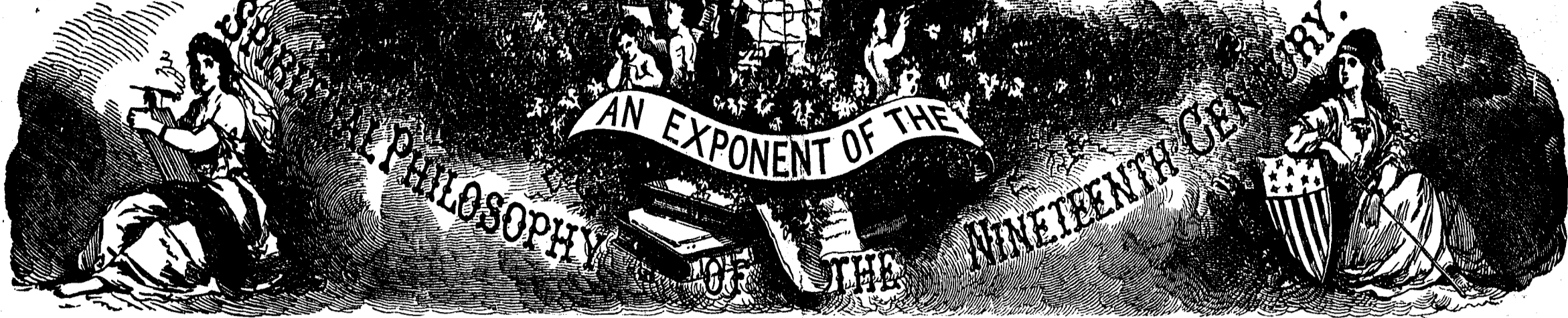


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 86.

[Banner of Light Publishing Co.,  
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1899.

[\$2.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.]

NO. 15.

## A VISION OF LOST ATLANTIS.\*

BY JAMES GOWDY CLARK.

In the mystic spell of slumber,  
Through the sea's unfathomed gloom,  
I beheld the lost Atlantis  
Burst the silence of her tomb;  
And the grave-clothes that confined her  
In the bonds of age-long sleep  
By her hands were rent asunder  
As she rose from out the deep.

I could see her gleaming rivers  
Down the winding valleys run,  
Where the olive groves and vineyards  
Drank the kisses of the sun;  
I could see vast mountain ranges  
On her skies their glories trace,—  
Winters wrapped around their shoulders,  
Summers blooming at their base.

In the measure of a heart-beat,  
In the twinkling of an eye,  
I beheld her mighty cities  
Lift their battlements on high,  
And her strong, triumphant armies,  
Which the very gods d-died,  
Marching to the field of battle  
In their arrogance and pride.

Oh, the princes of that kingdom—  
How they ruled on land and sea!  
How they spurned the God of Justice;  
[And to Baal bent the knee]  
And they reared a golden image  
In the grandest of their marts,  
And the incense that ascended  
Rose from ruined homes and hearts.

And the one word that the image  
Uttered day and night was "Give!"  
Till the people only answered:  
"Grant us work that we may live."  
But the rulers babbled: "Business,"  
As they revelled at their ease,  
And they locked up Nature's storehouse,  
And to thieves consigned the keys.

And the wolves of want went prowling  
Round the cabins of the poor,  
While the tollers starved and perished  
On the highway and the moor;  
For the few claimed all the increase  
From the ocean, soil, and air—  
Precious stones and gems and metals,  
Flocks and grain and fruitage rare.

Still the multitude paid tribute  
To the miser in his den,  
Still the Shylock knife was sharpened  
For the flesh and blood of men;  
Crafty minds, like human spiders,  
Weaving traps for human flies,  
Velled with webs of legal pretense—  
Things that all men know were lies.

And the victims fell by millions  
Under land and chattel bond,  
Driven from God's soil like lepers  
By the usurer's magic wand,  
Till the army of the homeless  
Gathered like a rising flood,  
And the cry went up at midnight:  
"Give us bread or give us blood!"

And the gathering flood climbed higher  
Till it struck the palace door  
And awoke the royal sleepers  
With its wild, devouring roar.  
There are tigers in the jungle  
That delight in human prey,  
But a fierce tiger crouches  
In a starving man at bay.

And the rulers and the robbers,  
Though they quailed with inward dread,  
Answered back in bold derision,  
"Give them blood instead of bread!"  
And I saw the moon blush crimson,  
And beneath the weird eclipse  
Sat and rode the "scarlet woman,"  
With a sneer upon her lips.

There was pattering of the legions  
At the mandate of their queen,  
And the flashing of a million  
Blades lit up the awful scene,—  
And a million starving tollers  
Fell like blighted stalks of grain  
In that horrid midnight harvest,  
By their sons and brothers slain.

There are crimes that stir with horror  
Spirits and angels round the throne,  
And whose judgments can be meted  
By the courts of God alone:  
And I saw the kingdom sinking  
At the scarlet woman's feet,  
And her splendid cities plunging  
Like a tempest-fouled fleet.

Mountain ranges met and melted,  
And above the fiery tomb  
Two great oceans swung together  
Like the closing gates of doom.  
And I heard a voice proclaiming  
Down the solemn aisles of space,  
"He who slays a starving brother  
Smites his Maker in the face!"

\*Reprinted by permission of Mrs. Jennie Clark Jacobson, from "Poems and Songs," by her father, J. G. Clark.

## Ruskin on War.

Mr. Ruskin, states *Chamber's Journal*, will have it that peace or war depends upon the ladies of the nation, and the ladies only. He does not hesitate to tell the sex that the real reason for all the poverty, misery and rage of battle is simply that women are too selfish; that if the usual course of war, instead of destroying houses and fields, merely broke the china upon their drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. "Let but every Christian woman, who has conscience toward God, vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for his killed creatures. "Let every lady in the upper classes of Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for an evasion into prettiness. I tell you again, no war would last a week!"—*The Household*.

## Is Mental Science Enough?

An Address Delivered by Miss Susie C. Clark  
Before the Recent Metaphysical Con-  
vention in Lorimer Hall, Boston.

A perfect unity is possible in a wide diversity of thought, opinion and method, a unity of purpose, aim and pleasant comradeship. In differentiation of thought is wealth; conformity breeds stagnation always. The medical régime often counsels a counter-irritant, and therefore it is well perhaps that a worker in the field who has been regarded as something of a heretic in strictly metaphysical ranks, a little outside the pale of good and regular scientific standing, should be so kindly welcomed into this noble company of strong, conscientious workers, that the depth and sincere fervor of her heresy may be outlined.

Mental Science has a pure and beautiful record as an evangel of freedom and upliftment to the human race. In the few years since this system of pure, strong thinking and righteous living has gained wide acceptance, how many hearts has it blessed, how many minds has it educated and illumined, how many impotent and suffering bodies have its blessed ministrations raised to usefulness and power; and this glorious work has hardly begun. God speed it onward and bless every one of the noble exponents thereof, who march under its banners. And, in the fullness of time, may their beneficent eyes be cleared of all astigmatism; for the mental scientist of yesterday, I would hardly like to say of today, has sometimes worn near-sighted glasses which has limited his range of vision.

"All is Mind." (I quote from a Mental Science writer.) "This is the basis of Mental Science teaching and proves to be infallible. From it proceed the very issues of life, including health, wealth and happiness." Now shall we accept unquestioned this "infallible" statement? Is Mind the All of life or causation? And what is Mind?

While we are aware that the metaphysician claims for this affirmation of Being more than the generally world-accepted definition of Mind which designates "the intellectual and rational faculty in man, that power which conceives, judges and reasons," and that the metaphysician includes in this term the spiritual nature, even the soul, yet Mind never can adequately and correctly define, or become the vital force and energy, the immortal part of man, that intelligence which, unlike Mind, is independent of any mortal existence or embodiment—the spirit. "The spirit never was born, the soul began to be—never," while Mind is the result of this potential spirit essence breathing upon the material elements of the brain, as it does in the babe, until the Mind with its wondrous power of thought, the kingly intellect, slowly evolved, the child's spirit—its vital spark of Life from the Primeval Flame—being the same at every age. That expression of Being, therefore, which we call the Mind is thus dependent for its existence on the body, belongs to the body, its action is strictly mechanical, and too often material. For while the Mind has an inner as well as an outer gate, and its highest office transcends the receiving of data from the external plane since, aided by another faculty—intuition, it can receive messages of supernal wisdom, yet the pendulum of man's mentality always swings a little on the external plane.

The Mind alone is wholly inadequate to express the idea of an immortal essence. Spirit is the breath of Life, the only reality, the unconquerable power. Mind is dependent upon the senses and outward nature for its excitation and unfoldment. "Spirit is always the same whether seeking expression in form of archangel, or man, while Soul, the primal entity is as unlike Mind as the sun is unlike the bit of glass from whence its rays are reflected." It does not, like the Mind, depend upon matter, does not, like the spirit diffuse life through matter, but is the uncreated perfection of Being. The soul is God in us. Now the Mind and the Soul are not even close friends, for atheists and materialists who reason exclusively from the mind, usually ignore the verity of an immortal soul.

Does this not prove the imperfection of our "All is Mind" statement? Does it not suggest that while a growth from the old race-error of a belief of life in matter and of physical causation is a most necessary and encouraging stepping-stone in human progress, that the close adherents of such theory have retreated only one step from the physical plane to the mental, and there are spiritual heights beyond, many a one, which await our advancing feet, from whose altitude our mental state will then be a purified, illumined reflection of our spiritual grasp and comprehension, as a strong, healthy body is a reflection of an enlightened mind. As the eye is the material lens of the mind, so the mind is but a lens which the spirit projects for use on this plane of existence. "The mind is but the trestle-board on which the spirit with electric pen carves out its plan." Thoughts, verily, are things, or better—forces, the causative energies which materialize all things. But thought does not begin in the head. The brain is always acted upon; never does it act per se. Thought is really spirit vibration moving the brain to action. The brain does not create or produce thought, but reflects the intelligence of the spirit, sometimes its own incarnate spirit, often also that of spirit exarante.

There is always a cause back of mind. The spirit, when using its spiritual form, has its own eyes and ears and feelers, which are quite independent of mental action. In our withdrawal from the physical plane, let us take another and a higher step also, since all one idea

systems fall to the ground sooner or later, as they should, or better, yield of their harvest and fruitage to enrich a broader, grander successor. The soul has other avenues of manifestation than the mind. Shall we allow its expression to be narrow and one-sided, shall we fail to use our valuable and practical psychic powers in conjunction with mental attributes? Psyche clearly means soul, and are we not a race of souls? Then is there any discredit in using your soul powers? Yet the very word psychic is tabooed as something uncanny; some of our best metaphysical authorities, teachers and authors of our literature, have counselled their pupils to have nothing to do with the psychic plane, as it tends to unbalance the mind. Poor, defenceless mind—this mind which is All-impotent soul, that can only guard its purity and safety by baring part of its talents in disuse. And yet it has sometimes been noticed that when the mind of the patient is peculiarly unbalanced, the psychic healer is best qualified to diagnose and meet his need.

There is another modern school of thought which may have gone, I admit to the other extreme and over-cultivated the psychic plane to the neglect of mental and spiritual unfoldment, but remember, worthy conferees, when you state upon your program, that this metaphysical expression of truth is "the grandest movement of modern time" that there is another movement dating from that mighty wave which swept over the world with the "dawning light" of 1848, that has made your own position possible, and it is a movement, by the way, which like John Brown's soul is still marching on. It is the true mother of all modern schools of healing, or reform, even although children sometimes outgrow, and even disown their parents, or outstrip them in pacification of advanced thought. But the blows of persecution, obloquy and scorn with which an ignorant world always meets any message that comes to bless it, fell not first upon your shoulders. There have been martyrs for Truth's sake, bearing another name, who have made the path easier for your valiant feet to tread, and they have left a wealth of experience, of spiritual discovery, which it is not wise to carelessly ignore, whose appropriation and application in the work of healing, as in the broader field of teaching the word of Truth, an all-round, all-inclusive Truth, would wonderfully enhance the power of usefulness of the healer or worker, would open a new world (the real world), a new realm of causation to his spiritual discernment. All is not mind; and spiritual unfoldment never can be gained on the mental plane.

We have another corner-stone: "All is good, there is no evil." Then how do we know that all is good, since we can know nothing except by contrast, through the antagonism of ideas. If we tasted only sugar, how could we know sweetness? If there never had been pain, how could we realize immunity therefrom, how claim the possession, thank God, of perfect health? If there were no error, no so-called sin in the world, the moral element would be lacking, however upright the conduct. It is only under the polishing wheel that the diamond reveals its brilliancy. Man is allowed to suffer from the violation of laws, which we call sin, that he may thus gain knowledge, not only of those laws, but of a power within himself to overcome, a power that is one with Omnipotence, makes of him a co-worker with Infinite plan and purpose, a god in embryo. All the promises are given to him who overcometh. Then how can we gain the palm, the robe, the new name, the privilege to go no more out into earthly embodiment if there is no evil, nothing to overcome, no chance to win the victor's crown? Even the Christ is perfected through suffering. Not that there is an absolute element of evil, even though we recognize it on the plane of existence, for that which seems such to the finite mind is not evil in the realm of the Infinite. Like the green apple, it represents the best possible condition before ripeness obtains. But in the moral realm there must be a shadow; and if there must be a seeming evil to test the efficacy of good, then there is in the existence of error a divine purpose, which should command our recognition and respect.

Can you not imagine an archangel so pure and exalted in celestial realms, so yearning over those mortals now slowly climbing toward the height he has won, that he would voluntarily decide to descend and become the shadow of the One Great Light which none might perceive but for the dark background his Christly sacrifice would provide? Thus reads the legend of Lucifer, the fallen angel, a personality so erroneously maligned because Isaiah, by bold metaphor, addressed the king of Babylon thus: "How art thou fallen from heaven, Lucifer, son of the morning," whereupon Tertullian and Gregory the Great fastened upon the conclusion that Satan was meant by Lucifer, a mistake perpetuated and immortalized by Milton in his *Lost Paradise*. But Lucifer is properly the designation of the morning star, the Light Bearer, and this is what so-called evil is—the Light bringer, the Light-producer, after the conflict is past. Therefore in the final analysis all is good. When once the Light is seen all shadow of human ignorance is replaced by knowledge, bondage by freedom, temptation by victory. The mission of the Christ was not to bear all the responsibility of your sins and errors for you, but to increase your responsibility by showing you the possibility and power of conquest. You are to conquer the world and its unripeness, not flee from it, or deny it away. It is not necessary to sacrifice one's common sense to become a metaphysician or a psycho-physician either, which is a better word to represent an all-embracing work. Then

"Shake hands with pain, give greetings unto grief,  
Those angels in disguise, and thy glad soul  
From height to height, from star to shining star  
Shall climb, and claim blest immortality,"  
an immortality to be consciously entered upon now and here.

It is always what a healer is in spiritual growth and consciousness, in soul-unfoldment, that decides his power rather than anything he does or says or thinks or believes. The Mind indeed has power to cure or to kill, but to work solely on mental levels, to search for and try to "take up the right thought" as an antidote to that particular phase of wrong thought which the patient is holding, not only does not reach the realm of causation, but is not far removed from the attempt of the medicine man to decide on just the right composition of drugs to hit a certain form of disorder.

Mind-healing, while most beneficent and valuable, is always limited; there are some cases that cannot be reached through vibrations created by the purest, most enlightened thought. But the work of the enfranchised spirit is boundless, since the truly spiritual healer annuls, so far as possible, his own personality and mentality, and serves as effortless transmitter of the healing influx which flows from the Great Spirit alone and reaches thus the fainting spirit of the patient, binding it back again in strong reunion with its Source, divorcement from which is the only cause of all illness or prostration—the sense of human separateness from that Divine Energy, that all-pervasive Life which we call God. "I and my Father are one." This is the only infallible panacea for all suffering and unrest. I, the minute spark, am enkindled from that Quenchless Flame whence Life is born. Disease can no more assail one whose feet are planted on this rock, who feels momentarily the incoming of this mighty tide, who has gained the consciousness of impregnable divine union, the pattern set for us by the Christ. "I and my Father are one." With this at-one-ment acquired, there will be small need then of hunting for jealousies, anger or other mental foibles, which are causative, which undeniably create bodily conditions, but thoughts are only the ripples on the surface of the vast ocean of ideals innate in the soul.

Is, then, Mental Science enough? Is any one translation of truth enough while a broader, clearer interpretation of Deity's mighty message is possible? No Mental Scientist is content to linger in the light of this rosy dawn, while the broad effulgence of cloudless noon beckons him onward. We must outgrow labels and narrow classifications, become broadly open to every interpretation of wisdom, even if it be from a source toward which our attitude has been hitherto one of prejudice, misunderstanding and scorn. Truth seekers should be eager to catch its every accent, hospitable to its every phase, receptive to all. The different pathways leading to the goal are all necessary, full of beautiful, altruistic service to humanity. But let us make those paths broad, open to every avenue of Truth, radiant with the light of inspiration, by which a grand, comprehensive unfoldment is insured for each individual worker.

My prayer would be, to voice the fearless words of one of our nation's heroes: "Give me liberty"—the broadest freedom to grow in every direction, to unfold and to use my spiritual eyes and ears to wield each psychic gift and attribute; I might even claim the blessed privilege of cooperating in my efforts for humanity with wise, grand souls no longer fettered by the flesh, as we are; then "give me this liberty, or give me death. If this be treason"—if this be heresy—"make the most of it."

## More "Timely Remarks."

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

There were some "timely remarks," so called, in the *BANNER OF LIGHT* issued Nov. 18, which, indeed, may be timely, inasmuch as they are evidence of the plutocratic tendencies of to-day and the insidious encroachments of associated wealth. Said an astute French statesman, near the close of the last century, "associated wealth is the dynasty of modern states." During the century that has intervened the dynasty has not changed, but dominates with a more audacious power even in our nominally republican United States. A few days before his assassination President Lincoln raised a warning voice, but it fell on leaden ears. The nation heeded it not, the poison becoming deadlier and more potent as the years rolled away. Our statesmen were debauched, vying with each other in subservience to the money power. Said President Lincoln, limning the outlook:

"But I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country."

"As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people, until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxious for the safety of my country than ever before."

