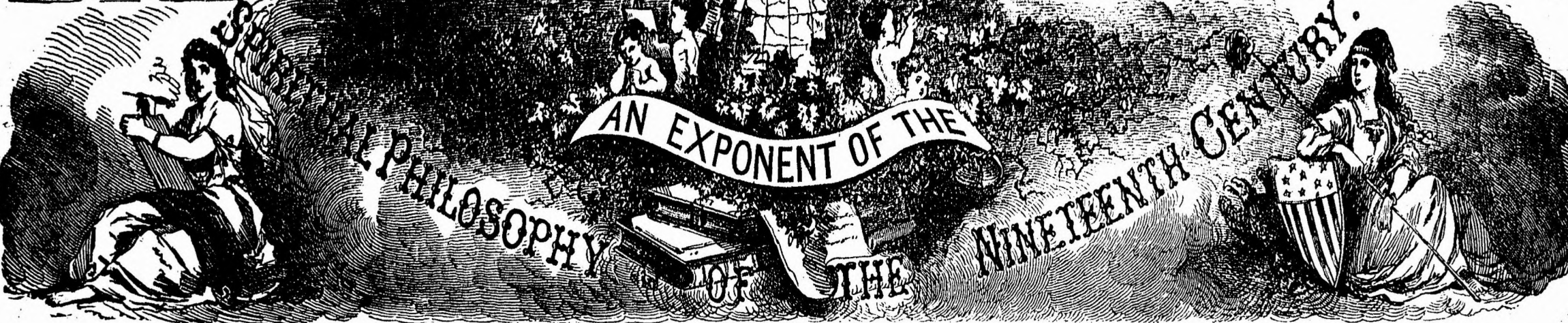


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NO. 20.

## GO AHEAD.

J. A. EDGERTON.

When discouraged, sad and sore,  
Do your best—who can do more?  
Other men have won before.

Go ahead.

Down the current of your days  
May be other, brighter ways.  
Go ahead.

Sunshine glistens unto you,  
For you falls the rain and dew.  
Over you the skies are blue.

Go ahead.

All God's earth is green and fair.  
Birds are singing everywhere.  
Go ahead.

Trouble knocks upon your gates?  
Face it; rise above the fates.  
For each one some ill awaits.

Go ahead.

Show that, whatsoever befall,  
You are greater than it all.  
Go ahead.

Sorrow's gloom is o'er you cast?  
All the good of life seems past?  
Do not bend before the blast.

Go ahead.

Though you have a broken heart,  
Bear it still and do your part.  
Go ahead.

O'er the shadow of the night  
Rests a diadem of light,  
Where the stars are shining bright.

Go ahead.

So in sorrow lurks a good  
That is little understood.  
Go ahead.

In the mystery of sleep  
Voices call us from the deep,  
Angels vigils o'er us keep.

Go ahead.

Heaven's portals gleam above  
In the radiance of their love.  
Go ahead.

When our sun sinks in the west,  
In the eldorado of rest  
Wait the ones we loved the best.

Go ahead.

And their voices call to us  
From a country glorious.  
Go ahead.

Welcome is the coming guest  
To the beauties unexpressed;  
Of that kingdom of the blest.

Go ahead.

And our dear ones who have gone  
Greet us in its golden dawn.  
Go ahead.

As we pass life's journey through,  
Let this one thought keep us true:  
There is good that we may do.

Go ahead.

Not unto ourselves we live,  
But for help that we may give.  
Go ahead.

To the upward-looking soul  
Ever shines a higher goal,  
As the seasons onward roll.

Go ahead.

Make the triumphs you have won  
Stepping stones to lead you on.  
Go ahead.

(To be issued in pamphlet form.)

## The Evolution of Worship.

A Lecture by Harrison D. Barrett.

Published by special request.

I shall attempt to describe the evolution of religion, more properly, the evolution of worship, on this occasion, hence I shall ask you to journey with me in fancy down the corridors of time, through the labyrinthian ways of the mighty Past, that we may note man's progress over the roadway of life until he has arrived at the goal where we find him today. It is a strange record: War, famine, pestilence, love, hatred, hopes, fears, joys and sorrows are found at every turn of the road, while the sad stories of seeming failures blend their dark lines with the brighter hues of success until the life of man, in his evolution from barbarism to civilization, becomes as varied in its colorings as were the threads of the mythical coat of many colors in the patriarchal days of Israel.

In studying man we find that he has advanced in proportion to his intellectual unfoldment. His intellectual development has depended upon the experiences through which he has passed as he has journeyed through life. His experiences have been due to his climatic, topographical, social and mental environments. These environments in turn depend upon the circumstances of birth, and his desire for change. Climatic conditions naturally affect the plastic minds of children born into this world under a tropical sky, in the temperate zone, or in the frigid north, while the topography of a country, be it the region of snow-capped mountains, lofty plateaus, or smiling plains, has an influence equally marked in shaping the course of man's thought. It matters not where he locates himself; man as surely finds in nature objects that inspire awe, fear and reverence within him, as he finds the sun shining around him. This is due to an element within his nature which, for convenience, has been termed the religious element. The cause of this element or faculty is a matter of interest to all anthropologists, as well as to the scientific historian in search of the soul of things through the avenues of fact.

As we glance down the corridors of time, we find ample evidence to prove that man has always possessed this religious element in his nature. I believe it to be, either consciously or unconsciously, an attempt of his soul to relate him in thought, feeling and purpose to his fellowmen, and to the Infinite from which his power came. I believe it is, and ever has been, a quickening of that principle within him which has led him to search for causes, and enabled him to analyze and trace effects to their source. This peculiar element has found many avenues of expression, the chief of which has been worship, during man's weary pilgrimage across the plains of matter. Indeed, for many centuries man was merely a worshipful animal, obeying only the promptings of his own instinct, and blindly worshipping that which caused them, yet never realizing their true source, nor comprehending their real meaning.

Let us draw a poetic picture of the various stages of man's worship, as he has fought, struggled, toiled and suffered on his journey from the condition of the beast to that of a sentient being. Go back with me to that far-off time when the first thrill of consciousness passed along his sluggish nerves, when he roamed at will, a savage beast, over the plains, or threaded the wilds of the forests in search of his prey. He had only sought to satisfy the cravings of his appetite; he knew no more than this—that he was hungry and must eat, and that he must defend himself from other fierce brutes who would otherwise kill him and feast upon his flesh. We can see him, a fierce, hairy, savage monster, roaming to and fro over the earth, a huge club in his hands as a weapon of offense and defense, by which he secured his food or beat off his enemies; his eyes rolled wildly, while the untamed life within expressed itself in the harsh tones of the snarling beast.

One day while in search of food, our primal ancestor ventured out of the forest shade, and beheld the bright sunshine in all of its glory as it fell in rays of impartial splendor upon the level fields before him. He had seen it perhaps a thousand times before, but now for the first time he became consciously aware of the fact that there was a difference between light and darkness, between sunshine and shadow. He stood and gazed in awed bewilderment at the wondrous sight, when suddenly he beheld something strange and uncanny upon the greensward beside him. You and I know that it was only Nature's photograph of his form, taken by the magical camera of the sun, and flung at full length upon the beautiful green canvas behind him. Here was something out of the ordinary, something new and strange, something he could not understand. Obedient to the natural instinct of self-preservation, he at once sought to defend himself, and, with a wild harsh cry, struck a terrible blow with his club at that awful something he feared was about to injure him.

He looked once more, but there lay his shadow, uninjured, quivering under the impulse of his own fear, as if it were about to spring upon him. With another fierce cry of rage and fear, primal man struck another terrible blow at that strange, awful thing that seemed ready to destroy him. It was all in vain! Blow after blow had not the effect of causing the removal of the shadow; there it was, and there it persisted in remaining. He had it now—he would run away from it, and so he fled—fled from before his own shadow—poor, erring, ignorant, savage man—fled that he might find an avenue of escape from a representation of himself, and he has been trying to run away from himself ever since. On he ran, but, glancing backward, he saw that awful Shadow, seemingly overtaking him in his mad race, and his crude mind was filled with fear—a fear that caused him to drop upon his knees and pray to his own Shadow that it would do him no harm. Man's first prayer arose through fear, and fear has been the mother of worship ever since man arrived at consciousness. Thus in the first stage of worship man supplicated and implored only for his own preservation from something he could not understand through his sense of fear, and Fear has been a most prolific mother in furnishing man with continued desires to worship and to supplicate for aid. Man was first a Shadow-worshiper, and Animism became the channel through which he expressed his devotions.

He feared this intangible, elfish spirit more intensely, and his mind wavered between desires to kill it and ardent wishes to placate it by prayers and supplications. Ages passed away; man continued his primitive form of worship, but found, on sundry occasions, as he sat beside a boulder to rest, or fell over a huge log in the chase for his prey, that the shadow melted into the object with which he had come in contact. He began to feel that he had found something more tangible and potent than the shadow, and he changed his form of worship to meet his change of thought. He felt at last that the rock or log or boulder had destroyed the shadow, and he rejoiced greatly at his escape; so he knelt, in gratitude of heart, and thanked the insensate object that had relieved him from the cause of his fear. These objects became sacred to him; he cherished them fondly, and paid them the homage of his devotion. His fetish was his idol, and he could not be grateful enough to it for the favors he received. Thus fetish worship was the second step in the evolution of man's religious worship. We also see that man's prayer from fear was succeeded by a prayer of thanksgiving—an order that has obtained in human life through all the ages.

Man followed up, and man met with many changes as he performed his little part in life's perplexing drama. He found that the Shadow followed other animals than himself, and that the fetish was not always potent to give relief from danger. He suddenly noted the fact that a mightier power stood in his way—a something that cast a greater shadow than did he and other living creatures. His idol was lost beside it, and its arms seemed to eclipse the sunlight. He wondered and feared and trembled and prayed anew. He heard it talking in strange tones, plotting, so he feared, his own destruction. He flung himself at its feet and supplicated pardon. He looked and listened; he saw this giant reach his arms out toward the sky, and twine and intertwine them together, and weave verdant coverings over all the gnarled surface, until a canopy of green was formed above him; he saw those arms move to and fro and the fingers of green were dexterously touching the harpichords strung across the sky unseen by man, until his ears were filled with a mellow music that came forth from this giant form, so thought man, but, as we know, from the movement of the gentle winds sporting amid the leaves and branches of a mighty tree. Man saw also those arms reach out anon, and new and huge trunks shoot downward, take hold of earth with firmer rooting, and add thereby to the power of the parent tree. Scores of these trunks at last supported the roofing of a single tree, that man soon fashioned into a God with power to save and condemn.

Poor, erring, ignorant, struggling man had taken another step forward in his worship. The tree was now his God; you and I know that it was the phenomenon of the banyan tree—simple, yet profoundly grand—that spoke to his religious nature through its giant arms and colossal trunk. Man worshiped the Tree, beneath whose shade in many lands he assembled, his kindred to pray for favors many, and to return thanks for favors few. Do I hear you say that this is not a picture drawn from the facts of history? Then go with me in fancy to old Druidic times, and find those strong children of nature worshipping humbly their sacred oak; to Oriental lands, and observe the dark races of the tropics paying their devoutness to the forest-giants named; to western lands, and see the people assembled in worship around the sacred ash and beeches; to Australia and note the reverent awe of the natives, in centuries ago, as they knelt around their spire-breathed trees, the god of their adoration; to

other lands, where tree-worship is recorded indelibly on the pages of history, and you will find these pictures of tree-worship true to life in all details. Man's God had grown, from a shadow to a fetish, from a fetish to that which was acted upon by something outside of himself—the tree that seemed to have power of its own.

The mighty sythe of Time moved swiftly across the acres of being, and quickly mowed the centuries into huge swaths, whose spreading covered the entire globe with epochs, cycles, decades, years, months and days by which after a time man could accurately measure duration and his own relation to it. The trees were his fanes, and the vaulted forest aisles rang with his songs, and echoed to the chanting of his hymns. One day the sky was overcast at high noon; the air a solemn stillness held, while distant mutterings told of the coming warfare of the elements. Suddenly an angry roar burst upon man's ear, and he saw the forked lightning cleave the clouds asunder, dart downward and lick up with its feverish, fetid breath the very God-Tree he was then worshipping. Affrighted man fled to a place of safety, where he tremblingly bemoaned his fate. His God had failed him, and had disappeared before his very eyes. A new thought swept in upon his consciousness—only a God could destroy a God, hence that which had destroyed the tree must be more potent than the tree. "Fire is the Destroyer God, he must be placated; I will worship him that he may save me alive," said man, and he began to build altars to the Fire-God.

Note this, my friends, in passing. Man was anxious to please the stronger power, hence he transferred his worship from the weaker to the stronger, hoping and desiring to obtain the especial favor of the one whom he served. Through all his history, man has almost always been found worshipping at the shrine of those who were more powerful than he, especially so, when he wished to gain something personally through that method. He has not outgrown that habit to day; "The king is dead! Long live the king!" is the cry at the present hour, and every attraction, no matter how delightful it was at first, is speedily forgotten when a stronger one comes into view. He became a Fire-worshiper; in many lands he erected his altars, upon which sacred fire was forever kept burning, before which he bowed in humble submission, to which he knelt in supplication, or uttered prayers of thanksgiving for some imagined favor. Fire was the object of man's adoration through long ages, during the lapse of which he took several steps upward in the scale of being, and became still more conscious of his power to think and to do.

He saw the sacred flame consume the sacrifices he made the God power within it, and rejoiced thereat; he saw flames lick up the refuse around his camp and was satisfied that cleanliness should be a portion of his religious life. Would that all men thought so to-day! Perhaps the fire-flame in its purity symbolized the spirit-flame of pure, true love within the soul of man; who shall say that fire-worship was not a means by which the elevation of man was made possible? I hear some one say: "I do not believe that primitive man was ever a fire-worshiper; it is all a fanciful creation of the mind!" Then go with me to-day to the hills and plateaus of old Persia, where the Parsees dwell, and you will find them even now bowing in worship before their altars on which the sacred fire is yet burning; the lineal successor, they believe, of that other fire that burned for their ancestors ages and ages ago. Our Parsee brethren worship their God in all sincerity, and obediently chant his praise in song and speech, while the nations that are no more, out of their long forgotten tombs, speak to us of the age when their people worshiped in spirit and in truth the Fire God of the Universe. In these and other evidences of fact, you will find your proof of the poetic worship of Fire.

Behold how man's idea of God had grown: animism to fetishism, fetishism to Tree worship, Tree worship to Fire-worship, each marking the recognition of added power on the part of the God he feared and praised, and duplicated and adored. One day, ages and ages ago, the clouds again swept across the sky, and the windows of heaven were opened to let down a flood of rain upon the patient, thirsty earth. Its power was great, and man stood aghast for the rain, the water was more potent than the God-Fire, and the sacred flame upon the altar was extinguished. Man was sore distressed, and found no resting place for his feet, until he suddenly learned that Water was ever the conqueror of Fire, whereupon he hailed Water as his God. He saw that water not only washed clean the face of nature, not only extinguished the flame upon his altar, but it also revived the fainting flowers and trees, made harvest time possible, and saved the lives of his animals, as well as of himself and family. He therefore transferred his worship from Fire to Water, and Water was his God. His sacred rivers, lakes, seas and oceans were visible presences of his God, wherever he dwelt, and he was often found kneeling in worship on his shores. Worship of the Water God obtained for centuries, and indices of the same have found their way into our own times. The sacred Ganges of the Hindu, and the sacred sea of the Chinese, are resultants of the ages when man's God was Water.

Time swept onward with its majestic march, and an age came when man stood beside his sacred ocean, looking out over the vasty deep in awed thankfulness, reflecting upon his mighty power. Suddenly he was startled from his reverie, for he saw something weird and strange. He imagined that giant hands, with long, sinewy fingers were reaching down out of the skies, tossing and drawing the God-Water into the heaven above. He was again afraid, and trembled lest this unknown Something should see fit to catch him also up into the sky. We know that he saw only the fingers of the Sun, the King of Day, catching up the sparkling drops of water, to fling them back in gentle rain upon the thirsty earth. Perhaps it was a water-spout in which the strength of the sun and that of the wind combined to cause the ocean's elements to leap into the air to find a place of rest. In distress of mind, man sat him down upon the banks of the sounding sea to think, to pray for release, to ask for help. He soon saw that the light of the day king was necessary to the life and growth of plants, and that darkness, long-prolonged, destroyed both plant and animal life. He learned that something more than water was necessary to cause things to be, and to grow into maturity. "The Sun! the Sun is the cause of all these things! The Sun is mightier than Water, and I will worship the Sun," cried ignorant man, and the Sun became his God.

He builded temples to his new deity, whom he endowed with powers far beyond those ascribed to Water. He even imagined that the Sun-God was so powerful as to be able to draw him into the sky, even as he had lifted the Water, that he might ride with him through the star-dotted regions of space, across the heavens and back again, once more to become the light of the world. Night came on,

and the sun set; the moon, that silvery queen of the Night, came forth in all her radiant beauty, and cast her mantle of loveliness over earth and sea and sky. Man saw once more the billowy sea rise up from its native bed and leap to meet the siren-kisses of this resplendent queen, dashing upon the rocks along the banks in the agony of despair at being unable to nestle in their enchantress' arms. He heard the sighs and groans and wails of woe, as the waters ebb and flowed in the wonderful tides at the call of the moon, and believed that he had found a God more potent than the king of day. The moon became his God. Morning came, and the moon was gone; the sun ruled again. Evening came, and the moon once more held sway. Day-light and darkness played the game of shuttlecock in the mind of man, until he felt that neither the sun nor the moon was the true God. He had seen the twinkling orbs that stud the blue empyrean by night, like windows set in the arched roof of space, through which he felt that some Argus-eyed Being was peering to see what was transpiring on earth. Man then worshipped the heavenly bodies, thinking that he had at last found the true God.

