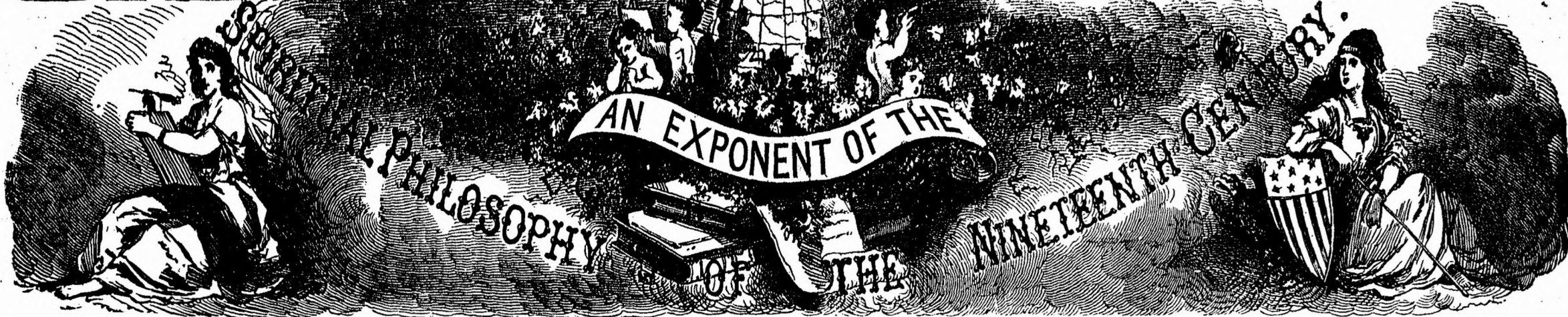


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 26.

## SPEAK OUT.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

"Thoughts unexpressed are only half possessed."

You have thought, and thought alone;  
You have grown, and grown, and grown;  
You've opinions of your own;  
Speak them out!

You have reasoned long and well  
In your brainy citadel;  
Outgrown creeds, the devil, hell,  
Now speak out!

Let the world know where you stand,  
Love and wisdom, hand in hand,  
Lead the soul to highlands grand;  
Oh! speak out!

Many earnest ones would know  
How to shackle sin's outgrowth;  
Tell them kindly what you know!  
Dare speak out.

Do not pause to veer and please!  
Cowardice is heart disease.  
Would you feel a royal ease?  
Then speak out!

Feel at heart life's sacred worth,  
Let it in your life shine forth,  
East and west, and south and north,  
Oh! speak out.

Work to cleanse and educate;  
Love, sweeten, elevate;  
Work before it is too late.  
Soul, speak out!

Do not fear the dark-browed throng;  
Lead the lagging ones along;  
Order "Forward!" loud and strong,  
Oh! speak out.

Berlin Heights, O.

## An Appeal for City Boys.

BY GERTRUDE ANDREWS.

The city has put in a new Free Library in the Eastern District of Brooklyn. That nearly two thousand membership cards have been issued in two months testifies to the appreciation of the people. But it has made more impressive one lamentable state of affairs in Greater New York.

Through the day the Library is open to the children, and they go there in droves after school hours. The librarians show wonderful patience in entertaining them and choosing appropriate books for their pleasure and needs. A small button is issued which binds the wearer to a pledge—the very practical pledge that he will keep his hands clean. It gives him a respect for books. They must be approached with that spirit which is next to godliness, for they represent man's highest efforts.

It is amazing to note the change this has made in many of the boys who go there. They appear now in a self-respectful condition, decently groomed.

At night the Library is open until nine o'clock. Then it is reserved for older people. Men who are busy through the day take a little time to quietly read there. The school boys are requested not to enter.

This is as it should be, of course. Those boys should be at home that time of day. But they are not. Home seems to be the last place they want to go to. There are plenty of good reasons for this. To many, home means only a place to eat and sleep in. They are lucky if it is not worse. Then hundreds of families live in flats. In these flats there is not an inch of room to spare. When several children are congregated in the tiny dining-room or parlor they are uncomfortably thick. The boys are noisy and restless. Tired, nervous mothers are thankful to have them out of the way. So they go on the street. Even those boys who are encouraged to stay at home feel cramped in the small quarters.

What a boy wants is room. He needs open fields and woods. He is an animal, and needs the association of other animals—dogs, horses, birds, sheep and cows. He needs the vigorous nursing of Mother Nature. Our greatest men have grown out of the earth, and not out of pavements. A city man born and bred has lost something. In the city the juices of life dry up. The milk of human kindness is apt to turn into a selfish curdle. Our city boys mature in an incubator. They do not know the loving caresses of Nature. They do not have legitimate room in which to grow.

Each night I look at the hard little faces around this library door, and am filled with a great pity. It seems as if they had never known any of the real joys and natural roguery of boydom. Their idea of manhood is to smoke, spit between their teeth, and "rush the growler." They never knew the joys of "cracking the whip," or "Tom, Tom, pull away." They never stole a swim in pond or shady brook. They never dug in the sweet smelling earth for angle-worms with which to lure the unsophisticated fish.

They never played "hookey." They never lay at night on grassy banks and watched the stars and moon and felt in a mystified boyish way the beauty and wonder of God's universe. No, they live on hard, unresponsive pavements and breathe in the unnatural fever of the city streets. Is it any wonder that they create artificial appetites and vote for Tam many when they grow to be men?

Then I look around to all the beautiful churches with their padlocked doors. All of that art and costly comfort for one day in the week—and reserved for the elect! and these poor little starved souls grappling with nervous, restless, dirty fingers their sidewalk problems of life! But they are the coming strength or disease of the city. Their sins will taint the blood of generations to be. And the news papers are filled with mournful plaints that people are dropping away from church!

All sorts of theories are advanced for the

cause. But the trouble is that the sermon has been kept too high upon the mount. It must be brought down into the valley to meet the needs of the race. Christ never taught his lessons in great and beautiful churches that were too fine for everyday use for the multitudes.

The old theory of repression must be replaced by one of expansion.

Throw the doors of the churches open. Condense about half a dozen into one so as to increase its financial strength. Have places of entertainment for our boys and girls—both little and big—where they can be brought together in wholesome relations. Have libraries, pictures and gymnasiums, museums of natural history and conservatories filled with both floral and vegetable life, where they can study the inner meanings of things. Let them be taught the laws of life instead of trying to poke obsolete, dry, indigestible creeds down their poor little parched throats.

It costs ten dollars to join the Young Men's Christian Association. The majority of boys cannot afford that even if they wanted to. Then most of the missions which good folk establish are bare and dreary enough, and permeated with an irritating goodness and patronage. Patronage is un-American. Even the first generation born in this country resents it. We do not want to be patronized. We do not want goody-goody plasters applied to draw our wickedness out through the pores in irritating blisters. No, we want to be cured through our blood.

We want Beauty!

It was the commandment God left off the tablets of Moses, because it was so important he engraved it on the heart of man: "Thou shalt love the Beautiful!"

Why, the boys in the library just hunt the shelves over for red books. Their poor little souls are starving for beauty. Give them places to go where they can see it. Let them vent their God-given energies—for lack of fields and woods—in gymnasiums. Let them imbibe higher ideals of virile manhood from the best books, pictures and statuary. Save them from their sidewalk ideals, and from the puny perfection of antique Sunday-school lore.

This is not just a problem of the boys of the slums or poorer parts of the city, but it is the problem of boydom generally. One mother in Harlem told me that she had been thinking seriously of raising a petition to send to the Board of Education asking that the school buildings be open at night.

If we must live thick in the city let us evolve a practical, moral hygiene which shall bring a higher spirituality through a broader knowledge of life.

Cor. of Bedford Ave., So. 5th St., Brooklyn.

## "Life Beyond Death."

A Masterly Sermon Delivered by the Rev. Seth Curtis Beach, in Bangor, Me.,  
On Sunday, Feb. 11, 1900.

(Published by request.)

On Sunday morning, in the Independent Congregational church, Rev. Seth Curtis Beach, the pastor, delivered a masterly sermon upon Dr. Minot J. Savage's book, entitled "Life Beyond Death." The congregation which listened to the discourse was large, and every one present was held closely to the subject in hand during every minute the preacher was speaking. The sermon was as follows:

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."  
—Mark 1:24.

A father had come to Jesus to ask for the healing of a son born, as it is said, with a "dumb spirit." "And whosoever he taketh him, he teareth him, and he foameth and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away." Jesus said: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth"; and the father replied, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Thoughtful persons often find themselves in this condition. There are two sides to so many questions that only a person who decides first and thinks afterward, and that only to support his decisions, can have an absolutely untroubled mind with reference to a thousand difficult problems of existence.

It has been said that no one has in him the making of a metaphysician unless he can bring himself to doubt his own existence. Was Shakespeare fitting his Hamlet for the role of metaphysics when he made him utter that sublime soliloquy: "To be or not to be; that is the question." We feel that Addison's Cato was approaching the proper stage of half-hearted belief in immortality when he said: "It must be so, Plato; thou reasonest well."

Evidently he was almost prepared to confess the faith in some such words as the father of the child with a dumb spirit. Upon the subject of immortality, I have had many such parishioners. I had a parishioner who told me that she believed in immortality while I was talking about it. It was no small compliment to my powers of argument or of persuasion. I can accomplish very much the same feat with myself. I think the argument for immortality is immensely strong, and I have more than once convinced myself that our discipline in time has an eternal meaning; but surprise me with the question some other day, and I shall have to answer, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

It has not always been so with the world, and I fancy it will not always be so. One way or the other the question will be practically settled, like the undulatory theory of light, the law of gravitation, or fate of all the doctrine of evolution. I do not now undertake to say how the problem of immortality will be settled, whether pro or con; but a conclusion

will so far be agreed upon that it will practically drop out of debate. It has not been proved that no atom of matter is ever destroyed nor can it be; but it is a settled belief; no one disputes the statement and I suppose, no sensible person doubts it. Mr. Calthrop says that the coming century will settle it just as firmly that "no mind is ever destroyed."

That may be. But on the other hand agnosticism may triumph, and it may be settled that we know nothing about the matter. What I feel confident of is that for well-informed persons the question will be so far settled as to drop out of debate. But the time for that has hardly come. It is still a question which we have to argue with ourselves about, and decide subject to a revisio, which with most of us is pretty sure to come.

You have some of you been reading Dr. Savage's book, entitled, "Life Beyond Death." It is an argument for immortality based upon physical manifestations and sensible phenomena—direct evidence—such as we are more or less familiar with under the name of "Spiritualism." If you already believe in these manifestations and their current explanation, I do not see what good the book can do you, and if your nerves are not strong, may easily do you harm, just as another glass will do harm to one who has already had a little too much. But if you are in good health, are interested in the question of immortality, and wish to know if there are any facts which seem to support the claims of Spiritualists to have solved the problem of immortality, this is one of the books to read. One thing I will vouch for: you can absolutely rely on every statement of fact which Dr. Savage alleges as matter of personal experience, as fully as if you had made the statement yourself.

And yet you may easily close the book as I do with the saying of the unhappy father in the gospel, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

Before telling Mr. Savage's experience, allow me to relate a little of my own. It will serve to place before you the standpoint from which I view these things. Every one knows that, while similar manifestations can be traced in other generations, the phenomenon which upset the world, and ran from house to house like an epidemic, under the name of "Spiritualism," occurred in the Fox family at Hydesville, N. Y., in 1848. It happened to be my fortune to be born in a town adjoining that in which this Hydesville is situated, and at that time, a boy of ten years, to be living within five miles of the haunted house.

Hydesville was and still is a place of about the size and consequence of Six Miles Falls, and the Fox family were farmers of migratory conditions and tendencies. My own family were of the hard sect called Pharisees, and they thanked God that they were not of those who believed in charlatans. For days after the outbreak, teams were hitched to the fence, sometimes by the hundred, in the neighborhood of the stabby residence of the Fox family, but my mother never had a team among them.

As I reflect upon it, I should wonder that she looked with such stony incredulity upon the whole business, were it not easy for all of us to resist the best testimony of eye witnesses to out-of-the-way happenings near at hand, while accepting any amount of the marvelous at a distance, or in antiquity. "There were giants in those days," but of course there are none now. Not a soul of us would believe in a Catholic miracle if all the priests of the church testified to it, but we either believe, or half believe, or think that possibly we ought to believe, that Jesus walked on the water and, perhaps that the devil set him upon a pinnacle of the temple.

My mother did not believe in the Hydesville manifestations, but she did believe that very similar things could happen, and had happened a generation earlier among her own relatives. She had often told me of one Katie Shaw of unsavory reputation who could cause dishes to fall from the shelves into indiscriminate ruins without touching them or even being in the same apartment. There had been other disreputable persons of the female sex married into the family connection—none I am happy to say in the direct line of ancestry—who had an uncanny power. There was one, and my mother had seen her, who maliciously bothered the farmers' wives at their dairy work; she bewitched their cream, so that they churned hours to no purpose, until some courageous housewife threw a hot iron into her churn, when the butter came immediately. This collateral ancestress of mine carried the marks of that hot iron to her grave. Did my mother believe these things? She did not doubt them a particle.

Naturally, I suppose these stories were true at a time when I took my other nursery tales in good faith; but there came a day when I began to think that my mother, wise as she surely was upon practical matters, was a grain superstitious when it came to the supernatural. I arrived at the conclusion that all mundane effects must have a genuinely mundane cause; I dismissed the supernatural utterly from my thought of this world's affairs, and I thought I had gained something in enlightenment beyond the creed inherited from my mother.

This conviction endured some hard knocks and persisted a good many years. It survived the first and only personal encounter I ever had with "Spiritualism." I was sent to Ithaca, N. Y., in the early days of our church there located. No one in that region had ever spoken a pleasant word for Unitarianism, or heard one. Spiritualism had gone before us, and the Spiritualists were the only open-minded per-

sons in that community—the only persons, that is, who could be persuaded to listen to a Unitarian sermon. The little congregation, gathered by Dr. Bellows, Dr. Peabody and the like, was a nest of Spiritualists.

They had the kindness to think favorably of me as far as I knew or had gone on the way of truth, and they were pleased to say that if they could make a Spiritualist of me, I would be fairly prepared for the ministry. A séance was arranged for my conversion, and at that sitting a person who claimed to be my mother appeared, not to me, but to the eyes of a lady present. The lady described the apparition minutely, but I did not in the least recognize the figure; besides, my mother was then living and could not, I then thought, very well have been present.

