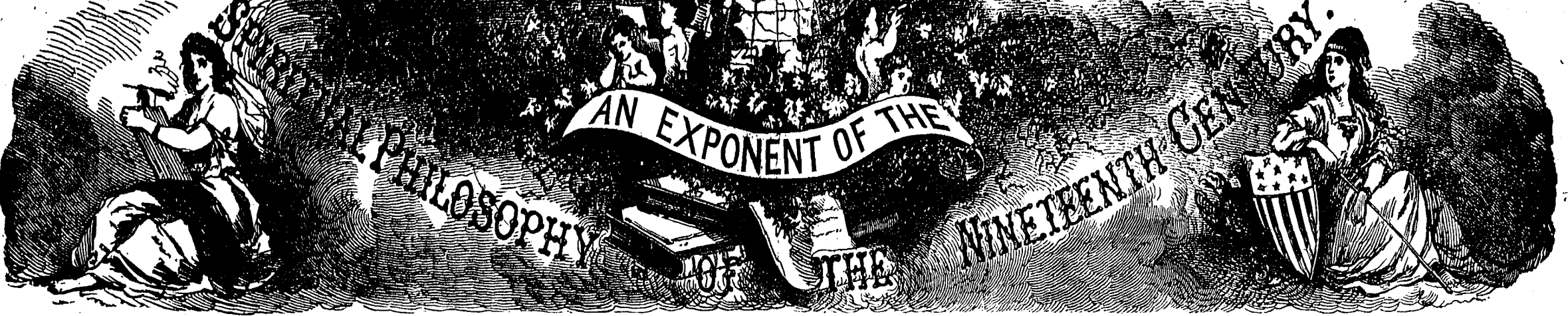


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NO. 24.

ANNISQUAM.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

[The following beautiful lines, written by the late John W. Day, who was formerly editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, have been sent us by a friend at Annisquam, and were probably written when the author was quite a young man, and have never before appeared in print, according to the best knowledge of the party who sent them.]

Soft memory tones are calling near
Within this heart of mine;
Bright, airy visions, fond and dear,
The loves of "Auld lang syne";
The golden days, that come no more
Beneath our mortal sun,
The hope, the joy that gleamed of yore,
When life's bright morn begun.

The hills loom upward to the sky,
All damp with morning dew;
The gray rock shadows clustered lie
To meet the morning new;
Far spreads the Cape in bending line,
Its brown robe fringed with foam,
And cliff and wave and morning shine
Tell of my childhood's home.

The path winds up the pasture steep
As in the days of yore;
The long beach rolls in crescent deep
Beside the sounding shore;
There ocean comes with playful wave,
Or drives his thundering car
When wild winds pipe their cloudy stave
Above the roaring bar.

There are the hills where boyhood's feet
Roved with an impulse free;
Those are the rocks where glad hearts beat
In sport beside the sea.
Here on the beach, with labored skill,
We reared our huts of sand,
Or chained the captive streams at will
That drain yon marshy land.

The tide has reached the lowest bound;
I view the white sand wide;
The sea-mews dart their circling round
Or plunge beneath the tide,
And thoughts on swifter pinions range—
And thought is diving low
To bring from death and time and change
The forms of long ago.

Where are the youthful train that graced
Our hamlet by the sea
Ere care her gloomy signet placed
On all their hearts of glee?
How could we read life's future maze—
The merry sunburst crew
That gambolled where the white sands blaze
Along the waters blue?

One took the ensign of the Lord
And in his vineyard wrought,
Till angels loosed the silver cord
And took the burning thought.
One spread the sail to India deep
With firm and daring soul.
He rests in coral-guarded sleep
Where ocean's billows roiled.

And we still bound to dark decay
With links of rolling years;
Some here, some scattered far away,
Live on through smiles and tears.
Oh, human soul, though tolling now
Through deserts wild and lone,
Soon shall each weary pilgrim bow
At heaven's eternal throne.

*Warren A. Bassett and Allen Witham, schoolmates of J. W. Day and natives of Annisquam.

—Cape Ann Advertiser.

An Analysis of Life.

A Lecture Delivered by the Guiding Intelligence, Horondos Mukairo (the Master), through the Mediumship of HENRY H. WARNER.

NO. II.

Mr. President, Sisters and Brothers in the Cause of Eternal Truth: Once more we come before you to ask you to pause with us for a while at the Threshold of the Temple of Truth Eternal, and gaze within at the radiant Beauty therein enshrined, and gain Wisdom and Strength in our search for Knowledge. Some time ago we directed your attention to the study of the topic "An Analysis of Life," and now once more we call you to labor with us in the search for Truth. We cannot have too much light upon the problem of Life.

Goethe's words as he beheld the Angel of Life who opened the tomb of the earthly body for the imprisoned soul to rise triumphant were "Light, more Light!" and another soul began its triumphant march upward over the imperial heights of spiritual progression, freed from the clogging materiality which bound it in the chains of physical habit, and it the luminous mind of a Goethe required "Light, more Light!" on the Threshold of Being, how are we to regard ourselves? As possessing the alpha and omega of all truth, or as holding only fragmentary portions of the great Infinite of Life?

We apprehend that the latter is the truth. That at our very best even, we have only been enabled to lift a little, a very little corner of the great veil with which the fair bride Truth is enwrapped. Let us, then, carry our analysis further to-night, and answer some questions which no doubt our Darwinian and other materialistic friends have asked. The one point in our previous lecture upon this topic that will arouse the storm of purely materialistic criticism is that proposition laid down in these words substantially:

"Man has never been other than man in any stage or division of his growth," and upon this point stands or falls the entire fabric of Spiritual Philosophy as apprehended by us. The statement thus made is not put forth rashly and unconsidered in all its bearings. Man is not merely the physical body, in fact, the physical body bears the same relation to man that his outer garment of textile fabric does to the physical body, merely a garment worn by the real soul man, as a protection for the finer

forces of the soul and spirit. Hence the real man, the soul man, has always been man. The physical may have, and has had, myriad forms, engendered by the conditions of the age in which they manifested, taking on, in other words, that shape best adapted to the peculiar environments of the time and place.

A definite statement of the question requires that we take cognizance of the great fact that Nature performs all her work in accordance with a fixed law, and that law is the law of reproduction of like forms under like conditions. Vary the conditions, and Nature varies her forms to correspond.

We stand to-day upon the eve of mighty discoveries in the realms of science, and yet the pretty toys of theories and hypothetical premises from which your modern scholiast deduces his conclusions are no new thing. They are but the shadows of the mighty thought-forces of the past ages, recurring thought-waves marking the progression of the human ego through the endless cycles of time.

The modern materialistic school of evolution is incomplete, inasmuch as it ignores or pretends to ignore, the essential identity of the substantial cosmos and man in their structure and development. What we can see and hear of their theories certainly are lacking in proof to substantiate their probability, still less their possibility.

Any theory which ignores the psychic structure of all life; any hypothesis which eliminates the fundamental energizing power of soul and spirit, and says "matter, nothing but matter"; any hypothesis that declares all is soul, all is mind, all is spirit, and leaves out any one or two of the great Trinity of Life—soul, spirit, matter—is fatally weak in its structure, and must fall to the ground because of that structural weakness.

Evolution is the law of the universe beyond the shadow of a doubt to the logical, reasoning mind. The only difference there can be is as to the method of that evolution, and to us Nature in her varied phenomena of life tells the story of evolution as well as evolution. Everywhere every form of manifested Life bears testimony to the eternal verity of the substantial cosmos—soul, spirit, matter. To us this is self-evident; but to you we know not how it may appeal, but ask you to examine and study for yourselves.

A sage of old summed up the possibilities of evolutionary law, long before Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer or Wallace wrote—in this one sentence: "Man slept in the rock; dreamed in the vegetable, and woke to infinite life and glory in the animal." In other words, out of the rock and vegetable forms of life Nature has evolved conditions and environments suited to the unfoldment of the human soul. Step by step Life has been unfolded, and passing through myriad forms, from the amoeboid protozoan, from the protoplasmic germ cell, floating on the bosom of the great deep, to the culminating flower of Nature's garden, Man, the epitome of the Universe.

Through all these changes of the physical form, the soul-man has ever been the real man, the prisoner ever struggling to be free; and those struggles for freedom have caused his growth constantly upward.

Wondrous indeed are the varied phenomena attendant upon the manifestations of life, and in our Analysis of Life on this occasion we intend to touch upon several of the phenomena resultant from life manifestations, some of which are spoken of commonly as phases of mediumship, but which we wish to show in this and subsequent lectures are simply the effect of the normal activity of the life-forces of nature manifesting through the instrument at hand.

Life—Death—Sleep! The great triad of nature's evolutionary forces. What mysteries are enfolded in these words, and yet how simple when we once resolve them to their places as factors in the growth of the universe.

Death and Sleep—the twin angels of Life, passing to and fro on their noiseless pinions, here freeing a soul forever from the prison-house of clay, there soothing the fevered brow with sweet dreams of home, mother, wife, child, father, husband, sister or brother. Death, the mighty angel of Evolution, constantly at work (whose other name is Change), taking on new forms and sloughing off the old. Even the realm spiritual is not exempt from the law of change, mis-called death. As the soul progresses, the spiritual body it took with it into the land of spirit changes, and when the soul is ripe for transition from one sphere to another—from a lower to a higher—the same process, or one analogous thereto, takes place, as in the dissolution of the mundane body, and the soul is born into the higher sphere with a new spiritual body of a higher grade and finer quality; and the old spiritual body passes back into the great reservoir of spiritual force and energy to be used in the building up of other forms of spiritual life, even as the physical body passes out into the earth and atmosphere as food for the growth of other material forms of existence.

Every time the body passes into the sleep state—whether normal or induced by auto-suggestion, or suggestion from another operator visible or invisible, it passes through a change which is in reality a form of death. The soul and spirit leave the body, and, passing out from the immediate surroundings of the physical, take excursions into the psychic realms and there learn many things by sight and experience, by thought-transference or telepathy from other egos, both carnate and decarnate, that are afterward recalled in the waking state as dreams, or deduced as proofs of reincarnation or pre-existence upon this or other planets.

We stated that the soul and spirit leave the body during the sleep state, either normal or induced, by a process analogous to death; but the magnetic cord that binds soul and spirit to the body is not severed as in the death state; hence the organs continue to function in their regular manner; and on the return of the soul and spirit to the body, the experiences of the soul and spirit while absent from the body are registered upon the sensitive plates of the brain, and result as dreams after normal sleep and in the phenomena of hypnosis in induced sleep states.

The brain, in and of itself, as a mass of gray and white nerve fibres and corpuscles, has no power of thought, and, in connection with the great nerve trunks and ganglia of the vasomotor and sensory systems, has no power to originate action in and of its own volition. It, with the great nerve systems, is only the mechanism, the battery, through which, over the wires of the nervous systems, the real man, the soul man, expresses himself.

The soul is the thinker; the spirit is the medium through which the soul acts upon the sensitive nerve cells of the brain and sends its messages flashing over the nerve wires to each and every station where needed. Thought is thus photographed, as it were, upon the dry plates of the brain and the nerve centres, or ganglia, and the spiritual force acts for the soul as the chemical developing reagent of that thought, so that its image is reflected or mirrored upon the mind of the individual, and realized to that individual as a part of himself.

Life is vibratory in its action; that is, all sensations of the ego, either psychic or physical, are the results of vibration, the varying intensity of the vibrations of substances acting and re-acting upon each other, producing the various effects of light, heat, color, sound, tone, etc.

Permeating the universe is the subtle fluidic substance which Von Reichenbach demonstrated as a force; some have called it electricity, some magnetism, some the subconscious or subliminal self. This substance is the very keystone of the great arch of life. Odic force, electricity, magnetism, statism, somnambulism, subconscious self, subliminal state, etc., are only effects of one great cause, only variants of this universal soul substance—Infinite Life, Infinite Intelligence. It is the source from which all these draw their being, and of which they are parts. It is not what soul, life or intelligence is made of, but it is soul, life, intelligence, the vital energy of the universe, the Soul of Things.

By means of this vital energy, directed by wise operators, the magnetic healer can restore to activity dead and wasted tissues, and call once more into being long dormant powers of soul. The mental and Christian (mis-called) scientist use the same power (in ignorance real or feigned of its nature) to effect their cures, but there is always this to be noted that, break the physical mechanism through which this force operates, i. e., sever an artery, break a bone, strain a muscle, sever or paralyze a nerve trunk or centre, present a cancerous or ulcerated surface, and the mechanism must be repaired either by chemical or mechanical means before this energy can traverse its field, and effect its cures. The wires of an electric machine must be in proper order before the current can traverse them to its destination.

What some have called the *vis medicatrix nature*, the healing force of nature is in truth polarized soul energy, or substance directed, by either auto-suggestion, or by suggestion from carnate or decarnate operators in the channel best adapted to accomplish the purpose of the operator.

Now let us consider too this fact, that while this substance or energy is not electricity, it may be transformed to electricity; while it is not magnetism, it may be transformed to magnetism. It is used by the operator in the production of the various phenomena of Spiritualism, such as levitation, rappings, etherization, so-called materialization, healing, slate-writing, independent voice, in fact all the various phases of mediumship. While it is automatic and self-sufficient in its nature and possibilities, it is capable of direction and use by finite intelligences either carnate or decarnate. It is produced and used under the latter conditions in a manner similar to the induction current from the secondary coil of an electric machine.

How? you ask. An induction coil is made up of two coils of wire, one coarse and one fine, both thoroughly insulated by silk thread. The coarse or inner primary coil is connected directly to the positive and negative poles of a chemical cell battery, or a frictional machine. The outer secondary coil of fine wire has no connection whatever, by any means cognizable by the eye or touch, yet on turning the current through the inner coil a distinct shock may be and is received by the person who has grasped the electrodes connected with the secondary current, and very often the induced current is more powerful than the primary current. A bar of soft iron brought within the radius of the coils becomes charged with the current from the machine and will hang suspended in the air with no visible support. So in your circle for phenomena, whether composed of two or more persons in the flesh, they represent the primary coil of your induction machine. The medium represents the connecting wires of the battery. The decarnate operators represent the secondary coil of the machine, and back and forth over the space between the carnate and decarnate and through the medium pulses the great current of soul-substance, polarizing as directed by the unseen operators or by seen operators, and producing the various phenomena alluded to,

the medium or the object levitated taking the place of the soft iron bar.

The operators using this force direct it in various channels, and by means of it write upon and within sealed slates, and cause the voice to vibrate independently of physical vocal organs so that it falls upon the physical ear and we produce the other (so called) physical phenomena along the same lines. In the production of the phenomena mis-called materialization we have three conflicting elements to contend with: first, the ignorance of the sitters; second, the ignorance of the medium, and third, the ignorance of the spirit-operators. Any one of these three is well-nigh fatal to the production of genuine satisfying phenomena, and this is true of all other phases as well, but the combination of all three is productive of disasters most dire.

There is a phenomenon which, for lack of a better term, has been called materialization—but the name has become a misnomer. A better term would be substantialization. The only materialization known to Nature is when the germ-soul is clothed with a material body in the dark cabinet of Life, and after nine months of patient waiting is born into the realms of physical light for the further growth and development of the soul within. The phenomenon commonly called materialization is either etherization, personation, transfiguration, or downright sham and imposture.

If those giving circles where transfiguration and personation take place would admit candidly and frankly that such phenomena were liable to take place they would confer a lasting benefit upon themselves and the spirit-world, and the phenomena would still be as truly wonderful as though they were what they are falsely claimed to be.

In the substantialization of forms the spirit-operators draw from the magnetic and physical auras of those in the Circles the elements of substance used to clothe the spiritual body desiring to manifest with a substantial envelope that will possess such a rate of vibration as to become visible to the eyes of the circle. Such forms possess no actual-solidity or warmth. They cannot be handled and retained in the grasp. They fade from the vision, and, when grasped, the hand finds nothing to meet it. On the other hand, given a solid form, with the warmth and feeling of the living flesh, it is either the medium used by a transfiguring or personating spirit—phenomena truly wonderful if called rightly—or it is downright imposture by the alleged medium or confederates.

Transfiguration is a beautiful phenomenon, but it is not materialization, and should never be passed for such. The same is true of personation. The dark séance for so-called materialization or physical phenomena or development, which admits of the assemblage of promiscuous elements, for the sole purpose of having a wonderful show at so much per head, is pernicious in its effects on the moral and physical natures of both medium and sitters. The vitality of the sitters joining hands, each with some peculiar mental or physical idiosyncrasy, is impaired, and there is a tendency toward sexual perversion in dark circles that, as honest, truth loving Spiritualists, we must face, and study the best and wisest means of preventing its growth.

We by no means hold with some, that it is wise to trumpet aloud at every street corner and from every house top the follies and frailties of erring mediums or individuals, but we do believe the people who are seeking for the true light should have pointed out to them the pitfalls dug for unwary feet, and some means be devised of absolutely preventing these vampires from practising the unholy callings of libertine, procuress and sodomist under the cover of the holy banner of Truth.

The great over-soul of the universe calls for the highest expression of love and purity. It calls for self knowledge, self-examination; and if each one of us will spend as much time in correcting his own faults as he does in criticizing the follies of his neighbors, there would be a vast improvement in the harmonious development of the human ego, and less cause for calling attention to the evils above mentioned.

