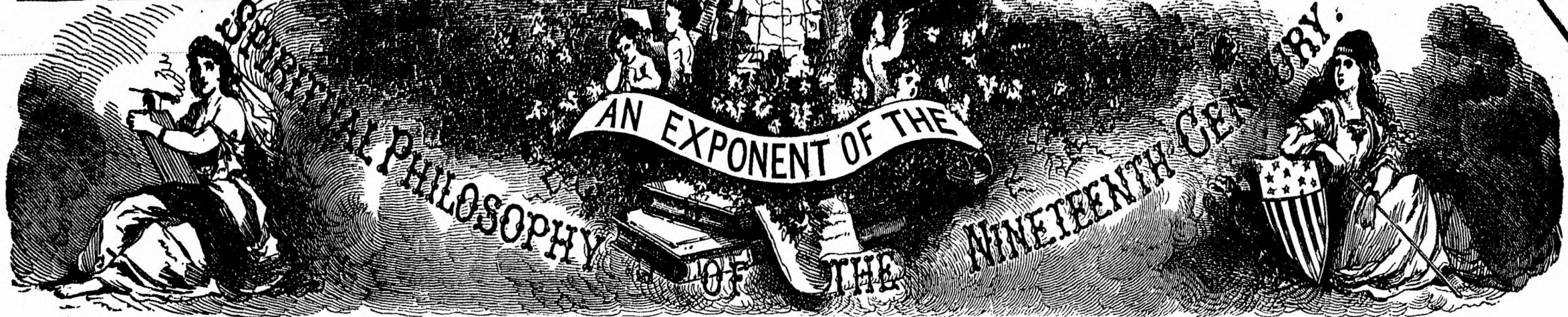


BANNER OF LIGHT



VOL. 86.

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
9 Bowdoin St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 4

A Million to One.

The following ringing poem was written by Clark T. Havens and "dedicated to Burt Estes Howard, champion of the True Democracy." Mr. Havens was the intimate friend of the late James G. Clark, and a large share of Mr. Clark's mantle must have fallen upon him:

"We're a million to one," there's a song in the air
That has startled with wonder the ears of the mart;

It has lifted the soul of the slave from despair
And with courage and hope filled the desolate heart.
The clans of the toilers are gathering again
For the hour by martyrs and sages foretold,
When right shall prevail in the councils of men
And break every bond in the empire of gold.

Do ye think we are craven because we are strong
To endure while ye glut on the fruits of our toil?
And scoff at our patience to suffer the wrong
While ye rob us of home and our own native soil?
Go learn of the workman the valor and might
Of the man who stands in the strength of the Lord,
Whose deliverance comes with the armies of light
To banish forever the cannon and sword.

Lo! the legions of right, how they gather as one!
False rulers and judges, beware of the hour
When the nations shall wake to the wrongs ye have done.

And shall rise like the sea in their fury and power.
There's a God round about and within us who hears
The wall of the orphan, the prayer of distress;
Ye shall answer to him for the desolate years.

When he comes with his people their wrongs to redress.

O ye workers with God, on the land, on the sea,
Take heart, for the East is now reddening with day;
We feel the strong tide of the ages to be,
When the sorrows of men shall in peace melt away.

For as sure as our God holdeth sway and control
In the infinite realm of his wisdom and might,
Shall the germs of his truth spring to life in the soil,
And all wrong yield to justice, all darkness to light.

And the new time shall come like the rain that distills
From the ocean-sea gales o'er the famishing hills,
And while heaven's deep thunders enircle the hills,
The angels shall guard the dread hour of its birth;
And the workmen shall dwell by the rivers in peace,
And in freedom rejoice while the long cycles run,
Rich plenty shall smile, and our joys shall increase,
And fraternity gather all nations in one.

A million to one—aye, a million to one,
'Tis the slogan of numbers that never can fail
Till the victory of right over wrong shall be won
And the spirit of good over evil prevail.

Ye heralds of justice and love lead the way,
As true to mankind as the world to the sun;
Speed, speed the glad light of fraternity's day,
When in spirit the millions of earth shall be one.

Steps in Spiritual Experience.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

PART III.

Since our bodies are shaped and moulded in their most minute details by thought power, either racial or personal, a change of vibrations becomes a most serious matter, whether in one direction or the other. The average man who, of course, combines the vibrations of his race with those of his own manufacture, is a composite of devil and angel which we call "human nature." We generally speak of this "human nature" with something of pity and shame. The point is this, that no vibrations, leaping from octave to octave, are going to change human nature, as we know it to day. And as each vibration can only echo its own note, few indeed are the chances for an advanced spirit to entone his thought to his mortal brother.

The physical brain is the cannon, and thought is the ammunition that is to be fired. Every one knows how carefully gun and ammunition must be adapted to each other. Yet, with the very same gun we are proposing to so change our ammunition that it will, like the rope fired to the wreck, save life instead of destroying it. This change is a most serious question, physically, mentally and spiritually. Will the gun stand it? In other words, what are the limits of the present mortal brain to this change of vibration? Our object is a veritable change that shall outreach to the vibrations of an angel's thought. With the best of motive we can injure or destroy the delicate structure called the "brain" if we ignorantly overtask its powers as a thought creator. The student will now begin to see something of the task before him.

The first elements demanded are time and health, as any change of molecular brain vibration must be very gradual if it is to be enacted with safety. It is said that the Hindu has three degrees of advancement, twenty years apart, to give time for the development from one to the other. And so hopeless has this been for the masses that "reincarnation" was either invented or discovered to give them consolation. But time for such a change is useless unless the brain be itself in almost perfect health and strength. So the starting point is perfect health, or as near to it as the world of to day can evolve. We must remember this is not to be a case of vibration evolving health, but of health evolving vibration, which is a very different matter. So with time and health for our starting point we are ready to enquire what next?

Conditions of almost equal importance are freedom from worry and anxiety, amid which the vibrations we are seeking can never be found. But even this is not enough, for the soul must live amidst harmonious surroundings. Discord opens hell, not heaven, and it is not Black Magic but White we are seeking. There may not be one out of a million, or perhaps ten millions, who commands health, freedom from worry, harmonious conditions, with time to weld them into a spiritual manhood, yet anything short of this must and will limit the possible success and increase the dangers of the path. They may make a well rewarded

progress but they cannot blend the vibrations of the higher and the lower life to their utmost possibility.

At this point, and before we inquire as to the practical results that may be grasped, the student will ask whether this is not really a struggle toward adeptship? I confess I do not know what is really meant by that term applied to ordinary mortal life. It is usually supposed to mean, in the Eastern use of the term, a man who has attained power over death, and can leave his body, and make ghostly visits to distant localities. Such a man is supposed to have access to whole cons of accumulated knowledge. But all this is mere supposition, for the adept, if he really exists, uses his power to keep out of the way of everybody who would interview him. So I repeat, I know nothing about adeptship, but I am watching with intense interest the attempts of a friend of mine to climb to these higher vibrations. His whole object is the development of his own manhood, with a view to safe and truthful intercourse with spirits, and to act as explorer in such regions for the benefit of those who may follow. In "Mother Nature, M. D.," published by Editor Francis, in his *Progressive Thinker*, I described certain of his experiences in his quest up to that time. Being intensely interested I have kept in close touch with him, and propose to give the reader one of his recent remarkable experiences, so far as I myself can comprehend and explain it. I have no wonders of adeptship to record, but only "happenings" which belong to the life of an everyday mortal like the reader and myself.

It has happened that my friend has combined the ideal conditions of health, freedom from worry, and harmonious surroundings. So he set himself to his task of changing his brain vibrations by his own will power. He has been repeatedly checked by induced pain, almost always of the spinal chord. The only remedy was patience, and a temporary but studious interest in the higher objects of normal life. It happens that my friend is not at all mediumistic, and failed in an early attempt to subject himself to spirit power. He was, however, a born psychic, and by psychometric experiences had more or less developed his own selfhood. Step by step, as he slowly advanced, he found himself in contact with intelligences, manifesting each on its own particular scale of vibrations. And at first the intelligences so encountered were of the class that seeks its own gratification, and always desires to rule. That is to say, to become what is called the medium's "guide" or "control." Occasionally such intelligences seem to aim to play the part of a "guardian angel," with a special mission to earth for the benefit of mortals. But absolute preservation and cultivation of his own individuality was the aim of my friend, and many were the fierce battles before he compelled recognition of his own independence. This largely shut him out of the realm of so-called "tests" of identified spirit return, but he fought on in his own lonely way to results that have fully justified his struggle. He tells me that beautiful and joyous as have been most of his recent experiences, they have been too personal for repetition to another. The student who follows will gain them for himself. But one recent experience belongs so emphatically to what the world calls "practical," that he is quite willing it should be placed on record.

The vibrations to which he had attained, and which he entered almost daily, he had come to think of and to express to himself as "alone with God." But the writer ventures to think this a very imperfect phrase. If by the term "God" is meant the Infinite Intelligence, every living being is a spark from the divine. Undoubtedly my friend experiences a sense of sublime self-consciousness, and thus realizes his brotherhood with the highest selfhood of which he can conceive. But I venture to suggest that this was the effect of the "glare" of his own divine spark, induced by the vibrations dominating his mortal brain. I fancy and believe that all inspiration, and so-called revelation, is but an unusual glare from this inner spark. One of the expressions of these higher vibrations may be the evolving of a flame from this spark of the divine, which inheres to all life. Thus, while heat, light and electricity are vibrated into our consciousness as scientifically proved and demonstrated, we can discern that under the same law the still mightier "thought power" is but a force yielded by intelligence, and working amidst a far higher vibratory movement. It appears almost certain that if this thought vibration be raised to its utmost, the result will be that illumination which my friend has called "alone with God." I conceive that some day it will be the common privilege of mortals, as it is undoubtedly of the advanced spirit, to live in this state of celestial consciousness. However, without further criticism of a mere phrase, I will proceed to the incident evolved from such experience, and which I have called "practical" in its relation to mortal life.