Years afterward, in Dedham, Mass., I had a New York family as summer parishioners. They were of old Dedham lineage, and they buried their dead in our village cemetery. It was a large family and they came often on these sad expeditions. After an interment, they allowed no time to go to waste until they had visited a medium in Boston and received news from the departed. They never failed to get immediate and satisfactory results. I had no reason to doubt their statement of facts; on the contrary, I had good reason to believe what they told me. And they told me some things which, if one had a particle of faith, were convincing. That is, they convinced you of something, if you did not quite know of what. One of the daughters had married a New York merchant whose father, an invalid, lived with his wife in Paris. The family were prepared at any time to hear that the gentleman had passed away. Finally they received a communication through a medium, that the wife, whom they supposed perfectly well, had died suddenly. They said: "You mean Mr. So-and-So." "No," persisted the medium; "it is Mrs. So-and-So," and, strange to say, so it was.

I do not so distinctly remember other stories told by these unquestioning believers; but there were many of them. They did not convert me, but they greatly disquieted me. Later, I read Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," which is a good book to read, because there need be no doubt that Mr. Owen means to speak the truth.

One of the incidents in this book, which is sufficiently attested to be credible, if we are to believe anything out of the common, is that of a rescue at sea. The first mate of a vessel was in his cabin, and saw sitting at the captain's desk a stranger, writing upon a slate. The mate, terrified, ran on deck, and reported to the captain, and both went, together into the cabin. "No one was to be seen. Looking upon the slate they saw written, 'Sail to the north-west.'" Omitting many details, it is enough to say that the ship was headed about, and sailed to the northwest, when in due time a vessel was found frozen into the ice, and crew and passengers were rescued. Among the passengers was a man who answered perfectly to the apparition seen by the mate, who wrote on the other side of the slate the same words so near like the writing of the apparition that they were indistinguishable, and who was as much surprised by the tale told by the rescuers as any one on board. He was in a deep sleep at the time of the apparition, and woke up saying help was near at hand. There is quite a remarkable case of apparition of a living person related in Prof. William James' Psychology. Such incidents do not prove immortality, but they go far to prove the separability from the body of something endowed with a good deal of intelligence, very like what we call a soul.

Mr. Owen gives a number of instances of apparitions of the dying, or recent dead, to friends at a distance—instances which seem to be adequately supported by testimony, unless, as is possible, we take the position that no testimony to such uncanny events is adequate. The effect upon me of reading Mr. Owen's book was a partial conviction, or a reluctant admission that the things appear to be true. I have an Easter sermon written many years ago, in which I acknowledge that the evidence for the reappearance of departed spirits seems to me worthy of belief, and practically impossible to escape.

But one extreme follows another, and from this bold confession of faith I naturally dropped back into cold and incredulous skepticism. My last lingering gleam of faith went out in night when Mr. Robert Dale Owen himself, in the Katie King episode, after publishing a staple-hearted, confident account of an apparent materialization, was obliged to confess that the shadowy spirit whose gradual emergence into bodily and visible form he had been witnessing at a distance in a darkened room, had turned out to be, on nearer approach, no other than the substantial form of the medium herself.

Here I was able to rest the case, until the Society for Psychical Research appeared, and under what seemed to be careful tests, presented a new array of facts, such as go far to stagger even skepticism itself.

Many of you, I doubt not, could parallel my own experience, but as only one of us could tell this common experience, and all of us would perhaps like to have it told, I have made my confession for the general benefit.

I can spare myself and you the necessity of making lengthy extracts from the book of Dr. Savage, because some of you have read it, and the rest of you are sure to read it if you have much interest in its subject.

Dr. Savage's experience has been very different from my own, and the difference dates back to the days of childhood memories. While he was a mere school boy in Norridgewock, the tables in more than one house of his acquaint-

tance, tipped, danced about the room, and gave responses. He was himself a "sensitive," or a "psychic," or a person of a "mediumistic" power, and a table in his own home would move under his hand and answer his questions. He had only to touch the table lightly and it would follow him quite across the room.

One thing he confesses was driven into his consciousness by these experiences, namely: "that some force was in action other than that which we ordinarily call muscular." Thus a very advanced position was early won, a position which some of us even in our old age have scarcely attained.

In his later life, Dr. Savage has seen a gay party dispersed in terror from a table around which they were sitting, "while objects in different parts of the house, up stairs and down, were flung about by some force that none of the people present could comprehend." It appears possible that my mother's nursery tale about her distinguished relative Katie Shaw, may have been true after all.

Dr. Savage has seen a chair lifted, carried across the room, and leaned against a table, in broad day, no one being within many feet of it. He has seen and heard an accordion played, insulated in a wicker basket. He took the instrument in his hand and it was nearly wrenched from his grasp. "It was," he says, "a real struggle as though a visible man had been attempting to take it away from me."

He relates two very interesting cases of apparition of the dead to the dying, under circumstances which certainly make the reality of the apparition the simplest explanation. He gives several other incidents of great interest, and knowing Dr. Savage as I do, I have not the smallest doubt they appeared to happen precisely as he states them.

What are we going to do with these phenomena and much more of the same kind, attested by persons who have a measure of intelligence and who do not lie?

We can say as perhaps we have long said, that we do not know either what the facts really are or what they mean; and in so doing, I think we shall speak the exact truth. We do not know positively; but a perfectly neutral attitude is difficult to hold. You can school yourself to balance your mind upon a hair for a certain time, but in the end that attitude will be difficult, and you will find that you incline to descend upon one side or the other. For myself, I incline to accept the facts, not only as apparent but as real, though I have never experienced any of them, and most of them I had rather not.

Furthermore, I found myself inclining to accept the Spiritualist's explanation. Dr. Savage, who believes about a thousand times more than I do, disclaims being a "Spiritualist." He had better, or we should surely mistake him for one. On the contrary, I am so weak in the faith that no one would suspect me of being a Spiritualist unless I made an open confession. Without a blush, I therefore acknowledge myself to be a Spiritualist; that is, I am more than halfway there. I think that to-day the balance of evidence is on that side. Like the father of that boy with the dumb spirit, I say, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

But some of you who are skeptically inclined may ask if it is not conceivable that the facts will admit of a different explanation. As our friend Hamlet remarks, "Aye, there's the rub!" Dr. Savage has himself said that we as yet know next to nothing of the possibilities of the human mind, and we know even less of the possibilities of what we call matter. He has a chapter in which he shows how our ordinary arguments for immortality leave us a little short of certainty. I am free to say that if we were sure that a chair was carried across the room by a disembodied spirit, that kind of argument would give certainty; but was it so carried? The skeptical has his doubt still unremoved—though please remember that I am a believer, as I have already confessed.

Dr. Savage is much more interested in this matter than I am. I believe that the hope of immortality has its value, but one does not want to know too much about the matter. It is better not to think you know it all. I hope the world has been greatly benefited by its belief in the hereafter, but it has paid dearly for its blessing. Until the nineteenth century there have been very few in any generation to whom the hereafter has not been a terror. Wordsworth says, "The world is too much with us," but surely the "other world" has often been too much with us. What Dr. Martineau has well named "other-worldiness," has been a disease of religion. Dr. Savage speaks slightly of Thoreau's maxim, "One world at a time," but no more religiously healthy maxim was ever given.

Dr. Savage informs us that he took up his investigations that he might have something with which to satisfy broken hearts that came to him for consolation. The broken hearts that I have encountered are not of a kind to be satisfied at all. They feel like Lowell over his dead baby:

"Immortal? I feel it, I know it.  
Who doubts it of such as she?  
But that is the pang's very secret—  
Immortal away from me!  
Communion of spirit? Forgive me,  
But I, who am earthly and weak,  
Would give all my incomes from dreamland  
For a touch of her hand on my cheek."

I suppose I am very unfeeling, but Dr. Savage would have given his broken hearts as much comfort if he had tried to take their minds away from their trouble as he did by sitting down with them with a slate or a planchette, probing the tender sore and keeping open the bleeding wound. There are some



JONATHAN COLEMAN, An Instance of Spiritual Development.

BY M. EARL DUNHAM.

CHAPTER VIII. PARTURITIVE PHYSICIANS

Mr. and Mrs. Coleman entered upon what they regarded as their mission heartily, loyally, enthusiastically. They believed, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, in the reality of spirit communications, spirit guardianship, spirit superintendence, and spirit power. They believed in all this so honestly, so thoroughly, so absorbingly, that they went wherever and did whatever the spirits directed. One instance, selected out of scores, is here illustrative of this fact. It occurred shortly after Mr. Coleman had refused the offer of a regular salary from his friends and old time neighbors, and had thrown himself and family, spiritually and temporally, upon the promised care of the spirits. He had been reading and meditating quietly at home, when his wife came to him, in the middle of the forenoon, and said: "Our spiritual advisers say that we must go to Toronto to-morrow on the early morning train."

"What for?" "They did not say." "Well, we can't go." "Why not?" "Because I haven't money enough to pay our fare half way there."

Mrs. Coleman dropped into a chair by the table, leaned her head for a moment on her hand, and then said: "They say distinctly, emphatically, that we must go."

"Do they say where the money to pay the fare is to come from?" "No."

"Do they suppose the railroad will carry us free?" "I don't know."

"Consult them again." She did so, and received this communication: "You and Mr. Coleman must start on the earliest train to-morrow for Toronto, and we will provide for the fare."

"How?" inquired Mr. Coleman. "In our own way. You must trust us—at least until we have once failed to provide for your needs. Pack your grip, and be ready to start for Toronto, with your wife, on the first train to-morrow morning."

"What are we to go for?" still further queried Mr. Coleman. "You will find out when you get there," was the indefinite reply.

To ordinary judgment this was a poor warrant for a man and his wife, without money, to prepare for such a journey; but Mr. and Mrs. Coleman were believers in the spirits, and some what familiar with their peculiar way of doing things; therefore they packed their grip-sack—or rather the wife did, for wives always have that part to do—ready for a start on the early morning train.

When the morning came the status of things had not changed. The fare was not provided for, but Mr. Coleman confidently took up their grip-sack, and, with his wife, started for the railroad station. To ordinary foresight this could only appear as a foolhardy act, but to them it was only an exhibition of unwavering faith in spiritual leadership. The spirits had bid them go; had promised to provide the requisite means; therefore, the responsibility rested on the spirits and not on them. Their part was simply to do as they were bidden, and they went on their way.

On the way to the railroad station they passed by the postoffice, and, of course, went to see if any letters were awaiting them. Any ordinary man would have done that. Their first one letter only to their address, and this read as follows:

"JONATHAN COLEMAN—Dear Sir: Inclosed you will find a railroad pass for yourself and wife, to Toronto and return. By order of the spirits. Yours, truly,

The pass was properly made out and signed by a prominent railroad official, but the name of the sender was not given, nor any information as to who obtained the pass. That, however, was a matter of secondary consequence, as the pass settled the question of fare, and enabled Mr. and Mrs. Coleman to go freely on their way.

On arriving at Toronto they were warmly greeted by an acquaintance of former years, a man who had become a resident of the city and the possessor of large wealth. This meeting they regarded as most fortunate, in that it would enable them to make inquiry about the hotels; for they had never been in Toronto, and had come there without knowing why or where; but before they could make the inquiry, Mr. McCann said: "Please step this way; the carriage is waiting for you."

"Is waiting for us?" queried Mr. Coleman with involuntary astonishment—though the manner of his coming ought to have prepared him for any event; but human nature will, occasionally, fall involuntarily into its old ways, and such unexpected meetings naturally awaken surprise. "Yes, for you," answered Mr. McCann. "You don't suppose I would send for guests and not meet them with a carriage."

"Send for guests!" repeated Mr. Coleman. "Certainly; I sent for you."

"How?" "By telegraph."

"We received no telegram."

"Why, then, are you here?" "Because the spirits told us to come."

"Aye, I thought so; for I sent for you by spirit telegraph, and received the answer that you would be here on this train. You are wanted. Come."

Mr. McCann led the way to the carriage, and they were quickly driven to his spacious mansion, where they found his daughter Fannie in the last stages of consumption. On her account they had been sent for—not to cure her, for that was impossible; but by their counsel, sympathy and ministrations of love, that they might assist her in the near-at-hand passage through the process of death to the flesh into the fuller life of spirit. Under spirit guidance they were to be the parturitive physicians attendant on her birth into the spirit world.

When they entered the sick room Fannie held out her two white, bloodless hands and feebly said: "Oh, I'm so glad you have come!" Each taking a hand, Mr. Coleman replied: "We are glad to be here, and to be of service to you in whatever way may be possible."

A few moments of silence followed while the three, with joined hands came into rapport of spirit interflow. Then Fannie said: I did not feel that I could pass through the change alone; I wanted some one near who could bring the spirits to aid and comfort me; and we were directed to send for you. Oh, how glad I am that you are here. Already I feel comforted and cheered."

"We will gladly do what we can for you," said Mr. Coleman. "You are not alone, dear Fannie," said Mrs. Coleman. "A host of friends are here with you. The room is full of them."

Fannie gazed about the room for a moment and then said: "I can't see them. Who are they?" "One is."

"O, mother!" Fannie cried, stretching out her arms as for an enfolding embrace, then drawing them gently down to her breast, whispering: "O, mother, mother! dear mother, have you come?" "Oh, I'm so glad! I did want you so!"

Then she patted her hands as a loving mother pats her child, while over her face came a smile of sweetest peace and contentment. Fannie's mother had departed into spirit life several years before, but the remembrance of her was cherished vividly by both husband and child. Now to see her again, to feel the touch of her caressing hand, to bask in the sunshine of mother love, filled the daughter's cup of delight to overflowing, and she lay radiant, so full

saving, "Mother, dearest mother." In the midst of this scene Mr. McCann came silently into the room, caught the softly-spoken words of his daughter, stopped spell-bound, gazing at his beloved child through eyes overflowing with tears.

The whole scene was dramatically impressive: Fannie, basking in spiritual vision her long departed mother, with rapturous delight; the father smiling through tears as he saw the heavenly glow on the face of his enraptured daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, like two guardian angels, beaming with love and sympathy; a sick-room transformed into the ante-chamber of heaven itself; a scene never to be forgotten.

Fannie was lingering on the very threshold of death, and fully recognized the fact, but, having her mother now with her, all fear was gone, and she awaited calmly the hour of her translation. With her spiritual vision opened she saw how the two worlds, the seen and the unseen, meet and blend into one. Around her were friends from both, some in spirit form and some in earth form, and the one form, to her, was quite as real as the other. Indeed, she talked to both alike, and wondered that her earth friends could not see and converse with her spirit friends.