But the alternation of day and night, the appearance and disappearance of the stars, perplexed man sorely. Long he meditated and reflected upon this all-important problem. Suddenly a new thought dawned upon his consciousness—there must have been a creator of the sun, the moon and the stars and in ecstatic glee man cried out "I have it! I have it! I will worship the Maker of the sun, moon and stars, and he shall be my God!" What a mighty step was this! For the first time in the history of man his God became a creative force, endowed with power to do. Heretofore inanimate things were the objects of his worship; now he was worshipping the cause of those inanimate things. How his God had grown! From the Shadow to the Fetish, the Fetish to the Tree, the Tree to the Fire, the Fire to the Water, the Water to the Sun, Moon and Stars, and now to the Creator of them all! A marvelous change, yet one that must logically come forth under the magic touch of the spirit of Evolution, that has ever been man's chiefest and truest guide. Step by step we have seen man evolve from the brute estate, until he has reached that of intelligence, and step by step we have seen his God advance with him until at last the age of conscious creation has arrived.

(To be continued.)

## "The Man with the Hoe."

BY WM. FOSTER, JR.

Six columns of THE BANNER, Dec. 6 were well filled by the trenchant criticisms of Prof. Peck, on the gospel dispensed in nine discourses, by the Rev. Dr. Holland, who ministers in the St. George Episcopal church, St. Louis, a labored effort condemnatory of Edwin Markham's truthful and soulful poem, "The Man with the Hoe." The reverend ecclesiastic, in imposing canonicals, from the "coward's castle" opened the floodgates of condemnation, giving loose reins to his criticisms and denunciations, probably to please the kid-gloved and gorgeously-bonneted saints who occupied the pews: for most of our city and large town steeple houses are built for "society" pinks and aristocratic upper crustdom, who must be tickled by the Dominie, else he will fail of his salary. Such creatures cannot tolerate "the man with the hoe"; they move, preach and pray (sometimes pray) on aristocratic lines, sedulously dispensing rosewater religion, instead of such as the man from Galilee used to send reverberating over the plains and hills of Judea. I apprehend, if this Galilee man, first cousin if not brother to "the man with the hoe," a carpenter in his early life and necessarily a tramp in his latter days, should drop down in St. Louis of a Sunday, and should enter the steeple-house and endeavor to occupy the pulpit and teach as of old, Dr. Holland would have him hustled out in a hurry, handed over to the police to be dealt with the next day for disturbing a religious meeting.

In these days, when the "tabernacle of the Lord" costs a half million, and he who ministers at God's altar within for many thousands of dollars a year, and the songs of Zion are sung by a surplined choir well supplied with filthy lucre, the holy place must not be desecrated by an advocacy of the religion of humanity, or a defence of "the man with the hoe." Prof. Peck well limned and depicted this phase of churchianity, so I need not dilate, only insist that Spiritualists should be reformers, exhibiting to the world a religion that is vital, practical, active every day, unhampered by creeds or dogmas, those theological weeds which for centuries have cursed the race; till the popular steeple-house religion is a sham, a mockery, a deftly woven web of hypocrisy. Christ was a humanitarian; he never preached nine discourses to malign and degrade "the man with the hoe," to force him to ever live and move with the finger of scorn pointing at him.

Clergymen of the stamp of Dr. Holland should cultivate modesty, and not be so self assertive. Knowledge is abroad; they stand on quaking ground. Ecclesiasticism has been shorn of the power it once possessed, though there be bigots who lust for the reunion of Church and State. History testifies that progress and civilization owe but one insignificant debt to the church. She antagonized science and liberal ideas when she became supreme under Constantine the butcher.

Interrogate Bruno, Galileo, Copernicus, and thousands upon thousands of martyrs who died in prison, at the stake, and on numerous battle fields, and there will be no uncertain answer. One and all will testify that they were the victims of the Church. Interrogate Mary Dyer and the Quakers of Massachusetts and Connecticut; you will have a like answer. Bigotry is still in the field, and in the great questions which concern the public welfare in its largest sense, it protests against reform and change. The pulpit, which should be aggressive for the right, is conservative. Its utterances are not for the weak, but for the strong. This is natural, for within a few years the millionaire magnates have been very liberal to the churches and other hotbeds of sectarianism. They hate "the man with the hoe," and mean to kill him, so they feed the church and the politicians.

The gospel of Dr. Holland calls to mind an old Essex County (Mass.) Federalist, who declared that we never should have good times in this country till the laboring man, "the man with the hoe," was forced to work for a sheep's head and pluck a day and sleep under a cart at night. The reverend gentleman must be a lineal descendant of this old Federalist, and true to his ancestry.

Beware of excitement, of undue elation. It matters little whether elation or excitement is produced by narcotics, or magnetic currents flowing from mind to mind, there is always a reaction which is abnormal.—Marion Enterprise.



# JONATHAN COLEMAN,

## An Instance of Spiritual Development.

BY M. EARL DUNHAM.

## CHAPTER I.

## HASTE TO INCOME HONOR.

Shakespeare says: "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"; but to what extent and by what process this shaping takes place are disputed questions. Some claim that we each shape our own destinies, which is partly true and partly false; for while it is true that we have a part, and a very important part, in the shaping process, it is equally true that no one having reached even the meridian of life finds himself or herself just what or where in all respects he or she had expected and set out to be in the beginning of their active careers. It might be impossible for either to specify and define the precise causes which had operated to change or modify the result. Sometimes the cause or causes have been so startling, marked and impressive as to make them distinctly remembered; but more often they have been little events, making little or no impression at the time of occurring, yet powerful enough to change the trend of a whole lifetime. Were these sent or controlled by a "divinity" shaping "our ends"?

This brings us to the point of dispute again. Life's mysteries are too deep and profound for our present power of research. We can see some things but can only guess at others. We can see that no man can meet with eminent success without putting forth his best effort, and that, too, to the best of his ability and with a persistent pertinacity. We see also, not infrequently, a man's plans frustrated, his purposes brought to naught, in spite of his best efforts persistently carried out. Now and then one is thwarted again and again, until forced into a way he would not have voluntarily chosen and in which he meets with eminent success. Of such a man this narrative is set to speak.

Jonathan Coleman was a young man of splendid abilities, both natural and acquired. Entering early in life into politics he had attained a fairly high political position, was a leader in society and prospered well financially. From his farm, which he held jointly with an older brother, and from his salary as office-holder he had laid by several thousands of dollars; but the comparatively slow accumulation of money did not satisfy the demands of his rising ambition. He saw clearly that money carries power and influence, social standing and political advantages with it, and these were what he especially desired. In deed, from close and carefully made observations he had been thoroughly convinced that without money, and a good deal of it, it would be impossible for him to reach the height of his ambition. The first thing, therefore, for him to do was to win a fortune, and to win it in the least possible time. This he would do. He would lay aside for a time all political aspirations and turn his attention exclusively to money making.

Hence the Hon. Jonathan Coleman—as he was then called—began looking about for schemes of money-getting, quite fastidiously at first; for from his innate sense of honor and integrity he resolved that whatever scheme he entered upon would be truly "gilt-edged" in quality, and in manner of procedure; but, unfortunately for his ideal, large wealth is not ordinarily accumulated in that way. The god of this world's riches crowns his devotees with large success only when they render him a service devoid of conscience, and unscrupulous as to chances. This was a hard lesson for Jonathan Coleman to learn, and one which he never put fully into practice. However, he had resolved to make money, honestly if he could, but make it—and there he stopped, without stating the alternative.

Having reached and settled this point of decision, he met an acquaintance, a business man whom the world accounted shrewd and successful, and in the course of conversation casually mentioned his desire to enter into some paying business enterprise where money could be made.

"I've got just the thing," said his acquaintance, Mr. Brill. "Big prospects, certain success, and piles of money—to be made."

"That sounds well," replied Mr. Coleman.

"The sound is warranted by the facts," said Mr. Brill, "and what is more, I'm looking for just such a man as you to go in with me as partner, to share in the enterprise and profits."

"Perhaps, then, both of us may find what we want," suggested Mr. Coleman.

"It looks like it," Mr. Coleman for a partner, and you are looking for a business. Well, I can furnish the business, and you can furnish the partner—two wants, and the supply of each at hand. How could things fit more nicely?"

"Let us sit down and talk the matter over,"

Agreed.

And they did sit down and discuss the matter for two hours. Was their meeting providential? or was it purely accidental? Here were two men, each with special desire in his heart, meeting casually, next to a third person, whose purpose was concerned, and finding each in the other precisely what he was seeking. Was this accidental, a mere chance conjunction, or was there behind it and controlling it some unseen but superintending power? Who can tell? Along these lines the mysteries of life cluster thick. Suffice it, in this instance, that after an unplanned meeting, and two hours' intercourse, Jonathan Coleman and Mr. Brill were partners, by agreement, in business.

The business was that of cutting and marketing the timber on a large tract of land, and then of developing the land for farming purposes. To human foresight the business not only appeared feasible, but promising greatly profitable success. On paper a large profit was easily figured out, apparently beyond a peradventure. Indeed, so promising was the venture that it was thought best to take in a third partner, the Hon. Mr. Howe, who brought with him influence, and a decided increase in capital. There was abundant need in the oversight of the enterprise for the three partners, and the sooner the enterprise was completed, the sooner could they come into possession of the profits.

Thus everything moved on smoothly as though some invisible hand had prepared the way and was guiding to success by superior wisdom; but an old adage says that "all ships sail well except partnerships"; and there is much of truth in this adage—especially when one partner is an ardent rogue, the second partner a decayed saint, and the third partner absorbingly anxious to become speedily rich, as was the case in this instance. High moral integrity, exact and true to the demands of moral right, irrespective of and beyond the requirements of statute law, could not be expected in such a firm; and in fact it was not expected; for in this age of sharp business practice, living up to the requirements of statute law is fast becoming the standard of business integrity. The firm of Brill, Coleman & Howe was considered quite up to the business standard of the times and therefore highly respected. The world, however, only saw the outside, and knew little or nothing of the inner characters of the respective members of the firm. Mr. Coleman was content with receiving his legal share of the profits, while each of the others was grasping, overreaching and full of plotting with intent of winning the lion's share.

The business was pushed to its utmost. Acres of land were cleared, large quantities of lumber marketed, new mills built, houses erected, and heavy debts contracted. All might have moved on successfully had the three partners been honest, fair-minded and fair-dealing with each other; but they were not. Schemes of advantage-taking were discovered, and led to distrust and alienation. Then came a season of hard times; money became closer; men everywhere were calling in

their funds; credit was at a high premium, even on "gilt-edged" paper; those who could pay must pay; those who could not pay must "go to the wall"; the financial basis of all that region was quaking; what could a firm of heavily-indebted and alienated partners do? Ruin was inevitable. Brilliant Howe advised the secretion of assets to the utmost possible, and the saving of all that could be saved by fraud and deception; Mr. Coleman utterly repudiated the suggestion, and insisted that, whether they outdrew the storm or swept to financial ruin, every transaction should be morally as well as legally honest; and hence, at that point, Mr. Coleman and his partners parted company. While he sought to administer the affairs of the company honestly, they sought by every artful dodge to save for themselves what they could from the impending wreck.

It will be readily seen how this complicated matters and rendered the continuance of the firm life an impossibility. Such a complication of the times, would have been ruinous in all probability, while it was inevitably so under all the circumstances. Mr. Coleman had only one course to pursue, in honor: he must fight his own partners in behalf of their creditors; and at the same time he was compelled to fight the wily schemes of a few credulous men who would sell their own claims without regarding the rights of other parties. The scheming creditors joined hands with the two scheming partners, making a formidable combination to withstand. Of course legal talent was brought into requisition, and lawyers employed whose reputations were best accorded with the work to be done. Those of Mr. Coleman were learned, skilled, of high standing in the profession, accustomed to handle difficult cases, and of great reputation for success; and yet, now and then, they would leave a loop-hole so unguarded that one of the partners or wily creditor would steal through and gain a point. This was exceedingly annoying; but what could be done? He had the best legal talent attainable; his lawyers were doing their best, exhausting their legal knowledge and skill. Mr. Coleman saw to every point; and yet, discreditable as it was to him and detrimental to his interests, they were again and again outwitted by their opponents. What could be done to prevent it? Mr. Coleman felt that something must be done, or otherwise wrong would triumph, and his efforts to uphold the integrity of the firm and to secure equal justice to all the creditors alike would come to naught. This lay as a crushing weight upon his soul, and brought from the innermost chambers of his heart an agonizing cry for help—directed to whom or to what he did not know; but help was what he wanted.

It is a fact worthy of note that a cry for help, wrung out of a despairing soul, seldom, if ever, goes unanswered. It did not go unanswered in this case; but the answer came curiously, in this manner: Mr. Coleman sat in his home, at his wife's end, perplexed, despondent, half ready to give up the struggle, yet silently uttering the cry for help, without any definite thought or expectation as to the source from which help could come. His wife was sitting by the table, on which her elbow rested, leaning her head upon her hand, with closed eyes. She had been seated thus for some time, apparently in a doze. At length she stirred uneasily, and, without opening her eyes, said:

"Why do n't you seek counsel from the other side?"

"What other side?" inquired her husband.

"The spirit side."

"Pshaw! what can spirits do?"

"Advise you."

"Nonsense!"

"Judge Edmonds says they will, if you will let them."

"Who is Judge Edmonds?"

"An eminent lawyer and judge who has passed over into the spirit-world."

"And who are they?"

"A spirit band of the most eminent lawyers this world has ever produced."

"That sounds well," doubtfully remarked Mr. Coleman; and after a moment's pause he said more seriously: "If they can counsel me and help me to success, let them give a proof of it."

"Isn't that a rather ungrateful way of asking for it?"

"Well, isn't the thing they propose to do a very unnatural thing, and one that may very justly require proof before one should be asked to believe it?"

"Very well, here's the proof: you have lately lost a point, and lost it through lack of shrewdness in your lawyers. They did the best they knew, but they could not foresee the contingencies that would arise. We did and might have saved you all that defeat and consequent trouble had we been in communication with you."

Judge Edmonds then, through Mrs. Coleman, recounted the whole case, showed where the loop-hole had been left, how it might have been prevented, and made the matter so plain and clear that Mr. Coleman could see and understand it fully. "And now," continued the Judge, "they are plotting another move which will outwit your lawyers and gain them an other point unless you give heed to our advice."

"How am I to receive your advice?" inquired Mr. Coleman.

"We will communicate with you through your wife"; and then the Judge proceeded to give a minute outline of the steps to be taken in order to thwart the plottings of opposing lawyers and to maintain his own position.

Why should not Mr. Coleman follow the Judge's advice, or, at least, test its reliability? The clearness with which the Judge had set forth and demonstrated the former mistakes of his lawyers, offered some guaranty for the Judge's advice as to the future—at least, it so seemed to Mr. Coleman, and he resolved to follow it. On the following morning he visited his lawyers, laid before them in detail the possible plottings of the opposing counsel and how these might be thwarted, without mentioning the source from whence these suggestions came. His lawyers listened attentively, then discussed the matter between themselves, but could not see the danger indicated nor the need of taking the steps suggested. Mr. Coleman, however, insisted so strenuously that his lawyers yielded, pursued the course suggested, and found in due time that if they had not done so they would have been badly defeated.

To the lawyers it was a source of deep chagrin to find a layman shrewd in points of law and of practice than they were; to Mr. Coleman it was a confirmation strong of the wisdom in following the Judge's advice; to the Judge and his unseen band it gave the management of the case—though no one aside from Mr. Coleman and wife knew the inside facts. His lawyers were amazed at what they regarded his superior legal wisdom and acumen.

Be it remembered that this is a narrative of facts, without any attempt at accounting for them, though it will be interesting, and now be shown, how these facts came into existence.

## CHAPTER II.

## SPIRIT CALL AND CONSECRATION.

Mr. and Mrs. Coleman had been married for fifteen years before any remarkable manifestations appeared in and through her. As a girl she had been mild, loving and lovable, even-tempered, self-poised, fairly intellectual, and especially sensitive to psychological influences.

Brought up and trained in a Christian country home, in a quiet neighborhood of respectable farmers, among whom simple, Christian faith was the prevailing sentiment, and where temptations to unbelief were few, she had fallen into the simple, trusting ways of her people,

believed what they believed, and rejected what they rejected. Among the things which they rejected was Spiritualism of the modern kind, though they knew of it only from report. This led her not to manifest itself in that negative way; not one in that community had ever seen a medium, or attended a séance, nor one had even met a believer in Spiritualism; and yet they firmly believed the law to be a thing of the devil, which ought to be studiously avoided as a deadly contagion.

In all this Mrs. Coleman most thoroughly acquiesced, and remained firm in this opinion until near the date when this narrative opens. Indeed, no influences had been brought to bear to change her opinion. Spiritualism had not crossed her path, nor offered itself to her for acceptance. But her husband's effort to acquire wealth had brought her into a new neighborhood, where Spiritualism had a foothold. To her this change in surroundings brought regret and fear. It was as if she had been thrown into the atmosphere of a deadly contagion, or into the very jaws of a deadly danger. Lastingly she shrank from all contact with her spiritualistic neighbors, and maintained this attitude until circumstances forced her into their society; and then, to her utter surprise, she found them to be very charming people, intelligent, refined and highly cultured, instead of being ignorant, vulgar and debased as she had supposed. Indeed, they constituted the most refined, attractive and intellectual social circle in the community; why should she not mingle with them socially? In doing so she need not adopt their peculiar belief in spirit communication, nor attend their absurd spirit incantations.

The social attraction won the day with her; the charm of the superior social life among the Spiritualists could not well be withstood; she became a member of their social circle; and then was verified again the Arabian proverb which says: "If you permit a camel to thrust his nose into your tent, it will be only a question of time when his whole body will enter." A few weeks later she was in attendance upon a séance. Her excuse—for there always is an excuse—was that she desired to see and judge for herself. Certain manifestations appeared which she could not explain; strange mysterious manifestations which led her to fear that, after all, the devil might be in it; and yet she was fascinated by and deeply interested in what she saw. She would investigate; certainly there could be no harm in that; hence she attended several other séances with a constantly growing belief that spirits were so near, present, communicating to the living through mediums. But why through mediums? Why not directly with the person to whom they would make communication? The answer given was a counter question: Why has God, the chief and greatest of all spirits, communicated with his people, as the Bible records, through prophets, priests and kings, and not to the people directly? In all affairs of this world—and undoubtedly of the next—there must be fitness as to the means, and adaptations as to ends. Spiritual communications require spiritual agents, and all men are not sufficiently spiritual to be such agents; indeed, very few are. Hence God and spirits must be limited in means of communication to the mass of mankind; they can speak directly to and through those only who are sensitive to spirit touch and spirit impression; and this condition of communicating will limit communication to and through the few until the race becomes much more spiritually developed. However, as the race goes on in development, the time must come, will come, when every person shall be his own medium, and communication between the living and the dead will be as free and easy as it is now between the living and the living. That will be the millennium.