My friend has long known and esteemed a lady, prominent in social life in a Western city. Her unselfish devotion to works of charity has led many to seek her aid in their hour of need. One day my friend was shocked to learn that this lady had been suffering for several weeks from a carbuncle on her neck which had refused to heal. Her attending physicians felt that the result was very doubtful, and she was naturally feeling very depressed. My friend proposed an experiment to which she readily consented. At an agreed hour she retired to bed, while he, sitting as usual amidst the induced vibrations, invoked her spirit, and held it amid these vibrations for several minutes.

The effect was startling, almost terrific. She

describes her experience as if every molecule in her system were changing its polarity. Presently a hemorrhage set in that alarmed her by its extent. Altogether it was a fearful night. Yet in the morning she found herself unweakened by the loss of blood and the extraordinary suffering she had experienced, so she requested my friend to continue his experiment. The hemorrhages continued day after day, and once or twice she thought she was threatened with heart failure, when a single restful night would intervene. Then she discovered that her carbuncle had disappeared, leaving nothing but a scar and a memory. But now came what was to her the really marvelous result of this experience. It seems that unknown to my friend she had been a sufferer from "prolapsed ani" for many years, and to such an extent as to often make life a burden. As the experiment was continued this also began to disappear, and presently she had the happiness of counting herself as once again a well woman. So these higher vibrations had proved themselves a mighty power, and with yet another effect also unexpected. She has experienced what she calls "a spiritual uplift," which has brought to her a higher soul life, as well as bodily health.

Such is an abbreviated narration of an incident of thrilling interest, that seems to the writer to suggest that all so-called "cures" by modern healers are really but the effect of their own vibrations, transmitted to the sufferer's spirit rather than to mortal body. The spirit level of such vibrations will mark the limit of the healer's power. But if this explanation be true—and two similar experiments have seemed to demonstrate it—what a waste of so-called metaphysics and unlearned jargon, of absurd affirmations and denials, of claims made by individuals and societies of wonderful cures wrought through their own mental effort, or as the action of Deity in answer to pious supplication. And what a light is thrown on the claimed miracle of the past on which religions have been founded. Let but man or woman have vibrations outreach those of the sufferer, and to that limit, and no further, will molecular vibration blend to a common level, working through the channel of spirit. The genuine "medicine man," whether civilized or savage has first induced higher vibrations in his own organism by spiritual development, and his success or failure in healing is according as the spirit of the patient can or will respond. The vibration itself is altogether a matter of degree, and the effect in similar proportion.

So much seems evident and thoroughly practical as the result of my friend's experiment. But he declines to enter the field of healing, preferring to continue his work as an explorer. He promises to experiment at some convenient opportunity with a fully developed case of leprosy. He declares himself quite content with the result so far achieved in this direction, and now returns to the study of the effect of these higher vibrations on the whole question of spirit-return. Here, too, he has already gained practical and most interesting results, although for the present too personal to be of public interest, because altogether outside the test limit of the wonder seeker.

The writer feels that enough has now been said and done to justify his claim that real advance in Modern Spiritualism must pass out and beyond the realm of fraud and uncertainty, whether mortal or spirit. It must rest entirely on mortal effort, by creative thought power, to change the organic brain vibrations of the student. Such a change carries with it a higher manhood, expressed in development of the spirit. It evidently also bears, as a glorious fruitage, the power of blessing one's fellow-man. Yet further, development of spirit necessarily opens the way for intercourse with like-minded intelligences who have gained a higher level in their life of to-morrow. A born psychic may easily open roads out into the "threshold." Of such powers Modern Spiritualism became the herald to a world that had come to almost disbelief that there was any threshold to cross. But in this quest and on that plane the sensitive faculty once opened remains at its first level. New phenomena appear, but rarely is the medium exhibiting a growing manhood, or the wonder-seekers themselves making spiritual growth. Under such conditions there is no step in advance made by either teacher or pupil. The student will see he cannot afford to rest. He must be perpetually analyzing his facts and sifting his evidence, no matter what emotional belief may be disturbed, if he hopes to distinguish between a sunrise on the horizon of Nature and its effect upon mortal mind.

San Leandro, Calif.

86—A family of bugs were preparing to make a raid on some fruit trees, when one of the younger bugs happened to notice a parcel of English sparrows chattering around in the immediate vicinity of the tree. Then one of the young bugs turned in alarm to its mother and said: "Mother, we had better hide out from here or those birds will get every mother's son of us." But the old bug kept right on heading for the tree as she calmly answered: "My son, those sparrows can fuss and fight and raise more — for their size than any birds I ever saw, but I never knew one to catch a bug or a worm."—Exchange.

The above is applicable to many Spiritualists who are always promising great things in the bye-and bye and keep up a constant excitement, out of which no real good accrues to Spiritualism. The man with a steadfast purpose is never turned aside by the excited clamorings of the human sparrow, whose efforts terminate only in noise, but moves on to the aimed for goal, regardless of their flatterings, angry threats and contumacious slander.

Some Thoughts on Reincarnation.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Mr. Ambrose Bierce in last Sunday's *Journal* writes of immortality and reincarnation as follows: "The Land Beyond the Grave has been, if not observed, yet often and variously described; if not explored and surveyed, yet carefully charted. From so many accounts of it that we have he must be fastidious indeed who cannot be suited. But of the Fatherland that spreads before the cradle—the great Heretofore, where in we all dwell if we are to dwell in the hereafter—we have no account. Nobody professes knowledge of it. No heresy evidence reaches our ears of flesh concerning its topographical or other features; no one has been so enterprising as to wrest from its actual inhabitants any particulars of their character and appearance, to refresh our memory withal. And among educated experts and professional proponents of worlds to be there is general denial of its existence."

Were Mr. Bierce to go a little deeper into his studies of that most ancient belief (the belief in reincarnation, which is to-day shared by something like three-fourths of the world's inhabitants) he would find that, according to this philosophy, the Heretofore is also the Heretofore. Souls pass from death to life, or from one phase of existence to another, until they have exhausted desire, and are content to sink themselves in contemplation of Divinity.

As at times in this life we lose all consciousness of self and are absorbed in ecstasy for a moment in beholding a wonderful sunset or a great painting, so the soul which has completed its circle of lives loses itself in beholding God.

But there must be many existences before this state is reached.

Each separate desire must be attained and worn out, and the law of cause and effect must be fulfilled.

The Reincarnationists (of whom the Theosophists are but a handful) look upon the life beyond the grave as the life before another birth. It is merely another phase of existence, in which the soul goes forward to another death and another birth.

I cannot agree with Mr. Bierce when he says: "To live again without memory of having lived before is to live another. Re-existence without recollection is absurd; there is nothing to re-exist."

We do not remember our pre-natal months of existence, nor our first few years after birth. Yet these periods occurred and exerted a direct influence on our after lives.

As one wiser than the writer has observed in speaking of this subject, we forget the teachers and lessons of our early youth, yet our character and education have been formed to a great degree by them. Meanwhile we can by the exercise of will-power overcome pernicious influences and accentuate good ones as we proceed toward maturity.

So while we come into each birth with the effect or "parma" of former lives upon us, we can make this life what we choose by the exercise of the divine will in us.

Of all creeds and philosophies, a belief in reincarnation seems to contain the greatest logic and the greatest amount of religious reverence toward the Creator.

It is the only explanation why in a family life permits a distorted body to be given one child and to another radiant beauty.

It is certainly blasphemous and illogical to say that is one brief life on earth God wished the deformed child to suffer in order that it might wear a bigger crown of glory through eternity than its beautiful sister. It would be a pretty God who would lay such plans.

Cause and effect is the great law running through every science, and it underlies human life and should be the keynote to religion in this era of intellectual analysis.

Never in the history of the world was a practical religious basis for human action so needed as to-day.

We no longer depend upon priests or ministers, kings or commanders for our ideas of religion. We are nearly done with religions which keep the masses in ignorance and fear. We are nearly done with Sunday religion which does not last through the week.

That amazing institution the modern press, with its still more amazing freedom of speech, has done much to make people think boldly upon these matters for themselves. It has helped them to stand by the courage of their own convictions. It has helped to inspire them with disgust for "shopkeeping religion"—the religion which seeks to grow rich and lead the fashion—and it has made them bold to denounce hypocrisy and cant, especially when found inside the pale of the Church. But the press has not tried, and could not succeed if it did try to eradicate from the human mind its craving for a religious faith.

Man, since the beginning of things, has so longed for a God that his intense desire would have created one if none had heretofore existed.

That which is ardently wished for by multitudes always comes. Because immortality is an almost universal desire it must of necessity result.

I believe there is nothing which the concerted minds of men (and women) cannot achieve. The human mind is the universe in a nutshell, and its possibilities are infinite. When millions upon millions of these minds chime in the one wish for immortal life, tremendous forces are set in action to work its fulfillment, even were it not prearranged by the mysterious Source of All at the beginning.

Humanity needs a belief in immortality to

make the best and happiest life endurable to the end.

Many men are able to go through to the end with very little formulated thought on the subject; but woman needs her faith every hour. When she is without it she is no longer a woman. She is an accident. Man's religious belief is passive; woman's, active. A great majority of men are not afraid to say that they love some woman more than they love God; but very few women dare make a similar assertion. Their reverence bids them say, "I love you next to God."

Man's love for God and for woman is strongly intertwined. Many a material-minded man receives his religious illumination through loving a woman. When a man is deceived and disillusioned by a woman, he frequently turns away from God. When a woman is deceived by a man she turns to God.

A woman's religion is a thing more apart from her passionate life than man's, and is, therefore, a more sustaining power in times of sorrow. To man woman is an expression of divinity. Woman, in order to love deeply, must think her lover a wonderful being, but quite human.

A man likes to think he has the power to develop the human qualities in a creature half divine—a woman.

A woman likes to think that she is developing the divine nature of a wholly mortal creature—a man.

But deep in both hearts, where mutual love exists, lies the inborn desire for an immortality of living and loving.