Significant words, when we know the terrible ordeal we went through when secession sought to read the nation and put in the field its armed hosts to take the national life. Though peace reigned, he knew there were plotters more dangerous and more wary, less honest than the secessionists, seeking to turn our victory over the rebellion into one for the disciples of greed and selfishness, negating the principles of government enunciated by the

statesmen of the revolutionary era, fought for by our patriotic ancestry at Lexington, Bunker Hill, Long Island, Monmouth, Cowpens and elsewhere. President Lincoln was no ravening Socialist or wild-eyed Anarchist, as our modern conservatives call those who demand a full-recognition of the truths of the Declaration of Independence, a truly popular government, whose blessings, like the dews, shall inure to the benefit of all—every unit of the body politic, without any abridgement of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The "timely remarks" I am criticizing are based on a circular preliminary to a Bureau which is to be established to give a conservative tone to the secular press. Among those cited as endorsing the circular and the proposed scheme is Brother Peabody, who is quoted at considerable length. He, among other things, gives a quasi endorsement to trusts and syndicates, remarking:

"Whatever may be said against trusts and syndicates they have their sunny sides—they are akin to co-operation, and co-operation is a much higher state of social life than mere competition."

This reminds me of the fable of the wolf and the lamb. The wolf in his palaver had many "sunny sides," but in the ending he devoured the lamb. Equity, good, wholesome government demand there shall be no wolves or ravenous beasts of any kind to prey upon the Republic. For thirty years we have been breeding wolves, and the end is not yet. I have before me a list of trusts formed and forming, and find that they are capitalized—common stock, \$3,210,658,981; preferred stock, \$1,061,405,800; an aggregate of \$6,272,064,781. A showing which justifies the before quoted warning of President Lincoln, and faintly shows the "sunny sides" of Bro. Peabody's pets.

As a specimen of the conservative literature which is to be circulated, we name an article from the pen of Rev. Solon Lauer, a Unitarian minister of San Diego, Cal., entitled "Dangerous Doctrines." The reverend gentleman glosses over the inequalities, maladministration of government and the grasping policy of associated wealth, those infernalisms which have fostered aristocracy, at the same time opening a pit of poverty into which the "lower classes" have been plunged, to hopelessly drag out a miserable existence, which it were better should have been made impossible by annihilation. He conjures up hydras, gorgons and chimeras dire to rouse popular vengeance and opposition, to present efforts to correct evils and erect barriers against those evils inevitably to come, if present provocative causes are to be permitted to continue. As a varnish to his conservatism, to excuse his sharp impeachments of reformers, he admits all the charges the "wicked, bloodthirsty" reformers have made as follows:

"I love you all, my brothers, but I will not flatter you. I will not join in your savage cry against capital. I know your sorrows, for I have suffered most of them. I know the pinching grasp of poverty. I know what it is to labor and 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."

Having drawn this true and most pungent indictment as a sop to the scoundrels, authors of the evils depicted, he asks this question:

"But shall we, because of these things, shriek at Fate, curse government, imprecate capitalists, cry, burn, kill, destroy?"

Here is an inconsistency which exhibits the weakness of those who attempt to impede reform, traduce reformers, prevents the rule of justice and the uplifting of humanity. The philosophy of Rev. Mr. Lauer will leave things as they are, stereotype them for all time. Conservatism has never been contributory to progress. The world has been made better solely by radicalism, and will only be further bettered by the same. Radicals are the world's saviors; the prophets of the good time coming when in the words of Thomas Hood:

Thrice blessed shall be the man with whom  
The gracious prodigality of nature,  
The balm, the bliss, the beauty and bloom,  
The bounteous providence in every feature,  
Recall the good Creator to the creature,  
Making all earth its fane, all heaven its dome!"

To his tuned spirit the wild heather-bells  
Ring Sabbath knells;  
The jubilate of the soaring lark  
Is chant of clark;  
For the choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet,  
The sod's cushion for his pious want;  
And consecrated by the heaven within it,  
The sky-blue pool a font.  
Each cloud-capped mountain is a holy altar;  
An organ breathes in every grove;  
And the full heart of a psalter,  
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love!

None of these under the reign of conservatism, only a starless, moonless midnight of darkness.

The prophets we need are those who encourage all efforts and talk little about what cannot be done. The one who reaches for something with persistence may get something better than he thought, as Columbus discovered America, though he set out for the East Indies.—A. C. Delbar.

Be content with doing with calmness the little which depends upon yourself and let all else be to you as if it were not.—Fenelon.

## The Nation's Honor.

BY H. E. FICHTHORN.

"Oh ye of little faith."

It is not with any desire to expand the sentiment of "expansion" that we reply to "The Nation's Shame," by the control of Cora L. V. Richmond, in THE BANNER OF NOV. 11. With most of those opinions we cordially agree to differ in our convictions, based, as we believe, upon facts.

There were those living at the time of both Washington and Lincoln who condemned their policies, but who are now forgotten.

The President is endeavoring to establish peace and order in our new possessions in the East. The duty was imposed upon him by a practically unanimous and not by a partisan Congress. For him to cease his efforts in this direction would be to give his enemies some reason for their course. The President has no authority, under the lawless conditions in those islands, to abandon them by the withdrawal of our army and navy, as only Congress can abrogate territory once acquired. Why then slander the administration for at least attempting to do its duty? McKinley is the real friend of the Filipinos just as the mistaken South has discovered that Lincoln was its best friend.

We know of no facts with which to justify the statement that our nation is putting with the principles of the Declaration of Independence. "You have trampled beneath your feet the one essential proposition of the right of a sister republic to exist, and to be perpetuated beneath your protection." Surely if this nation were possessed by the base spirit of mere conquest, it would not begin its work on the other side of the planet. Canada, Mexico and Central America is much nearer territory, but who believes this nation has any design of invasion upon these people?

Has not this nation taken the would-be "sister republic" of Cuba under her wings? Would that there really had been a "sister republic" in the East with as much appreciation and reason as that of Cuba, for then the "demand that every people shall be aided so far as it is in the power of this nation" would have been more than a mere attempt, thus far, in the East. We are sorry that hitherto our fatherly "aid" has been spared by this unruly pretender, and that the rebel has received only too much encouragement from those who demand that we protect and guide them. Facts conclusively prove that this "sister republic" supposed to have been strangled by this nation never had any existence except in the minds of those who judge at long distance. The Filipinos were not fighting for independence before Spain withdrew, and what government may have existed since should not and cannot be dignified with the title of a republic. In our country Washington was the instrument of the Colonial Assembly. In the Philippines the so-called Congress is the instrument of Aguinaldo. A cloak to cover his despotism and to deceive the nations by it as a bait for recognition. He and not Congress issues the proclamations to the people. Not the members of the Philippine Congress, but only Aguinaldo has authority to treat for peace. Those members who were only rewarded by him as a despot could. In the simplest statement Aguinaldo is the Filipino Congress. No one familiar with the facts can believe that he governs by the consent of those he rules. Should we withdraw our army, the Philippine Congress would end as our last soldier entered the transport.

Aguinaldo is by no means the representative of the people, and in no sense does he derive his authority from them, while to apply this essential principle of all representative governments to what exists in the Philippines is not true to the facts in the case. His authority is derived from his arms which enables him to compel obedience from those who are unarmed. Not over citizens nor subjects but slaves, the despot rules. We do not condemn Aguinaldo, who learned most of his ideas of government in the school of Spanish treachery so that his best generals do not trust him, but we have not much patience with his friends in this country who won't read his character aright as he writes in the symbols of his own actions.

Those who really want a representative government look not for assistance and protection they have not the arms to protect themselves from those who have the arms but who do not want even the shadow of a republic. Shall we leave 8,000,000 inhabitants at the mercy of a few who have not the right but the power to enslave them?

Who can tell us how a despot and a republic can exist in the same country at the same time?

What has the administration really done toward solving this question besides the argument of arms? The future of the Philippines was not in the mind of the President, nor in the minds of those who are now accusing him as if he had meditated criminal aggression when war was declared against Spain. How could he be expected to know what was best for a people of whom little was known at that time, and if it were not for his commission, not much more would be known now, for any basis to make them promises? Even since the preliminary report of the commission has been made public there are still those who claim that "no intelligent attempt to gain the goodwill of the Filipinos by giving them any assurance whatever was made." We question whether the President had any authority to make promises of any sort to those people before the islands were really ours through the ratification of the treaty by Congress. While the Spanish army remained, and we had no army in the East, it would have been absurd to make any promises. At the same time it should be remembered that the President asked for the verdict of the people even before he announced his terms upon which he would agree to peace.

No promises were made by Dawey. The opposition in Congress against the treaty supplied the stimulus for the development and fruition of Aguinaldo's ambition to become dictator under the guise of independence. The mental pabulum that sustains this ambition is still supplied mostly by this country as seen by his most recent proclamations. It is not generally known that while Congress was wrangling over the treaty, Gen. Otis had appointed a commission to negotiate with the Filipinos for the peaceful establishment of a representative government. The members of this Commission were Gen. Hughes, Col. Crowder, and Gen. J. F. Smith; three of the most able men in the army, and who were not even "expansionists." The Filipinos had the same number appointed, and this Commission met almost daily up to within a few days of the breaking out of hostilities. The report of this Commission concludes thus: "We even went so far as to assure them that the United States would grant them every degree of autonomy they prove themselves equal to—even to obtain all the advantages of self government, with the assurance of the strong guiding and cooperating hand of America, but all without avail. Their policy, rather than ours, seemed to be rule or ruin."

These fruitless efforts were made even before the treaty was confirmed, and as early as the administration could be expected to have made any official announcement of his intentions, and surely liberal enough to satisfy all reasonable critics. That the work of this Commission, and that of the later one appointed by the President, should both have failed in its endeavor to secure peace without the conflict of arms is indeed a great disappointment, but no longer a mystery, since we know the ambition of Aguinaldo, and that he is both the government and the people. In the light of these reports, it is evident that he is the enemy of peace, and the friend of tyranny. Now that it is shown that the administration has exhausted all its diplomatic resources, it still remains for the critics to try their hand at diplomacy with the insurgent leader. If they could influence him to cease his opposition against a representative government, renounce his dictatorship and undeceive his followers, they would earn the gratitude of the President and the thanks of Congress. No one can be serious in saying that this nation intends to make serfs of the Filipinos, or that we would

withhold independence from them after they have proved themselves capable of self government. All such talk should be limited to the yellow journals. Instead of the base intentions attributed to the administration, we firmly believe that if its representatives in both Cuba and the Philippines could unanimously report the existence of what they believe to be a permanent representative government, and that every one of our soldiers could be homesick, no man in this country would feel more relieved and rejoiced than the President. We question whether Washington or Lincoln, knowing the character of Aguinaldo, would pull down our flag, and thus permit the tyrant to have full sway.

"It is a specious, insinuating, hypocritical plea that those people are not capable of governing themselves." The preliminary reports of the last commission answers this assertion. The members of this commission were without taint of partisan bias further than the fact that a majority of them were not in entire sympathy with the republican party. Schurman was appointed its president because he had expressed opinions in favor of a non-expansionist. What shall we next expect from those who assert that this commission was "prostituted for political purposes." To every candid mind this report clearly demonstrates the sincerity of our procedure and the unselfishness of our intentions. Where then shall we look for "The Nation's Shame!" Ashamed, because our army and navy did not sail away with that of the Spanish instead of remaining to control the lawless while an effort is being made to organize a government for the people who have had no laws since Spanish rule ended? Ashamed, because the presence of our army has restrained the less unselfish appetites of other nations? Ashamed, because our nation prevented the execution of the secret order of Aguinaldo to assassinate all foreigners in Manila, and the later order to burn the town? Ashamed, because we have prevented the outflow from being a wholesale murderer and from giving the other nations an excuse to take revenge?

Ashamed because our nation has to some extent been able to protect seven-eighths of the inhabitants who hate the robber and oppressor, and who have no heart nor part in the insurrection? Ashamed because municipal governments have been organized in a dozen towns, in which the natives participate, while the surrounding country is being cultivated for the first time in three years? We admit that this nation is not in the islands for the pure love of humanity, but that it expects to profit by the establishment of a permanent government, and the development of the resources in those islands. But then some of us Spiritualists would rather have part of our reward now, in cold cash, than wait till we get to heaven. All honor to our nation for what it has done, and is doing to establish peace and order in the East, having no doubts but what independence won't be withheld when they have proven themselves capable of self government. Shame that any of us should have such little faith in the transforming potency of the Principles of Spiritualism as to believe that this nation will end like that of Egypt and Rome. May we not be the salt of the earth, the leaven that shall leave the whole lump? But the salt must be separate from the earth, and the leaven from the lump. The Saviour must differ from what he is to save, and above all, walk in the consciousness of his saving power. Who shall teach the Spiritualists that Spiritualism is the savior, and that faith or consciousness must precede works, or the realization of the coming salvation?

We Spiritualists should so live that the "world that now is" could only end in giving birth to the "new heaven and new earth."

323 East 149 street, New York City.

## What about that Robinson Challenge?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Since my return to New York from California I have been besieged by letters of inquiry as to the outcome of that thousand dollar challenge issued against me by Mr. Robinson, and published in the BANNER OF LIGHT in its issue of July 22, and I beg space in your valuable journal for a public answer. I left New York July 17th for San Francisco to spend my summer vacation and to meet relatives and friends. On August 1st, whilst in Los Gatos I received a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT dated July 22, in which Mr. Robinson challenged me for any sum up to \$1,000 to produce the slate writing phenomenon in his presence under test conditions.

On August 24, I wrote to THE BANNER accepting Mr. Robinson's challenge and asking that gentleman to produce a properly certified check for the amount of his challenge, also legally binding articles of agreement, and also requesting him to communicate with me direct in care of J. B. Lawrence, Druggist 103 West 42nd street, New York City, (Robinson's home). My acceptance of Mr. Robinson's challenge was published in the BANNER OF LIGHT in its issue of August 19th.

On September 21 a brief editorial appeared in that journal, stating that Mr. Robinson had written a private letter to the editor, suggesting that as an evidence of my good faith I should put up a deposit of from fifty to one hundred dollars, as Mr. Robinson had sacrificed European engagement for the purpose of meeting me.

This proposition was so ridiculous as to cause all my friends and enemies to smile. The idea of the challenger demanding that the challenged party should deposit even one cent before the actual challenge had shown the color of his money, although asked to do so, gave a very humorous and uncertain look to that gentleman's original challenge. Mr. Robinson's request was unprecedented for either impudence or ignorance—for all that Mr. Robinson had to do was to communicate to me his willingness to produce a certified check for the amount of his challenge, and it would have been covered, for I had already arranged with New York friends to attend to my end of the proposition.

Whilst this was going on I had the pleasure of receiving another challenge in the *Progressive Thinker*, dated Aug. 12, under the caption of "An Expectant Hour," etc., and signed by "Psychic Researcher." This challenge was somewhat personally insulting, and no doubt the writer was a Robinson man, for he was permitted to say, among a lot of other wild statements, "I suppose Evans will only run away, and live to bluster another day." In this challenge Robinson, through "Psychic Researcher," challenged every living phenomenal medium in the known world—myself preferred. I answered "Psychic Researcher," or Robinson's article in the *Progressive Thinker*, stating that I had already written my acceptance of Robinson's challenge to two spiritual journals, and again demanded that Robinson should produce his certified check for one thousand dollars—the amount of his challenge—my answer was published in the *Progressive Thinker* in its issue of Sept. 2. The *Light of Truth*, of the same date, also contained my acceptance of Robinson's challenge with the added statement, that if Robinson would double the amount of his challenge it would be more acceptable to me.

I then hurried back from San Francisco, leaving that city for New York on Sept. 12, and forfeiting five proffered engagements as follows—one by S. M. Denneston, to visit Spokane Falls, one through the *Philosophical Journal*, to visit Fresno, one by Thomas Lees, et al., to visit Cleveland, one to visit Portland, Ore., and one from Los Angeles. All these offers are before me, and can be seen by interested parties.

On my arrival in New York, Sept. 17, I notified the several spiritual journals and also placed a personal notice in the *New York Sunday Herald*, notifying the public of my arrival in that city. I wrote a brief notice to *Light of Truth* and the *Progressive Thinker*, complaining that neither Mr. Robinson nor his one thousand dollars had been heard from. This appeared in both journals in their issue of Oct. 7. Also in the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, dated Nov. 2. I also wrote a personal letter to the editor of THE BANNER with the same

plaint. Several gentlemen offered me backing in this challenge to amount from one thousand dollars up. George White the Mendocino cattle king, met me in San Francisco, and having heard of Robinson's challenge, offered to post one thousand dollars on me if the guinea were willing.

I take this opportunity to thank the friends who so kindly offered to stake their money on their belief in my mediumistic powers. But as it is over three months since my acceptance of Mr. Robinson's challenge appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT, and since that gentleman has not produced his certified check for the amount of \$1,000, that he challenged me for, and has not shown any disposition whatever to approach me, or reach me, on the matter he challenged me for, I will now wash my hands of the whole business, and retire from this "swindle" that I have been unwittingly dragged into, knowing that I have done what I consider my part to sustain the dignity of spiritual phenomena, and hereafter all challenges will be ignored, no matter by whom presented. For the BANNER OF LIGHT in an editorial dated Aug. 19 (the date of the publication of my acceptance of Robinson's challenge), after expressing its confidence in the genuineness of my mediumship, says: "Through this test Mr. Evans will render Spiritualism a signal service by disarming one of its ablest critics, and will place his mediumship in a most favorable light before the world."

Those who are honestly desirous of witnessing phenomena can always do so without resorting to the blistering method of challenges. I have accepted so many challenges, and have failed to see the challenger's money come to the surface, that I am thoroughly disgusted, and will lend my name to no more such schemes. All that I have gained for my trouble has been a lot of worry, loss of time, and a condition of mind that has unfitted me for the presentation of the higher forms of spiritual phenomena. Besides the spirit world is not in sympathy with gambling on spiritual results. But I am only human, and have erred in this respect (as I thought) for the sake of the cause of Spiritualism. Neither press nor public will again find me in this role.

Respectfully yours, FRED. P. EVANS,  
Medium for Psychography or Slate writing,  
103 West 42d street, New York City.

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

The BANNER OF LIGHT finds a most cordial weekly welcome to my home. It has received such recognition now for almost twelve years, and, if I remain up the mundane, I expect to peruse its pages with interest for many years to come. The editorial pages, under the efficient pen of my brother Barrett, teem with helpful truths and suggestions and bear the imprint of earnest, conscientious and wisely-directed energy.

Being a careful reader of its pages, an editorial bearing the same caption as this article did not escape my attention. It appears in THE BANNER under date of Nov. 18, and is entitled "A Terse Aphorism." It formed the first sentence to my address delivered a short time ago before the Boston Spiritual Temple Society. The many qualifications of meaning which the above sentence may possibly convey, as intimated in the first paragraph of the editorial referred to, leads me to conclude that the sentence is not so innocent in its meaning as I suspected it of being. I thought that it carried its own definition with it. Be that as it may, I will be accredited with knowing the meaning which I intended to convey by the use of the sentence, "A truth-seeker is better than a fraud-hunter."