This answer may not be the end of all argument on the question, but it satisfied Mrs. Coleman as it ought to satisfy every believer in the mission of prophet, priest and king among the ancient Israelites. It led her also to ask if she possessed mediumistic qualities, and the assurance was given that she did in a marked degree. And so it came to pass that one evening at a séance a test was made. According to directions she sat down passively to await developments; and lo! in the midst of the sitting her eyes closed, her hands twitched convulsively, and her whole body showed evidence of being under some strong influence. This continued for a few minutes, and then she straightened up, assumed a manner totally unusual to her own, and began speaking. At once those present recognized the fact that she was personating some person in manner, tones of voice and use of words. Whom she was personating no one of the listeners could tell. The question was then asked, "Who is speaking?" Promptly came the answer: "I am Alvan Stuart; was well known in anti-slavery times, when I fought for the right. Would fight for it still if I were in the flesh; indeed I am still fighting for the right through every avenue open to me. For this purpose I am here tonight; for, though slavery is abolished, there are other great wrongs that need to be righted. One battle has been fought and won, other battles are to be fought and victories won; and I am here calling for soldiers, lovers of humanity, moral heroes, to come to the front. Slavery had to be throttled or it would have throttled the life of the nation. Other evils still exist which must be throttled or they will destroy this nation. Great wrongs cannot long exist in a republic like ours without sapping the foundation on which the republic rests. The wrongs are here; the danger signals are on every hand; awake, ye men of brains, ye lovers of truth, purity and righteousness, and go forth bravely to the conflict. God and humanity call you now."

The sensation produced upon the listeners was profound. The very air seemed to be surcharged with a mysterious power, as if living, though invisible beings, filled the room. Every nerve was on tension, and currents of psychological electricity surged through every muscle. It was a strangely impressive scene. No one present had ever seen anything like it in intensity and power. Mediums usually develop slowly, beginning with slight manifestations, and gradually growing up into greater power of receptivity and expression; but here was one who at the first trial swung out into full-fledged mediumship.

Mrs. Coleman said nothing of this to her husband. All her dabbling in Spiritualism had been carried on unbeknown to him. To him Spiritualism was a delusion or a fraud; he would have nothing to do with it. Hence on that evening, in the midst of her perplexities, his wife advised him to seek help from spirits, and then proceeded to give proof of the superior wisdom of spirit advice, the eyes of his spiritual understanding were opened and the results following have already been mentioned. That Mr. Coleman from this time on was a Spiritualist, goes without the saying; for to have been otherwise would have been contrary to the ordinary working of human nature. His conversion was as sudden and as emphatic as his wife's development into mediumship; and both were based on the proof of demonstration, and that, too, with clearness and with power. It was not, therefore, therefore, that both yielded themselves willingly and readily subjects to their new belief, heart and soul in it, to be led and used by spirit influences.

A few evenings after a séance was held at a neighbor's house, and the spiritualistic clan was gathered in full force—Mr. and Mrs. Coleman among them. Again Alvan Stuart was present, took possession of Mrs. Coleman, and through her made an appeal for volunteers in the great conflict against injustice, inhumanity, and the wrongs needing to be redressed.

"To whom are you addressing this appeal?"

"To you particularly," asked Mr. Coleman.

"Yes; to all present; but to you especially."

"Why to me especially?"

"Because you love the right, and you dare do as it. You are manly and brave, and"—

"Well, then, every man has a special mission in this world, to which he is specially called. Your mission is to fight against wrong, and to help your fellowmen to a larger freedom, and to a higher plane of living."

"Name the line of special work to which I am called, and I will be ready for it. Specify the evils I am to combat, and, in the name of God, and of humanity I will go forth to the conflict."

As Mr. Coleman said this his eyes dilated,

his face lighted up with a glow of enthusiasm, his six feet of stature assumed superior courage and manliness, and his mien was that of one suddenly and divinely inspired. Unconsciously his whole being said: "Here am I, send me."

Immediately came the reply:

"The evils to which I refer are the course of drink, political corruption and the oppression of labor. These are the agencies of hell and of destruction. Their works are works of iniquity. Woe to the individual, and much more to the nation, that joins hands with them. They are under the curse of God because they are a curse to humanity. They are vipers whose fangs strike the seat of life. Their poison steals through every artery and vein of the body politic. They corrupt the legislator, weaken the executive force, break down all respect for law, and breed anarchy. They trample under foot moral principle, make a football of virtue, and utterly destroy the well-being of the people. They know no pity; they feel no compassion; they fear not God, nor regard man; they open sluice ways of iniquitousness; they laugh at purity and mock at all things sacred. Away with them before this nation goes down in anarchy and the people drink the cup of debasement to its dregs."

"What would you have me—have us all—do?" inquired Mr. Coleman.

"Cry out in alarm. Show the people their danger. Plead with Christian men until they stand up against these deadly foes and fight them by precept, by example, by vote; aye, by vote, for pleading against a wrong amounts to nothing so long as your vote sustains the wrong. Go forth, then, in the name of God and of humanity on this mission. Cry aloud; spare not; lift up your voice like a trumpet; tell the people their sins and their danger; and that you may be fully equipped for this work, a host of shining ones here assembled, unseen by you, join in laying hands upon your head in consecration. From this hour you shall be endowed with spirit-power, and through you our united energies shall operate."

At this point Mrs. Coleman, seemingly in a trance, arose and laid her hands upon the head of her husband, saying: "We now consecrate you to the work of fighting wrong, combating error, and promulgating the truth, promising to work with you, and through you, with the combined force of our spirit power."

With a long-drawn breath, like a sigh of relief, Mrs. Coleman opened her eyes, looked around bewilderedly and sank into a chair exhausted.

The scene was dramatic. Mrs. Coleman, in all the majesty and solemnity of an old-time prophetess, had been professedly speaking the words of the dead. The air of the room was electric with some unseen presence. The stillness that followed was oppressive. An uncanny feeling pervaded all and hushed to silence. For a time no sound was heard save that of excited, yet suppressed, breathing. Then followed a sound like the gentle rustling of wings, but no wings were visible.

How shall we explain this scene? Were spirits actually in attendance? Had one of them been speaking through Mrs. Coleman? Was it a call from the unseen world, bidding Mr. Coleman out into the field of reform? Was that a real ordination for the work he was called to do? Or was it all a strange hallucination, a magic dream, an inexplicable optical and mental illusion? Let the sequel answer.

(To be Continued.)

## Ancient Lore.

B. PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

Egypt claims—not without reason—to be the cradle of the world. Her antiquity is lost in the night of ages. What is known of her history is incomplete. Although Plato accepted as true facts to which the Egyptian annals attribute an antiquity of ten thousand years, scientists are still delving among the ruins of her ancient civilization. Its records lie buried under the pyramids, and the sphinx's enigmatic smile taunts modern thought with an unsolved riddle.

A veil, which only spirit hands can lift, conceals a pre-historic civilization of which the builders of the pyramids had but a tradition. To those remote times belongs Hermes Trismegistus (three great), the father of Thoth—a god incarnate. His works, written in sacred characters, or hieroglyphs, numbered no less than twenty thousand books, according to the legend. This monument of his earth-life mission as a civilizer of peoples perished in an awful cataclysm, which came near destroying this planet. The old civilization disappeared; a new people grew and a new society was constituted.

It is the old story of the flood, which is found in the traditions of several peoples, on the American continent as well as in the old world—a proof that Noah's deluge was not universal, but circumscript, as were the many floods that have happened in different parts of the world and at different epochs and changed the configuration of the earth.

It was at this period of reconstruction that the divine couple of reformers, Osiris and Isis, appeared, whom popular gratitude deified. The principal agent or associate of Osiris and Isis in their providential mission was the second Hermes, a reincarnation of the pre-historic Hermes.

Here we deal no longer with legend and tradition. This second Hermes is a human being, a man divinely gifted, who will use his gifts for the benefit of his people; a teacher whose lessons will be treasured by the great minds of other countries ages later. Among the many blessings conferred by Egypt, and on the world at large, by this instrument of the spirit-world, were the invention of writing, music, architecture, arithmetic, geography and astronomy, and the introduction of many valuable industries.

All this—his life-work—is consigned in the forty-two books he wrote. They were called the Sacred Books, and were given into the custody of the priests. All that is known of the hermetic books is found in the—often incorrect—Greek translations. The most valuable are the Pimander and the Asclepias. They are a compendium of the ancient sciences, the cosmogony and philosophy of that remote age, the mysteries of the secret sciences, magic and divination.

The following passage from one of these books will give some idea of the advanced thought of that time:

"For certain men, death is an evil which strikes them with terror. This is ignorance. Death supervenes through the debility and decay of the members of the body; the body perishes because it can no longer carry the BEING; that which is called death is only the destruction of the members and senses of the body; of real being, the soul, does not die.

"Of all the terrestrial animals, man alone is endowed with a double existence; he is mortal by his visible body, immortal by his invisible being. Being immortal, all that is perishable is subjected to him; the other [animals] suffer the law of destinies. Man is therefore a superior harmony. . . . The same as man, all animals are doomed to [physical] annihilation, but man alone is immortal. You to whom a portion of intelligence is conceded, know your nature and consider your immortality. Too great love for the corporeal part of yourself will be the cause of your death." After these words, Dity, in accord with the laws of destinies and the harmony of elements, composed the mixture of the various elements and constituted the species, which were all to propagate according to their respective character.

"The material body loses its form, which is destroyed in the course of time; the senses which were animated return to their source; they will, some day, resume their functions; but they will have lost their passions and desires; and the spirit will re-ascend toward the heavens, where it will see itself in harmony with the first zone it will leave the faculty to increase and decrease (to grow and decay). In the second zone, the power of evil and the frauds of idleness; in the third, deception and concupiscence; in the fourth, insatiable ambition; in the fifth, arrogance and rashness; in the sixth, the dishonest love of ill-gotten riches; in the

seventh, falsehood, and the spirit thus purified by the effect of these harmonies, returns to the so-called state, possessing a strength and merit proper to it, and will accompany itself finally to be with those who celebrate the praise of the Father. They are henceforth placed among the Powers, and, in this estate, they enjoy God. . . . Such is the knowledge of those to whom it was given to know, they become gods."

Hermes, it is seen, plainly taught one God, an immortal soul, and another life where our merits will decide our happiness and unhappiness—the same doctrine our spirit guides teach us to-day. The successive zones of purification the spirit has to pass through in its ascending progress were meant to teach that only by persistent effort and gradual success can man get rid of defects that impede his spiritual unfoldment. The more he accomplished in self-improvement during earth-life, the lighter would be his task as a spirit. These zones or spheres were schools, so to speak, where advanced teachers strove to help the student to understand the evil of some particular tendency, habit or passion, and crush it out. Having done this, the spirit was in harmony with its teachers. Such groups were called harmonies, and the spirit belonging to one was designated as a harmony. Leaving out the assumption of particular faults to special zones, this teaching of Hermes is in accord with what wise spirit guides teach us modern Spiritualists. A group formed by spirits united in purpose is still called a harmony; our "spheres" of progress differ little from the hermetic "zones," both are conditions rather than defined localities.

The religious system founded on these purely spiritual principles was destined to be the least understood of ancient religions. Until modern sciences succeeded in reading the symbolic meaning of some of the numerous myths under which the truth lay concealed, the religion of the Egyptians who, it was alleged, worshipped all sorts of animals, and even vegetables, was looked upon as a grotesque mythology, more absurd still than the extraordinary conceptions of the oriental mind.

In Egypt, as in most ancient countries, the religious teaching was twofold: the exoteric, embracing all that could be taught the uneducated masses, viz., moral ethics, the rules of good living, duties to the deity and to society, etc.; and the esoteric, reserved for the priesthood and the privileged few whose superior intellectual faculty entitled them to initiation in the mysteries of the "sacred doctrine." This teaching was both religious and scientific. Here, the superior dogma of the oneness of God between whom and man intermediary beings—spirits, in fact—formed an unbroken chain; the divine laws governing the universe; the relation necessary for man's progress toward godlike perfection, were taught. Following this purely religious instruction was the study of the positive and occult sciences. The Egyptian priests excelled in the latter; not even the Chaldeans could surpass them in the knowledge of astronomy, astrology, magic and divination. The study of magnetism was given the greatest attention, the priests knowing the important part it plays in the economy of the universe, and the natural and spiritual phenomena.

The great thinkers of succeeding ages, those who shed such lustre on Greece, and Moses himself, drank at the fountain of Egyptian lore the living waters of philosophy, of morals, of legislative science, of wisdom. When the last ruins of Egyptian civilization shall have been explored, and the last inscriptions deciphered, many of the discoveries of modern science will have to be classed as the discoveries of long lost facts. Is it not so with Modern Spiritualism and its phenomena? New to us, they are as old as the world; our mediums do nothing that has not been done by the wise men of Egypt and India. The higher teaching, long treasured in the temples whose ruins attract the archaeologists, is just being revealed to us. If it is sparingly measured we may thank our pride and self-conceit. We know so much (to our thinking), there is nothing more to be learned, and we not even pause to inquire whence comes our knowledge and for what purpose it is given us. Many a much admired genius is nothing more than the unconscious mouthpiece of some ancient sage.

To return to the esoteric teaching of the Egyptians, there we find true esotericism, free from any emotional influences, true, rational and scientific; the student is taught to forget self, or to remember it only to realize its littleness in presence of the awe-inspiring laws by which all worlds and every living thing are governed—mysterious laws indeed they must appear to the uninitiated; glorious, simple and perfect they are for the student whose spirit has reached out from self and is in harmony with the celestial spirits who inspire the teacher.

Spiritualism, that is, communion with the souls of the departed, was the bed-rock of the sacred, or secret, doctrine, as it is of many religious or philosophic systems which ripudiate the name. The modern magi (self-called), the Theosophists, the so-called esoterists, who disclaim connection with Spiritualism, or hold their creed or system superior to it, yet give spirit or claim to be inspired by them, make a grave mistake and show a very illogical way of reasoning. Whoever has dealings with the spirits, let them call them angels, demons, ghosts or what they list, are Spiritualists, or, if you prefer, spiritists.

The Spiritualists, like the believers in any other religious system, may be divided into two classes: those who are content with the name, the elementary knowledge and the vulgarized practices and those who, with a better understanding of the revelation, aim higher and cultivate soul growth as the only way to progress and knowledge as an end. The former are ruled by the senses, and have not progressed beyond what may be called the exoteric side of the spiritualistic teaching; the latter, to all intents and purposes, esoteric Spiritualists. An exception might be made for the Christian esoterists, whose consciousness is lost in the adoration of God and contemplation of his glory, but the moment they have visions, see or hear angels and saints, they are dealing with spirits and come under the last category. The Catholic's Lives of the Saints and the Protestant's Bible are replete with testimony proving spirit communication.

The religions of mysterious India, at once contemplative and scientific, are better known than that of ancient Egypt, for the reason that, owing to disastrous wars, invasions and other calamities, the religious past of the land of the Pundras is a closed book, of which only a few fragments have been read. More fortunate India has preserved her traditions, and she has been the fountain-head from which other peoples have derived their religious systems.

Manon's code which comprises the religion, philosophy and science of ancient India, dates as far back as the fourteenth century before the Christian era. It is founded on the Vedas, and this collection of prose and poetry compositions by different writers was gotten together as far back as the fourteenth century B. C. The Vedas are written in old Sanskrit and present a model of ancient thought so elevated in its moral and religious conception that the unknown authors must undoubtedly have been divinely inspired.

The Vedas teach monothelism, notwithstanding the idea of a trinity which prevailed among all people of Aryan origin. Those ancient thinkers had observed the action of three principles of nature, and, without a thought, they gave form to these abstract ideas: motion, which proceeds from and produces heat, was Varuna, the Father; there is no life without heat, and life manifests through motion, hence it is represented by fire, Agni—the son; fire, in order to manifest its power, needs that the air be put in motion, this is done by Indra—the wind.

But it is said in the sacred books: "There is but one God, the Supreme Spirit, the Lord of Universe which is his work." This Supreme Intelligence were Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. Each of these delegates of the Supreme Power had his wife, his goddess, seated beside him. The concrete idea of an extensive dual creation in accord with the principles of nature, the action of the positive and the negative was thus illustrated. Man without woman is incomplete, and where a god with human attributes is, there must also be his natural companion, a goddess.



These creations, meant to personally attribute of the supreme God, were resolved in him; the Bhagavata Purana teaches that the prayer addressed to one of the triad is addressed to all three or the one supreme God.

Below the above-named were several inferior divinities, good and bad genii or spirits, intermediaries between God and man, who people space, exercise an influence on mundane affairs and may manifest themselves when evoked by certain privileged persons.

Here then we find, clearly enunciated, the existence of a spirit world and the possibility of spirit-communication through specially organized mortals—our media.

In India, as in Egypt, as in most nations, the monothelistic religion with its sublime simplicity was, in course of time, submerged in a wave of gross idolatry; it became an absurd polytheism, accepted by the ignorant and superstitious, but rejected by the intelligent Brahmins who held to the original sacred teachings and deplored that symbols of divine attributes, or, oftentimes, of simple abstract ideas, should be mistaken for realities. But it cannot be denied that the Brahmin priesthood countenanced and encouraged these superstitions by which they obtained a greater hold over the masses. Lust of power has ever been the stumbling-block of expounders of religion.

It is not our purpose to describe here the Hindu doctrine, nor that of its superior offshoot, Buddhism. We will say, however, that the latter owed its origin to the abuses of the former. Cakia Mouni, the Buddha, founder of Buddhism, a prince of royal blood, deeply moved by the sight of human misery and the crimes and vices that caused them, descended from the steps of the throne to live poor among the poorest and by his example to induce them to lead better lives. Buddhism, like Hinduism, teaches reincarnation, but far from desiring rebirth, the Buddhist's aim is to live so purely as to avoid the necessity of another earth life trial. This is also the aim of the reincarnationist Spiritualist, not a fond desire to live again in the flesh, as it is often alleged falsely by the ignorant deceivers of this most sensible and consoling doctrine.

