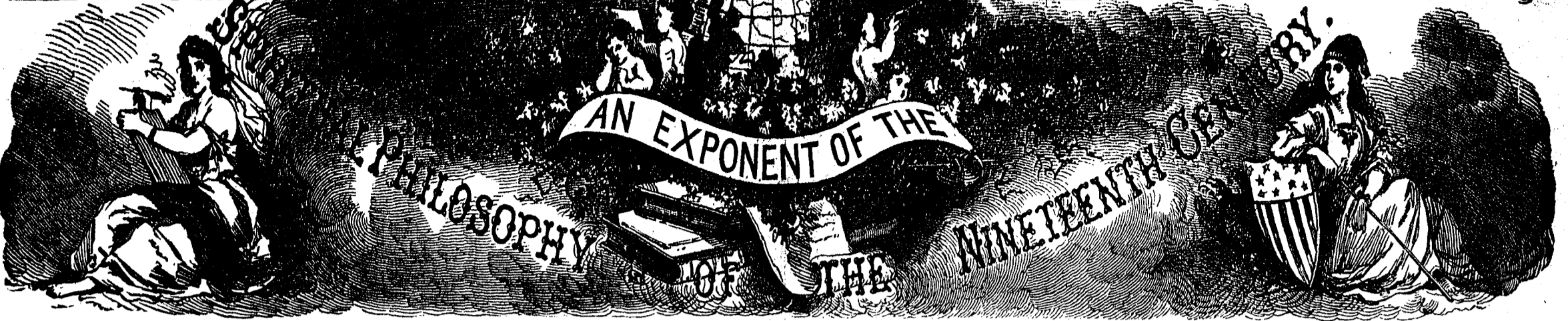


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## "MY MANITOU."

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

My Manitou, fair mountain gem,  
I dream a dream of far-off times,  
When red men kissed your garment's hem,  
While waters sang their soothing chimes;  
From seething centres dark and deep,  
Bright effervescing bubbles leap  
Down from the hills whose temple lands  
Guard sacred founts on "singing sands,"  
My Manitou.

A mighty spirit spake to them  
"Mid thunder's wrath or fearful rain,  
His gossamer hand flung down each gem,  
His purple fruits wrought plenty's train.  
The red-deer, elk and buffalo  
Roamed free to canyon gates below,  
And every gift to struggling bands  
His blessing on their "singing sands,"  
My Manitou.

I find within this prescient dream  
The council fires of many braves,  
While tinkling waters glide and gleam  
Amid the green of many graves;  
Where young men play—old warriors rest—  
Brown babes sleep on the mother's breast,  
The Prophet's seal on dimpled hands  
Brave chiefs for future "singing sands,"  
My Manitou.

The smoke rolls high its billows blue,  
And yet I see beyond its wall  
The Oversoul—the Manitou  
O'er wood and vale and waterfall,  
Where hills upheaved were hurled and rent,  
Thro' grand creative forces blent  
While evolution burst the bands,  
And swayed the race on "singing sands,"  
My Manitou.

They worship round their simple shrine  
When Manitou his face has hid,  
Each rock reveals its crimson sign  
On trembling peak and pyramid;  
Cool showers stir the murmuring creeks—  
While sunlight paints the changing peaks;  
They heed the message and commands  
Thro' misty tears and "singing sands,"  
My Manitou.

The spirit of that untamed race  
Dwells in my dream, and dares to sing  
Of long-lost "moons" whose measured grace  
Come down in every mountain spring,  
"In foaming flood and waterfall,  
On painted rock and mountain wall  
Where healing pools fresh from thy hands  
Call sufferers to those "singing sands,"  
My Manitou.

In preludes of the mountain pine  
Braves heard anew the Master's voice,  
And fir and cedar rose divine  
Whose green tents made their hearts rejoice.  
For feast, and rite and carnival  
White waters sprang medicinal,  
While plenty on their mountain lands  
Wrought peace upon their "singing sands,"  
My Manitou.

Pueblo, Colo., Oct. 26, 1891.

## Truth, Hatched and Unhatched.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

From egg to chicken is an evolutionary process we can watch from day to day, if we care to experiment with one of the improved incubators. My own machine has just been playing the part of a mother hen, and I have been looking on, learning my lesson in Nature's kindergarten.

I started with 240 eggs, and proceeded to play the part of a careful nurse. On the fifth day all but two proved themselves alive. But on the tenth day 40 of these unborn souls had left the track and retired from the race. They had gone back into the unknown. On the fourteenth day I discovered that 40 more had wearied of life. On the twentieth day 112 chickens chipped their way out of the darkness, leaving 48 whose life-struggles had ceased about the eighteenth day. A few had matured, but had lacked energy or strength for the final struggle for freedom. The machine had done its part well. I had done mine. Every egg that a hen could have mothered had produced its chick, so the result may well have been scored as a mercantile success. Yet, as a matter of fact, 126 attempts by Mother Nature to manufacture a chicken had resulted in failure. What that means to the living, and perhaps to the dead, is for the student to discover—if he can.

The first fact the student faces is that the mothers and fathers of this germ life were not in their usual vigorous state of health. It was the moulting season. Both roosters and hens were, for the most part, examples of beauty unadorned. Physiologically Nature had stopped thinking about increase, and was devoting herself to the manufacture of feathers. At such a time there are a few eggs, undoubtedly commenced in better days, still to be exuded into an unseasonable world. Such were the eggs for my experiment. The poor hens were feeling chilly, out of temper and depressed, seeking a warm corner, and asking themselves whether life is worth living. Their husbands fared no better. A rooster without a tail has no dignity worth fighting for. His nerve forces have forsaken the family channel, and left him, like the hens, a commonplace dealer in feathers, old and new.

Such were the conditions facing any student who, at this unseasonable hour, commences to delve into such of life's mysteries as are enclosed in eggs gathered during the moulting season. Of course the conditions would be very different if he waited until respectable mother hens declared it the proper time to bring up a family. Yet even then he would discover that the difference is far more in the egg than the almanac, for the incubator is a mother whose one idea is to hatch live chickens, let the season be what it may.

So the student recognizes that the parents were out of health when the eggs with which he is experimenting were manufactured and fertilized. So he carefully notes the effect produced on what is called the "vital force." The egg shows no difference either to eye or microscope. The shell is smooth and strong. The contents would still be the pride of the cook and the delight of the epicure. But when that egg is called upon to produce a chicken, it is soon apparent that something is wrong. The incubator tells him that the trouble was within the egg, for in the machine everything was arranged for Nature to manifest and exercise the one power she forbids to man and reserves to herself alone. It is her own task to first implant and then mature a certain form of energy. That energy is the essence of her own eternal godhood, out of which what we call "life" is born. It is but a repetition of the same experience and the same mystery which blend into a universe.

At this point the careful student stops to reflect. The egg contains matter, energy and intelligence; these three, and nothing more. It thus represents the whole of creation, which is composed of exactly the same raw materials. There can be nothing more in God; there is nothing less in microbes. The difference between one form and another can thus only be in the proportion of the three ingredients and their rate of vibration. This fact must be kept ever before the student if he hopes to learn his lesson.

So Nature started her egg, and endowed it with a certain portion of each of her three ingredients. But the very serious fact is apparent that Nature is perfectly indifferent whether the form lives or dies. It is so far only an energy endowed with intelligence, and manifesting through material whirls, which we call matter. It flashes into manifestation, or dies away into silence, but is there all the same in either case. In all but two of the eggs the energy had peeped out when examined on the fifth day. A few days later that particular form of energy had vanished from two score of those egg cradles. They had become caskets. The energy was still there, but now devoted to manufacturing the unpleasantness we call "rotten egg." We do not blame the incubator because we discover that the trouble was in the quality of the primal energy. The kettle in which it was cooked was insufficiently heated. The hen and the rooster were the kettle, and the heat of the furnace was devoted, at that time, to manufacturing feathers instead of chick. So Nature's deepest mystery is undoubtedly included in the correlation and conservation of energy.

The student next notes the further importance of this fact, that the parents were not in normal health. They had but little vital energy to impart. Some of it was certainly there. Just enough to come out from the eternal silence when the egg was held at a temperature of 102 F. But vital force must fight its own battle, and win by its own strength, or fail by its own weakness. That is Nature's law, so Intelligence can play but a very little part so far. The egg has its conditions and surroundings perfect, with matter and intelligence sufficient, but energy is too weak to maintain its foothold in many of these forms. So some fail day by day, finding no help in mere warmth. But so long as the life principle is apparent we discover that growth continues. We also note that as soon as there is form there is ego, and an ego must grow or subside. Growth is founded on the power inhering to every ego to attract just what it needs from the Cosmos.

The student tests his eggs every day, and perceives that the chicken is either advancing, or has given up the ghost. This continues until, even at the very last, he discerns some making a feeble but fruitless attempt to chip their shell, and break out into earth-life. The unthinker wonders why they died. But whatever the weakness there is intelligence manifest at every stage developing the unborn chick on the line of its parentage, till at last, with untrained skill, and pick by pick, it, if strong enough, severs its prison walls, and comes forth, a soul amongst other souls, to make conscious struggle for its daily needs.

We now turn back to the fifth day, when the lights and shadows showed us that the microscopic speck of fertility was struggling to effect a personality, and manufacture a selfhood. Here we begin to discover the value of the study we are making. Neither the inherent intelligence, nor even an array of guardian angels could overcome the weakness of the parental organism. We also notice that this energy we call "vital" manifests in several ways. We see it pervading the parent's organism as the "life," through which every physiological process is carried on. Each organ is an expression of this force, and as one gets more or less than its share we have what we call "sickness" or "health." And whenever there is a special demand for this energy in any one direction the entire organism becomes by so much unbalanced. And when every demand has been supplied, the question before nature is always, what shall she do with the surplus? Whatever the primal process out of which Creation is born the student has noted as a fact that each atom out of which form must be built is composed of what we call "matter," associated with this wondrous energy, and enough of intelligence to guide its movements. Its first manifestation is to choose its associates, and its individuality is shown as it groups into molecules and their aggregations, which presently appear as islands in an ocean of life.

So much is plain to the thinker who discerns like minded atoms coming and going as they build and unbuild organisms throughout the universe. He watches a form, whether it be

chicken or child, and sees this individual attraction which leads the coming atom to his daily work. Beyond that he perceives an intelligence which takes charge of the organism as a whole; moves it from place to place, and directs its specialized energy to two distinct ends. It first superintends the activity in each separate department, and, when all are in full activity, it suddenly makes one momentary outburst from every organ in the entire form. This becomes a volcanic effort which, if conditions permit, uplifts a new island from the ocean's bed, thus hurling as a thunderbolt a portion of its own divine energy.

Nature here reveals her deepest secret. Her energy is always associated with her matter and her intelligence. It is impossible to discover them unblended. Thought—which is intelligence in activity—can only manifest that activity by energy through matter. Thus "thoughts" are themselves "things" every time and everywhere. And in this outburst of which we are speaking we have the blended intelligence and the blended energy whirling out into the ether as a Creative Thought, compelling a new form after its own likeness. To our slow perception that mother form which we call "nature," is exhibiting a process termed "propagation." In reality it is Creative Activity, working precisely as when a new universe is thought into its babyhood. A chicken or a planet springs from a creative thought of Intelligence.

In any form the student chooses to study he will discover as a law or necessity of Nature that intelligence blended with energy whirls from the ether atoms which are each and every one endowed with precisely these same raw materials. And these atoms are ever mating or being mated into groups we call "molecules." The only difference he can discern between one form and another is in the several proportions of intelligence and energy working and manifesting through the little whirls of ether called "matter." The only difference between the chick, the man and the planet is in the proportion of the raw materials. Just a little intelligence with much matter, and we have the rock. As intelligence gains we climb by easy stages to the form of manhood. Presently intelligence gains yet more power. It goes on and sublimates. Then we call its expression "spirit," or, if you choose, "godhood."

Now comes the lesson of the incubator. We have in that egg on the fifth day sufficient intelligence and matter, but not enough energy to attract to itself from Cosmos the atoms which would upbuild its form. We thus learn as a positive fact that life itself is but intelligence expressing itself in matter by energy; and always as conditions will permit. Let us see what that means before we go further.

The student again notes that matter, force and intelligence are all there, whether in egg, planet or man, and that more or less of any one of the three determines the fate of form. Here is the egg with plenty of intelligence and matter, but lacking in energy. That energy, car, in some cases, be supplied by the sun's rays alone. In other cases the hen or the incubator supplies the vibratory force required in the form of heat. It is the combination of the three which constitutes vitality. Too little intelligence and the form, whether animal or man, becomes idiotic. Too little matter and the form is too weak for the battle of life. Too little energy and the form cannot even complete its fetal experience. But whatever the ultimate result we notice the struggle is that of an ego battling for existence. So far there is no more of mystery than inheres to Creation as a whole. Not a trace have we discovered of the still more mysterious "something" which the theologian calls his "soul."

So our fifth day chick apparently asked only for energy, which the student and the incubator were all ready to supply. Yet the poor fellow could not assimilate it, although offered in the exact proportion suited to his babyhood. So we see something was wrong in the other two factors. We have already noticed that there had been a memorable instant when the parent organism, in a creative outburst from every organ in its form, had propagated an offspring. But propagation is one thing, and success quite another. At the command of intelligence the effort was made, but it is an experiment every time. So much intelligence and so much matter must be contributed from every portion of the organism, in exact though microscopic proportions, with just enough energy to hurl it forth as an independent Ego. The intelligence, the matter, the energy are all the parent form can spare at that particular time, and good for the hour only.

Let us study this for a moment. We have already seen that the inherent selfhood of each atom is exhibited in its power of attracting other atoms after its own heart; and that each atom contains the mighty three, but in varying proportions. We now see that every atom is endowed with the glorious faculty of making mistakes, and thus gaining experience. So at a certain moment, atoms by the billion and the trillion swarm like bees seeking a new home. They have intelligence, energy and matter enough for the act of swarming, but the future of the new home depends upon whether they can find and attract outside atoms supplying just what is needed. But this law of attraction also demands a little study. We call it "like to like," but it really means that every positive must attract its negative, whilst attraction itself is but an expression of need by the blended Three, and is calling for more of each in certain needed proportions.

Now when we turn back to the father rooster, who is the hive from whence outrushes the swarm which is to be immediately embedded and incubated in the mother hen, we find in

this particular case an insufficient supply of energy for the outburst. It happens at this moulting season that the energy is almost all needed for feathers; and we have a right to assume that intelligence is similarly engaged. So we have an unseasonable outburst, lacking the very intelligence and energy needed to attract vigorous new atoms. The poor hen has still on hand a few "left over" egg globules, themselves less vigorous than if entirely normal; but it is these globules which now become the nucleus of the cluster which comprises the outgoing swarm. There is apparently plenty of matter, but an unusual supply of the other ingredients.

The curtain now drops on that act in Nature's drama. Nature, like many of her children, had tried to do the right thing at the wrong time. She has made her outburst, and her swarm has started on its attempt to found one more Ego. That swarm must now attract to its needs, or it will presently break up into individual atoms. But it must attract just what it needs or it will be feeble in certain directions. It has the entire cosmos to choose from, so we see that if anything is wrong it is in its own weakness of attraction. The student will notice the process. The swarm first attracts what it needs in the form of energy. But energy, like thought, is a "thing," and therefore atomal. Both the hen and the incubator present energy to the unhatched egg in the form of heat, which we all know is only a certain vibration of particles, capable of transformation as the movement changes. In other words, this energy is itself a blending of intelligence, matter and force, and it must supply just what the Ego is looking for or there will be trouble. It is at this point we reach the really interesting portion of our investigation.

[To be Continued.]

## Timely Remarks.

A circular which has come to the notice of your correspondent seems to indicate that Spiritualists as a body need a little conservative teaching on social problems. It sets forth the work of a "Sociological Press Bureau," which has been organized for the purpose of sending to the secular papers of the United States articles intended to counteract the influence of socialistic and anarchistic agitators among the people. Among the commendatory notices of the enterprise printed in this circular are testimonials from Henry Wood of Boston, who speaks of it as "a grand undertaking"; Judge M. A. Luce, postmaster of San Diego, Cal.; J. D. Spreckles of San Francisco; Hon. W. W. Bowers, ex Congressman from California, and Dr. J. M. Peebles. Your readers will doubtless be interested in the opinion of the latter. He says:

"I believe your work is needed in these disturbed times. While I perhaps would not sanction everything you might publish, I believe that the general trend of your work is good, and that it is needed among Spiritualists. We have some speakers who go out of their way to abuse the rich, and give utterance to sentiments of anarchy. Then we wonder why rich Spiritualists do not leave money to our societies when they pass out. Spiritualism is the philosophy of harmony, and it ought to harmonize the rich and the poor, not excite them to greater antagonism. Whatever may be said against trusts and syndicates, they have their sunny sides—they are akin to coöperation, and coöperation is a much higher state of social life than mere competition."

After reading the above, some of your readers may ask, "Is Dr. Peebles a plutocrat?" We often wonder why rich Spiritualists do not leave money to our societies. Is it chiefly, or even partly, because "We have some speakers who go out of their way to abuse the rich, and give utterance to sentiments of anarchy?" If so, we ought to know it.

Your readers may be interested to see a specimen of the literature which Dr. Peebles thinks is "needed among Spiritualists." It is by Rev. Solon Lauer, a Unitarian minister of San Diego, Cal., whose name is well known among readers of liberal and psychical publications. The article is entitled "Dangerous Doctrines."

## DANGEROUS DOCTRINES.

Though there are comparatively few persons in the United States who are painfully poor, there are probably several millions who think themselves so. They compare their possessions with the possessions of the wealthy, and their envy is aroused. They forget that wealth is not the only thing unequally distributed in this world; that power, health, wisdom, talent, virtue are also distributed with most emphatic partiality. They see this inequality of wealth, and, inflamed by the incendiary appeals of "reformers," they begin to complain, and to covet the wealth of their more fortunate neighbors.

"This belongs to us! It has been stolen from us by these robbers! It is right for us to seize it, to reclaim it!"

The conservative socialist advises to reclaim it by legislation; the anarchist, by force. Legislation moves slowly. The "Capitalist Press" impedes and hinders this "reform"; "Monopoly" guards Congress and State Legislatures, muzzles senators and representatives, rags the President; what can the poor people do?

"Voting is an illusion," says the anarchist; and at last the people are convinced. Then torch and musket, bomb and cannon, perform what ballots could not do; and the hell of revolution is at hand.

Underneath all the bloody revolutions of history, where the "people" rose and murdered the wealthy, and seized their goods, lay not alone the injustice of the rich to the poor, not alone the oppression of the weak by the powerful, but also this fallacy, this alluring

falsehood, that wealth is got by robbery, and hence may be reclaimed by robbery.