"Don't you see them?" she would wonderingly inquire. "They are here, mother, and Lucy, and John, and Aunt Mary, and Uncle Seth. Can't you see them? Oh! I forgot, I couldn't have seen them once, but oh! how clearly I see them now."

Mrs. Coleman was the only one present who could verify Fannie's statement of spirits being in the room; the rest could not see any spirits about her, but affirmed a feeling of their presence. In some respects feeling is keener than sight. Everybody proves the truth of this at times, though few stop to consider the fact. "Coming events cast their shadows before them" much oftener through feeling than in any other way. This is commonly called "pre-sentiment," and often set down as the product of superstition, when its reality is a most serious and positive fact. Even animals experience it in the near presence of a coming danger, as on an approaching tempest. Man is more sensitive than the ordinary animal, and yet animals are recorded as trembling with fear in the presence of ghostly and occult powers; why then should it be accounted as a questionable thing when we talk about feeling the presence of spirits?

After three days of joyous, rapturous experience Fannie passed into spirit life. Her last hours were radiant with ecstatic expectation. With a smile of delight she bade a temporary adieu to her earth friends, and then stretched her hands triumphantly to her spirit friends. As if amid a burst of rejoicing and the glow of eternal sunlight she was translated. Nothing can better illustrate it unless it be the indescribable glory of the setting sun on a cloudless day.

"O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" To such as Fannie in whose vision the two worlds are seen to meet and blend, death has no sting; the grave has no victory; for she, the real person, neither died nor was inclosed in the grave; she was translated out of the perishable into the imperishable. Her body, it is true, went into the grave to be re-wrought into other uses, but her soul, her real self, went where death and the grave have no uses and, therefore, are unknown.

It is different here from there. Death here has a mission, and a kindly mission too, in that it disrobes us of the flesh when, for us, fleshly uses are at an end; the grave is a wise provision for good in that it furnishes a safe workshop wherein the cast-off flesh is re-wrought for new combinations of utility and beauty; and thus death and the grave are wonderfully wise and merciful provisions. Neither is to be feared when they come in the ordinary course of our earth career.

Mr. Coleman performed the customary funeral services; Mrs. Coleman ministered with willing hands and comforting words to the sorrowing hearts; and when all was over, save the regular routine of life which must needs be taken up, they returned home, their mission in that home having been accomplished. Then they understood why they had been sent to Toronto; again they had proved the wisdom of being subject to spirit control; another test had been given them that their temporal wants should be amply provided for, in that they had started from home without money to pay their railroad fare and now returned with a hundred dollars in their purse.

This was no solitary instance. Similar experiences were common occurrences. At the spirit call they went blithely where ordered, stopping not to question about ways and means, yet never going in vain nor once finding themselves unprovided for. And this continued for several years, full of marvelous instances which seemed more of impossible fiction than of possible fact. Is it any wonder that they believed in Spiritualism? Who would not with such an experience? And yet higher phases of usefulness awaited them.

(To be Continued.)

Fortune Telling.

BY WILLIAM POSTER, JR.

The statutes aimed at fortune telling in several of the states are relics of the devilism which prevailed in Christendom at one time, covering several centuries. The devil idea was conceived in the brain of some theological zealot, instilled into the credence of the age by a persistent drilling, by the priests of superstition, who being esteemed as men of God, in close touch with him, so much so that they understood all the divine movings, having a clear vision into the mysteries of heaven and hell, especially the latter, with its complicated mechanism. The central idea was a dark, mighty being with horns, cloven feet, a long tail terminating in a spear. He possessed great power, having full liberty to traverse God's vast domain, permitted to seduce souls as will, endowed with infinite cunning, sometimes shrewd enough to even outwit God himself. The superstitious Jews had their Satan or Beelzebub, but he was a pigmy child compared with the Christian's devil. It would be interesting to recall the Jewish demology and its scope, but it is unnecessary for the purpose of this article to enter into details, only this, that there was a distinction between those called witches, and those who conversed with familiar spirits, as the woman of Endor, who nowhere in the Record is called a witch.

The gist of the demology of Christendom was that the snake of Eden had become the monster just described, God's second edition of the devil, sometimes by the profane called "spit-foot," the author of those marvelous visions which the ignorance and bigotry of the day could not explain. Many things which we now know to have been only psychic phenomena, were called "works of the devil," performed through the agency of human beings, his instigation, especially by such as had made a covenant with him by enrolling their names in his book, which was constantly carried on his person. This was the witchcraft which was sought to extirpate by penal laws and the gallows, both in Europe and this country, the only two colonies to hang witches being Massachusetts and Connecticut.

It is true, that in this era of witchcraft, there were persons who forecast events, as there had been in all ages, who were esteemed to have dealings with his sooty, wicked majesty, but so far as my reading goes none were laid under the charge of witchcraft, or were hung. They were espoused, and tainted, therefore must be dealt with; thus came the laws against fortune-telling, which were only some form of psychic reading.

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The ignorance and bigotry of those witchcraft days were so dense, the five points of Calvinism and their logic so stupefied the minds of all the people that the heaven of devils and witchism for many years pervaded our laws and usages. It is time such relics were swept from the statute books, for bigotry is not dead, as evidenced by the recent arrest of a medium in New Hampshire. The slanders of orthodoxes are somewhat restrained by the liberalism which has rolled in upon us. They will spring when a good opportunity offers, and a crusade may open at any time. Let power fall into the hands of such creatures as one Kay Broughton, who is engineering a revival of religion in New York, and who made this utterance soon after opening the services: "All Unitarians are sinners, all sinners are Unitarians." This fellow belongs to a way back century—certainly to the days of Calvin, who roasted Servetus alive; he would have enjoyed that roasting and unctuously shouted, "Glory to God!"

While such a spirit still exists, no one knows when or where the next blow may fall. The following, taken from the *Harbinger of Dawn*, truly sets forth the work incumbent on Spiritualists, and tells some truths of vast moment. Will Spiritualists heed them?

It is not generally known outside the ranks of Spiritualism that Mental Science and Christian Science (so called) had their origin in the early history of Modern Spiritualism—were first given to the world as spirit teachings and first publicly advocated of Spiritualist lecturers. Later these teachings were taken up and separately systematized by Helen Wilmas, Mrs. Eddy and others, until Christian and Mental Science (which in reality are the same thing) have wandered far from the parent tree. That there is truth in Mental Science is demonstrated by the fact that a great number of the Spiritualists of forty years ago, who were familiar with its teachings at that time, though ostracized now, are still vigorous in mind and body.

This should be an object-lesson to all Spiritualists. They have been lulled to sleep by the siren's song while the gold in their garner has been appropriated by others. The Society for Psychical Research has appropriated their phenomena; Mental and Christian Sciences, and Suggestive Therapeutics have taken possession of their healing powers, and all that now remains of Spiritualism is a wreck stranded upon the shores of time. Why has this occurred? Because they have said of the Spiritualists as Walter Scott said of the coral insect:

"Ye build, yet ye enter not in."

Like the tribes of the desert devoured in sin.

"The silent edict has gone forth to Spiritualism: Organize, and support your worthy press and workers or die! The time for action is at hand. Raise the Mayer fund, strengthen your organization, and retrieve the glories that should be your own, or pass out into the night and gloom of oblivion."

Warwick, R. I.

God Is Love.

BY SPENCER WALTON.

Yes; but Love is God, too! Marvellous transformation of this ancient sentence. How often have we wondered at the very word "God"—but more, infinitely more so, at the statement, "God is Love!" "Why!" it ejaculates some poor, tried soul, stifling, gasping and drowning in the vortex of circumstance, whirled higher and higher on the rapids of life, until it seems bewildered as it rushes into the whirlpool of doubt—"Go! God, God! Is there any God? If so, is it any other, intelligent God? a force? a vibration? a love? or what is it, anyway? Can there be anything, honestly? or, does death end this misery—this doubt?" Listen, oh, beloved soul! "Let there be light!" Nature itself proves that there is "order," order proves "harmony," and what is harmony but love?

What is love? Natural orderly vibration—vibration, harmonious vibration is the law of existence, and that which vibrates most is said to be worth most! (The diamond for instance). In inanimate things, if such there be, incommensurably lower in the scale of vibration than human organisms, take shape, think, live, breathe and harmonize, love is there. Geology teaches us, therefore we progress, and if not the love principle why progression?

What causes most desire and affords most gratification? Pure love. What can, and will, and does destroy mountains of misery, create new conditions, and make the soul satisfied with the consciousness of a divine ecstasy? Love, yes, love; then love is God. 812 12th street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

What a Daughter Heard.

A remarkable instance of preservation from the most awful of all deaths is reported from Indianapolis, under date of Jan. 16—and later dates seem to confirm it. In Crawford County Mrs. Ellen Crosby was about to be buried alive. She had been pronounced dead, and preparations for the burial were being made. While this was in progress, her daughter, nineteen years old, worn out by exhaustion, lay down to rest, but her eyes had scarcely closed before she sprang up, and peremptorily insisted that her mother's body be returned to the bed. She said that her mother had called to her in her sleep, saying: "Mary, don't let them bury me alive!"

The undertaker complied with the daughter's

request, saying it was but a dream, but the daughter stoutly claimed the contrary, and would not be denied. Nearly eight hours passed when Mrs. Crosby slowly opened her eyes, and looked at her daughter, who had remained by her bedside constantly watching for a return of life. Mrs. Crosby has now recovered.

Questions and Answers.

BY MRS. M. KLEIN.

QUEST.—What criterion can one have that one is at one-ment with the All Life, with God?

ANS.—When conscience speaks with a divided or uncertain voice, that at-one-ment is not reached and it is necessary to descend deeper into one's inner recesses and there observe and reflect in true humility until the clear voice of the spirit is heard, which then puts aside all doubt, all uncertainty, and fills heart and mind with pure light, pure thought, and peace and joy follow as a natural consequence.

Yes; then only is one at peace with one's self and with all things. This state is attained with greater difficulty by some than by others, for the reason that they are acutely sensitive to worldly things and dull to the spiritual, and are apt to analyze and discriminate between these worldly observations and the subjects or objects therewith connected; thus an overstock of brain-stuff not readily adjusted one kind to another is a constant prohibition of the desired state of being or becoming at one with God.

Q.—How shall we view the principles of nature? Prof. Lockwood asserts that they alone are supreme.

A.—The principles of nature are the agents of Supreme Wisdom and Force, but are not in themselves supreme. For instance, man's eyes, ears, vocal organs, etc., are the agents for him to see, hear, discern; his vocal organs the expositors of his intelligence, gathered by the senses through their avenues. These organs are not his intelligence, it is the supreme power behind them. A person might have good eyes, but could see no beauty in anything; have a strong voice, but express no intelligence, because there was none behind these agents to guide them.

We say positively that all manifested energy, through its several agencies, is the INFINITE INTELLIGENCE, which alone is supreme. Van Wert, O.

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BANNER OF LIGHT PUB. CO.

things which it is good to let alone, and one of these is cutting sorrow. If you are in grief, let this means of alleviation alone. You are morbid enough already. If you are not in grief but merely curious then surely let it alone, for several good reasons.

One is that you can be better employed. You are not likely to get more out of it than has already been obtained, namely, that there is very likely something in it. You are presumably not a born detective, and your results will hardly be of value to the world and may easily mislead yourself. Do not try to take up the role of an original investigator, unless you have been trained to it. There are few things that I should regret more than to have an epidemic of sitting around tables waiting for supernatural manifestations to sweep over the community. What parties are more intellectual, more healthful mentally, more physically healthful, and every way better.

Personally I may be allowed to say that I quite prefer to know the departed as tender memories. I shrink a little from their visible, audible or tangible contact. More than one of them I should have been glad to have kept with me if they could have been spared to me, but now that they have gone hence I hope they will not take it amiss if I say I much prefer that they should stay where they are. I have a few very bright letters from Dr. Field which are too sparkling with humor to destroy. I am sure he has no organ through which to transmit to me his characteristic wit, and that being so, he need not trouble himself to communicate at all. Moreover, if it is all the same to him, he need not appear to me to-night in any form which he can now assume.

I am made uncomfortable by the possibility of visitations from spirits of another sort, some of which are not so kind and gentle as Dr. Field. If they can carry a chair across the room, could they not easily fling it at my head? I do not relish the thought of it. How easily they could strike a match, and burn the house in which I am in fancied security! I sleep. Who knows how many victims of circumstantial evidence lie in prison to-day for incendiarism or murder, which malignant spirits committed? Who knows that a whole army of spirits are not to-day fighting valiantly and effectively on the side of the Boers in South Africa? Who exploded the mine under the Maine at Havana? Why not the Duke of Alva, or Cortez, or Pizarro? Who shot Mr. Goebel of Kentucky? Why not one of the victims of his own pistol? Who killed LeBaron in the Dexter bank? Had he no enemy in the other world? Who wrote the Ja-tus letters, that have never been successfully traced to any earthly source? Who masqueraded in the "Iron Mask," and kept his secret so long and so well? Surely, we human beings are a delusion and a snare. We thought that two and two would always make four; strange to say, here are three or five, and we cannot make it; otherwise. We thought that one would reap what he sows, but what if the spirits blight our seed, and sow tares? I much prefer that things called spirits should not have so much physical potency. I do not desire to find my dishes broken when I get home, nor my book and manuscript hidden where I cannot find them.

But there is some consolation. I have lost money in my day, and I have charged it to my carelessness or stupidity. I shall give myself the benefit of supposing that a malignant spirit has abstracted it from my purse, or falsified my accounts, or upset my speculations. I often lose my spectacles; but now can any one ever say where he may find his spectacles? The old kind of world was sufficiently confused; but the world we are now in has no certainties. I cannot say that I like it better; but I am a new convert and no longer a man.



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## Children's Spiritualism.

### THE BLACKEST SIN.

In a big brown schoolhouse over the way The children were asked to tell one day What each one thought was the great sin, So far as their youthful thoughts had been.

A fair-haired girl, one who answered first, Thought "a bold, bad boy was about the worst," And the bad boy answered, with saucy wink, "A stuck-up girl is the worst, I think."

One "reckoned a thief was mighty bad," And next to that was "a drinking lad," While another thought that a pirate's life Was one with the greatest evil rife.