Buddhism and Hinduism both teach that the soul is clad in a subtle fluidic body, which in its turn is enclosed in a denser envelope, which it retains throughout its various transmigrations, thus preserving its individuality as a spirit. An immortal soul, a spirit body, produced through spiritual evolution and transformation of the material body; such are the tenets which, added to the recognition of possible communication between this and the invisible world, ancient revelation has in common with Modern Spiritualism.

India, like Egypt, has its secret (or sacred) doctrine, but, more fortunate, has preserved it to this day. The method of study is the same as was in use in the Egyptian temples. The student proceeds from below upwards, from the known to the unknown—first learning to know self, then to conquer every passion, to make the senses subservient to the will, until pain and pleasure can be borne with like equanimity. When he has achieved all this and proven himself steadfast and true, he is initiated to the "soul-study" which leads to the knowledge of God. Meanwhile he has acquired a knowledge of the forces of Nature and how to control them.

That is the first course. When, having followed this ascending scale of study, he stands on the high spiritual plane of the adept, the procedure is reversed; he takes up successively, on a descending scale, every study he has mastered. What he has learned from the earth-plane, or human point of view, he must now consider by the higher light he has received.

There is something grand in this method, the wisdom of which is apparent. We have used our human intelligence, limited by physical obstructions, to learn the nature of things and the known laws that govern them; but when spirit has overcome flesh, we see these same things in a different light and become aware of laws hitherto undiscovered by man, which explain the mystery of their existence and their part in the defile plan of creation. Do not we, Spiritualists who have cultivated soul-growth, view our trials, the wrong and right of society as constituted, the vices and crimes from which spring so much human suffering, in a different light since we have learned to use the soul-vision?

We need not turn to ancient Egypt or India for a religious system suited to our needs. We, too, have received the light; but when, clearing the accumulated rubbish of ages, the ruins heaped by craft and superstition, we bring to light those inestimable pearls of truth, the sublime thoughts of ancient seers, and find that the principles taught centuries ago sustain and corroborate the revelations we have from the spirit world, we should feel strengthened in our faith and should endeavor to live up to those principles of Love, Right, Justice and Charity the agents of Divine Wisdom have inculcated from time immemorial to our own days. The seers of those forgotten ages and the inspired mediums of to-day received inspiration from the same source and for the same purpose; they were and they are educators and reformers; but the spiritualistic medium should remember and teach that education and reformation should begin at home. The sages of antiquity, whose best thoughts have survived and now reach us as voices from another world, were, in private and public life, exemplars the modern truth-seeker may be proud to emulate.

It is the thought, not the form given to it, we should consider. That Truth may be obscured and degraded by superstitious practices, yet reveal its pristine purity when discovered, is a lesson even Spiritualists should bear in mind. There is much in the teachings of ancient wisdom we might emulate with profit to the Cause we love.

### Will Appeal to the Ideal.

Commencing with the issue of Dec. 30, the Times ceases to publish the itemized proceedings of the district court.

While always alive to the best interests of the people, and ready at all times to act energetically and impartially in standing for the sacred rights of the masses, it recognizes the fact that the publication of court proceedings probably causes more heart aches and tears and more genuine suffering than we are aware of. That it is mental and not physical makes it the more intense and harder to bear.

It also believes that the publication of such records has a tendency to discourage those who, perhaps, in a moment of weakness have fallen, as the saying is, but whose one desire and wish afterward is to lead a life of honesty, sobriety and manhood.

The records kept by the societies interested in the good of mankind, and especially in those who have been brought under the ban of the law, all instance many cases where if it had not been for that fatal court record the discharged prisoner would have made a successful struggle in his fight to attain to his ideal of a just and proper life. The same records also show that many have lost hope because of the heartless manner in which they were taunted with their mistake, and kept or returned to their downward road.

The Times does not believe that the publication of the court records conserve to the best interests of the public, because of reasons already stated, and neither does it believe that children (and many are great readers) should have the proceedings of crime paraded before their young and impressionable minds in the manner in which it often is, by the press, but rather that the ideal of manhood, the ideal of womanhood, the ideal home and the ideal society, should be presented instead of the doings of a degenerate humanity. The more important cases, if any there be, will be briefly noted, but the time usually spent by the reporter in the court-room, and at police headquarters, will be used to a better advantage in securing matter that will not offend any one's sense of purity, right and justice, and which will point to the ideal in life rather than to the immorality, the weakness and the meanness of human nature.—Cambridge Times.

If you like THE BANNER, speak a good word for it whenever you have a chance. It will be appreciated.

## Children's Spiritualism.

LET THE CHILDREN SING.

BY MARY D. HIRSHMAN.

Oh, let the little children sing!  
Hear the merry voices ring.  
Teach them to on self depend,  
If we feel no pleasure in them,  
If their games and romps offend,  
If their voices, shrill and loud,  
Hideous discord send abroad,  
If some pretty little thing  
Took a fancy off to sing,  
Though the tune was far away  
From the measure of our day,  
If the rhythm seemed to jar  
From the ringing voice afar,  
If the words did "gaug aglee,"  
If we knew some future time  
That some little voice would blime  
Melodies with skill as rare,  
Aught we'd heard could not compare,  
Would we speak a hasty word?  
Would we crush the tender bud,  
Or disown the symphony we heard?  
Many a genius, many a poet,  
Smouldering fire their lives consume,  
(Talents burn on the altar's flame),  
Die, even unto themselves unknown.  
Legion is their name.

### Aunt Annie's Story.

"Oh, Auntie! please tell us a story."  
These words fell in chorus from the lips of three bright, happy children, as they clustered around the chair of Aunt Annie, who had come to visit her sister in her city home.

Tea was over, and the children, always anxious for some amusement before retiring, planned to ask Auntie for a story; so almost with one voice did they speak.

"Well, my dears, what shall I tell you?"  
"Oh, tell us about your home," said May.  
"Oh, Auntie, tell us what you used to do when you were a little girl."

Thus spoke Alice, the younger of the two girls, while Benny, the baby, said "Yes" to both.

Aunt Annie was a practical woman, and desired to instruct as well as to amuse; so it was several seconds before she could decide what to relate.

"Would you like to know how a little girl taught her mamma a lesson?"

"Oh, yes! we should like that."

"Well, then, Benny, you may sit in my lap, and you girls just in front of me, where I can see you."

"Some years ago, in one of the small cities of New England, there lived a widow with one child, and in her was centered all the love of a mother's heart. It was her thought by day and by night how she could best train her darling to become a true and useful woman."

"The little girl, at the time I am about to tell you of, was a little more than three years old, and had so well obeyed that she was considered almost a model child."

"About this time the little girl, whom we will call Dorothy, began to play with other children in the yard, and it became necessary to reprimand her from time to time, although no very severe punishment had ever been inflicted. One day, however, a number of children were in the yard and began climbing a ladder which rested against a cherry tree. Mrs. R—, the mother of the child, fearing that her darling might fall, raised the window and said, 'Dorothy, do not climb the ladder, for you are too small, and might fall and hurt yourself.' But Dorothy, thinking she knew better than her mother, and wishing to do as the older ones did, began to go up again. Her mamma was watching, and again speaking, this time a little severely, said, 'I do not want you to climb the ladder again.' To all appearances, for the time, there seemed to be no intention on the part of the child to disobey her mamma; but some of the older ones said, 'O, go up there, if you want to; do not mind her!'

"This Mrs. R— heard, and speaking again, said, 'If you go up the ladder again I shall punish you with the little whip I bought for you.' Hardly were the words spoken before she saw the child well up on the ladder. Without again speaking, she took the whip and went to where the children were and said:

"Dorothy, mamma told you she should punish you if you disobeyed her: now come here to me, and receive your whipping."

"Run, Dorothy, run," said the children, and away went the child.

"But mamma very quietly, though positively, said, 'You may run if you want to, but I told you I should punish you, and I shall!'

"Mrs. R— had always made it a point to do just as she agreed, and never to tell a falsehood to her child, so that in later years it could never be said she had deceived her. Acting upon this plan she was bound to punish her in the manner she had stated."

"Dorothy did run, but soon seeing that her mamma did not follow, she walked deliberately to her."

"Did she whip Dorothy, Auntie?"

"Yes, May, because she had said she would, and felt she must, but not then; taking the little girl by the hand, they went into the house."

"But, Auntie, did she whip her real hard?"

"Well, my dear, I cannot say; she did punish her with the little whip, just as she had promised, but mamma was punished too, in a way."

"How, Auntie?"

"Listen, children. After Dorothy had received her punishment, with tears running down her cheeks, she looked up at her mamma, and then throwing her arms around mamma's neck, said:

"Please love me, please love me!"

"O! how those words burned into her heart; not one word about the hurt to her body, if there was one, for mamma was careful to protect her child from suffering, but 'Please love me!'

"Taking Dorothy on her lap, she said, 'My darling, I do love you; you have taught me a lesson to-day; from this time forth I will govern you by love, instead of the old way. Spare the rod, and spoil the child.' I shall not soon forget this! Nor did she. When, after this, Dorothy was disobedient, instead of being punished with the rod she was ruled by reason and love; and to-day she is a beautiful lady."

"Now, children, don't you think that is a better way than whipping?"

"Yes, it is true, Auntie?"

"Yes, my dear ones, it is a true story, and I want you to think about it, and always try to be just as kind and good as you can; remember, your mamma does not like to punish you, for it hurts her as much as you. So always try to make her heart glad by being good and loving to both mamma and papa."

"I know some little girls who get punished real often, and they do not mind it at all," said May.

"Yes, my dear, but such punishment does no good and, then, may be mamma is somewhat to blame too. Every mother should study the nature of her dear ones, and only punish that good may be the result. Don't you think it is better to punish with reason and love than the rod?"

"I am sure I do." "So do I," chimed all the children.

"I mean to be real good myself, and kind to all my playmates, then everybody will love me, and I shall be very happy," said May, the oldest of the children.

"Now, my dears, you have had your story, and it is true little folks were in bed."

With a hearty good night kiss all around they went with mamma to be safely and snugly tucked in bed, happy as only good children can be. When Mary, Annie's sister, came back to the sitting room, she said:

"My dear sister, you have opened my eyes, and I will try to follow in the footsteps of the one you have so righteously spoken of. I will make no rash promises, but endeavor in all matters concerning the welfare of my children to use

reason and govern them by love. I think you for the story. I see my way clearer and my heart is glad."

Annie's only answer was a kiss and good night to her dear sister and brother. She felt she had dropped good seed into rich ground, and in due time the harvest would be great.  
MRS. IDA P. A. WHITLOCK.

Dear Sunbeam: Christmas has passed, and I must tell you about my presents. My dear uncle gave me a nice lamb. Christmas morn before I was awake, he brought him into my room; he called me, and I jumped up, and thought it was a dog at first. I ran out, and the lamb did also. He was dressed up with my old red sweater on, and I was more than delighted to know he was my own, for I love all the animals, and am very kind to them. I give my pet a half a pint of oats every morning. He will follow me whenever he sees me with a disht. I had a new jack knife, and I want to thank you all a thousand times for the nice candy, book, and writing material. I think now I can write to you real often. We are to have sort of a Spiritualist Sunday school at our Grandma's home every Sunday afternoon at one o'clock. We would be very glad to have you come and help us do lots of good. Good by, with love to all.  
ELHANAN D. COY.  
Monson, Jan. 1, 1900.

### LITERARY.

#### THE OMNIPOTENCE OF HUMAN LIFE.

by Prof. George D. Herron, is the subject of the leading article in the January issue of *Mind*. It is a sermon full of power and force, breathing the spirit of the age—that man may be a perfect expression of God. Prof. Herron says:

"This divine manhood is at hand; you do not have to wait for it. You have within you the power to create a new earth every morning. That power resides in your thought-forces, or rather in the quality of the will on the throne of your thinking. This is a thought world, and your life is a thought-life. Thought is the substance out of which our practical activities spring; these activities are the fruit age of our thinking—the index of the common mind. 'As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.' You are what your thoughts are. The thing you are conscious of, the thing that possesses your thoughts or energizes, the thing you invest your life in—that is your universe, and you make it such to others. What you think is your life, which no man nor combination can take from you. You are omnipotent over your own mind, free and absolute in your choices as to what your mind shall attend to, and there is nothing on earth or among the stars that can destroy or hinder you. You have in your mind the whole of God's power to create and to make new, and out of your consciousness will spring both individual deeds and social order. If you will, you can be a spiritual dynamo, connecting the machinery of the world with the secret places of the most high."

Every word of the essay is pregnant with the loftiest thoughts and purest ideals. Each paragraph is a sermon in itself. Note the following:

"Finally, you have power to lay down and take up your life in the service of the love that is creating the world anew. The world was made in order that men might be taught how to love; it endures in order that love may bring men into association and liberty. Love is the real universal life force; every other force is a shadow or a seeming. Love is God; that is, love is the only real good, or the source and substance of all good. Creation is simply the self-giving of love—love giving itself in the sacrifice of service. This creative love is the shepherd that the apostle sees coming from the throne of omnipotence, to lead the people unto fountains of living waters, where every thirst of soul is quenched and every tear is wiped away. Love is the bearer of all glad tidings, of every breath of joy; for it is not great love, but the lack of great loving that has brought sorrow and suffering to the world. Love is the sole liberator, whether of the individual soul or of the common soul we name society. The problems of the nations will find in love their solvent; for love is the creator of democracy, the synthetical element that is bringing all men and things together in association or harmony. Perhaps this word association, which Mazzini so nobly pronounced for the social movement, better expresses the meaning of love than the word love itself—vitalized by ages of pietism and sentimentalism."

We cannot leave this sermon till we repeat one more paragraph:

"To-day is a time of paradox. Christianity is passing; but the announced human life is appearing as the Christ of the future. Religious are ceasing to command; but the life of the people is becoming a religion, and every soul a temple of the Most High. Night falls on the gods, while the multitudes are forsaking the temples, where the priests abide alone with their crumbling authority, and the creeds of human serfdom and childhood; but the ages of the God-man, of the common life transfigured by its own ineffable divinity, are already within the human vision. The love of man for his kind is quickening within him the consciousness that human life is omnipotent; the most daring assertions of faith have scarcely hinted at the power that lies in associated hands. At last is Prometheus breaking the bonds—bonds of fate and furies; bonds of gods and necessities; bonds of natural and economic laws; bonds obtained by priests and politicians. Man is discovering that he himself is the master of his destiny, and a creator of the universe; that he himself is the real presence and power of God. And the masters of the world have seen the vision of the God-man, and are taking warning; for they know that there will be no more masters, nor powers to create them."

FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE. Selected Poem of Love in All Moods. Edited by G. Hembert Westley. Cloth, illustrated. Any one capable of constructing a scrapbook can compile a volume of selected love-poems, but only one who is himself a true poet and a scholar of exceptional research could do what Mr. G. Hembert Westley has in the charming collection called "For Love's Sweet Sake."

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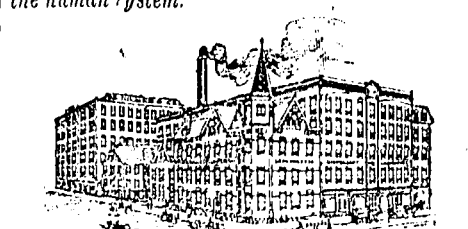
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each other, that we were approaching spirit-life without any knowledge of spirit-return or spirit-progression. "I am so glad to have so many dear friends in spirit-life, and try to see if we cannot please them by doing good to our fellow mortals."

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen was the next speaker. She is always original. "I am so apt to say what people don't like that it is a relief to know the platform is broad, and that we have the privilege of saying that which we are earnest in, and thoroughly believe. I am never sorry for any kind of thought I ever had, are you? We have so many misunderstandings in this material life; if we could only be more kind to each other; if I must look out for my life down here; I do not think there can be any misunderstanding between my soul and the souls on the other side. I have not time to attend to heaven, there are too many souls on earth for me to help clean out. I believe in a human soul in its purity. There are many one hundred dollar souls in a three cent body. I must help all I can in this weak body." Referring to the injustice of legal murder, she said: "I am afraid it will never be restrained while there is so much hate born and cultivated in the heart. Our children must be welcomed into this world with love. I am interested in the fathers and mothers; when they are taught the consequences and responsibility of that sacred bond, then will we have less hate born into the world." Mrs. Allen said she wished the guide of Mrs. Webster had asked all to stand who would have a bank to bring to the Convention next year, and by permission of the President she pressed this question. The Secretary counted nineteen people, and recorded their names. She will call them next January, and we will have a grand smashing of banks.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes was in the audience, and the President called upon her for some remarks. She said: "I came here and took a back seat so I might hear what was being said. I am always interested in all that pertains to the advancement of humanity. I planned to be here to day. I have scarcely missed a Convention whenever one was held in Boston for the last thirty years. I am glad the Massachusetts State Association has broadened its platform. I believe we must sow the earth with seed that others may reap." She spoke of the disgrace to our nation in allowing the war to continue, and urged all to try and harmonize their lives so as to assist struggling humanity.

Dr. E. A. Smith, President of Queen City Park Camp, spoke briefly. He did not believe we could please our spirit friends better than by benefiting some one here. He spoke of the Medical bill, and said if ever there was an unjust law it was that law which compelled people to employ certain physicians. He was pleased to say he had fought it successfully for thirty-two years.

This closed the afternoon meeting, which adjourned until 7:30 p.m. At 7:45 o'clock President Fuller called the meeting to order. E. W. and C. L. C. Hatch furnished violin and piano music, after which Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving spoke of organization and of the rebuffs we receive when we present this topic for discussion. She urged all to cooperate with the State Association to make it a grand working body.

Miss Robbins again favored us with a vocal selection and responded to an encore. Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, medium of the BANNER OF LIGHT, was then introduced. She was at the time of introduction controlled by one of her guides, who said the public platform did not seem just the place to bring loving messages from friends, but that the friends of earth did not give or make the opportunities for spirits to talk to them, so they had to be given in public. She gave many interesting and convincing communications, proving beyond a doubt the truth of spirit-return.