"Water will always find its own level, and evil will sink to its own plane," says one. But it is your duty—it is our duty—to see that in sinking it does not carry our brother, our sister, ourselves down in its giant grasp.

The spirit-world is not infallible, is not all-powerful. The unseen operators stand in need of your help for their development fully as much, if not more, in many cases, as you need their assistance. They are only human beings with finite minds, and, while capable of infinite progression, cannot alter a single condition without your cooperation, either actively or passively.

Man in his evolution of a body from the lower forms of material substance has clothed his soul with a garment, that while adapted to the uses to which it is put, is capable of still higher unfoldment. The highest pinnacle in the evolution of the present race has not yet been reached. Magnificent as are the results there are still more glorious achievements awaiting the victorious onward march of man's soul.

How often man has stumbled in his march upward! How often he has turned aside! Yet every stumble, every diversion from the true path has had its place in the divine economy of nature, for by the casting out of the imperfect by the survival of the fittest, nature has been enabled to push steadily on and upward over the infinite hills of time, keeping step ever to the mighty orchestration of the song of Universal Progress of Eternal Truth and Life.

Out of the realms of nature, then, we draw the conclusion that man, the real, ever-living ego, has always been man, though encased in

myriad forms, and that, through all these forms the real soul man was ever climbing toward, ever seeking for a higher and better expression of self hood, and to-day, through the various phenomena of the psychic side of Life, he is called to penetrate still further into the Hall of Life to behold the radiant Beauty of Eternal Truth enshrined amid Wisdom and Strength.

It remains for each of you to make your own Analysis of Life, but we have no fear but that your ultimate conclusion will agree with ours. You may express it in different terms, but the final result will be the same. All roads lead to the same goal in the search for Truth. Some arrive sooner than others, but all reach their destination, and become parts of the Infinite Whole, in fact they now are such parts, but then they will realize the truth of the saying: "Beloved, now are we the Sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be; only we know that when he comes we shall be like him!" Like whom? Like the Infinite Spirit of Life? When he comes? When our psychic natures are opened and expanded to realize our oneness with the Infinite Truth, then is his coming, and then are we like him, and in the great Silence we drink in the very essence of Life and Being, and can cry with one of old, "Be still and know Life!"

Psychical.

BY MRS. M. KLEIN.

This word has reference to the soul and its relation to sense, appetites and the outer visible, as well as the invisible worlds. We make no distinction between the spiritual and purely mortal faculties, for the reason that all soul action makes its record for eternity, is, therefore, related to the so-called super-sensible world.

The soul must be active, or there can be no thought, no ideas; but of course the thoughts and ideas may all be kept on worldly planes, and shut out the purer thoughts and truly desirable soul exercise and experience. It is necessary for each and all to be withal honest and upright, and in simplicity of character make the sense activity beneficial, and give the spirit a chance to use this grand mechanism to its desire and improvement; but worldly things seem to be so enticing to most mortals that they crave them, and to obtain them think very godless thoughts, and press them into acts, but lo! when they have what they have thus obtained, it is a short time only until like the apples on the Dead Sea's shore, all become ashes to their taste, for as ashes it is held on its plane when they are called to a station higher in life's great march, and where they appear helpless, and without anything to comfort them, because all they had cherished is left behind.

Therefore, it were well for all worldly-minded ones to stop short their subtle movements to make a showing on the chess board of popular speech and action, for in the final struggle for supremacy, nothing can enter the arena but purity of thought and purpose, all else is time and energy wasted.

When a person, no matter who it may be, has a good, pure, helpful thought, he or she should not think it too precious for conversation, for thus can it be turned to benefit by giving it expression. Be borne in mind that the high ways of life need, badly need, the good thought sprinklers with the valves open. They are refreshing, and, too, the right kind of talk shapes and stimulates superior thoughts for the talker and the listener. Giving and receiving is the absolute rule in the universe.

Van Wert, O.

Is This Heresy?

Less than ten years ago religious organizations were stirred by the trial of Andover theological professors for teaching heresy to their embryo preachers. Apparently the heresy was not stamped out, for recently students from that seminary met at Tufts College with Universalists, to discuss religious questions in general and church unity in particular. Not only were the Orthodox Congregationalists there, but the hard shell Baptists from Newton Seminary sent a delegation, and participants in the debate included Unitarians from the Harvard Divinity School, Methodists from Boston University, and Episcopalians from the Cambridge school of that denomination.

The candidates for the clergy all showed signs of independence in thought and considerable liberality. Each denomination appeared to belittle the importance of its own creed compared with the mission of a church universal to minister to the spiritual welfare of all the people.

The reports state that all agreed that "denominationalism is the curse of the cause of the church to-day." One speaker thought "a new church should be established, which should be like the ancient churches, a temple of worship, not a hall for the use of sewing circles, debating societies and amateur dramatics. The minister should be a man of God, whose influence would be entirely for good, a man looked up to by all, because he serves all. And he should preach a religion free from speculation, and intricate, bewildering doctrines."

If church discipline were to be enforced according to historic precedent, all these young theologians would be disciplined by their respective denominations for neglect "to defend the faith" as taught by the particular creed of each. Shades of Jonathan Edwards, Adoniram Judson, Channing, Mayhew and Wesley! What would these fathers in the Congregational, Baptist, Unitarian, Universalist and Methodist denominations say of a conference of their students to find a common basis for church unity? The history of theological teaching has been the study to find points of difference, and not of agreement. But the times have changed.—Spy.

JONATHAN COLEMAN,

An Instance of Spiritual Development.

BY M. EARL DUNHAM.

CHAPTER VI.

AN INSPIRATIONAL SERMON.

Mr. and Mrs. Coleman were now well equipped for the work to which they were called. Disregarding of the adage sanctioned by Jesus that "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kin," they returned to the region of their own childhood to begin their work among those who had known from their youth up. They sought not honor and glory for themselves, but, like John the Baptist, they went among their own people as heralds of the truth. They felt confident that a new era of revelation was dawning upon the world; a new unfolding of truth was at hand; a higher knowledge of God and of his ways in the development, elevation and purification of the human race was to be avouched unto men; and that henceforth the hands of the visible and of the invisible were to be clasped in one united effort to bring in and set up the kingdom of God on the earth. Of this new revelation, new era, new effort, they were to be apostles, going forth fearlessly, proclaiming the truth and calling men to repentance whether they were hear or forbear. John was beheaded, Jesus was crucified, but the work they had inaugurated went steadily on. They planted; others watered and gathered the increase. Such seems to be the law of propagating the kingdom of God in the earth; the method of carrying the work on; the succession of workers and the parts they perform; and, therefore, if Mr. and Mrs. Coleman succeeded in sowing the seed of truth, they would accomplish an essential part of the work to be done.

It chanced—if chance there be—that they arrived at their old home just before the twentieth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Castleman's marriage. Being relatives they were invited, with a score of other guests, who were present at the marriage ceremony. At the anniversary gathering they were greeted warmly by many; by some they were greeted coolly; a few turned away with furtive glances to see if by any indication of eye, nerve or expression they could detect in him evidences of insanity, or at least of an unsettled mind. These few were those who had predicted that evil would befall him because, twenty years before he had mockingly said "grace" at the marriage feast. Of course they had heard of his financial reverses; they had heard also that these reverses had unsettled his mind; they had accredited these as judgments of God sent upon him; they had prided themselves on this signal fulfillment of their prophecy; and now they were seeking to enjoy the evidence of their superior wisdom; but alas! their closest scrutiny could detect in him not the slightest evidence of mental disturbance. He was the same genial-hearted, pleasant spoken, attractive, interesting man as of yore, having a smile and a kind word for every one, old and young, rich and poor alike; but these croakers of evil were not to be led astray by appearances. They had read some where that "the devil can transform himself into an angel of light," why not, then, transform himself into pleasant smile and kindly spoken words? They were not to be taken by guile, and when some one remarked that "Mr. Coleman was the same pleasant, genial gentleman that he had been twenty years ago," they replied: "That may be in appearance; but we should not forget that the devil is wily, and knows how to clothe his subjects in the garb of saints."

No doubt that these self righteous prophets of evil would have sprinkled themselves with holy water—if holy water had been at hand—to protect themselves against the machinations of the evil one through this, his supposed agent; and it was said that some of them did repeat the Lord's Prayer as a precaution of safety; but none of them were injured save by their own superstition; and heaven knows that is injury enough. These persons, however, were kindly disposed neighbors, generous friends, tender-hearted, and compassionate toward the suffering, but unwinding in their religious belief. They had been trained from youth up to believe in a God of vengeance, who was jealous of his honor and arbitrarily inflicted punishment on all who failed to do him reverence; and in the strength of this confident belief they had predicted that some visitation of the divine displeasure would fall upon Mr. Coleman for his irreverence on that wedding day. More than this, they felt that in some way God would be dishonored if their prediction did not prove true.

Consequently their astonishment was overwhelming when, at the time of the refreshments, the guests having been seated, the plates and napkins having been distributed, they saw Mr. Coleman arise and heard him say: "Twenty years ago many of you attended the marriage ceremony of Mr. and Mrs. Castleman, the anniversary of which we are here assembled this day to celebrate, and you will remember that I then and there mockingly invoked the divine blessing upon the food of which we were about to partake. It was an act of folly, done without forethought or intention of evil, but none the less an act of folly, which I have deeply regretted; but alas! words spoken and deeds done cannot be recalled. The most I can do is to sincerely ask pardon of you, before whom the act was committed, as I have already asked the pardon of my heavenly Father, against whom the unpemitted act of irreverence was done; and now, with hearty thankfulness for untold blessings received, I desire, in all sincerity and honesty of purpose, to invoke our Father's blessing upon us, upon the family of our host, upon the food of which we are about to partake and upon the future of our lives respectively."

Raising his hands and bowing his head, he prayed: "Our Father, the giver of every good and perfect gift, the Being in whom we live and upon whose bounty we daily subsist, bless him and her whose anniversary wedding day we celebrate, and preserve their lives in happiness down to old age; bless all of us here present, and make us kind and loving and charitable toward each other and toward all men; bless this food prepared for our bodily comfort, and feed us with the bread of life eternal; and lead us into all truth and into the everlasting kingdom of thy love, now and forever, amen."

Most of those present were hushed into awed silence, and the anniversary feast began under an embarrassing restraint; but the defenders of God's honor managed to whisper to each other: "Did you notice that he did not mention the name of Christ?"

"Nor refer to him in any way."

"I fear he is a heretic."

"I almost fear to eat this cake since he has asked a blessing over it."

"Oh, dear! what a place for a Christian! So difficult for one to know what to do!"

But notwithstanding their doubts and fears, they managed to do ample justice to the feast, to say nothing of the cake they carried away in their pockets. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman began a sprightly conversation with the guests near them, and soon the anniversary festivities were at floodtide. The merry laugh and sparkling repartee went gaily round, and the anniversary duly ended with fun and frolic. Before the good-byes were said, it became known that Mr. Coleman would speak inspirationally at the village church on the next Sabbath morning; that the subject on which he would speak would be given to him as he reached the pulpit, and that he would take that subject for his text without special preparation or previous knowledge of what the subject would be.

Sunday morning came, and the village church was filled to overflowing. The fact of Mr. Coleman's proposed address had been circulated for miles around, and the people, prompted by curiosity, had flocked in to hear it. Be-

lievers and unbelievers in Spiritualism mingled together, and not a few of the old orthodox faith, who firmly believed Spiritualism to be the machination of the devil, were sprinkled in among them. Some, filled with superstition, shivered with an uneasy feeling as they entered the church, and others affirmed that a chill struck them at the door—a strange, unnatural chill as of a charnel house; for were not the spirits of the dead, or perhaps diabolical spirits there? But, strong as were their superstitious notions, nothing could have induced them to stay away. Even had they known that ghostly spirits would have walked boldly forth, clothed in ceremonies of the grave, they would have been there to see them with their own eyes. And they were there, old and young alike, full of morbid curiosity and struggling to reach the most prominent seats nearest the speaker, to be the first to hear what might be said, as to see what might be seen. They had heard that Mr. Coleman's mind was unsettled; that he did and said strange things; that his addresses were the vapors of a diseased imagination; that he was on the verge of becoming a raving maniac; nay, that he was possessed of the devil; and the more they heard, the more they resolved to be present. Indeed, if this had not been so, they would have been untrue to human nature.

At the appointed hour Mr. Coleman came into the church, accompanied by his wife. Of course all eyes were upon him, though some of the more timid and superstitious shrank back upon their seats as though a contagion was passing by—an act which did not escape the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, who smiled thereat and calmly walked on to their places—she to a chair near the pulpit; he to the foot of the pulpit stair, where he passed, looked around for a moment, inquired if any one had a subject upon which he desired him to speak, received a paper held out, slipped it into his pocket, ascended into the pulpit, and immediately proceeded to the usual opening services of Scripture reading, prayer and singing. These over, he arose, took from his pocket the paper, unfolded it and read from it this question: "What Is Truth?"

He paused for a moment and then said substantially: Truth is the word of God; the expressed thought of the Almighty; the embodied principles and ethics of the universe; the formulated laws, rules, regulations of all things in heaven and earth; the never-changing and unchangeable. Truth is from all eternity to all eternity, the same throughout all worlds, in all time, among all peoples, inseparable from God and God inseparable from it. Truth is the life blood of all, sent through the heart-throbs of infinite love to the uttermost bounds of the universe. Truth and order and justice and purity and righteousness blend into the bow of hope for all worlds, key-stoned by the fatherhood of God and gilded by the Christ love of infinite compassion. Falsehood is truth perverted, distorted, belied; error is truth misconstrued, misapplied, misconceived; therefore, truth is positive; error and falsehood are negative; truth is abiding; error and falsehood are evanescent; truth shall finally and eternally triumph; error and falsehood shall be driven into the depths of oblivion; truth and God shall reign supreme and inseparable forever and forever.

Truth is infinite; men are finite; the finite can know and comprehend the infinite only so far as it, the finite, measures up toward the infinite in quality of character, keenness of perception, and capacity of understanding; hence men can know and comprehend the truth only so far as they measure up in the attributes of the infinite. Paul understood this when he wrote to the Corinthians saying, "We know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. Now we see through a glass darkly, but then—when the perfect is come—'face to face'; now I know in part, but then shall I know even also as I am known." Only as we draw near to the source of truth, and drink of its flowing stream, do we really know the truth; only as the human becomes at one with the divine are clear vision and perfect understanding possible; for oneness, accord, harmony are light; discord, inharmonious, separateness are darkness; and he who would know and see clearly must be in the light. Hence the nearer we draw to the source of light the greater will be our knowledge, and the fuller our comprehension.

By nature we inherit much of darkness and, consequently, lack of understanding; for our animal instincts and propensities which claim our attention and assert their claims clamorously, lead us earthward; and earthward is darkness; heavenward is lightward. The sun is above, and light is from the sun; God is the sun, and all light cometh from him.

Above the animal in man is the intellectual; a region of more light but not enough to dispel all darkness; for the intellect often misconceives, misunderstands, misjudges and misleads. Still higher is the spiritual, the region of pure light, the ante-chamber of truth eternal, the plane on which God communicates with men, the point of divine illumination; the position to which mankind climb slowly. Starting on the lowest plane of sentient life, the animal, they rise laboriously to the intellectual, and grope their way to the spiritual, where alone pure light shineth. In fact, many are content to live in the semi-darkness of the animal; more are satisfied with the clearer light of the intellectual; comparatively few rise to the pure light of the spiritual in this world; and so life here is a struggle between light and darkness, between truth and error, between the kingdom of this world and the kingdom of heaven.

The ascent of life on earth is beclouded with misconception as to what is best; misdirected by false guideboards, humanly erected, on the way of righteousness; confused with traditions hoary with age, created out of misunderstandings of life's lessons; weighted down with the theological speculations of the past which have obscured the way to a correct knowledge of God by representing him as being arbitrary, capricious, passionately wilful, distributing rewards and punishments according to the impulse of a capricious will, capable of being persuaded, pacified, appeased, by flattery, adulation and ceremonial obligations. Hence men think they can buy the favor of the Almighty with adulations or avert his wrath by offered sacrifices—motives based on self-gain and not on love or principle—and therefore they walk in darkness because selfishness is darkness, and they who seek God for selfish ends live in darkness and obtain not the light. Hence their desires are low because born out of selfishness, and their thoughts are corrupt because they are not inspired by the truth, and their actions are barren of good because they spring not from the impulse of the spirit of all good.

What then? Men need to be born again; need to be regenerated by the spirit of truth; need to be lifted out of the misconceptions, misunderstandings, misleadings which beget selfishness, and to be led into such knowledge of the truth and into such a oneness with God as shall make them clearly understand that the highest of good, nay, the all of good, is found in obedience to the demands of truth and righteousness; more than this, they need to have begotten within their hearts such a loyalty to these higher revelations of God to men as will enable them to cherish no desire not born of good; to utter no word not inspired by truth; to perform no act not in accord with the law of righteousness; to indulge no feelings not akin to the heavenly. Whoever attains to this condition shall know the truth, and the truth shall make him free.