That absolute proofs of a previous and a future life exist and have been obtained by scores of people, I am convinced. But just as the gifted musician cannot explain how he hears the hidden harmonies in certain sounds which are only sounds to other ears, so the religious savant cannot make known his means of knowledge to the world. Yet why should we doubt his word when he tells us that he has seen and heard things which we have not, any more than we doubt the word of the musician?

The most widely educated, the most logical minded, and the most remarkable man I ever met, told me he distinctly recalled his last incarnation. Because I do not recall mine, must I say he is a liar or a fool?

Similar statements have been made by scores of seemingly sane individuals. Instead of aggressively asserting that no such memory has ever been given to mortal man (which ranks all these people with lunatics or liars), why do we not content ourselves with saying that no such memory has been given to us?

The philosophy of reincarnation is an excellent religion to live and die by. The world would grow better were every child reared to believe that every thought, word and act shall return to him in this life or another and face him with its result. There is no escape from the law. There is no robbing and plundering of our neighbors in business which can be paid for by giving freely to charity of ill-gotten gains, and floating to heaven on deathbed repentance wings.

As we sow, we reap, surely, some time, somewhere.

Once grounded in this belief, it is of no importance whatever whether we recall past lives or not. We know in those lives we made our present "karma," and in this life we are making "karma" for the next. But as good conduct reduces a prisoner's sentence materially, so good thoughts and deeds lessen and brighten the shadows we have induced in this life. And over us always and ever a tender God watches and gives us strength and aid when we call.

All in the dark we move along,

And if we go amiss

We know at least which path is wrong,
And there is gain in this.

The Christs alone no error made,

So often had they trod

The paths that lead through light and shade,
They had become as God.

As Krishna, Buddha, Christ again,

They passed along the way,

And left those mighty truths which men

But faintly grasp to-day.

But he who loves himself the last

And knows the use of pain,

Though strewn with errors all his past,

He surely shall attain.

Some souls there are that needs must taste

Of wrong ere choosing right.

We should not call those lives a waste

Which led us to the light.

—New York Journal.

Mrs. Catt Mortified Two Men.

A year or two ago Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, General Organizer of the Women's Suffrage party in the United States, and, by the way, a strikingly handsome and always well dressed woman, was on her way to a State convention at Topeka, Kan., when she got into conversation with two men on the cars. A few seats in front of them sat a spectacled, angular woman, sallow as to complexion and drab as to dress. Her clothes were cut in a fashion severely plain. The talk had turned upon the rights of women.

"See that woman yonder?" said one. "I'll bet she's a delegate to that Women's Rights convention up at Topeka."

"Sure," chimed in the other. "Funny, ain't it? There's a woman that has no husband—never could get one—has all the rights she needs, and she gallivants around the country asking for more. Funny, ain't it? I'll bet she's Mrs. Catt. Well named, ain't she?"

Mrs. Catt smiled and changed the subject. When they reached Topeka she said:

"I am very glad to have met you. I am Mrs. Catt. The lady in front is the wife of a banker in Chicago. She is going out to visit her married daughter. I know her very well. She is opposed to women's suffrage. Good-bye."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE CALL OF THE AGES.

BY THOMAS H. D. COTTON.

PART II.

A solemn thing is death.
It comes as the lightning stroke
And lays us low in a twinkling.
The grand and sturdy oak
And the tender blade of grass
Are swayed alike by the breath
Of the cyclone's instant crash
In its track of waste and death.

But far more solemn still
Is life. This little span
So short to those who struggle
To understand the plan
And comprehend its meaning—
Ah! precious and sublime,
This ray from the Infinite Love
To illumine the night of time!
A thousand times more solemn
Than death in any form:
In the calm of the bright, still morning
Or the crash of the rushing storm.

But oh! how long and dreary
Life's desert waste to all
Who only know existence,
Who never wake to the call
Of the still small voice of conscience,
That monitor divine,
Which opens to us rich streams—
An inexhaustible mine,
A store of wealth outweighing
The gold of all the earth,
A glory making dim
The lustre of regal birth!

Would you behold this mine?
Then turn your gaze within,
For there the hidden treasures
Lie sleeping. Flashing keen,
The light of a thousand diamonds
Bursts on the raptured sight.
We gaze in growing wonder,
Spellbound by the vision bright.

Behold, as we stand here gazing,
The jeweled walls expand
Into a mighty castle
More spacious, high and grand
Than gorgeous palace, famous
In the fabled days of old,
Whose walls were all of jasper
And the dome of shining gold.

Fairest of all these jewels,
The golden star of love
Shines with a flame resplendent
From its place in the dome above.
Rivalling this fair beauty,
The diamond truth we see,
Then wisdom, making perfect
This glorious one in three!

Holding the golden treasure
Of the ages yet to come,
Locked in the vaults of nature,
Their secret ancient home;
Spanning the lapse of ages
Of the eternal past
And the unending future,
Thou art the first and last,
The Alpha and the Omega,
The beginning and the end
In all creation. Centred
In thee all forces blend!

This threefold light reflected
From Reason's radiant dome
Illumes all our nature.
This bright and glorious home
Is consciously our own
The moment we discover
A purpose formed within
Of high and grand endeavor.
Our aspiration reaching
Toward the highest and the best,
We pass from the outer darkness,
From Error's bleak unrest.
We close the door forever
Between us and the past.
On the rock of truth and honor
We're anchored safe at last!

What Is Imperialism.

BY G. B. STEBBINS.

Old Rome, on the banks of the Tiber, was "The Imperial City," "The Eternal City." Expansion by conquest was the Roman method. Their armies, by bloody wars, made subjugated provinces Roman colonies; protecting them a little, plundering them a great deal. Their colonists were governed from Rome. A rich patrician in that seat of empire would get a commission as Roman Consul, go out to his province, and if he did not come back in a few years with from one to five million dollars he was a poor stick.

The roots of modern imperialism go back to Rome; its methods modified by time. The modern fashion in one respect is like the ancient. The strong overrun the weak, the "Christian" nations usually seizing the lands of the Pagans. Entangling alliances and boundary disputes lead to wars, to militarism, and to immense national debts and heavy taxes paid by the people.

England is sending a great army to Africa to fight the Boers. Russia and Great Britain watch each other through the great mountain gorges of northern Hindostan, each jealous of a possible foray into the stolen provinces of the other. France and Germany sit back and growl over South Africa and Algeria. Small room or thought for our idea of a self-governing people, or for that new command, "Love one another."

"There is a divine design, an irresistible upward tendency which streams through all things, and so the world gains; but the upward steps of men and nations are hindered by the wars for expansion which come from imperialism and infest the world."

"The Eternal City" on the Tiber lives but as a reminiscence and a museum. The policy on which it was based was self-destructive.

Is our government fighting the Filipinos to make them our conquered subjects permanently? That is imperialism.

No soldier of our republic has ever gone beyond our borders armed for foreign conquest. From going down into that bloody path our great pioneer statesmen have always warned us. Thus have we kept largely clear of entangling alliances, and have been the leading umpire in settling the world's disputes. More than fifty times has the United States been chosen by other nations to arbitrate troubles that threatened war, and these arbitrations always succeeded. No other government ever had such a glorious record.

Not free from faults and perils, we have gained in wealth and power and in foreign and domestic commerce, as no other country has, and the average character of our people stands high.

As American citizens we must protest and forewarn against the perils of a grave mistake. In his widely-read speech in Boston a few weeks ago, Pres. McKinley said:

"No imperial designs lurk in the American mind. They are alien to American sentiment thought and purpose. Our priceless principles undergo no change under a tropical sun. They go with the flag."

In his late opening speech before the national meeting of the American Bar Association at Buffalo, is this significant sentence by Senator C. F. Manderson of Nebraska:

"The plain duty that devolves upon this country is to suppress this revolt; with firm, strong hand to put down this insurrection, and when our sovereignty is acknowledged, and our guidance and generous aid lead these people of the Asiatic seas to self government, and to them domestic tranquility, provide for their common defense, promote their general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to them and their posterity," as provided

in the Constitution of the United States. If a separate autonomy can be safely had for these islands, and I sincerely hope it may be, we can surely trust the congress that it will be granted."

These two utterances convey the same aim and spirit to the reader. Both, the latter especially, point forward with a "sincere hope" to a "separate autonomy," not to a colonial policy of expansion or imperialism, as the "consummation devoutly to be wished" to end this strife. Yet we are still "encouraging rebels." The strong and explicit repudiation of imperialism in the President's Boston speech, if repeated in our army in Manila, would work strange changes there.

But under his direction the war goes on, with but faint signs of any aim or intent to meet the Filipinos in negotiations through which their views and wishes may be known. President McKinley is preparing to choose three civil commissioners to govern the islands after the war is over (better far than military rule). The Detroit Journal, a stout "expansion" sheet, holds him as "insisting on permanent American control in the Philippines."

Should not "we, the people," know definitely what this war is for? Is it to be for the "separate autonomy and self government" which Senator Manderson "sincerely hopes for"? Or for an American protectorate? A territorial Philippine government? Or imperial subjugation, regardless of their wishes and rights?

The American mothers, who are asked to favor the enlisting of their sons, have a sacred right to know for what their brave sons are to fight and die. The Filipinos have a right to know. Delay is unjust and dangerous. Let us have a clearly-defined policy, made known to the world. Let a proclamation go out, under government approval, tomorrow, saying in substance to the millions of distant islanders: "Disarm, and we will stop war and let armistice and negotiation, aiming for mutual justice and lasting peace, follow."

This might at once be accepted; if not, the day of its acceptance would be hastened, and the atmosphere lighted and vitalized by an element of fraternity.

Difficulties would be in the way. The Filipinos are not saints, only poor barbarians with bad blood, made worse toward us by our mistakes. A bayonet is a poor tool with which to win a man's confidence when at every thrust you say to him: "You need expect nothing else so long as you can stand up to take more. When you cannot stand, we will give you what we please." That is about our present attitude toward the Filipinos. Are we saints?

To conquer them would bring no glory. Strong nations can be magnanimous as well as just.

Succeed in negotiation by justice as well as by the consciousness of our power, and the true glory of the republic, our dignity and power among the great nations, would gain largely.