I meant, not that the man who might be a truth-seeker was a better man intrinsically than the fraud-hunter, for to me all mankind is good, but that the former was a better man in that he added more than the other to the common weal. A fraud-hunter is a fraud-destroyer, while it seems difficult to see how a fraud hunter necessarily adds anything to discovered truth. The truth-seeker, if in earnest, will become a truth-finder and thereby perform the double service of enriching himself with truth and at the same time destroying error. The truth-seeker is sure to be confronted with error, and, if at all sagacious, will anticipate this condition. The truth is anxiously sought for by many, in order, if haply it is found, to escape the natural tendencies of being led by fraud or error. The fraud hunter, *per se*, is not a person of genuine constructive utilitarianism. The scientific truth-seeker does not start out determined to find all the false, and, after finding it, place it before the people, labeling it, "This is fraudulent and false," leaving the simple inference that all else outside of this accumulation of rubbish is the true and the real.

Not long ago I asserted some apples just as they were indiscriminately taken from the trees. Of course, I was after the good apples. Laboring in the capacity of "The man with the hoe," I did not go to the trouble of picking out the bad ones first, but selected all the good apples and left the bad ones on the ground, which were in turn easily and quickly disposed of according to their worthlessness. Was this the correct method? If it was, why apply any other, and especially an opposite method, in reference to the fruit of the spirit? The fraud-perpetrator, upon a certain very low plain of life, may be considered a "sharper," but, upon the real true plain of living, he is not sharp, but is sadly ignorant of that natural law that "Whatsoever a man sows that shall he also (if his kind) reap." It is also true that he who is deceived by fraud is quite as much in need of spiritual illumination. The deceiver and the deceived are sadly in need of spiritual awakening.

When the spiritual consciousness of a man is fully aroused there need not be the slightest fear that he will fail to detect the dull ring of the spurious coin from that of the genuine. Shall we strive to pick and bring into proper vibration this spiritual understanding in ourselves and others by using the "bread of life" or a "stone"? Fraud itself never fed humanity. I don't believe that the salt of its discovery and display before the world will make it more palatable or helpful if its digestion is attempted.

When I find a truth I destroy some error. If I am successful in discovering fraud, does my discovery warrant its destruction? Carlyle says, "Error at last becomes dry fuel for the ever consuming fire of Truth." I believe that true Spiritualism contains enough of the fire of truth to dry and consume all the fraud in its midst. Then fan the fire of its truth into a blaze. Let the truth find the fraud not to reveal it but to destroy it.

If all the fraud were discovered by any one and then vigorously prohibited, the prohibition would only in a measure stay its progress, for history plainly reveals the fact that prohibition has been measurably a failure even from and including the forbidden fruit eating in Eden. The power of truth is sufficient for the annihilation of all error and fraud. Be a truth-seeker, then, and you will thereby become a fraud-destroyer. The presentation of truth reveals error because of its light. Truth is positive; truth is light. Error is negative; error is darkness. The simple discovery of error will not reveal truth for it possesses no power of light within it. The world does not need to be shown the pitfalls; it wants to be directed to the bridges of truth which span all degrees of consciousness until it realizes the cosmic consciousness. A fraud-discoverer will be a natural outcome of a truth-seeker; but one whose life is given over to fraud-hunting, pure and simple, is a waste of time and a pillager of precious opportunities. I am sure that no reader will misunderstand me. I would be the last to condone fraud. I seek only to reveal what appears to be the best way to eliminate it from our midst, at least in the judgment of your humble servant.

F. A. WIGGIN.

Send for our Free Catalogue of Spiritual Books—it contains the finest assortment of spiritualistic works in the world.

## MARION GOLDBORO;

(Copyright Oct., 1899, by Carlyle Petersilea.)

## WHAT ONE WOMAN ACCOMPLISHED.

WRITTEN BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA;

Author of "The Discovered Country," "Occults," a Practical Novel, "Mary Ann Carey," "Philip Carlyle," a Romance, &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. GOLDBORO HAD FAINTED.

Weeks passed on. Marion had provided for all of whom we have spoken in this story, and she still continued to visit the poor and afflicted; but a new interest had come into her life which added brightness and beauty to her every act and movement: The grand passion was dawning upon Marion.

Mr. Englehart had started his "How to be Happy Club." He was, also, a constant visitor at the Goldboro mansion, and sweet Marion was the prize he sought there. He was ready to lay his immense wealth and title at her feet; but, as yet, he was only known to Marion as simply Mr. Englehart, an English gentleman of moderate means. Marion loved him for himself alone; and yet she hardly knew that she loved. He had entered heart and soul with her in her work toward assisting the poor and unfortunate, and he often spent large sums of money in this direction. Marion wondered how a gentleman of moderate means could afford to give so much, though it increased her admiration for him, and when at last Mr. Englehart told her of his great love and asked her to become his wife, she blushing consented, promising her father and mother were both willing; he must gain the consent of both her parents, for she felt that she could never be happy if either objected.

Mr. Goldboro gave his consent and blessing, but he feared his wife would be strongly opposed to the union. An unknown gentleman of moderate means was not the one she would be likely to choose for her daughter, for, as Mr. Goldboro remarked, she was extremely ambitious that Marion should marry for a title if not for wealth; and he thought she would prefer both.

Mr. Englehart did not seem to be at all discouraged but quite the contrary. He appeared elated and joyful like one who is certain of victory. He was ushered, shortly after, into Mrs. Goldboro's own private parlor, and soon that lady entered. She divined at once the object of the gentleman's visit. After polite greetings were over Mr. Englehart said:

"Madam, I am here to ask you to bestow upon me the hand of your daughter Marion in marriage. I have long loved her above all other women. She has already consented to be my wife provided you will also give your consent. She desires to be a dutiful daughter, and says she will not marry without your approval. Mr. Goldboro has already blessed us, and is willing to receive me as his son-in-law."

Mrs. Goldboro's face flushed, and her lips curled scornfully.

"Sir," said she, in cold disdain, "what have you to offer my daughter in return for her beauty, wealth and social distinction?"

"Well, madam, intense love and admiration for her sterling qualities, an honorable name, and moderate wealth."

"And do you consider this enough to offer a lady whose patrimony will, most probably, quadruple your own?"

"Madam," he replied, "I care very little for Marion's patrimony. I should wish to marry her if she were entirely penniless. It is not her money, dear Mrs. Goldboro, that I desire, but her peerless self."

"Mr. Englehart, my daughter shall never marry a man beneath her with my consent. I had hoped great things for my eldest daughter, but she has been a bitter disappointment to me always; without ambition for herself, together with degrading views of life. But, sir, I shall shield my daughter from a mesalliance if possible."

"Of course, madam, opinions differ as to what constitutes a mesalliance. There is no blemish on my escutcheon, my means are ample for the support of a wife and family, and even if they were not, I have a stout heart and strong right arm with which to conquer adverse circumstances. I love your daughter, my name bears no stain, and I hope I am an honorable man. What more than this can you desire for your daughter?"

"Your position in the world is too obscure," she answered. "My daughter's wealth is sufficient to bring to her side men of renown. Even Miss Silver, who has half as much as Marion, is married to a Lord. Although my daughter ought to marry a Prince still I would not object to a Lord, a Baron, even a Count might obtain my consent. Yes," she added, meditatively, "Countess sounds very well, Baroness is not quite to my taste, still it would pass; but it should be Princess, Lady or Baroness."

But suppose a gentleman, bearing one of these titles, was not honorable, had no principles of morality as very many of them have not—loved gambling, betting and horse racing better than he did his wife; suppose what love he might have was divided among four or five other women—as most of these gentlemen so do divide their love—or at the least we will say even one, would you be willing to risk your peerless daughter's happiness with such a man? Madam, I am confident that it is titled gentlemen of this stamp who seek wealthy young ladies of America as wives. It would not take long for one of this kind to squander Miss Goldboro's millions, and your lovely daughter, with her highly moral and spiritual nature, would soon be broken-hearted, and, in all probability, a separation and divorce would soon ensue."

"Mr. Englehart," said the lady haughtily, "I cannot see this as you do. You are probably envious of gentlemen of distinction, and take the present opportunity to slander them. It is unnecessary to prolong this interview, as I shall not change my determination."

"And you will give my lovely darling to no man who does not bear a title?"

Mr. Englehart's face flushed, and he trembled visibly.

"No!" And Mrs. Goldboro swept toward the door.

"Stay, madam! A few more words and I will take my departure. Madam, I am not at all that I appear to be."

"I thought as much," she replied angrily. "So you would have entrapped my daughter?"

"No," he said, rising with a new dignity. "I intended to tell Marion all, before I claimed her for my bride. I also intended to inform her father, together with yourself; but, for reasons of my own, I desired to gain her love, as well as the consent of her parents, before doing so."

"And yet you talk of high moral principles, and honorable gentlemen while you are sneaking under cover, like a thief in the night! Sir, begone from this house at once, and never enter it again!"

The lady stamped her foot violently. "I have saved Marion this time, at least."

"Madam, I beg of you to exercise a little patience until you know all."

"Begone, sir! I have no need of patience under the present circumstances. Have you not said yourself that you were masquerading assuming a name and character not your own? And more than this, you have not been as witty as you might have been. You could have assumed that you were titled and wealthy. Oh! thank Heaven that you did not; for thereby you might have gained my consent to wed my daughter." And Mrs. Goldboro wrung her hands in distress at the thought. "Of course you can be nothing more than some low beggar without character or position, that you do not even aspire or assume to be anything more than an ordinary person of moderate means. If you do not leave the house at once I will call the footman to eject you."

"Madam, madam! I beg of you to calm yourself. May it not be entirely contrary to your supposition? I may have chosen to masquerade, as you call it, below my real position. I have not masqueraded as a villain; but, par-

don me, I bore as an honorable gentleman with honorable intentions. I simply desired to be appreciated for myself alone. I had no wish that the accident of possessing a title should gain the esteem of men or the love of a wife. I desired to be treated as a man among men. I did not wish to gather about me a lot of fawning sycophants simply because of the accident of birth; but, madam, in order to gain the woman I love I will give up the secret of my birth and my accidental title."

Mrs. Goldboro stood staring at him, paling visibly.

"Madam, I am not conscious of misrepresentation. I represented my means as moderate, in that I said truly. They are moderate, with many millions over and above moderate, that I really do not as yet know what to do with; but my peerless Marion will help me to give to the suffering and needy; she will help me to make others happy with the surplus of my wealth, for I contend, as she does, that I have no moral right to more than moderate means while my brothers and sisters go cold, hungry and naked. Did not your own Christ say: 'Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the widow and the fatherless, give to him that asketh of thee, and turn not thou away.'"

"Madam, I have been guilty of concealing an accident, I admit. I really did not think it worth while to talk about it. It was simply a name which bore no meaning to me. A title, if it so pleases you, madam. But the title was not given to me through any particular merit of my own. It was purely an accident of birth. I really do not think I have any right to it. It was a former ancestor of mine who, for his bravery, was knighted, and no brave act of mine. My great-grandfather did signal service for his king, and thereby received an earldom. But it was not I who served the king. My grandfather inherited the honors and titles of his ancestors as well as their substance and lands. He did nothing to earn them. At his death, my father took them. He was simply nothing more than a moderately good man; still, he was much beloved by those who knew him best. Madam, he is dead. I am his eldest his only son. By what merit of my own do I hold his vast wealth and title? I am simply, as I hope, an honorable gentleman. Why should other men bow down to me and call me lord?"

Mrs. Goldboro sank into a chair, breathless and pale as death.

"An earl!" she gasped. Oh! how could you have so deceived us?"

"I thought it of little consequence. I did not wish to receive honor for that which was of no worth."

"Then your name is not Englehart?" gasped Mrs. Goldboro. "You surely have no right to call yourself by a name other than your own?"

"My real name is quite a long one; and, to me, sounds like brass and tinkling cymbals; but Englehart is really one of them—the one which suits me best. Plain Mr. Englehart suits me better than any other, and all that I really deserve. My mother was the daughter of a German Prince—a younger son of one of Bavaria's former kings—Prince Englehart; and she always called me Englehart; but, as called by those in my own country, I am Eglehart Lowellian Englehart, Earl of Leicester, madam," he continued, kneeling before Mrs. Goldboro with inimitable dignity and grace, "as I have now confessed to you in full, I out reserve or deception of any kind, I once more sue for the incomparable hand of your daughter Marion in marriage."

But Mrs. Goldboro lay back in her chair, pale and limp as a dead woman; she had fainted.

(To be Continued.)

## The Defence of Mediums.

BY MRS. ELISABETH F. KURTH.

The N. S. A. having bestowed upon us the certificate of State Agent for the eastern part of New York during the coming year, we would like to say a few words regarding the honor we have received.

According to the Constitution and By-laws of the N. S. A., the State Agent's duty shall be to defend mediums. Having been honored for several years past in this direction, by receiving proper certificate with seal attached, etc., we however deemed it wise to place these credentials in a secret corner of our writing desk, as nothing travels quicker than a notice of this kind in the spiritualist field of labor.

Defence of Mediums. Let us cast a glance backward for the past years, and see whether we have met the requirements of that certificate, and the answer comes back to us—No.

Living now entered upon the discussion let us try and explain our delinquency.

Mediums. There is no class of people in this world for whom we have greater admiration and deepest sense of appreciation than mediums. But we have different kinds and classes of persons gifted with mediumship. As soon as the first swallow makes its appearance, we become acquainted with the would be traveling camp-meeting medium. They call upon us in deep distress; have lost their purses, or have been robbed on the cars; only want enough money to reach Oyster or Lake Pleasant, as they have many friends in both places. In their appealing manner they twist from our lips the names of one or two co-workers, and they are the next victims. Then come strange workers, claiming to be mediums, having been in the field long before our work began; they have no friends, no money, no home, nothing to eat, are actually starving, yet when offered a good dinner and proper clothing, they prefer money at all times.

Then you meet with the venturesome mediums who come well dressed, with polished manners, and expect you to pay the modest sum of several thousand dollars to lift the mortgage from their house. Then we meet the distressed medium who is getting up a collection to defray the funeral expenses of a good mother, another comes appealing to us to go to court with him, having received a summons for disorderly conduct and improper language.

No doubt all these persons have a vein of mediumship running through them and are advised to apply to us, having been so appointed by the N. S. A., but just here let us ask in all kindness what our defense in these cases should consist of? To help all these people would be entirely out of our power; that they were not what they claimed to be, mediums, would be touching a wasp's nest; to show them the door would be unkind and impudent; to tolerate their continuance would be doing a great wrong, inflicting other co-workers with the same ordeal. But the N. S. A. will say, you are to defend mediums, yet where are we to draw the line? How are we to know where the real ends and the unreal begins? How many mediums have been maligned, ostracized and exposed, and yet the world moves on and mediumship prospers.

All mediums have their followers, and most every one will tell you of their favorite medium, that if all the world cried fraud—their medium would be exempt.

Of course, true, pure and good mediums need no defense; they come to us as educators and teachers, their characters are above reproach, they enlighten us by their philosophy, and lead us on by their phenomena, they are ladies and gentlemen in all that the word implies, and to them our sympathies and best wishes go out, and our hand of good fellowship will forever be extended.

## For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WINGLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## Children's Spiritualism.

## EVEN THERE.

A troop of babes in Summer-Land,  
At heaven's gate—the children's gate:  
One lifts the latch with rosy hand,  
Then turns, and, dimpling, asks her mate—  
"What was the last thing that you saw?"  
"I lay and watched the dawn begin,  
And suddenly, through the thicket of straw,  
A great, clear morning-star laughed in."  
"And you?" "A floating thistle-down.  
Against June sky and cloud-wings white."  
"And you?" "A falling blow, a frown—  
It frights me yet; oh, chump me tight!"  
"And you?" "A face through tears that smiled—  
The trembling lips could speak no more;  
The blue eyes saw; the lonely child  
Was hushed even at heaven's door."  
—E. R. SILL.

## How Mildred Saved the Deer.

BY ANNE SPOTSWOOD YOUNG.

"I don't believe a lame dog, or a sick cat, or an old horse will ever come to this house!" wailed a small lassie not long ago.  
Brother Jack looked up from his newspaper with a puzzled expression. His little sister's eyes were full of tears, and her lips were trembling very much indeed, and something dreadful seemed to be the matter. In a moment Jack's paper was thrown aside, and the little sister was on his knee being comforted.  
"Why, Mildred," said the big brother, "what can you want with old horses and lame cats and dogs? It's raining cats and dogs 'outside now.' Shall I go out and get some?"  
Mildred laughed at this in spite of the lump in her throat, but she sobbed in a moment, saying, with a little sob:  
"It does seem funny to wish for such queer things, Jack, but I know you won't think it's queer when I tell you all about it. I belong to a club at school, and everybody in the club must try to help some poor sick animal, and make it better, or else feed hungry ones, and do all they can to make animals happier. We've had the club three weeks now, and all the girls and boys have fed starving cats and dogs, and one boy made a man stop beating his horse, and every one of them has helped an animal but me, and I have looked and looked for one, and all I found was a mouse in a trap. I let that go, and the cock was awful cross about it, so I can't even do that now. The club meets here to-morrow, and we all have to tell something we've done, and there hasn't a lame or hungry dog or cat been round yet. I've watched all day, and now it's raining and getting dark, and I know I won't have a single thing to tell at the club." Mildred winked very hard to keep from crying, and Jack hugged her close a minute as he said:  
"Well, I wouldn't cry about it. I know something you did a few weeks ago that you can tell at the club. You saved a little deer's life." Mildred was so surprised that she could hardly speak for a minute.  
"Why, Jack," she said at last, "I haven't seen any deer for a long, long time, not since last summer at the Zoo; but—" she added slowly, "it must be true if you say so." Jack laughed.  
"You find it hard to believe, don't you?"  
"Yes," admitted Mildred.  
"Well, this is how it happened," said Jack.  
"About two weeks ago a certain little girl I know was singing to her doll, and a certain young man, who happened to be the little girl's brother, was all ready to go hunting. As he came into the room where his little sister was, to say good-bye to her, she looked up, saying, 'Oh, Jack, you're going hunting! I wish you wouldn't kill any more dear little rabbits,' and the big brother said, 'I am going 'way up among the hills to hunt for deer this time,' and the little girl cried a wee bit, and begged him not to go; but he laughed and teased her until she laughed too, and when he went away he heard her singing once more to her doll:  
"Dear little dimpled darling has never seen Christmas yet."  
"Now it happened that there were not very many deer in the woods, and that the hunters did not have good luck. The big brother tramped and tramped through the woods, but no deer did he see until the very last day. Then he happened to be all alone standing near a brook, when suddenly he heard the soft patter of feet, and on looking up there stood the prettiest little fawn you ever saw, right on the bank of the stream, a few yards from him. The big brother stood very still indeed and drew up his gun, took a good aim, and was just going to pull the trigger, when the deer began to walk slowly toward him. She had beautiful large brown eyes, and for a minute they looked like your eyes—his little sister's eyes, I mean—and he seemed to hear the song the little girl was singing when he left home, "Dear little dimpled darling has never seen Christmas yet," and—well, the fact is, he could not have killed that deer any more than he could have shot the little girl if she had been standing there. The deer came quite close to him, and then bounded away and was soon out of sight and quite safe."  
Mildred's eyes had grown big and dark as she listened to Jack's story, and when he finished she gave a little sigh of relief.  
"That was so interesting, Jack, that I almost forgot that you were the 'big brother' and that I was the 'little girl.' It was brave of you not to kill her when you had such a good chance. I guess I really did save his life, because if it hadn't been for me you would have shot it, wouldn't you?"  
"I'm afraid so," answered Jack.  
"You're a dear, dear brother, so you are, and I'm awfully proud of you, and I'll tell the club about it, and they will be glad too." The Outlook.