Now it is to be borne in mind that truth embodied in the ideas and words of human language loses much of its clearness and force. Human language often mystifies by its necessary limitations and darkens counsel by its lack of clear expression. It attempts to be the embodiment of truth, but proves to be a

prison-house, through the grated bars of which the truth can only partly, and often distortedly, be seen. Sunlight and heat sweep from planet to planet with amazing velocity, but when absorbed into earth and crystallized into coal they are chained prisoners, to be set free again only by the god of fire. The waters of the wandering brook glide laughingly through forest and field until touched by the frost king and crystallized into ice sleep, only to be awakened, like the damsel of the enchanted castle, by the kiss of youthful spring. So truth, embodied in human language and in symbols, is more than half a prisoner, fettered and manacled, waiting for a kiss of purified soul-life to set it free.

Ideas are not new; truth is not of yesterday; they are as old as thought—co-equal in duration with God; but, as yet, they have been only half revealed in symbol and ceremony. All the truths of matter, mind and spirit are eternal, and all down the ages they have been cropping out in legend and story. Allegories and fables have been feeble attempts to put within the compass of human understanding these truths thus being manifested. Inspiration has made words glow and thoughts burn with a diviner meaning, and has revealed to the soul glimpses of exalted knowledge beyond the power of language to express. What men have thus come to know has been the source of all attainments in art, science, domestic happiness, lofty achievements and heavenly beatitudes. It is the truth that sets men free; that breaks the cords of limitation, and opens a unbridled flight to the infinite and eternal. Nor does it matter in what way men reach the truth, or by what name they call it, or by what formula they attempt to express it; for truth is truth everywhere. The Buddhist looks to Buddha and the Christian looks to Christ for wisdom, teaching, guidance, each seeking the same end—the way to the possession of the highest good, life everlasting and blessedness eternal; and each expresses his belief, hopes, expectations in formulas of statement and ceremonies of worship peculiar to himself. What matters it? So that each finds the highest good and becomes a personal possessor of it, it is useless to quarrel about the way pursued. The form, the expression, the outward manifestation are merely passing incidents of the hour; one of the Protean exhibitions of the truth; of use to-day and suppressed to-morrow; but the truth attained will be abiding; for this will enter the heart, and be constructed into character.

Spiritual truth is to be spiritually received. It speaks to the spiritual understanding. It has neither voice nor sound for the dull ears of materiality. Its revelations come in the "still, small voice" to the soul. It kindles fires on the altar of the heart. It baptizes with a flame of light, and whoever is thus baptized becomes a priest of the truth and a son of God. He is made a true vice-regent of the Almighty; a dispenser of that power supreme which works so-called miracles, heals the sick and raises the dead; a possessor of that "peace which passeth all understanding"; a wielder of the power that forgiveth sins, that transforms men into purified sons of God, that enables one to redeem another by the infusion of the truth—the only redemption possible. It brings the dying to life by impartation of its own divinely immortal energy; it fills the soul with the attributes of God himself; it works irrespective of creeds and sends forth the broad invitation to heaven, infidel and Christian alike, saying: Who-soever will come may come and receive freely."

But be not deceived. This transformation, this development into the higher life, this attainment of all good, though glorious in consummation, is painful in process. It is life born out of death. The low must die before the high can live; and as the low possesses consciousness and sensation, it cannot die without pangs; but after the pangs cometh rejoicing. By passing through the bitterness of evil, we learn the sweetness of good. It is the heart that makes grateful the cooling breeze; it is darkness that begets appreciation of the light; it is the suffering of sin that makes welcome the entering in of the divine Christ with his healing, purifying, comforting balm of God's eternal love.

What, then? Is it not better to receive the truth, though its entrance produces the pains of unbridled appetites, passions and propensities? For out of such pains shall be born a conscious possession of all good. Indeed, true sonship of God is attained only by the death of all that is low and debasing in our human nature. It is the product of life out of death—a death of all evil in exchange for a life in all good eternally. Even Jesus fought the battle of temptation and was "made perfect through suffering." What made Jesus the son of God will make each of us a son of God, if we become like Jesus—not by a simple belief in his person, but by becoming a possessor of the truth he embodied. Those who have within them the truth of the Christ are true worshippers of the Father, and are sons of God whether they believe in Christ, Buddha, Confucius or Mohammed; whether they be Jew, Greek, civilized or savage. All such are heirs of everlasting life and shall be eternally blessed. "God is the spirit of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

Mr. Coleman closed amidst breathless attention, and the excitement that followed was intense.

[To be Continued.]

Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

The death of Prof. Buchanan creates a vacancy in the circle of scientific investigators which a select few will be ready to acknowledge, but which the many will overlook till another generation shall arise to perceive his real merit. He was a many-sided man: an investigator, a speculative reasoner, a scientist and a general scholar, and in the fields of research was not unworthy to be classed with Newton, Oersted and Faraday. His works on anthropology are deserving of favorable mention beside those of any master, and would have brought him the highest honor but for the fact that in medical circles exists a hierarchy that flouts and ignores every utterance except from those whom it has branded with its own stamp. Rafinesque, whom Agassiz delighted to honor, was repudiated his life long in a similar way.

Joseph Rodes Buchanan was born at Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 11, 1814. He was the son of a Scotch father, himself a professor in Transylvania University, of versatile tastes and attainments, passionately devoted to knowledge, and turning what he knew to practical uses. The son was a scholar of great precocity, studying geometry, astronomy and French when six years old. He read Robert Owen and Blackstone, developing tastes for social science and disgust for the tortuosities incident to the practice of law. He became a printer, but ill health turned him to the study of medicine. He soon became conscious of the absurdities of the medical curriculum. The Professor of the practice of medicine taught little then beyond the administering of calomel, aloes and rhubarb; the calomel being, in difficult cases, prescribed in doses of a teaspoonful.

In those days this practice was shielded by legislation; and a man was venturous to differ from the practice of the State, subject to fine and imprisonment as one guilty of crime. To be sure, such days and such things pertain to a period of barbarism.

Dr. Buchanan has prepared a form of medical statute which might help the "plain people" see clearly, and I repeat it. That every medical man signing a death certificate should name the school of medicine to which he belongs. At the present time it seems as though the physician whose patients most generally get well, is the one most hounded and persecuted.

But to show how stupid ignorant men can be, medical men who are members of medical committees in the Assembly of New York, placed there in recognition of their learning, have identified the subject of this sketch with Dr. John Buchanan of Philadelphia, and insisted that they were the same individual.

Dr. Buchanan soon broadened out from the

narrow domain of medical study. He early made phrenology a study and then mesmerism, becoming proficient in them while the general public regarded them as fantasies. His ulterior physiological demonstration is expressed in the formula: *All parts of the body sympathize with the brain and soul.*

But learned bodies would not even hear him. Prof. Samuel D. Gross told him in so many words, that he must seek some scientific body outside of the medical profession to investigate the subject.

This reminds one of the decision of the Apostles Paul and Barnabas as given in the Acts of the Apostles: "It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles."

Of course the apostles were smothered by the other believers for this, but they won.

Buchanan was received cordially by men of culture and intelligence, and his doctrines were accepted in the higher social and intellectual circles.

The American Eclectic School of Practice had come into existence through the labors of Dr. Wooster Beahm of New York, Thomas Cooke of Philadelphia, Calvin Newton of Massachusetts, and their fellow laborers. In 1845 the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati was incorporated by the Legislature of Ohio, and organized by Dr. Thomas Vaughan Morrow. Dr. Buchanan took the chair of physiology, and for ten years had abundant opportunity to develop and unfold his new scientific views, learning as well as teaching.

It was here that Elizabeth Blackwell was first accepted for a student in medicine. As soon as it was learned that she would be received by the Eclectics, the medical college at Geneva, N. Y., accepted her, and having graduated her, voted to receive no more women students. With this fact patent before us, I have wondered her tenacity for the Old School, etc. But then, the female sex is inherently conservative.

Dr. Buchanan's account of these matters is so characteristic of himself that I copy it: "I was the representative man," he declares; "I was the only one widely known, the only one who could reach the public by tongue or pen. I was the champion on all occasions. Every document from the school was prepared by me. The others deferred to my views and policy. I introduced women into the college. The first application in this county was made to me from Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, and we accepted it. But as we were excluded from the hospital, she looked elsewhere, and was received by a college in Western New York."

The National Eclectic Medical Association was organized in 1848, and Dr. Buchanan succeeded Dr. Morrow as its president. But he would not attend its meetings. Indeed, he urged its disbanding, and afterward wrote against it, and presented a resolution in the Faculty of the Institute denouncing it. He acknowledged nothing as "Eclectic" that did not originate with that Faculty.

A bitter contention arose in 1855 between Dr. Buchanan and several of his colleagues, he and the treasurer each accusing the other of embezzling the funds. It resulted in a lawsuit, the establishing of a rival medical college, and, a few years later, in a reunion, in which he was not a part. He had become weary of conflict with the coarser men with whom he had been engaged. Some of them did not scruple to ridicule his new sciences in terms of professional billingsgate. Besides, medical men are generally too materialistic in their views of things to perceive profit or utility in pursuits that they can only regard as fanciful and visionary. He, on his part, felt himself placed in a false light by appearing as a representative of practical medicine rather than as the promulgator of a new philosophy.

The Civil War found him a resident of Louisville. He states that he led the Democratic party of Kentucky for three years. Whether he was an advocate for secession or simply what was then called "peace at any price," I do not know. We were not always candid toward those who did not see as we did. I, for one, was an abolitionist, out and out. In 1863 he was candidate of the Peace party for Congress. But he soon had all that he wanted of politics. He turned his attention to matters of business. He employed himself at Syracuse, N. Y., applying an improved method for making salt. Whether it succeeded, or he succeeded with it, I never knew.

It was about this time that I first saw him. We were introduced to each other by the man who had accused him and been accused by him in 1855. They now seemed to be friends, but I was not favorably impressed by a criticism which Dr. Buchanan made upon the other when he had chance to leave the room.

Personally, I ought, however, to find little fault with him. He made an anthropological sketch of me at this time which I did not see till it was printed, as flattering as a vain man could wish, and, of course, I regarded it as pretty correct. I heard him speak once or twice since at a meeting where I presided, and I was charmed at his elquence. I found out afterward that he made friends, but somehow did not retain them.

My own guess is that he was too much Scotch for Yankeeeland. He in a more refined way displayed the points of the two "Sawmies."

1. "Donald, I've think over a dozen will be saved?"

2. "Na sae many; not mair than you and I, and I sometimes have my doubts of you."

3. "I am open to conviction, but I defy you to find the man that can convince me."

Dr. Buchanan became professor in the Eclectic Medical College in New York in 1877, and left in 1881. I suppose he taught "sarcognomy" and others of his views, which were far in advance of any medical curriculum. I think he introduced the term, and also "psychognomy," which I have often seen uncritically if not improperly used. When new technical terms are introduced, charlatans are quick to seize and misapply them. I am perhaps too sensitive about faulty diction, but such bastard terms as "psychologize" grate; and I wish that Prof. Kiddle's term "intermediary" could be substituted for the noun of the neuter gender, "medium."

Dr. Buchanan afterward went to Boston, first to take a place in the University, and afterward to attempt to found an institution of his own. His career there needs no rehearsing, but for years he stood the brunt against the attempt to introduce the old repudiated medical legislation again into Massachusetts. His published speeches on that matter deserve the rank of medical classics; and for his utterances and labors for freedom I invoke honor for him and blessings on his memory.

He finally removed his work to San Francisco, and seems to have met with indifferent success. We next hear of him at San Diego. Age had imposed its burdens upon him, but he rested not.

His two publications on "Primitive Christianity" have been already noticed. I read the first volume disapprovingly. I have already said what I think, and will not repeat it.

As a teacher in science, he had few superiors. No text-books contain matter on the subjects which he taught, equal to his lectures. Probably he was somewhat opinionated and visionary; I think he was. But what he said on blood-letting, inflammation and fever, was in advance of all text-books. His books which he prided himself upon, "Therapeutic Sarcognomy" and "Psychognomy" deserve careful perusal; even if we do not go his lengths, we are made better informed. They show us conclusively that medicine ought to be taught after methods and principles that medical colleges wholly ignore. I am not competent to praise or criticize them properly. His treatise on the "New Education" passed through several editions; but a work which he prepared on "Materia Medica" was never published. His "Journal of Man" was wholly unique, and, as Captain Cuttle would describe it, "chock full of science." He planned another book, "The New World of Science," but I know not whether he prepared it.

He could write sharply of those who differed from him. Paying a visit to the School of Philosophy at Concord, he denominated it an "Owl" affair. He despised former philosophers, and denounced Plato. He was out of touch with whatever did not affiliate with himself. He naturally was a Spiritualist, and as a teacher of the new knowledge would have been invaluable. It was enough to have a man

who was a fit compeer to Wallace, Crookes and Aikroff.

One morning in 1877 I called at the "Lamery" upon Mrs. Blavatsky. The maid at the door below assured me that the Madam was not to be seen; but, as my voice was overheard I was at once admitted. I heard that she was not "at home" to Prof. Buchanan. How these two luminaries came into conflict I never learned; but it has caused me many a smile.

In practical measures he was generally for the advance. He was, as I have cited, a vigorous champion for freedom in medicine. He was a Law Reformer at an early day. Admiring the philanthropic views of Robert Owen in his boyhood, he succeeded Henry George and Edward McGlynn in their crusade for equitable taxation and the abolition of poverty. With all his foibles, erroneous concepts, and even what we might except to more earnestly, we must accord honor to Joseph Rhodes Buchanan as a man who sincerely desired to promote the betterment of his fellowmen.

The Roberts' Case.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

The curtain has been rung down to close the Roberts' drama, which has been on the boards of the House of Representatives at Washington more than a month. The ending is to be deprecated, or rather the mode by which the end was reached. Mr. Roberts had a certificate formal and legal in all respects, declaring his election to Congress from Utah, a document which in no wise could be controverted, conforming as it did in all respects to the law and the usages under it. He was elected, and when, having taken the oath, became a member, clothed with all the powers and functions of a member. When he presented his credentials, and was on the floor of the House, he was a member, *de jure*, and if the oath had been permitted he would have been such *de facto*. The oath gives no title to the seat, that follows the certificate; the oath is a theological tagline having nothing to do with the validity of the title. Senator Clark of Montana is in the limbo; he is charged with offenses which, if true, will oust him; yet he was admitted to a seat, occupies it, and will do so till the charges are proven. It would have been a gross outrage if the Senate had refused him his seat, as it was when the House refused Mr. Roberts a seat. The cases of the Senator and the Representative have or had a like status. This making fish of one and fowl of the other is not good logic, equating with the corners of decency and sound good sense.

The minority of the House Committee on the Roberts' case was in the right when it insisted that Mr. Roberts should be seated, then dealt with. To deal with him before he was seated, was extra judicial, an outrage, for that act was usurpation, an over riding of a legal document, discourteous to Utah and every freeman of Mr. Roberts' constituency whose will was registered and put in legal form before the House. Up to this point Mr. Roberts was seated as every other member was, and whether he was a polygamist, a Mohammedan or a pagan was no one's business; whether a member of the House or an outsider. When he became *de facto* a member, having taken the oath, the time arrived when his case came within the scope of the body he was associated with. Mr. DeArmond and his colleague were right, their recommendations in line with constitutional principles, justice and fair play.

Look for a moment and see the open door which has been made, which possibly hereafter may be used to work evil and mischief. Suppose at some future time a constituency returns a Representative in the House, a member who may belong to one of the minor sects, and some zealot of the majority should work up a "virtuous spasm," set the country ablaze, send petitions by the car load, protesting against his being permitted a seat. A precedent has been made, weak-kneed Representatives may bend to the storm, and send the obnoxious man adrift. The only safe course for peoples or legislators to pursue is to insist on an adherence to the principles of free government, and all the equities incident thereto. The foregoing is not an apology for, or defence of polygamy; it is only a criticism of the pigheadedness which has been exhibited in a wild rush to do the right thing in a wrong way. Never, by devious modes of legislation, throw the sheet anchor overboard, which may be needed when a stress comes.

Keep Abreast of the Age.

Are Spiritualists any more progressive than the rest of the human herd? Are they earnest seekers after truth? From our watch-tower, which overlooks the whole field of human progress, we regret that we are obliged to answer these important questions in the negative. The Spiritualists, who have always boasted of their non-sectarianism and broadness of view, have degenerated into the most narrow-minded bigots and self-seekers. They sit idly by the wayside and permit the car of progress to sweep by them unnoticed. They sit and sing of the sweet by-and-byes while the green fields of the glorious Now and Here are being trampled into the mud by herds of human swine.

It is the duties of the present hour that demand our attention. Let us shake off the lethargy of the ages of night and usher in the morn of the new day. Let us by united effort show to the people that we are a power in the land—a power for right, truth and justice. To do this we must be studious; we must familiarize ourselves with all current systems of philosophy, and in short must keep abreast of the times. Human herds, like other herds, follow beaten paths, and if we know of fairer fields that lie between these winding paths, then let us learn those paths, that we may point out their crooks and compare them to our better way.