It matters little how "the people" may try to "reclaim" the wealth which they say has been stolen from them. Voting is the same as clubbing, when the principles of justice and right are forgotten. A mob is still a mob, whether armed with votes or muskets. Robbery is still robbery, whether effected with or without legislation as its sanction. The policy of most socialists is simply confiscation, robbery by methods which are no less criminal, though better sanctioned by public opinion, than the methods of the pirate. We hear much of the legal robberies of the capitalist class. Socialists are guilty of the same design, though still unable to carry it into execution. Power is not with multitudes of heads and hands merely. If these heads be empty, or half empty, they will get no real victory. What victory they may get by virtue of their number merely will prove at last but sad defeat.

## THE FRIENDS AND FOES OF THE LABORING MAN.

These statements will not be welcomed by all workmen, nor by their self-appointed leaders and guardians, who live by the labors of these same workmen. I hear the angry chorus of their voice. I see them shake their fists at the man who dares to tell them these unwelcome truths.

No, I am not your enemy, my good men. I would be your true friend and teacher. I would save you from your own folly. You are lighting torches which will at last burn your own hands; yea, your own homes. Your fierce boomerangs, hurled at the heads of these capitalists, swiftly return to smite your own unthinking pates. I would point you to your real enemies; and, if you must fight, fight them! You are blind or purblind, led by blind and fanatical leaders. Halt, or you will all stumble into the ditch together.

The guarantee of better times; for you, my friends, is in no manner of legislation, no sort of instituted socialism; but in the eternal Laws, which rule all things. These Laws will befriend you, if you get yourselves upon their side. Put away torches, muskets, bombs; burn your inflammatory papers, which do but bring the fires of hell into your hearts and homes; send your loud-mouthed orators to Africa, where, amid desert sands, they may harangue and mutually devour one another, to your relief and eternal salvation; and then do you begin to practice industry, economy, temperance, virtue, patience. Before you know it the Kingdom has arrived. I love you all, my brothers, but I will not flatter you. I will not join in your savage outcry against capital. I know your sorrow, for I have suffered most of them. I know the pinching grasp of poverty. I know what it is to labor and to wait. I know there are unworthy rich—fools, sensualists, clad in gay apparel, and dwelling in fine houses, feeding on the very essence of the world's products, but rendering to mankind nothing in return; slothful and vicious persons, living upon their patrimony, while you must earn your daily bread by the distillation of your very blood. I know that hunger and disease, poverty and squalor, stalk abroad in this great land of ours, and flaunt their rags in the very faces of these luxurious fops. But shall we, because of these things, shriek at Fate, curse Government, imprecate Capitalists, cry, "Burn! kill! destroy?"

## A Fact.

BY WILLIAM E. CUNNINGHAM.

I want to give your readers the particulars of something that occurred in Philadelphia some years ago. As three persons saw it, the fact is pretty well established. Across the street from where my family resided there lived a middle-aged widow whose daughters had positions to which they went daily, leaving the mother at home. She was an excellent housewife and kept everything scrupulously neat and clean, doing all her own work about the house, including the washing and ironing for the family. But she was extremely unsocial, never having anyone visit her and paying as little attention as possible to the few friends who came occasionally to see the girl. The old lady was suddenly prostrated on a bed of sickness and lived only a short time. As the preparations for the funeral were going on, my wife was looking across the street, as is usual in such cases. At the second story window, she saw what seemed like a mist, which thickened, and soon this old woman's face plainly appeared in the midst of the mist and looked right at her with an almost malignant expression, as if she resented the curiosity which prompted my wife to watch what was going on. As soon as she recognized the face she screamed and called my daughter and daughter-in-law to the window, and they both saw and recognized the dead woman's face scowling at them from across the street. If only one person had seen this, it might have been attributed to an overwrought imagination, but three persons would hardly be likely to imagine they saw the same thing at the same time. I could give names and about the date, but neither are material.

Louisa, Va.

We are in the midst of important changes in political issues and parties, and social and industrial conditions, and it is felt that a frank and friendly interchange of opinion on the part of thoughtful and serious men, may lead to united and efficient action in important directions.—Selected.

## Beethoven and His Deafness;

Or, Is Deafness Essential to the Hearing of the Higher Harmonies and Symphonies of the Soul?

Apparently, from Beethoven's case, we might conclude that deafness is an essential element (so to speak) to a higher hearing, or the hearing of higher harmonies, as Beethoven conceived, despite his deafness, the greatest music of any musician in the world; and besides, his best compositions were composed after his hearing was impaired; it is a fact interesting to note.

Assuredly, we may conclude that deafness does not forbid the hearing of the higher harmonies or the sublime symphonies of the soul. No, it does not. But the question remains, Is Deafness Essential to the Hearing of the Higher Hearing? Are we to acquire by degrees the hearing of a higher range of vibrations, only by becoming oblivious to ordinary sounds and vibrations? If thus, then, after all, deafness is not deafness, but a higher hearing.

Before considering the question of the point in question, let us examine the investigation of a recent scientist—the distinguished Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, President of the psychology section of the British Medical Association, the great organization of medical men which but lately held its annual convention in Montreal. Dr. Bucke is ranked among the most eminent physicians in Canada, and is a specialist in the employment of the Canadian government. Yes, let us examine his intensely interesting investigations anent the evolving of higher perceptive powers or senses—for it is no long haired dreamer who says this, no illiterate charlatan or sentimental proper in the dark, who in the rustle of every falling leaf fancies he hears ghostly footfalls on the boundaries of another world, but a hard-headed student of science—to cite the phraseology of a reporter.

It is a carefully-prepared paper, which he read before this distinguished body of learned men, that Dr. Bucke makes these startling statements as to the future of mankind, which are bound to create an immense sensation when they become generally known to the world. Nor is it in general vague wording that Dr. Bucke makes his astounding prediction as to the future of mankind. He states specifically what many of the evolved faculties of man will be.

The new race, he says, will use no language because it will need none. The interchange of ideas between individuals will be simply an effort on the part of each intellect without any manifestation physically whatever. As evolves an idea from an individual, his interlocutor will be informed instantly by means of a subtle telepathy, which even now is the gift in a more or less modified manner of many people who are but conscious of their immeasurable power in a vague way, and, in many instances, too timid and afraid of ridicule to acknowledge it or attempt to develop it. With future generations this gift will be come more and more frequent in individuals, and of intense and intense power, until this internal interchange of thought is at last as common as is now speech and writing.

And this is not all. People will be able to thus communicate with each other regardless of the distance separating them. At our room in Boston you will be able to converse with your friend in London or Paris as easily and freely as though he were by your side. And in a like manner with persons in the remotest regions of the world.

Nor will your powers stop there. You will not only be able to exchange ideas with intimate individuals many, many miles yonder from you, but you will be able to see them as clearly as if physically present to you—see them, see all their surroundings, and, if you choose, you may see what is transpiring anywhere in the world, whether or no you have any friend or kindred spirit there. There will be an end of eyes and ears, the gross physical channels through which sensations of ideas now must pass to the mind. They will go (so to speak) for they all will be useless—as useless as the mechanism of the voice, by which sensations and ideas are now conveyed from the mind outward.

The man of that day will be as different from the man of our time as the latter is different from the hairy, gibbering ape from which he originally sprang.

As the men of the early ages of the world were incapable of hearing, were incapable of smelling, were incapable of communicating their thoughts to each other, and possessed no sense of music, and could do nothing in fact but see, eat and fall asleep, and as by the process of evolution the descendants of these men—the people who inhabit the earth to-day—can not only see but hear, can detect the slightest odors, can communicate their thoughts to each other by various means, and can understand music, and be possessed of such delicate sensibilities as love and hate, anger and gladness, contempt and esteem, and by means of the appliances they themselves invented, can look into the very recesses of the body—with the X-rays—can examine with other appliances bacteria and bacteria, a million of which can find space to roam in a single drop of water, does it not follow, Dr. Bucke goes on, that the men of the future will not only possess the simple consciousness of these first men as well as the self-consciousness of the men of to-day, which allows them to do the comparative marvels they perform. But will not the race of the future also possess an entirely new and distinct sort of consciousness as vastly different and higher as the self-consciousness of present men is vastly different than the simple consciousness of their remote ancestors?

Continuing the elucidation of the subject, Dr. Bucke says the time is fast coming when the mind of each man will be illuminated by a new light. This light will come suddenly, instantaneously. At first it will not illuminate any man until he has reached middle age. Afterward, and by degrees, it will come earlier, until finally mere children will be endowed with what now seem supernatural gifts. By the aid of this new light will be done all the wonderful things above enumerated, and many more besides, which it is easy for the imagination to fill in. It is easy for instance to see that, with everything endowed with the gift of seeing and hearing everything that happens in the world, and with the power to hold instant converse with persons, no matter how far away they might be—it is easy to see that with that state of affairs there would be no need for telephones and telegraph lines, much less for letters and a mail service. Dr. Bucke, in fact, enumerates the non-necessity for these now great conveniences among the contingent blessings to come with the new order of things.

Although, as Dr. Bucke admits, it will take time for this new consciousness, this new light, or power, or whatever it may be called, to become universal; yet he says the process of the evolution is now going on rapidly, right here and now and under our own observation, if we had eyes to see and the thoughtfulness to consider and weigh the significance of the phenomena. He has himself, he says, within the last three years, observed and noted the cases of no less than twenty-three persons who had been illuminated with the new light, and who were able to apply to practical purposes the powers which the possession of that new light involves.

"Cosmic consciousness" is what Dr. Bucke calls the new light. It bears, only in a vastly greater degree, some such relation to the ordinary light of the average intelligence as the terrific power of the X-ray beams bear to the ordinary light of day. Mahomet, Dr. Bucke says, was doubtless only telling the truth when he said that he had seen into the highest heavens; and as for Dante, his "Beatrice" was simply another name for "cosmic consciousness."

Defining more precisely his term "cosmic consciousness," and speaking of its relation to what is known as telepathy, clairvoyance and Spiritualism, Dr. Bucke says: "Cosmic consciousness is not simply an expansion or extension of the self-conscious mind with which we are all familiar, but the complete superaddition of a function as distinct from any possessed by the average man as self-consciousness is distinct from any of the functions of the higher animals. I have in the last three years collected twenty-three cases of this so-called cosmic consciousness."

In each case the onset or oncoming of the new faculty is always sudden, instantaneous. Among the queer feelings the mind experiences, the most striking is the sudden sense of being immersed in flame or in a brilliant light. This occurs entirely without warning or outward cause, and may happen at noonday or in the middle of the night, and the person at first feels he is becoming insane. Along with these feelings comes a sense of immortality, not merely a feeling of certainty that there is a future life—that would be a small matter—but a pronounced consciousness that the new life now being lived is eternal, death being seen as a trivial incident which does not affect its continuity. Further, there is annihilation of the sense of sin, and an intellectual competency not simply surpassing the old plane, but on an entirely new and higher plane.

The possession by each member of this newly-forming race of the faculty for cosmic consciousness and its certain attendant powers will enable him to reach with his body and remain in those states which are now incorporeal and pass beyond phenomena: make him, being one, to become multiple; being multiple, to become one; endow him with a clear and heavenly ear surpassing that of present men; enable him to comprehend by his own heart the heart of other beings and of other men; to understand all minds; to see with a clear and heavenly vision surpassing that of men.

It is plain to me that telepathy, clairvoyance and so-called Spiritualism are little known phenomena which really exist and which will be enormously developed with the development of the mind, as I believe they are but attendant powers of this cosmic consciousness.

It seems to me certain that men possessing this cosmic consciousness in greater or smaller degrees are more numerous in the modern world than they were in the ancient world, and this fact, taken in connection with the general theory of psychic evolution propounded by the best writers on the subject, such as Darwin and Romane, point to the

conclusion that just as, long ago, self-consciousness appeared in the best specimens of our ancestral race in the prime of life, and gradually became more and more universal, and appeared earlier and earlier, until, as we see now, it has become almost universal and appears at the average age of about three years, so will cosmic consciousness become more and more universal and appear earlier in the individual life, until practically the whole race will possess this faculty. I say the whole race, but, as a matter of fact, a cosmic consciousness race will not be the race which exists to-day any more than the present is the same race which existed prior to the evolution of self-consciousness. The simple truth is that a new race is being born from us, and this new race will in the near future possess the planet.

The birth of a new race of veritable gods is not so far off as Dr. Bucke would have us believe, said Prof. Elliott B. Page, Supreme Secretary of the Theosophical Society of the World, and, with one exception, the oldest living theosophist in America. In its early stages of development it actually exists at the present day, and I am personally acquainted with hundreds of people in the United States to-day, each of whom is possessed of all or many of the remarkable faculties which Dr. Bucke says will by degrees come into the possession of the whole race.

Every human being who is living in the world to-day has within himself, to a large or small extent, the dormant ability to make his thoughts known to someone else without the use of spoken or written words; to converse mentally with someone else in a foreign city; to hear sounds of all kinds in any distant part of the world; to close his eyes and see things and friends in other quarters of the globe; to know the thoughts going on in a friend's mind, and even to know how someone else feels towards himself, either love or hate.

This is so-called intuition, and, although the human mind is now so highly developed that this latent power often attempts to break its shell, our present system of mental and social education are such that this wonderful faculty is thrust rudely aside; it is pounded back out of sight, and it is only seldom that the faculty can assert itself to accomplish any noticeable results.

But the time is fast approaching when a large convention of intellectual people will be called to compare notes on the progress of these new faculties in each mind, and this convention will be productive of surprisingly great results. I expect personally to see the day when the first of these conventions will be called, and I believe the social and mental revolutions which will surely follow these conventions for comparing mental evolution will turn the world completely upside down.

Dr. E. B. Foote, of Lexington avenue, New York City, who is the author of several well known medical works, says:

"I believe with Dr. Bucke, that an entirely new race of men is in process of evolution. The nervous system of man is becoming day by day more delicate, and as the man of to-day has a higher strung nervous system, and consequently finer sensibilities, than the man of the past, so the men of the future will have their nerves and sensibilities so refined that they will be a higher, better and happier race. I would call attention to the fact that while to-day little boys and girls not over ten years of age are frequently found to be able to take eight figures and multiply them at a single glance by eight more figures, in former times no child was capable of such a feat. This I believe is an indication of a growing revolution in the human mind, and I think the day will come when a child of fifteen or sixteen will know just as much and be just as capable of what now is counted a marvelous achievement as a Huxley or an Edison. That being the case, how much more will those children know when they get old, what astounding feats will they not be capable of performing?"

Accordingly, we find our question scientifically solved, and thus all cases of deafness are conclusively cases of higher hearing, unless it is precipitated by purely accidental causes, as in the case of cotton or corn in the ear. Further I may add that I am conscious from my own experience of a higher hearing. An instance occurred to the point of our question some time since, when I was dining in the evening at about seven, I was suddenly startled by the terrific whistling, apparently of two or three locomotives simultaneously, and to me so very vivid was the whistling that I inquired naturally if the others at the table heard it. No; they could hear nothing, nothing. The day following it transpired there was at this time terrific whistling between two locomotives in an adjoining town, about seven miles distant, just before they collided, causing one of the most disastrous of freight train wrecks.

Conclusively, beyond all doubt, such deafness is not deafness, but a Higher Hearing, as I hear what is not heard by others. Also, I am conscious even of the pulsations of the planet, at times, and the very vibrations of the winds. Clearly, a case of "cosmic consciousness," and not deafness.

Although, as a matter of course, it is exceedingly gratifying to me to find the greatest predictions in my book, "The Millionaire," amply and scientifically verified—it is not more so, than in my being corroborated in my conviction that my deafness was not "deafness," but a Higher Hearing.

And now to return to Beethoven, of whom we have conclusive evidence, that the greatest of his productions were written after he was attacked by his so-called deafness, that enabled him to hear and reproduce the Sublime Symphonies of the Soul, the vibrations of which he could not have been conscious had his ears been annoyed with the ordinary sounds of the world. Apropos, one of Beethoven's biographers declared that "his deafness... was not an un-mixed evil. It shut him into the realm of higher harmonies."

And this fact of higher hearing is one of the very reasons why the average being cannot comprehend these great musicians or their productions—and until they attain to this altitude of "cosmic consciousness," incomprehensible these musicians or poets will remain to them. Although all may admire or aspire in degree to enjoy the same, yet, as Emerson observed truly: "If I can hear what these patriarchs say, surely I can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature"—so, if we can actually comprehend or hear what these great musicians play, or poets say, we can go and play or reproduce the same, at our will. Hence "admiration," and "comprehension" of a great musician or poet, it is to be perceived, is an altogether different thing. Admiration affords aspiration, but comprehension gives power to reply in the same sublime voice.

Beethoven's playing was characterized by tremendous energy and individuality and unexampled rapidity, it is said. He was often criticised for his lack of clearness and purity, for mauling the piano, for over use of the pedal; but no one could ever doubt his genius when he sat down to improvise, or fantasize as he called it. When the First Symphony and the first trio appeared, the conservative critics declared that they were "the confused explosions of a talented young man's overweening conceit." The Second Symphony was called a monster, a dragon wounded to death, and unable to die, "thrashing around with its tail in impotent rage!" And of the Sublime Seventh Symphony, it was declared that "the extravagances of this genius have reached their non plus ultra, and Beethoven is quite ripe for the madhouse!" The fact that he was deaf gave additional point to the criticisms of his enemies, and the innovations that he made were regarded as the vagaries of an absolutely deaf man.

A few friends have fancied that I am Beethoven reincarnated, on account both of my deafness and genius for music, similarly. Although I am not positive of this, yet I am assured that Beethoven and his compositions I do comprehend, which is saying a vast world of words, and does not imply that I am able to interpret his music merely, but that I am also able to compose and improvise similarly. And this because we have discovered that deafness of this degree is not deafness, but the hearing of a higher range of vibrations.

Also the anti-noise societies that have arrived amongst us quite recently, to co-operate in their efforts to suppress all the din and nerve racking noise of populous towns is but an additive instance, that like straws, is showing us the direction of the planetary wind. (Attaining cosmic consciousness, or deafness to the inharmonious ordinary sounds of the world, the assistance of an Anti Noise Society is not required, for then all vibrations arrive to the esthetic ear as a great harmonious sublime symphony of the soul.)

Accordingly, we are behooved to keep abreast of the progressive pace of the soul's vibrations, and be verily wafted upon this wind into a Wisdom-World, if we will.

M. AUBREY HOBBS.

### Briefs.

BY KATE R. STILES.

The value of all phenomena can only be measured by their ability to stimulate the mind to a better understanding of the science of right living.

Hast thou an enemy? Make him thy friend. So hast thou gained a double conquest; for thou hast conquered both thyself and him.

Read such books as shall fill the mind with healthful thoughts, otherwise thou art no wiser than he who reads not at all.