Harrison D. Barrett, President of the N. S. A., was the next speaker. Among other things he said, after quoting from one of Lizzie Doten's poems: "I am always glad to meet with those interested in organization. In Spiritism we find the law of compensation to inspire us to do good. We should stand for a principle that will bring a healing balm to all the sorrowing ones of earth. We are learning how to appreciate the woes, the sorrows, the sufferings, the temptations of the human soul, and are striving to bring a balm of healing to the sick and wounded. I believe we should cherish more the inner workings of the soul; we should live a universal brotherhood; we should protect our mediums and make it possible for them to live pure, honest lives. I want our Spiritism to stand for more than water and salt. I want it to be able to reach into the jewel-mine of the soul. We are banded together to protect the individual rights of all." Referring to medical legislation, he said he thought it was time the Spiritists stood upon the aggressive side: "I would like to see a bill presented to the legislature something after this style: 'No physician or surgeon shall recover pay from his patient unless he performs a cure.'" He touched upon other reforms needed in our statute laws, such as vaccination, legal murder, etc., and closed his remarks amid a storm of applause.

Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., announced that the Massachusetts State Association will hold its anniversary Thursday, March 29, 1900. Miss Robbins then rendered a very fine piano solo, after which Mr. F. A. Wiggins was introduced, and said: "Dear Friends, I should have been delighted to have been with you during the day. I suppose you re-elected your President, and if you have, that is all right. I noted what President Barrett said about the Mayor fund. I am glad this association is able to give the N. S. A. \$50. I wish I could, and if I could I would give this association something too." He spoke of the translation of Mr. Ford of the Youth's Companion; of the good he had done and yet never wished his name published. "Like men who do so much good. I have learned a lesson, that the most eloquent words have never been uttered; that the grandest people have lived and their names have never been emblazoned before the public. I want the Massachusetts State Association and the N. S. A. to live in the hearts of the people; then they will never die. What are we fighting the medical bill for? Did it ever occur to you that a fully developed Spiritist had little cause to employ an M.D.? I find no fault with the medical law. I do not oppose the law in regard to vaccination; but I do oppose most forcibly the compulsory law of vaccination, and would always fight against it. If it was necessary for me to call a physician I should certainly call one of the most regular of the regulars, for I should know that he had studied and made his profession a science." He spoke of the work of the Massachusetts State Association, and said he wished it might be able to continue in its good work.

Dr. Fuller spoke briefly of the work of the Association, of the mass meeting held at different places and of the work accomplished in many directions. Dr. E. A. Smith gave notice of the meeting of the State Association of Vermont, inviting the friends to be present. Mrs. C. P. Pratt spoke briefly of the harmonious convention we had held, and hoped all would profit by the same. Mr. Hatch, Jr., moved a vote of thanks to all who had taken part during the day, and to the BANNER OF LIGHT for courtesies of the press. It was a unanimous vote. It was also voted to send a letter of sympathy to Miss Amanda Bailey. The meeting closed, with music, until the first Tuesday in January, 1901.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.  
[President's and Secretary's reports will appear next week.—Ed.]

**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.

**For Seasickness**  
**Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**

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

## The Trial of Mrs. Moulton

By the City of Milwaukee for Fortune Telling—  
Decision in Favor of Mrs. Moulton—One of  
the Most Remarkable Cases on Record.

The case of Mrs. Moulton is destined to make history for the Spiritualists, at home and abroad, as it was a struggle between municipal authority and mediumship. A jury was obtained with great difficulty, the panel of forty being exhausted and others gathered from the streets, to find men without prejudice for Spiritualism. The jury was chosen of men who had no acquaintance with mediums or spiritual demonstrations, and particular stress laid on admitting no man who belonged to a spiritualistic society. As finally selected, the jury comprised three Catholics, six Protestants, one Christian Scientist, one Methodist, one Episcopalian. The jury were out twenty-four hours, and balloted over one hundred times. At one time there were ten against Mrs. Moulton, but a Catholic and an Infidel were steadfast and clear-headed, and carried the day. This is suggestive of where to look for justice in such a cause.

Mrs. Moulton appealed the case last March, the 22d, from the Police Court, where she was not allowed to use the evidence of mediums. Desiring such evidence regarding her powers of divination as only mediums can give, she appealed her case, and summoned the writer, a well known lecturer and a Methodist, yet well versed in the different phases of mediumship, and able to differentiate between fortune-telling and mediumship. But although this was the question at issue, this witness was not allowed to testify. The Judge ruled that no medium should be allowed in the witness chair, and that all evidence regarding mediumship must be excluded. He further said that if he had a lawyer in his circuit who foretold the future he would disbar him. This was before the jury! Yet, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Moulton had only one witness, herself, and had the paid minion of the law, Officer Jahnke, against her, the verdict was not guilty.

Singularly noticeable was the absence of the officers of the Unity Society, or the Medium's Protective Society, to which Mrs. Moulton belongs. Yet had this case been decided against Mrs. Moulton the entire force of mediums in Milwaukee would be obliged to close their doors to all future business. Except a dozen who attended from desire to testify for Mrs. Moulton, none offered to assist this woman in her gallant fight for the right. Yet Spiritualists wonder why they do not progress more rapidly!

It appears to an outsider, as I am, that in this instance Mrs. Moulton has used her time and money not only to protect herself from persecution, but also to save others from like fate; this, too, at a time when her hands and heart were both filled with the effort to prolong the life of her beloved husband, who all the time of this trial lay at the point of death. Her position is a high one in the spiritualistic world, she being ordained speaker, preacher and teacher by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

The scene in the courtroom was remarkable, although to eyes not attuned nothing unusual was taking place, yet to many of those present the unseen far exceeded the seen. Mediumistic eyes saw a sight never to be forgotten. The Municipal Court is new, and a place of five appointments; the Judge, the ideal of dignity and conservative justice, austere and reserved. Around him were attendant spirits—judges of the sixteenth century, clothed in long judicial black robes, with the traditional wigs. Above him was portrayed the judgment of Christ by Pilate. Around these were angel forms clothed in virgin white. Back of and on each side of the jury were twenty-four celestial beings, one man and one woman at the right and also at the left of each man, one representing justice, the other mercy. Attorney Kunkle was attended by seven lawyers from spirit-land, and Mrs. Moulton by a number of spirits who had passed beyond, among them three braves, Red Jacket, White Cloud and Grey Eagle, besides Prairie Flower, her guides. There was one girl with long golden curls who came and went between the judge and the witness. As the jurors left the court room for the jury room, their hands and feet went with them, and three of the mediums gathered around the defendant, Mrs. Moulton, and concentrated their thought on instruction of Not Guilty to the jurors.

Thus was won a case which, through its peculiar religious features, was shorn of all benefit of testimony in Mrs. Moulton's favor, and through the unfamiliarity of the jury with any phases of mediumship, was likely to be decided against her. If ever a case was won by spirit power this one was. Who can militate against the powers of the world unseen? What prevails against this power?

Mrs. Moulton stood for Spiritualism. She suffered for its cause alone. Unsupported she has won the battle, but at fearful cost both to nerve and to purse, neither of which was she able to afford. Such cases should be assisted by the National Spiritualists' Association, and a fund should be collected, not only for future cases but to cover the expenses of this one. A small sum set aside to furnish counsel, for these arrests are made would be in order. For if the medium be allowed to carry this burden, to live in fear of evil consequences of giving the tidings she receives from spirit life, mediumship will soon die out, and genuine tidings naturally be altered or entirely suppressed through fear of arrest.

If indifference to the welfare of mediums be thus expressed, no wonder the outside world looks with contempt upon the religion. It does not protect its own. Where are our legislators, men of Spiritism, that these unjust and oppressive laws are allowed? Look to it that this ordinance is repealed in Milwaukee. Mrs. Moulton's witness, a Methodist and a clairvoyant, Mrs. E. C. CLAFIN, Milwaukee.

## Lake Helen, Fla., Camp-Meeting.

BY JAY CHAPPEL.

I hate the crowded town  
I cannot live shut within its gates.  
At last I went out and sunshine and blue sky,  
The feeling of the breeze against my face,  
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,  
And no walls but the far-off mountain-top,  
There am I free and strong—once more myself.  
—Longfellow's "Cruzado."

The little lakes in Volusia County, Florida, on a ridge sixty feet above the sea, are gems in this sunny, semi-tropical south land, shining in quiet, unassuming radiance on Nature's bosom.

Invigorating and inspiring are the majestic, long-needled pines that sway and sigh in the refreshing breezes from the Atlantic on the east and the Gulf of Mexico on the west. The place seems eminently fitted for a camp-meeting for the propagation of the philosophy and science of Spiritualism and all analogous topics, and as a health resort for winter tourists as well as a piney woods home for the year round, where the culture of oranges, peaches, grapes thrives greatly. The whole region is permeated with magnetic mental and physical forces of the brave, self-sacrificing, dusky, and greatly-abused Seminoles and other Indian tribes who trod those forest paths in the past centuries and glided in rural splendor in birch canoes across the lakes and along the shores of the numerous bays of this wonderful land.

Florida is seven hundred miles in length, from its northern to its southern boundary at Cape Sable, has a breadth of ninety miles, and one thousand miles of seacoast, consequently all portions of this fabled land, so singular and incomparable in climate, soil and physical features, discovered by Juan Ponce de Leon in 1512, is lapped daily by salt water breezes, like the Ionian isles in the Mediterranean sea. Samuel A. Drake, the New England historian, says: "Florida, except in the vicinity of the swamps, possesses one of the most equable and agreeable climates of the continent. Occupying, as it does, a situation between the temperate and tropical regions, it enjoys exemption from the frosts and sudden changes of the one and the excessive heat of the other. The mercury, however, sometimes

falls to the freezing point, and great damage is done to the orange plantations."

It appears from intelligent and well authenticated testimony that, in 1875, Lake Helen was selected by spirit intelligences, through George P. Colby, a medium, then residing in Lake Mills, Iowa, as a center for progressive educational purposes, to help free the race from ecclesiastical and all other myths, and as a health resort. At that time, by the advice of his spirit friend, an Indian chief by the name of Seneca, he came to Florida, and, after much trial, perseverance, and unique experiences, (one of which was riding all night on a mule, across a strange, wild country, under the instruction of the faithful Indian spirit, that he might reach Gainesville, the government land office, to file his claim for the Lake Helen tract ahead of other parties who had their longing eyes on the attractive place), he secured his claim. On his arrival in Florida, and subsequently, he found everything precisely as the noble and wise Indian spirit had said previous to his leaving the North.

Mr. Colby built a house, settled down on his claim, waiting events in calm contentment, having entire confidence, by past experiences, that what the Indian Seneca had told him of the future of the charming region would prove true; not through any miracle, or locus pocus, but through natural occult laws that seem so difficult for some good men and women to comprehend.

In 1893 Mr. Rowley having caught the inspiration of the successful Northern camp meetings, concluded to organize one in Florida. Securing cheap railway transportation, he brought down an excursion party to DeLeon Springs, a somewhat noted landmark six miles north of DeLeon. Among those excursionists was Mrs. Marion Skidmore, a devoted Spiritualist, a member of the Board of Directors of the famous Cassadaga Camp-Meeting in Chautauque County, New York, and her friend Mrs. Emma J. Huff, also a prominent advocate of the scientific demonstration of the continuity of life after the various struggles and beauties of this one are over. She was, and perhaps is now, a cottage owner at Cassadaga, possessing mediumistic prophetic gifts, though never using them in any public capacity. She is active and devoted in establishing spiritual educational centers to promulgate the further advancement of humanity in equal justice and freedom, and is a useful factor, with other intrepid, noble minds, in making Lake Helen a successful, ideal and useful camp-meeting, she being its Vice-President and Corresponding Secretary. Before leaving the North, in 1893, she sensed the great need of a spiritual camp-meeting in this state, for she often under the influence of the illustrious Indian Chief, Cornplanter, and told her friend, Mrs. Skidmore, there would be a spiritual center located in Florida. On arriving here she and her friend visited many places, noting with keen, careful eyes and thought the places they deemed best adapted for a winter resort and camp-meeting, and after due consideration chose Mr. Colby's place at Lake Helen, and in March, 1894, a commencement was made by a two-day's meeting there, fulfilling, after near twenty years of patient waiting on the part of Mr. Colby, the prophetic words of Seneca.

Mrs. Skidmore, whose interest never ceased, gave the name "Southern Cassadaga," raising the first banner to memorialize the useful undertaking. Like all camps for advanced propagation of work it has had its obstacles to overcome, its successes to encourage and its extraordinary phenomenal incidents.

I have visited many camps North and West, spending several summers in their attractive atmospheres, and none I have ever seen are more needed or have greater possibilities for usefulness and beauty than Southern Cassadaga. Some of our good friends have criticized the location, however admitting its healthfulness. The same objection was made when several of our most successful camps were organized, "too far away from cities." To those who desire a camp near the large centers of trade I call their attention to Longfellow's words prefacing my article. Let us have camps free as possible from the commercial hubbub and the tobacco and beer influences of cities. Humanitarian, progressive and cultured agencies should always be the magnet, and are always the real, permanent success of any camp. Some kinds of success are monstrous failures. Of course a camp should be located near enough to railways, etc., to keep in touch, when necessary, with humanity's intellectual pulse, but without being obliged to inhale the tobacco, beer, and sophisticated, trading atmosphere.

Lake Helen has nearly if not all the elements of success and attractive usefulness. The region is historical, flourishing, beautiful, and very healthful. It is one hundred and twenty-five miles south of Jacksonville, sixty south of Palatka, about thirty southeast of Daytona, thirty north of Winter Park, twelve north of Sanford, twenty west of the Atlantic ocean and five southeast of DeLeon.

Volusia County lies between the St. John's river and the ocean. The census of 1890 gives its population at twelve thousand. It has a brick courthouse, costing twenty thousand dollars, a jail, nine thousand dollars, a poor house, four thousand dollars. Sept. 1, 1899, it had eleven thousand dollars in the treasury and did not owe a dollar. In the past four years several of the best equipped schools and in school term extended from four to a nine month's session. Nature has been generous in this usually flat, sandy State, in giving this county a long north and south central ridge of pine lands, upon which DeLeon and Lake Helen are situated, and which gives them the high and just reputation they bear for healthfulness.

DeLeon, the capital of the county, has a population of three thousand, water works, electric lights, an ice factory, paved streets, brick business blocks, beautiful cottages, the John B. Stetson University (endowment over \$200,000), the Sampson library of nine thousand volumes, orange groves, and fifteen miles of shell roads in the town.

As I came from Boston's frost and snow to that attractive town, with its palmetto bordered streets, one warm day last February, similar to northern June, and found a temporary home at the Putnam House, noting the thrift and intellectual atmosphere among the people on the veranda, I thought I had been transported to the Elysian fields, and had I the faintest idea that there is a creator of this beautiful universe—a God—I would certainly have at once sent him my compliments, at least, before I ate my dinner. A few hours after, I was driven across the country in the gloaming, over a sandy road carpeted with pine needles, "pine straw" or call it there, to Lake Helen. As I approached the camp ground the lights from the evening lamps came dancing among the pines that greeted me with their old familiar fragrance and genial talk, same as when I drove cows to pasture in the Towanda (Penn.) valley many years ago. Of course trees talk; and what instructive talk it is. Hans Christian Andersen, the great Danish novelist, traveler and best of modern fabulists, became so fascinated with a beautiful tree in the park at Copenhagen that he rushed up and kissed it. Whittier said the beech had the most beautiful instep of all the trees, and the pine the most wonderful voice.

Arriving at Hotel Cassadaga, Dohrn Brothers managers, I found generous attention and a good table, and as they are in charge the present season I have no doubt the guests will receive the same hospitality and kindness.

I found the camp more attractive than I expected; the spirit of neatness and progress more marked than in some camps that have been going twenty years. I speak from my own standpoint, without solicitation from any one. I have no axes to grind, only the ultimate freedom of the race from all superstitions and tyrannies.

Nearly every one goes summering in August. With some it is a necessity, with others a pleasure, with others a fashion. Some go to the seashore, some to the mountains, some to the springs, some to Europe. What a multitude of places to choose from! Why not go a wintering in February, 1900, to Lake Helen? The natural attractions are great. As I write, about one hundred miles south of Lake Helen the thermometer marks eighty degrees in the shade, and has at noon nearly every day this month, windows and doors open, no fire only for cooking, and the gardens like June and July in Massachusetts.

# A Great Healer

## If in Search of Health Do Not Fail to Consult Him.



CHRONIC DISEASES are as a rule considered incurable. This has been the verdict of the regular physicians for centuries. Thus the poor victim, with that awful word, incurable ringing in his ears, suffers on in pain and misery without having recourse to those agents which science has recently discovered and developed for the benefit of suffering humanity.

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He who possesses a knowledge of the laws and principles of this wonderful science is not only able to relieve suffering and cure disease, but can diagnose his patients' condition as accurately as can the physician. X ray locate a fractured bone.

Too much importance cannot be attached to a correct diagnosis. The diagnosis is to the physician what the well drawn up plan of the architect is to the builder.

## OUR REPUTATION IS BASED UPON OUR SUCCESS.

Paradise, Calif., December 8, 1899. Dear Doctor Peebles—Your one month's treatment taken according to directions, has improved me greatly. The psychic treatment was certainly wonderful. I feel all right now after one month's treatment. Thanking you kindly, I remain yours truly, W. L. MELVIN.

Wasco, Oregon, December 2, 1899. Dear Doctor—The last month's treatment acts like a charm. It is working wonderful changes in my health, and I am nearly well. LORRAINE GANFIELD.

Unca, Oklahoma, Nov. 20, 1899. Dear Doctor Peebles—I sat for psychic treatment Tuesday evening, and I felt very much relieved by it. I went to bed and slept soundly all night, something I had not done for weeks. MRS. DORA CALLAHAN.

New Orleans, December 2, 1899. Dear Doctor—I must say I am improving wonderfully under your treatment. My stomach, feet and limbs bloated terribly at times, but this has all passed away now. MRS. KETTA HATHAWAY.

Garden Plain, Kansas, Nov. 25, 1899. Dear Doctor—I am better than I have been for ten years. I can do all my housework with less effort. To you and your efficient assistants I owe a debt of gratitude too deep for me to express. MRS. A. FOLLETT.