A lie came in for its share of blame, With hints that it led to a sea of flame; And a "hold up man" with his deeds galore, Was voted the worst by half a score.

Then spoke a boy who, with flashing eyes, Seemed unconvinced by these replies: "I think that the meanest thing in town Is to strike a fellow who is down."

—Cattie Bonney Marble, in *The Housekeeper*.

### Sunshine.

BY RUBY NICHOLS.

Sunshine was a girl thirteen years of age. She and her sister, Mabel, were going to the sea shore, where their uncle lived. Their father had been sick, and the doctor told him he needed the sea-breeze to make him well. They lived in the big city of Boston, and Dr. Strong said the city air was not good for him. So Sunshine and Mabel were helping their mamma pack.

Sunshine was the elder of the two, Mabel being five years old. At ten o'clock, May tenth, Mr. and Mrs. Marten, Sunshine and Mabel were at the big city station. Soon the long train stopped at a little station and they got out. Dr. Strong, who was with them, helped Mr. Marten out, and their baggage. They then got into a coach and soon came to another village. Here was a large hotel. It was about five o'clock, and the children were so sleepy that they did not see the great ocean. But after they got over the stiffness from sitting so long, Mabel happened to see it.

"Sunshine! Sunshine!" she called. "Hurry up, just see."

When Sunshine saw it she clasped her hands, and taking Mabel's hand, ran to tell her mamma. Sunshine's real name was Mary, but most people called her Sunshine.

This was not their uncle's house, but they were going to stay over night.

"What is it, Sunshine," asked Mabel.

"Why, Mabel, don't you know? It's the ocean."

"Yes, dear, it's the ocean," said mamma, who was sitting by an open window, and had heard their last remarks.

"Mamma, can't we go down near it?"

But just then the supper bell rang. They forgot all about the ocean in the next few minutes in eating their supper. Next morning they again rode in a coach to their uncle's house, which was about half a mile away. Here they stayed for the next three months.

Near the last of August Mr. Marten, now well, and his family returned home which, after all their fun at the seashore, they were glad to reach.

### A City Home.

Mrs. Chat Sparrow sat on a telegraph wire and scolded Mr. Chat Sparrow. It was n't his fault at all, but she did n't stop to think of that.

"I am cross enough to fly out of my feathers," said little Chat. "This is the fourth time we have tried to build a nest on the nice stone shelf under that window, and every time that horrid man in the office throws down all our sticks and straws. I am tired out with carrying stuff up to that high place all the morning."

"Well, I never liked the place very well, dear," said Mr. Chat, smoothing down his feathers. "Besides, that office cat used to stare at us so greedily that it made me quite nervous, even though I knew he couldn't reach us."

"Where shall we build?" asked Mrs. Sparrow, turning around on the telegraph wire to face the wind. "If you are a bird, you know you don't like to have the wind blow your feathers the wrong way."

"There are the trees on the Common," suggested Mr. Chat, a little timidly.

"Trees! No, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Chat. "A nest in a tree may do very well for our country cousins, but not for me, thank you."

Mr. Chat Sparrow scratched his head with his claw. Then he said: "How would you like a flat, my dear, all warmed and lighted? The Chat Sparrows have just moved in one, and there may be room for us near them. Chat and I roomed in one of the flats last winter, when we were bachelors. It was very snug and warm, even on cold nights."

"Where do you mean?" asked Mr. Chat's little wife, becoming interested.

"At the top of one of those electric lights," answered Mr. Chat, promptly. "Come and see."

So off they flew to one of the tall electric light poles on Boston Common. Above the light is a big iron "hood," as it is called, that looks very much like a big, black lampshade.

Inside of this was a small, round shelf, just the place—so the little brown birds had found—for a cosy nest. There were several Sparrow families who had already moved in, but there was still room enough for two or three more nests.

The Chat Sparrows bustled about, and chirped to each other, and had a friendly word for the Chat Sparrows.

"How do you like it, Mrs. Chat?" asked Mrs. Chat.

"Very well indeed," said Mrs. Chat Sparrow, cheerily. "Do move in; we shall be glad to have you and Mr. Chat for neighbors."

It does n't take a Sparrow long to make up his mind, and in a very few minutes Mr. and Mrs. Chat Sparrow had decided to move into this convenient tenement house, ready lighted and heated by electricity.

For two or three days they worked busily, bringing up sticks and straws for their little home. At last their nest was ready, and they moved in at once.

The very first night in their new home was a chilly evening, with a pouring rain.

"Why, how cosy this is," said Mrs. Chat, snuggling down, and ruffling up her feathers comfortably. "The iron roof above us keeps off the rain, and the heat from the light just makes it snug and warm. It's better than the office window shelf, isn't it, Chattie?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Mr. Chat. Then he yawned, blinked once or twice, for he was very sleepy, and added: "That office cat won't have a chance to stare at us now. I'd like to see the cat that could climb up here."

And, in two minutes more, Mr. Chat's eyes were shut tight, and his little head was tucked under one fluffy wing. Mrs. Chat nodded and blinked, then her head went under her wing, and all was quiet in the bird's tenement house.

—Ida Kenniston, in *Household*.

## Reviews and Clippings.

THE SPINX.—The current issue is at hand, full of "thoughts for those who think." The frontispiece is an excellent engraving of "The Three Fates." James Bonwick continues his series on the "Spinix Religion." Sepharial contributes a chapter on "Astro Phenology," in which are presented a few of the more striking statements of Emanuel Swedenborg in reference to the nature of the planetary spirits and their action over the minds of the earth-born. It is interesting to note that his statements agree with astrological calculations.

"Fate, and Cheating It," by Heinrich Däth, is a very interesting essay. There may be a few intelligent readers who are not Greek, Latin or French students who will miss some of his thoughts. We regret that he found the English vocabulary limited.

Other articles all worthy of note are "The Character and Fortunes of Virgo," by Star; "A Glimpse of William Lilly," by Kymry; "The Astrologer's Vade Mecum," W. H. Chaney; "The Science of Celestial Philosophy Relating to Nativities," G. T. F. Smith; "The Astrological Dragon," Anna Pnars; "The Winter Solstice," Hazelrigg; "Birthday Information and Daily Advice," Astor; "The American Grammar of Astrology," C. H. Thompson.

"What I Think of the Devil" is not the subject of a learned astrological essay, but of the following diversion for the tired mind:

Mark Twain, in his quality of an imp of mischief, has come to the aid of that supernatural or mythical being who is sometimes euphemistically spoken of as his Satanic Majesty, but is more commonly described as the devil.

"I have no special regard for Satan," says Mark, in the article "Concerning the Jew," in *Harper's*, "but I can at least claim that I have no prejudice against him. It may even be that I lean a little bit his way on account of his not having a fair show. All religious issue bibles against him, and say the most injurious things about him, but we never hear his side. We have none but the evidence for the prosecution and yet we have rendered the verdict. To my mind this is irregular. It is an English; it is un-American; it is French. Without this precedent Dreyfus could not have been condemned. Of course, Satan has some kind of a case, it goes without saying. It may be a poor one, but that is nothing; that can be said about any of us."

He promises that as soon as he can get at the facts, and find an impartial publisher, he will undertake the rehabilitation of the devil.

"A person," he adds, wickedly, "who has for untold centuries maintained the imposing position of spiritual head of four fifths of the human race, and political head of the whole of it, must be granted possession of executive abilities of the loftiest order."

For sale at this office.

"SELF HYPNOTISM—the control of your own mind—is the key to Consolous Immortality," said one of our spirit teachers when we asked if Hypnotism was a profitable study to take up.

"If you mean by taking up the study of Hypnotism, studying how to use your will to make some one do things that will make fun for the spectators, we say, No; It is not profitable. It is neither good for yourself nor those you are controlling."

"Self Hypnotism—self government—is the most profitable study of all studies. Parents should begin to teach the child this as soon as it can express thought."

"To understand that which you name 'Hypnotism,' is the only way to live cheerfully and right; yet people are frightened at the mention of the mere word, but this is because they do not understand what Hypnotism means."

"Every one is being hypnotized continually, by some one or some thing. Each mental healer is a hypnotist. Each person who is healed by mental suggestion is hypnotized. Whoever expresses a thought that influences another mind to follow its dictation hypnotizes that mind. People are hypnotized by each other and by all conceivable things; but the King of all hypnotizers is Fear, for every conscious being succumbs to its influence, more or less."

"Self Hypnotism is the control of your own mind. To be self-hypnotized is to think as you desire; it is to be able to concentrate your thoughts, and to have only such thoughts as you desire."

"It requires organized effort to study Self-Hypnotism. As much time at least as is given to the care of the physical body, must be devoted to spiritual unfoldment. The mind must be kept clean and pure."

"You can never get control of your mind so long as you can be hypnotized by Fear."

"Let all your thoughts be loving thoughts, then Fear has lost its power over you."—*The World's Advance Thought and the Universal Republic*.

GREAT MINDEDNESS.—And yet again: "There is no man that cannot bring great mindedness to any calling in which he is embarked. It does not need that a man should be born a United States Senator, for the man that is on the shoemaker's bench may make himself one of the greatest of statesmen. It does not need that a man should be born a geologist; for a man in a stone quarry may make himself one of the most eminent philosophers. Where a man begins to work is where he begins; but it does not follow that that is where he ends. And the point of criticism is, that a man should suppose his trade to be the measure of what he is to be; that he should look upon himself as shut up in it; that he should take the view that he must be as big as that trade, and no bigger."

"The manhood that God gave you the capacity of exercising is the measure of your life; and when you fill the avocation that you are in, and have a great deal to spare you will be called to go up higher. If you are engaged in that which is drudgery, you will soon grow out of it if you have the spirit of emancipation in you. If you are just fit for a drudge, if you only have a thought for the present, if you think your present attainments are enough, then be content in the state which you are in, and do not grumble. But if you are fit for something more, then make something more of yourself, and do not grumble. Why do you grumble if you are fit for nothing more? And if you are fit for something more, why do you grumble? A man is fit for something higher when he shows himself to be so by doing something higher."—*Dr. M. L. Holbrook, in the February Phenological Journal*.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N.Y.—

In 1893, as there was no magazine in America devoted entirely to the subject of physics, Cornell University established for that purpose the *Physical Review*. So great was the press of valuable articles descriptive of original research and scientific discoveries that in four years' time it found it necessary to appear monthly instead of bi-monthly as at first. It has published seventy-one original investigations made in the Cornell laboratories, but more from all parts of this country and Canada, Holland, Germany, Australia, Japan and Sweden (in which country Professor Augustin of the University of Upsala is a regular contributor). Scientific research is now world-wide, and the progress of discovery very rapid.

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BY DELPHIA P. HUGHES.

This little brochure is designed to furnish a set marriage service to be used by Spiritualists at weddings, as well as appropriate quotations for funeral occasions and other special services. This work is an excellent one, and will be read with much interest even by those who do not believe in rituals or set services of any kind for Spiritualists. The author has culled her quotations with a careful hand, and presents some of the choicest thoughts of the world's ablest thinkers in her offering. Cloth covers, white and gold. Price \$1.00.

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## NEW Banner of Light BINDER.

As many of our subscribers have expressed a desire for some form of a binder in which they can preserve the weekly issues of THE BANNER, we have arranged for one that is strong and durable,







## Church too Small For Him.

Rev. Wm. Forkell, pastor of the First Methodist church in Green Bay, Wisconsin, startled the good people of the place, Jan. 14, by stating that he had parted company with the old theory of the atonement; that he believed every sin is followed by punishment, but found it impossible to believe in eternal punishment; that, in regard to the inspiration of the Bible, it must be interpreted with a view to its spirit; there is continued revelation in the book which must be taken as a whole and not in part. Mr. Forkell then tendered his resignation from the church, declaring that he could no longer bear to be misunderstood as subscribing to the Methodist doctrine. The major portion of the church members urged him to remain, but in an interview on the subject he said:

"I could not conscientiously subscribe to the dogmas of the Methodist church, and after careful thought I decided that it would not be honest or honorable for me to remain in the church. I knew that I was not wanted in the church when I could not preach its doctrines. I have not been ill treated by my brethren, and in leaving I bear no ill will toward any one."

"My attitude in the future, as in the past, shall be friendly toward all churches, but dogmas and literal creeds will no longer figure in my Christian work. I believe that the only test that we have a right to make of a person for membership in a Christian church should be an ethical one, a genuine desire of the heart to follow Jesus in his teachings and examples."

"There is a new day dawning. I believe we are in the very midst of a second Reformation. The first Reformation, under Luther, was a struggle for emancipation from ecclesiastical monarchy. The second Reformation will be a struggle for emancipation from dogmas. We are now right in the midst of it. There is, indeed, a glorious day ahead."

"As to the future I intend to continue my residence in Green Bay, and hold Sunday evening services in the Green Bay Theatre immediately after I leave the First Methodist Church. My new church will be entirely independent of any other church organization, and I will be at liberty to preach as my heart dictates. I feel that I shall be happy in the new field, for I shall then reach the people who are not reached by the orthodox churches, and these are the people I most desire to reach."

The Green Bay Advocate makes the following editorial comments:

## UNORTHODOX, BUT HONEST.

Rev. William Forkell, pastor of the First Methodist Church, has taken a bold stand in announcing his belief in religious doctrines which so called "orthodox" theologians deem heretical. It remains to be seen what view the Methodist authorities will take of the situation. Heresy trials have been founded upon less radical declarations.

Mr. Forkell's very broad theological beliefs were something of a revelation to the members of his congregation when his ministry here began. While he has made no secret of his liberal views he has not until the present instance formally presented them in definite shape. In regard to the atonement, future punishment, and the inspiration of the Bible, his position is so radically different from the more ancient "orthodox" views which all Methodists are supposed to adhere to.

But are Methodists, and especially Methodist preachers, in complete accord with the discipline of their church on these subjects? There are many indications that such is not the case. That ministers stifle the earnest convictions of their hearts and continue to preach a system of theology which they feel is crude, inadequate and erroneous in many respects is often true. And church members, restrained by the fear that "he who doubts is damned," cease to exercise their reasoning power on religious subjects, and simply believe what the ministers preach—undoubtedly that often the minister himself does not believe what he says.

This is one of the drags upon the church of today—its reluctance to part with the idea that religious doctrines once laid down must stand forever; its insistence upon the theory that the truths discerned by a Luther, a Calvin, or a Wesley are all sufficient and embrace all the truth that it is ever possible to discern; the fight against the admission that as man's spiritual nature develops, religious truths gradually unfold to him and that there must of necessity be a constant change in the doctrines by means of which men give expression to their theories of religion. In other words they deny the application of the principle of evolution to man's conception of religion. But the evolution continues.