In trying to keep the "Wolf" from thine own door, take heed that thou dost not drive him to the door of thy neighbor.

Not what others think of thee, but what thou thinkest of thyself, when thou viewest thyself in the transcendent mirror of the soul. Let this be thy criterion of action.

If the spirit of the Law be not obeyed, then, though there be outward conformity to its letter, there is no true obedience.

That which men call happiness is evanescent; but there is a peace of mind which may be abiding.

## MARION GOLDBORO;

OR,  
WHAT ONE WOMAN ACCOMPLISHED.

WRITTEN BY CARLYLE PETERHILL.

Author of "The Discovers Country," "Orcades," "A Psychical Novel," "May Ann Carter," "Philly Carriage," "A Romance," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XV.

THE IMP IN THE BLACK BOTTLE.

Marion entered, and Mrs. Fry whispered as she put her hand to her head:

"He has been striking me."

Marion sighed heavily. Could such a wretch be reformed? she mentally asked herself. How was it possible for a human being to fall so low?

The burly brute went to the table, and taking up a black bottle drank long and deeply.

Marion shuddered. It would be hopeless to appeal to his better nature now. She thought if he would but remain sober and in his right mind, she might reason with him; but reason could not reach the brain of one who was intoxicated. She had yet to learn that a hard drinker can stand a great deal of the vile stuff and still remain quite sensible.

His hand appeared to have the effect of sobering him, and his manner became more modest.

"An' so yer think," he said, as he sat down on the side of the bed, "that the rich an' honored Goldboro's old never h' companioned wi' the poverty stricken drunkard, Bill Fry? Aye, but I c'ld ha' bought an' sold yer father once. It was mesel', indeed, loaned him his first dollars to speculate with. I was a bartender in those days an' drank but a little, an' he an' I boarded in the same house. He was a clerk, and considered not at all above me. We often strolled together an' talked, as young men will talk, o' our future prospects. He said he meant to be rich. It was the one desire and aim o' his life, while I was a sort o' devil me care, thinking o' the present an' the pretty lasses. He told me that he wanted to invest money in some real estate, an' I loaned him a couple o' hundred or so, as he had no money to make the first payment; an' I loaned him the money readily enough. He paid me it back, every cent, at the time agreed upon, but with it he had bought the very building in which was the store where I was bar-tender; with the very money I loaned him he became my landlord. After a little he bought out the store, an' I was his bar-tender for years. All this time he was going up an' I was going down. He bought the stuff that ruined me, an' I sold it for him. He pocketed the money, an' I swallowed the gin; an' when his gin got the better o' me he kicked me out an' put another in my place; then down, down I went, an' up, up he went. At last he owned a dozen fine houses, stores. To be sure, they sold groceries as well, but each an' all kept a bar. Yis, me illigit lady, yer own father ha' made more drunkards than any other man in New York, to the best of my belief, an' he ha' reaped a rich harvest. Money was his God, men's souls—ah, yes; he used to say men had no souls—that we all perished like the beasts of the field when we cum to die. What think you now, daughter o' yer father?"

Marion's face had grown whiter than the face of the dead, and her eyes were an expression of anguish.

"Does my father own such buildings at the present time?" she asked faintly.

"Aye, hundreds o' them, an' many fine hotels, together wi' many gambling palaces, also plenty o' gambling hells. How else der yer think he got his millions? For his millions o' dollars he ha' ruined millions o' men, or at the least he ha' helped to."

"This is the first time I ever heard that my father had sold intoxicants."

"Oh, aye! He ha' never sold it in person. Oh, no; not he. But he ha' become the landlord o' every place o' the kind that he c'ld purchase for money, an' they ha' yielded him an immense revenue."

"But," said Marion, "all are free agents. None need become drunkards if they do not wish to. All men should see their faces against such a ruinous habit."

"Takin' thegither," growled the drunkard, "some men are weak and some are strong, but when ye set a thing afore a man day in an' day out, he sees nothing but men a-drinking an' men drunk, an' hears nothing but oaths an' ribald jests, an' he's not very strong in his own mind, he soon comes ter think it's o' no use to go agin it, an' so he yields, little by little, till the habit's on him, an' then horses can't pull him out on it. No, miss; if the devil wi' his horns an' hoofs, forked tail an' all, stood right here afore me now, an' p'inting to that bottle, said: 'Bill, I'll let yer go an' git inter heaven if yer won't drink any more,' I c'ldn't do it. I sh'ld jist hev ter take that bottle an' drink an' say, 'Here ole satan, take me. That bottle does it,' an' nothing can undo it."

Marion sobbed aloud.

"Yer do n't mean ter say that yer cryin' fer me?" Goldboro's daughter cryin' fer me?"

"Oh," sighed Marion, "for you and others like you."

"Der yer mean ter say," said the somewhat mollified drunkard, "that you—Goldboro's daughter—pity an' shed tears fer us poor wretches, or are ye only puttin' on airs? Yer father never taught yer ter pity us, I'll be bound!"

"I do not think that my father has the slightest idea that he has been the cause of anybody's misery. He has simply taken advantage or become an adept at buying and selling for profit, exercising good judgment."

But Marion's heart quailed with fear as she said it.

"Aha! aha! aha!" he roared, laughing at her. "Takin' advantage, Aye; there yer right. 'Takin' advantage o' other men's weakness. Der yer think 'cause I'm a drunkard I hev no sense? Does he try ter help ter make us better men an' better citizens? Does he take the pizen stuff away out o' sight o' his weak brother, or does he help ter lead us on wi' his glittering temptations?"

Marion covered her face with her hands.

"That's right. Cover yer face, Goldboro's daughter! Yer father's sins are fiding him out! What's thet thet good Book says? The childer suffer fer the father's sins even ter the third an' fourth generation? Cover yer face, Goldboro's daughter—an' that reminds me, where's my daughter? What hev yer done wi' my girl? Der yer think 'cause I'm a miserable wretch I don't love her? Where's my daughter, I say? My ole woman here said she'd gone to Goldboro's house, an' I struck her. How dare yer take my girl away from me? Who gave yer leave? The ole woman? I'm sorry I struck her though; but when she told me that my girl was wi' the man an' his family as ruined me it was more'n I c'ld bear."

"I took her," said Marion, "to be my own little sister because she was so helpless."

"Aye! she is a cripple—a poor, deformed hunchback! My poor little girl! It was the imp in that bottle as done it, not me. I loved her!"

"Oh!" pleaded Marion, "let her stay with me. I will do everything for her possible. I can make her life happy and comfortable; and this very day I shall engage an artist to teach her how to paint beautiful pictures. If you love your child let her stay with me."

"Aye! I love her. The imp in the black bottle made a cripple of her. How he wriggles an' grins at me now. But I'll have my revenge on him at last. Mary may stay wi' yer, but the imp says she can never be like other little girls. She must limp and wriggle for the remainder o' her life. Oh! if I c'ld but destroy the vile imp in the bottle."

"Would you like to destroy it?" asked Marion, a ray of hope finding its way to her despairing and puzzled mind, for she knew the man meant that he wanted to reform if he could.

"O, what's the use o' askin'? I can't destroy an imp! Suppose I git up an' smash that bottle, the imp sim jumps out an' bobs up agin at every turn I take. Might's well hev him in the bottle as ennywhere else. My ole woman thinks he's better there than in other places, an' cheaper. He don't ask me ter treat every man I meet when he stays in the bottle. He jist wriggles an' grins at me, that's all. The worst of it is, though, the big ole serpent himself crawls all over this bed an' winds himself all about me. D'n't yer see him? There he is now!"

And the poor inebriate struck madly at an imaginary serpent on the bed.

"I can't pen or bottle him up. He is the ole one himself, sure. He can talk. Don't you hear him talk? He says: 'Come, Bill, I want yer. Take some more from the bottle, and let us be chums!' an' if I don't mind him, he'll jist thrust his forked tongue in my face an' wind himself about me an' squeeze me till I hev to give in. There! don't yer see him? Look at him now! He wants more, I tell yer, an' he will hev it!"

And the poor wretch grasped the bottle and drank all it contained.

"There," said he, in a deep, guttural tone, "now he wants me to lay down wi' him, an' he'll wind himself about me so lovin'ly, an' we'll both sleep."

And the poor victim of delirium tremens threw himself prostrate upon the bed in a drunken stupor.

Marion looked at the poor wife and little, helpless children, then she thought of her own father, so kind it seemed to her that he could do enough for his family. O, why were these two men so different? They had both been in poverty in their youth—their positions in the world, at that time, had been about the same. As though Mrs. Fry had read her thoughts, Mrs. Fry said:

"Aye! but Willie was not always thus. A better not kinder man never lived than when I married him. Oh! but he was the fond lover, an' as handsome a young man as one would wish to see. It is the drink that has brought him to his ruin."

"Can we not devise a way to save him?" asked Marion.

"I don't know, my young lady; but poor little Mary thought if we c'ld live far away in some purty wild, where he c'ldn't get the stuff, he w'ld till the ground an' be

sober, an' industrious, and become a good husband and father. Oh! what a pity it is, Miss Marion, that one-half the world causes the ruin of the other half, or very likely is less than half that proper on the downfall of their brothers. It makes me think of me two boys; one is mild an' yielding, an' the other strong-willed, an' if I did not watch him close the strong-willed one w'ld follow his brother in his power altogether, robbing the little fellow of all his playthings, his pennies, in fact, everything that he may be so fortunate as to get; even his bread an' butter, or if he is so lucky as to get an apple or two."

"How does he manage to get the child's things away from him? Is he older and stronger? Does he take them by force?"

"Oh! not he, the little rascal. He is the younger o' the two, an' really not as strong as his brother, but they say he's shrewd—they call him smart. That is the way he gets the better o' his brother; but, Miss, I call him a cruel, dishonest, little rascal, an' I punish him often. Aye! I do that. Oughtn't he to love his brother, an' shield him wi' his better wit?"

"No doubt he is too selfish for that," said Marion.

"That he is," quoth Mrs. Fry. "He wants everything, an' cares not about his brother. The brother might starve for all o' him, an' it delights him when his brother is in disgrace."

"Can you not teach this boy to make better use of his wit and shrewdness—to shield and be kind to his brother—not taking from him more than his just due?"

"Ah! Miss, when I am scrubbing at the wash tub all day, with the father lying there as you now see him, I have no time to teach my children, an' I am that weary the most o' the time that I am glad to close me eyes in sleep when there is a moment to rest in."

"All men are brothers," said Marion with a sigh. Would that they were just and kind to each other, the stronger helping and shielding the weaker; and if one has more wit and shrewdness than another, he ought to use it for the protection of his weak brother. The woes of the world press heavily upon me," she said, as she arose to depart.

"Mrs. Fry, you will soon be ready to remove to the pretty cottage I told you about, will you not?"

"That I will, dear young lady; in three or four days at the most."

Marion felt too weary to visit Jennie's father to-day, but Jennie came from his room looking more cheerful than usual, and, entering the carriage, they were driven to the studio of a prominent artist, where arrangements were made for Mary to take lessons in the art she loved so well.

[To be continued.]

### The Passing of Emma Hardinge Britten.

On Monday, Oct. 2, 1899, at 10:30 P. M., English time, our dear sister, faithful worker, and noble champion, Emma Hardinge Britten, was released from the trammels of the flesh, after her long, useful, and arduous career as an evangel of the Gospel of Modern Spiritualism, as taught by the denizens of the Summerland through her lips for over forty years now past.

The worn-out casket, weary with the work and toiling of seventy-six years, was interred at Harpurhey County, Manchester, in the presence of the largest concourse of Spiritualists ever present at any similar gathering in this country.

For several years past our arisen sister has been debarr'd from active work, owing to physical inability. Yet, though confined to her home, the mind was clear, and the spirit dominant to the last. No faltering was there in faith or knowledge. No uncertainty in allegiance to our unseen ministers. She died as she had lived—a SPIRITUALIST in all things.

The incidents attending the actual interment were simple in the extreme. A brief service at the house, in the presence of Mrs. Wilkinson, the devoted and faithful sister, and some personal friends and a small company of intimates. The brief proceedings, conducted by Mr. John Lamont, followed by two short speeches by Walter Howell and the writer; then the removal of the body to the hearse, and the long procession of carriages moved off to the burial grounds. Each of the local societies in Manchester was represented by carriages and magnificent floral designs. A gathering of Lyceum children attended at the grave, and sweetly sang hymns suited to the occasion: an invocation by the writer, a brief address by E. W. Wallis, and a few appropriate remarks from our valued friend, John Lamont, completed the proceedings, and all that was mortal of our sister was then left at rest in Mother Nature's keeping. A plain oak casket, a service simple but heartfelt, the presence unofficially of many representatives of our national bodies—such the incidents that set their seals of dignified and loving approval on a life well spent and usefully fulfilled. A great personality has left us. To-day there is none to succeed her; hereafter there may be.

The contemporary of Edmonds, Partridge, Myers, Britten, Fishburn, Garrison, Lincoln and others of early American Spiritualism; of the Howetts, Hall, Galt, Wilkinson, Coleman, Bertolacci, Jones, Newton, Crossland, in our own early days she moved with the hosts who pioneered the work. Through the length and breadth of the United States, Australia, New Zealand; in Paris, London and throughout Great Britain, her wonderful voice and inspiration stirred countless hearts and souls to newer thoughts, leaving a train of light behind her wherever she moved. Author and editor, writer, speaker, musician, critic, versatile, but able in all, she was—and is—a worker of the highest order. Some day her biography will come before the world; then will it be seen how far short is this hurried tribute to her abilities, powers and worth.

The events incident upon the passing of our sister terminated on Tuesday, Oct. 10, in a magnificent mass memorial meeting in the large Co-operative Hall, Downing street, Manchester. The meeting was arranged through the desires of personal friends and fellow workers of our arisen sister. The hall was tastefully decorated with flowers, banners and appropriate mottoes. A fine choir of Lyceum children, under the baton of Mr. J. H. Locke of the Salford Lyceum, was also in attendance. The writer, as President of the National Conference and of the Lyceum Union, had the honor of presiding, and in his opening address gave an exhaustive account of Mrs. Britten's life and labors, from their commencement in New York City until their close in Manchester.

With a view to recognize the purely personal side of the occasion, the following resolution was moved by Mrs. M. H. Wallis, seconded by that veteran worker, William Johnson, and supported by Mrs. Ellen Green, to whom Mrs. Britten was deeply attached. Each spoke ably and with admirable suitability to the occasion. The following is the resolution, which was unanimously adopted by a silent and rising vote:

Resolved, That this representative gathering of Spiritualists, in Mass Meeting assembled to commemorate the life-work, abilities and noble qualities of our ascended sister, Emma Hardinge Britten, who departed this life on Monday, Oct. 2, 1899, desires to hereby extend its loving sympathies to Mrs. Wilkinson, the beloved sister of our arisen friend, and to assure her that



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proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

## The Condition of Spiritualism.

The standing of Spiritualism is an ever-present important question that deserves the thoughtful study of every Spiritualist who is truly interested in the progress of the Cause. From many sections of the country we learn of the revival of business in some particular directions, and are told that the meetings held in the name of Spiritualism are much better patronized than they have been for several seasons past. It is related of some societies that many old-time Spiritualists who have not attended meetings for many months, are now regular attendants, and doing all in their power to further the progress of the Cause. In some localities, people who have hitherto had no interest in Spiritualism, are now numbered among its ardent supporters, and are gladly identifying themselves with the work.

These signs of progress are gladly noted, and we are encouraged to believe that the present season marks the opening of a new era in the history of Spiritualism—the era of spiritual progress and permanent growth. In order to enter upon the new cycle successfully, certain things appear to us to require the immediate attention of the Spiritualists of America. First of all comes the financial question. Despite the increase in attendance, and the apparent revival of interest among the masses, the finances of many local societies seem to be at a very low ebb. Either the wave of prosperity in the business world has failed to reach the Spiritualists, or it has swept over them so completely as to drown out their interest in furthering the Cause to which they are supposed to be devoted. In order that the societies may do the work for which they were supposed to have been organized, they should be loyally supported by those who attend the meetings.

The members, each and all, have a work to do. If the financial burdens fall too heavily upon them, they should seek to increase the membership of the society, and thereby divide their load with those equally able to carry it. The revenues of every local society can be materially increased by means of entertainments, literary and musical, as well as by social gatherings on week evenings. Whenever a renewed interest in Spiritualism is apparent, Spiritualists should seek to interest all new comers in the society by making them feel at home, and then inducing them to unite with the society. No permanent progress can be made through desultory and sporadic effort. Devotion to principle and a sincere desire to place Spiritualism in the best possible light before the world should be the incentives that prompt Spiritualists to action. In order to obtain the best results, persistent, conscientious work must be done by all. The idea that one or two can do all of the work, pay all of the bills, and take courses or complaints for their compensation, has been the cause of the downward tendency of the spiritualistic movement. With the opening of the new era, there should be a consecration of both soul and pocketbook to the work of Spiritualism.

But, in far too many instances, there is a just cause for withholding financial support from the meetings held in the name of Spiritualism. The talent placed upon the platform is all too often such as fails to command the respect, much less the support, of intelligent people! If moral consideration count for nothing, then the managers of local societies have

no reason to complain when men and women of culture and refinement refuse to contribute to the support of the meetings. Then, the intellectual and spiritual status of the platform workers deserves consideration to a much greater extent than is now apparent. Coarseness in speech and vulgarity of manner may be indices of spirituality, and the avenues to intellectual unfoldment, but we all do not agree in so considering it. No intelligent man or woman likes to listen to nonsense from the pulpit, the political rostrum, or from the platform of Spiritualism. It therefore behooves local leaders to secure the services of men and women whose lives reflect spirituality, and whose brains and souls are sufficiently cultured to instruct those to whom they speak.

In this connection we venture a word to all Spiritualists, as well as to local societies. You cannot expect the ablest talent on the spiritual platform to work for nothing and find themselves! No man of ordinary intelligence can afford to deliver two lectures per Sunday and pay his own traveling expenses, for five, ten or even twelve dollars. His time can be employed at better advantage at his home, if he has one, or in listening to the inspiring thoughts of some of the advanced pulpit orators of the day. When Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Denton, S. B. Brittan and their coadjutors were upon the platform, they received fifty dollars per Sunday for their services, besides the expense of travel and entertainment. This salary enabled the speakers to live, without being compelled to toil in unspiritual pursuits the other six days of the week, and made it possible for them to go into the Silence to receive instruction and spiritual culture from the higher forces of the spirit. By drawing from these sources of supernal power, their inspirations were of a high order, and they fed the people morally, spiritually and intellectually.