Every day of the continuance of this bloody strife mars our daily thought, dims our spiritual life and its sacred inner light, and blunts our fine sense of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The roar of cannon makes the tropical night hideous; pestilence stalks abroad at noonday; brave sons, dear to their American mothers, lie dead in hospitals and dismal swamps, beside the sons dear to their Filipino mothers. The American soldier does his fearful work bravely, and goes from it to some higher work courageously; but he misses the inspiration of some great idea at the basis of this struggle, lifting the bloody ghastliness of war up into heroic heights of self-sacrificing devotion to some sacred cause.

What are they fighting for? The growing, sober second thought of this people is tired of this waste of precious human life. There is a quiet waiting and hoping, but the patience wanes and the hope grows dim. In due time will come a strong outspeaking, bringing overturns, political and other, full of surprise to shallow self-seekers and blind leaders of the blind.

Let us have peace" will be the cry. To be just to President McKinley, it should be stated that at Ocean Grove, N. J., in August, giving "the attitude of the Government respecting the Philippines," he said: "Peace first; then, with charity to all, an established government of law and order, in which the people will participate under the stars and stripes."

Three days after, welcoming volunteers from the war to their homes at Pittsburgh, he said: "Peace brought us the Philippines by treaty cession from Spain. Every step constitutional. It becomes our territory as much as the Louisiana purchase, or Texas, or Alaska. The first blow was struck by the insurgents. . . . Our soldiers were shot when ministering to wounded Filipinos. They assailed our sovereignty, and there will be no pause until the American authority is acknowledged and established."

On the start of the war for Cuban independence, the insurgents against Spain were assured of ultimate protection and independence. Did we ever make such promises to the Filipinos, while subjects of Spain, or since?

Did not wild and ignorant Cuban insurgents perpetrate lawless and bloody deeds in a few cases, upon us, their would-be deliverers? Why should Cubans be promised "ultimate independence," from which pledge we have never swerved, while Filipinos are pushed by bayonets, and promised only subjection to a foreign sovereignty after the war is over?

There is our grave mistake, which doubtless prolongs an awful waste of human life. Last summer, in Paris, ex-President Harrison, treating of Cuba and the Philippines, said, "Our true position is to guarantee the liberties of people, not to dictate their laws."

Surely our country can only win true glory by adherence to the doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Nobody supposes President McKinley aims to be a cruel tyrant, but his Philippine policy is imperial—wrong and perilous, from Rome of old to modern London. We want none of it.

Let Your Thoughts be Pleasant.

Some people are exhilarating, stimulating in their nature, uplifting, making us optimistic, hopeful, ready for any fortune that may befall. They nourish the soul, make it athletic, take away all dread of the future, give us what the racer has who feels sure that he is going to win the prize, and whose anticipation of victory adds to the speed of his feet. Tell me frankly what your controlling thought is, what kind of thinking you do every day, and I will tell you what kind of a man you are, whether you are making friends or enemies, how you will meet the emergencies which come into every human experience, whether affliction will embitter you or mature, sweeten and ripen you. We are what we think. Your chief thought is as truly the master of your destiny as the captain is master of the vessel which he guides through storm and drifting currents. Your happiness depends not half as much on your surroundings as on yourself. It is possible to have nothing and yet to have all, and possible to have all and yet to have very little. A cheerful heart can lighten the heaviest burden and make it comparatively easy to bear. If you would discover what a man's life is worth, either to himself or to others, you need not look at his bank account, for that is no sure indication. If you can find out what kind of thoughts he cherishes you will learn the whole story.

It is also true that some ideas produce spiritual depression. There is a dyspepsia of the soul as well as of the body. Your thoughts may force you into a perfect purgatory and keep you there until you change your mental outlook. The apple seed never grows to become a pear tree, and the low thought never results in a high life. The level of your thinking decides the level of your living, because one is caused and the other effect. Love, and you will be loved; hate, and you will be hated. Your attitude toward others is the sure indication of their attitude toward you, and the way in which you bear yourself toward the world is the product of your conviction as to your duty to be kind and helpful, or your determination to selfishly get all you can at whatever cost to others.—George H. Hepworth in New York Herald.

MARION GOLDBORO;

WHAT ONE WOMAN ACCOMPLISHED.

WRITTEN BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "The Discovers Country," "Oreander," a Pictorial Novel, "Mary Ann Carew," "Philip Carlyle," a Romance, &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOLDBORO CHILDREN HAVE IDEAS OF THEIR OWN.

Marion Goldboro entered the grand dining-hall of the Goldboro mansion.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldboro, together with their son and two other daughters, besides our heroine, were already taking their seats at the table.

"Just in time, Marion," said Mr. Goldboro, smiling benignly upon his eldest child.

"I am pleased not to be late, papa," replied Marion, sweetly.

"Did you buy more than you could get into the carriage, to day?" asked young Willie Goldboro, mischief lurking in the corners of his eyes. "I have so many presents now that my den will not hold them. Truly, sis, the door stands wide open for want of space to close it. It makes me think of a Christmas stocking, stuffed so full that half of the things are falling out, and another large lot beneath it on the hearth."

"I had plenty of room in the carriage," answered Marion. "My purchases were few to-day, and my purse is not much lighter than when I started out."

The two young sisters looked slightly disappointed. "Oh! my room will hold a great deal more," exclaimed the older of the two.

"And I wanted that big doll—the one as large as myself. She can cry and laugh, and say papa, mamma, sister and brother. She can move her eyes all around; and one has to do nothing but pull a bit of ribbon at the back of her neck," said the youngest sister, a fairy-like blond of ten years.

Marion and Mrs. Goldboro exchanged significant glances. The doll was already hidden away up stairs, awaiting New Year's Eve.

"You do not look wearied at all, Marion," said Mrs. Goldboro, smilingly; "so the children need not expect much more in the shape of presents: Santa Claus did his utmost on Christmas Eve, and needs to rest awhile."

Mrs. Goldboro was not at all like her daughter Marion, but was small and fragile, with blue eyes, waxen skin, and hair that had once been bright golden, now slightly faded and streaked with silver; she was about forty-five years old, but looked much younger.

Mr. Goldboro was a fine, rather portly gentleman of fifty. It was easy to see from whom Marion had obtained her beautiful brown eyes and hair, for Mr. Goldboro's were even now very much like those of his daughter.

"Papa," asked Marion, her face taking on a serious expression, "why are some people in poverty, while others roll in wealth? Why is it that many are worth millions, while others have not even a penny wherewith to buy bread? Such thoughts greatly trouble me, and I must find out why such a state of things exists in this world of ours."

"Marion," said her mother, rather chidingly, "why make yourself unhappy about that which you cannot help? You did not make the world or the people in it. God understands best how to guide the world he has created. You should enjoy that which God has given you, without questioning his wisdom or his ways."

Marion looked dissatisfied, but her questioning eyes still rested on her father's face. Mr. Goldboro seemed a little uneasy. He did not believe in God.

"Well, Marion," he at length replied, "the question which you have asked has puzzled wise heads than yours, and I greatly fear the puzzle will remain unsolved for many generations to come; but, I really think some people are more gifted than others, larger brained, exercise more prudence, thrift and foresight, in fact, are smarter every way, know how to make money and keep it after they have made it. Small brained, shiftless people are scarcely ever rich."

"But all large brained people are not rich," objected Marion. "Many of the greatest geniuses that have ever lived have been in the depths of poverty."

"Yes," put in Willie, who loved music. "Mozart was buried in potter's field, and often cold and hungry while living. Do you know what I would have done if I had lived at the time he did and somewhere in his neighborhood? I would have just been his Santa Claus, and on Christmas Eve would have filled that poor little room of his so full he would not have been able to shut his door more than I can mine."

"But, Willie," expostulated Marion, "there may be Mozart all about us, for all you know. We did not know like that better, now, that you find out some of these poor ones for love of him?"

"Oh, Marion! there are no composers of music at the present day, who can compare with Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, and many others of the grand old masters: Professor von Alferano says so."

"Many of these very composers," replied Marion, "were not appreciated while they lived. Their works were underrated, and Mozart himself died in abject poverty. Willie, suppose you try to find a Mozart right here in New York and make him happy by aiding and appreciating him."

"All right, sis; I will agree to aid him and appreciate him, too, if you will find him."

"I think," continued Marion, "it is to be deplored that people are not held at their true value while they live, struggle and suffer; perhaps scorned by the very ones they are striving to enlighten, the very ones whose condition they are trying to ameliorate. The best and truest friends the world has ever known have either died in want and poverty or have suffered martyrdom at the hands of those whom they were trying to benefit." Then, turning her warm, velvety eyes upon her father's face, she added: "If there is no life after death, the laws upon which this world stands are most uneven and unjust. I feel as though I must believe as you do, but something within me is constantly protesting against it."

Mr. Goldboro's glance fell beneath his daughter's gaze as he made reply:

"Good and gifted persons do not live in vain, my daughter. If they do not reap a reward, other men and women, who live after them, do."

Marion sighed deeply.

"That would seem to be cold comfort, indeed."

"Marion, my child," interposed Mrs. Goldboro, "take the Bible for your guide; give your heart to Christ, and heaven will be your reward in a future life. This house is divided against itself. I hope it may not fall," and she gave her husband a reproachful glance. "I fear your father's feet are going the downward road to perdition."

"If my father's unbelief carries him to perdition, he shall not go alone; his daughter Marion will bear him company."

"There lies the trouble," said Mrs. Goldboro. "Your father's unbelief will also destroy his children."

"Marie," said Mr. Goldboro gravely, "I find it impossible to believe. My mind will not accept the ideas which you seem to find no trouble in believing, but will look upon it all as ridiculous nonsense, try as I may to the contrary. Certainly I should like to believe in a future state of being if it were possible, and I tell you, wife, if I am lost in hell it will not be my own fault but the fault of the constitution of my mind. As Marion has said of herself, there is something that continually rises up within me, contradicting and protesting against theological dogmas, and as I have no proof of any life beyond this, I must be content to accept this as I find it."