## A Rare Occasion.

On the evening of Feb. 10 occurred the thirty-second anniversary of the mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Longley, who was for fourteen years messenger and business medium of THE BANNER, and for several years medium for the Voice of Angels, now extinct, and for The Light of Truth. The lady is now Secretary of the N. S. A. Mrs. Longley, when a child of fourteen years, was first entranced by a spirit intelligence on the evening of Feb. 10, 1868, and for almost a continuous period since that event, she has been a worker for the spirit world. On this recent anniversary of a notable occasion the lady held no celebration, but only with her own little family (consisting of herself and husband, and a young lady friend, Miss Wink) and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Evans as guests, held a séance with the spirit friends who had been with her in her work for so many years. Among those who controlled Mrs. L. on this occasion were her own mother, Father Pierpont, Lotela, Red Wing, Robert Anderson, Mabel, Eva May, and others, all members of her band of workers, all of whom had good words for the Cause, and for their medium, as well as for the friends who listened to their words. At a later hour refreshments were served, during which time the little messenger and poet spirit, Nannie Gibson, manifested, and at whose suggestion the following composite poem was given to the medium by Miss Annes Wink, Prof. Longley, Mr. Evans, Mrs. Evans, and Nannie, each contributing a line through the entire composition, in turn, in the order named.

## POEM.

A rare occasion this to night,  
Dear friends, we meet in love—  
That brings to us divine light  
From angel bands above.  
We join with them around the board  
To celebrate a day—  
When angels brought a sweet reward  
From distant climes away—

That cast a ray o'er all the earth,  
From "Lady Mother's" home,  
Because there was a glorious birth  
From heavenly eternal dome—  
Of inspiration's truest light,  
And Truth was brought to view.  
To bless poor souls both day and night,  
And give them courage too.

We wait with joy the coming years,  
When known deeds truly earned,  
Will pay us for our doubts and fears,  
As from the wrong we turned,  
And so we bless the lady dear  
For all the good work done,  
With joyful hearts we gather here,  
And thank her, every one.

For two and thirty years her path  
Has led through sun and shade,  
With kindliness, all free from wrath  
She tread the earthly glade,  
A medium for spirits here,  
To reach their earthy friends,  
And scatter every doubt and fear—  
While heaven's love extends.

God bless the lady, and her work,  
And what she's done on earth,  
We know no task she'll ever shirk,  
And much of noble worth  
We trust will still her footsteps guide,  
And from her life be given  
A blessing scattered far and wide  
That comes from highest heaven.

Every man can possess himself of his soul if he will but be guided by the inner voice, and seek to live up to the highest and best he receives therefrom.

The New York World of Feb. 11 contains a portrait of Mrs. Mary J. Wright, one of our well known workers, and the following sketch:

## Foretells a Storm and Finds a Thief.

Mrs. Mary J. Wright, of New Haven, Conn., is much in the public eye at present, owing to the wonderful clairvoyant power she has developed. Her careful study of the occult, combined with her natural ability as a medium, has led to some of the most remarkable tests.

To an intimate friend, the wife of a New Haven banker, Mrs. Wright, when spending an evening with her, said that she and her husband must give up a trip south they had planned because a terrible storm would cause them much discomfort if they persisted in going. This was a whole month before the blizzard of 1898. True to Mrs. Wright's prediction, the storm swept down upon the country on the very day she said it would.

Another time the brother of a friend said: "Help me to find who is stealing money from the cash drawer in my shop." Mrs. Wright located the thief, who turned out to be the man's own nephew.

Mrs. Wright is a most attractive woman, with a winning, magnetic manner. It seems that her psychic gift began when she was a very young girl, and has been the most potent influence in her life.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller would like engagements for March 25, April 1 and 22. Address Greenwith, Mass.

Mattie E. Hull has a few open dates for camp-meeting engagements, either for lectures, or in the interest of Lyceum work. Terms liberal. Address 12 York street, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. C. F. Grimbine and wife will be the guests of Mr. Erasmus Gaffield, 91 Park street, Boston, and Mr. Samuel S. Carr, 10 Park Place, Newburyton, Mass., during their three weeks' stay in Boston.

Walter D. S. Hayward, trance and platform test medium, can be addressed at No. 761 Mason street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Open for engagements in March.

## For Debilitated Men,

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

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**ADDENDUM to a Review in 1887 of the Seventh Commissioners' Report.** By A. B. RICHMOND, Esq. Containing unduly used, the so-called "dead" lives, and can do become visible and converse with others on earth; more than fifty unsolicited testimonials to the fact being given from many hundreds received from those who have attended seances held by Mrs. F. L. H. WILSON in public halls, and at her home and the homes of others in this city and elsewhere; the phenomena and reasons under which they occurred fully described. A brochure for every Spiritualist, Investigator and Friend of Truth. With a portrait of Mrs. F. L. H. WILSON. Pamphlet, 100 pp., 50c. Price 25 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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BECCA WHITE.

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## 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.

These Circles are not public.

## 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 Séance held Feb. 8, 1900, S. E. 52.

## Invocation.

In love, and with a desire for wisdom, we gather at this hour to offer whatever may come, whatever may be of use to those who are searching for light in any form, at any place. Some times through our shadows and our tears we feel the spark of divinity within us, and then the burdens of the world seem as naught to us, for glimpses of the reality of life are revealed to us. At this hour we bow with a feeling of truth and divinity in our souls, and with kinship toward all souls in whatever sphere of existence, whatever condition of life, spiritually or materially, we clasp hands and would that all the world might be made bright and holy and pure. No shadow of doubt comes near us, nothing that shall disturb the sweet peace of the ultimate good for all souls everywhere. We listen to the voices of loved ones, those who, through the death of the physical body, have passed beyond the narrow portal of this life to the broad, bright future and who send back to loving, trusting hearts, the message that all is well with them. May they be strong; may they be clear; may their messages sound with sweetest tone to hearts trembling with emotion. Amen!

## MESSAGES.

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

## Rebecca Wyman.

There comes here a woman whose name is Rebecca Wyman. She is about medium height, rather stout, and has a rather dark complexion and dark eyes. Her hair is very peculiar, very dark on the back part, and very white on the front part. It is combed down in rather an old-fashioned way. She wears ear rings, plain gold, with a little drop on the end. She folds her hands together, and I see they are hands that have worked; there are the creases and marks that show she was always busy about something. She says: "I came from Cleveland, O. It is a long way for an old lady like me to come, and yet I thought there was need of me, and I have come to give my message. I was not born in Cleveland. I went there from the East, and while by adoption it was a city I loved, yet my choice was the good old Eastern States, where I got good New England breezes, and the food that tasted so good. Will you please say to Thomas Harvey, who lives in Cleveland, that I have come, and I know what he has been about. He need not think of putting up any costly marble monuments over me. I do not want them. I think I should raise in my grave, and tip them over, if he did. I do want him to understand that I come to the home, and I am watching the children; that I am interested in him, and want to see him get ahead, but I do not want to see him sell any part of his personality or his individual life to accomplish it."

## Harry Bowman.

The spirit of a young man comes here, and calling for Estelle. His name is Harry Bowman. He is not very tall, and he has a nice way with him. He seemed dependent on love, and on the people around him. He says: "Oh! I think I could stand it if I had not had to go without saying a word to anybody. It is dreadful to find yourself gone, unable to say a single word as to what you would like to do, or how much you care for people. I want my mother. She is still living, and is not very well. I think if I could take her over with me she would be better, and so would I. Her name is Harriet. She will know who Estelle is when she gets this message." He comes from a place called Pikeville or Pike's Peak.

## William Ellis.

Here is a fat man. He has a big round face, very red. His hair is brown with a sprinkling of gray in it. It is quite thin. I can see the scalp through it all over his head. He is sitting down because it is too much of an effort to walk around, and when he sits he can hardly see his feet. He says such an amount of flesh is quite a burden to carry around. He is old-fashioned and like a country man. It seems he used to be out of doors, used to sit out under the trees and hear the birds sing; did not care much about ploughing or doing any kind of work. He says now: "I suppose you begin to wonder what my name was. Well, I will tell you: it is William Ellis, Buffalo, N. Y." He did not live right in the city. He lived out, but things came to him in to Buffalo. He says: "I have something to say. Sallie, my horse is with me. I do not know how I should get along without her. She and I were sort of mates. I could not walk much, and nobody else seemed to want to drive her, because she went so slowly, but she just about suited me, for a racer would have jumped me around so much I never would have gotten over it. That is about enough. They will know when they get this." It seems they know something about Spiritualism, and he wants this to be a help to them.

## Polly Ryder.

Now comes a spirit about forty-five or so I should think. She may be a little older. She is not an old woman though. She has dark brown eyes. She says in a bright little way: "My name is Polly Ryder. I have come for a special purpose. My husband is with me. His name is Linus. We have come here because the family is disrupted and needs drawing together. There have been some things done that I did not in the least approve of, and feel that if there is anything I can do to draw the children together it would be helpful to me as well as to them. I do not believe any children need to call in a lawyer to settle business be-

tween themselves. It would be better to settle it between themselves as brother and sister rather than have legal interference." It is in Massachusetts. I think the son's name is George.

## Oliver Butler.

This spirit's name is Oliver Butler. He is sharp and quick—fires his words out as though afraid he would not have time to say them all. He has gray eyes, sharp nose, sharp chin; everything about him is as sharp as his words. All at once he smiles and his face takes on an entirely different look. He says: "I lived a double life, one life for the people and one for my home. I had to speak sharp when I was with the men; but when I got into my home everything was as bright and sweet as though my face had been as round as an apple." He came from Evansville, Ill.

## Fred Hobbs.

Right away a spirit comes in and says: "My name is Fred Hobbs. I am from Portland. I went out of life very suddenly. 'It seems to be by machinery in a saw-mill, for I hear the buzz. He says: 'Yes, the saw-mill was near, but I was not in it.' It was water that put him out. He goes down in sound of this saw-mill. He says: 'My father was nearly crazy when he heard it. His name is John Hobbs. He will be so glad when he knows I can come back. Will you tell him, please, my grandmother Elizabeth is with me, and she comes to-day, calls him Johnny, and says: 'Do not cry so, Johnny; it is all right. I will take care of Fred.' There are tears in Fred's eyes now, and he says: 'I cannot thank you enough for this chance to come. I did not know anything about it. I supposed when I died that would be the end of everything, and it is so much happiness to me to know that I am still living and can come back to my dear father who was so good to me.'"

## Mrs. Myra Calhoun.

Then there comes one from California. She sweeps in as though California people ought to have deference "paid" them when they come. She is rather tall and queenly, has a black dress on; the train goes way out behind. She has not been gone very long, because she still keeps on with the air that she had when in the physical body. She says: "My name is Mrs. Myra Calhoun. I was a widow, I thought when I went away that I should come back, and I have. I spoke many times in favor of this belief, although I had not the absolute knowledge of it that you people have. To me it seemed the one reasonable theory to be possessed of, and I want to say to my children that I have found their father; that we are happy and contented, and we shall go on in good works as far as we are able."

## Ralph Emmons.

This is a nice little boy about twelve years old. He has fair hair and blue eyes. He walks up to me, and says: "Will you say that my name is Ralph Emmons? I want to go to Little Rock, Ark." There comes with him one named Ruth Littlefield. He takes her hand, and says: "This is my Auntie Ruth. We just talked it over, and said we would come to day, and I want to send word to all my people. They will be so glad to hear from me. I was sick quite a little while before I went away. I was never very strong, but I hoped, and so did my mother and my father, that I would get better. But it seems I did not, and so had to come over to the spirit. I have a little sister with me too. She has grown. She was younger when she went, but she is older than I am in the spirit. She and Auntie Ruth met me."

## Mamie Cairns.

There is a little girl about fifteen here now. Her name is Mamie Cairns. She lived in Boston. Her mother's name is Maggie. "She is just beginning to look into this a little, and is very anxious to get some word, and so I have come. Good bye."

## A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Ever since beginning this series of Letters, I have received from time to time requests from persons who wanted me either to take up some subject more fully, or to answer in some subsequent Letter their objections to certain views I had advanced. Allow me to say in general reply that my Letters are not written with a view to entering upon a debate. What may be given is not stated as a "contention." In fact the word contention, thus used, is distasteful to me. It is as if one made a statement in order to enter upon a controversy, and to defend his view from all assailants. In writing these Letters, my aim is to keep my heart and mind open to heavenly influences, and to give to our readers what comes, as it comes, knowing well that all truth cannot be emptied at once into one little finite vessel, and that the glimpse at an eternal truth that is vouchsafed to a finite mind on one day, through the aid of certain spirit helpers, may be different from what comes on another day, under influences that have obtained another partial glimpse of the same eternal truth.

What one writes under spirit influence should not be stereotyped as an unalterable thing. By so doing, Bibles have been brought into existence. The writers of the Old and New Testaments are several scores in number, and what came to one would naturally differ from what came to another. And in addition we find that what came at different times to the same inspired writer depended largely on the class of influences to which he was subjected. We find many discrepancies in the writings of David, who was sensitive to many sorts of spirits. This arose from the fact that David had an earth-life of singular vicissitudes, and had also a very mixed inner nature. He was a shepherd at home, then a hunted fugitive, and later a king. In himself, he was a man of blood, a passionate lover of women, a poet, a musician, and at times filled to overflowing with spiritual aspirations.

On the contrary we find almost no discrepancies in the writings that are credited to John, called the apostle. The vase of his inner being was filled with clear, pure, cool water. It had none of the muddy currents and the effluences that sullied and stirred the nature of the Psalmist. John had a deep, quiet nature, he fell early under the influence of the Nazarene, and even after the crucifixion of the latter, he continued to guide the single-eyed John from the spirit-side of life.

In my own writings, I do try as I said before to keep my little cup as free as possible from

earthly admixtures and prejudices, and to hold it steadily up, so as to catch as best I may the heavenly dew drops that may fall into it from time to time. One of these BANNER letters is written every single week. When the day comes for writing I hold myself as passive as possible, open the windows of my soul towards "Jerusalem the Golden," gratefully receive the thoughts that may come, complete the letter and mail it to you with the thought in my heart, "Now that is done." I then forget even the subject of the letter, and when your issue containing it reaches me nearly two weeks later, I open it with a lively interest, wondering what my letter is about, and reading it as if it were almost new to my mind.