Ever since the suspension of Stead's *Borderland*, we have been frequently requested to start a similar occult review to take its place, and last August we launched the *Harbinger of Dawn* to fill the "long felt want," but although it is the unanimous verdict of the Spiritualists that the "want" is supplied, yet less than twenty per cent. of our subscribers are known as Spiritualists, which shows that the same old Human Nature lives to day that existed nineteen centuries ago: "He came to his own, and his own knew him not."

The *Harbinger of Dawn* takes nature as it finds it, and presents a summary of all systems, dwelling upon none longer than is necessary to give it a fair presentation. Because of these varied views which have been presented, we have been accused of teaching first one system and then another, whereas we have taught no system whatever, for the reason that all are imperfect. When any finite mind presumes to claim that he has discovered a perfect system of philosophy, and that he knows the origin, mission and destiny of man, he is to be pitied; yet there are many spirits, both incarnate and decaurate, who imagine they have a corner on Truth. These Know-It-Alls are the greatest enemies of the systems they claim to teach.

We present varied facts, systems and theories that they may be analyzed, studied, and the grains of truth which they may contain carefully culled.

Truth and error grow side by side in Nature's garden, and the former would not be recognized without the object-lesson of the latter.

In conclusion, we beg to inform our readers that we cannot be coerced into departing from the broad field upon which we have entered. If our views are too broad for you, there are plenty of one-idea periodicals, running in all sorts of narrow grooves, any one of which you can substitute for the *Harbinger of Dawn*. We have launched upon the great ocean of Time, in search of the shores of Eternity, and do not propose to deviate from our course by the fairy tales of any small craft regarding buried treasures, etc., which we happen to have already investigated, and know to be false.—*Harbinger of Dawn*.

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Mrs. LULU REYNOLDS, Brockport, Monroe Co., N. Y., says: "I had been ill for a long time and could not get no help, having employed different doctors and taken most every kind of medicine, but I got no help until I tried Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I shall always bless Dr. Greene for having put such a good medicine on the market, and I cannot say enough in favor of it. I had suffered so much for years with heart trouble, female weakness, and was so nervous that I could not bear to have any one walk across the floor; I had such pains darting all over me, and have had St. Vitus' dance. My menstruation stopped entirely; in fact, I went through everything that flesh is heir to and live, so no one can wonder that I feel so thankful for my health. I hope others will find out about Dr. Greene's Nervura, as I did, in time, as every one in my neighborhood thinks I have been raised from the dead, or nearly so, as they know what Nervura has done for me. I thank Dr. Greene for his wonderful medicine, and if any lady wishes to hear more from me, and what this medicine did for me, I will be glad to explain, if she will enclose a stamp in her letter to me."

If you wish medical advice, it may be had absolutely free, by calling or writing to Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. Here your troubles will receive scientific diagnosis and sympathetic consideration. All consultations, by letter or personally, are confidential.

Children's Spiritualism.

IT DOESN'T COST MONEY.

It does not cost money, as many suppose, to have a good time on the earth. The best of its pleasures are free unto those who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing, The loveliest flowers grow wild; The finest of drinks gushes out of the spring—All free to man, woman and child.

No money can purchase, no artist can paint Such pictures as nature supplies Forever, all over, to slumber and saint Who use to advantage their eyes.

Kind words and glad looks and smiles cheery and brave Cost nothing—no, nothing at all; And yet all the wealth Monte Christo could save Can make no such pleasures befall.

It does not cost money to have a good time, And that is the reason, alas! Why many who might have enjoyment sublime, Their lives in such misery pass.

It does not cost money to have a good time; The world's best enjoyments are free; But those who find pleasure in folly and crime Will not with these true words agree.

—W. C. Dodge.

Our Little White Pansy.

BY SYLVANUS LYON.

"Nor love thy life nor hate it; but whilst thou livest, Live well; how long, how short, permit to heaven."

Oh! it was drooping, fast fading, and now looked so frail—really dying.

Once it was our pet flower of the spring and summer. It was lovely with its fresh cluster of large green leaves, and so many tiny delicate ones, veined; nestled midst these—as a shelter—bloomed the white pansy flower.

It seemed so strange—Nature's care and love fashioning each flower—each bloom and leaf, making a little button centre to unite them.

But now it was dying in its new home! It was really sorrowful to see how quickly it knew of the change—the air and care were not congenial, and the heat withered first one, then another, and many leaves and flowers, all fading, falling, until our pansy was only a remembrance—a parting sorrow, telling of past glory. Only four tiny leaves at the top, and three remnants of large ones, with one little faded wilted, flower remained.

Any loss of any love is sorrowful to a true lover, and thus our pansy, in its red pet under the lamp-light, on an ordinary room table was a sad memento.

Such a change! so different! In springtime it came forth fair, rejoicing in new birth, and in its little flower bed; and all the long summer days its beauty seemed to tell us "the hand that made us is divine."

And why this blight—sorrow for beauty—this semblance of the past, with signs of death? Transplanted to the house, new air and soil, less care.

And now our lesson. We are all like the flowers, we can and should grow and flourish in beauty. For this perfection—good, and their influences—we must all give a true reckoning, for our birthright royal is, and every one, gifted with heavenly promises.

Like the little pansy, we should grow many buds of beauty, and perfect these to fair flowers of love.

For this excellence of growth, this divine fulfillment, we need the soil of truth, the air of purity, and oft heaven's refreshing showers for strength.

We can possess these treasure gifts if we will. They grow with good thoughts, true actions—a life of nobleness.

With these influences, like the little pansy in its springtime beauty, blooming new graces like the leaves, and new flowers of joy and promise will be ours, now, and for all eternity, for God proves us in this life, that we may the more rejoice in heaven's rewards.

Rainy Days.

My Dear Little Friends: My media has been so busy that I have had no chance to come and have a letter written for some time, but I have many times thought of you all. One very rainy day when I had no special work to do, I went visiting, and I thought it would be nice to tell you what I think of rainy days. In spirit land we have none. This may seem strange to you, but when you think about it you will understand why it is so. All the conditions in spirit land are more perfect than those on your earth plane, and everything that grows seems to be better able to get along without rain after sun, and darkness after light, than the growing things in your life are. Your world seems like a baby world, and as if everything had to be bathed with rain to cool it off after the heat of the sun, and its eyes rested with the shadow of the night after the broad light of the day, just as our little baby brothers and sisters have to

Reviews and Clippings.

A MANUAL OF MENTAL SCIENCE is a succinct and valuable work on mental science, or psychology; price, \$1 (4s.); intended for teachers and parents. It gives the play of thought evolving from the minds of children in an entirely new method, and has brought the subject under consideration up to date. In no other period of the world's history has the cause of human thought undergone such modifications as those that characterize modern intellectual endeavor, and the scientific world is entering upon a new era of mental activity, the dawn of which reveals, as its basis, a wider and more accurate knowledge of the workings of the mind. The changes that are taking place call for a new work on the organs of the brain and the faculties of the mind, and we hail this new factor in literature as a boon to the thousands of teachers who are in need of the information contained in its pages. It is finely illustrated with cuts from the original photographs, and should have a ready sale not only in this country, but in England, where it is simultaneously issued. The work is delicate in treatment, direct and forcible in statement, easy and graceful in style.

Fowler & Wells Co.
Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

WE FOUR GIRLS, by Mary G. Darling. All who have read "Battles at Home" and "In the World," by Mary G. Darling, will be delighted to hear that this author presents a new book for girls which will, undoubtedly, prove as popular as her previous volumes.

"We Four Girls" is a bright, healthy story of a summer vacation enjoyed by these four girls in the country, where they were sent for study and recreation. The story has plenty of natural incidents; and a mild romance, in which they are all interested, and of which their teacher is the principal person, gives interest to the tale. Under gentle guidance the better qualities of character are built up, their studies pursued, and yet their pleasures in no way abridged; and in the end the young girls thought it the most delightful summer they ever passed. Every girl will wish that she could have as beautiful a summer vacation, and any mother may be happy to place such a book in her daughter's hands. Price, \$1.25.

Lee & Shepard, Boston.
Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

THE OVERCROWDING EVIL. Nothing appeals more to the social reformer than the horrors of overcrowding. It is known that in East and South London human beings are herded together like the beasts that perish—indeed, worse than the beasts. But the following extract from the *Toynee Record* is unique in its sordid horror: "At St. George-in-the-East, on Thursday, Mr. Wootton (Sanitary Inspector, West district), reported that in one house he visited in the West district seventy persons were living. There were twenty beds in a large workroom at the top of the house, and the beds were so close together that they made practically one bed. In a back room there were three beds, five in the front room, and in a room over the kitchen six." And this is a civilized and Christian country! What a pity that the Government, instead of plunging into war, could not have spared a little energy to reform these hideous social evils at home. In such cases as these the landlords ought to be made responsible.

Some interesting facts are told us by M. D'Arvenel, the eminent statistician of France, on overcrowding in Paris, and also on the history of its population. According to this authority, it took Paris one thousand years, i. e., from Charlemagne to Napoleon, 1811, to attain a population of six hundred thousand souls. Eighty-five years have sufficed to raise the number to two millions. But area has not increased in proportion to population. Whilst during the First Empire Paris counted a superficies of fifty-five square yards per head, under the Third Republic this superficies has been reduced to thirty-three square yards, with the results we know. "No room to live" threatens to become as serious a question for the middle class of Paris as for the poor of London. Every year the population increases by twenty-five thousand; here birth-rate is less to be taken into account than immigration. And rents get higher and higher.—*The January Humanitarian*.

STORED ATMOSPHERE, by Waldon Fawcett. A marvelous new engineering force, second only to electricity in the number and diversity of its uses, has stolen quietly into a most important place in the world of industry. The path of progress along which compressed air has forged during the past few years has not been marked by figures like a Franklin with his kite, or an Edison with the manifold products of his workshop, standing like milestones along the avenue of its advancement.

It was air-driven tools that helped to make possible the rapidity of construction of the At-Bara Bridge, which did so much to open the eyes of Great Britain to the dangers of American competition. It was a realization of the capabilities of these pneumatic appliances which enabled the Cramps, of Philadelphia, to capture from the Russian government contracts for war vessels because they guaranteed to deliver them in thirty-three months, whereas the French builders demanded over four years.

Indeed, the stored atmosphere is doing almost as great a variety of work as the electric current. It propels our automobiles, operates our street cars, whisks our letters through miles of underground tubes, and performs almost every service save locomotion, for our great railway systems. Finally, compressed air has made possible the submarine boat, which is to revolutionize naval warfare.

In no sphere of work is the introduction of compressed air working greater wonders than in marine wrecking. By reason of the assistance which it lends, salvage operations which a few years ago would have been regarded as nothing short of foolhardy are now undertaken as a matter of course. That most interesting memento of the Spanish-American war, the cruiser *Reina Mercedes*, and the souvenir which we found, only to lose again—the cruiser *Maria Teresa*—were both secured for us by means of compressed air. Not only did Lieutenant Hobson use countless rubber bags filled with air to raise the *Teresa*, but in patching up both vessels hundreds of rivet holes were driven under water by means of the pneumatic appliances. Right here, too, was scored another little victory for American tools, for when the Russian naval attaché who was watching the operations at Santiago saw the work done by the novel utensils he straightway recommended that every warship in the Czar's navy be provided with a full equipment in order to facilitate repair work.

It is almost too early to estimate the value of compressed air for the propulsion of automobiles and street cars, but that it has a place as a public transportation agent has already been demonstrated conclusively. Prominent capitalists, who are not only men of millions but capable engineering experts as well, have backed their judgment by investing heavily in companies organized to utilize compressed air in the operation of heavy trucks. In one of these new corporations such men as Richard Croker, Lewis Nixon, the shipbuilder, and Henry W. Cramp, superintending engineer of the Cramp shipyard, are heavily interested.

The autotruck, its advocates claim, will revolutionize the trucking business of the metropolis, and indeed every city of any size. The compressed air trucks are, of course, quite heavy, but their projectors claim that this is a decided advantage in that it will contribute to strength. Being designed for operation only with a comparatively restricted district, it will be convenient for them to return at intervals to a charging station for a new supply of power. Once arrived at the central station, a few minutes will suffice for refilling of the storage tanks with compressed air.

Among the people who are acquainted by reputation or otherwise with the brainiest men in the transportation business in America, it is of immense significance that President

WONDERFUL CURES BY SWAMP-ROOT.

Deacon Pollard Finds Swamp-Root Presen Help in Time of Trouble.

Among the many famous cures of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, investigated by the BANNER OF LIGHT, the ones which we publish this week for the benefit of our readers speak in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great remedy.

Deacon Charles F. Pollard, a prominent Baptist deacon of Lynn, Mass., residing at 74 High Rock street, adds his testimony to the wealth of others as to the wonderful curative effects of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. Deacon Pollard on Jan. 2d writes:

"For years I had kidney and bladder trouble, and was also a victim of acute rheumatism in my arms and legs. The pains from the latter affection were very hard to bear. I tried many doctors and medicines without benefit. Some time ago I commenced to take Swamp Root; it has entirely cured my rheumatism, and has greatly helped my other troubles. I should not think of keeping house without having Swamp-Root as a conspicuous feature of the house-keeping utensils.

I can only speak in the highest praise of its health-giving properties. C. F. POLLARD.



DEACON C. F. POLLARD.

What a Woman Says of Swamp-Root.

Mrs. H. N. Wheeler, of 208 Boston street, Lynn, Mass., writes on Dec. 11, '99: "About 18 months ago I had a very severe attack of grip. I was extremely sick for three weeks, and when I finally was able to leave my bed I was left with excruciating pains in my back. My water at times looked very like coffee. I could pass but little at a time, and then only after suffering great pain. My physical condition was such that I had no strength and was all run down. The doctors said my kidneys were not affected, but I felt certain that they were the cause of my trouble. My sister, Mrs. C. E. Littlefield, of Lynn, advised me to give Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root a trial. I procured a bottle, and inside of three days commenced to get relief. I followed up that bottle with another, and at the completion of this one found I was completely cured. My strength returned, and to-day I am as well as ever. My business is that of a canvasser. I am on my feet a great deal of the time, and have to use much energy in getting around. My cure is therefore all the more remarkable, and is exceedingly gratifying to me."

Mrs. H. N. WHEELER.

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

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

So when your kidneys are sick you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick, or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince you, and you may have a sample bottle free for the asking.

When your kidneys are not doing their work, some of the symptoms which prove it to you are pain or dull ache in the back, excess of uric acid, gravel, rheumatic pains, sediment in the urine, scanty supply, scalding irritation in passing it, obliged to go often during the day and to get up many times during the night to empty the bladder; sleeplessness, nervous irritability, dizziness, irregular heart, breathlessness, sallow, unhealthy complexion, puffy or

dark circles under the eyes, loss of ambition, general weakness and debility.

Swamp-Root is used in the leading hospitals; recommended by skillful physicians in their private practice; and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy that science has ever been able to compound.

Sample Bottle Free. To prove its wonderful curative properties, send your name and address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., when you will receive, free of all charge, a sample bottle of Swamp Root and a valuable book.

By mail prepaid. This book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of this world-famous kidney remedy. Swamp-Root is so remarkably successful that our readers are advised to write for a free sample bottle, and to be sure and mention reading this generous offer in the Boston BANNER OF LIGHT.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need you can purchase the regular fifty cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere.

Freeland, of the Metropolitan Street Railway Corporation of New York City, has within the past few weeks come forward with the declaration that compressed air constitutes preeminently the ideal motive force for street railways upon short branch lines, especially those that have many switches. Mr. Freeland is also interested in a company which intends to place in service upon the highways of New York City cabs driven by compressed air.

It was only five years ago that Mr. John Wamamaker, then Postmaster-General, first introduced compressed air for the transmission of the mails by the establishment of a pneumatic mail tube line in Philadelphia. It was almost an absolute innovation, and it demonstrated the entire practicability of the project. Now there are miles and miles of these tubes in the principal cities of the country. In some instances single circuits have a length of from three to four miles, and through these there shoot, almost with the speed of projectiles, cartridges carrying more than half a thousand letters.

To the railroads of the country belong the credit of taking the fullest advantage of the enormous possibilities of compressed air. The principal transportation lines have vied with one another in its utilization. It sweeps the stations, paints the cars, handles the baggage, rings the locomotive bells, signals the trains, stops them, and finally even dusts and cleans the cushions, carpets and furniture in the coaches.

The employment of many of the appliances introduced by the railroads has conferred benefits not only by economy of time but by a direct pouring of money into the coffers of the companies. Thus there have been few bills for damages for misused trunks where the pneumatic baggage handler is in use, carefully lifting a trunk weighing a quarter of a ton into a car in five seconds, and car carpets and cushions wear much longer when the dust is driven out by a rush of air than when the furnishings are turned over to the tender mercies of men armed with broom and carpet-beaters. It was one of the dreams of the late Colonel Waring, Commissioner of the Street Cleaning Department of New York City, that the health and cleanliness of the metropolis would be immensely increased if, first, some other motive power than that furnished by horses could be obtained, and second, if some more thorough and efficient method of street cleaning could be devised. These aspirations are likely to ere long be realized.

As for street cleaning, the compressed-air blower has already demonstrated its wonderful serviceability, and there is reason to believe that the demonstration has only just commenced.