"But, papa," asked Marion, "do you really feel content? Is there not something within you which pleads for a future existence?"

"Well, daughter, your question puzzles me a

little. Certainly, I should like to be an immortal being; but, I look upon this feeling as one that pertains to man's natural hopefulness. I might say that I hoped for a future life, but have not the slightest evidence that there is one."

"Have we not the Bible in evidence?" asked Mrs. Goldboro with some asperity.

"To you it may appear like evidence, but to me it is the merest chaff—stuff and nonsense!"

"You talk thus of God's most holy word, and yet remain my husband!" ejaculated Mrs. Goldboro, pale as death, with a look of frozen horror in her somewhat faded blue eyes. "Oh! it is shameful that our children should hear you: You will not only be lost yourself, but will be the means of dragging our darlings down with you. Children, try to forget your father's words."

"We cannot forget them," said Willie. "Do you know, mamma, that the tissue of our brains is somewhat like the sensitive plate of a photographer? It retains every impression left upon it, to be reproduced when we will; our senses are the cameras and our brains the plates."

"Who told you that?" asked little Bess.

"Why, did not I go and have my photograph taken as a Christmas present to you and mamma? And you may be sure there was not one thing that photographer did that I did not ask him about. It was he who told me about the brain; moreover, he said that if he could photograph all the questions that I asked him, together with his answers, it would make quite an interesting booklet, that would, most likely, please my father and mother—and, Marion, can you believe it? they are already photographing thoughts!"

"Willie," said Mrs. Goldboro rather severely, "the man was talking nonsense. He simply looked upon you as a credulous boy. You surely are old enough now not to believe such foolish stories."

"But mamma, he said it was a fact, and told me the name of the photographer; he also showed me notices cut from the papers to that effect."

"The papers will print anything sensational now-a-days, without regard to truth. Any one with a modicum of sense must know that it would be impossible to photograph thoughts."

"Yet, mamma," put in Marion, "a short time ago it was deemed impossible to photograph motion, but it has already been accomplished."

"Yes," said Willie. "How frightened mamma was at the viviscope concert, when the lightning express appeared to be coming right down upon us—and was not that Madrid bull-fight just the thing? Oh! those viviscope are the finest things out! So say I."

"Well," said Marion, "if motion can be photographed, why not thought? I remember when I was about the age of Bessie, here, how mamma laughed at the idea of bottling up sound, as she called it; but now she enjoys listening to our photographs as much as we do."

"That she does!" exclaimed Willie. "And I will tell you what I shall do, unknown to any of you—have my thoughts photographed just as soon as I know of a photographer who can do it. I do hope it will be about next Christmas time, and I will bring them home to you for a Christmas present."

"No need to get your thoughts photographed," spoke up Bess: "You reel them off by the yard now," and she clapped her rosy little fingers over her ears. "Oh! don't my ears get tired sometimes?"

"Indeed, Miss!" said her brother. "But at least I have something better to think about than dolls."

"Well, you are six years older than I am," said Bess, with a pout. "When I am a young lady of sixteen, I do not think I shall play with dolls."

"Father," said Marion, "thoughts are really being photographed. Willie is right. I have been reading about it myself. A gentleman has already photographed the image of a lady whom his wife was intently thinking about, also a picture of something which he was thinking of—a circle and a cross, I believe, that he had been looking at for a half hour or so. I am sure, papa, we shall have some very astounding revelations before long."

Marion, cried Willie, "they will bottle up our very thoughts yet, as Ben Franklin did lightning. Oh! how they sneered and pooh-poohed at poor Ben. But he did it just the same, and they will bottle our thoughts yet, as sure as fate. I don't care to be President, but I should like to bottle up thoughts. Would it not be nice to see one's thoughts running out of a bottle like so much water?"

"Willie," exclaimed his mother with a reproving glance, "stop such rattle-brained talk. I am actually ashamed of you, my son."

"Do you think Thomas Edison's mother was ashamed of him?" asked Willie. "Oh! I would that I were a Thomas Edison—and I have something else to tell you. Prof. von Alferano is showing me how to read music by its colors. Oh! that's fine, a much better way than the tiresome old staff, and letters which one thinks about but cannot see. Now a boy like me just adores brilliant, flashing colors. You ought to see them flash and play and dance on the screen while the Professor is playing. I tell you, Sister Marion, it is better than fairy-land."

Marion's eyes smiled and flashed brightly within their luminous depths.

"And don't you remember, Marion, how mamma was about to change my music-teacher when I told her of it at first? She said the Professor was getting wild, and had no right to talk such crazy notions to his pupils; and if you and papa had not interceded for me I should have lost the greatest pleasure of my life. Talk about fairies and Santa Claus! Why, that music screen is worth ten thousand fairies, with Santa Claus thrown in."

CHAPTER III.

THE GOLDBOROS CONTINUE THEIR DISCUSSION.

"Look here, papa! How can a thought be photographed unless it is a real thing?"

"Willie, you will drive me distracted with your worse than foolish questions," and Mrs. Goldboro put her hand to her forehead wearily.

Mr. Goldboro looked thoughtful and puzzled. "If they have really photographed thoughts, thoughts must be things necessarily."

"Of course!" cried Willie. "But, papa, they talk so learnedly of vibrations. There can be no vibrations without some object to cause them. If one can think and project that thought upon a sensitive plate so that it exactly represents the thing thought of, that thought must be a real thing. Although not visible to the eye, it certainly is visible to the sensitive plate."

"Well done, Willie!" exclaimed Marion. "Your brains are already better than mine, although I am two years older than you."

Mrs. Goldboro looked helpless; Mr. Goldboro thoughtful.

"Well, all this does not help us out any on the question of immortality," he said with a sigh. "The reflection, or image, of a thought may be projected upon a sensitive plate from the brain of a living, thinking man; but that is no proof whatever of immortality. A dead man cannot project his thoughts, for he has none."

"Oh, Alfred! You will come to think as I do at last, I am quite sure," said his wife.

"Marie," he replied, "that can never be. I am constantly hoping against hope that science will sometime prove that man does really live after death; but he dips as deep as the men of science may, they have not as yet proved anything concerning a future life. I hoped that the X-ray might do so; but the X-rays have not, and there is no indication that they ever will. I really cannot see how thought photography is going to do it."

Willie looked with thoughtful, enquiring eyes at his father, wherein hope and disappointment seemed struggling.

"Never mind, papa," he said. "I believe science will yet prove immortality beyond the shadow of a doubt."

"You believe so," said Mr. Goldboro. "Faith without knowledge is of little worth. I believe nothing without positive evidence."

"Pending the proof," said Marion, "we will do all we can to help humanity, also to help prove immortality, if possible."

"I hope I shall live to be an old, old man," said Willie, "and I mean to give my whole life up to searching out the problem. If a man die shall he live again? It is as father says; belief is one thing, evidence another. Mother believes; father wants evidence. Mother trembles in the balance; and, here am I, a boy of sixteen, and can't tell who is right or who is wrong. The whole world is split up into innumerable beliefs, all thinking themselves right; and yet, they are as far apart in their ideas as the antipodes. What is a boy to do, I should like to know? Mother says if I do not believe, my soul will be lost in hell. Father says he will not believe without evidence; and I think he is right—and Marion, Oh, Marion, is just like all girls, ready to believe almost anything; while Bess and Viola, they are just girls; they don't think about anything but dolls and parties and such things."

Bess pouted and cast a glance at her brother from beneath her brows.

"My doll can talk," said she.

"Yes," replied Willie, with a sneer; "when you pull the string."

"Well, who pulls the string when you talk, I should like to know?"

"I pull my own string," answered the boy.

"I have a mind and your doll has not."

"Then it is your mind that pulls the string and not you," said Bess, tantalizingly.

"Well, is not my mind me?"

"No," answered Bess. "Else you don't talk right. You say 'my mind,' and that means that your mind is something which belongs to you like my doll belongs to me. Now you ought to define yourself and say who you are who owns a mind that pulls a string that makes you talk."

Marion looked at Bess smilingly. Mr. Goldboro laughed heartily.

"Bess has the better of you, Willie," said he. "That's a fact, papa. I will define myself some day, or my name is not William Goldboro."

"Willie," said Viola, "I think I can define you. You are spirit, mind, and body, and your spirit being the master, or yourself, owns the mind and the body; consequently it is the spirit that pulls the string."

"Oh! that is all very easy to say, Miss, but father and I want proof. You're a visionary, always running wild and jumping at conclusions. I don't believe you ever worked out a sum in algebra in your life. You would just jump at it and call it right."

The little, pale, spirituelle looking girl of fourteen quivered visibly and shrank within herself, her lovely violet eyes concealing themselves beneath their long, golden lashes.

Dinner was over, and the family retired to the drawing-room, and amid beautiful and luxurious surroundings, warmth, pleasing games and music, they all passed a happy and delightful evening. Shortly after ten o'clock all retired; Willie to dream of becoming a man greater than Edison or Tesla; Mrs. Goldboro, to kneel and pray that each one of her family might be blessed by the Lord, and saved from future flames of torment; Mr. Goldboro, how he might become more wealthy still; Bess, to undress her doll, and lay it beside her in her little bed, all draped in silk and lace; Viola, in her little violet chamber, to dream of cherubs and angels; and Marion, already a woman who must have an elegant suite of rooms to herself, summoned her maid, and while being disrobed by her, thought of what she ought to do on the morrow. The time had passed so pleasantly to the young lady that she had nearly forgotten the beggar woman who had given a half dollar in front of the bazaar.

"And I also promised to call in the morning and see what more I could do for her," she thought.

Children's Spiritualism.

A NEW GAME.

What do you say, boys?
Let's try a new game;
Not one with tops or toys,
Nor one that's slow and tame—

But a rattling play,
A gay, busy sport—
Where girls as well as boys
Do new things every day.

Who's the boy to tell
What the play's to be?
The one who does so well
Rewarded soon shall be—

With a card of thanks
From boys and girls, too,
And as I love new pranks,
I'll come and visit you.

A SPIRIT BOY.