If you have failed to get relief elsewhere do not give up. There is still help for you. Thousands of those who have been given up as incurable are receiving new life and vigor from Dr. Peebles and his able staff of assistants. He can no doubt cure you or give you permanent help. Write him to day, giving full name, age, sex, and leading symptoms, and receive a correct diagnosis of your case free of cost. Do not fail to accept this offer.

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Jan. 6.

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These Pictures Should Be  
In Every Spiritualist's Home.

## LIFE-LIKE PHOTOGRAPHS OF HARRISON D. BARRETT,

Editor of the Banner of Light, and President of the  
National Spiritualists' Association.

No. 1.—An exact copy of the Oil Painting by Parks, presented to the National Spiritualists' Association by Mr. Barrett's friends as a testimonial of their high appreciation of his efforts in behalf of Spiritualism. This is an admirable likeness, showing Mr. Barrett in one of his most characteristic attitudes, viz. seated, with one hand up to his head, and looking directly at you. The picture is 12x15 inches in size, being mounted on an elegant panel, making it suitable for any parlor or library without framing. Price, \$2.00; if sent by mail, 20 cents extra for postage and packing.

No. 2.—This is a larger photograph, also mounted on a magnificent panel, the size being 18x21 inches. Here Mr. Barrett is shown in a standing position, as thousands have seen him on the platform during the past seven years. Price, \$3.50; if sent by mail, 30 cents extra for postage and packing.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO., 9 Bowditch Street, Boston, Mass.

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A SERIES of twenty Lessons, in pamphlet form, giving a plain, logical statement of the means by which any one may develop his mental powers to the extent of making himself master of his environment. Price, 25c. INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, Sea Breeze, Fla.

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GRAPHIC delineation of characteristics, etc., for \$50. Send at least one line of writing and a line of figures with your signature. Address "READER," care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. 11 Sept. 9.

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GIVEN to those in need of Healing, Developing or Advice. It attracted low 74 me, trust Love's attract. M. WILL R. PENICK, J. R., 1819 Francis street, St. Joseph, Mo. Jan. 19.

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Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at 243 Alexander st., Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 7.

R. I. P. A. N. S. Ten for five cents at druggists. They heal pain and prolong life. No griefs need. No matter what the matter one will do you good! 5c Mar 12



## 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, to their eager and anxious friends in earth life; but personally I am able to do nothing except to keep myself in at 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 do not 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 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 Dec. 28, S. E. 52, 1899.

#### Flora Babbitt.

The first spirit who comes to me this afternoon is a young lady about twenty years old. She is quite pretty, has brown eyes, brown hair, a smooth white skin and a small mouth. She stands straight as can be, tosses back her head with a bright little laugh, and says: "Oh! it is so good to come. It seems as though I had taken a little trip from one home to another, and that does me more good than you can imagine." Her name is Flora Babbitt, Yonkers, N. Y. She says: "I do not know much about this, neither did my people; but since I came to the spirit they have made some inquiries and a few investigations, and I am sure they will be very glad to know I have come. It is good to feel that you have an opportunity to come, even though you do not use it as often as you might. I have to day brought my grandmother; her name is Elizabeth. She says: 'Often we come together and bring an influence of peace, even though we speak no word or make no sign.' It does seem as though a great many spirits are content in leaving their influence and their peace benediction, and that they go forward after that is done, better for having done it."

#### Lizzie Brown.

Here comes now a lady about sixty years old. She is quite stout, has brown hair mixed with gray, brown eyes, with a round, full face. She wears glasses. She has broken one tooth out, because when she smiles it see the place where it ought to be, right in front. She takes up my hand and looks at it and then looks at her own, and says: "My hands did a great deal of work, and I feel glad that I was able to do so much. I always felt it was much better to be working than it was to be idle, and so, whenever there was anything to be done anywhere, I tried to do it. My name is Lizzie

Brown. I came from Waterbury, Ct. I have a son living and would like very much to get to him. His name is Henry. He does not know anything about this, but I am sure it will do him some good to know that his mother is about and is conscious of what he is doing. Tell him please for me that it is not as strange as I had expected it to be, and I am pleased that I can be so much at home without him."

#### Frank Veasy.

A young man comes now. He is very dark; his eyes are black, his hair is black, and he has a dark complexion and dark mustache. He is a little above the medium height and quite thin. He walks in gayly, as though he felt merry and bright. He whistles a little and says: "Yes, yes, here I am, and how good it is to come! My name is Frank Veasy. I came from Montgomery, Vt. I tell you it seems pretty good to take a little trip down here and see how things are looking. I was pretty busy myself; always had a good many things to attend to, this, that or the other; but I never got very nervous. I used to see people all about me fly to pieces because they had too much to do, but I took it as it came and made the best of it, and I find that is the secret of my success in the spirit. If I cannot come back I do not fuss about it, but wait until there is an opportunity when I can. So I come to day—and how much I want to reach Belle! She will know when she hears from me, and will be glad that I have been able to send a word to her."

#### George W. Turner.

Here comes quite an old man. He has grey hair, quite long. He wears gold-bowed spectacles and is about the medium height. He stoops a little, and is dressed in shiny black clothes. He is very particular about himself. He has a grey beard, and he runs his fingers through it as if he were thinking. His name is George W. Turner. He says: "Yes, I want to say that this is a strange place for me, and I have come to people who are strange to this knowledge. 'If I could get to them, I am sure it would mean so much to them and me, and yet I almost falter when I ask that a message be sent. My wife's name is Sarah. She is still alive and thinks of me sometimes, and yet she thinks of me as dead instead of being with her and having knowledge of her acts. I tried to do what was right, but, like so many others, I fell far short of my highest ideals, and I sometimes think that we who try to read ourselves, know better than any one else how much we have failed to do and how little of real worth is ours. It is like having another trial to be able to speak and acknowledge the things that we failed to do. I died, or rather left my physical conditions, after a short illness. While I did not expect that I would go, everybody around me felt sure, because the doctor had said from the first it would be fatal. Perhaps it is better as it is, but I would have been glad to have settled up some affairs a little better than they were before I came here." He comes from Salem.

#### Jennie Potter.

Here now is a woman about thirty years old. She is quite pretty, has a very bright way, and seems in the spirit like one of those who would do a great deal to help other people. Her name is Jennie Potter. She came from the South, I think, because she has a southern way about her. I think the place is Georgetown. She has some trouble; is so weak that it is all she can do to hold herself together or recall enough of her conditions to say what she wants. She says: "Even this is a help to me, and I am sure, if I can reach my own, as I want to, I will get more strength later. I tried to be a Christian woman, and to do all that was right. I do not think I did it because I expected heaven, but because it seemed to me it was better while we were here; and, while I have not found everything as I expected to, perhaps it is better as it is than if it had been as I had thought. Anyway, I try to be content. I was so unhappy at first. It seemed to me I could not stand it, because I had left some little ones, and they needed me so much that often my heart cried out in its anguish to get to them and to assist them. Now my prayer is answered. They have been changed in their conditions since I came. It was only natural, and still I had hoped there would be nothing of this kind come into their lives. I want to reach Charlie particularly. He thinks of me sometimes, and wishes for me, but it is only because his life has been so saddened of late. I give them all my love."

#### Charles E. Blair.

A spirit comes right along after her and says: "Please say my name is Charles E. Blair." He is about forty-five years old, has gray hair brushed back from his forehead, deep blue eyes and heavy eyebrows, rather square shoulders and seems quite muscular. He is well dressed, and has a very business-like air. Everything he does is done with a push and vim; some part of himself goes into it. He says: "I was interested in railroads. I worked for a railroad company, and while I was not a heavy stockholder I knew every time stocks went up or down and felt the influence of it. I came from Harrisburg, Pa. I never was in Boston before, and must say it is not a familiar city to me. There is nothing about it that reminds me of Harrisburg. After all, one will wander a long way from his own fireside if he can communicate in any way with those he loves. I want to send my love to Clara. Tell her that I know just how much she has been through, what she is suffering, what she has suffered, and how hesitatingly she looks out upon her future; but that there are some bright things to come I am sure, and that I can help her to hasten them I am sure. So I say in the same old hearty fashion that I would if I were here: Go ahead, Clara; have no fear for the consequences; take life with all its joy or sorrow and make the best of it, and when death comes you will find me with arms around about you, ready to see that no harm can come to you in the new condition."

#### Martha Hayes.

This woman's name is Martha Hayes. She comes from Milton, N. H. She says: "For goodness sake! do let me in to say a word. I have heard this thing talked over so long it seemed to me I ought to be able to say something, and here I am. I have been just as interested over seeing everything taken care of since I went away as I was before. I used to scrub and dig, and keep everything shining, and then, after all, when I passed out, I had to leave it for some one else to take care of. It seemed to me no one could ever do anything right but me; so I tried to polish and shine, and make everything just as I used to say, 'clean

enough to eat right off the floor.' When I came over I said to myself, if I had spent a little more time with the angels, and a little less time with dirt, it might have been better for my soul, but somehow I had an idea that angels did not like dirty houses, and I never had time after the dirt was cleared up to talk with the angels. There is a man over here named Rufus, who comes with me. He said he would like to get back to his folks, too. His name is not the same as mine; it is Tompkins. He said to me: 'Now let's you and I go down this afternoon together, and see if we can get into that circle; if there is any way we can send a message back to the old place—and here we are. The one we want to reach is William Jackson.'"

#### Emory Weeks.

The first thing this one says is: "My name is Emory Weeks." He is about forty, brown eyes, brown hair, is as straight as an arrow, as slim as a stick, and as quick as a flash. He jumps around here as quickly as though he wants everything in order so that he can say all that he wants to as quickly as he wants to. "I want to reach Mary Weeks. I came from Poughkeepsie, N. Y. I used to work in a store. I know this much about it, that everything has to be done according to a system, or you get way behind, and all upset, so I can readily see how this work has to be done systematically, and I tried to fall in line, give my name, and tell where I came from, in hopes some of my people will get hold of it. I am going to do more than that. I am going right straight home as quickly as I have given this message, and see if I cannot impress them in some way to receive the message after I have given it."

#### Ed. Barnes.

This man's name is Ed. Barnes. He is quite light, has blue eyes, brown hair and a little light brown moustache. His face is round, and he seems as merry as can be. He says: "They used to call me Ned a good deal. It seems funny to give the name of Edward or even Ed. Please say that I am all right, that although I was hustled out of life in rather an unceremonious fashion, at the same time I feel like coming back as ceremoniously as I can and announcing myself, and saying that it is all right with me, that I am in better condition than I was in life. While I do not work on shoes any more, I can see where I might have worked better on shoes when I was here."

#### Lida Briggs.

This is a beautiful lady. Her name is Lida Briggs. I should think she was about forty years old. She has a beautiful face and a beautiful way, and she sweeps in grandly and looks around and says: "I am Mrs. Lida Briggs. I am so glad to come. I came from Denver here. It seems so good to be able to come and then go back again without much effort and speak a word to my own people. Henry Briggs is my husband and he is the one I want to reach. Will you tell him, please, I am all right and that the boy is with me? that we are happy in our coming to him at this particular time? We feel so much a desire to help him get through these days, because it is near the time of year when I passed to spirit life."

#### Mr. Bancroft.

Mr. Bancroft is here. He is a friend of mine. His wife asked him to come, but he has never been able to do so before. Please say that he has come and that he has seen the man who preached his funeral sermon, A. S. Gumbart, and had a talk with him about these matters; that he heard what he said to Mattie about him, and it seems strange that so soon after he should come himself to him. They have talked it over, and he says if he could get back he would preach a little more to the line than he did when he was here, although he was very liberal and very cordial about these things when he was here. Tell Mattie, too, that I am helping her to do her work, and that is why she is getting along so well, and I send my love."

### A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As I write the number of this letter I am forcibly reminded of the fact that this completes the round of two years, during which I have been enabled without a break to send you a letter every week. When I began in January, 1898, in feeble health and just out of the hospital, and newly furnished with lenses that let me see what I was writing, to write for you, little did we think that the series could be so long continued. I wrote to ask you if you would like me to write regularly for THE BANNER and how often. You courteously replied that you would print them, and that I might write monthly, once in two weeks or every week, according to my leisure and strength. Thus encouraged I began, and can only say, as did Balaam of old, "What hath God wrought!" or, in more accurate language, "What have the angels, the instruments of the Infinite, wrought through the feeble hands of one of the most insignificant workers in the spiritualistic vineyard!"

When I began to lecture in Minneapolis in 1890, I felt, after preparing the notes of the first lecture, that I could never prepare another. I felt so with the second and third, and then I began to perceive that a power outside of me was working through me, and I then went forward without the shadow of fear. It has been thus on the present occasion. I had no doubt that I could without spirit aid write a few letters that might interest your readers; but as time went on, and scores had flowed into the paper without any apparent drought in the replenishing spring, I realized more and more that I was an instrument used by invisible intelligences.

Who my helpers are or who they were in earth life I know not. While I feel that my father, to whom I am closely allied by the spiritual kinship, which far transcends the tie of flesh, directs my work generally, yet there are others whose personalities are unknown to me who guide me at different times, according to the subject in hand.

It is a curious fact that my mind seldom reverts to spiritual assistance while writing. My whole attention is absorbed in the thoughts as they come. But very often after completing the article I begin to realize how effectually I have been aided, and I look up and say, "I don't know who you are, but I thank you."

This form of mediumship contents me. I would not willingly exchange it for any other. To be able to give names and dates connected with the disembodied while here is a very use-

ful phase to seekers who are beginning to hope that those who have left this life can be positively identified, and are not swallowed up in oblivion's soundless sea. But it seems probable that disincarnate spirits who remember the names, facts and dates connected with their earth life, fall naturally into two or three classes. One class, like Kato Field for instance, has not been long in spirit life, and being held by tender affection to those left behind, often comes to the earth plane, and keeps these really evanescent points fresh in the memory. Another class is the earth bound spirits, who haunt houses, and watch the lettering on their gravestones, and note what is done with their personal effects, their bank-notes and their salt spoons. Still another class who have progressed enough to have become indifferent to the physical events of their earth-life, are yet so anxious to prove to doubting mortals that the very individual who once walked the earth is actually alive and conscious in spirit life, that they keep their names, the names of those connected with them, the names of places and dates well in mind, so that they can triumphantly stand the cross examination of the most skeptical enquirer. To this class my father belongs. He knows well that he used to be called Adoniram Judson, Jr., in earth-life, was born in Malden, Mass., Aug. 9, 1788, and died on board ship, April 12, 1850, in the Indian Ocean, etc., etc.

I find for myself that I have already forgotten things that I would be expected to remember, were I in the witness-box as a disembodied spirit. For instance, I have quite forgotten the street and number of places where I have lived for years, and the names of thousands of my pupils, as well as of my fellow-teachers. I forget the names and towns of persons who write to me, unless we correspond for some time, and often feel to blush on receiving a letter which says, for instance, "You doubtless recollect my sending for such a book three or four years ago," or, "You remember that in 1897, I was thinking of moving. Well, I changed my mind."

But, though I cannot remember everything like the above, yet I do recollect the suffering ones that have written to me for consolation. I remember the feeling, the sympathy, the aspirations of the soul, the sense of loneliness. But even these, who write to me again, will kindly note that I cannot recall them by their name alone, and if they desire me to enter again into full sympathy with them it can only be done by their reminding me distinctly of some circumstance that they wrote before.

In former years, I kept every letter, and arranged them first in towns and then in States and Territories. Then when I received a letter I looked up the previous letters from the same person, and could put myself into complete rapport with him or her. But since my sight has become so painful, I cannot look over the letters as I used. So, as I cannot read them over again, and as those who will look over my effects after "my happy dying day" will not care to read them, I burn most of the letters I receive after answering them. Those I have not answered yet are in great thick packages, and I despair now of ever being able to answer them.

That my friends may understand that I am not intentionally neglectful, I will take this occasion to state that during December I received an unusual number of letters, many of which I have not yet been able to answer. I hope to answer them all before long, but it will take time, on account of the pain in my left eye.

There are some letters received in the past that I cannot destroy while I live. Among these are the package from John A. Hoover, in one of which is the communication he received from my father about 1854; and the package from that noble and enthusiastic Spiritualist, William A. Reavis, once of Evansville, Ind., but now in spirit. My father always came with his letters. On opening them, I always felt the rush of magnetism that betokens my father's presence, and when I saw Mr. Reavis' name at the bottom of the sheet I knew why.

There is a precious parcel of letters from the dear lady in Newcastle, Neb., that I cannot destroy. I sometimes read portions of them to persons who are not Spiritualists, so that they may see how the so-called dead can aid, comfort and strengthen the trustful one in pain and weakness. I am sure that after becoming disincarnate I shall want to take a little trip to Nebraska, and see that loving, trustful face.

There is a package from Adoniram Judson Parritt that I also keep. The letters of Lilian Whiting are far too precious to burn, as well as the scintillating, occasional letters of many of our noble workers. I keep all the letters from the Mexican lady in Arizona, who is so earnest to learn. And a prized package, so sincere, so wise, so true, comes from Oneonta, N. Y. I might particularize many more, but there is not time nor space. And there are some treasured packages from tender souls, who do not let their nearest kin know that they are in correspondence with me. I keep their secret, knowing that the day will surely come when the followers of Spiritualism, condemned and misunderstood here, will be seen with the white light of spirituality upon their foreheads, and surrounded by a convoy of radiant angels.

Sometimes it is an aged mother, who, wrapped in the old theology, dreads lest her child be led astray in these new paths; so in tender deference to her, the light of the child is hidden. Sometimes the source of income to a whole family depends on its not being known that the bread-winner is interested in Spiritualism. And in times so hard as these, who can blame the parent or older child for not avowing his adherence to a belief when he would by so doing take the bread out of the mouths of those dependent on him. When I avowed my acceptance to Spiritualism in Minneapolis, and thus ruined my successful school, no one was peculiarly dependent on me. If the support of a family had hung on my keeping silence, no doubt I should have taken a different course. So when we hear that persons are Spiritualists who keep it a secret, let us not judge them too unkindly, but remember the old adage that "circumstances alter cases." But when a person hides the fact in order to retain popularity and a standing in society, we almost feel like saying as they do in the church, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, but lose his own soul?"

So beneficent is the on-working of Supreme Intelligence, that we may be sure that all souls will ultimately begin to progress. But who can estimate the long, dark periods of suffering that await those who go to spirit life after a life spent here under the sway of unworthy motives? I have reason to believe that with

many spirits, the glimpse they sometimes get of pure beings, and the sight of the white light that encompasses them, gives them such pain that they flee back into darkness. Perhaps it may be ages before they dare to risk that pain again.