## A Horse the Leader.

We hear many stories of the intelligence of horses. One told in one of the Chicago papers shows how a horse helped to catch a thief. A policeman discovered that two men were robbing a store. The police tried to catch them, but they got into a wagon standing near by and drove off. Later the horse and wagon were found in the outskirts of the city. The horse was driven to the police station, and the next day a detective and a policeman drove the horse with a loose rein—that is, they let him go as he would, turning corners without direction. He turned at last into an alley, and stopped before a stable. In the stable they found the thief. This stable was where the horse lived—his home. A few years ago a horse found in the same city with a lot of things in his wagon that the police knew had been stolen was allowed to go through the streets in the same way. He took the police to a house in a lonely neighborhood in which quantities of stolen goods were found. The horse had been in the habit of going to that house, and knew how to get there.

## REBUKED.

He sat rebellious on my knee—  
My baby by y, whose sunny hair  
Had been a source of pride to me.  
"Peace, tut-tut!" his frequent prayer:  
But while I rushed each stilly head,  
The crowned my bonnie baby's head,  
I mused not his accents of distress,  
But thought, "How sweet he looks!" instead;  
And so each day, unheeding still  
His pleading, "Mamma, tant I be a boy!"  
I let them call him "girl" and "sissy Will!"  
(I did not think how much such things annoy);  
Until one day he came in baby rage,  
And threw him prone before me on the floor,  
And "mid' t'epetuous sobs had to assuage,  
"Spoke bitter words I ne'er had heard before.  
Ah, then I saw too plain my sad mistake:  
To feed my trim pride and love of show,  
I'd robbed my baby's peace, and helped to make  
For him unheeded hours of childish woe.  
But now I saw it all, and from their place  
I caught my scissiors; with my task was done  
He stood transfixed with joy upon his face,  
That none could say, "You are not mamma's son!"  
To-day my chubby boy plays with his peers,  
While I relate to him sturdy grow,  
And feel that 'tis because no more he fears  
The thoughtless jots that used to hurt him so.  
For when I put his silken curls away—  
More emblem which my manly baby spurned—  
Beside them all his dainty dresses lay.  
One mother's needed lesson had been learned.  
—Mary F. Whitford, in Every Where.

## Literary Department.

## Cubes and Spheres.

Early in the summer Mr. F. A. Wiggin presented a copy of his book, "Cubes and Spheres," to the Young People's Psycho-Inquiry Club of Somerville. It was placed in the Club Library, but has been on the shelves only a few hours at a time, showing that it is a book which meets with the approval of the young minds interested in spiritual philosophy. I know of no better comment to make on a new book than to say that it is read and then recommended, and this is what can be said of "Cubes and Spheres." MINNIE M. SOULE.

**WHAT A YOUNG HUSBAND OUGHT TO KNOW.**—If marriage is a divine institution, if the tenderest and most sacred relations of life cluster about the family and the home, then no words of praise can be too strong with which to commend this exceptional book. Its author shows himself capable and courageous. Its paragraphs are candid and clean. In these pages the author lifts the sacred relations of married life out of the impure and vile thinking which has degraded manhood, debased and debauched womanhood and robbed marriage and home of the blessing and happiness which God intended. It treats of matters of vital importance, is free from technical terms, is scientifically accurate, delicate and refined—a pure, clean and ennobling book. These pages are crowded with that information which saves from the sad consequences of blind blundering, and imparts that information which enables its possessor to escape the ills which ambush in mystery and ignorance. It ought to be read by every person of mature years, whether married or unmarried, both men and women. The author has treated the most delicate and sacred subjects with that same ennobling force which characterizes the preceding books of the series, addressed to boys and to young men, and which won for these books unsolicited and hearty commendation at the international convention of the Young Men's Christian Association at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and at Mr. Moody's World Students' Conference at Northfield, Massachusetts. This book and its predecessors are worthy of the united endorsement accorded them by religious, secular, educational and medical periodicals in this country and in Europe, and deserve the hearty commendation which they have received from eminent men and women everywhere. They should have a place in every library, in every school and in every home throughout the land. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D. Vir Pub Co., Hale Building, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, \$1, net. Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

**CAMPING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE;** or, On the Trail of the Early Discoverers.—Amid the profusion of juveniles, it is a real pleasure to find such a book for boys as "Camping on the St. Lawrence." Dr. Tomlinson's name is always a guarantee of valuable information combined with entertainment and wholesome influence, and he has now more than sustained his reputation in these particulars while working in an entirely different vein from any previous effort, and we risk nothing in saying that it is his happiest yet. Four intimate friends, just such boys as one likes to know, quick-witted, full of life, and thoroughly up to date, yet always clean and manly, who are to enter college in the fall, give a summer in camp under the care of "Ethan," a former schoolmate of the father of the boys, who had settled down into a most interesting typical rural character. All are impressed with the historic associations of the scenes about them, and one leading spirit of the season seems to us more nearly to be both what the boy would choose for himself and what his parents would choose for him. The fine illustrations and general make-up of the book render it all the more desirable. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Cloth. Illustrated. (Price \$1.50). Lee & Shepard. Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

**IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES.**—Lamb tried all his life to like Scotchmen, and was obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. Fortunately—for life, like chronometers, is constructed on a system of compensation—he drew from his deficiency a very reasonable essay on imperfect sympathies. I do not remember that he suggested a system for developing this atrophied side of humanity. I do not know that there is any. The man who should invent some way of making us like the Doctor Fell of mankind would be a benefactor of the highest order. I think it is a question of the hand rather than of the heart. Imperfect sympathy is the cousin german of imperfect knowledge. Lamb, poor wretch—went through life miserably deprived of the subtle joys of liking Scotchmen, not because he was half-hearted, not (of course) because Scotchmen are not likable, but solely because he could never parallel the Scotchman's way of thinking.

A simple truth, you say?  
Every truth is simple, or it is not true.  
You and I, who shrug our shoulders at the testy Boers, at the fierce little Filipinos, or at France—that Doctor Fell of nations—have simply failed to get into their way of thinking. Most men are honest, preferring to go straight rather than take to the zigzag road, and nations—made of men—are honest. The national mind works in its own way toward what it believes to be the best ideal. And that is the reason that war is not more ignoble killing; it is the clash of ideals. Dewey proclaimed his ideals with shot and shell, and little Aguinaldo is brandishing his ideal in the jungle to-day.

War is merely an exaggeration of Lamb's difficulty to understand the Scotchman. Time was when Frenchman and German could not pass without barking at each other; now they are beginning to get acquainted, and a common knowledge is bridging over their imperfect sympathies.

Men go out on a strike; the "bosses" order out the troops, and you have that most absurd of all warfare—the criminal warfare of two classes of men who wholly—if I may use a strutting phrase—to each other clearly all this points to a defect in our system of education? In our schools and colleges we learn too many things that make for knowledge, and too few that bring wisdom. Not long ago a young professor of Princeton College went out and tramped with the tramps, begged with the beggars, and toiled with the toilers.

He was developing his imperfect sympathies in the only way they can be developed—by getting into the thoughts of others. This should be the beginning of a new branch of college education. In time, it may be, the branch would become the trunk of it all. Books are all very well in their way; the humanities are admirable; but, after all, wisdom comes only from the study of mankind—and wisdom means sympathy, and sympathy means—that far away millennium!—peace. Vance Thompson, in Saturday Evening Post.

**REARING THE CHILD.**—"In trying to understand child life," says two mental pictures," advises Barbetta Brown in the December Ladies' Home Journal. "In one,

draw in the child as a block of marble, with mother, grandmother, teacher working away doggedly, relentlessly; oh! oh! oh! hammering, pounding it into what they are pleased to consider its proper shape. In the other, draw the child as a plant, with roots firmly set in the soil of circumstance, with peculiar tendencies of its own toward growth, naturally, gladly reaching outward and upward to what was meant to be its blossoming. Then tell me which picture appeals to you as more nearly approaching truth. I have faith enough in human understanding to believe that none will choose the first, but all the last, to hang in their gallery of ideals. How much simpler the beautiful growing process than the harsh chiseling process! All that we who love the child have to do is carefully to keep in good condition its environment; to see that it gets its needed sunshine; to study most carefully its natural growth and nourish that, and perhaps gently and lovingly to prune it now and then."

**HISTORICAL NEW ENGLAND,** is a magazine devoted, as its name indicates, to the history of the New England States, noted for beauty of scenery and a history of romantic interest. The paper, print and illustrations are excellent, and we are sure that old and young alike will enjoy reading this new publication. Published monthly at Concord, N. H., by the Historical Publishing Co., 1, L. Whitlock, Editor. [\$1.00 per year.]

**ECCLE HOMO,** edited by J. Kellögr, published by Eccle Homo Publishing Co., Richmond, Va., is a new magazine of progressive thought. Its field of research is broad, its ideals high, therefore we trust that its career will be long and prosperous. The following is taken from the October number:

"In receiving treatments place yourself in an attitude of repose. Let go, relax, give up. Do not maintain that anxious tension which generally characterizes invalids. There is nothing to worry over, and there is nothing to fear. Worry and fear do you absolute harm, and will not accomplish any good whatever. The mind which relaxes and calmly, patiently and trustfully waits, is almost sure to gain health, happiness and prosperity. The body soon recovers its healthful vibration when the mind is at peace. It is the anxiety of mind, care, worry and unrest which keeps the body diseased."

**ASTRONOMY AT HOME.**—Earth's twin sister. If earth and the planet Venus are not twins, they certainly have some of the symptoms. They are of about the same size—earth being less than one-seventh the larger; and there is reason to believe that very similar conditions exist on both planets. It has been determined that Venus has air, water, clouds and mountains, and there can be small doubt that this beautiful form in the sky is inhabited, the same as this earth on which we live.

There are many stars well-known by name, that people generally have never seen; but almost everybody has admired Venus—the bright and beautiful "evening star."

When it commences being the evening star (for it does not serve as such all the time), it can be seen for just a few minutes after sunset, and then it disappears from view. The next evening it gives us just a little more of itself; the next still more; until, after one hundred and forty-six days have passed, we find it at time of sunset half way up to the zenith, or "very top of the sky." Then it slowly retraces its steps, and commences shining lower and lower each evening, until, in one hundred and forty-six days more, it sets with the sun, and is lost in the glory of that great central star.

For a few days and nights it is entirely lost to view; but soon, if we are early enough, we will see just a few minutes before sunrise. Next morning it will rise a little sooner; next morning still earlier; until, in one hundred and forty-six days it is, when the sun rises, half as high as the zenith.

Then it slowly retraces its steps, the same as it did in the evenings; and at the end of one hundred and forty-six mornings more, it rises with the sun and cannot be seen. Then it goes into retirement again, so far as our view of it is concerned, until it reappears once more as the evening star.

The people who live in Venus have days only twenty-five minutes shorter than ours, but their year consists of only thirty-two weeks. No doubt that to them our planet home is as great a curiosity as is theirs to us; looking somewhat brighter, however, and probably the most conspicuous object in their sky at night. For, sad to say, Venus has no moon, and starlight nights are the best she can do for her inhabitants after the sun has set. It may be that her atmosphere is better adapted than ours to receiving and transmitting light; and in that case our own planet-earth may be her best dependence when the sun is gone.

Venus goes through the same curious shapes as does the moon, from the crescent form to the full star, and so back again; although she is so bright at all times when visible that these differences are not noticeable to the unaided eye. But with a common field glass, or an ordinary house telescope, or even with an opera-glass, these different phases may be distinguished, and you can know in what phase our sister planet is posing here on earth.

With a strong telescope Venus is visible even in the daytime; and there have been numerous, when she was nearest possible to our earth, that she could be seen without any glass.

There are various mathematical reasons for the facts that we have given above into which it is not needful just now to enter; we want our readers to notice and appreciate and keep in touch with the glittering truths connected with this wonderful planet. They will thus acquire a property from which they can get much instruction and entertainment; a treasure which they will always know where to find; and one concerning which they can learn more and more as time goes on.

But Venus is only one of many beautiful star-treasures to which we mean to introduce our readers.—Every Where.

**KATE FIELD. A RECORD.**—This important new book by Lillian Whiting is not only a personal biography of the noble and interesting woman whose life it portrays, but the author has also endeavored to invest the narrative with the local atmosphere of the cities and periods in which Miss Field was an active and vital factor. The poetic and imaginative life in Italy, when, as a young girl, she was a favorite and enchanting figure in the choice circle that gathered about the Brownings; her first sojourn in Rome, when Charlotte Cushman and Harriet Hosmer welcomed her; the brilliancy of London seasons, when she was steeped in their social charm; her visits to Paris, Germany, Switzerland and Spain; the idyllic summers in Newport; the Golden Age in Boston life, when Lowell and Longfellow, Emerson and the Alcotts, Wendell Phillips and the great Agassiz gathered at Mrs. Whipple's "evenings"; the breadth and fullness of her life as a lecturer, with a description of the days of the lyceum, freighted with allusion and incident, and galvanizing into vitality again the enthusiasm that followed Mrs. Livermore and Phillips, Curtis, Beecher, and Anna Dickinson; the paths of her mother's death at sea, as they were sailing for Europe; the piquancy and power of her famous press letters to the *Herald* and the *Tribune* of New York; Miss Field's later political work influencing Mormon legislation; her services to Art; her distinguished work, in early life, as the dramatic critic of *Ristori* and *Fechter*; her later experiences in the nation's Capital, editing her own Review, and mingling in the rich and varied social life; and the touching close of her career in her sudden death in Hawaii in the midst of important research and study—all these the author has endeavored to depict with the special atmosphere of the moment in the varying periods.

The volume is rich in letters from many of the most famous people of this century. One or two of Browning's rival his poetry in enigmatic expression. Mrs. Browning's are full of her characteristic tenderness and beauty of spirit. Miss Field's experiences in the great West were an important feature in her life,

## ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

## Kidney Weakness Caused by Overwork, by Lifting or a Strain.

We do not always know the constant danger that confronts us through all the daily walks of life. It may be an accident or sudden illness, or perhaps a disease that has been stealing upon us from day to day.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

Now by this is not meant that you should overlook all the other organs and merely look after the kidneys.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most because they do most.

If you are sick, begin taking Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health.

The kidneys may get weak or diseased from a thousand and one causes—from overwork, worry, a simple cold, from lifting, a strain, or excess in high living.

Others may suffer from diabetes, dropsy, swelling of the feet and ankles, rheumatism, bad blood, gout, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, sleeplessness, anemia, nervousness, headache or neuralgia.

All these symptoms are due to kidney trouble, and the most prompt and effective cure is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy.

In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine an arising about two ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If, on examination, it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

Swamp-Root should at once be taken upon

the least sign of ill health. It will make you well, and is or sale the world over in bottles of



two sizes and two prices—fifty-cent and one dollar.

Swamp-Root is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by skillful physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy for kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

To prove its wonderful efficacy, send your name and address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., mentioning that you read this generous offer in the BANNER OF LIGHT, when you will receive, free of all charge, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a valuable book by mail prepaid. This book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured.

## BANNER OF LIGHT: THE OLDEST JOURNAL IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE Spiritual Philosophy.

## ISSUED WEEKLY

At 9 Bowdoin Street, Corner Province Street, Boston, Mass.,

BY BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

ISAAC B. RICHMOND, President.  
FRED. G. TUTTLE, Treasurer.  
HARRISON D. BARNETT, Editor.

THE BANNER is a first-class Family Newspaper of 1612 (ONE HUNDRED) PAGES, containing upward of FORTY COLUMNS OF INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE READING, embracing a Literary Department; Reports of Spiritual Lectures; Original Essays—Spiritual, Philosophical and Scientific; Editorial Department, which treats upon spiritual and social events; Spirit-Messages; Reports of Spiritual Phenomena; and Contributions by the most talented writers in the world, etc.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, IN ADVANCE:**  
For Year..... \$2.00  
Six Months..... 1.00  
Three Months..... .50  
Specimen copies sent free.

ADVERTISEMENTS published at twenty-five cents per line, with discounts for space and time. Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

## Banner of Light Publishing Company

Also publishes and keeps for sale at Wholesale and Retail a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Spiritual Literature, embracing works on Occultism, Theosophy, Astrology, Psychology, Hygiene, etc. Descriptive Catalogue sent free on application.

Any book published in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express.

Publishers who insert the above Proposition in their respective journals, and call attention to it editorially, will be entitled to a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT one year, provided a marked copy of the paper containing it is forwarded to this office.

## For Sale at this Office:

THE TWO WORLDS: A journal devoted to Spiritualism, Occult Science, Ethics, Religion and Reform. Published weekly in Manchester, England. Single copy, 5 cents. THE BIZARRE. NOTES AND QUERIES, with Answers to all Departments of Literature. Monthly. Single copy, 10 cents.

PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Published weekly in San Diego, Cal. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE TRUTH-SEEKER. Published weekly in New York. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE TRUTH-SEEKER. Monthly. Published in India. Single copy, 50 cents.

LIGHT OF TRUTH. A Spiritualistic weekly journal. Published in Cincinnati. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE PATH. A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Universal Brotherhood, Theosophy in America, and Aryan Philosophy. Single copy, 20 cents.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Published weekly at Chicago, Ill. Single copy, 5 cents.

MODERN ASTROLOGY. Published monthly in London. Price, 8d. Single copy, 2d.

A NEW SERIES. A new Astrological Magazine, published in Boston. Single copy, 30 cents.

THE ADEPT. A new Astrological Magazine, published in Minneapolis. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE PROGRESSIVE MESSIAH. A monthly Magazine, published in Minneapolis. Single copy, 5 cents.

## A NEW WORK ON

## Practical Psychometry

BY J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

## CONTENTS.

1. Introduction. 2. Special Rules and Conditions to be Observed. 3. Mediumship and the Spiritual Gifts. 4. The Soul's own Oracle and Law. 5. How to See and Perceive with the Interior or Spiritual Vision. 6. Concentration and Control. 7. Stigmata. What they Signify. 8. The Stigmata. The Voice. Divinity.