Sunbeam Announces Her Party.

My Dear Little Friends: Now that most of you who have been away are at home again, and it seems that the days of vacation are really and truly over, I want you to gather at my media's home, so that we may have a nice talk and make some plans both for the Sunday work and for Christmas.

I went with my media on her vacation, away down by the ocean. Although we were not gone very long, I had a splendid time, and I want to tell you about something I saw there that I thought was very strange indeed:

One day when my media was in the water, she walked away out, and there she saw what looked to her like a big dark cloud in the water. She put her hand down into it, and all at once it seemed as though a hundred fishes began to swim away as fast as they could; then she saw there were a lot of little fishes together—little were shiny ones—and that they were chased by a lot of big black ones, who were trying to get them to eat. In their hurry to get away from the big black ones, they would hop right up out of the water, and when they did, there were some birds flying around in the air, and they would dive down, catch the fishes in their bills, and carry them away to eat. Then those birds were chased by bigger birds, who were trying to get them to eat. So it seemed as though big fishes and birds too were trying to get the little fishes, and then again the larger birds were trying to eat the smaller birds.

I could not help thinking how much nicer it was to be as children are. Instead of trying to live on one another, or always thinking of their own selfish pleasure or appetite, they can understand about the spirit and may be satisfied to get their growth, not through destruction of life in something else, but by the building up of life in others around about them.

Of course you will say to me: "Why, I eat fishes and meat, and some time this meat must have been a cow or a lamb or a chicken, and the fishes must have swam in water. If it seems wrong for birds to eat them, how much more wrong is it for me to eat such things when I can cultivate and grow something that will answer every purpose, and will taste just as good when once I get used to it?"

In some countries men are like fishes; when they get hungry they kill and eat each other. Of course you think that is very dreadful and call them cannibals. Then in some other countries they eat their meats raw; they do not even stop to cook them, or if they do, they cook them in such a way that you think them very ill-mannered, savage people.

So you will see that as you become more cultured and spiritual, these things become less appetizing to you. If you see a little lamb frisking about over the green fields, as happy in its play as you are in yours, you will not eat that lamb and enjoy it as you would if you had not seen it when it was alive.

Once I had some chickens given to me, and I thought a great deal of them. A very kind lady sent them to my media's home, and thought perhaps she could raise some little chickens and have some eggs and chickens when she wanted them to eat. Now my media was very fond of chicken, and she thought it was ever so nice to have them, so that when she wanted some chicken she could get it in her own poultry yard. But, do you know, the first time they killed a chicken, and it was cooked and put on the table, no one in the family could take a bite. It seemed to them as though they had killed one of the family and were trying to eat it. And since that time, although my media is still fond of chicken, because she has always eaten it all her life, she has never felt quite the same about eating it.

So I am sure that if you once began to think about it you would not eat as much meat, and would not feel like having so many creatures killed for you to eat as you do to day.

Some of your fathers may think it would be very hard all the time, and stop buying meat and want to eat rice; but all they would have to do would be to go to raising rice instead of getting meat. As people will always eat to support the physical bodies they can eat things that will be of use in building up the body and still will not have to kill and eat God's creatures.

Now do not think you must stop eating meat because Sunbeam has told you there are other things in the world to eat, because some of you will have to grow to it gradually. If people understood that they could not all at once leave off a certain kind of food and feel just as well, they would grow naturally into an understanding just why they did not eat or want it, and would feel better. Do not stop eating meat simply because I or any one else should tell you to, but wait until you yourself feel as though you did not want it any more.

You are all invited, every one of you, whether I know you or your names or not, to come over to my media's home, 70 Prospect street, Somerville, Mass., on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 30, from 4 till 7 o'clock. If you do not know how to get there, write a letter to my media, and she will tell you all about it, and somebody will try to meet you. If you are too young to come alone, let your mother, or your auntie, or some one who is older come with you. It will be all right. I hope we will all have a lovely time, and that many of the little brothers and sisters who are in the spirit will be able to send some word to you by me. Of course they will all come with you and be as happy as we are, whether they speak to you or not. Dick Waterman will be there too.

Good-bye. My best love to you all.

SUNBEAM, through her medium,
MRS. MIXIE M. SOULE.

70 Prospect St., Somerville, Mass.

[We think it would be very nice for all the children who have read Sunbeam's letters, and who cannot attend the party, to send her a letter. It does not matter whether you live in Maine or California. She has written to you all.—Ed.]

Do right and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right. Give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more; a blessed spirit, for it is the spirit of God himself, whose life is the blessedness of giving.

Love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love; for love is heaven—love is God within you.—F. W. Robertson.

"How wonderful!" exclaims man—the spectator of the universe—and that is the dawn of science.

"How beautiful!"—and that is the dawn of art. But there is a still higher impression borne in upon him, and falling upon his knees, he cries, "How holy!" That is the dawn of religion.—Le Gallienne.

WRITING PLANCHETTE for sale by Banner of Light Publishing Co. Price 60 cents.

Literary Department.

Our Latin Exchanges.

Some of our South American, Italian and French Exchanges Reviewed.

BY ERNEST A. GREEN.

Since my article appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT, on "Spiritualism in Continental Europe," in which I referred to all the periodicals of the various countries of that continent in a general way, I have received from the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, files of several periodicals in France and Italy, and one in Belgium, which I will mention more particularly. I have also received, from the same office, files of all its South American Exchanges, which I will also mention briefly, as every moment of my time is occupied with the editorial work, translations, reviews, correspondence and business management, as well as the typographical work upon my new occult and spiritual review, "The Harbinger of Dawn."

SOUTH AMERICA.

The last, but not the least, of the South American papers to make its debut to the public is *La Fraternidad*, it being the "new epoch" of a defunct periodical of that name which was founded in 1880. Its initial number appeared in March of the present year. It has a handsomely-illustrated title-page, and some idea of its scope may be had from the subjects treated in the initial number. They are: "Allen Karke—Spread of Spiritualism in the World—The Discovery of the Soul—Lombroso Converted—A Séance with Eusapia Paladino at the Home of Camille Flammarion—An Anecdote in the Life of the Medium Home—Who are the Spiritualists?" etc. It is printed in the Spanish language at Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, Belgrano 2935, and is issued monthly.

Verdade e Luz (Truth and Light) is the title of a Portuguese paper published at Sao Paulo, Brazil, which is devoted to "the science of Spiritualism." Its motto is, "Without charity there is no salvation." It is issued semi-monthly.

Reformador, Rua do Rosario No. 141, sobrado, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, is another semi-monthly periodical in the Portuguese language. It is the official organ of the Brazilian Federation of Spiritualists.

Revista Espiritista (Spiritual Review) Porto Alegre, Estado do Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, is yet another Portuguese periodical. It is issued monthly, and is the organ of the spiritual society, "Allen Karke."

Revista de la Sociedade Psychica de Sao Paulo (Review of the Psychic Society of Sao Paulo) is the title of another Portuguese periodical, issued monthly at Sao Paulo, Brazil, Rua da Boa Vista, No. 42.

Still another Portuguese paper is *A Luz* (The Light), a semi-monthly published at Curitiba, Estado do Parana, Brazil.

Constancia is the title of a periodical published in the Spanish language at Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic. It is issued weekly, in its twenty second year, and is the organ of the society of that name.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS.

Il Vessillo Spiritista is the title of one of the Italian periodicals. It is published monthly at Vercelli, Italy, and is in its ninth year. Strangely enough it has chosen for its motto the same as that of the Emperor Constantine: "In hoc signo vinces." (Under this sign shalt thou conquer.) But it so happens that the signs differ; Constantine's sign being that of the ancient Pagan cross, and that of the *Vessillo Spiritista* being Spiritualism.

Il Mondo Secreto (The Occult World), Piazza del Plebiscito, Naples, Italy, is a monthly occult periodical devoted to psychic phenomena, mysticism and Spiritualism. It is quite a large and able magazine.

Rivista di Studi Psichici (Review of Psychic Studies), Torino, via Rosini, 10, Italy, is the title of another monthly Italian periodical, which is also ably edited.

FRENCH PERIODICALS.

Moniteur Spirituel et Magnétique, 104 Avenue de Saint-Mandé, Paris, is a monthly review of Spiritualism and Magnetism.

Le Messager, Liège, Belgium, is a semi-monthly, devoted to Spiritualism, social questions and magnetism.

Other well known French periodicals are: *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, 108 Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris, issued bi-monthly.

La Lumière (The Light), monthly, 96 Rue Lafayette, Paris.

La Paix Universelle (Universal Peace), 5 Cours Gambetta, Lyon, monthly.

La Revue Scientifique et Morale du Spiritualisme, monthly, 5 Rue Mauvel, Paris.

Le Spiritualisme Moderne, semi-monthly, 16 Rue Séguir, Paris.

MEXICO.

El Bien Social (The Social Good), semi-monthly, is the organ of the Mexican Philanthropic Society, and is published at the City of Mexico.

Right here I wish to remark that a few years ago I counted a list of eleven Spiritualist periodicals published in Mexico, but suddenly they all disappeared as if swallowed by the earth. In all the Spiritualist periodicals of the world which I read, in six languages, I have seen no explanation of this sad fact, and would therefore inquire what is the matter? Having lived in Mexico, where I was employed in a newspaper office, I can almost guess the cause—the Mexican government suppressed them. Although a republic, Mexico has the most drastic laws of any country on earth regarding the liberty of the press. An editor who even dares to offer patriotic criticism to his government goes to jail, and he who boldly speaks the truth is treated worse than a murderer. The U. S. A. should appoint a committee to look after the Cause in Mexico, and ascertain if we have any rights in that country.

1801 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

Jesus and "Primitive Christianity."