We, therefore, feel that there is need of earnest effort on the part of all Spiritualists to increase the revenues of their organizations. Let each one bring in one new member, and then resolve to be as generous in his own support of the Cause as his means will admit. It is most unfair, and decidedly unkind to ask or expect one or two wealthy Spiritualists to assume the entire financial burden, and then have no voice in the management of the society. It is also unfair for those who give liberally of their money to feel that their wishes only should be consulted. There should be a division of labor in all directions, and Spiritualists of whatever rank or station made to feel that they are a part of the society through what they do to support it. The managers of local societies would find their meetings much better supported, if they gave greater care to their selection of talent for the platform. They would soon find the best to be the cheapest in the end, and the surest means to permanent growth. Permanency will come with settlement of speakers, and the establishment of educational work of a spiritual nature. If the present revival of interest is utilized, the finances of all societies can be increased, the platforms renovated, good mediums and speakers secured, and the way opened for the grand triumph of Spiritualism in the opening years of the twentieth century.

## Spiritualistic Theism.

The secular press, in its criticisms of the declaration of principles adopted by the delegates to the National Convention in Chicago, pronounces the position of the Spiritualists who sustain the same, to be more strongly Theistic than that of the Unitarians. We are inclined to feel that this criticism is fair and just. Mr. A. J. Weaver, in a brief but able talk before the Convention, showed the delegates the danger that the word *Intelligence* might be misunderstood. He felt that *Infinite Life* would have been a much better term, as it would be less likely to be construed as meaning a personality. Infinite Intelligence, although broad and comprehensive, is yet susceptible to misinterpretation by those who do not understand the teachings of Spiritualism, hence it would have been better to have chosen words that could not be misconstrued either by Spiritualists or their opponents.

The use of the word "believe" also helped to bring forward the Theistic idea, hence gives the outside world an opportunity to say that after fifty years of spiritualistic teaching, the followers of the cult can only say "believe," whereas they have long publicly contended that they knew whereof they spoke. The oneness of the Universe is in itself an unobjectionable theory. The idea that so-called matter is but the visible expression of spirit, which in its turn is subordinate to Life or Soul, in which all things are involved and from which all things are evolved, is to us the most rational explanation of the Universe. This is the highest and purest form of Theism or "Spiritual Pantheism," which is a more comprehensive expression. If the Chicago Declaration can be resolved into a support of this position, we fail to see how any rational Spiritualist can possibly object to being thus interpreted. Life has never yet been explained by any other hypothesis than that of Life. In other words, Life must proceed from Life, and the Universality of Life is the only rational explanation for the manifold appearances of finite forms of Life. Infinite Life involves all forms of Life, simple and complex, in itself, therefore the phrase "Infinite Life," or "Universal Life," would be a broader and more significant one than that of "Infinite Intelligence."

A gifted writer has said that he wants a creed that stretches. Spiritualism needs a declaration that is all inclusive—that can be expanded without violence to cover all conditions in life. The Chicago declaration is one that meets the requirements of the hour in a majority of instances, and it can be amended in the future by such additions and subtractions as will make it the perfect instrument desired. The English language is rich enough in words to enable the Spiritualists to find terms that cannot and will not be misunderstood by even the bitterest opponents of their movement. They will find them as time goes on, and will not hesitate to broaden their platform whenever they see that it is necessary to do so. By substituting *acknowledge for believe*, and *Universal or Infinite Life, for Infinite Intelligence*, the first five sections of the Chicago declaration, we believe, will be sustained by ninety nine per cent. of the Spiritualists of America. The sixth section can be made briefer by a simple amendment, to the effect that living and doing for others constitute the true life for all mankind. Be it Unitarian Theism, or Spiritualistic Pantheism, or what is to some more expressive "Scientific Theism," the step taken at Chicago was in the right direction, and will lead to splendid results in the near future.

## A Truth-Seeker Is Better Than a Fraud-Hunter.

The above terse aphorism speaks for itself, and is a most commendable maxim for all classes of people, especially for those who are hypercritically inclined. But the question at once arises as to what really constitutes a fraud-hunter. Is it he who all unwillingly is confronted with absolute evidence of falsehood and deception on the part of those whom he has trusted, and is forced by his conscience to tell the truth with regard to them? Is it he who, while honestly seeking for true messages from his spirit-friends, finds himself face to face with the veriest fraud? Is it he who, while hungry of soul and heavy at heart, yearns for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still"? Is it he who loves Spiritualism for its own dear sake, so deeply and truly as to desire that its every manifestation should bear the stamp of truth? If it means any or all of these, then we are willing to be classed with them.

If, however, it means the captious critic who doubts every person's honesty except his own; if it means the sneering cynic, who looks only through glasses colored by his own hatreds, at his fellowmen; if it means those who prefer error to truth, then we have no use for the professional fraud-hunter. But the professional fraud-hunter is a veritable *rara avis*; he is rarely found among Spiritualists, and only occasionally in the ranks of other intelligent peoples. Those who are called fraud-hunters by Spiritualists, ninety-nine times out of every hundred are really men and women of the purest motives and noblest of characters. In the same proportion they will be found to be earnest seekers for truth, hence conscientiously opposed to error. They keep their eyes open, and are never afraid to expose sin and wickedness through fear of hurting the feelings of the miscreants who do the evil. They always hate the sin, yet have a helping hand for the unfortunate sinner.

These so-called fraud-hunters are never hypocritical pretenders; they avow their principles without hesitation, and never hesitate to defend them. They are always open to conviction, hence never fear to follow the leadership of truth, and have the courage to unsay their opinions of yesterday because of the new light they have received to day. The people to whom we refer prefer demonstrated facts to wild theorizing and speculation; they accept reason rather than blind belief as their guide, hence have the ability to logically defend their knowledge of Spiritualism whenever they are assailed. This would indicate that they are truth-seekers in the best sense of the term, hence expositors of fraud wherever it is found. They dare to hunt it out of its dark lairs, and seek to place Truth in its stead. By all means let us have truth-seekers with courage to do the right, and the honesty of soul that dares to remove the cloak of apology from the hideous form of fraud. Then will the so-called fraud-hunters be shown to be the only genuine truth-seekers.

## Capital Punishment.

This relic of barbarism stands before the American people as a living issue of the utmost importance. It is impossible to have a civilized people so long as they permit the State to train its citizens to commit murder under the sanction of the law. The State as a hangman is a serious menace to human progress, and a heinous offence unto the angels. In a number of States the law-making bodies elected by the people will assemble in January to amend, repeal or enact such measures as they (and their political masters) see fit to pass. There are Spiritualists, Universalists, Unitarians and Liberalists in all of these States, and they should make themselves known to those whom they elected to serve them. See to it that measures are introduced into both branches of the Legislatures forever prohibiting legal murder. Follow up these steps with petitions containing the names of thousands of legal voters praying for the abolition of capital punishment.

Politicians respect numbers, and have a wholesome fear of the votes of the people. They should, therefore, be made to feel the full weight of public opinion. No truly civilized or spiritual man or woman believes in murder in any form. Enlightened peoples believe in human progress and culture, as well as in the arts of peace and educational unfoldment. To keep the State in the position of a murderer protected by law is an insult to intelligence and a step toward barbarism. Every lover of justice should array himself against the destruction of life, especially at the end of a rope, in the electric chair, or at the mouth of a rifle. Spiritualists of America, we appeal to you to act upon this important matter! Arouse your neighbors to a sense of duty, and work on until your respective States are freed from the stains made by the blood of your fellow-men.

The Legislatures will be in session on and after Jan. 5, 1900, and it is in order now to organize your protective leagues. Secure legal advice, the best that can be obtained, in the construction of the repealing act, and then see to it that the measure is properly introduced into both branches. Send in your petitions, ask for hearings before the committees having the matter in charge, and work for the right until the last vote is taken. You can aid civilization in its progress among men by working for this humane measure. Show your friends that homicides are less frequent in States where capital punishment is prohibited; prove to them by logic and reason that hanging is demoralizing; ask them to reflect upon the inhumanity of the death penalty, and then urge them to join you in your crusade against legal murder. *Do not delay!* Now is the time to begin your work for humanity. Let your rallying cry be, "Capital punishment must go," and you will be sustained by the angels in heaven, by your own consciences, and by the approval of all intelligent people.

The host of friends of our esteemed sister, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, will be grieved to learn that she has been very ill since her return from the Chicago Convention. We are glad to be able to announce that she has sufficiently recovered to fill her engagement in Lynn Sunday of the present week. Her address for the next two months will be 42 Smith street, Lynn, Mass.

Have you contributed to the Mayer Fund? If not, do so at once, as the offer only holds good to Jan. 1, 1900. By a united effort, twice fifteen thousand dollars can be placed in the treasury of the N. S. A. before that date. Reader, will you not help this good work by a generous contribution?

## Personal.

I take this method of expressing my sincere thanks to those of my friends whose united contributions procured the oil painting of myself for the National Association. It is, indeed, a high honor to be thus remembered, and I assure my friends that it was something of which I had never dreamed, and to which I have never aspired. It was a kindly thought that suggested it, and its successful completion places me under deep obligations to all who contributed to the portrait fund, and to the workers through whose labors this great surprise to me was made possible. I can only give my simple words of thanks to those through whom this honor has come to me, but I can assure them that their kindness has re-inspired me to labor with renewed zeal for our beloved Spiritualism. Their letters, so full of kindly appreciation, so expressive of trust and confidence, are precious mementoes to me. They prove the worth of sincere friendship, and are as healing balm to a bruised and sorrowing spirit. The portrait is theirs, but their letters are now mine, and have become present inspirations to do more for the Cause than I have ever done before for their sakes. To each and every contributor, and to those of the committee whose united labors produced this pleasant surprise, I return my grateful thanks. I shall never forget their kindness, nor can the true purposes of the committee, one and all, the depth and sincerity of their motives, the real value of their friendship for and interest in me, ever be misunderstood, forgotten or overlooked by me.

Gratefully and sincerely yours,  
HARRISON D. BARRETT.

## The Millenium.

"The millenium has come," joyfully said a wolf to a lamb, as the latter was taking a drink of water from a brook. "The millenium has come, and now you and I can be the best of friends. Come over here with me, and I will show you a nice shady nook where we may rest in peace together. You can easily jump over the brook and be perfectly safe." "Why don't you jump over here where I am?" inquired the lamb. "Wouldn't it be just as well?" "Oh, no," replied the wolf. "Your shepherd would mistake my motives and shoot me before I had a chance to explain, whereas you run no such risk by coming over here. Please come." "I distrust the millenium," observed the lamb thoughtfully. "It ought to be as much in force on one side of the brook as on the other, hence you can come to me just as safely as I can go to you. However, you may go and rest in shade and wait until I come." The lamb then tripped away in the sweetest temper imaginable. No doubt the wolf is waiting for the lamb's arrival unto this day.

The above fable is directly applicable to Spiritualism and its followers, with this difference—the innocent lamb often goes with the wolf to rest in the peaceful shade, and is there devoured ere he realizes that he has been hypnotized by a base deceiver into a belief in a condition that does not exist. When the lambs tell the tricksters to go and rest in the shade until they come to them, it will be a good thing for Spiritualism and a sure sign that the millenium is really approaching. To-day far too many lambs are anxious to kill their shepherds in order that the wolves may come into the very heart of the flock. Banish credulity, deception, flattery and greed, and no wolf can ever enter your household to feast upon innocence and virtue.

## The Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association.

The friends of this progressive body have every reason to feel proud of the work of the quarterly convention held in Lowell on the 8th inst. Every speaker and medium took high ground and maintained the position assumed by logic and sound reasoning. Living reform issues were heartily endorsed, and Spiritualism was made to stand for the mental, moral and spiritual improvement of man while in the form. The effect of this meeting cannot be otherwise than beneficial to the Cause throughout the State, and will, we hope, induce many to unite with the Association. The annual meeting of the Association for the election of officers and the transaction of other necessary business will be held in Boston the first Tuesday in January, 1900. Every Spiritualist in the State should become a member of the Association before Jan. 1, and be present at the Convention. A report of the Lowell, Mass., meeting will appear in our next issue.

## To Indiana Spiritualists.

If the Spiritualists in Indiana will correspond with the Secretary of the National Association at once, they will learn something to their advantage with regard to missionary work in their State. This means cooperation of a practical kind between local workers and the national body. If Spiritualists are desirous of having missionary work of a high order done in their midst, it is only fair that they should make the fact known, and unite in an effort to give the missionaries a hearty welcome when they come amongst them. This will apply to all sections as well as to the State of Indiana.

## Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

The public declaration of her belief in Spiritualism by this well known friend of humanity and advocate of progressive thought, will be a pleasant surprise to her thousands of admirers among the Spiritualists of America. Her experiences are certainly sufficient to prove that exorcinate intelligences are ever with her to guide and protect her in her work. She has been the instrument through which much light has been conveyed to the souls of thousands of people, and the courageous acknowledgment of her belief in Spiritualism will induce many others to do likewise. It is noticeable that Mrs. Livermore qualifies her acknowledgement of her conversion, by disclaiming any sympathy with or in those who misrepresent Spiritualism through questionable phenomena and yet more questionable lives.

Spiritualists will have at least one friend in the next Congress, in the person of Hon. A. Gaston, President of Cascadaga Lake Free Association, who is a member of the House of Representatives from the Twenty-Sixth Congressional District in Pennsylvania. Would that they had scores of friends equally able and devoted, in both the House and the Senate, and in every State Legislature throughout the nation. Medical legislation and other iniquities would be less prominent than they are now. If Spiritualists will but cast their ballots for men who will truly represent them, they will have no trouble about class legislation.



Mrs. A. M. Glading.

This well-known worker in the spiritual vineyard took leave of earth on Tuesday, Nov. 7. At the early age of fifty-eight her life-forces were spent, and she was compelled to surrender the burden she could no longer carry, that she might take a well earned rest. Her hands had become too feeble to longer serve the loving influences from the higher life, and so she reluctantly turned away from her duties as a helper of humanity, smilingly faced the "great reality," and went to her immortality to meet the reward of her more than twenty-years' labor in behalf of Spiritualism.

When a young woman in the full strength of years, the angels called her, and she went forth to do their bidding. Hers was a mission of the noblest import. She was to be one to help remove the fear of seeming death from the minds of men, through the demonstrated fact of spirit return. In all of her years of labor, self was her last consideration; the weal of others and the good of Spiritualism were foremost in her thought, and nobly did she strive to fulfill her mission. Wherever there was sorrow and suffering, there she sought to send comfort and healing; wherever bitter grief and stony-hearted despair were manifest, there she sought to give the assurances of Spiritualism that joy and peace might be the heritage of those who mourned. Her heart was full of compassion for those in darkness, either as spirits or as mortals, and she ever strove to release them through the shining light of spiritual truth.

She knew full well the blessings of Spiritualism, and loved her religion with all of the ardor of an intense nature aflame with the noble desire to add something to the happiness of the world. She felt that Spiritualism was the one reform that would ultimately bring in the rule of right on earth, hence she zealously labored to build its temples in the hearts of its followers. She felt that unity of effort was the key to success, and argued that as the angels cooperated with mortals to prove that there was no death, so should mortals cooperate with one another, as well as with the angel helpers, to spread that glorious truth broadcast over the earth. She, therefore, worked for organization, and for the establishment of strong local State and National Associations as the mediums through which Spiritualism could be advanced, and the rights of Spiritualists protected.

Her guides found in her a willing faithful servant, and she ever strove to repay their trust in her with trust in them. "Hoolah's" words have given comfort to many an aching heart, while the other guides, in the private circle-room and from the public platform have voiced words of assurance and instruction to those who were anxious to know of the future. She was ever grateful to the unseen intelligences who aided her, and was never ashamed to acknowledge mediumship. Wherever she labored in the United States she made friends, and kept them, and led many inquiring souls into a conscious knowledge of life beyond the tomb. During the last years of her life she was called upon to endure much physical pain, and once submitted to a dangerous surgical operation that she might complete her work on earth. She bore her suffering without a murmur of complaint, and toiled on despite her agony, in behalf of her religion, and for the good of her fellowmen.


At last her strength was exhausted, and the physical could endure no more. She made ready for the journey from the world of sense to the realms of the spirit, and faced the hour of transition with a radiant smile. Without a tremor of doubt, without a misgiving, she passed through the gate of seeming death unto the Eternal City of Immortality. She went forth alone with face illumined to meet the struggle, and became grandly victorious in the contest. The news of her transition will be a painful shock of surprise to her thousands of friends, who, while regretting the loss of her physical presence, will yet rejoice in her newfound freedom from the suffering that has so long been hers. With her, death has been swallowed up in Life, and she lives again in the home of the soul. We join with her many friends in extending sincere sympathy to her stricken household and to her other relatives and associates, upon whom the blow falls most heavily. The funeral services to which reference is made in another column, were held on Thursday, Nov. 9, at Lee's Undertaking Parlor, in Washington, D. C., where the remains were cremated, according to her request. A worthy worker has gone home. Peace to her memory.

Spiritualists of Massachusetts, are you in love with the compulsory vaccination law that is now being rapidly enforced in your midst? Do you like to have your bodies poisoned, the health of your children undermined at the command of a medical oligarchy? If so, then make no protest against the iniquitous measure, and take no steps to secure its repeal. Compulsory vaccination has been abolished in England, but Republican America yet believes in depriving people of their liberty, their health and their lives even, under the sanction of the law.

Elections are over, and there will be a little less politics in the columns of the secular press for at least four or five months. Then comes the presidential contest, and during the season of 1900 the nation will be completely immersed in politics. Every Spiritualist should acquaint himself with the issues of the day, and cast his ballot for the principles he deems right and just.

# Dr. Greene's NERVURA

## BLOOD NERVE REMEDY



**Makes Healthy Happy Homes**

No home is happy where parents or children are sick or out of health. If you would enjoy happiness, seek health for yourselves and children. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the greatest and surest restorative of blood known. It gives health to the old and young. It is perfectly safe to give to infants or children of any age, being made from pure, harmless, vegetable remedies, wonderful in their health restoring and curative powers.

W. H. SIVITT, 142 Lewis St., New York City, says: "I was nervous for four years so that I could do nothing. I could not eat or sleep or do my household work. I read to much in the papers about Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy that I thought I would try it. After the first bottle I felt relieved, so that I used a couple of bottles more, and now I am all right again. I thank Dr. Greene's Nervura for the good it did me. I have two little girls who were sick, weak and run down, whom I gave Dr. Greene's Nervura. It did them a much good that I cannot be thankful enough. It made them well and strong again, and they are now, thanks to this wonderful remedy, healthy and vigorous."

Why do you not write Dr. Greene, 14 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., about your child? Consultation free.

Oct. 14.

Election is over. The members of the State Legislature are elected, and it now remains to be seen what they will do with the medical question when it comes before them. Those Spiritualists and Liberalists who voted their party tickets regardless of the position of the legislative candidates upon this important issue, will be responsible for any legislation that may be had in this direction. They will yet learn that principle is to be preferred to partisanship.

Mrs. Amanda Bailey wishes to announce to her friends that she has been in the Salem Hospital since Aug. 22, and during that time has lost the use of one eye. Her hands, feet and legs are partially paralyzed, and she is perfectly helpless. The sympathy of the many who know and love her will be extended to her in her sad condition.

We are pleased to announce that our good friend, Dr. E. A. Smith, of Brandon, Vt., continues to improve in health. He is now able to be out of doors, for the first time in several weeks.

**The Golden Echoes.**—This little new song book has found its way into many homes, and its beautiful songs have cheered many broken hearts, as they are sure to do when heard and sung. It is to be hoped that they may be heard in every home in the land. For sale at this office. Price, 15 cents; \$1.50 per dozen.

### Card of Thanks.

The undersigned wishes to return her thanks to the very many dear friends who expressed their kind sympathy to my dear mother and myself at the hour of sorrow at the passing to higher life of my father, Mr. William D. Crockett; also to the many, many dear friends for their sympathy extended to me during the sickness and since passing to spirit-land of my mother; also to the friends who sent the many beautiful floral tributes and to the editor and publishers of the BANNER OF LIGHT for the tender words of comfort expressed through the columns of their paper.

SARAH P. CROCKETT-BILLINGS.

### Mrs. Lydia A. Crockett

Passed to spirit-life at her home, 65 Wayland street, Dorchester, Mass., on Nov. 5.

Mrs. Crockett was born at Sandwich, N. H., in 1821. Her father was Ivory Lord Luckins, a wealthy gentleman, owning a very large saw mill in the town of Sandwich on Bear River. The family mansion, which is still standing, overlooks an immense tract of wooded property on which grew the largest pines in the State, called the King pines. The scenery was alike grand and beautiful, with mountains lifting their heads to the skies and brooks and rivers flowing through the valleys. Here was born one of the loveliest and noblest of women. It is any wonder that her idealism was large, and that her whole life was filled with the broadest and sublimest of thoughts? In her every-day life the ideal life was made manifest. The outward was only a reflection of the soul within. How many hundreds of the heavy-laden and weary ones of earth did she comfort, and how many in sorrow and trouble did she advise? Only the angels of God really know. Always true to principle, and never swerving from the pathway of right and duty; one nearest to her life has said, "If she ever did wrong by thought or deed I do not know it." What better eulogy could be given than these words?

Freely did she give of her means to those who needed help the most. Never did one in sorrow need go away from her empty-handed. Truly may it be said, in the highest sense of the term, she was a Spiritualist. Both she and her noble husband, Col. W. D. Crockett, were for many years staunch believers and supporters of the Spiritual Philosophy. She was the first to believe in spirit return, but very soon after her husband, after much thought and investigation, embraced the tenets of this demonstrated religion. For many years both of them were earnest workers for the advancement of the Cause, especially at Onset. They have

always taken and read the BANNER OF LIGHT. Col. Crockett at one time was connected with the printing department of this paper, the late Lewis Wilson afterwards taking his place.

Mrs. Crockett was a woman possessed of rare spiritual gifts, being very sensitive in her feelings and quick to perceive and accept new truths. She was cultured and refined in all things; she loved to surround herself with beautiful works of art. Above all the works of nature she loved delicate tinted flowers, and was given the beautiful name of "White Rose" both by earth-friends and by spirits. One bush grew in the garden that was tended with most loving care by the devoted husband because it was that most exquisite of all flowers, the white rose. The flowers of this one bush were always gathered by this loving hand for her whom he loved so well. He passed to spirit-life on Aug. 5 at 12 o'clock, and she on Nov. 5 at 6 o'clock.

It was almost painful in the last months to see her sitting and mourning the loss of her loved companion; longing to go, eyesight failing, dreading the long and dreary winter that was coming. She longed to go, yet lingered because of the love and pity for the poor lonely child she must leave behind. Through all she heard the husband calling her, and knew that he and her sons, and all the many friends and relations were waiting for her spirit's release. On the 23d of October she fell to the floor, and from that day lost the use of one side; she retained consciousness until shortly before her release. Just before her departure she opened her eyes, gave her daughter a beautiful and loving glance, turned her eyes toward her only sister, Mrs. David Ayers of Malden, and then closed them forever upon the scenes of this life, to open them upon the infinite glory, peace and joy of the eternal life. The funeral was conducted by the writer at her late home on Tuesday, Nov. 7, assisted by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. The Ruggles Street Quartet furnished most appropriate music, most artistically and touchingly rendered. The floral tributes were very elaborate and very beautiful. Upon her face, as she lay in the casket completely covered with flowers, was the smile and peace of heaven. After the service was over, and some of the friends were gone, by special request of the daughter, Mrs. Sarah P. Billings, Mr. E. Warren Hatch, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., and Master C. L. C. Hatch, gave a heart-felt rendering of "Only a Thin Veil Between Us." This most appropriately closed the services over the earthly remains of one whose life was spent in doing good. May angels cheer and comfort the daughter, sister, and all other friends and relatives that remain. GEO. A. FULLER, M. D. Greenwich, Mass., Nov. 11, 1899.

### Memorial Services in Honor of Mrs. H. E. Lepper.

A memorial service as a tribute of recognition of the life service given to humanity by Mrs. H. E. Lepper, whose transition to the higher life occurred Oct. 9, ult., was held in Odd Fellows' Hall, St. Paul, Minn., on Sunday evening, Nov. 5, 1899, under the auspices of the Lincoln Band Liberal Spiritual Society, which was organized by Mrs. Lepper, and of which she was the President at the time of her death. The service was largely attended. The floral offerings were exquisite in color and perfume. They were placed upon the table and platform in great profusion by different friends as a fitting tribute of their regard for Mrs. Lepper as their devoted friend and teacher while in earth life. The meeting was presided over by O. W. Smith, now the President of the Society and its regular speaker. After singing by the audience, and an invocation offered by Mrs. Tryon, of Minneapolis, a few introductory remarks were made by the President, which were followed by the reading of an original poem, composed for that occasion during that day by the eldest daughter of Mrs. Lepper, Mrs. E. Gertrude Smith, the inspiration of which was based on the oft-expressed wish of her mother while in earth-life that she might look beautiful in the sleep of death. The poem, which was a spontaneous outpouring of the soul of the daughter to her spirit-mother, was feelingly rendered, and brought tears to many eyes in the assembled audience. The poem, as given, is as follows:

"TO MOTHER."  
"I want my body, when I pass away,"  
Many times we have heard you say,  
"To look beautiful, that my friends may see  
How grand and lovely Death can be."

Your wish was granted, precious mother,  
And our grief we tried to smother;  
Because we well knew if you were near  
Our agony would grieve you, dear.

We stood and gazed on your lovely face,  
Where Death seemed all lines to efface,  
Leaving you looking both young and fair  
Lying with roses in your hair.

Still, calm and peaceful, and with a smile  
That spoke of triumph all the while,  
Mother, how could you smile on us all  
When you yourself seemed past recall.

Floral tokens lay all around you,  
From friends and loved ones loud and true,  
None were more lovely, none could compare  
With your calm sweet face lying there.

Dear mother, our souls cry out to thee,  
No light through the darkness we see,  
We long to have you as of yore;  
To feel your tender clasp once more.

In this dark hour of heart-stricken grief,  
Will there not come to our relief  
Some sweet token of your love and care,  
Some precious word from over there?

The answer comes like a chiming bell:  
"Be patient, dear ones; all is well."  
When blinding tears no longer start,  
In the depths of your soul you will hear  
The sound of my voice, soft and clear.  
I will crown your life with blessings sweet,  
And make your happiness complete.

"Yes, soul to soul, through earthly strife  
I will guide you to a higher life,  
You will feel my loving arm enclose  
Now, and always, everywhere."

The President then declared the meeting to be an informal one, and invited brief appropriate addresses from the assembled friends and co-workers of Mrs. Lepper, and in this invitation was responded to in a most fitting manner by Mrs. Tryon, Mr. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Whitwell, Mrs. Sauer, Mr. Simonson, Mr. Francis, and Mrs. Moore, who all spoke in the most

laudatory terms of the past work of Mrs. Lepper as a teacher, healer, and inspiring worker for humanity, and the upbuilding of true Spiritualism in its best and purest, that as such it might come with tidings of great joy to hearts grief-stricken by the hand of death. President S. W. Smith closed the meeting by an earnest short address, setting forth the ends and purposes sought by the "Lincoln Band," whose leadership had now fallen upon him so unexpectedly, claiming the mission of the society to be that of educating the people to higher and purer ideals of living, and teaching the unfoldment of the spiritual nature, which is the divine heritage of every human being. He made a strong appeal for both moral, personal and financial support of the society in its future work, believing that the ardent President will still retain a spiritual leadership of the organization, which will continue to hold regular Sunday evening meetings in Central Block, corner of 6th and 7th streets, St. Paul, where seats will be free, and everybody is invited. O. W. Smith will give weekly lectures on spiritual topics.

### International College of Metaphysical Research.

Soon after Mr. W. J. Colville announced his intention of leaving America for Europe for a season, some of the members of his class, and friends, expressed a wish that some means might be devised by which they could still have the benefit of his discourses as delivered from a London platform. Since thoughts are prone to become things or facts, this desire soon found a feasible answer. By Mr. Colville's cooperation an arrangement for so doing was made. At an outlay on our part of a sufficient sum to cover actual expense only, he will have a weekly discourse typewritten and correct if, then mail the same to us in Philadelphia.

In order to carry out this plan, on the 31st of October, 1899, in the Universal Peace Rooms, 13th and Arch streets, twelve members of his class in Metaphysics voted themselves an organization with the above title, and elected Mr. W. J. Colville their President. Dr. W. H. Walling, of 1427 Vine street, officiating as First Vice-President, Mr. Daniel Litter, of 140 North 44th street, Treasurer, other officers of an executive to be provided for at a future date.

A member of the Universal Peace Union and an associate member of its organ, the Peace Maker, by the generosity of both his voice and pen—Mr. Colville did great service during our Peace crusade previous to and after the late conference at the Hague. A fearless advocate of peace on high ethical principles, he purified the atmosphere of many a hall by calling a halt to the rampant war spirit—war at home as well as abroad, war in the human heart as well as on the battlefield. In sympathy with the Social Purity Alliance, he made bold and frequent onslaughts on vice and immorality, more however by emulating virtue and by depicting crime.

On the question of equal suffrage Mr. Colville had but one voice—equality, equity and justice for men and women before the law; for the oppressed, one creed only—help humanity—for all that is human is of one blood; for the negro suffering against race prejudice he preached the self-evident fact that whatever affected one individual weighed heavy in the balance either for or against all mankind. That the "White Man's Burden" was a burden for every man to carry for some time, for which neither color nor position could make any true distinction. In organization, his prompt and decisive action always showed forethought as well as consideration for others.

To maintain the purpose of our organization we intend to seek all discoverable truth fitted to our understanding either from the fields of science or inspiration of the pulpit, realizing that a great flood of new light is overshadowing the civilized world, dispersing superstition and ignorance, and that God's love and wisdom are beginning to be better understood and appreciated. It is the intention of our organization to have Mr. Colville's articles read and discussed at weekly meetings, as well as all side issues tending to the upliftment of humanity.

The first stated meeting took place at the office of Dr. W. H. Walling, when Mr. Colville's paper, "Divine Science," entertained and instructed those present. Our next meeting will take place at 419 N. 33rd street, by invitation of Mrs. A. A. Buchlew, Nov. 9. We hope at no distant date to formulate a constitution and procure a charter, as looking into the future, opening class-drills or quizzes, thus securing individual ideas and more perfect concentration of thought. We most cordially invite the cooperation and extend a welcome to all persons alike interested with ourselves to this all important effort on the lines of human development; not for pleasure alone, but on the call of philanthropic usefulness.

REBECCA MORSE, Sec'y.

### A Pleasant Anniversary.

The twenty-ninth anniversary of the control of spirit "Lulu," and her work through her medium, Mrs. M. A. Brown, was recently held at 184 Columbus avenue, Boston. About twenty friends were present to extend greetings and good wishes, and as usual found Mrs. Brown and her husband, J. B. Brown, genial hosts. A poem appropriate for the occasion, written by Mr. Everett Hastings, was read, and was well received. Readings were given by little Wilhelmina Hope, Fern Foster, Mildred A. Rich (Mrs. Brown's little niece), and Rosa Goldstein; also, a piano solo by Lillian Goldstein. Lottie Weston and Iona Stillings rendered piano solos. Vocal selections were given by Floyd Sibley and Clara Weston. Mrs. M. J. Butler made some very interesting remarks, as also did Mrs. Jennie Miller and Mr. Jackson. Refreshments were served during the evening, and a pleasant social hour passed, during which many old acquaintances were renewed and new ones made. At a late hour the friends dispersed, leaving not only substantial remembrances to "Lulu," but best wishes for her medium and family.

During the evening "Lulu" spoke very feelingly of Mrs. William A. Hale (Mrs. Brown's sister), who has been dangerously ill from the effects of a very critical surgical operation, and expressed the pleasure of her many friends over her improvement.

### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home in Fitchburg, Mass., Oct. 23, Mrs. SOPHIA S. APPLIN, aged 91 years and 22 days.

After a long and tedious illness, while sitting in her chair, as she had been unable to lie down for many months, our venerable and esteemed friend quietly fell asleep to awake in that other life which was so familiar to her. Mrs. Applin has been a Spiritualist since 1854, and owned the first cottage which was built at Onset, and has always been identified with the interests of that place since its settlement as a Spiritual camp. She was also a subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT since its first publication. Her life was very active and useful until disabled by the infirmities of age and disease. Her daughter, Mrs. Elvira Loring, who has ministered unto her so tenderly during her long illness, survives her, but she will be comforted with the knowledge which has been hers for many years. Other near and dear relatives testified their love and appreciation of their arisen friend by many beautiful floral tributes. Mrs. Applin made all her funeral arrangements, and they were carried out according to her wishes. The services were private, being attended only by relatives and most intimate friends. They were conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. Juliette Yeaw, while solos were rendered by Mrs. Mayne and Mrs. Young. CARRIE F. LORING.

### Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Henry H. Warner, lecturer and medium can be addressed for engagements at 208 North St., Boston. Would like to hear from Western and Southern societies.

## Wonders That Are Being Performed AT A DISTANCE.



DR. PEEBLES, since devoting himself personally to the interests and welfare of his patients, is performing some wonderful cures, perhaps more remarkable than those of former years. He does not claim to possess gifts which none others have, but he does claim to possess some advantages over most of his contemporaries—he is certainly curing hundreds of cases where all others have failed. He claims his great success in treating chronic diseases is due to several factors, an important one being his vast experience, having had over half a century's actual experience in the treatment of these diseases.

### Psychic Diagnosing.

DR. PEEBLES is admittedly one of the greatest Psychic Diagnosticians living. He is able to definitely locate the seat of your disease. The causes, conditions and effects he reads as clearly as if each organ and tissue were before him. Too much importance cannot be attached to a correct diagnosis. It is necessarily the foundation for successful treatment. The result of treatment based upon a wrong diagnosis is simply chance; even worse, it is an experiment. How many of the physicians who have treated you really understood your case?

### Psychic Treatment.

The Egyptians and Assyrians appreciated, perhaps more fully than we, the efficacy of the "Soul-Cure" of diseases. They were psychics under other names. Their histories contain numerous examples of astonishing wonders performed by those possessing these spirit gifts. Who can limit spirit and spirit power? But, as the regular medical profession grew stronger, it became so proud, so strong and tyrannical that, together with scoffing and legislation, it caused to be abolished all forms of mental, magnetic and psychic healing. But the time of reckoning has come. The regular M. D. who has become too proud, too much of a bigot to investigate and make use of the psychic laws of healing, finds that patients he has treated unsuccessfully and pronounced incurable, are being cured by the irregular physician who has the courage to investigate and use, in conjunction with his medical knowledge, the laws of the higher arts of healing.

### Magnetized Medicines.

He uses only the mildest medicines, these being preparations of roots and herbs. Drastic drugs and poisons he has totally abolished. The remedies for each patient are magnetized and vitalized by the Doctor himself before they are shipped. In this way his patients get the benefit of his healing and life-giving magnetism. He makes no exorbitant claims, but could print hundreds of testimonials of so-called incurable cases.

Locke, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1899. Dear Doctor—Your medicine has helped me, and I can truly say that I do not think I should have been alive to-day if you had not helped me. All my friends say so too.

Very truly yours, ALMA HALLADAY.

Putnam, Conn., Nov. 3, 1899. Dear Doctor—I continue to gain in strength, and am feeling so much better than I did in July, am like another being. I do not think I can ever repay the debt I owe you in this respect. Your patient, Mrs. L. N. DRESSER.

Millers, N. Y., Nov. 3, 1899. Dear Doctor—I can feel the psychic treatment very distinctly. It seems like a baptism of glory, filling my being with life and strength. Your patient, JULIA REASGOUR.

Marcellus, Mich., Nov. 5, 1899. Dear Doctor—I am feeling well. I could hardly imagine I would ever feel so well again. I never realized so strongly your magnetic influence as I did last Thursday evening. It is quite a miracle to me. I am so thankful for what you have done for me. Sincerely yours, Mrs. G. I. NASH.

### If in Doubt

As to your true condition, if your physician has failed to help you, it will cost you nothing to obtain a complete and full diagnosis of your case. In addition to the diagnosis, he will send to each lady writing him as below "Foods for the Sick and How to Prepare Them," a booklet of inestimable value to every home, and also that practical booklet, "Woman." No wife or mother should be without it. Write at once, stating AGE, SEX, FULL NAME AND LEADING SYMPTOM. Address J. M. PEEBLES, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Nov. 18.

### An Important Work.

The National Spiritualists' Association has on hand at its office a large number of copies of the valuable work "The Occult Physician," by Mrs. Dr. J. H. R. Matteson of Buffalo, N. Y., which the talented author has donated to this Association. This book retails at \$2.00 per copy, but the author permits the N. S. A. to sell it at \$1.00. It is a book that should be in every home, for it is a household physician that all need to have at hand. Send your orders to the N. S. A. for a copy of this useful book, and help this Association, while at the same time securing a valuable work. Send to MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y, 600 Penn. Avenue, Washington, D. C.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. J. Morse, 26 Onaburgh 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 may be mail promptly attended to.

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

## THE PURPOSE OF LIFE:

Or, The Phenomena and Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism Reviewed and Explained.

BY C. G. OYSTON.

Mr. W. J. Colville in his introduction to the book says: "During my long career as a lecturer, traveler and writer, I have come across many thousands of persons in both hemispheres who never tire of asking many of the great questions concerning human life and destiny which are considered in the following carefully selected series of essays. Essays which for profundity of thought, beauty of diction and lucidity of statement have, in my judgment, rarely if ever been surpassed in English literature. The fact that Mr. Oyston chooses to lay before us a great mass of matter for his book through the mediumship of Simon De Main, an English workman, who had never been blessed or hampered with academic training, ought to add considerably to the interest and value of the work; for though spirit communications are not necessarily authoritative, and should never be blindly or uncritically accepted, it is certainly far better to consider thoughtfully whatever purports to be a revelation from the world of spirits to the present age."

"Without venturing to pass judgment upon the actual merits of so eminently transcendental a work as the present collection of essays, I do feel justified in saying that, having read the MS. and corrected the proofs, I have risen again and again from a perusal of these truly inspiring pages, imbued with a deep sense of gratitude to the gifted, unassuming author, coupled with a firm conviction that this excellent volume will not only pass through many editions, but win for its author name and fame in every civilized country of the world."

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### A. J. DEXTER HEALER

Has returned to his old quarters, Langham Hotel, Boston. Paralysis a Specialty. Hours, 10 to 5. Nov. 18

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Nov. 18

## SPIRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and are given in the presence of other members of THE BANNER staff.

### To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the BANNER OF LIGHT as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight whenever it is made known to the world.

Report of Séance held Nov. 2, S. E. 52, 1899.

### Invocation.

Oh, Spirit of Life! once more we gather at thy shrine and offer whatever may come to us on this altar of truth. For past blessings, for past light, make us careful and help us to understand, and for what has been and the trust that has come through past ministrations make us brave to go forward to fight the good fight, to gather the fruit and again to give it unto these people. The sweet assurance of continued life is ours, and understanding so fully the needs, the demands of the hour, we ask that all homes may be lightened and brightened, that all hearts may be quickened, and that every individual life may find a new aspiration, a new inspiration toward a fuller unfoldment and enjoyment of life and its duties. We turn not back into the past, nor look too far forward into the future, but with joy in the present, so full of opportunity, of love, of beauty, we go forward humbly, simply, honestly. Amen!

### MESSAGES.

The following messages are given through one of Mrs. Soule's guides, Sanbeam.

### Charles Daniels.

The first spirit who comes to me is quite a little above the medium height, blue eyes, black hair, long, thin face, and long, dark-brown drooping mustache. "If you will kindly say that I am Charles Daniels, and that I do want to come to day. I came from Brooklyn. I knew more or less about this subject, but I did not realize how much it was to come back. I thought it meant a good deal to the people living to have their friends come back, but I can tell you honestly that I had no idea it was such a boon and a comfort to the spirits who had gone over. When you come to think of it, why, if life continues after death, should we not be glad to get back to our loved ones, even as glad as they are to see us?"

I would like to find Mary. She has been a good deal troubled lately, and it seems if she could fully understand just what this trial is for that she is going through, she could be patient, because she is quite patient naturally. But she feels as though an injustice is being done her. Tell her for me, please, that things look a good deal brighter for her in the future than they do now, and that she will see clearly after it is over just what it all meant." Mary's last name seems to be like his.

### Charles Hale.

Here comes an old man, and he is also weak. It seems almost impossible for him to speak. He puts both hands up to his face, and shakes and trembles as he says: "My name is Charles Hale, and I did not want to die. It seemed as though, even if I were old, if I could only stay it would be much better for me. I had a fear of death from a young man, and when I found that my time had come, it was something awful to think how I should suffer. But such a surprise awaited me! I found that, instead of being ushered at once into some presence that I could not understand, I was surrounded by loving friends who were glad to receive me, and who helped me to an understanding of the light. I was not much of a church member, but I tried at the last to think perhaps it would have been better if I had been a Christian, and I know my folks have thought that they would be surer of my condition if I had joined the church and gone with them. So I just feel like saying to Augusta (she is my sister) that it is all right; I have arrived safely, and I am glad that I am still conscious." He comes from Turner's Falls.

### Henry Ballou.

This spirit's name is Henry Ballou. He is light, has brown hair, blue eyes, and looks kind of faded. He laughs when I say that about him, and says: "Well, that is pretty good, to stand right by and hear yourself maligned in such a fashion. When I was here I used to feel as though I looked pretty well, and it is not quite the thing to come back and have somebody say 'He is faded.' I want to find Addie Ballou. Tell her that it is all right, that she can go forward, and I will do everything I can to help her. Tell her not to be afraid of anybody. She is not much inclined to be afraid, and I feel if I could only just inspire her with a little more of the grit that she has, I could pull her through all right, and give her the place that she so much longs to occupy." He puts his hand up to his head, as though he often came to her, and touched her right on the middle of her forehead, and when he does he makes a little cold spot there, like a cold circle. He says: "You can tell her, when she feels that, she may be sure I and the rest of the band are around about striving to help her."

### Augusta Fairbanks.

This one is a lady, as sweet and nice as can be. She is light, above the medium height. Her eyes are brown; her hair is brown, with a few streaks of gray in it. She takes a chair and sits down as though she was not going to be hurried the least bit by anybody behind or before her, but is going to take the time to give the message that she wants to. "My name is Augusta Fairbanks. I came from the West—from Austin, Ind. I want to reach my family, because I think it will be good for them to have some word from me. It seems a strange thing that I could have lived so long and closed my eyes to this truth; and yet I say it without the least hesitation it was the one thing probably in my life that I was more unfair about than anything else. Whatever this prejudice is, it is the hardest thing to overcome. Since I have come to the spirit I have sometimes thought it was the pressure of the unconvinced minds on the other side, weighing against evidence on this side. Please say for me that my life is as natural and simple as it ever was; that when I came over I found a home and friends. Among the first was James. I found him changed in looks, but in thought

and manner the same toward me. He led me to an understanding of what this is. Good-bye."

### Susie Foster.

Here comes a young girl now, Susie Foster. She is very pretty and nice. Her hair is very light brown, and is pushed back from her forehead quite a little. She is not very stout and she has a little bit of a mouth, as sweet as a rosebud. Her cheeks are fair and slightly flushed, and her forehead is broad and low. Really, she makes a pretty picture as she stands here striving to give some thought of love to those who are left. She says: "Uncle John Foster comes with me. We used to live in Boston, and somehow it does us good to come back here and send word to our friends. I feel that we shall be known, because there are many people here who still remember us. To us this is no new subject; although we have never been back in this way, we fully understand the law of spirit return, and come gladly, knowing we shall be welcome."

### Jennie Clark.

Here comes a girl, and her name is Jennie Clark. She has dark hair, dark eyes, and I should think she was about twenty years old. She comes from Lynn. She says: "I went out very suddenly to spirit-life. I have been trying for a long time to get back because there are those who need me. I want to reach my mother. I have seen all the trouble she has had, and it does seem sometimes as though there is more than she can bear. Tell her that my Aunt Jennie is with me, too. She came over a long time before I did, and she has helped me and comes with me to-day; please tell her to be of good cheer. Mother has not always lived in Lynn since Jennie went away. She has been in different places, but she has been studying into this a little, and Jennie feels she will hear from her. The doctor has come over, too. Mother will know whom I mean."

### Harry Furber.

This is a little boy. I think he is about ten or twelve years old. His name is Harry Furber. He comes from way up in New Hampshire; it seems like Farmington. "I want to reach all my folks. They are almost all here. My grandmother is with me in spirit, but my father and mother are still alive. My father's name is William. Will you just tell him that it is so much better for me now than it was when I first went out, because they are not sorrowing as much as they did. At first it seemed as though I could not get anywhere near them, there was so much sadness and distress, and now I can come and help them a great deal. Isn't that nice? Tell them I am growing in the spirit, and that I am studying just exactly as I would if I were here. Tell them to think of me as away at school somewhere, and that they can come and see me when I graduate. Perhaps they will be glad to know, and they will feel more really and truly that they have a boy who belongs to them."

### Emma Frank.

A girl comes now and leans on the shoulder of one in the circle. She is so weak she can hardly stand up. Emma Frank, from Ohio. She had awful trouble in her stomach when she went away—oh, so much distress! It seems like a cancer that must have carried her out to spirit. "Although I have been gone quite a while, it does seem as though every time I try to get to my own, I am repulsed and bothered so that it sends me back into the old condition. If I could just be once received, I am sure I would get over it, and that I should never feel as sick again. I know you will help me because you are friends not only to people about you, but to the spirits." She came from Cleveland. Her mother is with her. She died when this one was a little girl, but she wants to reach most of all a brother. His name is Clarence Frank.

### George T. Fielding.

This man is quite stout, broad shoulders, and whiskers around his face. His eyes are dark blue, with dark lashes. His hair is iron gray, and he is very set, firm, almost stubborn. His name is George T. Fielding, Bloomington, Ill. "Can a man who never did very much for anybody have a chance to speak for himself after he has gone away? If so, I would like to say a word, and that is, I feel mighty sorry that I did not stir my stamps to do a little more for the people around about me. Everybody thought that I would look after myself and never mind what came of any of the rest, and I guess they were about right, but they did not know how I had been banged about when I first started out into life, and it was that which soured me. It is no excuse for a man, and yet I want to tell you that it kind of shuts a man up when he strives to do the best he can and gets no response from anybody. I made some money because I thought money was the best friend a man could have, but I can tell you that money doesn't count much on our side of life, and so I would give all I ever made if I could start in even once more with a good, clean spirit; and I come here, hoping that I can wash off the slate and start anew. Nobody cares much about hearing from me, but I care about coming to them."

### Martha Doolittle.

"This is a woman, Martha Doolittle. She is tall and slight, and dresses rather plainly. She has a sweet voice that you would love to hear. She sings softly to herself as she stands here, to show me that she could sing and that she was very fond of music in earth-life. She never made it in public, though. It was always for her friends, though she had often been told that if her voice had been cultivated, she might have done a good deal with it—'whatever that meant,' she says: 'but I lived a very ordinary life in a very ordinary way, and it is simply a love to get to my own that brings me back to-day. I would like to get to my son, whose name is Charles Doolittle. He lives in New Haven, and I am sure if he knew I could come and was really convinced of the truth of it, he would become a worker in this Cause. He is very open and very desirous of being right on every thought that is brought to him. I am hoping in this manner to get to him and to have him do what he ought to do, for he will feel so much better over it when he gets to spirit-life."

### Frank Hall.

Here is a man about thirty years old. He says his name is Frank Hall, that he lived in Cambridge, that he did not believe in any after life. Then he laughs. "Ha! ha! ha! what a surprise it was to me when I awoke and saw people all around about me. I went

out of life pretty sudden, and it took me some time to realize that I was really and truly dead, because everything was so teeming with life about me; and now I am kind of half looking forward to some great change that may come some other time. Haven't seen anything that would give me any idea that it can come, but still I had lived so long with this thought of total annihilation in my mind that it seems to me it must be true. It gives me happiness, though, to have my life prolonged a little, and I have come back to say that."

### Harriet Allen.

Here is a spirit named Harriet Allen. She is about twenty-two or twenty-three years old. She is as pretty as a doll. Her hair is curly all over her head. Her eyes are as black and bright as buttons. Her face is fair but pale. She has a bright little way, as though everything she did she did quickly and in an animated manner. She comes from Hyde Park. "Although it is not really in Boston," she says, "it is so near that one feels almost as though Boston is home. I should like to say a few words to George. While he does not wonder very much about my coming, I think it would give him great pleasure if he knew I could. Will you tell him, please, that I like to ride now just as well as I did when I was in earth life; that I go away off into the country. When I was here with him I used to love to go out this season of the year—way off to the woods; and I do now often take long tramps all by myself, to see what there is beautiful that God has given us. I know that George will be glad to know that I am happy, and I am glad to see that he is quite happy too."

### Etta Mason.

She is quite a fat girl, Etta Mason, blue eyes and round full face, and she seems to have passed out quickly to spirit life, as though nobody quite expected her to go, and all at once she went. She did not fall dead, but she had a little short sickness—more like something the matter with her lungs, like pneumonia, that took her right off quickly. She wants to go to Stoughton, N. Y. If it is not in New York, it is on the way there.

### A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER NINETY SIX.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have received a number of letters regarding Mr. Dawbarn's memory theories. Those that came at first were from persons who were not grounded in spiritualistic truth, and were in consequence very easily shaken. No more of this class of letters come now, for the rebuttals of his theories have been so abundant and so conclusive, that those whose minds were disturbed have been settled to a degree that might not have been, if they had not been enlightened by the discussion.

Most of these rebuttals have taken two forms. A number have disproved Mr. Dawbarn's theory on the ground of a spiritual body here and now, which receives the impress of all that takes place while on the earth plane, and is also the medium through which discarnate spirits generally commune with mortals. Those considerations settle the matter for one class of minds.

The other form of rebuttal is where it is proved that a discarnate spirit has given facts regarding his past life that were absolutely unknown to the medium and to all the mortals present. Being so, they must have been known to the discarnate spirit only by means of his memories of what took place in earth life. Miss Lillian Whiting has done this with her own clearness and grace in the August number of *The Coming Age*, in her "Psychical Research: Limitations in Spirit Return." This was reprinted by the BANNER OF LIGHT, by the London Light, and presented in the form of extracts in most of the spiritualistic papers. While Miss Whiting treated Mr. Dawbarn with extraordinary consideration and courtesy, she yet proved conclusively that Kate Field's memory of what occurred to her on earth is perfectly clear, as she displayed a knowledge wholly unknown to the medium, to Miss Whiting and to the other persons present. Many Spiritualists have had similarly conclusive experiences.

We cannot sufficiently praise Mr. B. O. Flower for the courage with which he has evinced his conviction of the truth of spirit return, not only in the *Arena*, but with still more prominence in *The Coming Age*. His great liberality of thought, his marked literary scope, his untarnished record for courage and purity, and his high toned courtesy, make him one of the leaders in the presentation of the purest Spiritualism to the best minds in the United States. Every number increases the value of the magazine, and we may be certain that while he stands at its helm nothing mean, vulgar or discourteous will be allowed to sully its pages.

We described at the beginning one class of persons who have written to us regarding Mr. Dawbarn's theories, and have shown that their fears have been quelled. We have also received letters from another class of persons regarding them, some of whom are content with his conclusions. One of these wrote me that as there was nothing at all in his earth-life that he wished to remember, he should be glad on the whole if he should lose his memory on becoming discarnate. As I know this man to be honest, good and benevolent, I can but mourn that life has been so hard to him that there is not even one green oasis in the vast arid deserts that can be a sweet memory to him. I am quite sure that one of "the surprises that dying must bring" will be the remembrance of the kindnesses he has done, and the joyful recognition of discarnate spirits who will remember him as their kind friend in earth-life. We can truly say of him, "Remembered for what he has done."

Another man, from the Middle West, wrote me in a different strain. He used to take spiritualistic papers up to 1882, and got so disgusted with them that he "quit" and has taken none since, till he has now subscribed for one for three months. He has been to only one "materializing circus," and on the strength of that he says "the materializers are all frauds." He is interested in astrology, and wants to give some readings for persons that I know. He will do it without pay and desire to do it, so as not to "go to the bad or crazy." This man wrote me in the same letter that "Dawbarn gets it straight."

Many have expressed their sorrow that these theories have been promulgated. One wrote thus: "One who does not realize the broader consciousness does not understand the source or strength of our convictions. There are some persons who, through the law of growth, have

become so spiritually individualized that they exist largely in the spiritual, but they cannot be understood by those who have no knowledge of the broader consciousness."

Her thought is in line with that of "G. A. N." in *Light* of Oct. 14, who alludes to the articles on "Steps in Spiritual Experience" as "quite unlikely to disturb those who, like Miss Whiting, dwell on the spiritual uplands of assured experience and knowledge, but are calculated to depress the tens of thousands of beginners, whose convictions are not yet deeply rooted in the impregnable rock of personal knowledge."

I would like to quote the whole of "G. A. N.'s" article on page 491 of *Light*, but, as I cannot do so, will you be so kind, Mr. Editor, as to reprint it in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, that it may be a source of instruction, comfort and delight to your many thousands of readers.

The remainder of this letter will be given to the case of a lady who has written me for aid, as it is typical of the experience of many. She did not give me her name, but entreated me to reply through the BANNER OF LIGHT. I do not know how to reply, but no doubt guidance will come.

This lady lives far away, in an isolated location. Mediums told her she could be developed as a medium, and bade her go to Onset Bay. On arriving there, she went to one called an honest medium, and in spite of all her disappointments she feels sure that he is a good man. He said she was like the bud of a sunflower, but would soon be in full bloom, and assured her that he could develop her. She followed his directions, and since her return home has "sat" two hours every day. The medium wrote frequently, giving directions and encouragement.

After writing that a new era was at last dawning for her, his letters ceased. After some weeks he wrote again, and said he had been deceived in all the predictions he had given her, that he was so miserable that he had given up "sittings," and that it was repulsive to him to go into a trance. The lady is in great distress, for she now has no hope of becoming a medium.

She also says that since beginning with this medium, her forehead has widened, the top of her head has come up and widened, and pupils of her eyes show a ray around them, her hair stands up lightly from her head, and she is growing taller. She is an old woman, and asks if these physical changes do not betoken mental and physical growth as well. So much for the letter.

Spirits almost always promise mediumship to every sifter, if they will develop. They are not necessarily dishonest in saying so. As every person on earth is a soul, and has a fleshy body and a spiritual body, he has in his constitution possibilities for every phase of mediumship that has ever been discovered, or that ever will be discovered, if he develop long enough. In many cases the phase is as far from expression as sight is from the rudimentary eyes of the fish in Mammoth Cave. Both can be developed, but it may take thousands of years, did one live so long.

Another element in these promises of mediumship is that there are countless numbers of spirits near the earth plane who do not know how to go higher, or are not inclined to do so, and they long, discarnate as they are, to use the organism of a mortal, and every new medium gives another avenue to this end.

As to the Onset medium, no doubt he was honest. He had been developing and experimenting to be a "developing medium." When the lady failed to develop, he felt the predictions that came through him when entranced were false, he became miserable, and going into a trance was repulsive to him. It was the natural recoil of an honest man. We hope he will adhere to his resolution, and devote himself instead to the development of his own soul.

I took nine lessons of a "developing medium" in Minneapolis, and paid him nine dollars. He was not an honest man, but he had won my confidence by a remarkable trick at a séance, which seemed to prove disintegration of an iron ring.

At the eighth lesson I suspected fraud, and at the ninth detected it. I paid him the ninth dollar, and he saw me no more. He knew why. Later, "Revelations of a Spirit Medium" was published. He wrote it, my Minneapolis printer printed it, and a man in St. Paul published it. In that book I read exactly how he did the trick with iron rings (palming a thin sheet of lead which became warm in my hand, and I held it, thinking I was holding his hand). Later this book could be obtained no more, but we could not ascertain whether the large edition made by my printer friend was suppressed by hush money or by threats of violence. Later, I read his advertisement in a Chicago paper as giving sittings and teaching development on Ada street.