The novel uses to which compressed air is being put would fill a long list. Every housewife knows of its use in pneumatic mattresses, but probably very few persons know that it has given the sculptor a new tool which enables him to chisel statues with wonderful rapidity, that it rings church bells in the spires of two continents, and that it hammers the rivets in bridges and ships many times as rapidly as the best workman could do by hand. Up in a little town in Michigan thousands of bushel baskets are made each day by compressed-air machines, and in some of our Eastern shipyards a machine driven by this new motive power sprays paint evenly over the sides of a ship, which thus serves to reduce the dangers of one of the trades most detrimental to health.

Finally, it is interesting to note that whereas half a dozen years ago the total capital represented in compressed-air appliances of all kinds in this country was less than a million dollars, to-day it is a hundred times that sum, and in-

creasing with a rapidity that almost baffles computation.—*From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post of Jan. 27.*

More Delightful Laws.

The latest of the many reform schemes suggested for Washington is the one proposing the ringing of the curfew bell and the enactment of a regulation requiring all children under fifteen years of age to keep off the streets after 9 o'clock in the summer and 10 o'clock in the winter. It is proposed to provide that children who are on the street after the prescribed hour must be accompanied by or have been sent on some errand by a parent or guardian. Any others can be arrested by the police and fined five dollars for each offence, and any parent permitting his children to run about at night is also to be fined five dollars for each offence.

We would respectfully submit, as an amendment, that all children be rounded up, driven to the pound and there destroyed, and that it be made an offence punishable with life imprisonment to have any children anyway. It is also evident that this country has not laws enough now. Every proceeding of every man, woman and child in the land, unless he or she belongs to a reform association with a political pull, ought to be punished by fines at least three times a day till they join the association.

—Ez.

BANNER OF LIGHT:

THE OLDEST JOURNAL IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE Spiritual Philosophy.

ISSUED WEEKLY

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FRED. G. TUTTLE, TREASURER.
HARRISON D. BARRETT, EDITOR.

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SPECIAL NOTICE

Banner of Light.

J. C. F. Grumbine is announced for Washington D. C., during April and May, 1900; speaks the Sunday of March in the Pierce Building, Copley Square Boston, at 11 A.M. and 8 P.M.

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.

In the cause of Truth, will you kindly assist us in finding those to whom the following messages are addressed? Many of them are not Spiritualists, or subscribers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, hence we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality.

Report of Seance held Jan. 25, S. E. 52, 1900.

Invocation.

Oh, Spirit of Truth, whose subtle influence is in all, through all, above and around us, we seek to understand whatever of truth may be revealed to us as we come at this hour into thy presence. Every moment grows precious as we seek wisdom through the fulfillment of knowledge. We reach out to all mankind, even unto the uttermost parts of the earth. Whatever circle of influence, under whatever banner or whatever name, truth may be walking, we grasp hands with her and gladly walk forward by her side. Down through the ages comes the wisdom-light of the past, and before us upon the heights of the future is the light that will guide us over the pathways of the future. We feel the nearness, the sympathy, the approach of great souls, of honest, truthful men and women, with loving hearts, and whether they may have passed on to higher spheres, to new attitudes of growth, or whether they are still groping in the darkness of mortal life, we are one with them and they are one with us, seeking for the same light that shines around about all of God's creatures. Help the dear ones who may at this moment find voice and opportunity to send greetings to their loved ones. May their messages come freighted with love, without hesitation, but full of strength and that heroism that is born of true goodness. Amen!

MESSAGES.

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

Emma Crosby.

The first spirit who comes to me is a lady twenty-five years old, about medium height and not very stout. She has quite dark hair and smooth, glossy locks, and appears as if she took very good care of her person in all respects. She has rather thin hands, and she puts them up to her face in a nervous way. "Before I went to the spirit I suffered so much with my head! It seemed as though I never could be freed from headache, and oh! it was such a relief to me to at last feel that the old body was shaken off and I was free. My name is Emma Crosby. I used to live in Norwich, Ct., but I did not know very much about Spiritualism. I had a sort of an idea that perhaps spirits hovered around among their friends, but did not think that they could speak to them; and so after I was free, and saw my own people feeling so badly about me, I was filled with a desire, that has never left me, to get back to them and tell them that I knew what they were talking about and how much they missed me. Please say that my little brother is with me. He passed out a long time before I did, but he is as much a part of the family as though he had lived a long time in earth-life. I want to get to my sister. Her name is Nellie Crosby, and she still lives in Norwich, Ct., and is not married, so that will be her present name."

Seth Coleman.

Here comes a man about sixty-five years old. He has a bushy beard around his face, a big nose, with dark blue eyes and heavy, bushy brows. His hair is quite long down on the sides of his head, then goes up a bit in the front and comes down long. He looks at me with a pleasant and yet impatient way, as though he wanted to speak but did not want to be hurried about it. He sits down, slaps his knee with his hand, and says: "It seems to me that when I have a chance to come I ought to at least have an opportunity to talk as long as I wish. When I was here in earth life, I used to talk and talk, and my wife said that I had rather sit around the fire and tell stories than to go to bed or eat my victuals. I don't know but what she was right, for I have passed much time talking about things that used to be, and I have sometimes wondered if it would not be better if I grew dumb for a little while and did more work. My name is Seth Coleman, of Manchester, N. H. My wife is with me, and although she keeps prodding me to get up and do something, we are pretty happy together. I never used to get very cross because she wanted to work all the time, and I did not see why she needed to get cross because I did not want to do the same. It is a matter of temperament, and if she wanted to spend all her days digging and slaving, why let her do it and let me keep still. It seems as though people who work are never satisfied to let the people who do not work sit still. But the people who sit still are most always content to let other people work if they want to."

Sylvester Clark.

The spirit of a rather tall, thin man, who has very dark eyes, with his hair pushed straight back over his forehead, is the next to come. On the back of his head he is as bald as a button. He laughs when I say that as though he did not expect me to talk about his bald head. He had a way of brushing his hair so that it would not show, and you had to get around behind him to see if he was bald. He says, "My name is Sylvester Clark, but they used to call me Ves. I feel pretty good coming. I knew something about Spiritualism. I did not know any of you people, and I was not one who was recognized very largely among the Spiritualists, but at the same time the truth had got into my life, because once after my mother died I saw her, and I knew that I had seen her not as a ghost, but as my mother. I came from Stamford, Ct. I was a working man. I held no very great or high position, but I tried to do my duty the best I could. While I was not one who believed religion was everything, I thought it smoothed out some wrinkles in some people, and I am now inclined to think that religion is a good thing after all for people if they do not carry it

too far." Then he turns to me, and says: "Will you please let my brother speak too? His name is William Clark. He was lame a long time before he came over, and I can tell you that when he got over here, and found he had two legs, it seemed about as good to him as though he had gone out and found them in the earth life when he was there. He realized that the years of earth life were as nothing compared to the future that he had to enjoy."

Albert Foster.

Here is another man; quite short, and he has no hair anywhere—just a fringe. He does not like it much, either. I think he used everything under the sun to make it grow, but the more he tried the less hair he had. He is small; when he was young he was dapper, but when he was old he was not. He seemed to be weakened. He says: "Please speak for me as quickly as you can and say that my name is Albert Foster. I came from Fitchburg. I did not know one thing about this. More than that, if it had been brought to me I would not have received it. I thought it was about all I could do to take care of the things that were facing me every day without delving into any mysterious condition around me to find something new. I found Caroline when I came over. She said she had been about me ever since she died. I thought I was dreaming. It did not seem to me it was true at all, but as if I had dreamed I was talking with her. After a while she brought my sister Mary, who was a young girl when she passed away; and when she spoke to me it seemed to awaken me from my stupor, and I realized that I had left the body. When I found this was a fact it seemed to me I ought to be telling somebody about it. I have not any very near friends left. I did not make friends very fast, but somehow I would like to give this word, because it will do me good, as well as any one who might have known me, to know that I am conscious of a living life where I am now. When I went to church I went to the Congregational, but I never got very deep into it. I was kind of a surface religionist, anyway."

Harriet Sleeper.

This is a woman about fifty-five years old, who seems very important, to herself at least, and kind of shakes her head in a pretty way, as though she was sure that she was welcome when she came. She says: "Now it wasn't just kind to say that of me, that I am important, to myself at least. I know when I was here that people used to say I acted important, but, to tell the truth, I never felt it in the world. It was just my way of talking with a good deal of gusto." She says she came from Baltimore, and that Baltimoreans drawl, and it made her feel it was time somebody came with force and power and took the drawl out of them, and that made her have more force. "My father is alive now, and if you should write to Joe Sleeper of Baltimore he would know me." I do not know whether her father knows anything about it, but she says: "My father is a man who, when he believes anything, would walk right through fire and water to say it to anybody at any time and any place. So when he hears from me you will find that he will not be long in answering, and will be glad that I have been able to come."

Aunt Mary Canniston.

I think this lady is about seventy years old. She is short, stout, about five feet tall. She dresses a little old-fashioned, has a handkerchief around her neck and a little white cap on her head. There are strings laid smoothly over her shoulders. She says: "They used to call me Aunt Mary Canniston." She talks right in front of her mouth, as though there was not very much force to her voice. "I came from Chelmsford. Though I have been gone some little time, I feel as though it would do everybody good to hear that I am working as hard as ever, and am just as much interested in everything that goes on as I was when here. I am particularly interested in the school question. I was when I was here. It seemed to me that after the cradle came the school; and if the schools were properly furnished and cared for, there would be no trouble with the community. So I have come back to say that my interest is still in the schools. That may be because I used to teach when I was a young woman. I did not have a nice school building; I taught in a room in my father's house. I find not only that it is well for us to give our testimony, but it is helpful to the community at large, that whether the thing is recognized as you would like to have it, there is a certain talk that gets around about it, and creates an interest in the subject. I have felt like saying to you people that sometimes when you are discouraged, and it seems as though you might as well drop it, it was not doing much good, you had better take another long breath, that you cannot always see results in a minute, and that there is a great deal more good being done and interest shown than you have any idea of, and time will tell the story because Spiritualism and spirit return are bound to become common factors in the lives of the people."

Lucian Carpenter.

Here is a man about thirty years old. He is tall, thin and dark, and has dark eyes. He says: "My name is Lucian Carpenter. When I went away it was so suddenly that I hardly knew I had gone. I dropped down on the street and was taken in, and when I got inside the building I was gone. Dear me! It seemed then if I had only had a chance to say something to somebody it would have been easier. To be hurried off into such a new condition of life in such an unceremonious manner is not the most pleasant thing that can happen to one. You people who wish for sudden death, wish for it to come in the home and not on the street as mine did. I am from Williamsburg, Pa. I did not come to give you a sermon; have n't the least desire to say anything about my past belief, what I knew or what I have found out. I come to give myself relief and satisfaction. I have never been satisfied that I had to leave earth as I did. I have never felt that things were right. It seemed that my voice must sometime speak again to my own. I have a wife. She needs to hear from me. If I could get to her, I would be so happy. Her name is Jennie, and if you can reach her, do so, please."

Agnes Cunningham.

There is a woman here now by the name of Agnes Cunningham. She is a young lady. She says: "I come across the water. I never was in this country. I supposed you would receive me, not because it is any special honor to you, but because it is a special pleasure for me." She is slender, tall and impassive, stands with

scarcely any movement of her head or her body in any way, but quietly gives me that name. She says now: "I have come in answer to a request, so I ought to be recognized. My friends on the other side asked me to try, because they believed it was possible for me to come. I hardly dare to let myself out to speak as freely as I want to, for fear I will lose my power; but say that I have come and I think that will be sufficient."

Jim Horne.

A man comes here by the name of Jim Horne. This man might be called rough in appearance, for he has big boots on pulled up above his knees. He has a red flannel shirt on, but no other shirt outside. His hat, black felt, is pulled down over his head and ears. He looks as though he dug in the mud all the time. There is some water near where he lived in Dallas, Tex., like a stream, a river, because I see him working near the banks of the river. He says: "Hm! I could talk the lingo of the place about as well as any of them. I was an American. I was born in the Northern States, and I had hard luck, so I emigrated. When I got there I found if I pulled in I might be able to pull out something. So when I died (don't quiver at the word die) I had a nice snug little sum, and did n't have anybody to leave it to. I had left all my friends up North, and so it went to the woman I lived with, the housekeeper. She was not much good, a rough and tumble kind of a woman, but she got the wad. I had an old-fashioned idea that when I came over I would walk right up the winding stair till I got where God was—did n't meet him anywhere; kind of troubled me, thought I had got in the wrong place, but after a while I found some folks I knew, and they said: 'Why, Jim Horne! when did you come?' and then I concluded when folks knew me, and knew my name, I must be all right somehow. This is the first landing I have struck where I could send back a message, so here you have it. I wish you had my wad, and I wish I had your knowledge, and so, as I cannot swap I will just say, 'God bless you.'"

Verification of Spirit Messages.

Dear Mrs. Soule: In your Message Department of seance Jan. 4, I see the message of "Margaret Kane." From my acquaintance with her in her youthful days and her subsequent history I have no hesitation in pronouncing the spirit to be that of Margaret Kane. A careful reading of the communication by any one acquainted with the Fox family and the lives of those girls points unmistakably to Margaret, and in this opinion I am sustained by old Spiritualists who knew them well. Yours truly, A. S. CLACKNER.

Rochester, Jan. 30, 1900.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Your paper of Jan. 13, containing message from "G. W." Turner, is received. We recognize everything except the initials, my husband's name being Harvey. I have seen him quite plainly and heard him speak since he passed over, and I thank you for this message from him. SARAH E. TURNER.

66 Boston street, Salem, Mass.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I will at once say that the injury received from the fall spoken of in my last proves to be wholly internal, and deep down, directly under the spot where I struck. Still, as the pain from breathing steadily diminishes from day to day, I feel that recovery will come in time, and I think my generally magnetized condition will enable kind spirits to prevent the common results of such a blow. Meanwhile I am doing all that can be done by friction, and by avoiding lifting and every motion that keeps up the inflammation. Friends in town are very kind, and I secure necessary aid from neighbors, who do the extra work for a little pay. Best of all I have a quiet mind, and a steady reliance on the unseen powers, who gladly aid all who are working to extend the priceless boon of Spiritualism. A correspondent in Yararoo, South Australia, said in a recent letter, "I shudder when I think of what my feelings would be had not this knowledge, the highest and best ever yet given to man, not come to me." He goes on to quote the saying of Socrates, that the highest wisdom man can attain is to lose the fear of death, and is thankful indeed that this wisdom has come to us. In 1845, at the age of ten, my father brought me to this country from Burmah. The very same year this man, about twenty-five years old, the son of an English farmer, emigrated to Australia to earn his living by rearing sheep and growing wool. By so doing he has earned a competency. He says the most important event of his life occurred in 1853, when he went to a friend's house to see a table move without contact, and have replies to questions through the use of the alphabet. He went a skeptic and returned nearly convinced of the possibility of communicating with spirits. Longing to know more, he invited the girls, daughters of his friends, to visit him and his wife. After their arrival the house became alive with spirits. All were convinced, and became Spiritualists before they had ever heard the word. Two voices in the house became mediums, and so far as the phenomena went, they were flooded with it. Anxious to learn, they procured books, and the one that proved the most helpful was "Spirit Teachings," by M. A. (Oxonian). A spirit who called himself Kosmos was always present, and no other could come without his permission. They were thus protected from malicious and deceiving spirits, and Kosmos he should guard their household till they were in spirit-land, when they would need his protection no more. At last, Kosmos proved to be Judge Edmonds of New York. My friend learned that before his death English Spiritualists had desired to present the judge with some testimonial to the brave stand he made for Spiritualism when extremely unpopular in America, and that he said the testimonial he would esteem the most would be the republication of the work on Spiritualism prepared by him and Dr. Dexter. As this had not been done, my friend induced Mr. Terry of The Harbinger of Light to have it printed by a London publisher. This was done, and an Australian edition was published by Mr. Terry, Melbourne, in two duodecimo volumes, entitled, "Spiritualism," by John W. Edmonds and George T. Dexter, M. D. I received the two volumes from South Australia a few days ago. The frontispiece of the first volume is a portrait of Judge Edmonds; of the second, a beautiful landscape called "Invita-

tion to the Spirit Land." I am reading the work with very great interest. It is instructive and uplifting, and the communications of Kosmos show that the judge continues from the spirit world the work he so earnestly engaged in here, which was to present to mankind the teachings of the higher Spiritualism. I have been led into this train of thought by the reception to-day of another letter from this South Australian friend, a letter full of kindly cheer and the spirit of helpfulness. In it, he quotes what was said by a returning spirit who possessed wealth while on the earth plane:

"What I had spent, that I had had; what I had saved, that I lost; what I gave away, that I have now."