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

In his symposiac contribution to Dr. Peabody's late work, Prof. Buchanan has put forth the strongest argument in the case, the utterance of Napoleon, that "great effects must have great causes." To my mind this is the most plausible and most forcible reason for the existence and actual teachings of Jesus. To be sure one may oppose to it the admission of Augustin of Hippo, that Christianity was not a recent doctrine, but had existed for ages. It is not agreeable to me to criticize or to differ from Dr. Buchanan. He has a field that is all his own, and has performed a life-work in it, making discoveries that entitle him to rank as a scientist of high merit. Unfortunately he has been unable to obtain a candid hearing outside of his own circle; for the "scientific method," so called, entirely and obstinately ignores every discovery, however grand and beneficial, if the discoverer is not recognized in the favored number. Prof. Crookes and Alfred Russel Wallace would have been pushed aside into oblivion except that they had secured their foothold beforehand so firmly that the coterie could not displace them.

It was not quite of my own accord that I took part in the present discussion, and I mean to stop as soon as I see my way clear. There are many subjects which I regard as of more vital importance, and which are to me much more interesting.

Besides, to differ with men often results in being regarded and treated as an enemy. Religious and political leaders generally prove that policy. Martin Luther was rude and coarse in demonstration; Calvin was cold and cruel; Mr. Blaine lost a presidential nomination by a fatal lack of courtesy.

In my earlier years, I knew a man who would, if one ventured to disagree with him, treat him with vindictive fury. Without the slightest provocation outside of his own fancy, he would berate the person in print or at opportu-

ity with a malevolence and a bitterness issuing from his own gall. He was a reason to me to keep clear of such, and to refuse any abject submission to domineering over my convictions. The books before me are many of the pages entirely too dogmatic. When a man vehemently asserts that a thing is so, and intimates or implies that one is a fool or knave for questioning it, I am far from being convinced, I want better proofs. Besides there is likely to be more conviction when one is addressed more gently and on the affectional side of his nature.

In the early days of Eclectic Medicine, Dr. Buchanan affiliated with its exponents, and became himself a leader and prominent teacher. Medical Eclecticism then represented advancement and the essential condition of advancement, medical freedom. He may have been in those days too pertinacious in many respects; I think he was. But he encountered undeserved reproach and calumny, even to vile ribaldry, and left the field in disgust. He has not ceased, however, to prosecute researches in his favorite subjects, and waits for the sooner that are thrown at him to be picked up for his monument.

He is in many respects like Sir Isaac Newton, whose scientific discoveries effected a revolution in the prevalent opinions of the time. But like Copernicus, Constantine Rafinesque and J. J. Garth Wilkinson, he is relegated to another generation for an acknowledgment of his merit. I apprehend, likewise, that his latest utterance will detract sadly from his scientific reputation. It may be a parallel to the case of Newton, who wrote the "Principia," and in later life was the author of an interpretation of the *Apocalypse*.

Some years ago Dr. Buchanan had a paper in the *Arena*, predicting the submerging of a great part of New York city and the eastern shore of New Jersey in some twelve or fourteen years. It may seem as absurd to us as the preaching of Noah did to the sinners before the Flood; still, the lower end of Manhattan Island is quicksand, and the shore of New Jersey is said to sink an inch or more every year.

He is equally as positive in his assertions in regard to Jesus and "Primitive Christianity." He shows little patience with those who differ. Jesus, he affirms, was the first to lead man kind away from all false gods. This, he adds, is sufficient evidence to the enlightened Spiritualist that there was a supernal power in him which has never been equalled.

"Jesus was the first," he affirms, "who materialized as a spirit to teach and guide the champions of love, and came back from death to change an enemy into a friend and apostolic teacher." This marvel to which he alludes is the conversion of Paul.

The two treatises on Primitive Christianity, "a result of sixty years' labor by a truth seeking scientist," are devoted to sustaining these positions. The main dependence seems to be upon psychometric demonstration. I am perhaps too much of a scientist to be able to handle such a method; certainly I prefer to pass it over without a judgment. While I believe and think I know of the truth of communications from the world within and beyond the region of sense, I am obliged to heed my own intuitions rather than the utterances of others. There are too many prophets whose visions are of their own heart.

While pertinaciously insisting upon a genuine Primitive Christianity, which he interprets as he understands it, Dr. Buchanan utterly repudiates the Christianity of ecclesiastical history. Citing the statement of the Rev. Mr. Moreland of San Francisco, he shows by it that the New Testament was not written as has been supposed; that for a hundred years the leading Christians knew nothing of the four gospels, but that after that time "the Bible was written by churchmen, and placed in the hand of an existing church." They are, as Robertson Smith, D. D., declares, "unapologetic digests of the Second Century," and prepared in defiance of apostolic authority and principles. The corrupted epistles of St. Paul alone were recognized. Faustus stated to Augustine that these forgeries existed, and Augustine did not deny it.

It was the Church, therefore, and not the Bible, that created the Christianity that has come down to us. This Church, Dr. Buchanan describes as a "Pagan caricature," a combination in one compact, malignant whole of the Pagan superstitions.

"The American Church is free from the old crimes of the historic church, but it is the great narcotic of humanity, the embodiment of stagnation, and perfectly satisfactory to stagnant minds." The continent of Rome-born despotism is also quieted down into stagnation—less lofty, but as solid as ever.

We next have a message purporting to be a "greeting from the Summer Land," and signed by the Apostle John, calling himself "Saint." It is no less than a commission from the Saviour of Mankind, making Dr. Buchanan his legate for "the great and ennobling work of establishing the spiritual faith firm, solid, and secure." These credentials constitute his authority, upon which the two little volumes rely for their sanction.

It is easy to scoff at such things, but I prefer to treat them candidly and dispassionately. They are not new to me. I have known a successor of Paul who assumed a papal umpireship, and have encountered others who as assumed authority on one or another pretext. Some of them affirmed to me that they would not die, but they did. My honored friend, the late Prof. Bush, once had a revelation that he was inspired by Emanuel Swedenborg; but his good sense soon got the better of it. With "gods many and lords many," I am obliged, for the sake of my own rationality and moral freedom, to set them all down as black alikes. I am of opinion that the subjective condition of Prof. Buchanan's own mind made it a receptacle for receiving such a message, and that it has no higher authority.

I would quicker accept a statement that he made from his own spirit and understanding than the testimony of any of his witnesses.

The biography of Jesus which he has given, with an account of his wanderings in company with Hated, the Persian, as a *filius Achates*, appears to me purely fanciful and of a piece with the life of Apollonius of Tyana and his companion Damis, which was exploited in the time of the Emperor Alexander Severus. The portraits of sages and apostles, of Jesus, Moses, John the Baptist, Peter, John the Apostle, which are given, hardly commend the books to confidence.

If my language or form of saying these things seems harsh or discourteous, I regret it. I would not have it so. I have left out much that I would have said lest I should fail of proper respect.

When Prof. Buchanan sets forth the questionable history of the various books and epistles which have been foisted upon us as of divine inspiration, and points out that they abound in forgeries and interpolations, I agree with him almost without an exception. That there is much in them that is true and good and admirable I heartily acknowledge. Even without a witness, or a confession on any one's part, a person with a genuine intuition can perceive this. It used to be a practice of copyists to curtail and interpolate writings. We have now only such a Bible as Hebrew rabbis and Roman prelates have permitted to us.

But when Dr. Buchanan offers us a version of the Gospels and apostolic Epistles expurgated of what he or his worthy intermediaries set forth as spurious, and adds clauses and utterances, he places his work on a basis similar to that of the others. Indeed, he seems to me in several instances to have made mistakes because the English text was itself faulty. It is hardly probable, however, that the version

"Emanuel Swedenborg, in *Spiritual Diary* 2830, 2861, says: 'That spirits may be judged by a representative person; and the spirit, as he was known to the spirit, cannot know otherwise than that he was the same. It has many times been shown to me that the spirits speaking with me did not know otherwise than that they were the same person who had died, and of whom I had other spirits. I know otherwise, as yesterday, at a today some one known to me in life was represented by one who was like him in all things which belonged to him, so far as the outward form was concerned; but he was more like, therefore let those who speak with spirits beware lest they be deceived when they say that they are those whom they have known, and that they are the same persons, and of the same family, and of the same age, and when still at his age are called up by the memory of a man and are thus represented to them, they think that they are the same person; then all the spirits are called for from the memory which represents those persons, both the words, the speech, the tones, the gestures and other things besides, that they are induced to think thus when other spirits, and those who are at the seance, are in the fantasy of those, and think that they are the same.'"

will go into a second edition. Many years ago a New Testament was published purporting to have been issued by the direction of the spirits. It found its last place on book-stalls beside the sidewalks, but not in libraries. Such is the fate also of the revised version.

The last chapter of the second volume, showing the Pagan Origin of the present Church, is worthy of attentive perusal. It contains the gist of the whole matter, given in the author's eloquent style. I also sympathize heartily with the utterances on our present social condition, the antagonism of classes, brotherhood, danger from wealth, land monopoly, legislative corruption and all that causes the martyrdom of man. They have been cherished sentiments all through my active life. The problem of the Douglas has been my eager study—who will solve this? But I am convinced that no arbitrary revolution can save. Men must know themselves, what they want and how to gain it. Churches are as good as their communicants, and no better; political parties and candidates are just as pure as the voters themselves. Social reforms will be when men recognize a Father in heaven and one another as brethren.

Perhaps I have placed myself between the upper and nether millstone. I am told that all the learned men testify to the existence of the Jesus of the Gospels, yet I hesitate to take their word for it. Then come the declarations of entranced spiritual mediums, and I am not ready to be convinced by them. My verdict is, "not proven." I simply believe in God, immortality, justice and charity toward all humankind.

In mediis tulissimus ibis.

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J. C. I. EVANS, *President N. Y. P. S. U.*
1352 1/2 B street, S. W., Washington, D. C.

A Home for the N. S. A.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In a few weeks the Spiritualists of this country will hold another convention, and it gives me great pleasure, as Treasurer of the National Spiritualists' Association, to state that the Association is financially in a far better condition than it was a year ago. When we last met the treasury was in a deplorable condition, and it looked as if nothing but bankruptcy, and, consequently, disintegration, would be our fate. The new board took up its burden with an indebtedness of about eighteen hundred dollars resting upon the N. S. A., and the prospects were exceedingly bad.