As this is perhaps the most practical work of its kind, and the teacher and author has been requested by his thousands of students to prepare a primer or text-book for the neophyte, the book is destined to satisfy a long felt need. Published in paper and sent prepaid for 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

## AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE ROSICRUCIANS

BY E. HARTMANN, M. D.

This is an account of a dream-visit to a Rosicrucian Monastery, and of the topics expounded by its adept inmates. Among these are the nature and power of Will, Psychic Location, Universal Life, Constitution and Development of Man, the Materialization of Ideas into Forms, the Doctrine of Symbols of Countersymbols, and of Elemental, Occultation of Nature and Mind; expediency or otherwise of Theosophical Monasteries; Basic Principles of Alchemy, etc. The book is full of occult information and suggestions. Bound in cloth, price 75 cents; paper, 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

## WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM? An Address

delivered by THOMAS GILES FORSTER, in Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Sunday afternoon, October 27th, 1897. This address possesses great merit. It is terse and to the point. Societies should circulate this pamphlet in their respective localities with a lavish hand.

Paper, 5 cents.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

## PRACTICAL ASTROLOGY. Being a Simple

Method of Instruction in the Science of Astrology. BY ALAN LEO.

This reliable work, dealing with the true Astrology, can be safely recommended to all students of this truly wonderful science.

It contains the most simple method of instruction ever published, and makes clear and practical an otherwise difficult study. It also contains the latest Glossary of Astrological Terms.

Bound in cloth, pp. 204. Price \$1.00.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

## STARTLING GHOST STORIES, by an Emi-

nent Scotchman. 16 Complete Stories. 24 Illustrations. One of the most entertaining books ever issued. Only 15 cents. Postage free.

For sale wholesale and retail by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

**THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY**, located at 10 Bosworth Street (from 10 Tremont Street), Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

Books sent by Express, must be accompanied by bill or at least half cash; the balance, if any, must be paid C. O. D. Orders for books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

Remittances can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Sums under \$5.00 can be sent in that manner for 5 cents.

In quoting from *THE BANNER* care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we do not endorse all the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give utterance.

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

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1899.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.

**PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE**  
No. 9 Bosworth Street, corner Province Street,  
(Lower Floor.)

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,**  
**THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,**  
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

**THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,**  
29 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.**  
Per Year.....\$2.00  
Six Months.....1.00  
Three Months......50  
Postage paid by Publishers.

Issued by  
**BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY,**  
Isaac B. Rich.....President.  
Fred. G. Tuttle.....Treasurer.  
Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.

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

## ADVERTISING RATES.

25 cents per Aline Line.  
DISCOUNTS.  
3 months.....10 percent.  
6 months.....20 " "  
1 year.....40 " "  
OR,  
500 lines to be used in one year.....10 percent.  
1,000 " " " ".....25 " "  
1,500 " " " ".....40 " "  
50 percent. extra for special position.  
Special Notices forty cents per line, Minimum, each insertion.  
Notices in the editorial columns, large type, headed matter, fifty cents per line.  
No extra charge for cuts or double columns.  
Width of column 2 7/16 inches.  
Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

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

## The Life Within.

There is a life within the lives of some individuals that never is made known to the world. The feelings are intensely deep, grandly real, and often filled with a sublime pathos that for ever precludes their expression in words to others, or even approximately defines them to those to whom they come. The emotions of joy or sorrow transport those who receive them into realms not known in mortal life, and give experiences that language is too poor to describe. No one who has not entered this super-sensuous, perhaps better termed *supernatural* condition of mind, can understand those who have been so privileged. Indeed, many prosaic mortals are inclined to doubt the reality of those inner experiences, and often scoff at those who live in the interior life as dreamers and impractical beings. This course is most unjust, and becomes apparent to all upon calm reflection. Until a man has actually experienced something in his own life, he is not qualified to pass an intelligent opinion upon those of his fellow-men who have done so. Therefore, because the lives of some take them entirely away from the inner or spiritual realm, or the domain of deeper and truer feeling, they have no right to deny its existence nor to scoff at those who have actually dwelt therein.

This realm, to which we refer, is a state of being rather than a place, and is best known to those whose soul powers have been most highly developed. In the midst of thousands, the intuitive mortal is often most truly alone; in the midst of scenes of outward joy this same being may be feeling most deeply the pangs of poignant grief; in the presence of the greatest of seeming calamities this same soul may be serenely calm and capable of the truest and noblest deeds. The person qualified to enjoy the most is usually one who can be made to suffer most. As joy is of the soul in its real sense, so also is sorrow, hence the one is the antithesis of the other. In daily associations in life, in the social, mental and business worlds, we find these peculiar forces at work. Beneath the mask of many a smiling face often lurks the dark shadow of pain to cast its fatal pall athwart the pathway of life. Behind many a hearty laugh stands the skeleton of woe to send forth its mournful wail as soon as the will is relaxed and the deep interior feeling permitted to rise to the surface. The bustling activities of thousands of mortals, in deeds of beneficence or in daily duties, are prompted, inspired rather, by the wish to conceal their soul pain from their fellow men.

In some instances, deceit practiced upon them by some trusted friend—perhaps by members of their households, by their wives, yes, even by their parents or by their children—has filled their cup of sorrow with waters more bitter than those of Marah, of which they are forced to daily drink. Sometimes it is some fond memory of what might have been, had health, strength, and finances warranted the fruition of their hopes, that fills the interior life of the soul with a soft, shadowy light, that serves to hide the real soul man from all the world. Again, it is some dream of what once was, but was lost through carelessness and lack of appreciation, either in the material or mental worlds, that chants its mournful lay behind the doors of the soul. Perchance, also, it is the face of some one wronged in a thoughtless

moment, whose young life was blighted by the pitiless beating upon it of the ballstones of sorrow that throws a veil over the face of day and hides within the grief that cannot be, must not be, revealed. Sometimes, too, it is some treasured hope of what is to be that draws the curtain of exclusion around the soul-life to hide from the eyes of the outlying ideal that means so much to those who may realize it.

Behind the curtain, within the veil, beyond the door, in the gloaming of the spirit, underneath the Marahuan waters are to be found the true thought essences that tell what the people really are who dwell there. The life within a life is the real man, but it takes a soul to correctly interpret such a soul. No mortal unpossessed of the interior sense of feeling and of receiving, can understand how sublimely real this inner life is. Oh! how much it means to be alone! How pathetically one appeals to one's self for succor of sorrow, for the removal of the whip of conscience to some other hand when one is alone! Alone in the presence of thousands of mortals, yes; but ever in the presence of souls outside of the body who can, who do, who will always understand. Behind the smiling they ever look to see if the outer expression is born out of some deep wound that must be concealed for another's dear, dear sake. Into the shadow they glide to catch the inner vibrations of soul thought that tell more than words the real needs of the one whose life within his life is being studied for his own dear sake. They step beyond the door of being, and hang upon the walls of the home of the soul the pictures painted by those deft and subtle brushes, joy and sorrow, that the inmate may truly know himself, and realize his own immortality.

The deception practiced upon them on earth, the heart pangs given by their own, the wounds made by those who should have loved and helped them are transformed through the rainbows of their tears into an arch of triumph over which they pass, in this life within a life, to the inheritance that is theirs. For every ill they find a compensating joy; for every shadow they find a ray of sunlight that reflects to their eyes the sparkle of the jewels held by even the walls of blackness. For every cruelty, every grief, every heart-ache, every groan drawn forth by effort for other's good, they find the down of kindness, the thrill of comfort, the wine of love, and the shout of triumph. Every good endeavor is found to be a double mirror, set in a frame of sunshine, to reflect with double power the goodness of the soul. It is good, therefore, to live the interior life, with the soul opened to the potent and higher influences of love. It will not, it does not matter what the world may think or say, so long as the soul is at peace with itself, and ever open to higher and holier things. Such dreamers, such reticent mortals, such sufferers, such thinkers, become the world's truest helpers, and give forth that which, when truly understood, will be a light, a shining example to all who are striving and struggling upward in the great march of life. "A life within a life" means the life of the soul, whose magic wand is knowledge that will unlock the storehouses of the wisdom of the ages, and inspire each one who enters there to find and hold his own. Its messenger on earth is the Spiritualism that spiritualizes, enables, uplifts and encourages its followers to toil on until they have earned their homes, and found their way thereto through the mystic avenue of the life within.

## Duty.

Many small farmers who have less rods of land than some of their brethren have acres, devote all of their energies to making their expenses fall within their incomes. In so doing they resolve everything they undertake to the matter of duty, and zealously endeavor to be faithful in the minutest things in which they engage. They have a few barrels of apples and potatoes to sell, a few bushels of beans and wheat to put on the market, also some small fruits that must be sold to add to the possessor's meagre income. They conscientiously place the best of their products before their patrons in order that they may be deemed worthy of continued patronage. In order to secure the best of all they have to sell, apples and potatoes are carefully sorted, while the beans and wheat are faithfully picked over by hand.

Not a few readers of these lines can remember the "rainy day" tasks on the farm. In the autumn, especially, do they recall the little duties to which they were summoned by their hard-working parents. The long kitchen table was spread out to its full length, and several bushels of wheat or beans poured upon it. All hands were set to work to pick over the grain before them. They were told, if the grain were wheat, to pick out and destroy all cockle, pink, broken kernels, grains of barley, oats, rye and other things in order that perfectly clean, sound wheat might be taken to market. It was the same with beans and other productions sorted by the busy workers. They were to carefully remove all bad or damaged kernels and foreign substances, in order that no deception might be practiced upon the purchasers.

In the spring the rainy days brought with them certain duties in the cellar. The apples and potatoes that had been wintered had to be sorted for the spring market, and the cellar cleaned of all impurities lest the inmates of the household be made ill by the presence of decaying matter in that cellar. The family workers were directed to pick over the apples and potatoes most carefully, as the spring market was even more particular than that of the autumn. Partially decayed apples and potatoes, as well as the smallest specimens of both, were picked out and either thrown away or boiled for the benefit of the swine or cattle. The preserved products were carefully handled and taken to the market at the earliest opportunity. Sometimes an apple or potato that had every appearance of soundness got into the barrels that contained the sorted specimens. In a few days the entire barrel would need resorting or else merit destruction. In any event caution was necessary, and care had to be exercised to remove the contaminating apples or tubers from their fellows. The good were never taken up and the bad left, but the bad were removed and the good properly cared for.

In Spiritualism, all true Spiritualists have duties similar to those ascribed to the farmers above mentioned. There are "rainy day jobs" that are far from pleasant, yet the beans, wheat, apples, potatoes and other produce must be sorted, lest decaying specimens be fed to an innocent public, and evil wrought thereby. Pink and cockle, barngrass, wildgrass, and nettles, partially decayed apples and potatoes, should be picked out, pulled up and removed, lest the sound productions be choked out and destroyed, or the entire mass cor-

rupted. In the culling process care should be exercised lest the healthy stalks be injured, and the sorting so thoroughly done that only the pink, the cockle, the decayed and decaying fruit be cast away. If one half-decayed pear or apple be left in a basket of the soundest fruit, it is only a question of a few days, or even hours, when the whole lot will be a mass of corruption, through oxygenation. In spiritualistic phenomena, if one spurious specimen be left by the farmer in charge, the crop becomes of doubtful value, until each production is tested by itself. It is therefore the duty of the spiritualistic farmer to pick out the phenomenal cockle, the half-decayed apple, the false-hearted potato, and cast them away, that their healthy and perfectly genuine kinsmen may ripen and feed the souls of the struggling farmers in the fields of the spirit with the fruit and grain that really nourish and strengthen them. The rainy-day jobs of picking and sorting, in the kitchen or in the cellar, are never attractive tasks, yet they are absolutely necessary to the well-being of mankind, therefore must be performed. Every duty of this kind, when well done, hurts no one, but ennobles the individual by giving him the consciousness that in the discharge of a simple, though unpleasant duty, he has rendered a great service to his fellowmen.

## Proclaimed Thankgivings.

It is interesting to review the state papers of the Presidents of the United States, recently compiled and published in ten large volumes by James D. Richardson, Member of Congress from Tennessee. A careful perusal of these works reveals the fact that the early Presidents of this great Republic found it unnecessary to issue annual thanksgiving proclamations, and history proves the people were as prosperous without them as they have of late years been with them. President Washington during his two terms of service appointed but two days for prayer and praise. The first was issued Oct. 3, 1789, and fixed the date for these special services on Nov. 26, 1789. His second proclamation was issued Jan. 1, 1795, and appointed Feb. 19, 1795, as the favored day. These two proclamations were prompted by influences that were brought to bear upon the President, and were not voluntary—at least, so it seems—productions of his pen.

This is also apparently true of President John Adams, who issued two thanksgiving proclamations during his term of four years. He made May 9, 1793, and April 25, 1799, the special dates for prayer-making and praising. President Jefferson did not find it necessary to officially proclaim even one day for prayer during his term of eight years. President Madison did not do it until August, 1812, and then under the authority of Congress, by joint resolution. This was true of the other three issued by him in September, 1813, in January, 1815, and in April, 1815. Thus it will be seen that President Madison was influenced by the will of others, rather than by his own inclination. It will also be noticed that he did not issue even one of his proclamations until he had been in office over three years.

From April 1815 to April 1862 no President appointed any day for the observance of this religious rite. President Lincoln made Sunday, April 12, 1862, a day for special services in the churches, and he also caused Aug. 6, 1863 to be similarly designated. His third Thanksgiving Proclamation set aside the last Thursday in November of 1863, as the day for such special services as the people might see fit to engage in. From November, 1863, down to the present time, the annual Thanksgiving Proclamation has been issued with due regularity. President Johnson, in 1867, said that the custom of so doing seemed to be established, and he therefore saw fit to follow it. President Grant issued an extra during his second term, and made July 4, 1878, the occasion for special religious services on the part of the people. Some forty-eight thanksgiving proclamations have been issued since April 30, 1863, and four proclamations enjoining fasting and prayer. Of the latter, President Buchanan issued one, and President Lincoln three.

From the above facts and figures it will be seen that our nation got along nicely for sixty-two years without any proclamation asking the people to give thanks, being given by our rulers. It is reasonable to suppose that they would have done equally well the other forty-eight years of our national life. In any event it is a useless custom, and could, with the utmost propriety be omitted hereafter. If the last proclamation of the Chief Magistrate is an indication of what we may expect in the future, the people cannot act too soon in the matter of securing its abolition. It is rapidly becoming a matter of religion, and in a Republic like that of the United States no ruler has the right to command the people to give thanks for anything he (the ruler) may see fit to specify. Let there be no union even in the remotest degree, between church and State in this country.

## Vaccination Blessings.

The supporters of that divinely-inspired barbarism known as vaccination are no doubt rejoicing with exceeding great joy over the beneficent effects of its application in Malden, Mass. Percy Tanner, a boy of thirteen years, is the latest victim to this wicked practice. He was vaccinated on Friday, Dec. 1, and his arm began to swell shortly afterward. On Saturday he went into convulsions, and passed away on Sunday. Medical aid was summoned, but the doctor could do nothing to save the boy. If the boy had been stabbed, or killed by a blow, his assailant would have been arrested for murder. As it is, the vaccinating doctor is still at large, ready and even anxious to treat other healthy patients by similar methods. Wherein does murder by assault differ from murder by vaccination? Only in one respect—the latter is enforced by law, and those who commit it are protected from punishment. Other kinds of homicide are deemed crimes, but this one seems to be a special privilege of a few men called doctors, to whom the State gives a license to kill *ad libitum*. Young Tanner's death is the third caused by vaccination in Malden alone.

N. B.—There are no cases of small-pox in Malden, nor is there any special danger from that disease. When will the people assert themselves and secure the repeal of this odious law?

We are under obligations to the kind friends who so thoughtfully remembered us on the occasion of the exhibition of Tisot's famous paintings in Boston; also to the genial managers of the recent local exhibit in Horticultural Hall for like courtesies. We shall endeavor to reciprocate at the earliest opportunity these kindly favors.

## That Declaration of Principles.

Our valued contemporary, *Light*, of London, Eng., comments upon the Declaration of Principles adopted at Chicago, as follows: "Very little exception can be taken to these statements, provided they are not used as tests of membership. As 'pious opinions' with which Spiritualists concur in the main, they may stand for the present, but they cannot be regarded as final, or authoritative. Let the door be kept open for growth." *Light* also comments kindly upon the Declaration of Principles sustained by the Spiritualists of Maine at their recent annual convention, and quotes the resolution, with good wishes for success, adopted at Chicago with regard to membership. We thank our esteemed contemporary for its good wishes and kindly words in behalf of the progress of our Cause in America, and assure our friends over the sea that the advancement of Spiritualism in England is hailed with joy by every progressive Spiritualist on this side of the deep. Mutual interests, hearty good-will and devotion to truth will soon remove all national prejudices, level all caste distinctions, and aid the world to realize that there is really but one country, one people and one destiny. The more declarations of the brotherhood of man that can be made in sincerity, the better will be the world.

## Vale, De Costa!

Dr. De Costa, the wise and extraordinary High Churchman of the Episcopalians, has renounced Protestantism and gone over to the Roman Catholics. As he is a married man, he cannot, of course, enter the priesthood, hence he announces his purpose to enter the field of literature, to which he will hereafter devote himself. He was bitterly opposed to the ordination of Dr. Briggs to the Episcopal priesthood, and carried his opposition to extreme lengths. When Dr. Briggs was admitted, De Costa resigned his pastorate, declaring he could not conscientiously fellowship such a heretic as Briggs, and must therefore leave the priesthood. His last step is but the logical outcome of the former, hence he has graduated to his natural place. It is said to require neither politics nor religion to make a good Episcopalian, and it certainly requires even less to make a good Catholic. The waters of the sea of life will soon smooth out every ripple caused by the sinking of the De Costa stone, and leave the sea as if he had never dropped into it.

## The Coming Age.

The December number of this progressive magazine is at hand, with an exceptionally attractive table of contents. Such eminent scholars as Profs. A. E. Dolbear, Nathaniel Schmidt, Dr. E. D. Babbitt, and Rev. R. E. Bise present some very instructive thoughts to the readers of this up-to-date periodical, while the editorials and sketches by the gifted editors, B. O. Flower and Mrs. C. K. Reissner, are full of meat, and worthy of a most careful reading. *The Coming Age* will enter upon its third volume with its next issue, and will continue to grow in favor with the reading public because of its inherent literary merit. It is a fearless reform journal, and presents such topics to its readers as will give them the greatest amount of reliable information in the fewest possible sentences. Mr. Flower is an ideal editor, and is to be congratulated upon the great success he has achieved with his deservedly popular magazine.