Perhaps weeks after that I receive a personal letter, desiring to have a controversy (I had almost said having a bone to pick with me) on some statement made in that letter. Meanwhile, I have written three or four more, and being always under the necessity of writing a new one within a very few days, I really feel averse to picking over the bones of that same old body, and writing up the subject again from the point of view of my correspondent. "This is about the way it stands. If I wrote only once a month or two it would be different, but writing every week, I am something like the dog in the treadmill, who would fain say to one who would trip up his legs, 'For heaven's sake, interrupt me not; do not you see how I am fixed?' Having partially explained the matter, I will now endeavor to reply a little through your columns to these letters, every one of which was written in a kindly spirit.

One objects to my teachings on God, which he says are "not true, and therefore harmful." This correspondent says that in the celestial world God is palpable and visible, and he claims to have himself seen God—as a Living Light. So, as my view of God as an infinitely pervasive energy, and as an immutable will expressed by the sequences of cause and effect, is so different from his own he pleads with me to "avoid the subject and not mislead by error." In a case like this, I can only say that while I do agree with some that he says, it yet seems to me that he misleads, by teaching an error when he says that God is palpable and visible, and claims that he has himself seen God.

I received a very interesting letter from a gentleman in Massachusetts who thought I ought not to praise Mr. Colville's statement that soul is the breather and spirit the breath. He says he finds no place or occasion for such an accessory, or part, in our make up, as soul. He then goes on to say that God is spirit, and that spirit alone is enough for him. I agree wholly with what this able man wrote to me, except that when he says spirit I say soul, and vice versa. So far as appears in his letter, our beliefs and our experiences are exactly the same—the only difference arises from our using different words.

Soul is life; spirit is the form taken by a soul. Clairvoyantly, one sees a spirit, i. e., a form taken by an individual soul. God is infinite soul or life. The material universe—Nature, in one word—is the body of God, the spirit or breath (spirits) by which the all-pervasive soul is manifested.

Many of our writers (Dr. Peebles is one, if my memory serves me correctly), use the term spirit when they should say soul. It is a survival of the expression in our translation of the Bible, "God is spirit." That God is spirit is true in the sense that a soul includes its own form or expression, but, to be strictly correct, we should say God is the Soul of the Universe.

In a very beautiful letter, a lady requests me to tell what there is elevating in Spiritualism, for the benefit of an aged Baptist who thinks that it contradicts the Bible and debases the moral nature. It seems to me that I frequently write on these lines, but if more comes in the future, I will gladly write it. The same writer asks me to tell in THE BANNER of that lady who started for California. On that subject I can only say that I counted her among my friends, in the same way that I count hundreds and hundreds of persons as my friends, who write me letters and whom I have never seen, or have met only once or twice. When persons write to me, or when they tell me things, I believe every word they say. Our parents taught my brothers and me to speak the exact truth, and so we are apt to believe that others do the same.

That lady with seven children, every one of whom had been adopted by her, reached Springfield, Mo., by wagon, and then went from there to San Diego, Cal., by railroad. Two of the children have been restored to their mothers in New York City, and the lady in question lives now in San Diego with the remaining five. I have no more to say regarding her.

Another letter is from a lady who favors the doctrine of reincarnation. She states that Father Pierpont taught this doctrine many years ago, saying he had met spirits who claimed that they had been reincarnated, and she cites Matthew 11, 14: "This is Elias which was for to come" (in reference to John the Baptist). This correspondent asks me to explain the statement of Father Pierpont, and the statement of Jesus.

In the first place, I will say that, to the best of my knowledge, there is not a single statement on any subject in the universe, however contradictory it may be with another, that may not be made by some human being or by some returning spirit. So statements made do not necessarily prove a thing.

My objection to reincarnation is not founded on what has been said by any spirit, whether incarnate or de incarnate. It is founded on the principle that a finite soul comes out from the Infinite Soul, takes on a material form at its first individualization, in time passes out of the fleshly form in its spiritual body; and that this spiritual body becomes less and less material, and more and more ethereal, as the soul or animating principle makes its progress toward the Infinite Soul, "from whom it came, and to which it will ultimately return." This principle of spiritual progression contradicts the doctrine of reincarnation; and is treated of more fully in Letter Seventy Seven, in your issue of July 8, 1899.

With regard to Matt. 11: 14, I recollect giving a lecture in Minneapolis in the autumn of 1891 on this very subject. The texts were: "This is Elias that was for to come"; Luke 1: 17, "He shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias"; Luke 1: 17; and Malachi 4: 5, "I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." The subject of the lecture was "Elijah; in the Body, and Out of the Body," and I remember that its delivery interested me to an extraordinary degree.

Had I been a theosophist I might have taken the ground that E. sh forgot his past career

in the reign of Ahab, that his identical soul entered the embryo in the body of Elizabeth the wife of Zacharias, and that John the Baptist was Elijah "reincarnated." But being a Spiritualist it was clear to me that Elijah's soul took temporary "control" of the soul of Zacharias' son. This became possible through the similarity of the two natures, and accords fully with the history of Elijah in the Old Testament, and of John in the New. Elijah was "in the body" in the reign of Ahab; and in the time of Christ, Elijah "out of the body" controlled "The Baptist." Of course when a de incarnate spirit takes control of the organism of a mortal and overshadows him, it is a species of temporary reincarnations. But this is not the reincarnation taught by theosophy, according to which the same soul which once had a career on the earth plane, again enters alone a fatal body, and has another career in the mortal.

As to letters which try to convince me that we began to live in the Twentieth Century on Jan. 1, 1900, I will not write on the subject again. The matter is unimportant, but has acquired a temporary importance from the inability of some persons to see what other minds see at the first glance, and what some can never see however clearly it may have been explained. As Chaucer says, "There n' is no more to say."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

ABBY A. JUDSON

Arlington, N. J., Feb. 8, 1900

(From the Hartford Times.)

## Belief in Spirit Visitations.

From the earliest times to the present day there is a distinct trace of a very widespread belief in the supernatural. The scripture account of the raising of Samuel is only one of many such things that come down to us from remote antiquity. But it has been reserved to modern times to improve very much upon the tales of the ancients in regard to the visitants of the night. No one who has not devoted time to thought and inquiry on the subject would believe how general the belief really is in spirit visitations, both of good and evil spirits of the invisible world.

In Scotland, England, France, Italy, Germany and the north of Europe, it was the custom of the kings and the nobility to patronize the minstrels—the wandering musicians who, until as late as the last century and even within the present century, went about relating the most incredible tales of "spooks" and hobgoblins of the night.

Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, used to tell in the New York Ledger many interesting things of the superstitions of Ireland and the north of Europe, and the learned old man used to say that there seemed to be in all these traditions and tales a mixture of truth. He asserted his own belief in the "Banshee," the mysterious spirit visitor so universally believed in by almost all Irishmen; and very few Germans are to be found who do not believe with all sincerity in the "Veiled Lady of Hohenzollern," the white spirit who is said to attend upon the royal family of Germany, and the story of Lady Anne Grimsby, and the "Spirit of Houghton Castle" is the dread of young and old in England to this day. In fact it is even said by many intelligent Englishmen that the Dukes of Bedford dare not attempt to rebuild "old Houghton ruin" for fear of calamity foretold by the "Spirit of the Ruin" upon any one who attempts it.

Queen Elizabeth is said to have been very superstitious, while Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott have left no room for doubt as to their opinions upon the subject. Our own Washington Irving was fond of the stories of the spirit world, and all sailors of every rank and nation are superstitious to a wonderful degree, and the writer has not seen an American Indian who was not thoroughly so, and I have seen many of them. The people of the South, white and black, are almost universally so, and in the Indies no one doubts the existence of a multitude of good and bad spirits on the earth. John Wesley has left on record his conviction of the truth of this belief in a thrilling account of a visit of invisible beings at his own house in England. President Lincoln told only a few days before his death of a dream of his which he thought came to him from the spirit-world. He told of it in a Cabinet meeting, and said that the same dream came to him three times and always before the great events of his life. He saw a great ship, he said, in full sail, with all her canvas set and in motion. General Meade, only two nights before the great battle of Gettysburg went with one of his staff, disguised as two citizens, to a well-known medium in Philadelphia to have their future foretold. The woman told the general who he was, and that he was on his way to fight a great battle, and that he would be victorious, and would not be hurt at all in it. In Rochester, N. Y., in 1849, there were two sisters of the name of Fox. All at once there came to their home in June of that year a strange rap, rap, rap, in the dead of the night. Upstairs, then downstairs, sometimes low and faint, then loud and startling. With the daylight the rappings went away. For three years this mysterious noise came and went. It visited the Lackawanna valley in Pennsylvania, and other regions, and then went as it came, and no one ever was the wiser of it, and no one of the thousands that heard it could get it out of its own route of travel from place to place. The magicians of Europe tried in vain to reproduce this sound, and to this day it is a mystery.

In Juniata County, Penn., there is a lonely spot where two roads meet, and where a murder was committed many years ago, and to this day no horse will pass the place, except by force, at night. In another place there is an old house where at all hours of the night strange unearthly noises are heard, and the doors cannot be kept shut at night at all. A lady who once slept, or tried to sleep in this house, told the writer that she had tried to believe that these stories were imaginary, but that one night with others, in that old house, drove her doubts away. Louis Napoleon, while Emperor of France, held audiences with several magicians in order to try the extent of their occult powers, but no invisible spirit or sound was manifested at any time through them. The writer never was in any way tainted with Modern Spiritualism, but at a séance in Georgetown, D. C., in 1864, I saw things done by a medium of that sect which none of those present could explain or understand. An upright piano of the largest size went waiting about the room at the silent motion of the medium, and invisible hands played some sort of music as the piano danced about the room. But the class of men and women who were among the disciples present did not impress me very highly, and

I left without any other feeling than that of being mystified and puzzled. The others present not of the mystic order were of the same opinion as myself, that the furniture of the room was moved by no agency of good.

Mrs. Crowe, an English lady, published a book on this subject many years ago entitled, "The Night Side of Nature." This lady was an intelligent believer in her theme, and gave an extensive variety of strange stories, some of them very weird and thoroughly interesting, all tending to support a theory of her own that none but evil or unhappy spirits ordinarily come back to the earth, and that if the spirit of a good man or woman does come to visit the earth it is always sent on some mission of mercy and good, like the angels to Abraham. Dr. Mackenzie was of the same opinion, and says that the "banshee" is regarded in Ireland as an angel of mercy, though often the bearer of sad tidings of evil to come. Josephus, the Jewish historian, distinctly intimates the same opinion, but yet, though volumes have been written on the subject, it remains an impenetrable mystery, and will be so to the end of time probably.

DR. U. M. WEIDEMAN.

South Manchester, Jan. 22, 1900.

[The highest compliment which we can pay to the Creator is to try to understand His works.—Ignatius Donnelly.]

## GONE HOME.

In Reverent Memory of Joseph Rodas Buchanan.

BY STEPHEN BARNSDALE.

Friend of man and Pioneer!  
Opener of new fields of thought!  
Starts unbridled the blinding tear,  
When we learn what death hath wrought;  
Cutting with a sickle keen,  
A ripened sheaf of golden grain.

Glorious was thy work on earth,  
Scarce begun, though long thy life;  
It will scatter gloom and death,  
Heal disease, and banish strife,  
Wide expand, and onward go,  
Like a mighty river's flow.

Scarcely can we find a name  
To express thy heart's desire,  
A living, breathing, surging flame,  
Rising higher, ever higher,  
In thy efforts to dispel  
Darkness, like the depths of hell.

Swift ascend, oh! man of God,  
To some wondrous sphere of light,  
While beneath earth's lowly sod  
We sadly lay thy form from sight;  
With the tender reverence due  
A mighty warrior, bold and true.

## Is It Retribution?

BY FRED L. HILDRETH.

Saint Valentine's day, and all over our land hearts are gladdened as they realize that some one holds them in loving remembrance, as the white-winged messengers go speeding over mountains and valleys, across river and prairie, to thousands of homes. Saint Valentine's day, and click, click, click, across the continent speeds the news from San Francisco that two hundred and sixty of our soldier boys have arrived there; and two hundred more are in transports on their way—nearly, if not all, insane—and are to be forwarded to insane asylums for treatment. Some are violent; some are melancholy, but all are wrecks, made so by "cane wine" and the climate of the Philippines,—and the angels alone know how many are to follow. Yet but yesterday these comrades were the flower of our country—no man accepted who had any physical disability, no one with any settled disease, no one with impaired vision, no one with decayed teeth. All these were left behind for "seed corn" by Uncle Sam in his selection of recruits for the harvest of destruction.

Are the brains of Americans clear enough to realize what the policy of extermination persisted in by our leaders is costing us? Are not the natives of that country laying down their lives for the same that our forefathers did? And yet we claim Civilization and Enlightenment are written on the capstones of our schools and colleges!

So light has this grave question of Liberty or Death been regarded here that we are wont to hear our young men remark, "They enlisted to shoot a few Filipinos." Have those people no rights, no ties, no love for their homes? Have we Americans degenerated below the Spaniards?

I turn back history's pages forty years when human slavery was in full power, and remember hearing a prominent Northern man say he would tolerate no slavery in his domain; and the Old Flag stood for Freedom. Ah! but my friend, you lived under a government that did; and I have carried that flag when it floated over slaves, ere glorious Lincoln broke the shackles and set them free. It cost many an "Empty Chair" at Northern firesides ere Northern men learned that fact. Must we go over the ground again?

Will the noisy demonstrations of a few short-sighted men, the continued murder of a few thousand more of a race below us in wealth and position, with no crime but love of home, compensate you for the mental wrecks that are coming to you by shiploads, your sons, brothers and nephews that you loved in the flush and pride of manhood for what you thought a noble purpose? Is this retribution coming to us for wrong-doing? Let us pause and consider.

I was a soldier in our "war for the slave," and with aid of my spirit-friends noted what was going on around me; human slavery, how little the agitators knew what they were doing; saw my comrades, torn, dismembered, starved, and came from the conflict a disciple of Peace and Humanity. Seeing the hand of a wise power, taking perhaps this method of opening the eyes of America, I would do my share of the work.