My father visits many lands, and feels at home all over this little world of ours. Born in America, he knows his native country well, where he visits many a circle and teaches many impressionable hearts, whether personally recognized or not. Burmah, where he labored so many years for the uplifting of humanity, must be one of the homes of his soul. Doubtless, he is close to many a missionary worker, whose heart he lightens by the thought that love is at the helm of the universe. And when his little granddaughter, who is introducing kindergartens into missionary work there, has the little dusky-browed children about her, he stoops over her with love, and perhaps makes clear to her apprehension that "we are saved by doing, not by believing." In studying that difficult language, it is not possible for her to take up his knowledge of it at the point he had attained, as she lately wrote me that she wished that he could do. But when her weary brain is puzzled by the intricacies of this hard monosyllabic tongue, and her eyes bewildered by the sameness of its "round o" characters, perhaps his spirit hand touches her brow as she melts into a moment's sleep, and all becomes clear again. I feel sure that he gladly does this for his own grandchild, son of her who was his last wife while on the mortal plane.

But my father goes not to America and Burmah alone. "The world is his country." Passing down the Indian ocean, in whose deep bosom were deposited his own mortal remains just fifty years ago, he veers to the left, skirts Australia, enters its southern port, and touches the heart of a good English friend there so effectually that his dear daughter's heart was made glad when she crept up to the post office in Arlington, N. J., after the distressing pain of the last week.

My father has another place to visit just now beyond the Atlantic, a place where the spirits connected with the family gather with tender care and watchfulness, a place where the interest of many in America centres with hope mingled with apprehension. This spot is Cairo, Egypt, where my half brother, George Dana Boardman, lies very ill. The papers say he may die there; and it may be that while I write these lines he has already made the transition to the higher life.

Some of my readers will remember Letter Seventy-six, in which an account was given of his separation from our mother at the age of six, and of his subsequent sufferings, as well as of the perfect character which has been rounded out and polished by the discipline of life. My father will attend that couch of pain with George's own mother, and will help to make his entrance joyous when the time comes for him to go to the spirit land.

To us who must still remain on the hither side of life, the transition of a loved one looks somewhat different, in spite of the glad light cast upon it by the revelations of Spiritualism. In this case, my feelings are partly joy for the angel mother when she shall clasp "Georgie" again, and also anguish for the one who has been his true soul companion during forty-five years of his pilgrimage on earth. So frail and lame that she would better have remained in her bed at home, she yet crossed the Atlantic with him last June, summered in Switzerland, and winters in Egypt, traveling from land to land with the sole object of ameliorating his sufferings and prolonging his life. I pray heaven and all good angels that we may yet see them both in our own America, and not be yet deprived of the presence we so dearly love. I think if I could see George just once more here, I could wait content till I can also go to our mother.

What a wonderful thing is human love! It is worth all the world beside. Jesus of Nazareth would never have maintained his hold on the heart of Christendom by intellect alone. Be the story mythical or true, what is told of him makes him an exemplification of pure, unselfish, undying love for humanity. When he said to his disciples that those that had seen him had already seen the Father, he said the most beautiful thing about God that had yet fallen on the ear of mankind. It was as if he said to them, "You see how I love everybody. Well, God is just like that." And so what he taught was a vast advance on the Mosaic dispensation, though that gave a system of jurisprudence that has won the admiration of legislators. Moses gave a code of laws suitable for men dwelling on the earth plane. But when Jesus said we must love another exactly as we do ourselves, he struck the key-note to which angelic hearts vibrate, and earth-dwellers who realize and practice the same have already begun to be angels.

By angels we do not mean white-robed beings with wings growing from their shoulders, with crowns on their foreheads, and harps in their hands. We mean spirits who once walked the earth, and shared in its woes and privations, who have risen by the power of unselfish and compassionate love to celestial regions. They do not abide there in glory, singing praises to God, while they play on harps, but they are ever stooping to aid those below them, especially to poor souls yet imprisoned on earth, who find the night dark and the pathway long. Such angels are my father and my mother, and I can alter the old hymn to new words, and sing,

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels go,
To help with sweetest comfort
The sufferers down below,
And with a band angelical
Of spirits pure and bright,
We'll wipe the tears from orphan eyes
And work both day and night."

This article, Mr. Editor, lies under the disadvantage of having been written piece meal, instead of at a single sitting, as is usually the case. It is more a diary than a letter. But we trust that all unusual deficiencies will be credited to physical disability. Being about to mail the Letter, let it be added that I am feeling much better, and that the pain, which was in the first days almost intolerable, is now reduced to a simple pleurisy discomfort. I can now blow out a lamp without repressing a

scream, and have good hope of being able to speak at Mrs. Brigham's meeting in New York the forenoon and evening of Feb. 11. Should my parents deem it safe for me to do so, it will be announced in the present issue of Feb. 10.

It is now clear that the fall not only strained the intercostal muscles, but also injured the pleura, that delicate membrane which not only covers the lungs, but is reflected back and lines the cavity in which the lungs are placed. This accounts for the fact that talking with interest brought on a spasmodic condition of the breathing apparatus that frightened persons who were present, because they thought I might die on the spot.

To conclude, I will tell you I frequently give such details regarding physical ailments and accidents. I believe all persons should understand the anatomy, physiology and hygiene of their own bodies, so that they can take care of them themselves without outside aid, so far as possible, except in cases where surgical skill is needed. And I am ever in the hope that what I write on these subjects may induce those of our readers who are in the habit of summoning a physician at the least ailment, to be led to study these matters for themselves. What seems alarming to the uninitiated, often yields to very simple treatment or remedy, and in many cases the money that goes into the doctor's pocket-book is absolutely needed to pay for the fuel and food of the family.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON

Arlington, N. J., Jan. 26, 1900.

From Ye Olden Time.

Mr. Editor: On looking over some slips treasured many years by my mother, who has been in spirit life since 1884, I find one from the Northampton Courier of April, 1841. On one side is the hourly report of the last illness and death of the President Gen. Harrison; on the other side is the following poem, which I give in full, together with the comments of the Massachusetts Spy, the paper from which it was taken.

THE BANNER readers will see not only the beauty and "soul of poetry" contained therein, but also the evidence of the high spirituality and true mediumship of the author.

FLORENCE SAMPSON.

If we were to look through the whole range of English literature for the loveliest gem, we hardly know anything to be found more beautiful than the lines which follow. They embody the very soul of poetry, and the deep feeling that gushes forth from them cannot fail to meet a response in the bosom of every reader.

—Massachusetts Spy.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DEPARTED.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

I know thou art gone to thy home of rest;
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest
And the mourner looks up and is glad.
Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stain it had gathered in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul;
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal.
I know thou hast drunken of Lethe, that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,
That sheds over memory only repose
And takes from it only regret.

This eye must be dark, that as yet is not dimmed,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine;
But my heart has revelations of thee and thy home
In many a token and sign.
I never look up with a vow to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there,
And I hear a low murmur like thine, in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

In thy far away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine,
And thy love, that made all things as music to me,
I have not yet learned to resign.
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh! call it not gloom—
Is not the black grief of despair.
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears,
And Hope, like a rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

The completed man is the crown of all formation. Sink him not in politics or religion. Completed, he is above books, creeds, doctrines, human enactments, organization. Completed, he is a law unto himself. Completed, he is fully automatic. Completed, he is a miniature God, in full accord with the infinite pulse that throbs the universe.—Brown.

Persons live in different worlds on this earth. It is supposed that they will live in different worlds, on the sphere, just beyond physical sight. There are here, each person makes his own world. It is high or low, deep or shallow, narrow or broad, just as now. If the world here is true and permanent, it will be no less so there. Grow sources of enjoyment that are eternal.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home in Mexico, Texas, Dec. 18, 1899, Mrs. MARTHA ANN O'NEAL SWINBURN, aged 71 years. Mrs. Swinburn was born Dec. 5, 1828, and the writer's first acquaintance with her was in White County, Ill., when she was in the ninth year of her age. She was brought up to that age by a widowed mother, who taught her child the sciences of natural and moral philosophy, and who had the effect of pointing that soul-unfolding which, at an early age, enabled her to embrace the principles of the Philosophy of Life. In the sixteenth year of her age she deceased was married to Edwin M. Swinburn, a gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence and moral culture, who, in 1854, with his yet young wife, moved to Texas, where each took an active part in laying the foundation of a good Society there. Mrs. Swinburn was a reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT for thirty-six years before she passed on, finding in its well-filled pages just such food as her spiritual aspirations could feed upon. She was loved by all who knew her for her kindness of heart, and her disinterested benevolence; and when the time drew near for her departure from the form she conversed with some of those long gone before calling each by name. Mrs. Swinburn leaves a husband, five children and other kin here on earth, but those do not mourn the wife, the mother and the dear relative as dead, but rather think of her as having passed on to that condition of life to which we are all destined.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

From Whitewater, Wis., Sunday morning, Jan. 21, suddenly, yet as peacefully and with no more struggle than going to sleep, Mrs. MARY PRATT, wife of Morris Pratt, proprietor of the Spiritual Temple building.

Mr. and Mrs. Pratt have been deeply interested in Spiritualism for nearly fifty years. It has been their religion, and has ever proved to be a bright guiding star to their lives and a steadfast sustaining power to their souls.

MRS. A. B. BEVERANCE.

[Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.]

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

"The Nation's Honor."

BY LEVI P. BARNETT.

Having seen no reply to the able article by R. E. Flothorne in the BANNER OF LIGHT of Dec. 9, 1899, bearing the above title, I venture to call the attention of the readers of THE BANNER to some of the fallacies to be found in his arguments and conclusions. He says: "We know of no facts with which to justify the statement that our nation is parting from the principles of the Declaration of Independence." This is a bold statement, and is easily refuted by quoting a few words from that immortal document: "All Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Does Mr. Flothorne claim that our nation is trying to govern the Philippine Islands with the consent of the inhabitants? He and all other advocates of Imperialism know better.

It is true that our nation conquered Spain. It is also true that our Peace Commissioners at Paris made a treaty with the conquered nation agreeing to purchase the Philippines (and their inhabitants) for twenty million of dollars, and transport free of expense the Spanish soldiers and families to their native land. Why was this done? Was it done out of pity for Spain, as a token of regret for having whipped her in a contest at arms? Our nation, under the circumstances, was not legally or morally bound to pay Spain one cent for having defeated her armies. Under the law of nations, the defeated party is obliged to meet the expenses of the war. Witness the Franco-Prussian and the Japanese-Chinese wars. Our nation did wrong in making its citizens bear the costs of the war on its own behalf, and, in part, on that of Spain. It was done to make possible the policy of expansion, through hoodwinking the American people.

The President said to the Pennsylvania troops upon their return from Manila, "You have been fighting in a good cause. The islands are ours by purchase and conquest, hence now belong to this nation." He said nothing about the independence of the Philippines. The islands were and are to be held because of purchase and conquest! Where does the rule of right apply here? I ask of those who uphold this policy of deceit and injustice. Why, in this way? Those islands are too rich prizes to be given their independence. If there was no money to be made out of them, would there have been such a scramble to take them? The secret of the matter is, our political masters have been told that the Philippine islands can be made the means of financial speculation, hence the sordid policy of greed, the imperial idea of subjugation, the itch for greater wealth, have supplanted the gospel of justice and caused the principles of the Declaration of Independence to be most flagrantly violated. Had the Filipinos been skilled in the arts of war our leaders would never have attempted to subjugate them, for they would have foreseen the cost.

The Methodists and Presbyterians in their recent conventions passed resolutions to this effect: God interfered in the war with Spain that the Protestant faith may be preached in the Philippines, for the conversion and salvation of the poor heathen Filipinos. How about the Catholics, who are in the majority in those islands? Do these Protestants expect to convert the Catholics? If they do, they lack common sense. Proselyting among the Catholics has never been a fruitful field of labor for missionaries of the Protestant sects. As it is now, our government is taking the Catholic Church under its wing, and is paying the salaries of its bishops and priests. The Methodists and Presbyterians want a share of this government plunder, hence are scheming to have their representatives fed at the public crib as the Catholics now are. This is a virtual union of Church and State, yet is defended by the pious advocates of expansion, on the ground that it is God's will! Spiritualists, Imperialism and Ecclesiasticism are twin tyrants, and always work together to deprive the people of their liberties! Can you advocate a doctrine that means a theocratic government for the United States? This is the legitimate outcome of "expansion and benevolent assimilation."

Had our nation promised the Filipinos, as it did the people of Cuba, that they should have their independence as soon as they had established a stable Government, there would have been no war in the Orient. But "God interfered," and there had to be a war. This must be the God that interfered to help Joshua by lengthening a day in order that the slaughter of innocent men, women and children might be continued. The heathen Filipinos are to be conquered in the same way, and "benevolently assimilated" at the mouths of gatling guns and repeating rifles! Annex the Philippines, then take all of the adjacent islands of the sea, then all of North and South America, and make them equal to the Philippines, viz., *United States*. History is said to ever repeat itself. It certainly will do so as long as the people continue to worship Joshua's God, as interpreted by our Methodist and Presbyterian brethren. Liberty was betrayed—sold for dollars and cents in the markets of greed—when our nation bought the Philippine islands and their inhabitants. Yet God "interfered" to effect the sale. Is this standing by the Declaration of Independence? By no means.

Is it for this "nation's honor," sanctioned by God's interference, for our soldiers to imitate Joshua's peaceful (?) example by annihilating the men, women and children of the Philippines? The Jewish leaders of God's chosen people did not leave even a heathen babe alive. Is America God's chosen nation to make history repeat itself in this respect? Is it for this "nation's honor" to overthrow the liberties of a struggling people who, less than two years ago, were honored allies in arms? Is it for our "nation's honor" to maintain a large standing army, whose officers will be appointed by the President, and who will naturally support the policy that gives them a big salary, even though that policy be wrong? Is it for our "nation's honor" that our honest opponents of Imperialism and fair-minded critics of the policy of the President are called "traitors"? Who are the real traitors? Are they those who truly love their country and want their country right and just in all its acts? Are they those who wish all the people of the earth to be free and to govern themselves? Or are they those who believe in human slavery, in the purchase of the Philippines, in Sulu polygamy at ten thousand dollars per year, in a large standing army to menace the liberty of the nation, in the worship of greed and Joshua's God? If the former be the "traitors" I am proud to be called one of them.

If the people were allowed to speak, a vast majority of them would oppose the present policy in the Orient. As it now is, the voters have no voice. Might (and purchase), not justice, is now the rule. Our proud American eagle has been turned into a vulture. All true patriots wish to uphold the nation's honor by making its flag the representative of liberty, justice and equal rights wherever it may wave. Therefore, the Filipinos should be given an equal chance with the Cubans. The Monroe Doctrine should be reaffirmed and maintained. The weak should be protected against the strong, and all people taught the blessings of liberty under self-government. The Imperialists are opposed to these fundamental principles of right and justice. We are to choose between the humanitarianism of the Declaration of Independence and despotism. It is the Republic vs. an Empire, and I prefer the former. Let the people rule, and the "nation's honor" is safe.

Canaan, Me.

(From the Atlantic Monthly for January, 1900.)

Autobiography of W. J. Stillman.

"But with all her passionate desire to see one of her boys in what she considered the service of God there was never, on my mother's part, the least desire in that direction, no suggestion that the sacrifices she was making demanded that any measure of deviation from our views as to the future. It was her hope that one of us would feel as she did, but she cheerfully resigned the hope as son after son turned the other way. A brother, born three years before me, and who was taken from her before my birth, was perhaps in her mind the fulfillment of her dedication, for he was, according

to the accounts of friends of the family, a child of extraordinary intelligence, and she felt that God had taken him from her. In one of those moments of confidence in the years when I had become a counselor to her, I remember of her telling me of this boy (known as little William) to distinguish him from me, and the sufferings she endured through her doubts lest he should have lived long enough to aid and had not repented; for her dreary creed taught that the rigor of eternal damnation rested on every one who had not repented of each individual sin, and that adult baptism was the only assurance of redemption. All the rest of her children had professed religion and received baptism according to the rites of the Baptist Church, but little William left in her mother's heart the sting of uncertainty. Had he lived long enough to transgress the law and not repented? This was to her an ever-present question of terrible import.

Years rolled by without weakening this torture of apprehension that this little lamb of all her flock might be expiating the sin of Adam in the flames of Eternity—a perpetual babyhood of woe. The depth of the misery this haunting fear inflicted on her can only be imagined by those who knew the passionate intensity of her love for her children—a love which she feared to be sinful but could not abate. Finally one night, as she lay perplexing her soul with this and other problems of sin and righteousness, she saw standing near her bed her lost child, not as she supposed him to be, a baby for eternity, but apparently a youth of sixteen, regarding her silently, but with an expression of such radiant happiness in his face that the shadow passed from her soul forever. She needed no longer to be told that he was amongst the blessed. She told me this one day, timidly, as something she had never dared tell the older children lest they should think her superstitious, or, perhaps, dissipate her consolation by the assurance that she had dreamed."