## Spiritualists Not Idiots.

*Supreme Court of Michigan Confirms Conviction of Materializing Medium E. M. Gilman.*

The Supreme Court of Michigan has affirmed the conviction of E. Medford Gilman, the "materializing medium" who was charged with conspiring to cheat and defraud Detective Sadler of Detroit out of the sum of one dollar. Gilman's counsel argued that no crime was committed because it was an obvious humbug which could not deceive any rational being.

"We cannot agree," the opinion says, "with counsel in considering those who believe in the theories of Spiritualism to be idiots; and if we could we should hesitate to say that one who conspired to cheat them would not be guilty of a crime."—*Exchange*.

A few more decisions like this of the Supreme Court of Michigan and bogus mediums will be less active in their depredations upon an innocent public. The argument of Gilman's counsel shows the real character of the man he defended, and proves that his pretense to mediocrity has no basis whatever in fact. If all counterfeiters were to share his fate the world would be better for it.

## Golden Words.

"The rankest crop of weeds grows in the moist fertile soil," says the gifted psychic, Andrew Jackson Davis, M. D. "It is not strange, therefore, to find Spiritualism, the richest and most blessed soil ever vouchsafed to man, to be so full of weeds. It will not do to mow them down, or to beat them down with a club. The careful farmer digs them up from the root, so that they can never grow again. This is the true method in spiritualistic work. Let the Spiritualists follow it and success is theirs."

These golden words from the great "Poughkeepsie Seer" will find an abiding place in the heart of every truth seeking Spiritualist. Dr. Davis is yet in the form, ministering daily to the physical and mental needs of his fellow-men. He is, in truth, a physician to the body and soul. Long may this faithful friend of humanity be spared to do good to those who are in need of aid.

## A Suggestion.

As that earnest worker for the "good Cause," Thomas G. Newman, editor of our valued contemporary, *The Religio Philosophical Journal*, is yet suffering from a serious difficulty with his eye, we venture to suggest that the Spiritualists of America unite each day at some fixed hour—say at eight o'clock in the evening, San Francisco time, in sending him thoughts of healing, accompanied by earnest wishes for his speedy recovery. Editor Newman is needed in the field of reform for many years to come, hence each Spiritualist should do his part in making it possible for the public to receive the benefit of this good man's work.

## Mrs. Sadie L. Hand.

It is with sincere regret that we learn of the continued illness of this esteemed worker for the "good Cause" at her home 68 East Newton street, Boston. She has had a severe case of typhoid fever and is not yet convalescent. She has the sincerest sympathy of her hundreds of friends, who unite with us in wishing her a speedy return to health.

## Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing.

This able exponent of the sunny philosophy of Spiritualism is serving the Spiritualists of Lynn for the Sundays of November and December. Her work in November was of a high order of excellence, and large audiences greeted her every appearance. Her first month closed with all expenses paid and a good sum in the treasury of the society. No doubt December will be equally prosperous, and the society will enter upon the new year in a very flourishing condition. Mrs. Twing always interests skeptics in Spiritualism, and has the happy faculty of converting many of them to a knowledge of its truths. She will be present at the Ladies' Aid Society, Boston, Friday evening, Dec. 8. May she be welcomed by large numbers of Spiritualists on that occasion.

## A Challenge.

Dr. Dean Clarke has been challenged to meet a prominent Unitarian clergyman of Cambridge, Mass., in joint debate, on Sunday, Dec. 17, in Investigator Hall, Appleton street, Boston. The challenge has been accepted, and we shall take pleasure in publishing the particulars concerning the discussion in our next issue. Dr. Clarke may be depended upon to uphold the truths of Spiritualism in his usual able and logical manner. No doubt the debate will be of great interest to all classes of thinkers, hence a large attendance is expected.

## Dr. George A. Fuller.

This eminent representative of Spiritualism will occupy the platform at Berkeley Hall, Boston, during the present month. Dr. Fuller is well known to the readers of *THE BANNER* as an eloquent and scholarly speaker, as well as one of nature's noblemen. He has something to say, knows how to say it, and the ability to impress important truths upon the minds of his hearers. He should be greeted by large audiences at his every lecture.

## Miss Lilian Whiting.

The attention of our readers is called to the review of the latest work by this gifted author, found in the literary department of this issue. Miss Whiting has spoken of her friend Kate Field, from the standpoint of thorough knowledge, derived from years of intimate friendship and association with the eminent lady whose life she so faithfully portrays. This work is one of Miss Whiting's best productions, perhaps the best that has come from her facile pen, hence is worthy of a place in every library, and should be read by every progressive thinker of the present age. No Spiritualist can afford to be without it, as the work is one that bears directly upon the subject of psychism in the highest and truest sense. Miss Whiting has enriched the literary world exceeding abundantly by this splendid production.

Many men and women are positively unhappy unless they find something each day of which they can make complaint. If the sun rises brightly they are sure it will rain before night; if they receive some good news they are positive that bad news will follow within a few hours. If they feel well they decline to admit it, and if they are slightly indisposed they dwell upon their ailments until they make themselves sick in order to be able to continue their complaining. Mental science will do them good.

From recent despatches from Manila, it would seem that the war in the Philippine islands is about over. We trust that this is true. Too many precious lives have already been sacrificed in that ignoble contest with a people struggling for what they honestly believe to be their rights, to cause any one to wish for the struggle to be prolonged. Now that the Filipinos have been conquered, let the American nation set to work to prepare them for self-government, under the protection of the old flag of our great nation.

The *Prison Mirror*, published by the inmates of the Stillwater, Minn., State Prison, says that less than two per cent. of the inmates of that institution were excessive liquor drinkers before their commitment. What placed them there, if this be true? Will the prohibition exploiters inform the public? Was it hereditary influences, or prenatal conditions that caused their downfall? Perhaps it was an overdose of prosperity that wrought their ruin. Who knows?

An old-time Spiritualist, said to be worth at least \$150,000, says he cannot afford to take but one Spiritualist paper, hence has ordered all others discontinued. This man gained his wealth through aid of exorcism friends, in large measure, and promised to devote a goodly percentage of it to the support of Spiritualism. He has done so in a small way in the past, and purposes doing so in the future by taking one Spiritualist paper.

The transition of Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester, Mass., removes another member of the famous class of 1829 of Harvard College, as well as one of the ablest and most influential of the early abolitionists. He was a good man and faithfully served his fellowmen. Peace to his memory.

Mary Cannon, the matron of an orphan's home near Boston, has been found guilty of cruelty to the little ones in her care on sixty-three indictments. Her sentence to six years' imprisonment was a severe one, but the public will say amen to it.

See our seventh page for interesting correspondence unavoidably laid over from last week.

In the past year six thousand six hundred and nineteen U. S. soldiers met death—less than one thousand in battle, and nearly six thousand by malignant fevers. Of those who were discharged, many are ruined by disease. This is the price of war. How much better it would be to have them employed by the government, at home building more beautiful homes, making more food, and better clothing, creating more and purer food, and giving more and higher entertainment for the people. But that would be anarchy! It seems that people like to disgust on any people being usefully employed by the government; but to be uselessly or destructively employed is glorious! If the people who make war were the ones who had to do the fighting and pay the expenses, wars would cease; but so long as dupes can be wheeled out of the expense while others make millions, wars will go on. This country has not yet tasted what it is slated to taste in the way of wars and war taxes. It is coming yet so the dullest must feel and protest.—*Appeal to Reason*.

12mo, 147 p.: extra heavy paper covers. Price, 85 cts. 18mo, cloth. Price 75 cents.  
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

## 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.

Dear Readers of the Message Department: I have been overwhelmed with letters asking me to get messages from some specially dear friend of the writer. In many instances I have written a personal answer, but you can readily see that this is impossible in every case, when nearly every mail brings an appeal from some one. It is my earnest desire to do everything in my power to assist in the giving of explicit messages from loving friends who have passed to the spirit-life; but personally I am able to do nothing except to keep myself in attitude of trust, that whatever comes will be of benefit to someone, somewhere. The circle is held in an orderly fashion at a stated time, and the spirits who are so fortunate as to be able to give the messages are not assisted by me or my co-workers in the Cause, either by sealed letters or written requests; neither are the spirits known to any of us unless specifically stated so to be in the message. The responsibility of deciding even in an indefinite way who should be allowed to come would be more than we in our present state of development could undertake to bear. I have thought, however, that if you all understood just how it is done, you would see how much you can help your own friends to come to you.

THE BANNER'S Message Department is an organization owing its existence to and directly controlled by a band of spirits who unselfishly devote a part of their time to the needs of their fellow creatures. This band of workers cooperates with the management of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and when they meet together a circle is formed, presided over by a spirit of intelligence and ready sympathy. Each spirit who comes is assisted by the members of the spirit-circle, and if able to give some definite information concerning itself is passed on to the inner circle, when the message is given to the spirit in control, who repeats it to the stenographer.

It is probably true that many spirits come who are unable to sufficiently concentrate their force and give a message that would find its way where it would be needed, and it is also true that limitations of time and space crowd out many who might otherwise communicate. In fact I never leave the circle that I don't feel a certain sense of disappointment. Now if you who are anxious for a message from your loved ones will spend the amount of time and energy in loving, trusting thought to assist your friends in their effort, that you would write me a letter, giving me details that forever bar you from a perfectly satisfactory test message, you will help more than I can tell you. Ask them, exactly as you would if you could see them, to come to the circle and give their messages clearly and distinctly, and then sit in your home at the hour of the circle and give them the benefit of your strength and force. I do not need any information for I am not doing the work. Your friends are the workers and are returning on the strength of your mutual love or desire or need for each other. Do not be discouraged if you do not immediately get a message, for there will be so many of you who are hoping and asking, that it may take some time to reach you all, but at some time I feel confident that love will find a way to comfort you. The circle is held at 2 o'clock every Thursday at the Banner of Light Building. If there is any change of time or place I will let you know. I know you will all understand that I write with a heart full of appreciation of your interest in this department, and I hope that you may receive many comforting messages in the days to come. Yours faithfully,

MINNIE M. SOULE.

### MESSAGES.

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

Report of Séance held Nov. 23, S. E. 52, 1899.

#### Clara Evans.

Here comes a spirit named Clara Evans. She comes from Farmington, N. H. She is medium height, not very stout, has blue eyes, dark hair, and has a quick way. She looks as though she was good-hearted and true, but when she comes she seems so surprised—looks around with surprise in her eyes—that this is a spiritualistic circle. In the first place she thought it would be held in a dark room, and that there would be all sorts of demands made on the people sitting in the circle. She says: "I sat in one when I was quite a young woman, when spirit return was first known and talked about. I was so frightened that I never wanted to do it again; but when I went over I thought to myself that I would like to make an effort to reach some of my own people, and this is the first chance I have had. I met Frank when I came over here. He said that he had realized for many years that I was mediumistic and needed to have him to help me; and it seemed strange that I had never known it. Will you please say, too, that I have a friend named Grace, and it is she to whom I want to speak? When I think of her my eyes fill with tears, and I desire so much to let her know that things are not as black as they seem to her at this time. I shall be remembered, and through the people who take THE BANNER, Grace will see this, for they will send it to her, I am sure."

#### Ida Lombard.

Here comes a spirit, now, and she is real pretty. She is about eighteen or twenty years old. Her hair is brown and her face is rather long. Her eyes are blue, and she has just a little color in her cheeks. She is as bright and fresh as a flower. She says, "Will you please say my name is Ida Lombard?" She came

from Farmington, Me. She continues: "There are quite a lot of Spiritualists there, too, but they are rather of the exclusive kind. They keep to themselves, and do their work in their own way. I have thought that if I could tell them I am working with them—I would not do it when I was here but I do now—and that it gives me pleasure to see what things are accomplished, it might help them. Their ranks are going to be enlarged. There is more work for them to do, and I feel like saying to them, 'Press forward,' and have no fear. Nothing can overcome you in your fight for the truth!"

#### Thomas Van Voorhees.

This man's name is Thomas Van Voorhees. He has black hair and blue eyes with black lashes. He is quite tall, with square shoulders, and dressed all in black. He wears a high collar, with a white necktie, and looks very ministerial. He never seems to smile much, as though he had so much responsibility that he did not feel he could stop to have fun. I think he is an old time gentleman, a Christian gentleman, one of those who believed that they could not have much of earth amusement if they were going to serve God, and go forward into a life of happiness. He puts his hand up to his face, and runs the fingers down through a black beard, and says: "I was not permitted to stay the full length of time that man is supposed to have. I was out off in the midst of what I considered a somewhat useful life, and I left a wife and child. I was sorry to have been obliged to leave them in the circumstances that I did, but I have found many opportunities to strengthen and uphold them. I have a daughter left whose name is Agnes. She does not believe much in this, but she often wonders if any of her friends know anything about what she is doing. We used to live in St. Paul, Minn., and I shall be remembered there by my friends."

#### Frank Emerson.

Here is a man from Colorado Springs. He is a young man about five feet eight inches high. He is very slender, with light hair and blue eyes, and just as pale as can be. He was so sick before he went away; it was consumption. He stands with both hands up to his face, and says: "Oh, dear! oh, dear! How horrible it seems to pass out of life when there is so much to live for! How I did want to stay! It seemed as though I could not go, and I made a brave fight for life; but after all, there was nothing that could be done to save me. My name is Frank Emerson, and I feel when I get into earth conditions that I would give anything to be back again where I could say what I want to say to my own." He writes slowly on my knee a name, Alice. "It is Alice I want. It would be no use for you to try to find her, because she is traveling from place to place; but I hope in some way she will hear of my coming back, and then I shall feel that I have accomplished so much. I thank you more than I can tell for this opportunity to relieve an overburdened spirit. It gives me a new impetus to try again and in her presence to make some manifestation that shall attract her attention and cause her to seek deeper than she has ever sought before."

#### Laura J. Benson.

This is Laura J. Benson. She is short and real stout, and her face is red, as though she had been hurrying all the time. She lived that hurried kind of a life. She has very dark eyes. Her hair is parted, is not very thick and is grey; but she has the pleasantest way, smiles so genially as she stands here. I should think she was about forty-five years old. She says: "Yes, I tried to keep a young heart even if the old body did show marks of wear. While I do not know much about city life or city fashions, I feel that I am welcome to come here. I always had a desire to visit Boston when I was alive, and to know something about this BANNER OF LIGHT business. It is a great comfort to me to feel that I stand in the place where I wanted to so long. My husband's name was William Benson, but he does not belong to me any more, because he has taken another wife. I am not the least bit jealous about it. In fact, I feel happier to see him enjoying himself and having home conditions around him once more. He stayed a widower long enough to satisfy me. If he had waited any longer I should have been afraid the neighbors would think perhaps he did not enjoy married life very well." She came from Mansou, Iowa.

#### William Orrin Chandler.

Here comes a man from Philadelphia—not a Quaker, although he came from associations of that sort. He is very tall and thin, and his hair is quite gray. I think he was about sixty five or sixty-eight years old, and he stands as straight as though he were only about twenty. He has a very pleasant face, and seems calm and mild. He says: "I did not know that anybody but Spiritualists could come back unto-day I met a friend, and she told me where to come; so I presented myself, and much to my surprise passed muster, and find myself inside the rail, ready to give what communication I can. My wife's name was Ann, and my name is William Orrin Chandler. We lived together many years, and as peacefully as people usually live. When I came over I promised myself that I would see the way was made bright for her, and I have tried to do it. She was left alone when I came, and she went about the old life as practical as possible, taking up the duties that were mine bravely, and it is more for her benefit than it is for mine that I come to-day. I feel that she will be glad to know of the presence of one she loved. I feel too that she will be glad to know I shall be waiting for her, and will see that no harm comes to her before she comes to me."

#### Lizzie Kelliher.

Here is a dark-haired girl who rushes right in here and says: "Oh! please hurry quick and take what I have to say. I was so afraid I would lose my strength before I got to you. My name is Lizzie Kelliher. I used to live in Boston. I passed out of life very suddenly. It was like being rushed from one life into the other. I did not know I would be conscious in this next life, but I am glad that I am. I am so anxious to tell about it that if you only can speak for me it will do me much good and my friends too. I have a sister named Mamie and she lives in Boston, too. She believes in a way that I know what she is doing, but she is not sure and I want to make her sure. Tell her I have found Mary for whom she is named."

#### Aunt Mary Phelps.

Here comes a woman named Mary Phelps. She is about medium height, and medium size,

rather plump. She has real pretty brown eyes and her hair was brown, but there is a little silver mixed in with it. She sits in a chair smiling sweetly and says now: "I would like to reach William Phelps. Tell him that I am not suffering as much as I did. For several years before I passed away, I suffered so much that it seemed as though death would be a welcome visitor, and indeed it was, and when I first found I was relieved of the pain, I thought I was quiet and resting with those who had gone on before me, and felt as though I was in a dream until I heard William call me and ask if I did not know him; then I knew it was all over. He lives in Oswego, N. Y. He gets very lonely without me and desires so much to come where I am, but it is not possible for him yet. Some day he shall come, and we will be together."

#### Carrie and Jack Burns.

Here are two who come together. One is a boy and one is a woman. The woman's name is Carrie Burns, and the boy is her brother. His name is John, but they called him Jack. She is older than he, and she is lighter, too. Her eyes are more of the blue, while his are quite dark. He has a round, chubby face, and she has a long, thin one. I should think she was about eighteen, and he seems about twelve. They look at me and laugh, as though they are so glad to come, and then all at once she begins to talk: "Oh yes! we want our mother. She lives in Madison, Wisconsin, and we came because we heard the other day about some one from this same place who came over once and was recognized. We feel that perhaps we can get to our own people in this way. We lived right in the city on a broad street, where there was very much passing. We left both father and mother and a sister. To them we would say that it is much easier for us to get to them when they are away from church than it is when they are there, because when they go to church a lot of the people there do not want this thing proven, and so they throw such an influence about that it is very hard for us to break through, even to get to our own." The father's name is Henry.

#### Charles Wheeler.

Here comes somebody from Anderson, Ind. His name is Charles Wheeler. He is about the medium height, has a grizzly beard all around his face. He shuts his teeth down hard, as though he would bite nails, and when he looks up he tosses his head into the air as though he was like a race-horse, snuffing the air to see whether he could win or not. Then he puts it down as though he would paw the ground to get loose and go on. He says: "I feel as though I had been caged up. It seems to me that I cannot break loose from my own conditions. I was not a very good man. I do not know that I was a very bad one, but it seemed to me selfishness built around me a wall that it is harder to break through than I had any idea of. If everybody could understand that they themselves either make the future life open and free and bright, or narrow and cramped and dark, I am sure they would see to it that they made it as they would enjoy it. I have stood here and heard every spirit who came back tell how nice, how beautiful it was, and how glad they were to go, but I have come for my own release rather than for any thought of what it would be to any one else. If I had thought more of others when I was here, I might have been received. As it is now, I look forward to no recognition, but do hope that I shall be so improved and so brightened, that when my own come over to me they will be glad to find me a changed man. I used to smoke. I used to drink, and I cared very little for the thought of other people. I can not do any of these things now, and I can say with all my heart that I am glad I passed away, because I can sooner see the light."