If we suppose that we shall enter at once into peace, rest and joy, because we have accepted the fact of spirit return, we have not rightly learned the lessons of Spiritualism. That we shall reap there what we sow here is a natural law. But our theology differs from the old in that though we must drain the bitter dregs of selfishness, cruelty, injustice, falsehood and lust, yet when that is accomplished, we shall have another chance, and some time enter upon the birth-right which, Esau like, we squandered when upon earth.

"We think that heaven will not shut forevermore Without a knocker left upon the door. We think there will be watchmen through the night, Lest any, far off, turn them to the light, That he who loved us into life must be A father, infinitely fatherly; And groping for him, all shall find their way From outer dark, through twilight, into day."

Before closing, I would like to ask the gentleman who called on me Christmas morning, to leave gifts for me, and for "the California girl" who was so kind to me in my illness, to be so very kind as to send me his "local habitation, and his name."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
ABBY A. JUDSON  
Arlington, N. J., Dec. 29, 1899.

### WINTER.

BY STEPHEN H. BARNSDALE.

Summer has passed with its harvests of cheer,  
Autumn has gone, and winter is here;  
Now under our feet wherever we go  
There is a carpet of beautiful snow.

Snow is an emblem of purity,  
Of kindness also, and charity;  
For does it not come with a hearty good-will,  
That a child with a sled may ride downhill?

What boundless pleasure and fun it provides  
For those who play snowball or take sleighrides;  
And what rosy cheeks can the ice create  
For the boys and girls who swiftly skate.

Caverns dug out of huge snowbanks;  
Forts built and held by schoolboy ranks;  
Trees, bushes and ponds, all jeweled and bright,  
Thrill us with a pure and unfailing delight.

### Obituary.

December 29, at Brooklyn, Conn., my step-mother, Hannah C. Foster, after a journey of eighty-eight years, closed her eyes on the scenes of earth to enter the realm of immortality, to meet the friends who, like her, had passed through the ordeal of translation from the cares and ills of the mortal to enter the new life, with its radiant and never-ending joys. She was free from disease, succumbing to old age; was conscious of the approaching end, calmly and serenely contemplating it, not the shadow of a fear disturbing the equanimity of her mind. It was a surety to her that death does not end all; that over the river, on the other shore, she would meet the loved ones gone before whom she had parted with in sorrow and tears. For several years she had been partly blind, but the misfortune never dampened her spirits; she bravely accepted the infirmity, knowing that when life's fitful fever should release her she would be made whole, and find a compensation for whatever of ill she suffered in the mortal.

Her last days with her infirmities were made sunny by the teachings and philosophy of Spiritualism. This was conspicuously seen when I spent a week with her at her home last September. She was remarkably self-poised, anxious to drop the burden of life, for she had a foreboding of what was to be. No more can I say Home when I turn my thoughts to where I have spent many happy hours. All are gone; their Home is in the Better Land, but one of these days I shall cross the rainbow bridge and be welcomed there.

God, we thank thee and acknowledge  
That thy ways are always just;  
Trusting thee, our steps move lightly  
To consign this dust to dust.  
For the grave is not man's prison,  
And we look above to see  
Our dear one who has arisen  
To a blest eternity.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

One great difficulty in the way of progress is that in each reformation when some new truth has been involved, those who discovered it have seized upon it and crystallized around it, thinking they had all the truth. This accounts in a large measure for sectarianism. Why should I hold to any dogma, even though it contains some truth? Why not be broad-minded enough to receive all truth? The ultimate object of all effort in any and every direction is happiness. The man who tries to make money does so because he believes it will contribute to his happiness; he who seeks political fame does so for the same reason; the man who steals, robs or murders does so because he thinks he will accomplish something thereby which will promote his happiness. While the motive for effort in every direction has been the same, many have made great mistakes. The good church member expects to gain happiness after death, if not now. Then since all are seeking the same thing, why not throw prejudice aside, and investigate all claims to truth? We will find some truth everywhere. The great apostle advised his constituents to try all things and to hold fast that which was good. We stand in the way of our happiness when we bow down to tradition and refuse to investigate for ourselves.—*Ecce Homo.*

A telescope is now being made at Cambridge to be taken to Jamaica in December, 1900, to observe the new planet Eros, which passes near the earth at that time. It was discovered at Berlin, Aug. 13, 1898, and possesses exceptional interest on account of the large eccentricity of its orbit, which brings it near the earth and makes it valuable as a means of finding the sun's true distance from the earth. Eros comes nearer to the earth by one half than does Venus. On this account it is more useful than either Venus or Mars for ascertaining the sun's distance from us. The new planet, or asteroid, comes at times within 14,000,000 miles of our own path around the sun. It is of the seventh magnitude at certain points of its orbit and is, therefore, almost visible to the unaided eye. Its diameter is under 20 miles. In December, 1900, it will be within 31,000,000 miles of the earth, or 4,000,000 miles nearer than Mars ever comes. Not till 1924 will it be again in a position equally favorable.—*The Inventive Age.*







# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1900.

## Spiritualist Societies.

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

### BOSTON AND VICINITY.

**Boston Spiritualist Temple** meets in Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley street. Every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 p.m. E. L. Allen, President; J. A. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 14 Sidney st., Dorchester, Mass. Tel. 1040.

**The Gospel of Spirit Returns Society**, Minnie M. Soule, Pastor, Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue, Sunday evenings at 7:30. Discourses and evidences through the mediumship of the pastor.

**Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street**. First Spiritualist Church, Mrs. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11:30 and 7:30; also Thursdays at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

**Home Rostrum**, 21 Soledad street, Charlestown. Spiritualist meetings Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.; Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 p.m. Thursday, 7:30 p.m. Mrs. Gilliland, President, 21 Soledad street, Charlestown.

**Bible Spiritualist Meetings, Odd Ladies' Hall, 444 Tremont Street**. Mrs. Guitierrez, President. Services Sundays at 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

**America Hall, 724 Washington Street**, two flights—Mediums and public invited. Circ. 11 a.m.; Procs, 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. M. Graham, Chairman.

**Temple of Honor Hall, 50 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport**. Meeting at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. Sunday. Mrs. Annie J. Banks, Conductor; residence 141 High street, Charlestown.

**Spiritual Fraternity**, at First Spiritualist Temple, Cor. Dexter and Newbury streets—Meetings every Sunday morning at 10:30 and 7:30 p.m. Children's school 12 m. Library Room, also a religious evening general conference, Lower Avenue Hall. A. J. Sherman, Secretary.

**Phenomena Spiritualist Society**, Sunday evening in Dwight Hall, first floor, 514 Tremont street. Mrs. A. C. Albright of Philadelphia, Pa., Conductor and medium, assisted by others.

**The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society** meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 6 p.m.—at 241 Tremont street, near Eliot street, Elevator now running. Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albo, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 14 Sidney street, Dorchester, Mass.

**Children's Progressive Lyceum**—Spiritual Sunday School—meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, at 10:30 a.m. All are welcome. Mrs. E. A. Brown, Superintendent.

**Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street**. Mrs. Nutter, President. Services Sunday at 11 a.m., 2:30 and 7:30 p.m., and Thursday at 7 p.m.

**The Helping Hand Society** meets every first and third Wednesday at 8 o'clock in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street. Meeting at 8 o'clock—supper at 6 o'clock. Entertainment at 7:30. A. A. Eldridge, Secretary.

**Boston Spiritualist Lyceum** meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 p.m. Conductor, A. C. Albright of Philadelphia, Pa. Discourses and evidences through the mediumship of the pastor.

**Faine Memorial Building**—Appleton Hall, Appleton street, No. 9, side entrance—Meetings every Sunday, at 2:30 and 7:30. Speaking and tests by Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Biles.

**The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society** meets at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street every Thursday afternoon and evening; supper at 6:30. Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President.

**Ministry of the Divine Science of Health**—Service Tuesdays 7:30 p.m. Mrs. M. A. C. and Mrs. J. F. Miller, Psychic Healer and Teacher.

**The Ladies' Lyceum Union** meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street. Supper served at 6:30. Entertainment in the evening. All invited. Mrs. Mattie J. Butler, President.

**W. Scott Buchanan** holds meetings at Red Men's Hall Sundays, at 7:30 p.m. for sale.

**Mrs. Florence White** will hold a free session every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 286 Columbus Avenue.

**Echo Hall—Johnson Avenue, Charlestown Dist.**—Meetings Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Circles Tuesday evenings.

**The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists** meets at Cambridge (lower) Hall, 63 Massachusetts Avenue, the second and fourth Thursdays in the month. Supper served at 6:30. Ada M. Cane, Cor. Sec'y, 183 Auburn street, Cambridge, Mass.

### MALDEN.

**Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society**, National Building, 76 Pleasant street. Meetings every Sunday 11:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Mrs. Wm. A. Barber, President; Mrs. Rebecca Morton, Sec'y. A. C. Albright of Philadelphia, Pa. is co-workers in the cause of "Progressive Spiritualism."

### NEW YORK CITY.

**The Spiritualist and Ethical Society**, 74 Lexington Avenue, one door above 95th street—Services every Sunday morning at 11 and evening at 8 o'clock. Questions answered in the mediumistic parlors. Free call. Mrs. J. B. Tuttle sings morning and evening. All are cordially invited. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, speaker.

### BROOKLYN.

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

**The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn** holds meetings every Tuesday afternoon and evening, at 8 o'clock, and Sunday evenings, at 2 o'clock, at 808 Avenue C and Quincy street. ELIZABETH F. KURTZ, Pres't. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the Hall.

**608 Thompson Avenue, near Gates Ave.**—Miss Chapin, Blind Medium. Meetings Sunday and Friday evenings. Spirit Messages and other Phenomena. Admission free. Collection taken.

**First Christian Evolution Society**—Penn Fulton Hall, Penn. Fulton street, Brooklyn. Services every Sunday at 2 p.m. W. W. Sargent, Chairman; Mrs. Julia Searle, Secretary.

**Psychic Culture Conference**—Single Tax Hall, 1101 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn. Meetings every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock. Lectures by Henry H. Warner, with Questions and Answers, and discussion by audience, with demonstrations.

### CHICAGO, ILL.

**The S. and M. H. Society**, 3310 Rhodes Ave., meets every Sunday, 11 a.m.—Conference and tests. Tuesday, 7 p.m. Oriental Lecture. Open doors, and everybody welcome.

**Spiritualist Temple**, Fort Worth, Texas, Taylor st., between 7th and Jackson. Services for children, 2 p.m.; for adults, 3 and 7:30 p.m. Mary Arnold-Wilson, Assistant Pastor, leads a spiritual music league. Pastor, residence 716 Florence street.

### Notice to Local Societies.

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

### Local Briefs.

#### BOSTON.

Sunday morning, January 7, every chair in Berkeley Hall was occupied with the friends of Mr. Barrett and Mrs. Soule, and they were the representative Spiritualists of Boston. Prof. Schaller gave one of his excellent piano solos, and Mrs. Pearl a beautiful vocal solo. Mr. Barrett followed with a poem of Will Carlton's, "Sorrow," and after another selection by Mrs. Pearl, took for his subject, "A Look Backward and Forward," pointing out the fact that the world had reached the zenith in material attainments, and that we were approaching the century very soon to come. The lecture created much enthusiasm, being frequently interrupted by applause. After another song by Mrs. Pearl, Mrs. Minnie Soule, well known and very popular in Boston, and the medium of the BANNER OF LIGHT, gave conclusive evidence of spirit return through many messages, that were promptly recognized.

In the evening Prof. Schaller opened the meeting, and was followed by Mr. Barrett, who read a poem entitled "Science in Religion." Mrs. Pearl sang, with violin obligato by Mr. C. L. C. Hatch. Mr. Barrett then took for his subject "The Relation of Things." The lecture was a prose poem.

Mr. Barrett and Mrs. Minnie M. Soule will occupy our platform every Sunday during the month of January. As Mr. Wiggin has been engaged for the entire season of 1900-1901, we will not have the opportunity very soon to hear Mr. Barrett and Mrs. Soule in Berkeley Hall after this month. During the engagement Prof. Schaller, pianist and violinist; Mrs. Pearl, soprano, and Mr. Charles L. C. Hatch, violinist, will give special music. Let us make a record of large audiences. The society is doing all it can to please the public. Why not as Spiritualists give it support? As the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT is the speaker this month, let the sale of THE BANNER be large and show the publishers that we appreciate their kindness in giving our reports. You can subscribe at this hall every Sunday. It is always for sale here. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y.

**Commercial Hall, Mrs. Nutter, President**, Sunday, Jan. 7, song service, led by L. A. Cam-

eron; invocation, Miss Brehm. Those who assisted throughout the day: Mesdames Nut-

ter, Molloy, Maggie Butler, Annie Kibbe Knowles, Gilliland, Bell, Miller, Fisher, Wheeler, Woodward; recitations by Mrs. Piper and Dr. Brown; song by Mr. Lisbey. We hold an Indian peace council Jan. 17, in the evening.

Phenomenal Spiritual Society held first meeting Sunday evening in Dwight Hall, first floor, 514 Tremont street. Remarks, Mrs. A. B. Biles; messages given by Mrs. A. C. Albright of Philadelphia, Dr. Blagden, Mrs. A. O. and others; recitation by Mrs. Guitierrez.

First Spiritualist Church, 616 Washington street, M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor. Song service, conducted by Mrs. Kneeland; prayer, Fred DeBos; remarks of welcome, Mrs. Wilkinson; opening address, "Truth," Mr. A. Hill; remarks, Messrs. Newhall, DeBos, Marston, Miss Soule, Mesdames Nellie Kneeland, Lewis, Tracy, and Dunbar; the healer. Afternoon service opened with Scripture reading, Mr. Geo. Emerson; remarks, Dr. Saunders; tests, Mrs. Kibbe's boy, a wonderful psychometrist; others who participated, Messrs. Elackden, Licks, Ibell, Geo. Baker, Mesdames Kneeland, Woodward, Wilkinson. Evening, solos, Miss Robbins, Mrs. Armstrong; Scripture readings and prayer, Mr. Sawin; address, Mr. Hicks; readings and messages, Prof. Sawin, Mrs. Knowles, Mr. Lowe.

Red Men's Hall. Spiritual Séances Sunday, Dec. 31.—Congregational singing; reading of Scripture, Mr. Milton; solo, Mr. Frank Clark; invocation, followed by short address, W. Scott Steadman; address, Dr. Smith, member of Vermont Legislature; solo, "Ninety and Nine," Mr. Leslie; spirit messages, Mrs. Maggie Butler, Mrs. West and Mr. Steadman. Services closed by singing Mattie Hull's Doxology.

Old Ladies Hall, 416 Tremont St., Mrs. Guitierrez Conductor. Meeting throughout the day well attended; Mr. Hill opened morning and afternoon services; Mr. Hersey, evening; those assisting, Messrs. Pye, Turner, Demby, Hall, De Bos, Dr. Huot, Palmer; Mesdames Alexander, Bird, Brown, Fox, Chapman, Guitierrez, Thomas. Mr. Cohen and several others. Sunday, Jan. 14, Mr. Hill will have charge of morning circle; Mrs. Chapman of Brighton will be with us. The last Sunday, Jan. 28, the second anniversary, a grand day is promised. Speaking, singing, readings, extra, with the usual talent; many have promised to assist. Come and join with us.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 7. "Which is of the Most Importance, Religion or Politics," was the question considered. Taking part: Charles L. C. Hatch, violin solo; Miss Maud Head, song; Mr. Forest Hardin, remarks; Mrs. Green, Master Harry Greene, duet; Miss Martha Mackenzie, recitation; Esther M. Botts, song; E. B. Packard, remarks; Question for next Sunday, "What are the Evils of a False Education?"

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, Mrs. M. A. Brown, Conductor, Mrs. Wm. S. Butler, Guardian. Jan. 7 there was a well attended session. The lesson subject was "Spiritual Development." The little folk's topic was "Faithfulness." The following members rendered songs and recitations: Wilhelmina Hope, Harry Green, Ella Bowman, Esther Bots, Iona Stillinger, Carrie Engel, Lillian Goldstein, Fern Foster, Floyd Sibley; remarks were made by Mr. Albert P. Blinn, Mr. George Lang, Mrs. W. S. Butler, and Dr. Wm. A. Hale.

America Hall, M. A. Graham, President, Mr. Spooner of California, pianist. Circles, 11 a.m. Meetings at 2:30 and 7:30 had the old-time feeling of good-will and peace. Sister Cobb's kind influences and advice appreciated. Mediums assisting: Messrs. Knowles, Baker, Gibbs, Blackden, Cameron, Johnson, Mesdames Mariner, Kibbe, Woodward, Reed, Ratzel, Bird.

The Ladies Lyceum Union.—Mrs. S. C. French, Sec'y, writes: Our regular weekly meeting was held in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 3, the President, Mrs. Maggie J. Butler in the chair. Reports were read from the Fair, which was held in November for the benefit of the Lyceum, and it was found that a good sum had been put into the treasury. The President thanked all who had taken part, and who had helped to make the affair such a grand success. Several new members were voted in. Supper was served as usual at 6:30, and the evening was given over to speaking, and spirit messages. "A cordial invitation is extended to all to join us in our Wednesday evening meeting. Good talent always present."

Wednesday, Jan. 3, the Helping Hand Society held its regular meeting in Gould Hall. Business meeting at 4 o'clock. Supper served at 6 o'clock, and a half hour passed enjoyably. At 7:30 Prof. Phlegin gave a very interesting lecture on astrology, that was pleasing to all. He was followed by Dr. Dean Clarke and Prof. Henry. At the close of the meeting a vote of thanks was tendered to Prof. Phlegin and Henry for their interesting talks. Mr. Clarke closed the meeting with a poem. Wednesday, Jan. 17, Harrison D. Barrett and Mrs. Minnie M. Soule will be entertained by this society. You are invited to come and help entertain. Jan. 31 the ladies will hold their annual Country Fair, with a pleasing entertainment. Mrs. A. A. Eldridge, Sec'y.