When they brought the manuscript of "Revelations of a Spirit Medium" to my printer, who had printed "Why She Became a Spiritualist," he hesitated, through loyalty to me, to undertake it. But when they showed him a number of little books containing the penciled "printers" for "tests" in the towns on the leading routes between Maine and California, he printed the book, knowing that bogus mediumship would be as obnoxious to me as to him.

As to change in the shape of this lady's head, in a short time, in old age, we think that it was her hopes and the intensity of her resolves that made it appear so. In middle and old age, the bones of the skull have become too hard to be moulded by the action of the brain. It is otherwise in youth and in early maturity. Up to middle age, no doubt the mental habits affect the shape of the head. The bump of causality is much more prominent on the right side of my forehead than on the left side. This was caused by my life as a teacher and a mental worker. Had I done manual labor, and adopted mental work only in old age, the shape of the forehead would not have been altered then, as the cranium has lost its cartilaginous flexibility.

We think this lady made the same mistake that is made by so many who become interested in Spiritualism. They seek to develop as mediums more earnestly than to develop their own soul. "Did they read, and practise, the teachings given through me in 'The Bridge Between Two Worlds,' they would realize that to become a medium is of very small moment when compared with the inner, the soul development, that makes exalted spirits seek our companionship because they find our aspirations congenial with their own. As Albert Morton says, the highest form of development is to live with angels, to receive their impressions and to be assisted by their

counsels without realizing their personal presence, thus blending one with God and the angels.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
ABBY A. JUDSON.

Arlington, N. J., Nov. 3, 1899.

### Paul Kruger in His Home.

Democratic Ways of the Transvaal's President.

"First pray to God for guidance and inspiration, then fight," is the motto of President Paul Kruger of the Transvaal.

Imagine a man less than five feet seven inches in height, but built like a giant, his hair white with years, his features homely and coarse, wearing an ill fitting black double-breasted frock coat reaching below his knees; such a man is Oom Paul. Void of book learning, apparently not gifted above the average man, armed only with his natural craftiness, he has been a thorn in the side of the greatest diplomats and statesmen in England for years.

He was born on Oct. 10, 1825, near the present town of Graaff Reinet, Cape Colony. His parents were South African farmers, who left their home in Holland a few years before Paul was born, hoping for good fortune in the new country. But it did not come. They remained mere squatters, and at the time Paul was born his parents owned only two or three slaves, which meant little. The future President of the Transvaal was christened S. J. Paul Kruger, but at an early age the first two initials were dropped. He uses them now when signing State papers. He was taught early to pray and to handle a gun. He was a fearless boy. When he was nine his parents resented British regulations and moved to the northeastern part of Natal, not far from Ladysmith, the first important strategic point in the war. There were two other children in the family, a girl and a boy, both younger than Paul. The brother was killed in a native fight in the Natal colony, and the sister lived to see her brother made President of the Transvaal.

When Kruger was about fifteen years of age his father, sister and he went with the bullock team some distance into the Orange Free State. The senior Kruger was forced to remain and told Paul to take the team home and to look after his sister.

"I'll take care of her, father," was the reply. Everything went well until Paul and his sister were about five miles from home. Then a panther appeared in the road. The sixteen bullocks in the team took fright and ran away. The jolting of the wagon threw the sister from the seat into the roadway, where she was at the mercy of the panther. Paul, though unarmed, ran to her rescue and tackled the panther. It was a fierce struggle, and Kruger believed once or twice that the panther was going to prove too much for him. But finally he managed to kill the animal with his knife.

It was in the latter part of 1879 that I first met Kruger. The Boers at that time were on the verge of a war with the British. When I was introduced to Kruger he was suspicious of me, and it was only when assured that I was an American that he became at all talkative. In those days Kruger would talk English, but since the visit of Sir Henry Lock to Pretoria in 1893 he has positively refused to utter one word of English. The Kruger of 1879 was a poor man. He had difficulty in supplying his family with the necessities of life, for besides his wife he had ten children to care for. He lived then in a farmhouse, but he left the farm to care for itself, for he had a more important matter to attend to—the creation of a revolution against the English. Gen. P. J. Joubert, commander of the Boer forces and Vice-President of the Transvaal, young Pretorius, son of the republic's first President, and Kruger were planning the Boer uprising which came the following year, resulting in the independence of the Boers in 1881. It was these three that managed the campaign against the English forces at Majuba Hill.

The next time I met Kruger was in 1894. Although he was now the President of a nation and reputed to be worth five million dollars, I found him as simple and as democratic as he was in the days of 1879, when he was unknown to fame and had hard work to support his family. It was on this occasion that I realized the great qualities of this man. He cordially invited me to become his guest during the short time that I was to remain in Pretoria, an invitation which I readily accepted. He would not talk English to me on this occasion, so I had to carry on conversation with him through other members of the family. The old President never tired of talking about the United States, designating this Republic as his big brother, and wishing that he were in a position to make a treaty with America in order that he might favor American merchants in trade.

"I can trust Americans," he would say, "for I know that they do not want my country."

Before I left his residence he said to me through his secretary: "When you go home to the United States tell the people there for me that there is a small nation here, loving their country and their liberty, and idolizing the American flag and the free institutions of your country. May the United States ever prosper and remain true to the principles established by her founders is my earnest wish." As he finished talking a tear ran down the old man's cheek.

He often talked of the days when he drove his father's old bullock team, and now prides himself on the fact that he is still able to crack a thirty-foot whip over sixteen bullocks.

Kruger is devoted to his wife, children, grand and great grand children, while they in turn adore him. He lives in a modest house, which stands back from the sidewalk about fifteen feet. There is a grass plot in front and a sentry box inside of the iron railing. This house was presented to him by a syndicate. When the Volksraad is in session, a soldier is stationed in front of the President's house, and no one, excepting officials, may enter the residence during the day without permission. After 7 o'clock in the evening, all are welcome to the chief executive's home.

Every morning at 6 o'clock a negro servant takes a cup of black coffee and a big pipe filled with tobacco to the President's room. As soon as he has drunk the coffee, Kruger rises and smokes the pipe while he is dressing. He is down stairs by 6:30 o'clock, and is ready to lead the family prayers at 7 o'clock. Breakfast is served about 7:30 A. M. His morning hours are taken up with matters of state and the dictating of letters. The dinner hour is 1 o'clock. At all the meals Kruger says grace before bread is broken. He takes a short nap after the noon meal, and is ready promptly at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to receive callers. The supper is served at 8 o'clock, and the conclusion of this report ends all the worriment



# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

## Spiritualist Societies.

We desire this list to be as accurate as possible. Will secretaries 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.

**The Gospel of Spirit Return Society.** Minnie M. Soule, pastor, Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue, Sunday evenings at 7:45. Course and Evidence through the mediumship of the pastor.

**Engle Hall, 616 Washington Street.** First Spiritualist Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11, 12, 13 and 14; also Thursdays at 7. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

**Home Rostrum.** 21 Soles Street, Charlestown. Spiritualist meetings Sunday, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.; Tuesday and Friday, 7 P.M. Mrs. Gilliland, President.

**Bible Spiritualist Meetings, Old Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street.**—Mrs. E. G. Quinlan, President. Services Sunday at 10 A.M., 2 P.M., 7 P.M., and Wednesday at 7 P.M.

**Spiritual Fraternity.**—At First Spiritual Temple, 222 Newbury Street, Sundays at 10 A.M. and 7 P.M. The mediumship of the pastor. Other meetings announced from the platform. A. H. Sherman, Secretary.

**Boston Spiritual Temple** meets in Berkeley Hall, 1 Berkeley Street. Every Sunday at 10 A.M. and 7 P.M. Allen, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary. 74 Shilley St., Dorchester, Mass.

**The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society** meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 6 P.M. at 34 Tremont Street. Mrs. E. L. Fisher, President; M. A. Allen, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sydney Street, Dorchester, Mass.

**Children's Progressive Lyceum.**—Spiritual Sunday School meets every Sunday morning at 10 A.M. and 11 A.M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

**Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street.**—Mrs. Nutter, President. Services Sunday at 11 A.M., 2 P.M., and Thursday at 7 P.M.

**The Evening Hand Society** meets every Wednesday in Gould Hall, 3 Boylston Place. Business meeting at 6 o'clock. Supper at 6 o'clock. Entertainment at 7 P.M. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, President; Mrs. Grace Cobb Crawford, Secretary.

**Spencer Spiritual Lyceum** meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Entertainment at 7 P.M. Mrs. E. L. Fisher, President; Mrs. E. L. Fisher, Secretary.

**The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society** meets at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street every Thursday afternoon and evening; supper at 6 P.M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President.

**Ministry of the Divine Science of Health.**—Services Sunday 10 A.M. and 7 P.M. Mrs. E. L. Fisher, President; Mrs. E. L. Fisher, Secretary.

**The Ladies' Lyceum** meets in Berkeley Hall every Wednesday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 6 P.M. at 34 Tremont Street. Mrs. E. L. Fisher, President; Mrs. E. L. Fisher, Secretary.

**W. Scott Steadman** holds meetings at Hiawatha Hall, 21 Tremont Street, every Sunday at 11 A.M., 2 P.M. and 7 P.M. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

**The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists** meets at Cambridge (lower) Hall, 61 Massachusetts Avenue, one door above 5th Street. Services every Sunday morning at 11, and evening at 8 o'clock. Questions answered in the morning. Improvised poems after each lecture. Mrs. J. H. Tuttle, secretary and evening. All are cordially invited. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, speaker.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

**Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society.** Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant Street. Meetings every Sunday evening at 7 P.M. Mrs. E. L. Fisher, President; Mrs. E. L. Fisher, Secretary.

**The Spiritual and Ethical Society.** 74 Lexington Avenue, one door above 5th Street. Services every Sunday morning at 11, and evening at 8 o'clock. Questions answered in the morning. Improvised poems after each lecture. Mrs. J. H. Tuttle, secretary and evening. All are cordially invited. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, speaker.

### BROOKLYN.

**The Advance Spiritual Conference** meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 101 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Admittance free. Mrs. G. Deloree, President; Mrs. Alice Ash, Secretary.

**The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn** holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 8 o'clock, and social meetings every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at Hotel Chelsea, 100 West 23rd Street. Mrs. E. L. Fisher, President; Mrs. E. L. Fisher, Secretary.

**808 Tompkins Ave., near Gates Ave.**—Miss Chapin, Blind Medium. Meetings Sunday and Friday evenings. Spiritualist and other Phenomena. Admittance free. Collection taken.

### CHICAGO, ILL.

**The S. and M. H. Society.** 3310 1/2 Rhodes Ave. meets every Sunday, 11 A.M. Conference and tests. Tuesday 3 P.M., Oriental Reception. Open doors, and every welcome.

### 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.

**Berkeley Hall, Sunday, Nov. 12.**—The continued large audiences show conclusively that Mr. F. A. Wiggin is just the speaker that is wanted to occupy the platform of the Boston Spiritual Temple. Prof. Schaller gave a piano recital previous to the opening of the meeting. The meeting was opened by the audience joining in singing "Bethany," with words to harmonize with the occasion. After the singing, Mr. Wiggin arose and thanked the donor of a large basket of beautiful flowers that had been placed upon the platform by some unknown friend of the control of Mr. Wiggin (Mr. John McCullough), for his kind remembrance of the birthday of his control.

Mr. McCullough was born sixteen years ago last Tuesday, and was born to spirit life fourteen years ago last Wednesday. The beautiful floral tribute was in keeping with the great man he was when on earth, and the grand spirit he is at the present time. Mr. McCullough is the spirit who, through Mr. Wiggin, gives comfort to so many of those who attend his seances.

Mr. Wiggin read two poems from the pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and gave an invocation. Mrs. Pearl pleased the audience with a beautiful solo, followed by Mr. Wiggin, who delivered an address from manuscript instead of from inspiration, as is usual his custom. His subject was, "The Earth Hath God Reserved for the Children of Men." The lecture will appear in full in a later issue of this paper, and you should read it.

In the evening there was another large audience that filled Berkeley Hall. Prof. Schaller opened the meeting with piano solo, and Mr. Pearl sang two pleasing selections. Mr. Wiggin gave a fifteen-minute talk, and then gave a seance lasting an hour, during which time he made many happy who were seeking the truth. On Tuesday evening, Nov. 21, in Berkeley Hall, Mr. Wiggin will give a seance

special seance for the benefit of this society. The tickets will be limited to forty and are for sale at this hall.

During December Dr. George A. Fuller will occupy the platform for this society, and some grand lectures are expected. In January Mr. Harrison D. Barrett will speak for us. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn will be the speaker for April and not January, as stated in last week's BANNER. Every Spiritualist should have the BANNER on his library table. Why not subscribe for it at once? You can do so at this hall any Sunday. It is also for sale there in single copies. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y.

**Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1.** Mrs. M. A. Brown, Conductor, Mrs. Wm. S. Butler, Guardian. On Nov. 12 the lesson subject was, "Spiritual Growth"; subject for the little folks was "Goodness." The same subjects will be continued for next Sunday. The following members rendered songs and recitations: Wilhelmina Hope, Iona Stillings, Carrie Engel, Floyd Sibley, Mrs. M. A. Brown. A poem specially written for the Lyceum was delivered by Mr. Webster. Remarks were made by Mrs. Hattie Webber, Dr. W. A. Hale, Mrs. V. S. Butler. All who are interested in Lyceum work are earnestly requested to join the Lyceum Association, which manages and maintains the Lyceum. Applications may be made through the members, or to the Secretary. C. B. Yeator, Sec'y.

The meetings held Sunday in Hiawatha Hall, by W. S. Steadman, were very interesting. Circle in the morning; in the afternoon, invocation, scripture reading, congregational singing, poem, and address by leader; music by Messrs. Pray and Fisher and Mrs. Shaw. In the evening, Mrs. Maggie J. Butler gave the opening address; music by Nonpareil Mandolin and Guitar Club, Mr. Alber. Fisher, pianist. Little Kern Foster gave a recitation that greatly pleased the audience. She will be present next Sunday evening. The leader and Mrs. Dade gave spirit messages. Audience dismissed with benediction. Mediums interested in the advancement of Truth are earnestly invited to come and help. Sec'y.

**First Spiritualist Church, 616 Washington Street.**—M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Morning service opened by singing; Mrs. Shelton, organist; prayer, Mr. Newhall; remarks, Messrs. Hill and Proctor, Miss Sears, Mrs. Watson; messages, Mesdames Reed and Mariner. Afternoon, memorial service, Mr. J. H. Woods, a member of this society. After a service of song, Mrs. Wilkinson read a poem; song, Mrs. Shelton; remarks, Mr. Proctor, Mesdames Wilkinson, Erikson, Bishop; messages, Mesdames Fish, Woods, Ackerman, Kibble, Branch. Evening, prayer, Mr. De Bos; address, Miss Webber; messages, Mesdames Simpson, Burbeck, Fish, Howe; recitations, Mesdames Curtis, Graves, Woodward. Indian Council Nov. 23.

**Boston Spiritual Lyceum, Sunday, Nov. 12.**—"A Conscience in all Cases a Correct Moral Guide?" was the question considered, and brought out a large number of answers. On the entertainment program were Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Miss Alice Hatch, Chas. L. C. Hatch, Miss Grace Tarbel, Mr. E. Warren Hatch, Mrs. Chas. Johnson, Mr. E. B. Packard. Subject for next Sunday, "Spiritual Consciousness—What is it, and How May it be Cultivated?" A. C. Armstrong, Clerk.

**Commercial Hall, Mrs. Nutter, Conductor.**—Sunday, Nov. 12, morning service opened by singing led by Charles Abbott; invocation, Miss Brehm; Mesdames who assisted during the day, Nutter, Krowler, McLean, Weston, McKenna, Gilliland, Fish, Fisher, Katz, Gough, Hill, Carbee; Messrs. Nelke, Tuttle, Krasinski, Hilling, Graham.

**Home Rostrum** meeting well attended; in morning circle remarks and messages were given by quite a number. Evening service of song at 7:30. Remarks, Mrs. Gilliland and Mrs. Wilkinson, followed by messages; others assisting during the day, Mesdames Hayes, Mackay, Coye, Erickson, Messrs. Howe, Norrie, Neil, Allen, Hutchinson and Thompson.

**Sunday Nov. 12, 446 Tremont Street, Odd Ladies' Hall.**—Mr. Haynes opened the three sessions. Those assisting were Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Dr. Brown, Huot and Blackden; Messrs. Sanders, Hervey, Turner, Wood, Albrose, Graham, Demby, Cohen; Mesdames Waterhouse, Kimball, Western, Brown. Very harmonious and well attended. Mrs. Guitierrez, Cond.

**The Ladies' Lyceum Union** met in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street, Wednesday afternoon and evening, Nov. 8. Supper was served at 6:30. Those who took part in the evening were Mrs. Butler of Lynn, Mesdames Nutter, Webber, Barnes, Hall, and Sarah A. Byrnes; Mr. Sherman and Iona Stillings gave readings; Mabel Burdett and Mr. Leslie sang, and Lillian Goldstein presided at the piano. Next Wednesday evening the ladies have arranged to have an oyster supper. A grand whist party will be held in Berkeley Hall, corner of Tremont and Berkeley streets, on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 16, for the benefit of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1. The party will be under the direction of the Ladies' Lyceum Union, and a good time may be looked forward to. There will be a concert from 7 to 8 and whist from 8 to 10:30. There will be six beautiful and useful presents, among which will be a diamond scarf pin for the gentleman, and a handsome oak writing desk for the lady; the other presents will be useful. Tickets 25 cents, on sale at the door, and also with the members of the Lyceum Union. It is hoped that all who can will attend this party, as it will assist in the work of carrying on the Lyceum.

**The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society.**—Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President—met in Dwight Hall, Thursday afternoon and evening, Nov. 9. A large and enthusiastic audience greeted Mr. Edgar Emerson, whose remarks and messages were of a high order and very satisfactory. Thursday evening, 16th inst., they gave a "Hit and Miss" supper. The evening will be devoted to whist—prizes given. All cordially invited.

**The regular meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society** was called to order by the President, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allen, at 241 Tremont Street, on Friday, Nov. 10. We had to record two of the staunch Spiritualists as having passed over to the higher life—Dr. A. H. Richardson, Mrs. Lydia A. Crockett. In the evening we had a very enjoyable time. Mrs. Hattie C. Mason opened the meeting with music, after which she spoke briefly in regard to that ever interesting subject Spiritualism. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes was the next speaker. She said: I come into your presence with a feeling of sadness and of gladness. I had the privilege to look for the last time into the placid features of our good friend and brother, Dr. Richardson. I remember when I was a girl how he bade me "God speed," and encouraged me to go on. As I stood over the mortal remains I felt almost

alone, for I realize the workers of forty years ago are passing away. She spoke of the beautiful floral tributes, and said she was assisted in the service by Mrs. Addie Stephens. Mrs. Sadie Hand then voiced choice sentiments.

