of its perpetration; but what is the result in such a case? He, in turn, is denounced as a "jealous incompetent." (I have never yet attempted to call attention to a "fake medium" but that I was charged—usually by the fakir—with being "jealous." My God! jealous of what?)

More than that, he will find that the organized "fakirs" will operate against him and prevent his getting employment, and thus there is but one course open to the honorable Spiritualist teacher, and that is to abandon public work entirely. I could mention the names of several individuals who are eminently qualified to teach Spiritualism, and who have withdrawn from the work for the reason herein specified. You doubtless know them yourself. Of course I do not mean to say that the numerous veteran workers like Lyman C. Howe, Moses Hull, Dr. Peebles, etc., etc., are consciously upholding dishonesty by continuing in the work, yet I know that each of these have at different times been deceived into recommending "mediums" who afterward turned out to be rank impostors.

Now what are we going to do about it? When nearly all of those who are designated "the leading mediums of the country," and are depended upon to demonstrate the continuity of life, are practicing systematic trickery, and very little of anything else; and when this very trickery is apparently the greatest desideratum, how can we expect conscientious Spiritualists to become enthusiastic over the financial status of the movement? The honest Spiritualist who is aware of the trickery being presented in the name of Spiritualism, does not feel like supporting that kind of thing—he can get purer Spiritualism at home—while the trickster is looking for all he can get, rather than for an opportunity of giving anything away. Might not this explain in some measure the pitiable financial showing made by Spiritualism during the fifty-one years of its existence? I feel that you are in a position to ascertain whether I have stated facts, and if so, it may be that you can see fit to present this matter to Spiritualists generally, in such a way as shall result in the utter obliteration of fraud, and the banishment of the supplemental test-giver.

Trusting that you will pardon the liberty I take in asking you to read such a lengthy communication, and assuring you again of my solicitation for the welfare of the Cause that is so dear to me, I remain,

FRATERNALLY YOURS,
JOSEPH M. McDONALD.

It is because we keep our troubles to ourselves that they become so hard to bear. Is not it possible to share them? I do not believe for one moment that we are alone. The dead are more alive to-day than when they were among us.—Mary A. Liebrecht.

Growth, development, progress, are crowning words in the immutable processes of the universe. Heaven comes from their instructed manifestations, hell from their obstructions.—Brown.

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The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once interrupted. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

The management of the BANNER OF LIGHT has reduced the subscription price of the paper to Two Dollars per year, former price, \$2.50.

We trust that Spiritualists everywhere will cooperate heartily with us in the step which has been taken, and that regular subscribers for THE BANNER will make an effort to increase its circulation. If every one now on our subscription books would make it his or her business to obtain one new subscriber to this paper for 1899, the heretofore high standard of THE BANNER could easily be maintained, the value of its contents and their practicality materially enhanced, and the Cause, which this paper has so long defended and upheld, greatly strengthened.

Special Notice. July 4.

Our readers will kindly take notice that Tuesday, July 4 is a legal holiday, on which occasion the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT will be closed throughout the day. They will also do well to remember that we go to press one day earlier than usual in honor of the glorious Fourth.

Our patrons will please take notice that during the months of June, July and August, the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore will close at 5 o'clock each week day except Saturday, when it will close at 2 o'clock.

Golden Words.

One of the worst enemies of Spiritualism is the dishonest practitioner, the fake medium, or the people who cover him up through any personal favor, or, as they mistakenly think, for the honor of the Cause, and to save it from disgrace. If there is any man on the face of this earth meaner, more utterly contemptible than any other man, it is he who will take money coined from the broken hearts, from the hopeless tears of those who long to know whether their dead are alive; and take it, not even for what they believe to be a genuine message from the other side, but simply for the sake of the money. When a person will do that I do not believe there is anything on the face of the wide earth too mean for him to do.—*Minot J. Savage.*

The Stevens Point, Wis., Gazette, of May 24, contained an extended and very appreciative review of a lecture delivered in that city by Mrs. Clara L. Stewart, one of the State Agents of the National Spiritualists' Association for Wisconsin, upon the subject of Spiritualism. Mrs. Stewart is a true and worthy worker in the Spiritualist vineyard, and merits all the good things the Gazette says of her.

The Dubuque, Iowa, Daily Telegraph reports the meetings and entertainments of the Spiritualistic society in that city in a fair and impartial manner. Mr. and Mrs. George F. Perkins are doing good work as Spiritualist-ecologists in that wide-awake city.

Scientific Spiritualism.

Prof. Hyslop's simple statements concerning his psychic experiments through the mediumship of Mrs. Piper, have set millions of people on both continents to talking upon the subject of Spiritualism. Many of the secular papers have treated his demonstrations with courtesy, and have suggested that they might lead to greater revelations through the same source, in the near future. The New York Sun, Baltimore American, and Chicago Tribune, among the great dailies of the nation are conspicuous for their unfair criticism, and lack of knowledge of the subject; they presume to condemn as unworthy of thoughtful consideration. Their insulting jeers are the more marked when contrasted with the editorial utterances upon the same subject in the Chicago Chronicle, St. Louis Globe Democrat, and other reputable journals East and West.

The New York Sun attempts to laugh the matter out of court by means of ridicule and satire. To this end it invokes the aid of test mony bearing upon the same subject from Prof. Kiddle and Luther R. Marsh. These men undertook to study the subject of Spiritualism in an unprejudiced manner, in the interest of truth. They arrived at certain conclusions, and published them to the world. To their minds they had solved the intricate problem, and proved that the soul of man lived after the change of death had come to it. Any rational thinker can see at a glance that the methods they followed were entirely unlike those pursued by Prof. Hyslop. They took many things for granted, while he accepts nothing as truth unless it has been proved to rest upon the rock of scientific fact.

Even the Sun, and its host of know-it-all correspondents, who are engaged in the high and holy calling of exhibiting their own ignorance by ridiculing a subject concerning which they know nothing, are forced to admit that Prof. Kiddle and Mr. Marsh were absolutely sincere in their endeavors to determine the truth. But all of them are absolutely unfair in the conclusions they draw from the experiments of these gentlemen. Prof. Kiddle was satisfied that he received messages from Shakespeare, Bacon, Washington, Lincoln, and many other notable characters in history. Mr. Marsh was sure that he was in direct communication with Adam, Eve, Cain, Noah, et al., who figure in the narratives of the Bible. In neither instance, however, was the internal evidence of the messages considered by the investigators. Prof. Kiddle was an honest man in every sense of the word; the mediums (his own children) were also honest—honest with him, with themselves and the world. They would not and did not intentionally lead themselves to a fraud. Under the suggestion that a message was wanted from one of earth's arisen sons or daughters, they gave what they felt to be a response to the request.

Had Prof. Kiddle and the mediums considered the fact that every communication received from the spirit world is colored by the instrument through whose mind it passes, they would have hesitated to label the sentences received with the names of specific distinguished individuals. Even if such names had been given, they should in the interest of science have familiarized themselves with the style of writing, the tendencies of the individuals involved, and the trend of thought exhibited in their works composed and published while on earth. When perfectly familiar with the characteristics of these celebrities, they should have compared the post-mortem utterances with those of the ante-mortem state, in order that the internal evidence of fact might be determined, if any such were in existence. Had these things been considered, and consistently followed, Byron, Washington et al., if they had spoken at all, would have given positive evidences of their identities as individual spirits.

In the case of Mr. Marsh, who was and is honest and earnest, it would have been impossible to find anything outside of the Bible with which to compare the messages he received, hence internal evidence was missing at the outset. Mr. Marsh had the preconceived idea that the worthies named in the Bible were real personages, and really believed he could receive word from them. He did not realize that many of these characters were sun-myths, or astrological symbols, far removed from human beings. In view of this fact, it becomes at once apparent that he was deluded by his own desires, and received replies only to the suggestions of his own mind. If his medium was an honest seeker for truth, then he, too, was deceived by the controlling intelligences. But it is far more likely that the medium wanted money, hence gave Mr. Marsh that which he felt would induce Mr. M. to remunerate him the most handsomely. Viewing the question from the above premises the ludicrous side does come to the surface, but there is also a sublime pathos in the devotion to and belief in the genuineness of the messages on the part of the recipient. This fact should have silenced the tongue of ridicule and stayed the sneer of the cynic.

Apart from the above-named experiments stands the scientific Spiritualism of Prof. Hyslop, and thousands of other truth-seekers in Europe and America. Every phenomenon is studied by itself; every possible explanation is applied to it in order that it may be traced to its true cause; the hypothesis of Spiritualism is only accepted after every other method has failed to solve the problem. External and internal evidence, the ear-marks of personality, the little things in mannerisms, provincialisms, and methods of speech, are carefully weighed against the theories of subjective mind, telepathy, mental suggestion, hypnotism, self-psychology, fraud, etc., etc., and conclusions drawn solely from the arguments of fact. Mental and physical phenomena are both treated in this manner. Whenever an effect is found, the cause is at once sought. A phenomenon is discovered; a force produced; what is that force? Is it electricity? Is it mind-reading? The force is questioned; it is found to possess intelligence, and has the faculty of memory; it can recall past events, and can give names of living and deceased persons; it can and does tell of events unknown to any one present, that are afterwards proved to be facts. By slow and careful processes it is found that mental suggestion, mind-reading, electric affinities, subliminal consciousness, offer no explanation for the facts discovered.

Investigating further, the scientist finds that this intelligent, remembering "force" has a name; this name once belonged to an individual who departed from earth several years previous. Further research proves that such an individual actually lived, and passed away as stated in the message. All of these facts were absolutely unknown to the investigators,

but were demonstrated one by one as the investigation proceeded. Subsequent researches show that other individual intelligent "forces" testify in much the same way, all claiming they have survived the change called death. If one man proves his identity as a returning spirit, the question of life beyond the grave is settled. But when ten thousand returning spirits do likewise, through demonstrations that can be and are analyzed with care, we have scientific evidence of a future life. Prof. Hyslop and his friends are laboring earnestly to reduce all phenomena to a scientific basis upon which to predicate conclusions that will stand all tests. We have no sympathy with those Spiritualists who sneer at science, and join with the enemies of Spiritualism in ridiculing the experiments of Prof. Hyslop. We feel that he has adopted the only true method in the study of Spiritualism, and sooner or later all Spiritualists will find themselves following his example. When they have thrown aside credulity, indifference and supernaturalism, they will find themselves standing upon the broad plain of scientific Spiritualism.

Home Life.

Poets, orators and philosophers have sung, talked and written tomes upon tomes upon the ever popular subject of home. They have told of the loving harmony prevailing there, of the sweet inspiration that sacred place brings to all of its inmates, of the moral, spiritual and intellectual instruction therein given. The home is indeed a holy place when it is founded in love and maintained by the mutual affection of its inmates. Where love is, harmony reigns, and harmony is, or should be, the guardian angel of every home. Men and women often mistake outward acquiescence for harmony, whereas the waves of rebellion are rolling tumultuously in the soul. True love prompts all human beings to seek the good for the sake of others rather than exclusively for themselves. Love never causes one of her devotees to ask and expect all yet to give nothing in return.

Many people—and Spiritualists are far from being exempt from this fault—accept every thing from their nearest and dearest as a mere matter of course, yet never think of rendering even a word of thanks in return. Such conduct soon leads to distrust in many instances, and paves the way for a divorce scandal later on. Trust begets trust, as love begets love, and the angel of Confidence should stand guard at the threshold of every home. Many husbands assume that they have both a legal and a moral right to inspect all letters received by their wives, as well as to suppress many of them if they see fit. Such conduct is tyrannical in the highest degree, and unworthy of enlightened manhood. It frequently leads to the employment of special agents and detectives to spy upon the movements made by their wives. Inharmony is the outcome of this procedure, and a ruined home the legitimate sequence of such despicable methods. There can be no true home life, no real home love, where men indulge in such base conduct.

Many wives feel that they are privileged, by virtue of their wifehood, to search their husband's pockets, to ransack their mail when they are not at home, and to pry into the events of their early years in which they (the wives) had no part whatever. Especially are they delighted if they can discover an old diary, a few old letters, or a few pages written under the inspiration of boyish fancy. They secretly read these ancient documents, and then begin a systematic nagging that soon puts harmony to flight, and ultimately drives Love from the door. Any reference to the possible early attractions in their lives always arouses such women to anger, and they take refuge in a perfect storm of scolding and a copious shower of tears. They continually harp upon the one subject, and seem to feel that they were terribly abused because of innocent associations of childhood's days in which they could have had no part, because they then lived under different environments. They distort molehills into mountains, and never let an opportunity to give their husbands a caustic stab pass them by.

Such men and women wonder why theirs is not the ideal home. If the scales were to fall from their eyes, they could readily see that the fault was solely in themselves. They can never hope to gain anything by retelling scandal at full price even, nor by venomously stinging one another because of what may have happened a score or more of years ago. Men frequently become desperately suspicious of their wives from the fact that they occasionally have private social interviews with gentlemen friends. Women fill their souls with the poison of jealousy over a chance remark, a mere look, perhaps a handshake or a letter of a business nature, and vitiate their own life currents as well as those of their husbands, with this elixir of damnation. They delight in feeding fat their jealousy on the merest pretext, and are even mournfully happy in their own unhappiness! Jealousy on the part of men and women is proof positive that those who indulge in it have much that is questionable to conceal in their own lives, hence their willingness to suspect their best-beloved of that of which they themselves are guilty in secret.

If such ones would but remember that there are always two parties to every social sin, that no man and no woman ever went astray, as the world calls it, through the actions of others than themselves, they would find far less to condemn. Men yield to temptation, it is true, and so do women; yet both sexes can overcome that temptation if they but will to do so. In all social sins, therefore, men and women are equally reprehensible. Every man's honor, every woman's honor, is perfectly safe so long as he or she keeps the desire to do wrong out of mind. They both yield solely because they wish to do so, and not because of the undue influence of one over the other. In home life, their responsibility becomes augmented; the husband and wife are mutually pledged to aid one another to a larger, better and nobler life. Any effort in the other direction is ignoble and demoralizing. Spiritualism teaches progression, hence there is no need for mortals to dwell in the low malarial swamps of scandal, of recrimination, of jealousy, of suspicion; they can advance to higher ground under the leadership of Truth, by living the life of the spirit. Nothing is ever gained by distrust, nor by nagging, nor by constant dwelling upon real or fancied mistakes. Let the past with its horrors alone; live in the present to be good and to do good; look not down in despair, but cast your glances upward, and mount the steeds of the stars. Home will then be filled with harmony, and Love will keep watch and ward over all its inmates.

Spiritual Exercises.

Some Spiritualists are so filled with a desire to gratify their own ambitious natures that they decline to consider a simple truth as of any value. They want to hear from some "exalted" spirit—some one who is their "spiritual" equal—hence no name of less note than that of Gen. Grant, Abraham Lincoln, Jesus of Nazareth and his apostles, will ever be welcomed by them. We know of instances where men whose bodies were polluted by pork, whiskey and tobacco, have claimed to be "controlled" (?) by Jesus Christ! We know of men of wide reputations as scholars, who have sat for hours at a time with rapt countenances, listening to the words that fell from the lips of a pretended medium, who claimed to be controlled by John the Apostle, or Paul, or Matthew, or Luke, or some other Bible personage. Such proceedings excite nothing but ridicule and pitying contempt on the part of those who know nothing of Spiritualism.

The stupendous egotism of the people who claim to be the special favorites of Jesus & Co., is only equalled by the unparalleled stupidity of those who believe the claim to be true. Some of these people even presume to correct authentic history, and base their claims to credence upon the utterances of counterfeit mediums who afterward boast of their ability to hoodwink their victims. Others become so pure in thought, word and deed that they retire from the world, under a special mandate from Almighty God, to be worshipped by their credulous victims, and given the choicest of material comforts. It does not matter if these people have plagiarized a dozen books, and indulged in the most licentious practices; they are authority, and their authority is truth, and nothing is truth unless it is based upon their authority. Perhaps, as they are happy in their ignorance, they should not be disturbed in their idol worship. A bad hobby ridden hard is the sooner overthrown.

Such would-be leaders and pretentious representatives of Spiritualism always bring the Cause into disrepute, hence it behooves all Spiritualists to keep the outside world well informed as to their real intents and purposes. It is now time to repudiate every claim to saintship set up by individuals in the name of Spiritualism. It is also time that the public should know that the claimants to God's especial favor are without standing among Spiritualists. But the world at large can know nothing of true Spiritualism and true-blue Spiritualists until the latter declare their principles, their standards of right and justice to their fellowmen. In other words, Spiritualists should be in the lead, and those who misrepresent them, those who bring Spiritualism into ridicule by their wild claims and pretentious assumptions should be relegated to the rear. Spiritualism will be respected when its followers respect it themselves.

Walter Raye.

In a recent issue of the Boston Herald will be found an extended account of the doings of the man whose name stands at the head of this article. Until evidence to the contrary is produced, Mr. Raye will stand convicted of the heinous offense of deliberately robbing a number of well-meaning people, who trusted him and his medical powers absolutely. It is possible—nay, it is undoubtedly a fact—that Mr. Raye actually possesses psychic powers of more than ordinary merit. This fact makes his offense all the greater, and his actions all the more reprehensible. Spiritualists and investigators should hereafter be on their guard, and let this man severely alone. He will probably move on to a new field, take a new name, and repeat his Boston proceedings without fear or favor.

The Herald rendered the public a good service by its thorough exposure of this man. We deeply regret, however, that it could so far forget itself and lower its high standard of excellence by its uncalled-for reflections upon Spiritualism and its representatives. The leading Spiritualists of Boston do not endorse rascality in any form, hence are not Raye's sponsors. Some of them were deceived and victimized by him, it is true; yet they had the courage to acknowledge the fact, and to aid in his exposure. The Herald should have given them due credit in this matter, by telling its readers that all true Spiritualists are as a unit in their opposition to fraud and rascality. They regret the downfall of any man or woman, especially that of a person endowed with psychic gifts; but they stand ready to tell the truth in regard to those whom they prove to be untrue, whenever the facts in the case warrant such action. Those who condone fraud and seek to conceal criminal acts are not representative Spiritualists, hence should not be classed with those who stand for truth and integrity. We hope the Herald will undo the wrong it has done many of the most respectable people of Boston and vicinity, by stating the attitude of the honest Spiritualists with regard to Raye and all of his coadjutors.

Fasted Twenty-Eight Days.

Our valued friend, Mr. Milton Rathbun, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., took a health fast of eight and twenty days not long since. He reduced his weight forty-two pounds, but steadily increased his working powers and augmented his mental forces from day to day. He reports that his health has been greatly benefited by his prolonged fast, and that he is now able to accurately gauge his food requirements, so that the danger of over-eating is entirely removed. He takes but two meals per day, and they are light ones when compared with the food supplies of the average man. There is no doubt that over-eating is the chief cause of the sufferings of the vast majority of the human family. Fasting, however, is hardly conducive to the best state of health. Nutritious foods, taken in moderate quantities, and at proper times, will serve the required end much better. Dietetic reform will give the world a bill of fare that will be health-producing in all respects. Its coming will be a boon to thousands of people.

Idolatry.

Bishop Moreland of Sacramento, Cal., in a recent sermon declared that Spiritualism is idolatry. He admits that spirit communion is a fact, and claims that Spiritualists and mediums have existed in all ages. From this fact he deduces the conclusion that the evidences offered in the name of Spiritualism are based upon truth. Despite this admission he believes that the whole system of Spiritualism emanates from Satan, and affirms that every person who goes to a clairvoyant or medium denies the true church, puts his soul in peril and "commits" idolatry. He further states that no person can be a Spiritualist and a Christian

at the same time. As Bishop Moreland is a Partialist his remarks are certainly in keeping with the spirit of his theology. No intelligent person 19-day believes in a personal devil or in the satanic origin of spiritualistic phenomena. No church in Christendom contains so much idolatry as does the Catholic. In fact, the worship of images constitutes one of the main features of the teachings of that church. In true Spiritualism, nothing bearing the remotest resemblance to idol-worship can be found. The Bishop was looking at his own church, and seeing the idolatry there imagined that he was looking at Spiritualism.

A Notable Event.

One of the happiest events of the season in spiritualistic circles is reported from California. It is none other than the wedding of Miss Lucretia E. Watson of Sunny Brae, California, and Mr. B. Grant Taylor of Lawtons, New York. An interesting account of the happy affair from the pen of our esteemed friend, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, was received too late for this issue, but will gladly be given space in our next number. Miss Watson, the fair June bride, is the talented daughter and only surviving child of the gifted Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson, who for so many years has been a tower of strength to Spiritualism. The fortunate groom, Mr. B. Grant Taylor, is well known among Spiritualists as one of the prominent workers in the Young Peoples' National Spiritualist Union, also as the son of that noble pioneer worker, George W. Taylor. THE BANNER extends hearty congratulations, and wishes the young couple every possible happiness on their united journey through life.

William H. Yeaw.

This well known representative of San Francisco Spiritualism has been in Massachusetts for the past two months, on legal business. Our readers will recall the fact that Mr. Yeaw was severely injured in Leominster, Mass., in October, 1897, while on a visit to his relatives in that place. He fell into an excavation in the street and broke his leg. He was laid up four months as the result of his injury, from which he suffered much pain. His many friends will rejoice to learn that his suit for damages was settled in his favor, without the case coming to trial in the United States Circuit Court. He returns to his home in California this week. He made THE BANNER a pleasant call on the eve of his departure for the Golden Gate, and placed his name upon the subscription books in order that he may hereafter be posted with regard to spiritualistic news throughout the country.

J. Clegg Wright.

This fearless advocate of spiritualistic thought in its scientific and philosophical aspects, is to fill a lecture engagement in one of our eastern cities during the coming November. He would be pleased to correspond with eastern societies with a view to further engagements for all dates following the month above named. Mr. Wright is well known to the Spiritualists of America. He has the courage of his convictions and the ability to express them. He makes his hearers think for themselves, even if they do not agree with the views he expresses.

Off to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Darling sailed for Europe June 23, and will remain abroad some months, combining business with pleasure. Mr. Darling writes that his voice and pen will both be used in the interest of the sunny religion of Spiritualism during his entire sojourn in foreign lands. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Darling will unite with us in wishing them a pleasant and profitable visit to the country "over the sea," as well as a safe return to their native land.

Dr. T. A. Bland in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, brings forward one of the prominent rebels against the pretensions of Mary B. G. Eddy. This rebellious man is Mr. F. S. Van Eps, whom Dr. Bland likens to Martin Luther in his warfare against the Pope of Christian Science. The truth with regard to the vagaries of Eddyism will sooner or later be told. If a few more of her victims will follow the example of Mr. Van Eps, the golden grain of truth will be the sooner sifted from the chaff of error, and Eddyism will become a thing of the past.

France has passed through another ministerial crisis, and the Republic still lives. M. Waldeck-Rousseau is now Premier. He and his associates in the cabinet are expected to carry out a more statesmanlike policy with regard to Capt. Dreyfus and the disturbances that have grown out of the injustice done him than has hitherto prevailed. The innocence of Dreyfus is believed in by every well-informed man on both continents.

It is passing strange that many psychics boast of being "divinely appointed by Almighty God" to reveal spiritual truth to their fellowmen. Their sublime egotism is only equalled by their stupendous mendacity. Such ones always deny with indignation that they are at all interested in Spiritualism.

The Baltimore American needs a new editor—a man of scholarly attainments and breadth of soul. This fact is plainly indicated by a recent editorial entitled "A Scientific Spiritualist," in which the writer conclusively shows that he knows absolutely nothing of occult science and Spiritualism.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat in its list of fashionable weddings, on June 13 announced the union of Mr. Donald Padman and Mrs. Florence L. Robinson, Prof. W. F. Peck being the clergyman officiating. THE BANNER extends congratulations.

Dr. Austin Speaks.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Allow me to thank you for the kind words you have said and published recently concerning my humble self and the heresy trial.

One little correction I would make in your closing sentence:

"The church *per se* has no use for an independent thinker who has the courage of his convictions, hence such men as Dr. Austin must step down and out." Please change the above to read "up and out."

You will be pleased to learn that personal friends have pledged sufficient aid to publish a three thousand edition (in a pamphlet of about one hundred pages) of the full account of the heresy trial and my defence.

Parties interested can address "The Sermon Publishing Co.," Toronto. B. F. AUSTIN.

(Continued from first page.)

Perhaps it is not their own fault. They may have inherited weakness, and been brought up in surroundings that made virtue practically impossible. I believe there will be opportunities for ministering to such as these.

Then, sometimes, when we get very tired, we think that we would like a long while, at least before doing anything again, for rest. As an illustration of this state of mind, I received a letter from Edward Everett Hale during the last winter, in which he said: "When we get to heaven, and we have been there a few weeks, and had a chance to get rested a little, and to look around us, I hope I shall have a chance to get off with you in some secluded place, and have a leisurely talk about some things that I despair of ever getting hold of here."

And so this leisurely rest, this thrilling, throbbing occupation of love and service, this thirst of the discoverer, of the inventor, this genius of the artist, the musician—all that is noblest and finest and sweetest here, I believe it is not at all unreasonable for us to suppose will find ample scope and unfolding over yonder. Much of it, most of it, of course, is guess work now.

We are surrounded with mystery on every hand, and sometimes we get discouraged because we cannot answer all our questions. Get discouraged! Think of it; think a little further, think a little deeper, and this which is your overwhelming difficulty at times you will see to be the source and spring of every rational hope. Suppose that we could get through over there in a year or a thousand years; suppose there were no more questions to be asked, nothing more to be done, nowhere else to go. We should pray for a death that would stay death, from sheer ennui.

The only rational ground for belief in the possibility of an immortal life is in the fact that we are surrounded on every hand by alluring mystery, and a mystery that in certain senses may grow and increase as the ages go by. I am in a little valley. I cannot explain how the grass grows or the flowers bud and spring. I could ask a thousand questions that I could not answer; but my difficulty seems to me little and somewhat comprehensible. I climb up the mountains, and the range in the mystery of the unknown grows with every step of ascent.

So I believe that as we advance the mystery of the universe, and of our tender, loving Father, God, will increase instead of diminish at every step. So I can believe that the hope of an immortal life is a sensible hope, because I know I can study and think and advance forever and ever and never approach getting through, for there is no possibility of getting through with the Infinite.

So let us be content with so much as must be mystery, not be discouraged by it, but regard it as what it is—the ground of our noblest and most magnificent hopes.

Settled Speakers.

BY W. OLIVER.

In respect to the controversy now being carried on among Spiritualists in reference to settled as against itinerant speakers, allow me to suggest one or two reasons why I think the former preferable, i. e., to the best interest of Spiritualism: First, where the speaker or medium is engaged for a year or longer, the people have an opportunity to get acquainted with him, and if there are any moral or mental defects which would make him a discredit to the Cause, they would be more likely to come to the surface in a long than in a short engagement; also any good qualities which he might have would have a chance to show themselves, to the benefit of the medium and the Cause he represents.

Again the knowledge that the length of his engagement depended on his acceptability would make him strive to improve both mentally and morally. A settled position would give speakers an opportunity to apply themselves to study, as they would have the time, which they do not have where they are hardly acquainted before they must move on.

But what seems to me the best reason for a settled term is this: In this case the old saying that "what's everybody's business is nobody's business" holds true. A settled speaker would soon see that it was to his interest to see that the society grew and flourished, as upon its success would depend his success. Take the case of an orthodox preacher:

He goes around to every family thought to be in sympathy with his denomination, and invites them to the church, tries to get their children to Sunday school, organizes young peoples' societies, gets up socials, and does everything in his power to increase the power and prestige of his congregation. Why does he do this? Simply because it is his business, and upon his success in adding to his church depends his value to his church, and the salary they can afford to pay him.

In the Spiritual society, on the contrary, it devolves on one or two overworked, and probably inexperienced members, to devote some time to this work as they can snatch from the time necessary to struggle for a living. We are in a practical world, and must adopt practical methods.

I am very much interested in the training school for mediums, lately established by Bro. Hull at Mantua Station, O. I think such schools are a necessity, and would suggest the following plan to furnish the necessary capital: Let the papers devote a small space each week to a brief outline of the objects of the school (not an argument), just a simple statement, and offer to receive all contributions for the same from ten cents up, and print each week a list of contributions, together with the ever-increasing total, so as to keep it constantly before the public; this would surely result in a constant inflow of small contributions, the total of which for a year would make it a grand success.

J. C. F. Grumbine in Syracuse.

Since taking up a residence in this beautiful city among the hills and on the shores of Lake Onondaga, I have been kept rather busy under the auspices of the *Order of the White Rose*. I began to lecture in Biawatha Hall, occupied also by the Brotherhood Society, to small but rapidly increasing audiences. The First Society of Rosicrucians was launched with Mr. Harry Devoe as presiding chairman, a rising young business man of the city and one who has threshed over the endless "isms" extant, and has become an ardent enthusiast for and exponent of Universal Religion. The work became so important that the First Society of

Spiritualists, with Dr. Butterfield and Mr. Kiley and other devoted workers engaged me for a series of special lectures on Psychometry. A lecture on "Telepathy and Civilization" was given before the Brotherhood, an independent Theosophical movement which has many members throughout the country, and is devoting its work to politico-economic legislation in behalf of human liberty and brotherhood. Next Thursday evening I lecture before an exclusive Theosophical Lodge, a sort of Annie Besant section, which meets at Dr. Barnes' home on Crouse avenue, and there I hope to present the claims of universal religion.

Syracuse, like other small inland cities, is creed-bound and obsessed by mother Grundy and the press, but it is surprising to realize how receptive many are to truth, and how so many are reaching out for the best, purest and truest in Spiritualism and theosophy. If your able correspondent wishes to know where I stand, let him and all others remember that I hold absolutely to the spiritual movement as against all sectarian efforts to divorce it from truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Please note that the libel circulated by press dispatches of my alleged connection with a certain Mrs. Gilsey, her daughter and her brother, who are said to be insane on Christian Science, is a falsehood from beginning to end. I never taught Christian Science, am not a Christian Scientist nor a healer or practitioner. Said people I never met, and hence they never stopped at my home. The report of the Associated Press is a lie, and is meant to injure the cause of truth.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

1718 West Genesee street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Sturgis June Meeting.

The forty second anniversary of the dedication to freedom of speech, of the Free Church Sturgis, Mich., was celebrated in that city on Saturday and Sunday, June 17 and 18. There was, as usual, a large gathering of people from abroad, and many distant States were represented. The two days' convention was presided over by Mr. Thomas Collar, the president of the Harmonical Society of Sturgis, an incorporated body which has been in existence over forty years. The speakers on the occasion were Mrs. Cooley of Chicago, Mr. Barrett of Boston; and Dr. Peebles of Battle Creek, Mich. Mrs. Cooley also gave clairvoyant readings at the conclusion of several of the addresses.

The building, sometimes called "The Spiritual Church of Sturgis," was the first of its kind which had ever been erected on this planet, and the anniversary of its dedication has been observed year after year in the month of roses by the Harmonical Society, without a single omission for the past forty-two years. These annual convocations usually remain in general session for three days, but this year it was deemed advisable to restrict the number to two days. The writer of this report has been familiar with the house, its surroundings and meetings for upwards of thirty-eight years, and can say that the June meeting of 1899 was not less interesting and was perhaps as largely patronized as any that preceded it, even in its palmiest days. So that the old house has lost nothing of the interest which it originally awakened in the popular mind, nor has the June meeting lessened its attractions.

SATURDAY A. M. CONFERENCE.

The two days' meeting began with a conference, which was well attended. Thomas Harding (who had been requested by the Secretary to take his place), called the meeting to order. He explained the circumstances under which the church had been built; how the independent thinkers, Spiritualists, and liberals of all colors, had been persistently refused admission to the buildings in the town of Sturgis, and even could not obtain the use of the Baptist Church (although promised that, if they would pay half the expense of building and equipping it—which they did—they could have it half the time), at length became exasperated and, with the assistance of the justice-loving people of the country around, erected "The Free Church of Sturgis" to stand as a perpetual monument to freedom of speech and a protest against bigotry.

Mr. Daniel Smith, of Vicksburg, followed with remarks on Spiritualism in general and some of his own experiences in particular. Mr. Harding then read a poem entitled "The Soul's Anticipations," and the conference closed.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

The house was well-filled, and, at the request of the President, Dr. Peebles welcomed the people who came from abroad. He said that he distinctly remembered the dedication of that house forty-two years ago. He was present on that occasion and assisted in the exercises. A resolution had been passed unanimously at that immense convocation of Spiritualists and independent men and women that the dedication of that house to freedom should be commemorated once a year in the month of June "until time should be no more." This is the forty-second time that this June meeting has been held in obedience to that obligation, and the doctor cordially welcomed the people to it. Mrs. Cooley followed. She spoke of "Woman" (as distinct from Man), and made this extraordinary remark: "This world will never become right as long as woman is held in bondage by man." Mrs. Cooley seems to be one of the enthusiasts on "the woman question."

SATURDAY EVENING.

Mr. Barrett spoke at length on the subject of The Church and the Growth of Liberty. He said that the Church lost its power and spirituality through selfishness, pride and superstition. The divine spirit by which Christ was actuated was forfeited in the interests of ostentatious men, who loved the good things of time better than the blessings of God. The Church said, "I will forgive your sins if you will pay for absolution." Then arose Martin Luther. "Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Barrett, "I wish we had a hundred Martin Luthers in Spiritualism to-day." "Then," continued Mr. Barrett, "at last this new dispensation of Spiritualism was introduced by the angel world—the anathemas of the priest were overruled and it has been revealed to an intelligent world that man stands responsible for his acts before gods, angels and men. Oh! blessed Spiritualism, which calls for a religion of good deeds."

SUNDAY MORNING.

The conference which preceded the regular lectures was well attended. H. F. Arnold of Burr Oak, Mich., presided. Many valuable suggestions were made by the several speakers. Owing to ill health Mrs. G. Cooley was unable to fill her regular engagement of the morning, and Mr. H. D. Barrett was called upon to fill the vacancy. Mrs. Cooley, however, spoke briefly but eloquently at the conclusion of Mr. Barrett's address, and gave several well defined messages from the spirit friends of a goodly number in the audience.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

The people desiring to hear more from Mr. Barrett, he came forward again and gave a very practical address.

SUNDAY EVENING.

The speakers were Mr. Barrett and Mrs. Cooley. Mr. Barrett was the first speaker of this concluding session. On this occasion the house was so closely packed that even standing room could not be obtained; large

numbers were compelled to stand in the vestibule and about the door, and many who came late had to return home. Yes, verily! it reminded some of us of the scenes of long ago, when the house was new.

Mr. Barrett spoke of the necessity for watchfulness. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Some priests and their aiders and abettors are trying to "put God in the Constitution." He told the people to beware of them, that they needed close watching. He spoke of the tricks of fakirs who were ruffianly enough to put on the cloak of Spiritualism. He repudiated those who throw the blame of their evil deeds on the spirits of the departed. "If I do wrong," he said, "punish me; don't exonerate me and say the spirits were to blame. Hold men and women responsible for their acts; don't let them crawl out by saddling their rascality on spirits or 'unfavorable circumstances.'" Mr. Barrett dwelt at length upon the necessity of organization and co-operation amongst Spiritualists, which was very much to the point. He was followed by Mrs. Cooley, who told of her early experiences as a medium, and how sincere and honorable mediums were handicapped by cheats. She considered that Spiritualists themselves were much to blame, as they prefer in some instances a reaction to truth, and patronize those who "will draw," even though they know they had been caught at their tricks time and time again. This is very discouraging to honest mediums.

A benediction was uttered, and the convention adjourned.

REMARKS.

In the above report I have followed the trend of popular feeling. I "nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice." Mrs. Cooley was much liked and many times applauded.

Dr. Peebles did not take much part in the proceedings, but his white hair and patriarchal beard were venerable features of the platform picture as he sat an interested listener, as the writer had seen him many times on that platform (less the white hair) from forty years ago to the present.

Mr. Barrett's zeal, energetic utterances and almost incessant gestures seemed to suit the public taste.

"Now see here," said Mr. Barrett, when he talked with me before the last session commenced. "Now see here; if you flatter me in your report to THE BANNER, don't be offended if I rub that part out."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," said I. "I am an old Quaker, and never flatter anybody." And "I ain't" done it.

He "done" it, and we had to do a little rubbing. THOS. HARDING.

Sturgis, Mich., June 20, 1899.

Tenth Anniversary of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, Norwich Ct.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum connected with the First Spiritual Union of Norwich, Ct., celebrated its tenth anniversary with a floral concert in the Spiritual Academy, Sunday evening, June 18. The platform was handsomely decorated with roses, daisies, ferns and laurel, making a pretty background for the daintily-attired young people. A very pleasing program was arranged by Mrs. F. H. Spalding, Conductor, Mrs. Jennie Allen, Guardian, Miss Ruth Spalding, Musical Director. The Lyceum marched from the lower room in a body, Miss Spalding playing a spirited march. The exercises opened by singing the Anniversary Song. Spring Group gave a song in concert, also recitations. Fountain Group had choice recitations, also a song by Henry and Harry Blackstone, showing careful training. Mrs. Schofield leader of the group, and the members each presented the Conductor with a flower, the colors being emblematic of the work she was doing in conducting the Lyceum, an exercise that expressed much fine sentiment. Mrs. Spalding responded in choice words, accepting the flowers as emblems of truth, love, virtue, wisdom and power. Lake and Cascade Groups joined in singing a chorus with fine effect. Cascade Group had readings and recitations, also a beautiful solo by Miss Faith Spalding, which received merited appreciation. Miss Eleanor Kloppenburg sang a lovely song, with violin obligato and piano accompaniment by Misses Ruth and Faith Spalding. Sea Group gave biblical selections, revised for the occasion. Ocean Group voiced maxims and proverbs of wisdom. A quartet, composed of Miss Kloppenburg, soprano, Miss Spalding, also, Mr. Blackstone, tenor, Mr. Prentice, bass, were heartily applauded. Spring and Fountain Groups had a pretty flag drill; forming a semicircle upon the platform. All joined in singing "Our Lyceum." An original poem upon "Ten Years of Lyceum Work" was read, closing with soft tones of piano music, "Home, Sweet Home." Miss Ruth Spalding presiding at the piano with her usual grace and skillful touch. The Conductor thanked all for the interest manifested in the work of the Lyceum, closing the exercises with the song, "My Heavenly Home."

TEN YEARS OF LYCEUM WORK.

Ten short years have rolled along
Since our lyceum work began;
Ten short years we've joined in song,
Worked to carry out the plan
That was formed that April day
In the hall just o'er the way.

We can see that picture yet,
Where those earnest workers met,
With their souls by love inspired,
To this purpose they aspired:
"How we best can teach our youth
Lessons of immortal truth."

How they best could sow the seed
That would all the truest need;
Budding forth in fragrant flowers
In life's golden sunset hours;
Flowers sweet, and pure, and white,
Messengers of truth's clear light.

There they met, this faithful band,
Met with purpose true and grand,
Some have labored long and well,
Others by the wayside fell,
Some have crossed the border land,
Yet in thought they with us stand.

Two Conductors "Over There,"
Two are here the world to share;
Others too have joined that throng
Whose glad voices sang our songs,
Read our lessons, taught our youth,
Leading them toward the truth.

Ten short years have rolled along,
Ten bright years of joyous song,
Has our work been all in vain?
Liar, we catch the sweet refrain
Waited to our inmost ear
From our spirit friends so dear:

"Mortals, you have build'd well,
Better far than tongue can tell,
Bolder wiser than you know;
Seeds of truth will surely grow,
Labor well, and thou wilt find
Fertile soil in every mind."

Ten busy years have come and gone,
Clouds and sunshine both we've known
One great blessing, too, has come,
Bringing us a pleasant home,
Where in harmony complete
We our spirit friends may greet.

Home, what word can sound more sweet,
Home, where all in love do meet,
Where truth's lessons we are taught,
Sing our songs, and voice our thought;
Ten short years have rolled along,
"Home, Sweet Home," is now our song.

You are Invited

To attend the annual basket picnic of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, of Boston, to be held at the Point of Pines, Saturday, July 1, 1899. (If rainy weather will be postponed to July 8). Start to be made from the depot of the Boston, Revere Beach and Lynn Railroad, 350 Atlantic Avenue, at 9:40 A. M.

Tickets, including round trip, admission to grounds, dance hall and theatre. Tickets good all day. Price, adults, 40 cents; children, 25 cents; children under six years, free. Tickets on sale at the Lyceum, Mrs. W. S. Butler's office, 175 Tremont street; Mrs. M. A. Brown, 1282 Washington street; Mrs. E. A. Weston, 62 Hammond street, and Mr. C. B. Yeaton, 68 Cornhill, (top floor) Boston; also by the committee at the depot on the morning of picnic.

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It has cost us hundreds of dollars to publish these volumes. They are nicely illustrated, and are standard works.

For a correct medical diagnosis and the two valuable volumes ABSOLUTELY FREE of all cost. This offer will hold good ONLY while the present editions last.

Address

Drs. Peebles & Burroughs,
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

July 1.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notices under this heading, to insure insertion the same week, must reach this office by Monday's mail.)

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock will remain in New England during the season of '99 and 1900. Societies desiring her services may address her at 27 Atlantic Avenue, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding is making engagements for the season of '99 and 1900. Societies desiring her services will address her 14 George street, Somerville, Mass.

Closing sessions of W. J. Colville's class in Spiritual Science at 212 Huntington Avenue, Saturday, July 1, at 3 and 8 P. M.

Dr. Edward E. and Mrs. Clara Field-Conant of Milwauk, W. Va., are located at Lake Pleasant for the season, where they may be addressed for lecture engagements for the ensuing year.

The White Mountain travel so-called, when the denizens of the city seek the cooling breezes and pure air of the superior altitudes of the hills of New Hampshire, has commenced, but not sufficiently to embarrass the baggage and train men of the city. A little later, when the tide of travel sets up across Lake Winnebago, the Weirs becomes an attractive, busy, but exceedingly cool and pleasant place. Those who contemplate passing the summer in a restful manner, and desire a diversity of attractions within easy reach, will find an ideal place in the New Hotel Weirs on two Lake Winnebago at Weirs, N. H.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. J. Morse, 26 Osaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of the Banner of Light Publishing Co.

Fred P. Evans, 103 W. 42d street, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Dr. F. L. B. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 7.



DR. FELLOWS, Vincennes, Ind., cures men of DEBILITY, WEAKNESSES and LOSSES, by a new discovery—a medicine to be applied externally. You will feel improved the first day, benefited every day until cured. The BANNER OF LIGHT says: "Patients write most enthusiastically in praise of Dr. Fellows and his remedy." To know more of this great cure, send 10 cts. for his book, "FELLows' COGNATE CURE," which explains all. Address as above, and say BANNER when you write.

The Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association

Will hold their Seventeenth Annual Camp-Meeting at MT. PLEASANT, P. O. Clark, Clinton, Iowa, from JULY 30 to AUGUST 27, 1899.

Write to
E. L. KILBY, Sec'y, Ottumwa, Iowa,

for a 32-page illustrated pamphlet containing program of entire meet. Inc. Railroad and River rates, and other information concerning the meeting. 4c June 24.

New Songs.

"Happy Days," SONG AND CHORUS, just issued by GEO. H. RYDER, also,

"O, Tell Me Not," QUARTET, FOR MIXED VOICES. Words and Music of both pieces by Mr. Ryder.

Being stray sheets from SPIRITUAL SONGS, a collection now being compiled for the use of Spiritual Meetings and the Home Circle. These songs speak well for what is to follow. The music is pleasing, with good melody, and harmony of high order, and yet easy of execution, so that societies will find it very suitable. Mr. Ryder was for some years the Organist of the Spiritual Temple, and will be remembered by many for his good work there. He evidently has a fine conception of the needs of societies, for the words of the songs are most pleasing, and at the same time contain suggestions of the presence of our spirit friends and tokens of the continuity of life just on the other side.

Price—"Happy Days," 15 cts.; "O, Tell Me Not," 10 cts. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Maine Spiritualists' Directory.

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY
FRED HALL.

The Directory is a Hand-Book of the movement in Maine. It tells where each Camp and Society is located, dates of meeting, names and address of officers and members, and other valuable information relating to the condition of the Associations, and the Cause at large; also the addresses of hundreds who compose the different Societies. It is nicely gotten up, neatly bound in board covers and gilt letters, and worthy of a place on any table. Prices—One copy, 25 cents; five copies \$1.00. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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TWO years ago I reduced my weight 4 lbs. by following the suggestion of departed friends; no pain, no starving—nothing to tell. Inclose stamp for particulars. MRS. B. L. MOLESWORTH, 116 Clynar St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

R. I. F. A. N. S. Ten for five cents at druggists. They banish pain and bring relief. One gives relief. No matter what's the matter one will do you good! SW Mar 17

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Endorsed by Editor and Management of BANNER OF LIGHT, Feb. 25

Cape Cod Camp-Meeting,

Ocean Grove, Harwich Port.

THE Spiritualist of the Cape will assemble and enjoy their delightful location by the sea and listen to the following speakers: Rev. S. L. Beal of Brockton; Mr. Edgar W. Emerson of Manchester; Mrs. I. P. A. Whitlock; Mrs. May S. Power of Providence; Mrs. Jennie Hagan Jackson and Mrs. Mary A. Wilson of Fort Worth, and Mr. H. D. Barrett of Boston. The meeting will commence July 16 and close July 30. June 24.

Second Edition Revised, with Index.

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Dr. Peebles' Inclusive and Exhaustive Review of this Review.

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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 counting-room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere into 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 expressions 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.

Report of Séance held June 16, 1899.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh, thou Spirit Divine! We once more bring ourselves in close communion with thy departed children. Once more we swing open the gates that those who have passed beyond may return with loving words of encouragement to the weak mortals of earth. We see them groping along, crying out for help to conquer their appetites and the weakness of the flesh. They call upon the physician to heal them, yet health cometh not. But those who call on the spirit, and are anointed of the spirit, will be healed both soul and body. Oh, thou ministering angels, we seek thy guidance—may we become so imbued with the spirit that we shall be instruments to send forth thy vibrations into the very souls of men, quickening them to a consciousness that there is something to live for on the material plane; that spirit-communion is for the purpose of helping them to so live their earthly lives that they will be prepared to pass over the river of death. Help thy children to realize they are making pathways in which others will walk; that their lives are guideboards along the shores of time. Help us to lift the veil, so all may see life means eternal progress, see that God is good, God is love, and when we strive to be good and live unselfishly then we are doing the divine will. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Hattie Riches Furnham.

Good-morning. It has been some time since I had the privilege of speaking to my friends through your valuable paper and controlling at THE BANNER circle, although I am not a stranger in the circle nor to the work of Spiritualism. Years ago I gave the best part of my physical life for the elevation of humanity. I realize how much different it is to-day for one to work in this field. People will listen to reason to day; they are more progressive, and the spirits do not need to put such a force upon the physical organisms as they used to. Years ago, when it was harder to make others understand the beautiful messages that came through the various instruments, they had to place so much force upon the brain that usually the medium's organism was not able to retain strength for a great length of time; for the mortal would come with such positiveness of unbelief that it seemed almost impossible to touch the chord of the soul. But, thank God and the angel-world! THE BANNER has spread its white wings of progress over the ocean of life and turned many into the harbor of peace. When I look back and see so many changes, so many of the old workers now in spirit life, so many new ones that have come to fill their places, each one in his own way, I am glad to see that the work is still going on, in spite of adverse criticism.

I take this way to commune with my co-workers, my friends and my relatives. Although I have been silent I have not been idle, but have assisted them all could under the circumstances. I will not delay you with a long communication, as there are so many waiting for an opportunity who did not have the blessings I did in the knowledge of the truth of spirit communion. You may just say Hattie Riches is here. My husband's name was George Furnham; I was known then as Hattie Riches Furnham. I feel that I am not forgotten by many of the old workers in Boston and other places. I passed out of the body in North Bangor, N. Y.

Henry Dickson.

My name is Henry Dickson, and my home Milwaukee. I would like to send a word through your columns to the old friends and associates of the West, and say to my boy and girl that father and mother are here this morning, united in sending forth a few words of encouragement, and to remind them that there is no death, as I used to tell them when I was in earth-life. When I realized that our spirit-friends could return and did return, it brought comfort to me; but it was hard for me to make others see it and feel it as I did. I have been out of the physical form quite a number of years, and I have been looking back over the progress that Spiritualism has made the last twenty five or thirty years, especially. Much seems to have been accomplished, although perhaps you have not fully realized the harvest, for it is so divided in the churches and through the different denominations that it is hard to know who are the Spiritualists and who are not.

I did not come in to give a sermon, but to let the world know that I survived death and the grave; I have returned to them before, but not through this organism. We are all united in spirit. The most of my own people are in spirit-life, and they, with the many spirit-friends, make our home in spirit very happy. But I must not forget, in my own happiness, contentment and joy, that others need assistance, either by a spoken or unspoken thought. I just stepped in this morning to say, "God bless you; seek diligently for the truth, and you will find it. If you seek fraud, you will find it just the same." Thanking you very kindly, I will say good-bye, as I take on some of the physical conditions I had previous to leaving the physical body.

Billings Pease.

I am delighted at this privilege of sending a few words to those who may happen to see the message. It is much the same in spirit as in earth-life: we always like to hear from old friends and associates. It seems to the majority of the world's people that after we have slipped out of the physical body, and passed on to our reward, whatever it may be, that we forget, and are forgotten. Though we are often silent, it is not because we have forgotten. I, too, like the preceding spirit have been out of the body some time. I was physically somewhat broken up, and suffered intensely before I passed away, so I was glad when the hour came that I could go to rest. I was glad, also, that as I entered my spirit-sphere I saw my old mother, father, and so many of the loved ones gone before, who greeted me, and took me home. I was so overjoyed I wanted to return and undeceive those who used to say I was not sane in my ideas of religion. As time passed I have wanted many times an opportunity to reach certain ones. I have failed, and I may fail again to get a recognition from them, but

I feel like trying. If I fail I will try again. I only desire them to know the truth, and what it is to do without knowledge of the life beyond, for I wish that I had understood things as well as I do now. I would have fixed things a little differently. But never mind, we did the best we could. Take warning, my friends, each of you complete your work. Finish each day's work, for you know not the day nor the hour. I am afraid I am infringing on others' time, but I am anxious to reach my friends in Springfield, and in many places in Massachusetts. Years may have rolled over their mortal heads, but it looks like a day to the spirit. My name is Billings Pease. My home was in Monson, Mass. I know I am not forgotten.

Ellen B. Bigelow.

As one goes out, another comes in; how true to life—as one thing passes away, something else takes its place, and so the world goes on and on, and life ever progresses. There is so much to take up the mind, that it seems almost impossible for the time to come, either to the spirit or mortal, to do all that he wishes to do. I sense the influence of my dear loved ones. Often have I tried to touch them. To a certain extent they know I am around; but it is hard for me to thoroughly demonstrate myself so all may be conscious of my presence. I feel very sensitive sometimes to conditions, and cannot always do as I wish; but I love music just the same, and love to assist those who cannot assist themselves. It is often more pleasure to assist mortals when they are unconscious of it. I shall be remembered in Allston, Mass., but I have others both in the West and California, who will be glad to know I have manifested. There are many waiting and watching every week to see if some of their loved ones will not manifest through this open channel. We hear it said so many times: "Why does n't grandpa, grandma, or some one come who is in spirit?" We have so many and hear so little. I wish to say to all such, we are united in spirit; we are not divided; hence when we send forth our thought it often reaches the earth ones and assists them more than if we were speaking to them personally, because silently we can assist them when they are unaware of it, and can overcome conditions that way.

I wish to come more closely in touch with others who were interested in me years ago, although their lives and surroundings have changed. I will not call any names, for they have not been brought to a consciousness of spirit-return, but I wish to say to them: "I love you and shall assist you till we meet on that brighter shore, when all things will be made clear, and we shall understand each other better."

I also have friends who are very much interested in Spiritualism, who requested me to try to manifest here, so others might see the message and glorify the angels, who help us. May God and the angels bless you, assist you and help you both in your work and undertakings, and whatever assistance you can give unto others. It is well when we seek silently, quietly and conscientiously, and feel that spirit speaks to spirit, whether the body is present or not. My name is Ellen B. Bigelow, my home Allston, Mass.

Henry Shaw.

I, too, would like to say there is no death, for I have had the evidence of passing out of the physical body, and I realize that I hold all my faculties. I am conscious of the many changes that have taken place since I passed beyond; I know those who have joined me in spirit-life have left homes broken, families scattered, each one carrying out his own life and interest in his own way. Seemingly, as the years roll on the "dead" are forgotten, but once in a while circumstances surround the mortals, and they need something beyond that which is in their own physical surroundings. It is then they cry out from the depths of their souls, "What must we do?" And then it is the ministering angels come and often relieve, although not always destroy sorrow; for sometimes it is necessary for the soul to suffer, even for progression. It is as much for my own advancement as for others that I have controlled this instrument. Intercourse between the two worlds is growing more frequent day by day. The mortals are becoming more sensitive to the spirit, and we are becoming more like one family, one God and one religion, although we may differ in our ways of expressing the same thing. We are all striving for better conditions; we are all looking for happiness; we are all seeking for health and prosperity. We seek it in the mortal form and we seek it in the spirit.

There are those connected with me who are not physically well. I would like to come closer to them. If they were more in sympathy with us we could assist them to realize that life is not all darkness and desolation. I sometimes wish I could stand in my own physical body again and give the world my experience as I can see it now from the spirit side. I wonder if it would be of consequence to others. If not it has been a great educator to me, and I now see (and have sympathy with others who cannot see) why the spirit does not do more, for I have stood in the same places myself. It is not explained, neither have we the power to give you the intuition so that you may comprehend it, because you must live to see it, to know it, and you must come to the spirit side before you can fully comprehend the whole. I wish I could talk longer, but I find I am growing weak; I was affected with cancer previous to going out of the physical form, and although I have been away some time, when I return I find more or less of the earthly conditions return. I hope I may have given some encouragement; we have not gone, but are only waiting to receive others when the time comes and they hear the voice say "Come." My name is Henry Shaw, my home, North Abington, Mass.

Alice Wellington.

I should like to come in just a minute. I am a little girl, but I want to say a word to papa and mamma, because they are crying all the time. They are feeling so bad because I was taken sick with diphtheria, and then they laid me in a little white box, and put me away, and scattered the flowers, and that was all there was to Alice. My name is Alice Wellington, and my home is in Winchester, Vt. I come here to-day because Aunt Helen wanted me to, to try to comfort mamma and papa. I want them to know that grandma and aunt are with me, and taking good care of me, and will help me to love them, and go to see them many times. My papa's name is Richard, and mamma's is Mary. "When you feel bad just think how happy we are in spirit-life, and you will not care any more." That will do this time,

because the spirit says the time is pretty nearly up. I thank you for this much, for I know it will make mamma and papa feel better.

Messages to be Published.

June 22.—Emma Warren; George L. Hall; Corrine Corbett; Mary Allen Bontis; James Buttrick; Henry Adams.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER SEVENTY SIX.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some of our readers may remember that in THE BANNER OF LIGHT of March 11, I spoke of my half brother, George Dana Boardman, who made the closing address at the World's Parliament of Religions, and of his beautiful soul. I sent him a copy of the paper, half doubting how he would take it, and I will transcribe a portion of his letter of reply:

"It makes me very happy to know that you find so much joy in your favorite belief. I love to think of you as tripping in the sunlight on the mountains of ecstasy. We can no more think or believe alike than we can look or weigh alike. But we can aim alike; and this is what you and I and millions of our race are trying to do in the matter of the ideal life. I love to think that, of the countless myriads who will recline at table with Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, multitudes will come from the east of Paganism, as well as from the west of Christianity, from the north of Calvinism, as well as from the south of Heterodoxy. Your allusions to my humble self are more than sisterly in their affection; they are angelic. If I can look benignantly toward Spiritualism, it is when I think of your own white spirituality."

I make no apology, Mr. Editor, for presenting the above to our readers, for I desire our friends to see how broad and truly Christ-like one Baptist divine can be. And when I contrast his loving and heavenly words with some that I have received from former friends still hedged in by "orthodoxy," they fall into my sore heart like the scent of lilies of the valley, and what gave me pain disappears from view.

This beloved brother and his true soul-mate wife are now on their way to Europe in quest of health. I went to Hoboken to see them ere the steamer sailed, and as I looked at their loved faces, worn with suffering and care, I was glad to have them go, though one does not like to have "seas braid" between us and those we love. Roll gently, old ocean; rock them tenderly in the cradle of the deep; land them safely on foreign shores, and bring them back by-and-by to the hearts that love them on this side of the deep Atlantic!

Many a league to the south of the steamer lies the lonely island of St. Helena, in whose bosom rests the perishable part of George's mother, who is also mine. When he was only six she gave him out of her arms to go to America, and she never saw her little boy again in earth life. Ten years later her failing health led the family to embark for America, and one exquisitely cheering thought ever nestled in her heart. It was that she should "see George." But it was not to be, for her poor soul, chastened by suffering so patiently borne, left the worn-out but always lovely frame in the harbor of St. Helena. And the affectionate boy, grown almost to manhood, instead of clasping his mother again felt the iron enter his soul when he learned, on our reaching America, that she had passed to the spirit-land.

Painful tears always well into my eyes when I think of my mother's having to part with that dear little boy of six. If he had died she could have thought of him safe in the realms above. But he who had never slept away from her loving care went away with men to make the long voyage in a sailing vessel to America—in the care of only men. What he suffered on the voyage always rankles in the hearts of those who love him. She never knew, unless she learned it in spirit life. He had been so threatened if he should tell, that he dared not tell. Later he would not tell, lest his mother should hear of it. But after she had gone to heaven he told my dear father his step father, the sad details of that terrible voyage, which unsettled his nerves and helped to cause the ill-health of a lifetime.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

And when that inhumanity is practiced on a little helpless, lonely child, we can only hush our pangs into quiet, and rejoice that his sufferings are forever past, and that his mother ever knew, or learned it only when the angels could wipe the tears from her eyes.

When this brother and his wife were preparing for their departure, they committed to my keeping all the letters from our mother to him that he has now in his possession. There are nineteen. The first was written to her dear little son, Dec. 20, 1834, only a few days after she parted with him. The last is dated June 29, 1840. There must have been later ones, for she did not pass to spirit-life till 1845. Perhaps they were lost while he had a strange illness which kept him in bed two years, during which persons came twenty miles by team to hear of his wonderful clairvoyant visions. This was about the time that the manifestations began through the "Poughkeepsie seer." That this child, who suffered so much, has lived to the age of seventy, and has done an immense work for religion, for the liberalization of human thought, and for the disarmament of nations, is conclusive proof that his mother, and other advanced spirits, have ever shadowed his path, strengthening his frail form, and illumining his soul.

When the letters came into my possession a few weeks ago, and I read the little, tender, heart-breaking lines, I lived over again what that loving mother, my mother, went through. She wrote to her sister in December, 1834:

"Oh! I shall never forget his looks as he stood by the door and gazed at me for the last time. His eyes were filling with tears, and his little face red with suppressed emotion. But he subdued his feelings, and it was not till he had turned away, and was going down the steps that he burst into a flood of tears. I hurried to my room, and on my knees, with my whole heart, gave him up to God, and my bursting heart was comforted from above."

Feb. 12, 1835 (more than sixty four years ago) occurs this passage in one of the little letters:

"George, dear George, shall I ever see you again? Shall I ever clasp you again in these arms? Do you think of mamma? Do you remember what I taught you, and how much I loved you? George, I love you more and more. I sometimes weep when I think you are far away from me. But when I think how happy and good you will be at home, what good schools you will go to, and how much better it will be for you in America than in this country, I am comforted."

Feb. 12, 1835, less than two weeks before I was born, she wrote him thus:

"I am exceedingly anxious to know where you live, and what you do from day to day. For more than six years I watched over you by night and by day. You had not a want but it was made known to me; you had not a pain but I knew it, or a grief but I felt it. Now it is nearly a year since I have seen your loved face or heard that dear voice, the sound of which will never cease to vibrate upon my ear. My heart is sometimes well-nigh ready to burst, and my only relief is in committing you to God, and in the thought that you will become a Christian, and we shall meet in heaven, never more to part."

Mothers who read the above, and compare the dates with the facts, will understand why I love him so much, and why I love her so dearly. And one can also see why the woes of humanity touch me so deeply, for was I not lying close to her aching heart during that sad, sad year?

More than sixty years have passed, but our mutual love has only become more intense. And so will it continue to be, during unceasing ages, because its roots find their sustenance in the spiritual nature of each.

When Elzabeth died I did not mourn, for I knew that his sufferings were ended and that he was with our parents. If George goes to them before I do, as now seems probable, I shall only think: "What a happy day in heaven! My mother has her George again—no more a little boy, but radiant in the mature glory of angelhood! How happy they both must be!"

In the paragraph in my letter of June 24, I inadvertently used the word "I" instead of "she," towards the end of what was said of the communication through Mrs. Lillie. She did the writing, and not I.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON.
Arlington, N. J., June 16, 1899.

Answers to Questions

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By Henry Sangster, Fresno, Cal.] I take THE BANNER to get light; but very often the contradictions I read therein produce, in me at least, the blackest confusion. I write, however, in all due deference to the authors of these seeming discrepancies, as no doubt they will reply. "Oh! you are not far enough advanced to understand these things." Perhaps this is so. But if I don't ask questions I shall never advance. This, then, must be my apology for troubling you.

In the issue of May 13 Miss Judson writes in very plain English that "it is impossible for one who has left the physical body to hear and see what we do on the earth plane with his spirit senses alone." With what, then, does he see? If he uses the spirit form attached to the living mortal as a medium, then the whole statement is superfluous, so long as he sees. Now, in direct contradiction to the above, in the issue of May 20, Mr. Colville, in kindly replying to a former question of mine, quotes from Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond as follows: "The spirit of a materialist on earth, on awakening after death was told by those wiser and more experienced than he, that he could appear at any place wherever he desired to make his presence known, and that he would certainly be able to see his friends, and know of their feelings concerning him." Now, how in the world can the ordinary readers of your paper reconcile these two statements? One says "No," the other says "Yes," and both are supposed to be authorities.

Ans.—We are very glad our truth-seeking questioner has called attention to these alleged discrepancies which are more apparent than real. Without attempting to speak for Miss Judson, or her inspirers, or for any but ourselves, we request the readers of THE BANNER at large, as well as our special questioner, to consider well the following proposition which, in our judgment, very largely, if not entirely, disposes of the difficulty.

Every one on earth lives an inner and an outer life; not necessarily a double life in the sense of duplicity, but a two-fold life, i. e., a life of thought, which is apparent to spiritual beings, and a life of external action, which is evident only to those who have the use of material senses. It is correct to say that spiritual entities disrobed of flesh do not hear material sounds, or see material objects unless they are temporarily possessing the physical frame of a sensitive person, commonly called a medium. It is at the same time perfectly correct to declare that the spirit can and does know the affections and thoughts of friends, and can read almost to perfection their inmost wishes. The facts of telepathy, and of mental telegraphy suffice to throw much light on this particular question. Among many citable instances of similar type we select the following for illustration:

A lady in London was extremely desirous of conveying information mentally to a friend in Paris, which she succeeded in doing even to the extent of showing herself to her friend across the channel. At the time of sending the message she was actually dressed in an old black traveling garment, but she had mentally pictured herself as robed in a beautiful white satin dinner gown, with rosebuds at the throat. When she appeared to her friend in Paris she was seen dressed in white, with pink rosebuds, exactly as she had mentally pictured her attire, and coincidentally with the apparition her friend became perfectly aware of the exact information she was wishing to impart. This incident proves that the actual material garment worn by the lady in London was not seen in Paris, but her distant friend did see the ideal dress in which she attired herself subjectively by act of will.

Now, it has been revealed to us in thousands of instances that spirit-friends know and read the thoughts of their beloved ones on earth, and that whenever there is close psychical accord it is easily possible for attendant spirits to be fully acquainted with the thought-images held in the mind and projected therefrom. Marie Corelli, in her "Romance of Two Worlds," provoked interesting discussion some years ago by publishing the statement made to her by an eminent electrician whom she styled in her novels "Heliobas," that spirits cannot come into direct contact with material things. Electrical psychologists have often insisted upon the reality of the electric body which is interior to the physical frame and which registers spontaneously every mental emotion. This body is carried over at the time of physical dissolution into the spirit-world, therefore it is the same body as it was on earth, only disengaged from the physical shape which during earthly incarnation accompanied it.

It is by no means necessary for your spirit-friends or companions to see your material surroundings to know about them, because they not only see your psychical environment but they are acquainted with the mental pictures you make of the most external things. Over and over again communicating intelligences have used the expression, "We see it in your thought-sphere." Mrs. Richmond's address, from which we quoted in substance, though not verbally, was a lecture given through her mediumship by a spirit who

passed from the earthly body very suddenly and whose ideas while on earth were very materialistic. There was nothing in that most interesting account of a spirit's first experiences after quitting the material frame which radically differed from the recorded experiences of many others—it was only an added testimony to the general truth set forth in millions of communications.

If our readers will ponder well the doctrine that spiritual vision takes in the inner, which is the causal side of everything, it will no longer appear inconsistent to teach that spirit friends know you and your thoughts and motives, and are fully acquainted with your mental picturings of material affairs, even though they do not see the external objects, which are only final ultimations of mental concepts. Surely, without attempting to advocate incomprehensible metaphysical speculations we can all agree that the idea of an invention precedes its outward form. Inventors are inspired, and in the spiritual world the prototypes or antetypes of all things which are finally expressed in matter are beheld. It is not necessary to see the very crudest and most external side or phase of a thing to cognize the thing itself. We regret all apparent ambiguity or seeming discrepancy in spiritual teachings, and seek to overcome it as we have opportunity, but it seems to us that the chief cause for so much obscurity is failure on the part of many writers and speakers to make clear statements regarding the subjective, or inner, and the objective or outer sides or phases of the same substance. We cordially invite further questions on this and cognate themes.

A Tribute to Abby A. Judson.

BY MARION MOREFIELD.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

Men are being more and more convinced of the truth of these lines of Pope as time passes. Those who have made a close study of the operation of Nature's laws and given to the world the result of their investigations and research have found irrefragable evidence, it seems to us, that Nature is indeed the mother of man, and that she employs the same methods in the development of the human soul that she does in the unfolding of all her offspring.

A seed planted in congenial soil may take root and spring up, but does not come to fruition in a day; neither do men become angels at a bound because their minds have grasped a new truth. They must begin on the lowest round of the ladder of progress, and climb step by step, if they desire to reach the unknown heights of wisdom and knowledge.

If we, as sentient beings, are made of the material and spiritual substances, magnetic and electric forces that have always existed, it would seem to be incumbent upon us to use all the means that mother Nature has so kindly provided for bettering our conditions spiritually, mentally and physically, by doing all in our power to harmonize ourselves with her laws.

A cloud burst often does great damage, but not so with the gentle rains that patter down, drop by drop. These refresh the thirsty earth and cause the seed planted to germinate and come forth. Then it must be refreshed by frequent showers and dews, and warmed by the genial rays of the sun, ere it reaches its culmination in ripened fruit.

Thus it is with truth. Some of those who have discovered great spiritual truths have a sincere desire to impart the same to others, that they, too, may be benefitted, yet are so positive and aggressive in their manner of presenting them that they discourage or offend those seeking light upon the subject in question, therefore fail to accomplish their desire; while another, of a different temperament, may present the same truths to the same persons in words and manner that are so convincing and appeal so forcibly to their understanding that their hearts at once beat in unison with that of the speaker or writer, and they are led from darkness into light.

Every new truth, material or spiritual, that has proved beneficial to the race, has brought to its discoverer and adherents persecution and suffering, as many of those who have espoused the cause of Modern Spiritualism can truthfully testify. But among the many heroic, persevering souls who have willingly suffered ostracism and persecution in many forms for truth's sake, none, we venture to say, have borne them with more fortitude nor with a more meek and self-sacrificing spirit than has that refined, intellectual and gracious lady, Abby A. Judson.

Her espousal of this cause has also brought upon her great pecuniary loss. But for this she probably would now be at the head of Judson Institute, founded by herself in Minneapolis, Minn., and would ere this have acquired a competence.

The loving remembrance of her former pupils and many other friends in the way of substantial gifts last Christmas, bears evidence of the high esteem in which she is everywhere held. Every one who has had the privilege and pleasure of reading her letters to THE BANNER during the year past must feel that she is guided and upheld by spirit power, as these letters were written and compiled during a period of much physical suffering, and their publication has cost her that which many others would consider great self-sacrifice and privation. Yet this undaunted soul never willingly loses an opportunity of giving a loving word of wisdom and encouragement to those who appeal to her in their struggle for more light. One is almost amazed that in the face of so many adverse, disheartening circumstances she could have given her new book so cheery a title.

Miss Judson's books are all progressive and uplifting, and bear the imprint of a sweet and loving spirit. They should be in the family of every Spiritualist as well as every liberal minded person. She puts forward no proposition, makes no statements that cannot be sustained by the same Bible, if rightly interpreted, that those who are not in sympathy with her views take as their chart and compass.

The same benevolent, unselfish spirit that made her revered father the pioneer missionary to the Burmese Empire, is observable throughout all her teachings, and I highly value all her books. But to those desirous of unfolding their mediumistic faculties, and at the same time improve their health by harmonizing themselves with nature's laws, I should recommend that they follow the directions given by Miss Judson in the "Bridge Between Two Worlds" as most useful, and will state some of my reasons for so doing.

Ever since my spirit-vision was opened sufficiently to detect them, I have realized that no mortal is for a moment alone. Some one or

more of those who have left the body linger near to give us loving ministrations and encouragement.

Some years since I commenced taking "Terrestrial Magnetism," by directions then given in THE BANNER. The results from this practice have proved invaluable to me. I was subject to frequent severe colds, as was also another member of our family, but we seldom have them now. It is nearly three years since either of us had one severe enough to cause us inconvenience. Whenever I feel a cold coming on, I ask my good Indian spirit friend to break it up, which he proceeds to do by magnetic passes over me. I always feel the effect of the passes very perceptibly. He treats my friend, who is not as susceptible to spirit influence as many are, but the effect seems just as efficacious.

One night, as I was about to retire, I accidentally burned my wrist very severely. I used the usual remedies and treatment, but the pain was so intolerable that I was about to arise, when a spirit-voice said: "Stretch forth this hand: be not faithless, but believing, and thou shalt be healed!" I did so, and immediately felt as if a small heated wire was being passed around and over the burn, which was about the size of a silver dollar. At the same time I saw the spirit swaying from side to side, and felt a gentle breeze, as from a fan. In a few seconds the pain was entirely gone, and I felt no further inconvenience from it. The scar left by the burn, however, was so deep that it did not wholly disappear for three months.

There is nothing like taking this magnetism for insomnia. For many years I have led an active business life, and when very tired or perplexed would frequently lie awake until nearly morning, and feel unfitted for the arduous duties and labor of the day. Since practicing this I have become a fairly good sleeper, and if kept awake experience none of the ill effects as formerly.

In these wakeful hours some abstruse question will be asked by one spirit, and directly answered by another. While I realize that this conversation is being carried on between them through my brain, I also see the two spirits thus communicating, and feel their presence.

These are some of the benefits to be derived from the practice of terrestrial magnetism, but valuable as it is in promoting ones health, it is still more valuable as an aid in unfolding ones spiritual gifts.

This letter is already too long, but will say in closing that I never sought mediumship; but it was so forcibly thrust upon me that I could not resist it. In my efforts to repel or avoid it I trod a thorny path, which might have been a flower strewn had I not been so unbelieving, and known how to harmonize myself with nature.

Miss Judson's weekly letters to THE BANNER are beautiful and instructive. We unhesitatingly say that we consider these, together with the editorials—which are always profound and ennobling, furnishing much food for thought—are well worth the yearly subscription, to say nothing of Mr. Oyston's serial, and the views of other talented writers. We wish THE BANNER every success.

The Man With the Hoe.

Not often among the verses that achieve their first appearance in the columns of the daily press do we find anything that commands such attention as Prof. Edwin Markham's "The Man With the Hoe" has aroused. The poem is an interpretation of Millet's famous painting, known by that name now in California. We quote the lines as they appeared in the San Francisco Examiner:

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans Upon his hoe, and gazes on the ground, The emptiness of ages in his face, And on his back the burden of the world, Who made him dead to rapture and despair, A thing that grieves not, and that never hopes, Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox? Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw? Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow? Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave To have dominion over sea and land; To trace the stars, and search the heavens for power; To feel the passion of Eternity? Is this the Dream he dreamed who shaped the suns And pillared the blue firmament with light? Down all the stretch of hell to its last gate There is no shape more terrible than this— More tongue with curse of the world's blind greed— More filled with sin and perversities for the soul— More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim! Save of the wheel of labor, what to him Are Plato and the swing of Ptolemaei? What the long reaches of the peaks of song, The rit of dawn, the reddening of the rose? Through this dread shape the suffering ages look: Time's tragedy is in that arching stoop; Through this arch shape humanity betrayed, Plundered, profligate and disoriented, Cries protest to the judges of the World, A protest that is also prophecy.

Oh! masters, lords and rulers in all lands, Is this the handiwork you give to God, This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched? How will you ever straighten up this shape? Give back the upward looking and the light; Rebuild in it the music and the dream; Touch it again with immortality; Make right the immortal infamies, Perfidious wrongs, immediate woes?

Oh! masters, lords and rulers in all lands How will the Future reckon with this Man? How answer his brute question in that hour When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world? How will it be with kingdoms and with kings— With those who shaped him to the thing he is— When this dumb Terror shall reply to God After the silence of the centuries?

Another Interpretation of Millet's "Man With the Hoe."

After the revelry of the centuries let the man with the hoe answer.

Why did you not use the talent that was given you the same as your brother, to brace up and be a man?

Why did you not wrestle with Mother Nature for potatoes to eat, instead of getting them to sell for your cash?

Why did you choose the harder vice when the easier virtue was within your reach?

Why did you not use your hoe to earn an honest living, instead of leaving it to rust while you idled away the days and made the nights hideous with debauchery?

Why did you dally with the amber drops of the worm of the still, and feed the saloon-keepers' children, while your own were starving?

Why did you not make better use of your lamp, which, dim as it was, still lighted you to read the glint of the wine room?

You poor dumb terror, you look to be weary, but you also make me tired with your foolishness.

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A great demand for "BIG BIBLE STORIES" has induced the author to offer another book upon a biblical topic. THE TEN COMMANDMENTS have been considered to be the only true moral guide, and to give the exact meaning of the Bible upon all moral and religious topics—which is not the case. THE BIBLE gives them in two different to interpret them differently, and it contains THE TEN COMMANDMENTS as they were given to Moses. This book takes up each Commandment, then quotes places where THE SAME POWER that gave the Commandments gave others exactly the opposite.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

OLD AND NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Author of "Studies in Theosophy," "Dashed Against the Rock," "Spiritual Therapeutics," and numerous other works on the Psychological Problems of the Ages.

The author says in his introduction: "The writer lays no claim to having written a complete or exhaustive treatise on Psychology, but simply has, and undertakes to present in as popular a form as possible, some of the salient features of the compound science." Reports of twenty-four distinct lectures, recently delivered in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and other prominent cities of the United States, have contributed to the basis of this volume. As the author has received numerous inquiries from all parts of the world as to where and when these lectures of Psychology can now be procured, the present volume is the decided and authoritative answer to all these kind and earnest questioners. The chief aim throughout the volume has been, to increase interest in the workable possibilities of a theory of human nature, thoroughly optimistic and, at the same time, profoundly ethical. As several chapters are devoted to improved methods of education, the writer confidently expects that many parents, teachers and others who have charge of the young, or who are called upon to exercise supervision over the morally weak and mentally afflicted, will derive some help from the doctrines herewith promulgated.

CONTENTS.

What is Psychology? The True Basis of the Science. Rational Psychology as presented by Aristotle and Swedenborg, with Reflections thereon. Relation of Psychology to Practical Education. A Study of the Human Will. Imagination: Its Practical Value. Memory: Have We Two Memories? Instinct, Reason and Intuition. Psychology and Psychology. Mental and Moral Healing in the Light of Certain New Aspects of Psychology. Music: Its Moral and Therapeutic Value. The Power of Thought: How to Develop and Increase It. Concentration of Thought, and What It Can Accomplish. A Study of Hypnotism. The New Psychology as Applied to Education and Moral Evolution. Telepathy and Transference of Thought, or Mental Telegraphy. Mediumship, Its Nature and Uses. Habits, how Acquired and how Mastered; with some Comments on Obsession and its Remedy. Sleep and Trance. Dreams and Visions. The Scientific Ghost and the Problem of the Human Double. The Human Aura. Heredity and Environment. Astrology, Palmistry and Periodicity; their Bearing on Psychology. Individuality, or Eccentricity. Price \$1.00. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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LECTURES BY GERALD MASSEY.

We have received from Mr. Massey a supply of his interesting Lectures in pamphlet form. The following is a list of the same:

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1899.

Spiritualist Societies.

We desire this list to be as accurate as possible. Will corresponders or conductors please notify us of any errors or omissions. Notices for this column should reach this office by 12 o'clock noon, of the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Assembly Hall (Legion of Honor Building), 200 Huntington Avenue.—The Gospel of Spiritism Society, Monday, 8 P. M. Pastor, Discourse and Eldredges 7 P. M. every Sunday.

Stable Spiritualist Meetings, Old Ladies' Hall, 444 Tremont Street.—Mrs. Gutterer, President. Services Sundays at 10 A. M., 2 P. M. and Wednesdays at 2 P. M.

Boston Psychic Conference, 18 Huntington Av.—L. L. Whitlock, President, Sundays, 2 P. M.

Home Kastrum, 21 Soledad Street, Charlestown. Sunday circle 11 A. M.; speaking and tests 7 P. M.; refreshments and social, 8 P. M.; Fridays, 8 P. M. Mrs. M. E. Gilliland, Conductor.

Echo Hall—1 Johnson Avenue, Charlestown Div.—Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Mrs. E. J. Peak, Chairman.

First Spiritualist Chu. ch, 730 Washington St.—Dr. A. E. Adams, Pastor. Sundays, 11 A. M.; 2 P. M.; Thursdays, 8 P. M.; Fridays, 8 P. M. Mrs. M. E. Gilliland, Conductor.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.—104 A. M., 2 P. M., 7 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 2 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Holla Hall, 789 Washington St.—Services Sunday, 10 A. M., 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. George B. Cutter, Chairman.

Spiritual Fraternity.—At First Spiritualist Temple, Exeter and Newbury streets, Sundays at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. the continuity of life will be demonstrated through different phases of mediumship. Other meetings announced from the platform. A. H. Sherman, Secretary.

Spiritual Temple, Exeter and Newbury streets.—Public services Sundays at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Tuesdays and Fridays, 8 P. M. Lecturer, W. J. Colville. All sent free. Voluntary offerings.

The Copley Mystic Circle meets Sundays at 7 P. M., Room 8, Huntington Avenue. The Metaphysical School, Mondays, 8 P. M. Prices on the Circle principle. Dr. Shaw, President; Mrs. J. S. Soper, Clerk, 61 Huron Road, North Cambridge.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union holds meetings the third Tuesday of each month in Dwight Hall, 54 Tremont Street, at 8 P. M. All are invited. Christopher G. Shaw, President; Mrs. J. S. Soper, Clerk, 61 Huron Road, North Cambridge.

Plummer Hall, Hyde Park, corner of Hyde Park Avenue and Riverside, 10 P. M., 10 A. M., 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. E. B. Bird, President.

Winchester, Mass.—Clubs Wednesday evenings at 8 P. M. on the line of electric cars from Arlington to Stoneham. Investigators welcomed. Mrs. M. C. Borden.

West Groton, Mass., Liberal Association.—Services every Sunday 2 o'clock in Whitcomb Hall. Mary L. French, local secretary.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Spirit of Truth Society, 537 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport, holds meetings Sundays at 2 P. M. and Thursdays at 7 P. M. Mrs. A. J. Banks, President.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists holds meetings the second and fourth Wednesdays in each month, in Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Massachusetts Av. Mrs. J. S. Soper, President; Mrs. Z. W. Allen, Clerk, 16 Wright Street, Cambridge.

MALDEN.

Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society, Mt. Building, 76 Pleasant Street. Meetings every Sunday 8 P. M. Wednesday, 8 P. M. W. J. Colville, President; Mrs. Rebecca Morton, Sec'y; R. H. Warner, Cor. Sec'y. A cordial welcome is extended to co-workers in the cause of progressive Spiritualism.

BROOKLYN.

Church of the Fraternity of Divine Communion (Incorporated)—Rev. Ira Moore Courlis, pastor and psychic, holds spiritual services on the Circle principle, Bedford Avenue and Madison Street, Sunday evenings, beginning at 7 P. M. An excellent program of vocal and instrumental music is always rendered by the best talent, after which psychic communications are given.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 1101 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Seats free. All welcome. Mr. G. Deleere, President; Mrs. Alice Ashley, Secretary.

Meeting of Associate Spiritual Missionaries every Sunday, at 3 P. M., at Evolutionist office, 1099 Bedford Avenue. Thoughtful, philosophical and fact from our volunteer workers. W. Wines Sargent, Conductor.

Spiritual Conference, Jackson Hall, 515 Fulton Street.—Sundays, 8 P. M., music by Prof. Chas. Coleman, Herbert L. Whitlock, Conductor. BANNER OF LIGHT always on hand.

Fraternity Hall, 860 Bedford Avenue, every Sunday evening, 8 o'clock. No admission charged at the door. Collection taken. Good music, messages, physical demonstrations. Weekly meeting 308 Tompkins Avenue, Friday evening and Wednesday afternoon. Miss A. J. Chapman, medium.

People's Mission, Columbia Hall, 1810 Fulton Street.—Sundays at 8 P. M. Mrs. M. C. McGibney, medium, Herbert L. Whitlock, Conductor. BANNER OF LIGHT always on hand.

Jackson Hall, 515 Fulton Street.—Sundays at 3 P. M.; Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Mrs. L. A. Olmstead, Conductor.

630 Myrtle Avenue.—Mrs. B. R. Plum conducts a meeting every Sunday at 3 and 8 P. M.

CHICAGO.

First Spiritual Church, South Side, 77 Thirty-First Street.—Sundays, 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. George G. Cooley, Pastor.

Englewood Spiritual Church, 528 West 63rd Street.—Sundays, 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Lora Holton, pastor.

The Spiritualists and Mediums' Home Society holds free public services every Sunday, 10 A. M., at 330 E. Rhodes Avenue, Chicago. Dr. C. E. B. Borden, Conductor, assisted by other good mediums and speakers; also a benefit service every Wednesday, 8 P. M. Take Cottage Grove car to 33rd Street, then one block west.

CINCINNATI.

Society of Spiritual Unity, Washington Park Hall, 1222 Race St., Sundays, 7 P. M. Mr. St. Onor-Briggs, pastor

NEWARK, N. J.

The First Church of Spiritual Progression meets in the hall, corner of 1st and Broad streets at 8 P. M. Mrs. G. A. Dorn, President.

NEW YORK CITY.

International Conservatory of Music, 74 Lexington Avenue, one door above 5th Street.—The Spiritualist and Ethical Society holds meetings every Sunday morning and evening. Mrs. H. C. Briggs, Conductor.

Christian Spiritual Union meets in Lyric Hall, 518th Avenue, near 42d Street, Sundays, 8 P. M. Dr. Harlow Davis, medium for April.

The Tanners Spiritualist Society holds its meetings every Friday at 8 P. M.; Sundays 3 P. M., and Children's Lyceum at 2 P. M.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

First Society of Rosicrucians (exponent of universal religion) meets Sundays at 10 A. M. in Hiram Hall, 229 West Onondaga Street. J. C. F. Grumbine, lecturer.

Notice to Local Societies.

Hereafter all reports will be condensed in the same general style as given below. We respectfully request our correspondents to govern themselves accordingly. We shall deal fairly and impartially with all societies, hence must ask them all to conform to the same general rule. The addresses of all local societies in Boston and vicinity, as well as in cities and towns in other States, can be found above. Societies marked with a * have the BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

On Sunday last, June 25, W. J. Colville addressed two attentive audiences in the Temple, Exeter and Newbury streets. The morning discourse was on "Destiny and Fate," in the course of which the speaker defined our destiny as whatever is possible unto us and our fate as the sum of the circumstances we are called upon to meet. Much salutary encouragement was given to those who are surrounded with seeming obstacles, all of which will, if approached in the true spirit, prove of real value as means for bringing out strong and enduring strength of character. The evening lecture was on the extraordinary experiences of Lorelle Damon Boiesner, the blind lady in Chelsea. [A full report of this lecture will appear in next issue.] On Tuesday evening very interesting questions have been asked and answered, condensed reports of which (by request of some of the questioners) have been prepared for the Questions and Answers Department of THE BANNER. W. J. Colville speaks in the Temple on Friday, June 30, at 8 P. M., on "The Triumph of Justice in the Affairs of Nations and of Individuals." His farewell lectures in Boston will be given there next Sunday, July 2, 10:30 A. M. "Essential Elements of Universal Religion"; 7:30 P. M., "Real Life in the Spirit Spheres."

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum held its annual picnic at Hayward Grove, East Braintree, Saturday, June 24, and had an enjoyable time. The grove is situated on the coast, with a fine view of the ocean, and is a beautiful spot.

There is an observatory, where one can see as far as Nantasket and Boston; also an auditorium, where meetings can be held; plenty of fine spring water and beautiful groves.

The party (about fifty) left Neponset Bridge at 10:45, in a special car of the Quincy & Boston Railroad, and rode through Norfolk Downs, Wollaston and Quincy to the grove. The scenery was fine and the party jolly. Swings were kept busy during the day; a yachting party was conducted by Mr. Heyward, and in the afternoon a base ball game furnished lots of sport for the party. Four innings were played, and the score was 12 to 6. The teams were captained by E. Warren Hatch and E. B. Packard. Capt. Hatch's team was the winning one. The ride home was by the same route as going, and was enjoyed by all. All declared it a grand success.

Commercial Hall, Mrs. Nutter, Conductor.—Sunday, services same as usual. Those assisting during the day: Mesdames Nutter, Smith, Taylor, Fisher, Erikson, Wheeler, Thomas; Messrs. Abbott, Willis, Jackson, Badger, Tuttle, Hilling, Turner, Amerage.

The first Sunday meeting at Waverley Home, under the auspices of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, held Sunday, June 25, was a grand success, regardless of the fact that the weather was not at all auspicious, rain falling at short intervals. About one hundred persons were present at the meeting, held in the large parlor. Collection taken for the Home was \$10.00. Sunday, July 2, another meeting will be held. All are welcome.

Mrs. J. S. SOPER, Clerk, V. S. U.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street, Mrs. Gutterer, President, assisted by Mrs. Lewis. Messages and remarks, Messrs. Bailey, Thompson, Westley, Hall, Haynes, Warner, Cohen, Nelke, Hersey, Huot, Graham; Mesdames Brown, Foss, Hill, Gilliland, Dade, Smith. Meeting Wednesday afternoon at 2:30.

Holla Hall, 789 Washington Street.—Sunday, June 25, 11 A. M., circle by Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Tracy, 3 P. M., messages, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Wright and Mrs. Maggie Keating Cutter. Evening meeting, address, Mrs. Cutter: Mrs. Tracy, Mr. Steadman and Mr. Wood, communications; singing, Mrs. Mary F. Lovering and Mr. Barker; Mrs. M. K. Cutter presiding in the absence of G. B. Cutter.

The First Spiritual Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, Pastor.—Services June 25, morning, afternoon and evening. Remarks were made by Mesdames Wilkinson, Emmons, Woods, Bird, Wilson, Fish; Messrs. Proctor, Hill, Woods, Abbott, Marden, St. John, Bailey; solo, Miss Bailey.

Massachusetts.

Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society.—Full meeting Sunday evening, in which Messrs. Barber, Ryder and Cowan and Mrs. Fagan participated. Warm weather does not interfere with the interest in these meetings, and the society is flourishing.

The First Spiritual Society, Fitchburg, Dr. C. L. Fox, President.—Sunday, June 25, George Lamont of Leominster gave an interesting address. Messages were given by Mesdames Cate, King, Miss Smith and George Lamont.

The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society, Lynn.—T. H. B. James, Sec'y.—Sunday, June 25, those assisting in the services were: Mesdames Hayes, Butler, Belcher, Ayres, Holton. Services will be held every Sunday evening, 7:30, during July and August at 36 Market Street. All invited.

Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding will speak at Hayward's Grove at Quincy, in East Braintree, on Sunday, July 2, at 2:30 P. M.

The First Spiritual Society, Lowell, John Banks, Sec'y. Sunday, June 25, Dr. Fuller delivered two interesting addresses. Mrs. Jones followed with delineations. Sunday, July 2, camp opens; Mrs. Hattie C. Mason will lecture and give messages.

W. J. Colville's lectures in Kosuth Hall, 176 Chestnut Street, Lynn, on Sundays and Wednesdays have proved very interesting and instructive, and have drawn large audiences. Farewell lecture Sunday next, July 2, at 3 P. M.

New York.

The Church of the Fraternity of Divine Communion.—Usual Sunday evening service at Aurora Grata Cathedral, Brooklyn, June 25, Mr. J. H. Fort in the chair. Excellent musical program; Mr. Whitelaw, violinist, and Miss Watson, contralto soloist. Ira Moore Courlis gave a short talk, and after a spiritual song, many spirit communications. We will hold our services through July and close in August, opening again the first Sunday in September. Mr. Courlis will be engaged for his third year with us as medium and spiritual teacher W. WELLSTOOD, JR., Cor. Sec'y.

The Advance Spiritual Conference, 1101 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, Mr. Deleere, Pres.—Regular services were held Saturday evening, June 24. The last meeting in the month is mediums' night. Jerome H. Fort gave an excellent address on "What Spiritualists Should Do," giving in the course of his talk a merited tribute to the BANNER OF LIGHT. Readings were given by Messrs. Morey, Blackden and Dr. William Franks.

Other States.

Orient Hall, Portland, Me., Mrs. M. A. Brackett, Sec'y. June 25 services were conducted by Mrs. Deleere and Mrs. Reddon. Sunday evening circles will be continued through July and August. Afternoon services will commence again in September.

An instructive course of lectures on Psychological Law, conducted by Dr. G. C. Beckwith-Ewell, is just closing after a month's session at Rocky Rest Heights Sanitarium, Shelton, Conn. The philosophy has been expressed by the ex-carnate individuality known as "The German Doctor," recognizable to many BANNER readers, and from time to time for nearly ten years, through this same avenue, has expressed his interest in and devotion to the study of psychological science, but has given but once before the results of his extended research for scores of years to a class of students, in systematic course or practical experiments in the application of its principles to individual development. Another course will open on July 2, to a class of students selected as receptive to the grade of instruction, which will be expressed through the mediumship of Dr. Ewell by his guide "Starlight." The principles of the advanced Oriental philosophy are to be expounded as obtained from the highest source available. This course of twenty lectures will close on the 23d, when Dr. Ewell and wife will leave for Cassadaga Camp. The Sanitarium will remain open, in charge of Miss S. L. Hardin, D.