## A Faithful Worker Gone.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Lynn, Mass., has met with a real loss in the transition of Mrs. Mary A. Marshall, wife of J. Ois Marshall. Though she had not been well for some time past, her last illness was of short duration. She was stricken suddenly on Jan. 28, and in two hours the spirit found release. She and her good husband have spent nearly fifty years together, and the pain of separation would at this time be most keen were it, not for his knowledge of her spiritual presence. For many years they have been earnest Spiritualists, and more than one of our platform workers has been hospitably entertained in their home. May the full consolations of the beautiful religion of Spiritualism be the husband's portion. The funeral services were conducted, Thursday, Feb. 1, by Rev. S. B. Stewart, a liberal Unitarian minister, and friend of the family.



## The Fox Family.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

When I made an appeal through the spiritual press, in the summer of 1891, on behalf of Margaret Fox Kane, the result was most pleasing. I received three hundred letters from thirty States, amounting to six hundred dollars, contents of letters ranging from ten cents to ten dollars, which supported her until her departure, May 8, 1893, and her remains were placed by the side of her sister, Catharine Fox Jencken, in the receiving vault of Greenwood Cemetery.

It was generally conceded that each locality should provide for its own indigent mediums, but the Fox sisters were an exception; they belonged to the Spiritualists of the world.

Now, I have two questions to ask of Spiritualists of the United States or the world: Ferdinand Fox Jencken, son of Catharine Fox Jencken, the only surviving member or descendant of the Fox sisters, is not able to provide for his family of four. I have much charity for him, knowing what the environments were in his boyhood.

Mr. Milton Rathbun assisted him in obtaining a position on the Manhattan Elevated railroad, and Mr. Mayer of Washington, D. C., assisted in getting his winter regulation suit. The trouble is, at first, they are not employed more than one-third of the time, not enough to support his family. For the last year, enough has been collected of Spiritualists and mediums to pay his rent of eight dollars per month. Now, Spiritualists and liberals say he too belongs to the whole spiritual fraternity everywhere. Shall he be helped until such time as he can be employed full time? Those favorably disposed, please send such amount as you can spare, from ten cents upward, to Titus Merritt, Mills Hotel, Bleeker St., New York City.

One more question regarding the disposition of the remains of Margaret Fox Kane and Catharine Fox Jencken. At present they are deposited in lot 3, section 3, Contemplation path, Cypress Hill Cemetery, in a plot belonging to the late Joseph LaFamee, with no tombstone or indication of any kind to show who they are.

Mrs. Jencken died July 2, 1892. At the funeral, July 4, Mrs. Kane said to me, "I shall follow in less than one year." It being midsummer, and most of the Spiritualists out of the city, I had her remains placed in the receiving vault of Greenwood Cemetery. March 6, 1893, Mrs. Kane died, and I had her remains placed by the side of her sister, thinking Spiritualists would take some action in regard to their final disposal. The charges of the company were six dollars each for three months. Spiritualists do not think it wise to expend an extravagant amount over the remains of the so-called dead when there are so many living mediums needing assistance.

Prof. Wilson MacDonald, Mrs. M. A. Gridley, Joseph LaFamee and others organized the Fox Memorial Association 231 day of April, 1893, for the purpose of erecting an appropriate building or temple of indestructible material in which there shall be a crypt where in might be placed the bodies of the Fox sisters. It soon became evident that the period had not arrived to realize such elaborate ideas. To keep their remains in the receiving vault at Greenwood would cost \$18 per annum, and it must be paid or have them placed in the Pauper Department, to stop expense. Mr. LaFamee generously offered the Association the privilege of placing them in his plot at Cypress Hill. That offer was accepted and a sufficient amount raised to accomplish it. (Mr. LaFamee's remains were placed in his plot this last autumn.)

Shall a plain marble slab with an appropriate inscription be erected, is the question?

Those favorable to one or both requests please forward such amounts as they can spare, ten cents thankfully received and larger amounts in due proportion. In response to the appeal I made in 1891 many who were not able to send much would hand in the amount to one party who would mail the amount with the names of each. In one case ten persons handed in ten cents each, and one of the party advanced the one dollar bill with the name of each. Two gentlemen in Indiana sent me \$10 each from the fact that Mrs. Kane was the widow of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane whom they greatly admired.

Titus Merritt,  
Mills Hotel, Bleeker St., New York City.

Extract from Address in First Spiritual Church, Toronto, Canada,  
In Answer to Inquiry from Orthodox Church Member, "Is it Right to Investigate Spiritualism?"

BY DR. G. C. BECKWITH EWELL.

It has been considered that education was an object desirable for ages back, but in this age particularly on every hand are universities and schools innumerable, presumably devoted to the search for knowledge.

Out on the Western plain where for miles and miles scarcely a human habitation is to be seen, suddenly an edifice, stately and imposing in its colossal size and classic architecture, appears, on whose tower or front is emblazoned "Educational."

In every century history records man-made gods, many, because the human spirit has been constantly seeking its divine origin. No doubt worshippers of earth, fire or water, have given their entire devotion of soul to these their conceptions of deity power, but man grows unaffiliated with solutions of each age and seeks farther. Out of all these conditions and vibrations man has evolved from protoplasm to the plane of man-to-day.

A Professor of Columbia College in New York City is reported to have stated that he has discovered through his investigations, and received evidences of, the operations of spiritual, natural laws, which would revolutionize the forms of theology to-day existing. Theology as a system man does not now demand, but he does ask for practical principles. The question is not whether he may become a harpist before a throne of effulgent glory, without knowledge of how to play, but if man shall live and understand the laws by which life exists and is continued.

The religious systems, so-called, have been in many respects in direct contrabaction to the teachings of the man of Nazareth in whose name they were instituted. Have you been satisfied to unite in the choir of the redeemed while millions were writing in flames? No! For souls answered souls in divine brotherhood, and teachings to the contrary were but specious and repugnant to your God-like nature. Under theological delusion witches have been burned at the stake by those more ignorant than they. Jesus Christ was crucified under the delusion of ignorant men conceiving that his teachings and declarations were in opposition to and defiance of a former system. Martyrs of all ages have been in the advance of prevailing systems or opinions, and sacrificed to bigotry and superstition.

Is it denied any to investigate the life of the Nazarene? Then if you believe it right to investigate the phenomena of nineteen hundred years ago, it certainly is right to investigate the same to-day. The one occurring centuries since may have been mirrored by the lapse of time, the present comes under your own observation. We only ask that the same God who manifested in ages ago shall do the same to-day. I believe in the evidence of history concerning the man of Nazareth because I see the same divine manifestations repeated, and I recognize in them fulfillment of his recorded promise and prophecy; but furthermore, the progress in science, in philosophy through extending facilities for research, and the inquiring, receptive intuitive spirit of the age makes possible even more and greater.

Everywhere and in everything we should

recognize the inevitable evolution of law. Investigation, in an earnest pure desire for truth, cannot but bring you into rapport with forces and intelligences corresponding, but unless you are prepared to think, analyze and utilize their knowledge and power, it may bring a result you little dream of. It is easier to accept truth perhaps, that has been predicated, but it will not contribute to growth, to strength. If you are ready to receive, advance, that on your feet may be placed the score of truth, on your brow the crown of glory, and in your hand the staff of victory.

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Weak and nervous women, whose strength is exhausted, whose nerves are wrecked with worry and female weakness, make their own lives miserable and all with whom they associate. Such women deserve more sympathy than they get. It is medical treatment they need at once, and treatment of the right sort. Dr. Greene, the discoverer of the great Dr. Greene's Nervine, has put all such women on the road to health and happiness. He has discovered many other wonderful remedies for different diseases, and his experience with this overworked nervous condition is wider than any other physician's, and he can be consulted confidentially, absolutely without charge, either by personal call or by letter, through the mail at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. Thousands of women have told or written the story of their troubles to Dr. Greene and he has always helped them. He knows just what to advise, and his advice is free. If you are a nervous woman you can appreciate Dr. Greene's promise of help. Investigate this promise for your own sake and your family's.

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# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1900.

## Spiritualist Societies.

We desire this list to be as accurate as possible. Will acceptors or conductors please notify us of any errors or omissions. Notices for this column will 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, 40 Berkeley street. Every Sunday at 10:45 and 7:45 p.m. E. L. Allen, President; J. W. Hatch, Sec'y. Secretary, 14 Sidney st., Dorchester, Mass. Take elevator.

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

**Eagle Hall, 614 Washington Street.** First Spiritualist Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11:45 and 7:45; also Thursdays at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

**Home Rostrom**, 21 Soley street, Charlestown. Spiritualist meetings Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7:45 p.m.; Tuesday and Friday, 7 p.m.; Thursday, 7:45 p.m. Mrs. Gilliland, President, 21 Soley street, Charlestown.

**Little Spiritualist Meetings, Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street.** Mrs. Gullorson, President. Services Sundays at 10:45 a.m. and 7:45 p.m.

**American Hall, 74 Washington Street.** Two nights—Mediums and public invited. Circles, 11 a.m.; Puffs, 7:45 and 9 p.m. M. Graham, Chairman.

**Temple of Honor Hall, 89 Massachusetts Avenue.** Cambridge St. Meeting at 2:45 and 7:45 p.m. Sunday. Mrs. Anne J. Banks, Conductor; residence 141 High street, Charlestown.

**Spiritual Fraternity**, at First Spiritual Temple, Cor. Essex and Newbury streets—Meets on Sunday morning at 10:45 and 7:45 p.m. Children's school 12 m. Library Room, also Wednesday evening service, 7:45 p.m. Lower Audience Hall, A. H. Sherman, Secretary.

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

**The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society** meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 5 p.m.—at 514 Tremont street, near Eliot street. Elevator rooming. Mrs. Mattie E. Albe, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sydney street, Dorchester, Mass.

**Children's Progressive Lyceum—Spiritual Sunday School** meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, at 10:45 a.m. All are welcome. Mrs. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

**Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street.** Mrs. Nutter, President. Services Sunday at 11 a.m., 2:45 and 7:45 p.m., and Thursday at 3 p.m.

**The Helping Hand Society** meets every first and third Wednesdays at 8 o'clock, 2 Joynton Place. Business meetings at 6 o'clock—supper at 6 o'clock. Entertainment at 7:45. A. A. Eldridge, Secretary.

**Boston Spiritual Lyceum** meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10:45 a.m. and 7:45 p.m. Conductor, A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk, 17 Leroy street, Dorchester, Mass.

**Paine Memorial Building—Appleton Hall**, Appleton street, No. 9, side entrance—Meets every Sunday, at 2:45 and 7:45. Speaking and tests by Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Butler.

**The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society** meets at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street every Thursday afternoon and evening; supper at 7:45. 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. C. H. Appleton, President.

**Ministry of the Divine Science of Health**, and Boston Institute of Mental Science—Meets every Sunday at 2:45 p.m. Lecture and psychic readings on Tuesdays at 7:45 p.m. Hotel Reno, 12 and 14 Red Men's Hall, Boston. Dr. F. J. Miller, Psychic Healer and Lecturer.

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

**Mrs. Florence Wigner** will hold a tea and seance every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 286A Commonwealth Avenue.

**Echo Hall—1 Johnson Avenue, Charlestown Dist.**—Meets Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Circles Tuesday evenings.

**The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists** meets at Cambridge (Lower) Hall, 514 Massachusetts Avenue, the second and fourth Wednesdays at 8 o'clock. Supper served at 6:30. Ada M. Cane, Cor. Sec'y, 183 Auburn street, Cambridge, Mass.

### MALDEN.

**Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society**, Malden Building, 76 Pleasant street. Meetings every Sunday, 11:45 a.m., Wednesday, 8 p.m., and Thursday, 8 p.m. President, Mrs. Rebecca Morton, Sec'y, A cordial welcome is extended to co-workers in the cause of progressive Spiritualism.

**The Spiritual and Ethical Society**, 74 Lexington Avenue, one door above 9th street—Services every Sunday morning at 11 and evening at 8 o'clock. Questions answered in the morning. Improvised poems after each lecture. Mrs. J. H. Tuttle sings morning and evening. All are cordially invited. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, speaker.

### BROOKLYN.

**The Advance Spiritual Conference** meets every Sunday evening in Single Tax Hall, 101 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers, a day of instruction in attendance. Free. All welcome. Mr. G. Delorco, 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 social meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at Ball 43 Classon Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and Queens street. ELIZABETH F. KURTZ, Pres't. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the Hall.

**808 Tompkins Ave., near Gates Ave.**—Miss Chaplin, Blind Medium. Meetings Sunday and Friday evenings. Spirit Messages and other Phenomena. Admission free. Collection for BANNER OF LIGHT at the Hall.

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

**Psychic Culture Conference**—Single Tax Hall, 101 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, cor. corner of Essex and Fulton streets, Newark, N. J., at 7:45. G. A. Dorn, President. Banner of Light for sale.

### CHICAGO, ILL.

**The S. and M. H. Society**, 3410 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 p.m. Mr. Arthur A. Wilson, Assistant Pastor, leads a singing. Temple Jackson Jackson, Pastor, residence 716 Florence street.

## Notice to Local Societies.

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

### Local Briefs.

#### BOSTON.

The Spiritualists and a blizzard do not enjoy each other's company very much, consequently only a few of the faithful ones came out Sunday morning, Feb. 18, to enjoy the lecture that was to have been given at Berkeley Hall. Mr. Wiggins, although not well, was present and ready for duty, as were the musicians, but it was decided not to hold a meeting, thinking it better to give Mr. Wiggins a chance to rest rather than oblige him to speak before such a small audience. In the evening about two hundred were in attendance. Mr. Schaller opened the meeting and was followed by Mrs. Pearl with songs. After the poem and invocation Mr. Wiggins gave a short address, devoting the most of the evening to the reading of the ballots that had been placed on the table by those in the audience. The séance was a successful one, every reading was recognized, and it paid those who had come out in the snow. This Society will celebrate the Fifty Second Anniversary in Old Fellows Hall, Sunday March 25, morning, afternoon and evening. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet has been engaged to furnish part of the music during the day. If you want to know where the Anniversary is to be celebrated, read the BANNER OF LIGHT. Order it at the news stand at this Hall. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y.

241 Tremont St., Friday, Feb. 16, 1900. The regular meeting of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society was held as usual, with the President, Mrs. Mattie E. Albe in the chair. A public circle was held in the afternoon. A Valentine Tea was served, and every one received a very pretty valentine. In the evening at 7:30 Mrs. Waterhouse opened the meeting with a few remarks about the work of the N. S. A.; Mrs. C. Pratt followed, saying she was for organization, and was deeply interested in the work of the N. S. A.; Mrs. Caird gave a few readings, as did Mrs. S. C.