#### William Howard.

Here is one from Lawrence, a man named William Howard. He has a fat face, round and full and perfectly smooth, blue eyes and a bald head. What hair he has is a little speck on the red. He is bald right on top. He comes in a jolly way and seems as liberal and strong and true as can be. He says: "Yes, indeed, and do you know what makes me look so good? It is because I believed in spirits before I went over. I have chuckled and laughed and laughed and chuckled to think how good it was to be able to get back, and I tell you what, it is a God-send to me to be able to come to-day and say, Tell Jennie that I am here."

#### Charles Porter.

Here is one who came once to my medium's home. His name is Charles Porter. He says, "I would like to reach Hattie. Tell her that I am striving to do what I promised, but I do not know whether I will be able to or not." He is from Salem. Some of his folks get THE BANNER. My medium does not know him, but I do.

#### Verification of Spirit Messages.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mrs. F. E. Graves, Indian Orchard, Mass., (Box 139) writes: "My husband used to be acquainted with 'Jim' Ryan of Canton, Ohio, and says his brother John kept store when he lived there. You will find he came and sent a message the 11th of November."

Mrs. F. A. Griffin of 36 Falcon street, Boston, writes: "In THE BANNER OF Nov. 25, I found a message from my boy Charlie. I recognized it fully as coming from my dear son, and father too. I thank Sunbeam many times for it. It cheered me up quite a little, for I am very poorly and very much discouraged, and as they said ought to be doing something for myself."

Mrs. Minnie M. Soule: The message in the BANNER OF Light of Nov. 25th I recognize as coming from my dear wife and my niece Ellen. I am glad to hear from them, and thankful to you as the medium, and your guides for the assurance given me of their life beyond the veil which now separates us in the body but not in the communication of the spirit.

Berwick, Maine.

GEO. MOORE.

#### "REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE!"

Oh! turn not back amid your sorrows, friend, To see some jewel that you think's behind; All precious things are treasured in the mind, And follow us, and wait until the end: God did the good as ours forever send; It made our nature sweet and true and kind; And it was gems of thought and love we find; That doth with beauty in our being blend! Believe the now is rich with all delight That ever lived in days of old, the days That seem to us so perfect and so bright. Therefore, the glorious present serve and praise; Stand in thy place with every joy at heart, And everywhere and always do thy part! —William Brunton, in Every Where.

## A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER NINETY-NINE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A very interesting family in Arlington consists of father, mother and four grown up children. A son and a daughter work in New York, another son in Newark, and the third in Arlington. A week ago, one son felt before going to Newark that some accident would befall him, and his mother had the same impression. On the way, he was suddenly thrown from his bicycle, and found lying unconscious, but recovered enough to give his name, and to direct those who volunteered to carry him home. At noon, when the brother in New York sat down to eat at a restaurant, it flashed upon him, "What if I get a telegram saying that Fred fell from his bicycle!" On reaching home at night, and being asked to go up stairs to see Fred, he exclaimed, "By George, I know it," and related what came to him at the New York restaurant.

When the father told me about it, I said, "Spiritualism." "Well," said he, "telepathy, any way," and began to tell me some things he had been reading in T. J. Hudson's book. Of course I told him why Spiritualists object to that book, and he has promised me to read one of mine.

I have wanted to know this family ever since I lived here, but never had the opportunity till I joined the Socialist Club. The father is a gifted writer on Socialism, sometimes writes all night, evidently under inspiration, and all the family sing together delightfully. Though they are not Spiritualists in esse, they are certainly so in posse, and they have all the characteristics of genuine Spiritualists, including devotion to each other, and kindness to animals.

After my dear brother, lately deceased, became mentally deranged in 1863, though we were widely separated, I had two most distressing nights about him, several months apart. Each time, at the exact hour, something occurred to him of a very distressing nature. A year after, when I was several hundred miles away from him, I woke about three in the morning, knowing that he was in grievous trouble at the hospital. I waited in anguish till the letter should arrive to tell me what had happened to him. When the letter came, I learned that when I lay awake suffering for him, he was enduring another one of those crises incident to his painful condition. Thank heaven, those gloomy and harassing days are forever passed.

"And heaven's own day of bliss will pay For all God's children suffer here."

When these things occurred, the word telepathy was unknown to me, and I knew that most would view me as the victim of an overwrought fancy. But well I knew that there was a mystic tie between his soul and mine, and that Eliphaz could not be in anguish without Abby's feeling it too.

If I had attempted to analyze the experience in those early days, no doubt I should have thought that our own souls could reach each other only on the condition that we were both in the body. Had one of us died, though linked together so closely here, no doubt I would have felt that an impassable gulf yawned between us, and that a disincarnate soul, having attained a supernatural state, could no longer impinge even the slightest on the sphere which encompassed the mortal in the flesh. In fact, whether the soul retained its individual characteristics at all, as memory, and the consciousness of identity, was a mooted question. Thus like many more of the present day, I was befogged in materialism.

Yes, to acknowledge telepathy is one thing, and communication between disincarnate and flesh bound souls is quite another. But these facts are in grand harmony, and help to make up the perfect whole of a true empirical psychology. It is impossible to examine the soul and its possibilities from a materialistic standpoint. While here imprisoned it is easy for the multitude to fancy that telepathy can take place only between mortals. To prove otherwise, another class of experiences has shown that disincarnate souls possess the power to reach the flesh-environment in the same way.

When a disincarnate soul communicates a thought to you and me by means of the sense organs of our fleshly body, he has taken the pains to assume temporarily the conditions of earth. He makes a table tip, he produces raps, he writes on a slate in characters so bold that a materialist has no trouble in deciphering them, he even manipulates a shadowy form that is palpable to mortal sense, or he touches the strings of a zither, or blows through a wind instrument producing music to which the mortal tympanum is responsive, or he makes vocal sounds through a materialized throat, and perhaps uses a trumpet to facilitate the operation.

In all these manifestations the disincarnate soul has with considerable pains taken to himself enough materiality to reach us in our way, but not in his. And he is forced to do these things by our own materialism, which in many cases prevents a mortal from believing in disincarnate presences, unless they can speak to his physical senses. So the liberated soul kindly lends himself to our limitations and prejudices. He says: "You will not believe in me unless I stoop from my enfranchised condition, and speak to you so that your mortal ears can hear, and materialize a form that is palpable to mortal touch. Be it so. I will, since you will accept no other way." And so, like Lord Christ of old, he puts on a fleshly form, and bids the doubting Thomas to put his finger into the print of the nails, and his hand into the hole in his side, before he can believe that the dead is not dead, but is alive.

It is the materialism of mankind that forces spirits to indulge them in this way. And as these same spirits would have demanded the same when they dwelt on earth, they nobly do their part, take on mortality, and adapt themselves to the fleshly conditions of those to whom they wish to prove the survival of the soul.

No doubt many spirits who have drunk from celestial fountains on the spiritual uplands have come to earth, and have entered mortal clay enough to make physical proof of their survival to cherished ones on earth. They did this again and again. But when they have found that they were expected to do this night in and night out, year in and year out, for the delectation of Spiritualists who claim to have been convinced many a year ago, they have at last decided that patience has ceased to be a virtue. So they have bled themselves to celestial regions, bathed their drooping spirits in immortal fountains till the last taint of mortality has been washed away, and sighed to one another, "Ah! would that those mortals would seek to spiritualize themselves,

rather than to have us materialize ourselves for their pleasure!"

So these ardent spirits are wont themselves from this physical work, or look on from afar, and their place is habitually taken by spirits who have not yet progressed into those spiritual uplands, but take pleasure close to the earth plane, and rejoice in the chance to re-enter physical conditions. That is the reason that physical mediums are presided over by less advanced spirits, while the Johns and the Mrs. Brownings hover near and brood over the truly spiritual mortals who ask not for a sign, but are content to dwell soul to soul with the invisible.

The materialistic spirit crops out in many ways. It appears in the frequenters of many séances, in the crowds who attend revival meetings, in those who think that the progression of a soul requires that it reciter a fleshly body many times, in those who would rather sit in a circle than in solitude at home, in those who want immortal spirits to encumber themselves with a fleshly form, so that they can hug them and kiss them with mortal arms and lips, and in those who fancy that religion and soul communion are consummated in acts like these.

The physical body is good in its own place, if subordinated to the requirements of the spirit; the spiritual body is better, because using it freely and independently aids us in our communion with the immortals; the soul is the best, because for its sake all material forms exist, and because it is akin to the Infinite Soul from which it sprang. The fleshly body lasts with proper care for some seventy years of earth-life, and, in rare cases, one hundred years. The spiritual body lasts much longer. In its rarified forms it will last millions of years, and may, in greatly sublimated ethereality, outlast the spirit world of the planet itself. But the soul, child of the endless, can never die. It will outlast all planets, all suns, all nebulae, and when the visible creation has dissolved into apparent nothingness, in preparation for new and for ever-renewed creations of worlds, the soul, immortal as to its source, will live on and on, ever aspiring, ever reaching out to the amazing beyond, but never attaining it, simply because the energy of the universe is infinite.

There are certain innate ideas in the human mind. Among those ideas are infinite space, infinite time and infinite intelligence. Their existence cannot be proved, for no finite mind can compass them. They are not objects of belief so much as they are objects of knowledge. They are not known, of course, by the organs of sense, nor can they be known by our experience, whether now, or never so many ages from now. They are known by intuition, and their knowledge proves our kinship to what we call God, realizing in grand spiritual meaning the profound words of one of the most intuitive souls that ever walked the earth, "I and my Father are one."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
ABBY A. JUDSON

Arlington, N. J., Nov. 23, 1899.

## Answers to Questions

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

W. J. COLVILLE.

QUEST.—[By C. G. Garrison, Philadelphia.] Ezekiel, Chap. 1, verse 1: Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God. Theologically—in the mature period of the fourth round in the fifth Race, &c. Can there be any such significance?

ANS.—There certainly can be, and probably there is, just such an esoteric meaning attaching to the visions of Ezekiel as our learned questioner has supplied. The prophets or seers of all countries and ages have taught in similitudes, only employing temporal and geographical language to illustrate in a sufficiently concrete manner the truths they were seeking to convey. Ezekiel and David are two of the most wonderful apocalyptic books of the Bible, and they were certainly written to teach wonderful super-historic truths.

As poetry, the drama and the novel are modern instruments for conveying the highest spiritual teachings to the masses, and grown people equally with children, are fond of pictures and delight in allegories, it cannot be truthfully said that ancient and modern modes of teaching are entirely different.

The only obstacle likely to be encountered if one seeks to press such an interpretation as the one our questioner has suggested is the claim which is sure to be put forward by competent literary critics, among whom are to be found many diligent historians, that the prophecies of Ezekiel have reference to special events in Jewish history connected with a literal exile and eventual release therefrom.

Our own view of the matter is that great prophets have always concealed a deeper meaning within a more obvious one, and while they have spoken to their immediate surroundings an acceptable, or at least a needed message, they have treasured up within the letter of their words a far wider reaching spiritual significance. There is no necessary discrepancy between the generally accepted scholarly version and the deeper theosophical idea because all events relating to "rounds" and "races" on earth must culminate at set periods of time in the history of racial and planetary evolution.

The fifth race is the intellectual race par excellence, and the fourth round in the fifth race is the nexus or meeting place between the animal states with which the intellect is connected during the first three rounds, and the spiritual states with which it will be allied in the three succeeding higher rounds. It is an ancient concept, and a truly profound one, that there are seven races, and seven rounds in each race. The seven planes are in every instance describable as one mineral, two vegetable, three animal, four animal-human, five mortal-human, six spiritual-human, seven divine-human. "Visions of God" begin to appear in the fourth round of the fifth race, or when we are half through the stage of intellectual human development, and catching glimpses of the planes above.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

From his home at Riverside Hotel, Greenwich Village, Mass., Nov. 21, ALBERT R. WINTWORTH, aged 72 years. This young man, beloved by all who knew him on account of his genial and whole-souled nature, after a brief illness from typhoid fever, passed peacefully into the realm beyond the last audible words he uttered being, "There is rest for the weary," and undoubtedly his soul has found rest and peace amid the delightful bowers of the beautiful beyond. He leaves a father, mother and sister, who deeply mourn their great loss. The funeral services were conducted by the writer, on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 28, at the deceased's late home, Riverside Hotel. Beautiful musical selections were rendered by Mr. H. W. Smith, Mr. Johnson and Mrs. George B. Fuller. Two of these services were original compositions by Mr. Smith. The funeral cortege was many and very beautiful. A broken sickle and bouquet of carnations were presented by the Independent Liberal Church. May the consolation of our religion be theirs who remain. GEO. A. FULLER, M. D.

Greenwich, Mass., Nov. 30, 1899.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir: Now that I am sending some Questions and Answers, I append a few words concerning my present movements, which may be of some interest to my friends in America. First of all I have to relate that there seems a wide prospect for continuous and successful work in England were I able to remain and do it, but within a week of my arrival in London I received a most important letter from Australia informing me that my services were in immediate demand in Sydney, and three other places, and that in consequence of friends of mine in New York having notified my correspondents in Australia that I had announced my expectation of going thither shortly, arrangements were being made for me to lecture for a period of four months at shortest, with the expectation of indefinite renewal of contract. I am wanted in Australia at once, but as I will cancel no engagements already made in England, I have written to my kind, confident friends at the Antipodes that they may expect me with them during March, April, May and June, 1900. I must leave England Jan. 18 or 19 at latest, and have engagements made till Jan. 15 inclusive.

Up to date my work has been confined to London, whereas your excellent contemporary Light will abundantly inform you, I have been most kindly welcomed alike by old friends and new. Every phase of Spiritualism, Theosophy, Mental Science and Occultism is attracting great attention in London at present, and I am glad to find that public opinion in England is rapidly becoming reasonable and friendly to all phases of spiritual investigation. My evening lectures are very largely attended, and I have a good afternoon class at 99 Gower street, W. C. where I am very comfortably residing. Mrs. Lewis, who owns the house, is an excellent mental healer, also a member of London Spiritualist Alliance, for which honorable body I have agreed to speak again on Friday evening, Dec. 29.

Already the shops are becoming bright with Christmas decorations, and though the war in South Africa casts a shadow over the approaching festivities, there are many indications of general prosperity. London is greatly improved in many ways; old dirty streets have given place to wide, wholesome thoroughfares, and in thousands of instances the life of the people has been improved. Thus far the history of November has paid very gentle visits. The weather on the whole has been not unlike that of San Francisco at a similar season.

I am going to Liverpool, Birmingham, Nottingham and many other places to lecture very shortly, and from all accounts I expect to find flourishing centres of activity all over the country. I enjoyed a delightful evening Thursday, Nov. 9, at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wallis, Church Road, Finchley, a charming suburb, which contains many representative Spiritualists. Among those present were Mr. Dawson Rogers, editor of Light, Mrs. Everett, the long-distinguished medium, whose private mediumship has convinced multitudes, and a great many well-known and kindly people who were full of questions, and who seemed to greatly enjoy the answers given through my instrumentality. After some personal poems we enjoyed social conversation and delicious cake and coffee.

Innumerable good wishes are sent to you and your wide constituency by the many in England who have enjoyed American hospitality on spiritual and physical planes together. As I have no idea how long it may be before I shall be able to resume work on your side of the broad Atlantic, I can make no suggestions as to the date of my return. Wishing to public thank numerous friends for kind letters, I remain yours sincerely,

W. J. COLVILLE.

Banner Correspondence.

Lewes D. Drawbridge writes from Hopkinton, Mass.: "The 'Progressive Thinker's' Spiritualist Society met Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Monroe at their home in Milford. In the afternoon and evening, Mrs. Oscar Pond of Hopkinton and Mrs. Anna M. Coggeshall of Lowell gave some fine messages. Rev. Adin Ballou made a short address through the mediumship of a lady from Natick. After the afternoon meeting an election of officers was held. The following were elected: Pres., Dr. Monroe of Milford; Vice Pres., Oscar Pond; Board of Directors, W. B. Chaffin, Dr. Mary A. Perkins of Hopkinton, Captain C. P. Winslow of Westboro; Sec'y and Treas., Lewes D. Drawbridge, Hopkinton. The next meeting will be with Mr. and Mrs. Cheever at North Milford, Dec. 10 at 2 P. M.

Mrs. E. P. Fralick, (526 Clark street) writes from Waverly, N. Y.: "The Waverly Progressive Spiritualist Society was favored with a lecture by Mrs. Helen T. Brigham of New York City on the evening of Nov. 16. The address was enjoyed by all; inspirational poem, 'True Worth and Higher Aspirations,' was exceptionally fine. Mrs. Brigham, on any other who may be passing through here, will be welcomed, entertained and given a good collection of time is given to advertise a lecture. We are too poor to hire a regular speaker, but there are many tried and true souls here.

H. C. Berry writes from Portland, Me.: "The First Spiritual Society, Mystic Hall, Sunday, Nov. 5, Edgar W. Emerson occupied the platform, and spoke to large audiences; at the close of each lecture he gave a séance as usual; many fine messages were given at each séance. Mr. Emerson remained in the city, and gave a public circle at the residence of H. C. Berry, Tuesday evening, Nov. 7, the parlors were packed, standing room only was the order. It was a very pleasing occasion. Nov. 9 the society gave a concert and supper in 'The Teacher's Hall.' A large audience was present, and a good sum was netted. On Wednesday, Nov. 12, M. P. Hammond of Worcester, Mass. gave two very interesting discourses before the society; owing to storm very small audience was present to hear Mr. Hammond. Nov. 26 Mrs. Juliette Yeaw occupied our platform, and gave two able discourses. We were all pleased to welcome Mrs. Yeaw to our platform once more. Sunday, Dec. 3, E. W. Emerson will be with us again.

Arthur Groom writes from Philadelphia, Pa., to the editor:

Dear Sir and Bro.: I beg, on behalf of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, to give you a brief report of our meetings for the season so far. We opened in October, and engaged Dr. N. P. Rabin for the last four Sundays. Having previously had W. J. Colville for two seasons, Dr. Rabin made such a good impression on the opening Sunday, that the Board decided to retain him for three months, and he accepted. A public reception was tendered Dr. and Mrs. N. P. Rabin on Nov. 15, which far exceeded all expectations. Opening address by Capt. Kiefer, President, and an address of welcome by Mrs. E. Cadwallader, Vice President, music and dancing formed the chief feature of the evening. Prof. Bacon's comic songs took finely. Ice cream and cake were served, and a general good time enjoyed. Great credit is due the Helping Hand Society in co-operating with the Association in getting up the reception. Dr. Rabin received a very cordial greeting from all present, and were made to feel very much at home. So great has been the interest awakened in our meetings, that the Board has unanimously decided to request the Doctor to remain with us until June 1, 1900. He is speaking to large audiences, new members are coming in, and consequently our finances are being strengthened. The Doctor is also having great success in his private work. We all feel we have the right man in the right place, for he is a credit to any platform.