The annual meeting of the First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society was held Friday, Jan. 5, at 241 Tremont street. Owing to the absence of the President, Mrs. Albo, the meeting was opened by the Vice-President, Mrs. A. B. Butterfield. The first business was the report of officers and committees. The Secretary's report showed that we had been called upon to part with several of our members during the year through death of the physical, also that we had been able, notwithstanding the financial depression, to assist many worthy people with money, clothes and food. After all business was disposed of the following officers were unanimously elected: President, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albo; Vice-President, Mrs. A. F. Butterfield; Secretary, Carrie L. Hatch; Treasurer, Mr. S. E. Burritt; Directors, Mrs. A. E. Barnes, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. B. Hatch, Sr., Mrs. M. E. Young, Mrs. C. C. Wagon. Thanks were returned to all for past favors. In the evening Vice-President Mrs. Butterfield called the meeting to order, and in a very pleasing little speech welcomed the friends and wished them a Happy New Year, after which Mrs. Hattie C. Mason sang. Mrs. Waterhouse spoke briefly of the work of the Ladies' Aid and the origin of this society—that we were banded together for charitable work—and urged all to join. Mrs. Mason spoke of the work she had been doing at Orange, Mass.; she thought every little seed dropped took hold somewhere, and urged all to be earnest and true. Mrs. Lizzie Shackley was controlled and gave messages. Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sr., and Mr. Baker of Cambridge spoke briefly. Miss Robbins gave two vocal selections during the evening, which were much appreciated. Will Sheldon gave two recitations, receiving generous applause. Next Friday a good time is expected. Come all. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society, Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President, held its regular weekly meeting in Dwight Hall Thursday afternoon and evening, Jan. 4. After the usual supper, a large audience enjoyed whilst and dancing until 8:30, when Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Vice-President of the society, called order and announced that the people present should consider themselves the guests of Mr. Geo. Gerrish, to celebrate his seventieth birthday. Mrs. Whitlock concluded by thanking Mr. Gerrish in behalf of the society for the many kind and benevolent acts he had done for the ladies, and presenting him with a beautiful bouquet of carnations and a handsome cup and saucer. A choice program was rendered by the following artists: Bartitone solo, Mr. E. S. Ellis; recitation, "The New Kingdom," with piano obligato, Bertha M. Packard; piano solos, Miss Winslow, Miss Ella Robbins; recitation, Mr. G. F. Morong; piano solo (medley), Mr. Hayte. The selections were all enjoyed, the recitation by Miss Packard being especially fine. Ice cream and cake were served through the courtesy of Mr. Gerrish, and dancing was continued till 10:30, when the guests retired well pleased with their entertainment at a Spiritualists' birthday party.

Koho Hall, 1 Johnson Ave., Charlestown, Sunday, Jan. 7. The interest in Spiritualism is reviving along the holidays, and we thank the public for standing so steadfastly by us in helping to promulgate so grand a cause. Sunday evening meeting opened at 7:30 with service of song; invocation, Mrs. E. J. Peak; music; remarks and song, "Oh! Open Those Heavenly Gates of Light," Mrs. K. J. Peak; Mrs. Molloy, Mr. James Molloy and Mrs. Peak occupied the time of the evening in giving good messages. Mrs. Peak anticipates opening meetings either in Malden or Everett in the near future in addition to her work here. The public will be notified in such an event.

### Massachusetts.

On Dec. 26 the Woman's Relief Corps of Watertown, Mass., held their usual meeting, and a short time was given to an address on "Vivisection." The speaker (Anna Sargent Turner) called the attention of those present to the fact that the organization, and her own, both rested on abstract justice. Many of those who fought for negro rights did not believe in any future existence, but they risked their lives to free the slaves because they were capable of suffering, and therefore had a right to justice. To-day those who are fighting to preserve animals from scientific torture make exactly the same claim. Of the future existence or non-existence of animals nothing is known, but we all know only too well their present capacity for suffering, and it is our duty, and should be our pleasure to protect them from all forms of cruelty and of injustice. As in the war of the rebellion, the higher law governing the nation swept away the claim of State Rights, so now, that of humanity at large, does away with the so called rights of scientists to inflict torture on the helpless.

The Cambridge Society of Spiritualists will hold its next meeting Jan. 11, when Mrs. Effie Webster of Lynn will be the speaker of the evening, and will also give spirit messages. Supper at 6:30.

T. A. Scott writes that Mrs. A. J. Banks has recovered from her illness and reopened meetings in Temple of Honor Hall, Cambridgeport, Sunday, Jan. 7, assisted by Mrs. C. F. DeBos and Mrs. R. M. Fish of Boston, both of whom gave spirit messages.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society, Masonic Building.—A correspondent writes: "On Sunday evening, Dec. 24, a special Christmas service was held. The President was asked to request J. W. Cowan to open the service. As Mr. Cowan took the rostrum, the Secretary, Mrs. Morton, placed on the speaker's desk a silver tray holding a beautiful Bohemian glass set of seven pieces, which Mr. Cowan, with words of love and good-fellowship presented to the President, Mr. William Barber, in the name of the Society, in appreciation of the services of himself and Mr. Barber during the past year. Two beautiful bouquets were then presented, one to Mr. Barber, and one to Mr. Jones, who has been untiring in his efforts to make instrumental music a feature of our services. Mrs. Jones sang two beautiful selections. Invocation, J. W. Cowan. Scripture reading, and remarks by the President; subject, "Glad Tidings"; greeting and messages by guides of J. W. Cowan, which were gladly recognized. Mrs. Morton's control brought a happy greeting to all, and gave a number of very interesting communications from spirit friends. The Society wishes THE BANNER staff a merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year."

Progressive Spiritualist Association held services at 21 Market street, Lynn, 12:30 Delia E. Matson and C. B. Hair gave spirit messages in a very interesting manner. By request of the President, all joined in silent prayer; music, Prof. Franklin. At 5:30 hot supper, well served. At 7:30 Prof. Jackson read from initials on paper; strangers marveled at the power of this medium who gave messages, with full names. He will continue with us for one month. Subscribers for BANNER OF LIGHT taken.

Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualist Association, L. D. Milliken, President, celebrated its sixth anniversary Jan. 7. The exercises consisted of readings by Mrs. Alfaratta Jahne of Stoneham; short addresses by Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, Mr. L. D. Milliken, Mr. M. V. B. Stevens, and others; songs and recitations by children from the Progressive Lyceum; character readings by Miss Alice C. McIntire of Lynn, and concert by Thomas' Orchestra. Supper was served in the hall. Next Sunday Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, and her daughter, Mrs. Ida Dike, elocutionist and singer.

The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society met Sunday, Jan. 7, at Templar's Hall, 36 Market street. An appreciative audience greeted the speakers and mediums. Music, Mrs. J. P. Hayes. Mrs. Julia E. Davis spoke at 2:30 and 7:30, and followed each address with many spirit messages. In every case receiving a ready response of recognition. Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler made well chosen remarks, and gave excellent messages both afternoon and evening. Next Sunday J. S. Scarlett.

Mrs. Sanger writes from Waltham: Jan. 7 the speaker was Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz. The largest audience of the season greeted her; subject, "The Four Hindrances to the World's Betterment." At the close of the instructive address the audience asked questions, which she answered. We are very prosperous, find our new hall homelike, and our meetings are well attended. We have circles on Wednesday afternoons at 3, which are interesting. Feb. 14 and 15 we shall hold a fair to increase our building fund. Our new quarters are in the A. O. U. W. building on Moody street, in Fraternity Hall, up one flight. All Boston mediums and friends always welcome.

Lowell. J. S. Jackson writes: We started the new year with two very successful meetings before large audiences. Mr. A. P. Blinn of Boston gave two able and eloquent lectures. Of course we always sell THE BANNER and the Progressive Thinker, and so suit all readers. Friday last we held our Annual Meeting, and very good and encouraging reports were presented by all officers, both of the Society and Lyceum. All our officers were re-elected unanimously, adding one more to our number in Mr. Wm. A. Jones as Collector. It was also voted to push a scheme to build a Spiritualist Temple in Lowell as soon as possible. Great interest is expressed on the subject. Next Sunday we have our own local medium, Mrs. Annie L. Jones. Mrs. John S. Jackson was also re-elected as Conductor of the Lyceum. We hope for a good advance this year, both spiritually and financially.

Haverhill Helping Hand Association of Spiritualists, 82 Merrimack St., held regular meeting at 7 p.m. W. H. A. Simmonds occupied the platform as lecturer, Mrs. H. E. Emerson spirit messages. Both were fully appreciated by a large and attentive audience. Sunday, 14th, for speaker and test medium, Parker W. Hitchcock.

People's Progressive Spiritualist Association, Brockton, was served Jan. 7 by J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea; subject, "Spirituality of Spiritualism," listened to by a large and attentive audience. During the séance following the lecture many spirit friends came who were recognized. Jan. 14 Victor Wyldes of Lawrence, Mass., will serve the society.

Springfield.—Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, of Stoneham, Mass., opened a month's engagement for the First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield, taking her subjects from the audience for lectures and closing poem. The two following were offered for lectures, "Redemption" and "The Embodiment of Thought," which were handled in a very able manner, in the usual happy style peculiar to Mrs. Allen, proving instructive as well as amusing. "Sorrow," for the subject of the closing poem, beautifully worded, brought tears to many eyes. Her able and earnest work should create an interest that would test the seating capacity of Ladies' Aid Hall. She handles her subjects in a decidedly original manner that while seeming a little radical to some, cannot fail to interest and arouse each hearer to a sense of thinking for himself along the line of thought suggested by her lectures. The Lyceum, which is at present in quite a thriving condition, will receive much benefit from her assistance in this branch of the spiritualistic work, and be spurred on to renewed effort to



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keep the children interested in the teachings so dear to the hearts of the fathers and mothers. The Ladies' Aid Society and Supper on Thursday afternoon and evening, Jan. 4, was largely attended and greatly enjoyed, judging from the spirit of cordiality and good-will manifested. A fine literary and musical entertainment from 8 to 9 added to the pleasure of the evening. On Thursday evening, Jan. 11, the Amusement Committee will present the faro, "Aunt Polly's Lesson," which is free to all.

The Deliberative Hall meeting held at 56 Pleasant St., Malden, Jan. 7, was well attended. Usual devotional exercises, Mrs. Moody and Mrs. Whittier. An interesting paper was read by Dr. Kimball of Malden. Remarks, J. R. Snow, on "The Closing of the Nineteenth Century." Remarks, Mr. Norcross. Messages from "Apple Blossom" and the guides of Mr. Gilman. Next meeting Jan. 14 at 7:30 p.m.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes of Dorchester, Mass., was speaker and medium for Salem Society Jan. 7. Next Sunday Miss Blanch H. Brainerd of Lowell speaker and test medium. J. Ed ward Hamron, Sec'y, 160 Bridge street, Salem.

Full houses greeted Mrs. L. A. Prentiss, of Lynn, speaker for the First Spiritualist Society of Fitchburg, Sunday. The two addresses were ably presented, and the large number of spirit messages were fully recognized. The piano selections by Miss Howe were pleasingly rendered. Mrs. A. J. Pettinall, of Malden, speaks for the Society next Sunday.

### New York.

First Association of Spiritualists.—Sunday Jan. 7, Miss Gaule was in excellent condition during both sessions, and was listened to by large and interested audiences. Our President being still in close attendance upon her sister, who is seriously ill, Miss Gaule conducted each meeting, and will continue with us this month.

Brooklyn.—At a regular meeting of the Advance Conference held at Single Tax Hall, 1101 Bedford Ave., the annual installation of officers was held. An interesting program was rendered, interspersed with music by the audience with piano accompaniment. Mr. H. L. Rogers, of 41 West 64th street, Manhattan, gave a fine address on "Harmony." Mr. Nubey followed, taking the subject of "Truth." Mr. Warner gave an address and communications which were gratifying. Dr. Wm. Franks of Manhattan occupied the balance of the evening with a talk and communications in his usual style, clear and to the point. Quite a number testified to the efficacy of healing by spirit power, which was gladly received. Officers for ensuing year: President, Mr. Geo. A. Deleone; First Vice President, Dr. Wm. Franks; Second Vice President, Mr. Simmons; Finance Sec'y, Miss Gracie Brown; Corresponding Sec'y, Mrs. Annie R. Palmer; Treasurer, Mrs. Tillie Evans; Advisory Board, Mrs. Marie Robinson, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Boget.

At the Woman's Progressive Union, Sunday, Jan. 7. Afternoon session, Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease spoke to a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Henry H. Warner gave some messages from spirit friends. The evening gathering was very large, standing-room only. Mrs. Lease spoke forty-four minutes, and all were sorry when she said good night, but her engagement with our society has just begun, and we know she can fill the bill every time. All were disappointed when they were told our sister, Mrs. May S. Pepper could not be with us. Let all send out health thoughts to her and they may be productive of good. Sweet singing by Mrs. Seiber closed our meeting.

The Church of the Fraternity of Divine Communion, Bedford Avenue and Madison street, Brooklyn, held two services Sunday, Jan. 7. The afternoon meeting at 3 o'clock was presided over by Mr. Fort, who also gave the lecture; subject, "The Gift of Faith." In the evening almost the entire time was given to the lecture; subject, "The Gift of Faith." In the evening almost the entire time was given to the lecture; subject, "The Gift of Faith." In the evening almost the entire time was given to the lecture; subject, "The Gift of Faith."

At Ceres Hall, corner Troy and Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, meetings are free. We depend on contributions for their support. We are having a large attendance every Sunday evening, at times taxing our seating capacity to its fullest extent. Our medium, Mrs. Sawtell, is young in public work, but is developing.

The First Christian Evolution Society held its meeting Sunday evening, Jan. 7, at Penn-Fulton Hall, Brooklyn. Mr. W. H. Sargent gave a talk "Investigations in Phenomena of Spiritualism." Mr. Walter D. S. Hayward read a poem, "Recognition," remarked on the subject, and then gave a very interesting séance, lasting nearly an hour.

### Other States.

The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, a correspondent writes held a very successful and well-attended "watch meeting" at the hall, on 13th St., near Girard Ave., Sunday night, Dec. 31. Rev. N. F. Ravlin delivered a very impressive lecture on "Spiritualism the Evangel of the New Dispensation," making many telling points. Mrs. M. C. Cadwalader then gave a highly interesting description of her visit to Rome last year. As the hour of midnight approached, an appeal for converts was made, and as a result some twenty-five new members were received into the society, all having given the right hand of fellowship just as the bells were ushering in the New Year. It would seem that the Cause is being revived in the city of Brotherly Love, as the same night the Philadelphia Spiritualist Society, at their hall, cor. 8th and Spring Garden Sts., initiated twenty-seven new members. Previous to the ceremony, E. W. Sprague of New York lectured on the subject "What will the Coming Century Bring?"

The Philadelphia Spiritualist Society, Handel and Baynd Hall, 8th and Spring Garden streets. Thomas M. Locke writes: Upon the threshold of the new year I take pleasure in informing the readers of your valuable paper of the work we are doing in the good old conservative city of Philade. We have every reason to be thankful for the success of our society during the past year. Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haverhill, Mass., occupied our platform during the month of November. The hall was well filled, and her discourses in support of the grand truths of Spiritualism were able. She is one of the most interesting speakers we have in demonstrating our beautiful philosophy. She led us for other fields of labor at the close of the month, and carried with her the best wishes of our society. During the past month we have had Bro. E. W. Sprague and his good wife. They have accomplished a grand work during their stay with us. Mr. Sprague drew large audiences to listen to his very eloquent lectures and wonderful spirit messages. The best proof of his work was realized on New Year's eve, when twenty-seven new members were admitted, and given the right hand of fellowship. The hall was crowded to witness the beautiful ceremonies attending their admission. The new year was ushered in with appropriate exercises, consisting of a séance and lecture by E. W. Sprague, Mrs. Sprague and Mrs. Sigmund, followed by short speeches. Vocal and instrumental music was enjoyed by all present.

Providence Spiritualist Association, corner of Richmond and Weybossett streets.—Sunday

Ida P. A. Whitlock gave two fine lectures, which were listened to with the closest attention. She is to be with us all this month. We hope before her engagement closes the hall will not be large enough to hold the people who desire to hear her eloquent discourses. The first two Sundays in February we have Dr. G. W. Hadden and the last two Dr. George A. Fuller. David F. Buffinton, Sec'y.

The members of the First Spiritualist Church of Newark, N. J., held a watch meeting, Dec. 31. At the conclusion of the regular Sunday evening service, Mr. Dorn, the lecturer of the association invited all who chose to remain and take supper with them, and welcome the New Year at midnight. Very many remained, and for fully two hours Mr. Dorn, the medium of the evening was controlled by different spirits, and each individual in the room was remembered, as the hour of midnight chimed from the church bells of the city the company, numbering half a hundred, sat down to a very toothsome lunch of turkey, ham, Boston baked beans, bread, biscuit and cake, washed down by gallons of steaming hot coffee. Mr. Dorn read a letter from Bro. Barrett, thanking him for a contribution of twenty-five dollars collected for the fund to secure a national spiritual headquarters at Washington, and the question was at once asked, Why not build a home here in Newark for our own use? Yes, why not? Dr. York, the Vice President, took up a collection on the spot, and as a result announced a sum sufficient to pay for a very handsome corner-stone. From this time forward the work will go on until the Home becomes an assured fact. At 1:30 A. M. all went home well satisfied with their evening's enjoyment, and feeling they had made a grand commencement of the New Year. Mesdames Dorn, Gleason, York and Miller, assisted by Bros. Dorn and Miller, attended to the wants of the guests. Chas. H. Miller, Sec'y.

The Spiritualist Radical Debating Society, Paterson, N. J., held a business meeting Friday evening, Jan. 5, and elected the following officers for the ensuing term of six months: Wm. L. Garner, President; Mary A. Corgan, Vice President; Thos. M. Jones, Sec'y; Hattie Bird Greenway, Treasurer. This society, as may be remembered, was organized Nov. 12, 1899, with seven names enrolled. The society has adopted the Principles and Resolutions of the Chicago platform, and feels encouraged that its efforts are meeting with success, judging by the enthusiasm manifested in Columbia College Hall Sunday evenings at 8 p.m., and also by the increase in membership. Thomas M. Jones spoke on "Evolution" Jan. 7, and will continue the subject Jan. 14. Seats free.