It seemed for awhile as though our hall was hallowed by the sacred presence of the departed friend, and Mrs. Hand seemed to sense this also. She felt as though we should sit in silence, and commune with our spirits.

Dr. Huot spoke briefly, and related several incidents proving the fact of spirit return; Mrs. Chapman spoke of her experiences, and told of the manner in which she was brought into Spiritualism; she spoke of Dr. Richard son, and said: "Let us send out our best thoughts to him in spirit to aid him in his progress in the other life. The meeting closed with singing. Next Friday we hold a public circle at 4 P.M. Salad supper at 6 P.M. Mediums' night. Meeting at 7:45. Take elevator. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

A meeting of the Current Topics Club of Dorchester was held on Nov. 7 in the Dorchester Woman's Club House. During this meeting several addresses were given, one of which was on the subject of the "Serum Cures and the Enzym," by Anna Sargent Turner. Miss Turner spoke of the orzoze for inoculation which has followed the so-called discovery of the germ theory of disease, and said that happily now many doctors of medicine, and some scientists, were beginning to discredit the theory. She called the attention of her hearers to the recently discovered enzyme, and said that if people would persist in believing they were swarming with noxious germs, and that they must kill these germs to retain or recover health, she trusted they would seek such an end through the means of the harmless enzyme, rather than by the use of animal serum, poisonous in themselves, destructive to human life, and entailing incalculable suffering on innocent and defenseless beasts.

### Massachusetts.

**Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society.** Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant Street. Sunday evening, Nov. 12, scripture reading, address by the President, and address and messages by spirit controls of J. W. Cowen; a lady from London, Eng., sang twice very sweetly; Mr. Jones, instrumental solos; remarks, Mr. H. H. Warner; a co-worker eighty-two years of age gave splendid evidence of the truth of spirit return. Monthly social Wednesday evening.

**Deliberative hall Spiritualist Meeting.** 56 Pleasant St., Malden. Sunday, Nov. 12, praise service and devotional exercises, conducted by Mrs. Moody and Mrs. Whittier. Lyceum lesson on "Conscience." J. R. Knowlton; messages from spirit friends, Mrs. Moody and Mrs. Fagan. Music and songs, Miss Stone. Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT solicited; copies for sale at the hall.

**Veteran Spiritualists' Home, Waverley.** A meeting was held on Sunday P.M. conducted by E. A. Blackden. The speakers taking part were Messrs. James H. Lewis, Dr. C. Wesley, Mr. Weatherly, and Mesdames Bird, Bryant, Fisher, Osgood and Kneeland. The latter presided at the organ, and led in singing by the congregation. The services were interesting, and it was voted to hold similar services every Sunday afternoon. R.

**Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualist Association.** Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing of Westfield, N. Y., was speaker Nov. 12, and charmed her audiences by very interesting and instructive addresses, and accurate communications. Mr. Niver, President of the Auburn, N. Y., society was present, and said a few pleasant words to us. Musical exercises consisted of singing by Miss Helen Gale, and cornet solo by W. H. Thomas, with Mrs. Bertha Merrill, pianist. Mrs. Twing will be with us next Sunday, also every Wednesday evening during the month.

**Progressive Spiritualists' Association, Providence Hall, 21 Market Street, Lynn.**—Meeting opened at 2:30 with singing; prayer, Delia E. Matson; Mr. Smith's lecture and messages were highly appreciated; Mrs. Smith read from articles and gave spirit messages. Messages were also given by Mesdames Matson, Hare, Harwood, Kimball; treatments, Drs. Furbush, Badger, Quade. At 7:30 Mr. Smith lectured and gave messages; music, "A Cross." J. Franklin. Next Sunday we have Mrs. Lillian A. Prentiss. Subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

**The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society** of Lynn held services Sunday at Temple's Hall, 36 Market St. Music, Mrs. J. P. Hayes. At 2:30 social conference; Mesdames Dr. M. C. Chase, N. S. Noyes, L. F. Holden and others. At 7:30 Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, Vice-President, presided. Invocation, Mrs. Dr. M. C. Chase, who gave an able lecture on "The Philosophy of Spiritualism"; Mrs. Noyes and Mrs. Butler made remarks; many spirit messages by Mrs. Dr. Chase and Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler. Next Sunday the well-known medium, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, of Stoneham, will lecture and give character readings.

**Mr. W. H. A. Simmons** will speak for the Helping Hand Association of Spiritualists at Haverhill Sunday, Nov. 19.

**Worcester.**—The first two Sundays in November Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn officiated as speaker in her usual bright and witty manner, taking her subjects from the audience and handling them in an exceedingly interesting and instructive way. Mrs. J. W. Kenyon will be with us the next two Sundays: Mr. A. P. Blinn of Boston, the first two in December. The Woman's Auxiliary meets on Friday of this week in Banquet Hall, Day Building, corner of Main and Walnut streets. Mrs. Kenyon will be present.

**Full houses** greeted J. S. Scarlett, of Cambridgeport, speaker for the First Spiritualist Society of Fitchburg Sunday, Nov. 12. The two addresses were well presented, and the large number of spirit messages were readily recognized. Miss Howe finely rendered several piano selections. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, of Stoneham, inspirational lecturer and medium, speaks for the society next Sunday.

**People's Progressive Spiritual Association, Brockton.** Nov. 12, Mrs. Belle Robertson of Boston speaker and medium. Sunday, Nov. 19, Mrs. Sarah E. Humes of Providence, R. I., will occupy the platform. Mrs. George E. Morse, Sec'y.

**Wednesday evening, Nov. 1,** the Lawrence Progressive Society of Spiritualists gave a surprise at their hall on Broadway to Mr. and Mrs. Squire Whitehead. After the presentation, which was responded to by our beloved sister, Mr. Charles E. Dane of Lowell, president of the Lowell-Lawrence Chapter of the Order of the White Rose, gave an interesting address, referring to the objects and method of the unfoldment of the spiritual gifts as adopted by this order. An informal reception followed.

On Monday, Nov. 6, a special meeting of the Lynn W. C. T. U. was called to hear a lecture on vivisection, delivered by Anna Sargent Turner, the Secretary of the New York State Anti-vivisection Society. Miss Turner explained to her audience that it is a great mistake to believe that the work of the anti-vivisectionists is only a benevolent one. There is, in truth, nothing more philanthropic than the anti-vivisection movement, because it tries to prevent human vivisection, which is always a consequence of the vivisection of beasts, and also tries to prevent the brutalization of students in common and medical schools. With regard to the practice of vivisection in the public schools, Miss Turner said that it taught the scholars to lie and steal, at the same time that it gave them some slight knowledge of physiology, which might have been easily gained in other, and less brutal ways. She instanced cases which had come under her own personal work in New York State, where pupils had taken bags, and gone out to steal cats, for the purpose of cutting them up in school.

On Nov. 8 and 9 the Associated Parochial Schools of Hyde Park, Corriganville and Redville were visited by Anna Sargent Turner. Eight hundred children were addressed on the subjects of kindness to animals and vivisection. Miss Turner called the attention of the pupils to the entire helplessness of dumb animals, and appealed to the children's kind



hearts to protect their little playfellows and to do all in their power to induce others to be careful of the rights of the defenseless brutes and thoughtful for their comfort.

Some references were made to vivisection, and the children were told that it is not enough to care for our own pets, but that we should use every effort to learn the extent of vivisection, and try to influence others against this scientific cruelty, immeasurably more painful than the ordinary forms. Miss Turner told her hearers that it is because the beasts are capable of pain that we have a duty to prevent their sufferings, and asked the children to remember this in their treatment of animals.

**First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society** of Stoneham met at O. U. A. M. Hall, Main Street, Nov. 9. Business meeting at 4 P.M., President Mrs. Emma F. Whittier in the chair. Supper at 6:30. At evening meeting Mrs. Kate Harrison presided and introduced the lecturer, Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridge, who gave a very able discourse, followed by psychic delineations. Mr. J. Frank Baxter will lecture for us on the evening of Nov. 23. Cordial invitation to all. Mrs. F. Robinson, Sec'y.

**The Cambridge Industrial Society** of Spiritualists held a successful meeting at Cambridge Lower Hall, Nov. 9. After supper, at 6:30, a social was held to become acquainted with new members. At 8 o'clock the new President, Mrs. Hartwell, took the chair, and the following talent filled the evening's program. Mrs. Willis proved in her remarks that life, even under the most adverse circumstances, is worth living. Miss Etta Willis did some of her best work in the recitations, "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," and "The Mite Society." The Messrs. Bradshaw were heartily applauded in violin and vocal solos. Mr. Snow of Malden gave a talk on Lyceum work, and one of the pleasantest features of the evening was the singing of Mrs. Sara Fisher Wallington. At the next meeting, which occurs Thursday evening, Nov. 23, Miss Susie Clark, the well-known writer, lecturer and metaphysician, will talk. Mrs. S. Hall will give spirit messages, Miss Alice Bonney will read, and there will be extra musical talent.

### New York.

**Woman's Progressive Union, Brooklyn.**—Sunday, Nov. 12, afternoon, solos by Miss Turton; subject of discourse, "Positiveness and Independence of Spiritualism." Evening, "The Value of Phenomena." A good audience was present. Many messages were given and fully recognized. Song, beautifully rendered by Mr. Baxter, entitled "Something Sweet to Think Of"; also singing by our choir, "The Angels' Good Night." Our social meetings are largely attended, and the Lyceum is growing. Mrs. N. B. Reeve.

**The Evolutionist Society, Brooklyn, N. Y.** held its regular meeting Sunday evening, Nov. 12, at Penn-Fulton Hall, cor. Fulton St. and Pennsylvania Ave.—Mr. W. W. Sargeant, chairman, address on "Evolution." Miss Minnie Terry favored the audience with a few remarks and readings; after singing Mr. Walter Hayward gave a short talk on "Conditions Favorable and Unfavorable to Mediums," closing with a seance. On Wednesday evening, Nov. 15, a reception will be held for the benefit of the society, at the hall Next Sunday Mr. Sargeant will give an address on "Fraternity," and Mrs. McGibney will assist the medium.

**Brooklyn.**—The Advance Spiritual Conference held the usual Saturday evening meeting at the hall, 1101 Bedford Avenue, on the 11th inst. Mr. Lafume gave an interesting address on "Phenomena." Messrs. Deloree, Hopkins and Simmons made remarks on the same subject. Mr. Newby read an original poem; Miss Julia W. Norris of Richmond, Va., gave descriptions of phenomena through her mediumship; Dr. Franks gave readings and descriptions of spirits present. Closed with congregational singing, "Angel Blessings." Mediums and strangers visiting our meetings will please give their names to Mrs. Robinson at the paper table, who will see that they are properly introduced and cared for. George A. Deloree.

**First Association of Spiritualists.** Mrs. M. J. Fitz Maurice writes: Owing to my illness no report was sent last week, and I now would state that Miss Gaule's audiences were worthy of her both last Sunday and this, also that her work for the unseen world was never better. The musical selections of Miss Clare were exceptionally good, and well rendered, receiving much applause. Miss Gaule will continue with us for afternoon and evening services until further notice.

### Other States.

**Providence Spiritualist Association, Columbia Hall, Richmond and Weybosset streets.** Dr. Hadden was with us Sunday, Nov. 12. Since he has been with us his audiences have increased every Sunday, until the hall was full to the doors last Sunday. He is to be with us two more Sundays. D. F. Buffington, Sec'y.

**Norwich, Conn.** Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Sec'y. Sunday, 12th inst. Mr. J. Clegg Wright delivered two grand discourses in the Spiritual Academy. The afternoon subject was "The Science of Noble Living." He affirmed that the "Golden Rule" was not the highest incentive to noble living. A better precept was found in "That which in its operation promoted the highest good and the least harm." The evening theme, "The Order of Progress; the Gues, the Belief, the Knowledge," was of great interest.

**The First Church of Spiritualists, Newark, N. J.** held its meeting as usual in the hall corner of West Park and Broad Street at 8 P.M. Dr. W. H. Davis occupied the rostrum. The hall was quite well filled with an earnest and appreciative audience. Mr. Davis gave a goodly number of messages, which were all recognized.

**At Orient Hall, Portland, Me.** Mesdames M. B. Reddon and S. E. DeLewie, local talent, served the society and did good work.

**Fairfield and Waterville First Spiritualist Society** held two interesting services Nov. 8 and 9, one at City Hall, Waterville, and one at Fairfield Opera House. Mr. F. A. Wiggin, of Boston, speaker. His lectures were very interesting, and his control gave many fine readings; much to the satisfaction and enjoyment of all. A. Lillian Hunter, Sec'y.

**A. M. Braidin** writes from Philadelphia under date Nov. 8: "Dr. G. C. B. Ewell closed his several courses of lectures in Philadelphia more than a week ago. While Dr. Ewell is not a stranger to the Spiritualists of Philadelphia, still he attracted to his classes many who were strangers to the spiritualist thought. His lectures appealed to an intellectual, truth-seeking class of people. Seed was thus sown in good ground, and we certainly bear its fruit in due season. After the close of the lectures he was able to meet many individuals who were seeking mental illumination, and others who needed physical assistance found in the teacher, also a physician."

**The President of the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Society** writes: "Dr. J. M. Peebles has been our speaker for the past two Sundays. He is an example of what Spiritualism will do in preparing a man to live. At nearly three-score years he presents to us the vigor of life's prime in his voice, manner and mental ability. Not the least of his power comes from his recognition of the emotional nature when

resting on principle and of the value of harmony for the development of a spiritual life. Large audiences have greeted him, and we hope to hear him again."

On Wednesday, Nov. 1, a quiet wedding took place at the farm residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Dewey, of Grand Blanc, Mich. The contracting parties were Mr. J. C. Kinsman, of Milford, and Mrs. Ellen A. Parker, of Flint. The knot was tied by Mr. D. P. Dewey, President of the State Spiritual Society. A luncheon was served by Mrs. Dewey and her daughters, and the bride and groom left for Flint. An Eye Witness.

The opening of the regular meetings of the First Society of Spiritualists of Chattanooga, Tenn., took place at their hall Sunday evening, Nov. 5. When the hour for the commencement of the exercises had arrived there were but few vacant seats. The drawing power lay in the fact that Mr. Oscar A. Edgerley, of Massachusetts, had been announced as the speaker for the occasion. Mr. Edgerley's present engagement is for four months. His discourse was under the inspiration of one of his "guides," and the subject, "Mediumship," held his auditors in breathless attention for nearly two hours. After the lecture Mr. Edgerley gave a number of descriptive messages, which in most instances were fully recognized by the recipients.

### A Well-known Worker in the Cause Passed Higher.

The well-known medium and lecturer, Mrs. Adeline M. Glading, passed to the higher life at midnight of Nov. 7, from the Homeopathic Hospital in Washington, D. C., where she had been under the care of the very best and most skilful of physicians for several weeks. Mrs. Glading has been in feeble health for many months, making it impossible for her to fill any engagements for public work, and during that period the lady has suffered more than any but her closest attendants could realize.

Mrs. Adeline M. Glading was born June 1, 1841, in the city of Philadelphia, Pa. She was the youngest of three children, and the only one of the family born in this country, her parents being natives of Danzig, Prussia, who came to America about 1825, and bought a farm in Delaware county, Pa., where the object of our sketch lived until her fifteenth year. She then went to Philadelphia and entered the employ of a friend as saleslady in an artistic emporium. Her parents were members of the German Lutheran Church, but at an early age Adeline joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which she was a devout and consistent member, until the revelations of Spiritualism came to her.

One evening, in company with her husband, Mrs. Glading attended a spiritual service, and becoming much interested in the lecture they resolved to investigate Spiritualism, and shortly after they agreed to meet with a few friends for weekly private seances. These circles were faithfully kept up for a whole year, during which time Mrs. Glading became developed as a medium and her eyes had been opened to the truth of Spiritualism. For a whole year she gave her services free to seekers after the truth, both in holding seances and by daily private sittings, the circles being held twice weekly in her parlors in Philadelphia, which were always crowded to their fullest extent.

Gradually the field of labor began to enlarge, then "Hohlah," her main control, said the medium must give up her business and go forth into the world as a teacher; and, trusting in her beloved guides, Mrs. G. gave up her lucrative and sure manufacturing business, and for more than twenty years has been a speaker upon the spiritual to-trium. The subject of this tribute was an exceptionally fine medium, clairvoyant, clairaudient, psychometrist, trance-speaker, and her demise will be most keenly felt, not only by her earthly friends, but also by her spirit friends, whose faithful and willing instrument she has been for many years, giving her time and strength to them up to the very last period of her fatal illness, and often in moments of pain working for them when unable to be about.

As a spiritual speaker Mrs. Glading had a national reputation; her ministrations have extended over the country, and she has lectured in all the principal cities and towns of the Union. By nature loving and sympathetic, she was constantly doing deeds of kindness and mercy to the fullest extent of her means, never letting the left hand know the work of the right, and many a recipient of her goodness will mourn her great loss to them. Tender, sympathetic, full of kindly thoughts and works, the world can illly spare her, though heaven is enriched by the accession of such a soul.

Mrs. Glading is survived by her good husband, William H., to whom she has ever been the counselor and companion, and by her aged sister, Mrs. Emma W. Weeks, between whom and Adeline there was the most sacred and tender of ties ever existed. These dear ones reside in Doylestown, Pa., whither the ashes of the beloved wife and sister were taken or disposal, the body being cremated in Washington. The sympathy of all loving friends is extended to the mourning hearts, which are blest, however, with the consolations of Spiritualism.

Services over the remains of Mrs. Glading were conducted under the auspices of the First Spiritualists' Society of Washington, D. C., on Thursday, Nov. 9, and consisted of singing "Nearer, My God, To Thee," and "Singing Seeds of Kindness," by the audience, the rendition of beautiful solos by Homer Altum, the delivery of appropriate and consoling poems, with soulful utterances, by H. D. Barrett, President of the N. S. A., sympathetic remarks by Milan C. Edson, and invocation, with a feeling discourse of tribute to the life and works of the deceased, and benediction, by the Secretary of the N. S. A., Mrs. M. T. Loughey.

At the close of the services an opportunity was given to the friends to take a last look at the remains, after which they were borne into the crematory and subjected to the process of incineration. Thus has a good woman, a grand medium and a faithful worker for humanity ascended to her reward, leaving a blessing in her wake. M. T. L.

### A Food That Is "All Food."

The