Copies of Banner for Circulation.

We frequently have calls for copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT for circulation, and in order to accommodate friends who may desire them, we will send to any one who will place them in the hands of appreciative readers a parcel of twenty-five or more back numbers which have accumulated—on receipt of ten cents to cover postage.

PAINT TALKS --- XXIII.

Why "Patent Paints" Are in Disrepute.

It has been shown in these papers that when the ingredients are rightly selected, ready mixed paints should be both better and cheaper than any other kind of paint. It may be remarked, in passing, that there is, generally speaking, no such thing as "patent paint." Paints are furnished as dry pigments to be mixed in the paint shop with the necessary oil, turpentine and driers; as paste paints to be thinned down with oil; or as ready mixed paints containing all the required ingredients ready for the brush. Some paste paints are supplied already incorporated with tinting colors, while in other cases, especially pure lead, the color must be added to the white base.

Now if any one will take a little white paste paint (lead, for example), and add to it a small quantity of color, incorporating it thoroughly, he will find that he can apparently obtain a uniform tint; but if he will now take a very small portion of this tint and grind it vigorously upon a muller, he will see that the tint deepens and brightens as the grinding proceeds. This illustrates the fact that paints cannot be thoroughly mixed without mechanical means.

The beauty of the so-called "patent paints" depends on this fact; for however good or ever better they may prove to be, the ready mixed paints are beatiful.

Now when the painter takes his white base and mixes with it the color, oil, turpentine, drier, etc., necessary to fit it for application, he does at the expense of man-labor exactly what is done by machinery in the paint factory. He makes a ready mixed paint; but as the process is purely mechanical he cannot do it either so well or so cheaply as it could be done by a machine; more color will be required to produce the same tint; and the paint will not be so homogeneous, and therefore not so good.

What, then, is the matter with "patent paints"? With some of them, nothing. Every one has seen ready mixed paints that answered every demand. Of the rest, generally speaking, it can be safely said that they have just one defect, and that is water. Water is not a good painting medium, but by the use of alkaline emulsifiers it can be made to mix with oil, and at a cost of nothing per gallon, to replace linseed oil at forty or fifty cents a gallon, such paint looks all right, but it does not wear.

The test for water in paint is to soak a strip of gelatine in it over night. If the gelatine swells the paint contains water; if not, there is no water present.

Good ready mixed paints all contain a large proportion of zinc white, and the valuable properties of zinc white in paints have frequently been pointed out. If it were not for water, "patent paints" would never have fallen into disrepute. Good ready mixed paints can be obtained by buying only such as bear the name of a well-known manufacturer, and making sure that they contain no water.

STANTON DUBLEY.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package, **Gluten Grits** and **BARLEY CRISPS**, **PERFECT BREAKFAST** and **DIETETIC CEREALS**. **PANSY FLOUR**, for Biscuits, Cake and Pastry. Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers. For book samples, write **FAIRWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.**

Don't Fail

To secure this great bargain while you have an opportunity.

**650 PAGES** FOR **75 CENTS.**

**Voices from Many Hill-Tops, Echoes from Many Valleys;**

OR THE **Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eon's.** In **Earth-Life and Spirit-Spheres;** In Ages Past; In the Long, Long Ago; and their Many Experiences in Earth-Life and on Other Worlds.

A Spiritual Legacy for Earth's Children

This book of many lives is the legacy of spirit Eon to the wide, wide world.

A book from the land of souls, such as never before published. No book like unto this has ever found its way to earth-land shores, as there has never before been a demand for such a publication.

The book has been given by spirit Eon through the "Sun Angel Order of Light," to her soul-mate Eon, and through him to the world.

Having secured a limited number of copies of this wonderful book at a low figure, we shall for a time offer them to our patrons at the reduced price of \$1.00 each, and any one desiring the book should secure a copy before our supply becomes exhausted.

It has 650 large-sized pages, printed on heavy paper, in large clear type, elegantly bound in fine English cloth, with beveled boards and gilt top.

**Price Reduced from \$2.50 To 75 cts., Postage Free.**

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

**MYSTERY OF THE AGES, Contained in the Secret Doctrine of All Religions.** By MARIE, GOTTES OF CAITHNESS.

Contents: Introductory; The Theory and Practice of Theosophy; The Secret of Theosophy; Egyptian and Christian Theosophy; The Theosophy of the Brahmins, Magi and Druids; Buddhist Theosophy; Esoteric Buddhism; Chinese Theosophy; Pagan Theosophy; Theosophical Ideas of the Occultists; The Kabbala, or Hebrew Theosophy; The Safes and Mohammedan Theosophy; Christian Theosophy; The Theosophy of Christ; The Theosophical Interpretation of the Bible; Conclusion; Soul, Identity, The Path Nirvana, The End.

Cloth, beveled edges, pp. 511; price \$2.50. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

**THE HYMNAL: A Practical Song Book** for Congregational Singing. This book of thirty-two pages contains one hundred and thirty-three hymns (without music), every one of which can be sung by a congregation. The tunes are easy, and generally well known. They are mostly to be found in the SPIRITUAL HARP and the GOSPEL HYMNS.

Price in paper covers \$1.00 per hundred copies, or 12 cents a copy in less quantities. By mail 2 cents extra. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Dr. Hidden's Beautiful Songs.

Among the latest song successes may be mentioned the following from the pen of DR. C. W. HIDDEN, whose name is so familiar to Spiritualists and Musicians throughout the land: "KEEP SUMMER IN YOUR HEART" is a delightful ballad; "THE ORGAN IN THE CORNER" is one of the sweetest tender songs ever written; "I'LL SING AGAIN DOWN BY THE SEA" is a sweet song, with a pretty waltz refrain. All are finely engraved and printed, and each title-page bears a likeness of the author. Price 40 cents per copy. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Nov 19 1899

National Spiritualists' Association

INCORPORATED 1893. Headquarters 600 Pennsylvania Avenue, North-East, Washington, D. C. All Spiritualists visiting Washington cordially invited to call. Contributing membership (\$1.00 a year) can be procured individually by sending ten to the Secretary at the above address, and receiving a handsome certificate of the same, with one copy each of N. S. A. Reports for 1900 and 1901.

A few copies of the Reports of Conventions of '93, '94, '95, '96 and '97, still on hand. Copies up to '97 25 cents each, '97 and '98 may be procured, the two for 35 cents; singly, 25 cents.

MRS. MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y., Pennsylvania Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C. till Feb. 20.

College of Psychical Sciences.

THE only one in the world for the unfolding of all Spiritual Powers, Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Inspiration, Healing, the Science of Harmonies Applied to the Soul of Music and Physical Expression and Culture, and Illumination. For terms, circulars, percentages of psychical power, such as stamped addresses on envelopes to J. C. F. GUMMINE, N. Y., 1718 1/2 Genesee street.

Send 25 cents, for sample copy of, or for a year's subscription to "Immortality," the new and brilliant Quarterly Psychical Magazine. Address J. C. F. GUMMINE, Syracuse, N. Y., 1718 1/2 Genesee street.

Mrs. A. B. Severance

I am a FORTUNE TELLER, but gives psychometric, impressional and prophetic readings to promote the health, happiness, prosperity and spiritual unfoldment of those who seek her advice. People in poor health, weak, discouraged, suffering from anxiety and misfortune, are advised to consult her. Nature's own remedies, simple, effective and inexpensive, are prescribed. Full readings by mail, \$1.00; six readings, \$5.00; ten readings, \$8.00; and for 20 readings, \$12.00. Address 1800 Main street, White Water, Walworth Co., Wis. Mention BANNER OF LIGHT.

Rose Leaf Balm.

A NEW and wonderfully healing lotion for all skin eruptions, Cold Sores, Chapped Hands and Face.

Salt Rheum, Eczema, Hay Fever, Coryza and Sun Burn.

Gentlemen will find this a superior preparation to use after shaving.

Half oz. Trial Size, 15 cts. Two " 35 cts. Four " 90 cts., mailed free of charge.

Agents wanted in all States. Write for Particulars.

ROSE LEAF BALM CO., P. O. Box 3087, 9 Bosworth St., Boston, Mass.

Endorsed by Editor and Management of BANNER OF LIGHT.

OUR MOTTO

"To do all the Good we can."

MRS. DR. DOBSON-BARKER,

who is so widely known as one of the many

Spiritual Healers,

HAS

Successfully Treated

AND CURED

Thousands of Patients,

will diagnose your case

FREE!

REQUIREMENTS.—Lock of hair, age, sex, ONE leading symptom, full name, three two-cent stamps, and plain FULL ADDRESS.

SEND TO

Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker,

Box 132, San Jose, Cal.

When answering this advertisement, mention this journal.

Oct. 7. 1899

MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, the Psychic Reader and Healer, has removed to 127 Oak street, Lewiston, Maine. Full readings by mail, \$1.00; six readings, \$5.00; ten readings, \$8.00; and for 20 readings, \$12.00. Send date of birth. Circles Friday evenings at 8 o'clock. Feb. 4. 1900

Easy Method of Reading Hands.

BY L. D. OSMAN.

To the novice in the science of Palmistry this new work will come as an especial boon. It is enriched in such simple language that those who have become bewildered in the study of the larger and more intricate works by other authors will at once catch the idea, and by the facts given explaining their own hands and then the true index of their character; knowing this, they can judge of other lives by the record they always carry with them. Shakspeare said "Show me thy hand and I'll show thee thy life."

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Life Beyond Death.

BEING A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S BELIEFS ON THE SUBJECT, A CONSIDERATION OF PRESENT CONDITIONS OF THOUGHT AND FEELING, LEADING TO THE QUESTION AS TO WHETHER IT CAN BE DEMONSTRATED AS A FACT; TO WHICH IS ADDED

An Appendix Containing Some Hints as to Personal Experiences and Opinions.

BY MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE, D. D. (Harvard)

CONTENTS.—Primitive Ideas; Ethnic Beliefs; The Old Testament and Jewish Ideas; Paul's Doctrine of Death and the Middle Ages; Protestant Beliefs Concerning Death and the Life Beyond; The Agnostic Reaction; The Spiritualist Reaction; The World's Condition and Needs as to Belief in Immortality; Probable Future; Full Short of Demonstration; The Society for Psychical Research and the Immortal Life; Possible Conditions of Another Life; Appendix.—Some Hints as to Personal Experiences and Opinions. Price, \$1.50. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

THE SPIRITUAL WREATH.

A new collection of Words and Music for the Choir, Congregational and Social Circle. By E. W. TUCKER

Contents: Shall We Know Each Other There? Happy By-and-Bye. The Soul's Destiny. The Angel of His Presence. There is No Death. They Still Live. The Better Land. The Music of Our Hearts. The Freeman's Hymn. The Vanished. They Will Meet Us on the Shore. The Elbow Above. The Other Side. Will You Meet Me Over There? Who Will Guide My Spirit Home. Whisper Us of Spirit-Life. Waiting On This Shore. Waiting 'Mid The Shadows. Welcome Home. Welcome Angels. We Long to be There. Some Day of Days.

NEW PIECES.

Bethany We Arise. Come Before. Home Home. Invocation Chant. I Shall Know His Angel's Name. Nearing the Goal. No Weeping There. Our Home Beyond the River. Parting Hymn. Leatherette cover. Price: Single copies, 20 cents; per dozen, \$2.00; 50 copies, \$7.00; 100 copies, \$12.00. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Boston Advertisements.

FREE CONSULTATION!

DR. C. E. WATKINS

Has opened his Winter Office at 404 Massachusetts Avenue. Cross-town cars pass the door. If you take Huntington Avenue car, get off at Massachusetts Avenue and walk up to his number. Same if you take Columbus Avenue.

EMEMBER, CONSULTATION FREE!

Office hours, 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., each day of the week excepting Friday, Saturday and Sunday. On those days the Doctor cannot be seen by any one.

DR. C. E. WATKINS, 404 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.

A GIFT SO RARE FREE TO ALL!

The Great Natural Physician CURES all Chronic Diseases, both Mental and Physical, without asking questions. All Letters with stamps answered.

DR. C. M. WESLEY, 141 Pembroke St., Boston, Mass.

Office hours, 10 A.M. to 12 M., and from 1 to 5 P.M.; Saturdays till 10 P.M. Not open Sundays. 13\* Oct. 14

J. K. D. Conant-Henderson,

(Formerly Banner of Light Medium) Trance and Business Psychometrist.

SITTINGS daily, except Monday and Saturday. Also Readings by Letter. Can be engaged for Platform Work and Test Medium. 112 M. Vernon street, Dedham, Mass. Dec. 2.

Osgood F. Stiles,

DEVELOPMENT of Mediumship and Treatment of Obsession a specialty.

MRS. OSGOOD F. STILES, Clairvoyant, Business Sittings. Hours from 10 to 4. No. 176 Columbus Avenue, near Berkeley street. 3\* Nov. 4.

Ella Z. Dalton, Astrologer,

CHALDEAN and EGYPTIAN Astrology. Life-Readings given from the stars to the grave. Advice given on all kinds of Business. Also Teacher of Astrology. Readings \$1.00 and upwards. 84 Bosworth street, Boston. Dec. 2.

MRS. THAXTER,

Banner of Light Building, Boston, Mass.

MRS. C. B. BLISS,

67 Tremont Street, Suite 1, Boston.

(Near Tremont street, between Newton and Berkeley streets.)

WEDNESDAY 4 P. M. and Sunday at 2 o'clock, and Thursday evening at 8 P. M. (a short time only.) Nov. 11.

Willard L. Rathrop,

SLATE WRITER and PSYCHIC LITHOGRAPHER. Sittings daily at 2.30 p.m. Sittings with sealed letters by mail. MRS. EMMA R. LATHROP, Trance Psychist, Development and Test Circle Tuesday at 2.30 p.m. 90 Berkeley St., Suite 1, Boston, Mass. Dec. 2.

DR. W. JEFFERSON,

PSYCHIC & PALMIST.

HOURS: 10 to 7 daily; Sat. and Sun. evenings only, 7 to 9. 206 Columbus Ave., Down stairs. 4\* Nov. 18.

Marshall O. Wilcox,

MAGNETIC Healer, 55 Bosworth st., Room 5, Banner of Light Building, Boston, Mass. Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M. 1 to 5 P. M. Willing to attend patients at residence by appointment. Magnetized paper, \$1.00 a package. Dec. 2.

Mrs. Maggie J. Butler,

MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT.

164 Huntington Avenue, between West Newton and Cumberland streets. Office hours 10 to 1 and 2 to 4 daily, except Saturdays and Sundays. Sept. 30.

Mrs. A. Peabody-McKenna

BUSINESS, Trance and Development Medium. Sittings daily, 12 o'clock Sunday and Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock, and Tuesday afternoons at 2 o'clock. 814 Devonport St., near 34th St., near Washington St. Dec. 9.

Mrs. J. W. Stackpole,

BUSINESS and Test Medium, 14 Concord St., cor. Tremont street, Boston. Sittings daily from 10 to 5. Will go out to hold sittings by appointment. 1\* Dec. 9.

Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer,

SEANCES Tuesday, Friday and Sunday eve, at 8 o'clock. Hotel Vermont, 21 Yarnmouth street, Suite 3, Boston. Dec. 9.

J. M. CRANT,

TEST and Business Medium, Hotel Garfield, Rutland St., Boston, Mass. Readings, \$2.00. Hours 9 to 4.

G. LESTER LANE,

PSYCHIC Healer, and Specialist in the cure of Obsession, 301 Columbus Avenue, Boston. 10\* Oct. 23.

George T. Albro

CONSULTATION and advice FREE regarding mediumistic gifts. 51 Rutland street, Boston. Dec. 2.

Florence White,

175 TREMONT ST., Psychic and Palmist. Test Seance Sunday evenings at 2.30 Columbus Avenue. Dec. 9.

Mrs. M. A. Chandler,

Nov. 25. 618 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

Mrs. Fannie A. Dodd,

233 Tremont street, corner of Eliot street, Boston. Nov. 25.

HYPNOTISM and Personal Magnetism taught privately.

DR. JULIA CRAFTS SMITH is a graduate in patients in her office. Local Alter calls, 222 Columbus Avenue, Suite 2, Boston. Dec. 3.

MRS. A. FORESTER, Trance and Business

Medium, 27 Union Park street, Suite 5, Boston. 10 to 5. Nov. 25.

MRS. CURTIS, 614 Tremont St., Magnet

Healing Medium, Card Reader. Circles Tuesday eve, Dec. 2.

"OUJA"

(Pronounced We-ja) the Egyptian Luck Board, a Talking Board, is without doubt the most interesting, remarkable and mysterious production of the 19th century. Its operations are always interesting, and frequently invaluable, answering, as it does, questions concerning the past, present and future, with marvellous accuracy. It furnishes never-failing amusement and recreation for all classes, while for the scientific or thoughtful its mysterious movements inspire the most feasible research and investigation, apparently forming the link which unites the known with the unknown, the material with the immaterial. Size of Board, 12x15 inches.

DIRECTIONS.—Place the Board upon a table of two persons, lady and gentleman preferred, with the small table upon the Board. Place the fingers lightly but firmly, with pressure, upon the table so as to move easily and freely. In from one to five minutes the table will commence to move, at first slowly, then faster, and will then be able to talk or answer questions, which it will do rapidly by touching the printed words or letters necessary to form words and sentences with the forefinger or pointer.

Price \$1.00, postage 30 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Spiritual Science of Health and Healing.

Considered in TWELVE LECTURES, delivered inspiringly by W. J. COLVILLE, in San Francisco and Boston, during 1898.

The author in his preface says, "Those whose minds are fertile as well as receptive, those to whom one idea suggests another, and who have the gift of tracing conclusions to their source, the most feasible research and investigation, can convey it, will doubtless be able to successfully treat themselves and others if they carefully read and meditate upon the contents of this volume, as a perfect system of treatment is definitely outlined in its pages." 270 pages, cloth. Price \$1.25. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

THE BIBLE IN ITS ORIGIN, Growth, and Character, and its Place among the Sacred Books of the World. Together with a list of books for study and reflection, with critical comments. By JAMES THOMAS SMITH, D.D.

12mo, cloth. Price \$1.50. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

New York Advertisements.

Amelia Summerville Obesity Remedy.

Also good for Diabetes and Rheumatism.

No dieting necessary. Full directions on every box. Price \$2.00 per box, or three boxes for \$5.00. Jan. 15. tft P. O. Box 382, N. Y. City, U. S. A.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis