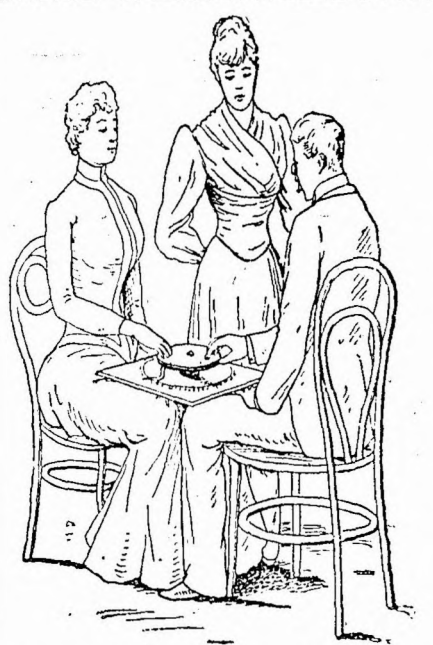
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A great portion of every woman's life is given up to pain and suffering. Girlhood to womanhood, womanhood to widowhood, widowhood to motherhood, the nervous system is tested at each new experience, and few pass them all without injury to the health. Dr. Greene's advice is invaluable to women who suffer from ill health, nervous weakness and female complaints. From his vast experience he can advise them, as no one else can, how to get back their lost health and strength. Dr. Greene is the discoverer of the great Dr. Greene's Nervine, which has done so much to cure ailing women, and of many other equally valuable remedies for various complaints. He is the most successful woman's physician in the world and his advice is free, either at personal call at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., or by letter through the mail. Most women are bundles of nerves, and need advice and treatment of the right kind in order to be cured. Tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene in perfect confidence, and his advice will put you on the road to health.

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

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

CONTENTS.—Primitive Ideas; Faith Beliefs; The Old Testament and Immortality; Paul's Doctrine of Death and the Other Life; Jesus and Immortality; The Other World and the Middle Ages; Protestant Belief Concerning Death and the Life Beyond; The Agnostic Reaction; The Spiritualistic Reaction; The World's Condition and Needs as to Belief in Immortality; Probabilities Which Fall Short of Demonstration; The Society for Psychical Research and the Immortal Life; Possible Conditions of Another Life. Appendix.—Some Hints as to Personal Experiences and Opinions.
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Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs.
Consumption.
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PAINT TALKS.—XXV.

Fashion in Paints.

Fashion changes in paints quite as decidedly as in architecture and in dress, though perhaps not quite so capriciously as in the latter. During the Colonial period, and now during the revival of the architectural forms, white paint was and is the sign of extreme elegance for the exterior, with rather light tints for the interior. For white exteriors there are several commendatory things to be said: First, a white painted building is fresh and clean looking; secondly, it is cool; and thirdly, amid the green of trees and fields, it presents a charming spot of high light.

The only objection militating against a complete revival of Colonial colors (which seem naturally to belong to Colonial forms), is the inherent tendency of the commonly used white pigment to decline from its pristine state of whiteness in a discouragingly brief time. In short, the difficulty is that white lead will not remain white.

This defect, as I have already shown, is due to the chemical nature of lead compounds, which makes them eager absorbers of free sulphurous gases. The resultant lead sulphide is black, and its formation changes white lead paint to brown, yellow or gray. Since it is impossible anywhere on the face of the habitable earth to find an atmosphere entirely free from sulphur compounds, pure white lead everywhere suffers the penalty of its chemical nature.

The cure for this natural defect is dilution with an inert pigment and protection with a stable white pigment. The popular combination paints fulfill these requirements, the lead in some of them being diluted with inert pigments like barytes, gypsum, etc., and in all of them protected by a goodly proportion of zinc white.

Some painters get over the difficulty by painting with lead and using zinc white for a final coat to protect the underlying layers. This method is probably less effective and certainly more expensive than the use of a properly prepared combination. Users of the better grade of the well-known combination whites in the market need have no fear of results in adopting the Continental style of painting.

STANTON DUDLEY.

National Spiritualists' Association

INCORPORATED 1853. Headquarters 600 Pennsylvania Avenue South-East, Washington, D.C. All Spiritualists visiting Washington cordially invited to call. Contributing membership (\$1.00 a year) can be procured individually by sending fee to the Secretary at the above address, and receiving a handsome certificate of the same, with one copy each of N. S. A. Reports for '97 and '98.
A few copies of the Reports of Conventions of '93, '94, '95, '96 and '97 still on hand. Copies up to '97 25 cents each. '97 and '98 may be procured, the two for 35 cents; singly, 25 cents.
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College of Psychical Sciences.

THE only one in the world for the unfoldment of all Spiritual Powers, Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Inspiration, Healing, the Science of Harmonies Applied to the Soul of Music and Physical Expression and Culture, and Illumination. For terms, circulars, pamphlets, and a copy of the course, send stamped addressed envelope to J. C. F. GRUMBINE, author and lecturer, 1718 1/2 West Genesee street, Syracuse, N. Y.
Send 25 cts. for sample copy of, or \$1 for a year's subscription to "Immortality," the new and brilliant Quarterly Psychical Magazine. Address J. C. F. GRUMBINE, Syracuse, N. Y., 1718 1/2 Genesee street. Feb. 17.

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IS NOT A FORTUNE TELLER; but gives psychometric, impressional and prophetic readings to promote the health, happiness, prosperity and spiritual unfoldment of those who seek her advice. People in poor health, weak, discouraged, suffering from anxiety and misfortune, are advised to consult her. Nature's own remedies, simple, efficacious and inexpensive, are prescribed.
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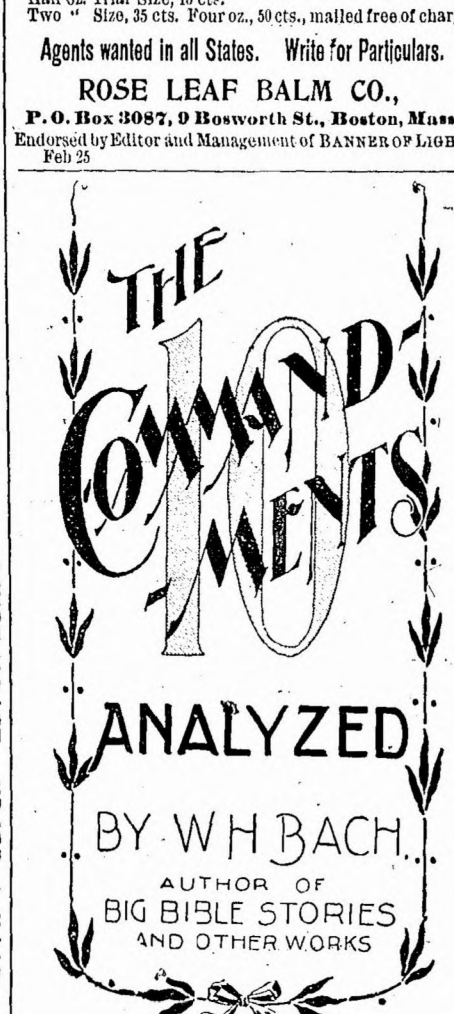
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Brain and Nerve Diseases, which lead to insanity. Medi-universal people developed in the art of divine or psychic healing. Examination and advice free. Hours, 9 to 5, daily. 203 Columbus avenue, Boston. 25w Jan. 12.

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MME. MOAH,

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Willard L. Lathrop,

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Mrs. Maggie J. Butler,

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Mrs. J. W. Stackpole,

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Feb. 10.

Mrs. M. A. Chandler,

Feb. 3. 618 TREMONT ST. BOSTON.

Mrs. Fannie A. Dodd,

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DR. JULIA CRAFTS SMITH is again

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The unique title of this book is the key to its purpose, viz., to induce all sharp-cornered human cubes to become harmonious spheres, and to enable them to recognize the trials of their present experience as divinely appointed purposes to this desired goal.
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NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS,

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New York Advertisements.

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Fred P. Evans,

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PROFESSOR ST. LEON, Scientific Astrologer,

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The NEW CANON MONTHLY on New Theology and Psycho Research. Edited by Rev. B. F. Austin, B. A., D. D. ("Augustine"). 25c a year. Send 4c. for sample. THE SERMON PUB. CO., Toronto, Can. Sept. 23.

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The

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 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 Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley street. Every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 p.m. E. L. French, President; J. H. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 74 Sidney st., Dorchester, Mass. Take elevator.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie M. Soule, Pastor, Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue, Sunday evenings at 7:30. Discourse and Evidences through the Mediumship of the Past.

Eagle Hall, 610 Washington Street. First Spiritualists Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11:30 and 7:30; also Thursdays at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Home Rostrom, 21 Soledad street, Charlestown. Spiritualist meetings Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.; Tuesday and Friday, 3 p.m. Thursday, 7:30 p.m. Mrs. Gilliland, President, 21 Soledad street, Charlestown.

Bible Spiritualist Meetings, Odd Ladies' Hall, 440 Tremont Street. Mrs. G. H. Appleton, President. Services Sundays at 10:30 a.m., 2:30 and 7 p.m.

America Hall, 724 Washington street, two flights—Mediums and public invited. Circle, 11 a.m.; Pools, 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. M. Graham, Chairman.

Temple of Honor Hall, 891 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 Spiritual Temple, corner of Newbury and streets—Meetings Sunday morning at 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. Children's school 12 m. Library Room, also Wednesday evening general conference, Lower Audience Hall, A. H. Sherman, Secretary.

Phenomena Spiritualist Society, Sunday evening in Dwight Hall, first floor, 514 Tremont street. Mrs. A. G. 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 room run by Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albee, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 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. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street. Mrs. Butler, President. Services Sunday at 11 a.m., 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. and Thursday at 3 p.m.

The Helping Hand Society meets every first and third Wednesday in G. and Hall, 3 Boylston Place. Business meeting at 8 o'clock; supper at 8 o'clock. Entertainment at 7:30 a.m. A. Eldridge, Secretary.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10 o'clock. J. Browne Hatch, Conductor; A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk, 11 Leroy street, Dorchester, Mass.

Paine 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. Siles.

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.

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. Maggie J. Butler, President.

Ministry of the Divine Science of Health, and Boston Institute of Occult Science—Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 p.m. Lecture and psychic readings on Tuesdays at 7:30 p.m. Hotel Rensselaer, 12 and 14 Windsor street, Boston. Dr. F. J. Miller, Psychic Healer and Teacher.

W. Scott Steadman holds meetings at Red Men's Hall, Sundays, at 7:30 p.m. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Mrs. Florence White will hold a test session every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 288A Columbus Avenue.

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

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists meets at a Cambridge (lower) Hall, 801 Massachusetts Avenue, the second and fourth Thursdays in the month. Supper served at 6:30. Ada M. Gane, Cor. Sec'y, 183 Auburn street, Cambridge, Mass.

MALDEN.

Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society, Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant street. Meetings every Sunday at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday 8 p.m. Wm. M. Barber, President; Mrs. Rebecca M. Barber, Sec'y. Light telephone is extended to co-workers in the cause of progressive Spiritualism.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Spiritual and Ethical Society, 744 Lexington Avenue, one door above 59th street—Services every Sunday morning at 11, and evening at 8 o'clock. Questions answered in the morning. Improvised poems after each lecture. Mrs. J. H. B. Hatch, President, and evening. All are cordially invited. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, speaker.

BROOKLYN.

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

The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 8 o'clock, and Tuesday evening Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at Hall 423 Classon Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and Quincy street. ELIZABETH F. KURTZ, Pres't. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the Hall.

509 Tompkins Ave., near Gates and Friday evenings. Spirit Messages and other Phenomena. Admission free. Collection taken.

First Christian Evolution Society—Penn Fulton Hall, cor. Penn and Fulton st. Services every Sunday at 8 p.m. W. W. Sargent, Chairman; Mrs. Julia Searl, Secretary.

Psychic Culture Conference—Single Tax Hall, 1101 Bedford Ave., Wednesday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Lectures by Henry H. Warner, with Questions and Answers, and discussion by audience, with demonstrations.

NEWARK, N. J.

The First Church of Spiritual Progression meets in Hall, corner of West Park and Br-nd streets Sunday evenings at 7:30. G. A. Dora, President. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The S. and M. H. Society, 8310 1/2 Rhodes Ave., meets every Sunday, 11 a.m. Conference and tests. Tuesday 3 p.m., Oriental Reception. 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 singing. Lucile Hagan Jackson, Pastor, residence 116 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.

A good-sized audience was in attendance Sunday morning, Feb. 4, to welcome Mr. F. A. Wiggin back to Boston and Boston Spiritual Temple. Although Mr. Wiggin was not feeling very well he gave a fine lecture, and many readings at the close. Mr. Schaller opened the meeting as usual, and was followed by congregational singing. Mr. Wiggin read a poem, followed by an invocation. Mrs. Pearl sang, preceding Mr. Wiggin, who gave an address of forty five minutes under the control of John McCullough. After another song by Mrs. Pearl Mr. Wiggin gave his ballot election.

In the evening the unfavorable weather kept many from attending the meeting, although a good-sized audience was present. After Prof. Schaller's and Mrs. Pearl's musical selections Mr. Wiggin gave a short address, closing the meeting with a dance lasting nearly an hour. His many readings were correct, and thankfully accepted by those who received them.

Mr. Wiggin will be the speaker and medium during the months of February and March. Come early for seats.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is for sale at this hall, also a few of those excellent portraits of President Barrett. Look at them as you pass into our hall. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y.

America Hall, 724 Washington St.—The following mediums assisted during the day Sunday, Feb. 4: Mesdames Bird, Dole, Ritzell, Healey, Davis, Howe, Messrs. Willis, Rollins, Hardy, Bird. Out of town mediums invited to pay us a fraternal visit. M. A. Graham, Chairman.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society, Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President, held regular meeting in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, afternoon and evening of Thursday, Feb. 1. Supper was enjoyed by a large number. The following people took part in the evening's entertainment: Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mrs. Bryant of Worcester, Mrs. Bird and Dr. Huot. Miss

Gridley favored us with piano solos, and Mr. Bird gave us a fine recitation entitled "The Soldier's Reprieve." Meetings this month will be as follows: Feb. 8, an orange tree, a prize with each orange. What comes on the regular night, Feb. 15, Feb. 22, costume party and dance. Marion G. Packard, Rec. Sec'y.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum.—Sunday afternoon, Feb. 4, "Of what benefit to mankind has the study of astronomy been?" was the question. Many instructive answers were given. Mrs. Martha Mackenzie gave a reading; Master Willie Sheldon, recitation; Mr. Forest Harding, remarks; Mr. A. P. Blinn, recitation; Mr. J. P. Snow, "The Idea of the Day." Subject for next Sunday, "What are the greatest obstructions to spiritual progress?" A. C. Armstrong, Clerk.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union.—Mrs. S. C. French, Sec'y, writes: "The Society met in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 31. Meeting called to order by Pres't Mrs. Maggie J. Butler. Several new members were voted in. Supper was served at 6:30; all tables filled. The evening was devoted to entertainment, and the following took part: My Burdett, Warren Hall, Mrs. Ida Milligan, Clara Weston and Harold Leslie favored us with songs; Mr. Bird gave a beautiful recitation; Mrs. Bird made appropriate remarks and gave several communications. I am more than pleased to mention the visit of an old and esteemed friend of the Cause, Mr. Christopher Shaw, President of the Veterans' Union. This was Mr. Shaw's first visit to the Union for a long time, and a very cordial welcome was extended to him. He spoke words of encouragement to the Lyceum Union and its officers, and complimented them on having so large a Society."

The regular meeting of the First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society was held at 241 Tremont street, Friday, Feb. 4, with the President, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albee, in the chair. In the evening we had the following for talent: Mrs. Waterhouse, Prof. Phlegg, J. B. Hatch, Sr. Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Weston and Mr. Bird gave recitations. E. W. and C. L. C. Hatch gave a laughable sketch. Mrs. W. S. Butler was also present, made remarks and gave devotionals. An enjoyable evening was spent. Next Friday Mrs. J. S. Soper will give a talk upon palmistry, and read palms. Friday, Feb. 15, a good entertainment will be given, the proceeds to be sent to the Secretary of the N. S. A. for the Mayor Fund. Come all and let us send a good round sum. Take elevator. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

The Helping Hand Society met as usual at 3 Boylston Place, Wednesday, Jan. 31. Business meeting at 4 p.m. A bountiful supper was served at 6. The evening was spent socially, and the sales tables were well patronized. Remarks were made by Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn and Dr. W. W. Hicke. Mrs. J. S. Soper gave this society a benefit; her readings and palmistry cannot be excelled. Our next meeting Wednesday, Feb. 7, A. Eldridge, Sec'y, 13 Linden street, Everett.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 held its usual session in Red Men's Hall on Feb. 4 with a large attendance. The lesson subject was "Phases of Mediumship," the little folks' topic "Cruelty." After the march, the following members rendered songs and recitations: Baby Weaver, Little Ray, Elizabeth Weaver, Eldon Bowman, Rebekah Goodell, Harry Green, Iona Stilling, Carrie Engle, May Burdett, Ethel Cook, Esther Botte, Fern Foster. Remarks were made by Mr. Simmons of the Haverhill Lyceum, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. W. S. Butler, Mr. W. S. Steadman, and a poem by Mr. Bird. The Lyceum Band of Mercy will hold its next meeting in Dwight Hall Feb. 14 at 5 p.m. Charles B. Yeaton, Sec'y.