Cunningham. Then followed a unique entertainment, "The Cuttyhunk Minstrel Show," under the direction of Mr. E. Warren Hatch. The music, the jokes, the monologues, the dance by E. W. Hatch and Mr. Albert Bliss were a decided hit—in fact everything about it was a success. The young people wished to do something for the Mayor Fund, so furnished the entertainment. A nice little sum was received, and has been forwarded to the Secretary of the N. S. A. Those taking part were Messrs. Albert Bliss, A. Washburn, Ralph Bakeman, Elmer Packard, Fred Lord, Clinton Batchelder, Heintz, James Fells, Charles Hatch, E. Warren Hatch. A unanimous vote of thanks was extended to all who took part. Next Friday we hold our regular whist party. The first Friday in March we will hold a mystery sale, supper and entertainment. Don't miss it. Mr. Thos. A. Beals of Portland, a member of the society, sent a check for five dollars toward the Mayor Fund. We sincerely thank our brother, and hope more of our members will respond in the same way. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society—Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President—held regular weekly meeting Thursday afternoon and evening, Feb. 15. A large number enjoyed the supper. This was the regular Whist Party, and the prizes were awarded as follows: First ladies, Miss A. Buck; second ladies, Miss B. C. Packard; ladies' consolation prize, Mrs. C. Humphrey; first gents, Mr. J. J. Piggett; second gents, Mr. Z. C. Doty; gents' consolation prize, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock. Feb. 22 is the night of the Costume Dance, and on that night the oranges will be distributed. March 1, Mr. F. A. Wiggins, the wonderful ballot test medium, will be with us. March 8 will be an informal meeting.

J. C. F. Grumbine lectures in Boston at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m., Pierce Building, Copley Square, the Sundays of March, under the auspices of the Boston Chapter of C. P. S. and U. and O. W. R. He is also announced to give a special lecture in Waltham, under the local auspices of the Psychomath, a social and intellectual club. He will begin his private class work on Tuesday, March 6, and continue Tuesdays and Saturdays during the month at 2:30 and 8 p.m. Miss Young has charge of his classes. Sunday lectures free. After this engagement he returns to Washington, where he will minister for two months, during April and May. Circles of Sunday and class lectures can be obtained from the following patrons and patronesses: Miss Marie M. Laughton, care "School of English speech and expression," Pierce Building, Boston; Miss H. M. Young, 3 Tolman Place, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Lottie B. Carr, 16 Park Place, Newtonville, Mass.; Mr. J. E. Searing, 14 Bowers St., Newtonville, Mass. J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

America Hall, 724 Washington St.—M. A. Graham, president. Mediums assisting: Mesdames Davis, Woods, Wheeler, Haley, Dale, Reed, Messrs. White, Saunders, Blackdon. Out-of-town mediums invited to pay us a fraternal visit.

Commercial Hall.—Mrs. Nutter, president. Sunday meeting opened as usual. L. A. Cameron, pianist. Invocation by Miss Brehm. Mesdames who took part throughout the day: Nutter, Peabody McKenna, Magno Butler, Fox, Fisher, Wheeler; Messrs. Brown, Jummie McLean. Song by Mr. Leslie.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union, Mrs. S. C. French, Sec'y, writes, met in Dwight Hall, Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 13. Business meeting called to order by the President, Mrs. Maggie J. Butler. Several new members were voted in. Supper was served at 6:30 and the evening meeting was called at 8 o'clock. Prof. Milligan, piano solo; Master Warren H. I. rendered a song; Mr. Bird of Hyde Park, interesting recitation: remarks and messages, Mesdames Webber, Bird, and Biss; poem, Mrs. Weston of Onset; Mrs. Butler, under the control of "Childflower," gave message for nearly an hour; brief remarks, Dr. Wesley; song, Mrs. Kuehlend. A cordial invitation is extended to all to join with us on Wednesday of each week. Supper served at 6:30, 15 cents. Don't forget our Concert and Dance, Red Men's Hall, Monday, March 5, tickets, 25 cents.

Home Rostrom Spiritualists had two well-attended sessions Sunday, Feb. 18. Messages were given by the following at 11 a.m. and clearly understood: Messrs. Howe, Hatch, Perkins, Nutter, Mesdames Gilliland and Mackay. Healing by Mr. Lothridge. Evening meeting opened at 7:30 with praise service, after which Dr. E. M. Saunders made brief remarks and gave several proofs of spirit presence. Messages, Mesdames Gilliland and Erickson.

First Spiritualists' Church, 616 Washington Street, M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor. Morning conference subject, "Recompense," was ably discussed by Dr. Blackdon, Messrs. Hicks, Emerson, King, Wilson and Mrs. Wilkinson; messages, Mrs. Woods. Afternoon, song service led by Mrs. Kuehlend; prayer, Mr. Emerson; remarks, Mr. Hicks; messages, Mrs. Perkins, Mr. Marston. Evening, prayer and scripture reading, Mr. James Newhall; opening remarks, Mrs. Mattie Webber; messages, Mesdames Woods and Rutzel, and the old medium; solos, Mrs. Carlton. Indian Council Tuesday evening, Feb. 27. Meetings Wednesday afternoons at 3 p.m.

### Massachusetts.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell held its meeting, in spite of the snowstorm, in O. D. Odd Fellows Hall, Feb. 18. All were disappointed at not having Mrs. Harding as the speaker. At the commencement of each service special reference was made to her sickness; our good thoughts and wishes were sent to our faithful and earnest medium and worker. Mrs. Annie L. Jance occupied the platform and gave two good services. Her messages, both meetings were exceptionally good. All recognized. We wish that all readers of THE BANNER, and especially societies where Mrs. Harding has been engaged, would concentrate their good thoughts towards her. We are sure it will help her greatly.

Mrs. L. A. Prentiss of Lynn spoke for the First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Sunday, Feb. 18. The audience gave close attention to the interesting addresses, followed by a large number of spirit messages, fully recognized; piano selections, Miss Howe. Annie E. Cunningham of Boston, test medium, occupies the platform next Sunday.

The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society of Lynn held interesting services at Temple's Hall, Sunday, Feb. 18. Music, Mrs. J. P. Hayes. At 2:30 remarks and messages, Mrs. L. D. Butler, remarks, messages and magnetic treatment, A. E. Warren. At 7:15 violin and organ, Prof. Kelly and wife, three overtures, songs, Willie Kline; recitations, Mrs. J. P. Hayes, Miss Mildred J. Carter, Miss Mary Warren, Miss Margaret E. Butler. At 8:45 Lizzie D. Butler gave a test séance. Next Sunday at 2:30 conference. At 7:30 C. H. Webber of Boston will lecture by request on "Is Astrology Beneficial to the World?" followed by astrological readings.

Progressive Spiritualist Association held services at 21 Market street, Lynn, Feb. 18, Anna Quaide, President. Dr. Amanda A. Cate at 2:30 gave a spiritual séance. She closes her fourth engagement with this society. From 4 to 5 magnetic treatments by Dr. Quaide; Delia E. Matson gave many messages. 5:30 supper served to many, Emma F. Withers assisted. 7:30 Dr. Quaide opened the meeting with a poem. After the usual music Mrs. Dr. Cate gave a short address and a long séance. Miss S. Maud Bailey was present at 7:30. She is an exceptional dramatic reader and impersonator. She did the work in a most creditable manner, and was heartily welcomed by all. Next Sunday, Feb. 28, Dr. E. A. Blackdon of Boston will occupy the platform. Mediums are invited to come. Subscriptions for BANNER OF LIGHT taken. Delia E. Matson, Sec'y.

First Spiritualist Church, Fall River.—Sunday, Feb. 18, our regular service for Sunday being snow-bound we had home talent once more. In the afternoon a larger audience was present than we expected, considering the stormy weather. Our President, Mr. Lucas, gave a very interesting address, followed by spirit messages. In the evening Mr. Scott Steadman was with us, and gave a very entertaining address. Mr.

Lucas followed with messages from the spirit world. Our speaker for next Sunday, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, of Lynn.

Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualists' Association.—Sunday, Feb. 28, Miss Blanche Brainerd of Lowell was with us, and those who braved the elements to hear her were amply repaid. Miss Brainerd is a good speaker and satisfactory medium. Solos were rendered by Mrs. Bertha Merrill and W. H. Thomas, cornetist. Next Sunday, Mrs. Ella I. Webster of Lynn.

### New York.

Brooklyn.—The Woman's Progressive Union held a very interesting meeting Sunday afternoon, Feb. 18. Mrs. Palmer Russeque, after delivering a soulful invocation, made a few well chosen remarks, and was followed by Miss Margaret Gaul, who devoted the entire afternoon to a test séance, giving readings and delineations of a most remarkable nature. Mr. Claus and Miss Virginia Wooster of Pittsburg, Pa., rendered vocal and instrumental solos in a charming manner, creating quite an enthusiasm in the audience. In the evening Mrs. Russeque chose as her subject, "Have I a Religion and What Is It?" speaking in a powerful forcible manner, being followed by every one present with close attention.

"There never was a time in Brooklyn, this 'City of Churches,' when so much interest was manifested in Spiritualism as during the present year. The Church of the Fraternity of Divine Communion held two interesting services at the corner of Bedford Avenue and Madison street Sunday, the 18th inst., one at 3 o'clock, at which Mr. Jerome H. Fort spoke upon the subject, 'Body, Soul and Spirit,' at the close of which Mr. Ira Moore Courlis gave demonstrations. In the evening at 8 o'clock Mr. Courlis gave a grand séance, at which many strangers received messages from loved ones in spirit-life. Our program is always interesting, as we have good musical numbers. The Verdi Quartet sang two numbers, Miss Ray Stillman being the soloist. Strangers visiting New York will find this meeting worth visiting. The afternoon service is free. In the evening, at which the time is devoted more to messages, a voluntary contribution is asked of fifteen cents.

The work in connection with the First Spiritual Church of Buffalo is moving gloriously forward. The Lyceum, in point of numbers, and interest, has far exceeded our anticipations. A new Auxiliary, "The Helping Hand" has been recently organized and promises to become an important factor in the work. The utmost harmony prevails. Arrangements are being made to hold a State Mass Meeting March 30, 31 and April 1, which will include a grand Anniversary Celebration. The First Spiritual Church and Lyceum will participate. Particulars will be published in the near future. Mattie E. Hull.

### Other States.

The Chattanooga News reports a series of very successful bi-weekly socials held by the First Spiritualist Society of the city, under the auspices of Mrs. Oscar A. Edgerly, "the talented wife of the present pastor."

Pawtucket Spiritual Association, Sunday evening, Feb. 4, was served by J. S. Scarlett, of Cambridge, Mass. He gave an interesting address, followed by spirit messages, which were all recognized. On Monday night, Feb. 5, a coffee supper was served, after which Mr. Scarlett held a test séance for the benefit of the Society, with very good results. The hall was packed, and a good sum was raised. Mr. J. Hadfield, Sec'y.

Dr. N. F. Ravlin, who is filling an entire season's engagement with the First Spiritualist Association of Philadelphia, has been re-engaged for the season of 1901, from the first of next September to the first of June following. The "call" is unanimous, the Association feeling satisfied that it has the right man in the right place. The doctor has also been engaged to lecture before the Onset Bay Camp Association, on the 26th and 29th of July. He and his good wife will spend some time in Boston.

### Concert in Boston.

A correspondent writes: It may be interesting to many to know that Mrs. Maggie J. Butler will give one of her very charming concerts to be followed by a dance, in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, on Monday evening, March 5 at 8 o'clock. Those who were fortunate enough to secure admission to the hall on February 6 will not doubt be on hand early in order to gain a good seat. Many were turned away to-night, owing to the seating capacity of the hall, it is necessary to get your tickets at once. A grand program has been arranged and will include Little Iona Stilling, who pleased so many at the last concert in giving the Minuet, also "La Petite" Mabel Patten who never fails to please, and many others. Mr. Fred Tutien a well known tenor will be among the number, and Mr. Leslie and Miss Harris will be with us again and give a new and very amusing sketch, with new songs and dances. Tickets are only twenty five cents, and the proceeds are for the benefit of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. It is hoped that all who can, will attend this entertainment, as a good time is assured. Come early and tell your friends.

### Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

This Association will hold its celebration of the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Saturday, March 31, forenoon, afternoon and evening, in Horticultural Hall.

Among those who have already signified their intention of taking part in the services are Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Albert P. Blinn, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding, Mrs. C. Paul Allen, Mrs. M. J. Butler and Mrs. Lizzie Harlow; and as musicians, Prof. Jay J. Watson, Miss Annie Watson and Mr. Harold Leslie.

Since it has been announced that no speakers or mediums will receive pay for their services, and that no representative of the Union will receive any compensation for soliciting funds, renewed interest is being manifested by the public, and many of our oldest and ablest speakers and mediums have volunteered their services. ALBERT P. BLINN, Vice-Pres.

### The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists

Will celebrate the 52d anniversary in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., Thursday, March 29, all day. This year will be no exception to the general rule of good things; a large list of speakers, mediums and musicians will take part during the day. Below are a few who have signified their intention to be present: Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Harrison D. Barrott, E. A. Wiggins, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, Mrs. Johnnie E. Warren Hatch and members of the Clinton Orchestra. This is only a partial list. Other names will appear in later editions. Remember the day and place—March 29, in Berkeley Hall all day.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

ORIGIN, DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY OF MAN. By THOS. P. FLETCHER, Elk Falls, Kan. The following are the main points treated upon: The Beginning; Fundamental Principles; Formation of Constellations; Systems, Suns, Planets and Satellites; The Formation of Constellations; Systems, Suns, etc.—continued; The Origin of Man and Animals; The Origin of the Human Race; How It Receives Its Highest Impulses; The Record Book, or the History of the Sixth Sense; The Plan of Spiritual Body; Growth and Degeneration; Morality; Spiritualism Proven by the Bible; The Bible and Christ; The Summary. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 34, price \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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*Quakerism*. Griffith M. Cooper, John and Hannah Cox, Isaac T. Hopper, Thomas Garrett, etc.

*The World's Helpers and Light-Bringers*. J. D. Zimmermann, W. S. Prentiss, Wm. Danton, E. B. Ward, Jugal Anurad, M. L. Lewis, etc.

*Spiritualism, Natural Religion, Psychic Research, Investigations, Facts*. Prof. Stowe, Rev. H. W. Bellows, Victor Hugo, etc., etc.

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