Sunapee Lake Camp-Meeting.

The officers of the Sunapee Lake Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association have arrangements all complete for their twenty-second annual convocation, which opens at Blodgett's Landing, N. H., Sunday, July 30. The outlook is most propitious for a successful session. Since the notice which appeared in your columns a short time since, the management has secured the services of a materializing medium.

The Woodsom Steamboat Co. is now running the *Armenia White* (capacity 650 passengers), *Kearsarge* (350), and *Lady Woodsom* (125). These boats connect with all passenger and excursion trains, and are offered by thoroughly competent men. No matter what part of the lake you desire to visit, be sure to call for camp meeting tickets on railroad and boats.

The fishing in the waters of Sunapee is excellent. The waters contain four varieties of trout, bass, pickerel, salmon and pout. Boats to rent on reasonable terms. A few cottages yet to rent. The undersigned will furnish information in regard to same. A building devoted to the sale of ice cream and bakers' goods daily, opposite the Forest House. Goods and upwards, including room. Write for circulars.

W. H. WILKINS, Sec'y.

Felchville, Vt., Box 63.

Spiritualism in Brooklyn

has just passed through one of the brightest years of its history.

The Convention held in January, 1899, by the local societies in cooperation with the State Association, was an unqualified success in every way—spiritual and material. It was most encouraging to note how all the workers lent their efforts to aid in this Convention, and as a result we were able to secure some of the best speakers and psychics in the land, and through them to present Spiritualism to the people of Brooklyn in a worthy and acceptable manner, which has already shown its results in the increased interest manifested by the rapidly growing attendance at the various meetings; and therefore than at the reception tendered those who took part in the Convention by the Women's Progressive Union on the evening following its close.

With one or two exceptions, the secular press has accorded Spiritualism and its adherents every possible courtesy, giving fair treatment and liberal space in its columns to communications and other articles on the subject.

The Women's Progressive Union—Mrs. E. P. Kurth, President—with which Society Mr. F. A. Wiggin has just concluded a year's engagement, has every reason to congratulate itself upon the results of its work during the past year. Mr. Wiggin made a great many friends here, and is without doubt one of the ablest and best equipped speakers and psychics that ever stood upon a Spiritualist platform in this city. This is not said to flatter Mr. Wiggin. It is simply a statement of the opinion voiced by the great majority of those who had the good fortune to hear him during the past winter, and there was most sincere regret expressed when it was learned that he will not be in Brooklyn next year. The friends of this Society, however, need have no fear that its meetings will not be maintained up to their usual high standard, for we learn that already arrangements have been made for several among the foremost of the workers of the country, to serve from its platform next winter.

The Advance Conference, of which Mr. George A. Deleere is President, holds its meetings on Saturday evenings, at which no door fee is charged, the expense of the meeting being met by the collection taken. This is now the oldest society in Brooklyn, and its rooms are almost invariably well filled on its meeting nights. It employs no regular speaker or psychic, but the workers of all the other societies attend frequently enough to provide an abundant supply for its platform. Dr. William H. Frank, of Manhattan, New York City, has been especially kind in his continued aid in the contribution of his services as a psychic, doing most satisfactory work. The Conference is always very glad to extend a hearty welcome to out-of-town speakers and psychics who visit Brooklyn, if they will make themselves known to its officers.

The church of the Fraternity of Divine Communion, of which Mr. Ira Moore Courlis is pastor and psychic, and the writer President, has also had a successful year. The experiment has been tried here of doing away with a formal address at the Sunday evening service, and transferring it to a week night meeting. The Sunday service now consists of vocal and instrumental music, reading, invocation, brief informal remarks by Mr. Courlis, and the spirit communications. The congregation at these services usually numbers from two to five hundred people. Mr. Courlis' work as a psychic, extraordinary enough in its early days, is continually improving, and it is rarely indeed that a communication given through him is unrecognized.

The week night meeting of this church, which has been called a "class meeting," at which no "tests" or similar communications are ever given, but the entire evening devoted to a lecture and to answering such questions as may be asked, has been so successful that it will be necessary to hold the meetings in a much larger hall when they are reopened in the fall.

The meeting at first held by Mrs. L. M. Olmstead, and later by Mrs. Tillie Evans, has met with its share of success, as has also the one held on Sunday afternoons by Mrs. Alice I. Ashley. Both these meetings have been productive of much good, and nearly all the many meetings in the city are in a flourishing condition and doing a good work.

During the winter three benefits have been given by the Spiritualists of this vicinity. The first was for Mr. Robert H. Meyers, a gentle man who had contributed much to the success of Spiritualist meetings here by his singing. He was lying ill with consumption in St. Augustine, Fla., at the time of the benefit, and has since passed to spirit. The next one was for Dr. William H. Frank, of whom mention has already been made herein, and who was so unfortunate as to lose much of his personal property by fire last winter. The beneficiary of the third was one worthy in every way; one whose life and means have been given to the Cause, and who now, who the shadows of old age come creeping in, is in need. The first and the third benefits were under the direction of Mrs. Lowber, of Manhattan, and were held in the Aurora Grata Cathedral, the meeting place of the Church of the Fraternity of Divine Communion. The second was tendered Dr. Frank by the Advance Conference, and was held in Avon Hall.

Lycenian work, unfortunately, has not been so vigorously pushed by some of the societies as perhaps it should have been, but this important branch is not to be neglected, for it is promised that every attention will be given it in the fall; so it is hoped that before very long there will be at least two or three well organized Lycenians in Brooklyn.

Preparations are now being made for holding a Camp Meeting this summer at the new grounds to be opened at Port Jefferson, Long Island.

Brooklyn and vicinity offer an excellent field for Spiritualism. There was never so much interest in the whole subject in this vicinity before; and, instead of the old time opposition which mediums encountered wherever they went, they now meet here the eager, earnest, upturned faces of hundreds anxious to know the truth; and, instead of the sneer or the course which was once the unhappy lot of the medium, he will now hear the fervent "God bless you" from all sides; his hand will be grasped in hearty welcome, and press and pulp and people will render him every courtesy of which he is worthy; but to the frauds, the "diviners for money" and their like, Brooklyn is a most inhospitable and uncharitable place, where they will find a minimum of sympathy and encouragement and a maximum of antagonism.

We cannot close without expressing our hearty appreciation of the work being done by THE BANNER, and the efforts put forth by its editor and staff to further the cause of honest Spiritualism; and to express the sincere wish that continued success will be yours as well as ours (for we are hand to hand and shoulder to shoulder in this work), as the years of the future unfold.

JEROME H. FORT.

President Church of the Fraternity of Divine Communion.

Spiritualist Library.

The Association of the Marion Skidmore Library of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association wishes to call the attention of Spiritualists, thinkers, and lovers of human progress to this grand educational institution, founded in the year 1886, by Mrs. Marion Skidmore, at Lily Dale, N. Y. From the small nucleus of this foundation has gradually grown a select and choice library numbering in the neighborhood of 1200 volumes. These books have accumulated by the donations of friends, appropriations, etc., and books, relics, curios, and all things appropriate to a first class library are appreciatively accepted, credited to the donor, and carefully preserved in the library building, where a cordial welcome is extended to all guests of beautiful Lily Dale.

In the way of late library acquisitions, a



GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK.

SEND FOR BABIES' A BOOK FOR MOTHERS.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co., New York

Lake Brady, O.

Although the regular Spiritualist meetings at Lake Brady do not open until July 2, many of the cottage owners came during April and May, and now every day adds to our population.

Meetings are held every Sunday evening at the residence of Mrs. C. C. Bacon, lectures, messages and music being the order of the exercises.

Various improvements are being made, and cottages in course of erection and repair. Lake Brady was never more beautiful than now, with its sloping meadows dotted with new-mown hay. The summer birds fill joyously around, and have grown to tame as to scarcely notice the now familiar human neighbors. The birds here are remarkable for their beauty and variety of plumage. Their songs mingle harmoniously from the clear trills of the wild canary to the plaintive, minor notes of the turtle dove. Even the mosquito joins in the melodious chorus, as he industriously strives to make himself a blood relation, calling "Cousin, Cousin" as a prelude to his more practical efforts.

The picnic season opened June 1, and quite a number have been here from various points. Fishing and family parties are numerous, and the social element abounds.

MRS. M. McCASLIN.

Sea Sand from Onset.

Where are you going to spend the 4th? Why not go to Onset? Preparations are being made for one of the finest celebrations that has ever been held there.

Why not spend your entire vacation at Onset? There is no finer place near Boston, in Massachusetts. Never were so many people there so early in the season. You will be sure to meet some of your friends.

Notwithstanding the dry season Onset is looking beautiful. The roads have been put in good condition, and everything in general is being done to beautify the place. If you drive or ride a wheel you will find the roads good. The stores, and most of the hotels, are open. Cottages are being taken, and everything looks favorable for a successful season.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, who is the first speaker, and who will be the Chairman of the meeting, will arrive some time next week. President Whittemore is expected soon after the Fourth. The book store, which will be the headquarters for this paper, will be opened the first week in July.

Dr. Fuller will open the meeting with one of his able lectures. Sunday, July 9, at 10 A. M., Mrs. Juliette Taylor will speak at 2 P. M. Prof. A. J. Maxham will furnish the music at all the meetings during the season. Commencing Sunday, July 9, the Middleboro' Band, B. A. Roundy, Leader, will give concerts, also every Sunday during the season.

Saturday evening, July 1, the first dance of the season will be held in the Temple. The Middleboro' Orchestra will furnish music. If you are unable to be present at the opening, try to visit Onset during the season. For full particulars see the official program. They can be had at the Banner of Light Book Store, or of Dr. Fuller, Onset. Leave your orders at the headquarters book store, and have the BANNER OF LIGHT left there during camp meeting, then you will be sure to receive it, and by so doing you will obtain all the doings of the different camps. Don't forget the opening date, Sunday, July 9. Buy your ticket for Onset Junction. Price \$2.15 round trip. HATCH.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

One hundred and twenty-five families are now on the grounds. The hotel is open and doing a good business. Every privilege is let except the barber shop. Mr. John Glickland of Boston has leased the boats, and Mr. J. S. Powers of Miller's Falls the dry goods privilege.

The arrangements for the Fourth are completed. An Amusement Association has been organized, with the writer as President, F. B. Woodbury as Secretary, J. Milton Young as Vice-President, and R. G. Churchill as Treasurer. Two hundred and seventy dollars have been donated by the campers and friends to meet the expenses of the celebration.

At a meeting of the Amusement Association held at the hotel last Monday evening it was suggested that some paint was much needed in the vicinity of the station, and \$10.00 were raised within two minutes. The banking of the bluff needs repairing, and \$40.00 have been subscribed toward paying for it.

Mr. Geo. A. Wright has been elected Marshal of the Day for the "Fourth," and Mr. J. Russell Bickford has charge of the boat races and field sports.

A splendid meeting was held in the Temple on Sunday, with Mr. J. Milton Young as speaker. He addressed an audience of one hundred and fifty campers for thirty minutes on the subject "The Riddle of the Sphinx." The music was furnished by Mrs. Minnie E. Parker of Haverhill, Mass., who presided at the organ and rendered two solos very effectively. Mr. Young was followed with remarks by F. B. Woodbury, Mrs. Hattie Cruick and Mr. Stratton. Sunday forenoon Dr. C. H. Harding of Boston was speaker.

Among the recent arrivals are Mr. Fred Haslam and family, Arvay Clapp and wife, Mrs. G. A. Woodruff and family, Mrs. N. Holmes, Miss Jennie Rhind, Mr. Herbert S. Streeter, Mrs. Lizzie Danforth, Mr. E. E. Barton and family, Dr. Brooks of Worcester, Dr. Wm. Critchley, Mrs. Jackson and family and S. H. Wilkins and wife. Every cottage but one is let on the Highlands.

The station agent and telegraph operator are located here for the season. Excursion tickets from all points on the Fitchburg Railroad go on sale July 1.

Many pleasant little social affairs are being held nightly at the different cottages, and add greatly to the pleasure and life of the camp.

ALBERT P. BLINN, Clerk.

For Seasickness

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. J. FOURNESS BRICE, of S. S. Teuton, says: "I have prescribed it among the passengers traveling to and from Europe, and am satisfied that if taken in time it will in a great many cases prevent seasickness."

LARKIN SOAPS

OUR OFFER FULLY EXPLAINED IN BANNER OF LIGHT OF MARCH 25, 1899.

Apr. 1, 1899.

Camp-Meeting Representatives Wanted.

We want an energetic representative at every spiritualistic camp-meeting in the country this summer. The work will be light and agreeable, and can be done by men or women. In addition to doing a noble work for the cause of Spiritualism, the right party should be able to earn from \$2 to \$8 a day, according to whether a portion or all of the time is given, and at the same time preparing for a permanent, all-the-year-round position, if desired.

In order to save time and unnecessary correspondence, applicants should state age, previous experience, whether entire time can be devoted to the work, and name at least three references. Address at once, Banner of Light Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.