First Spiritualist Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor. Song service, led by Mrs. Kneeland, organist; prayer, James McPhail; opening remarks, Mrs. Wilkinson, followed by Messrs. Hill, Blacken, Hicks; recitation, Mr. Preston; messages, Mrs. Reed, Miss Sears, Mrs. Woodbury. Afternoon, Scripture reading and prayer, Mr. Hicks; solo, Mrs. Kneeland; messages, Mesdames Woods, Howe, Woodward, White, Wilkinson, Messrs. Hilly, Simmons of Haverhill. Evening, Mrs. Carlton, organist. Opening remarks and poem, Dr. Adeline Wildes; messages, Mr. Sanders, Mesdames Alice Perkins, Woodward, Harriet Deery, Woods; astrological reading, Mrs. Baker. All honest investigators are invited to 616 Washington street, to attend these meetings. Sec'y.

Home Rostrom Spiritualists held two services on Sunday. The morning circle was large. Remarks by many in circle; subject, "The Second Commandment," interesting and instructive; healing, Mr. Lothridge. Evening service of song, 7:30; remarks, A. S. Howe, "Our Duty Toward Each Other and the Spirit-World," messages and remarks, Dr. Saunders, Mesdames Robertson of Boston, McLean of Cambridge, Gilliland and Erickson of Charlestown.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St.—Sunday, Feb. 4, circle opened by Mr. Hersey, Mr. Hall having charge. Those assisting: Messrs. Turner, Smith, Hersey, Martin; Mesdames Johnson and Thomas. Afternoon service opened by Mr. Robinson; evening by Mr. Hersey. Those taking part: Mesdames Knowles, Fox, Brown, Johnson, Gutierrez; Messrs. Gilman, Coher, Hersey and others. Mrs. Gutierrez, Conductor.

Massachusetts.

Cadet Hall—Lynn Spiritualists' Association.—Mr. F. A. Wiggin was detained at home in the afternoon by sickness. The exercises consisted of readings by Mrs. Dr. Caird, W. A. Estes and Mr. Baker, Alice C. Melrose and Ethel Motire. Music by Thomas Orchestra and Mrs. Bertha Merrill. Supper was served in the lower hall, followed by social and test circles. Next Sunday, Mr. F. A. Wiggin at 2:30 and Mrs. Hannah Baker, of Danvers, at 7:30.

Progressive Spiritualists Association held services at 21 Market street, Lynn, Sunday, Feb. 4, Anna Quaid, President. At 2:30 Dr. Miller gave scientific astrological tests. From 4 to 5 a social circle, magnetic treatments by President Quaid; D. E. Matson, messages. At 5:30 supper served to many. At 7:30 Messrs. Miller, Ronneville, and Delia E. Matson gave clairvoyant descriptions of spirit friends. Next Sunday Dr. Amanda A. Cate. Visiting mediums are cordially invited. Instrumental music, J. Franklin. Subscriptions taken for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society, Lynn, held services at 30 Market street, Sunday. Appropriate musical selections by Mrs. J. P. Hayes. At 2:30 Mrs. N. S. Noyes gave an invocation and an able lecture under control of a master mind, on "Spiritualism: The Light on the Mountain-Top to Humanity." Spirit messages, L. F. Holden of California, all said to be correct. At 7:30 C. H. Webber of Boston gave a scientific lecture on "The Key to Astral Science," which was well received by the large audience. He then gave a large number of astrological readings. Next Sunday, at 2:30, lecture by Rev. E. Pales; messages, Mrs. Dr. M. C. Chase, Mrs. Holden and others. At 7:30, C. H. Webber again will lecture and give readings.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society, Masonic Building—Sunday evening, Feb. 4, invocation, Mr. Redding; Scripture reading and remarks by the President, subject, "The Builder of More Importance than the House"; instrumental music, Mrs. Barber; songs, Mrs. Wiley, Misses Doré and Ruth; address and messages, Mrs. Annie Hanson Kibble. For the first time some of the large audience present were obliged to stand. The truth of spiritualism is interesting a large number in this vicinity, and comforting many whose loved ones have passed to the Summerland. Copies of The BANNER are given to honest inquirers.

The Society for the "Unfoldment of the Higher Life" held meetings in Pummer Hall, Hyde Park, Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. Both sessions were well attended. Mrs. Conant Henderson was the speaker and medium. Mr. Henderson made an address in the evening on the "Value in Domestic Life of a Knowledge of the Power of the Spirit." This address, and also the lectures by the spirit guides were all in a similar line of thought, and

proved both entertaining and instructive. Many evidences of the presence of spirit friends were given, and duly recognized. These meetings will be continued Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2:30 and 7:30. The BANNER OF LIGHT is for sale at these meetings.

First Spiritualist Church, Fall River.—Thomas Cartman, Seco, writes: Sunday, Feb. 4, we had our good sister, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn, with us. In the afternoon she gave an interesting address, followed by some spirit-messages. In the evening we had a very good and intelligent audience. Mrs. Butler was again successful in her readings and messages from the spirit world. Next Sunday our President, Mr. James Lucas, will occupy our platform. We are giving one Sunday in each month to our home mediums.

The First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, was favored with full houses Sunday, Feb. 4. No synopsis would do justice to the eloquent and able addresses by the speaker, Miss Lizzie Harlow of Norwich, Conn. The piano selections by Miss Howe were pleasingly rendered.

A correspondent writes from Lowell: "As anticipated, we had two large audiences to meet Mrs. Abbie Burnham, an old-time worker, who gave two very interesting lectures, followed by messages, which were all recognized. Jan. 30, we had a very successful whist party for the benefit of our funds, and have arranged for six more between now and the end of April, and find this a good method to get funds. Next Sunday we have our local medium, Mrs. Annie L. Jones."

New York.

Miss Abby A. Judson will speak at Mrs. Brigham's meeting in New York, 744 Lexington Ave., Feb. 11, at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m.

The Church of the Fraternity of Divine Communion, Bedford Avenue and Madison street, Brooklyn, held two services Sunday, Feb. 4, at the Aurora Grata Cathedral—one at three o'clock, at which Mr. Jerome H. Fort gave the last of a course of lectures upon "The Gifts of the Spirit." It was most ably given to a large audience. In the evening, at Mr. Ira Moore Courlis's séance many messages were given to those in the audience. He preceded the séance with a few remarks on the subject "Dwight L. Moody within the Gate." Mr. Courlis was assisted by the Verdi Quartet, whose sweet, harmonious singing has added much to the service. This society has found The BANNER'S idea of settled speakers and mediums more than successful. Mr. Courlis has been with us three years, and has built the work up by his own efforts. From Mr. Courlis's parlors, which held seventy people, to the present plan of service, the Cathedral—a large and beautiful church with galleries and pipe-organ and a seating capacity of seven hundred and fifty, the workers are thus enabled to present Spiritualism under the best conditions, and so furnish the best results. Mr. Courlis serves the First Society in New York City next Sunday in the afternoon, and the Fraternity of Divine Communion again in the evening. W. H. Adams, Sec'y.

J. C. F. Grumbe continues his lectures Feb. 11 at Tuxedo Hall at 10:45 a.m., and at 27 West 42nd street at 8 p.m. The Radiant Centre, states: The first meeting of the Washington Chapter of the College of Psychological Sciences was held at the house of the President, Mrs. Boehme, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 10, at 8 p.m. The subject for study and discussion was "The Soul and Its Powers." Twenty seven members were present, all people of high literary culture and attainment. Every one entered into the discussion, and as a consequence much thought was evolved. As an initial gathering it was a great success, and held bright promise of future accomplishment. Mr. Grumbe will be in Boston for the month of March in Pierce Building, Suite 29.

On Jan. 19 the Mott Street and the Lord Memorial Industrial Schools, New York City, were visited by Anna Sargent Turner, and the older scholars addressed on the subject of "Visitation." The teachers and pupils showed much interest in this question, which is now beginning to receive attention from many noted persons.

The First Christian Evolutionist Society of Brooklyn held regular meeting Sunday, Feb. 4, at Penn-Fulton Hall. Mr. W. W. Sargent read a poem, then gave an address; after singing, Mr. Walter Hayward made a few remarks and gave some excellent communications and psychic demonstrations. Mr. Hayward has served this society for the month of January, and his work has been appreciated.

The Advance Conference held its regular meeting Saturday evening, Feb. 3, Geo. Deleere, President, officiating. The evening opened with the usual song service, after which President Deleere gave the address. He said that superstition and old doctrines were giving place to the truth as given us by our friends from the spirit world. That instead of having a belief we now receive demonstration by spirit power of the fact of life hereafter. Mr. Warner followed with an address which contained much valuable information, and was listened to with rapt attention. The evening concluded with music, communications and character readings by Mr. Warner. There is to be a "Point of View" at the hall on Monday evening, Feb. 12, under the auspices of the Willing Workers. Mrs. Marie Robinson, Conductor.

At the Woman's Progressive Union Sunday Feb. 4, a large audience greeted Mrs. Palmer Russeque and Miss Margaret Gaulle. The afternoon service was especially interesting through the many beautiful and comforting messages given by Miss Gaulle. Fine singing, Miss Edna Turton. The evening lecture, on "The Prophecy of Spiritualism" was listened to attentively, by an intelligent company. Mrs. Russeque is a favorite speaker, and we feel assured of full houses during her engagements with us.

Other States.

G. W. Kates writes from Minnesota: During the midwinter months we did not expect to do much field work in this cold climate; but the season has been so pleasant that we accepted several calls outside the twin cities. We held four meetings in Duluth, two in West Superior, five in Princeton, two in Ellsworth, Wis., two Sunday evenings in St. Paul, beside several other evening meetings and one Sunday afternoon in Minnesota. We are making engagements for almost daily services after January. Mrs. Kates, as a medium and lecturer, is enduring the active labors as few can—with such services given that the people are accepting Spiritualism as a religion they long have sought and not found. Holding free meetings, many boys and girls attend, who hear the true story of what Spiritualism is, and will become thereby defenders of its proud name, instead of defamers that so many fakirs have developed. We need all possible help to spread the good tidings truly before the people. We must have a better esprit amongst Spiritualists in order to supply the needs of the masses struggling for light and truth. Why will not more humanitarian Spiritualists come forth and aid the workers to go out into the world with the spiritual gospel?

The State Association of Minnesota is an earnest body of good workers, and we have great hope for its growth. Indeed, it is growing rapidly and healthfully. The missionary work is upon the right plan, and the results are entirely satisfactory. We need not fear to meet expense if we put the right spirit in our work. The public thrills by our enthusiasm or is chilled by our coldness. The self sacrifice of our workers will finally unfold the good results hoped for. Let us bear the burdens as best we can, trusting to the sunlight of the morrow to illuminate our pathway. There must be pioneers and sacrifices made by some heroic souls to prepare the way for happy and useful people to follow.

We are looking for excellent results at our mid-winter mass meetings to be held in Unity Church, St. Paul, Feb. 2, and in the Unitarian Church, Minneapolis, Feb. 3 and 4. These excellent places are each places of comfort and harmony to meet in that we expect spiritual results that will urge us forward to obtain similar local houses for our Cause. Of all needs, the need of proper places to hold spiritual meetings is now the greatest.

E. C. Gray writes from Chicago: The Progressive Spiritual Church, G. V. Cordingley,



pastor, holds services every Sunday afternoon and evening at Handel Hall, 48 Randolph street. It is a strange fact that each Sunday brings a new and strange congregation. The main attraction seems not for the inspirational lectures or philosophy, but the greater number come for "tests." During the past month we have had with us Dr. White, Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Ella Johnson and Dr. Dutton, who have entertained many with their eloquence and messages. On Wednesday evening, Feb. 14, there will be given at the residence of G. V. Cordingley, 3300 Wabash Avenue, a valentine party, psychometric circle and oyster supper for the benefit of the church. The public is invited. Collection will be only twenty-five cents.

Mrs. M. A. Brackett writes that the Orient Hall Society of Portland contemplates a more complete organization in order that the interest and work may be divided among a larger number of Spiritualists. Heretofore the work of the society has been entirely in the hands of three individuals. The local talent, Mesdames DeLewie and Reddon, have occupied the platform the last two Sundays.

Bangor Spiritual Society.—In spite of a driving snowstorm a good-sized audience gathered in Moody's Hall Sunday afternoon, Feb. 4, to listen to the eloquent words of Charles A. Brown, whose noble thoughts so forcibly expressed have endeared him to his hearers. The subject chosen was, "The Mission of Spiritualism," and the speaker's earnest words were greatly appreciated by many who heard him for the first time. A social meeting was held in the evening, at which words of cheer were spoken by nearly every one present. The new choir sang very finely at both services. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the hall every Sunday. A. F. S.

A correspondent writes from Nashua, N. H., Sunday, Feb. 4: Good audiences greeted Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop. These mediums will be with us during the whole of the present month. The subjects of the lectures—"Sympathy" in the afternoon, and "Devotion" in the evening—were interesting. Delineations were given by Mrs. Lathrop; ballot-reading by Mr. Lathrop.

The high school grade of the Woburn Parochial School listened, on Jan. 22, to a short lecture on Visitation. Miss Turner had been specially invited to give this address, and found a most attentive audience. The sisters in charge of the school spoke with much warmth in regard to the anti-visitation work now being carried on in our country, and particularly commended the introduction of this question into schools, as calculated to arouse the opposition of the rising generation to the practice of visitation.

On Jan. 24 Miss Turner visited some grammar schools in Framingham, Nobscoot and Ashland, and spoke to the children on the subject of Visitation.

The High and Grammar School grades of the Parochial School in Charlestown, Mass., were addressed on Jan. 25, with a view to interesting the pupils in the protection of animals from all vivisectional operations, as much for the good of human beings, as on account of the indispensable sufferings inflicted on the beasts.

The Woman's Relief Corps of Wakefield, Mass., held their usual meeting on Jan. 25. After the ordinary routine of business a recess was called, and a short lecture given by the Secretary of the New York State Anti-Visitation Society, in which she exhorted her hearers to be true to the basic principles of their Society, and give to all beasts, as well as to human beings, the rights which are their due.

On Jan. 30 Miss Turner visited Peabody, Mass., and spoke to the pupils of the Parochial School in that town on the subject of Visitation.

Daniel Freeman, the Beatrice, Neb., free-thinker who is fighting to prevent the public school in his district from being turned into a place of sectarian worship, recently wrote of the outlook as follows:

"The case is in excellent shape. The teacher swears that she meant the exercises to be worship, and that she considered any prayer suitable to be made in a Baptist church was suitable in the public schools. The case ought to have been won, and would have been won had it not been already lost in the mud of the judge before the evidence was heard."

The teacher who testified that Bible-reading and hymn-singing were meant as religious worship was quite right, and much more candid than the officials who defend such exercises as "literary." We may all be assured that the Bible was never put into any school except for religious purposes.—Truth Seeker.

Superintendent Andrews of the Chicago schools has induced the University of Chicago to adopt the reformed spelling accepted by the National Educational Association. The list of words reformed are as follows:

Program (programme). Catalog (catalogue). The (through). Prolog (prologue). Altho (although). Demagog (demagogue). Thorofare (thoroughfare). Pedagog (pedagogue). Thru (through). Thruout (throughout).

The Truth Seeker once tried to reform English spelling, but did not succeed, though its innovations were less radical than these. There is a tendency among American publishers to go back to the English method of spelling "parlour," "honour," and "colour," and we would not be surprised to see "gaol" and "almanack" restored.—Truth Seeker.

A Card.

I am indebted to many friends, who, during my recent illness, have remembered me with beautiful flowers, kindly thoughts and friendly calls; and as I cannot see you each personally, let me thank you in this way for all your kindness. Such things sweeten life and help brighten our brief stay here.

MRS. SADIE L. HAND.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "BANNER OF LIGHT Establishment" is now an incorporated institution, we give below the form in which a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law, should any one feel impressed to bequeath something to assist us in carrying on the good work in which we have for so many years been engaged:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto the 'BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY,' of Boston, Massachusetts, or its successors (here insert the description of the property to be willed, and the manner in which the donor desires the same to be expended, which request will be faithfully carried out, strictly upon trust, that its officers shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

A CRITICAL REVIEW of Rev. Dr. P. E. Kipp's Three Sermons, delivered in the First Presbyterian Church, San Diego, Cal., against Spiritualism, by J. M. PEEBLES, A. M., M. D., Ph. D. "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbor comes and searcheth him out." Prov. xxiii, 1. "He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it." Ecclesiastes, x, 8. Pamphlet, pp. 34. Price 25 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

"An employer in a manufactory in the Midlands of England was showing a friend over his works. Pointing to a workman, he remarked: "That man earns me five pounds a week." "What wages do you pay him?" the friend inquired. "Sixteen shillings a week," was the reply. A. 17.

Comprising the following stories:

Introduction; The Creation; The Miraculous Rain of Quails; The Exodus; The Story of Sampson; The Flood; Noah and the Ark; Joshua Commands the Sun to Stand Still; Jonah and the Whale; Wonderful Increase of the Israelites in Egypt; The Tower of Babel; The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes; Heaven and its Inhabitants. Nicely bound in cloth, with portrait of the author. Price 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

The Sunflower Jewelry. Has been produced for the purpose of supplying Spiritualists with a line of jewelry distinctly their own. The Sunflower was adopted as the centre design of the seal of the National Spiritualists' Association. The Sunflower on this jewelry is an exact fac simile of that design. Wear it always.

Badge Pin. The