But the President and Secretary have worked hard and faithfully, and the result is that we will meet at the Convention with all our bills paid and a nice little balance in the treasury. There is much credit due for this state of affairs to our Secretary, Mrs. M. T. Longley. She is certainly one of the most industrious, methodical and earnest workers it has been my pleasure to come in contact with. Early and late she is at work. The office and house are a marvel of cleanliness. All of the correspondence is answered with the utmost promptness. She is courteous and obliging to every one, whether friend or stranger, and she always has a kind word for all—all for the small sum of \$1000 a year, and does the work much better than it was ever done before—while the former Secretary received \$1200 for his year's work, with \$400 more for clerk hire. It is a pleasure to be on the Board of Trustees with a Secretary like Mrs. L. to do the work. I have been Treasurer of the N. S. A. for five years, and naturally must be in constant touch with the Secretary, and therefore I know what I am talking about. Therefore, I beg of the delegates to the coming Convention, if they have the good of the Association at heart, not to make any change in the office of Secretary, but to re-elect the present incumbent with unanimous consent.

And now, Mr. Editor, kindly allow me to talk on another subject. If the N. S. A. is to succeed, it must be properly financially supported. No enterprise in the world can succeed without financial backing. Now, if the Spiritualists of the United States mean business, and intend to have a National Association, they must endow it with sufficient means to enable its officers to carry on its work successfully. To this end I make the following proposition: If all the Spiritualists of the country will raise between them the sum of fifteen thousand dollars by the 21st of October, on the close of the Convention at Chicago, I will hand the President of the N. S. A., then and there, a deed in fee simple of the present headquarters of the National Association, which property is worth \$15,000 or more. In addition to this free gift to the N. S. A., I will donate the three handsome portraits of the Fox Sisters—Leah, Margaretta and Katie—which now adorn the walls of the office, and which are cheap at a valuation of \$3000.

In making this offer I have no personal ends to serve; I have only the welfare of the N. S. A. at heart. I profess and mean to be not only a Spiritualist by word, but to prove it in deeds. There are thousands of well-to-do and rich Spiritualists in the country; if they love the Cause let them come forward and raise the fifteen thousand dollars quickly, and we will then not only have a handsome headquarters, but also a nucleus to a solid treasury. We will then, no doubt, have laid the foundation of a future grand N. S. A., which will wield its influence before our Legislatures and in our courts, and which will be a shining light to coming generations. Let the answer to this call be prompt and generous, and let each give what he can, whether it be one dollar or a hundred or a thousand or more of dollars. I am ready to give as much as I call upon the entire country to give, and I ask that the Spiritualists will meet me half way; for with a home of its own and with fifteen thousand dollars beside in the treasury, the N. S. A. can go on with the important work of sending missionaries into towns and villages, where the need is great; for preachers and teachers of Spiritualism; and can also send out more and more of such literature as it has found is doing an immense amount of good.

The Christian world has its organizations for propaganda; each denomination has its central office, and national bodies are well supported among theologians. The consequence is that systematic work is carried on by the Church. Bible and tract societies and missions are well sustained because the adherents of the Church cheerfully pay their mite toward such institutions. There is no reason why Spiritualists should not do their part in disseminating the truth as it has appeared to them and this can be done by financially placing the N. S. A. where it will not be handicapped in its missionary and other work for lack of funds.

Probably some will say that I can afford to make this offer and not feel it. To those I answer: I have worked hard for what I have accumulated. I probably labored hard when they were sleeping or enjoying themselves, and I saved my earnings when they spent their means in having a good time.

Now I wish it understood that I decline to give the headquarters of the N. S. A. to this Association in fee simple as its future home unless the Spiritualists of the country are willing to contribute their share to its treasury, that a sum equal to the value of my gift be thus secured for the future use of the Association. Let those who can, give freely, and from those who have not more to give, the widow's mite will be thankfully received. Let it be a mutual and united effort to place the N. S. A. in a sound condition and a grand success will be assured.

Should sufficient contributions not be received the money will be returned, unless otherwise stipulated by the donors. Contributions will be gladly received by Harrison D. Barrett, Lock Box 3, Needham, Mass., and by Mrs. M. T. Longley, 600 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

THEODORE J. MAYER.

September 16, 1899.

Hypnotism.

In review of the medico-legal aspects of hypnotism, Dr. Sydney Kuhl inquires whether the hypnotized can be injured physically or mentally by hypnotization, and whether they can fall victims to crime. Summing up a number of cases cited as bearing on the former question, he finds that hypnotism is now generally conceded to be a pathological and not a physiological condition; that its use, when resorted to too frequently, is liable to bring on mental deterioration; that it may be the cause of chronic headache or of an outbreak of hysteria; that at times it has an undesirable effect upon pre-existing mental disease; and that in some cases it may even produce an outbreak of insanity.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Discovered by Scientists.

Wonderful Finds by an Exploring Party in a Mexican Canyon.

SANTA FE, N. M., Aug. 21.—New Mexico has its Pompeii and its Herculaneum. It has its extinct Vesuvius and its extinct arena. It has ruins as interesting as those of Central Asia and of Egypt. Not far from Santa Fe in Santa Clara Canyon there is buried the ruins of a city of cliff dwellers, older perhaps than Rome. Rev. G. H. Madden and a party of scientists have attempted systematic excavation, and during the past week they have dug out two rooms in a communal building three hundred by four hundred feet in length and three stories high, containing at least two thousand rooms. The rooms that were excavated showed that the cliff dwellers deserted the house in great haste. They left many articles of interest behind which they would assuredly have taken if their leave taking had been less precipitous. The abundance of turkey and dog bones showed that those animals were kept in the house. The most important find made by Rev. Mr. Madden was that of nine skeletons, whose formation indicates that the ancient cliff dwellers were not Indians, but were allied to the Caucasian races.

The reason for the sudden evacuation of the Santa Clara cliff dwellings is found in the immense stream of lava which poured forth from Santa Fe and covered many square miles with lava and ashes. It must have been a volcanic eruption similar to that which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum which caused the cliff dwellers to flee from their homes. According to Rev. Mr. Madden the dwellings were deserted at least two thousand years ago. The cliff dwellers were giants in their day, for one of the femurs that he picked up measures twenty inches, and must have belonged to a man between seven and eight feet high.—*Exchange.*

Death in the Virus.

Dread Tetanus Results from Vaccination. Brooklyn Board of Health Is Severely Censured in the Case of Baby Lanning.

Wholesale vaccination of children by the Brooklyn Board of Health has stirred up the anti-vaccinationists of that borough to a point where protest may be resolved to some radical action against the course. At least one death is directly traceable to such vaccination by the Board.

Mary Elida Lanning, two years old, daughter of Isaac and Ella Lanning, No. 17 Sycamore street, Brooklyn, was vaccinated by a physician of the Board of Health Aug. 15 last. He gave her mother a certificate: "Mary Elida Lanning has received the benefit of vaccination." This was signed by Dr. F. A. Jewett, Chief of the Bureau of Contagious Diseases of the Board.

At 2 o'clock last Friday morning the child was attacked by violent convulsions. Dr. Benjamin M. Briggs, of 106 Willoughby avenue, was called, and he pronounced the case one of tetanus. It was ascertained that the little one had been in a state of perfect health up to the time of vaccination. The physician pronounced the child's condition hopeless, and he was powerless to do anything except to administer medicines to relieve the suffering in a measure. Death resulted at nine o'clock Friday evening.

The certificate signed by Dr. Anthony Bengier, of the coroner's office, gave the cause of death as "tetanus following vaccination."

OPINION OF DR. BRIGGS.

In discussing this case and its attending circumstances, Dr. Briggs said:

"Because of its effect and possible consequences vaccination is not nearly so simple an operation as many of the laity suppose. It really results in giving the patient a minor case of smallpox. Great care should be exercised, and the vaccinated person closely watched for development of serious symptoms until the point of danger is passed. I mean by this that the duty of the physician does not end with the abrasion and the application of the vaccine virus; subsequent precautionary treatment is as much a part of the operation as is the inoculation.

"Danger from vaccination is doubly great at this time when tetanus is markedly prevalent in Brooklyn. Just now the air is fairly surcharged with tetanus germs. If the general public is aware of this menacing fact, it is woefully indifferent. But the physicians of the Board of Health have a plain duty in the premises. If the Board sees fit to usurp the place of the family physician in such a matter, it should at least observe the ordinary professional precautions."—*The Telegraph.*

The above case is only one out of thousands of similar instances that can be cited on both sides of the Atlantic. It has now come to pass in the United States that so-called Boards of Health have the power to compel people to submit to the poisoning of their bodies, without redress at the law, and to even be killed by physicians without one word of effectual protest on their parts. This despicable state of affairs is tyranny, pure and simple. Between the Negroes and some physicians, neither honor nor life are safe in the United States.

Are Those Who are not For Us Against Us?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As the time draws near for the Annual Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association, it is my pleasure and my duty as well to note the "straws" in the wind, many of which are somewhat misleading as to which way the wind blows.

Your article in THE BANNER of Sept. 16 speaks of the "proposed onslaught on the N. S. A." and leads one to think that they have not considered the object of the N. S. A. in its fullest purpose; if they have, they could only say, go on with the good work; for those who have followed the work of the N. S. A., and have known of the good it has done despite the many discouragements, feel each and all that only harmonious cooperation for the promotion of the Spiritual Philosophy is at heart in this movement.

These few brief thoughts are suggested on receiving the Sixth Annual report of the N. S. A., held at Washington, D. C., and also a copy of *Our Dumb Animals*, in which Bro. Angell has one good thought for us to consider. As Spiritualists we are working for one common object—to promote our philosophy, and to do it the best way. The N. S. A., though only six years in its present movement, has done much to establish confidence, and show to the people that we have an important part in the religious movement of the nineteenth century, and should be sustained.

Bro. Angell says:

How did you happen to have "The American Humane Education Society" formed and incorporated, Mr. Angell?

Answer—"The work of our Massachusetts Society was rapidly growing to be national, and to some extent international, and thousands of dollars were given me to use as a mission fund outside the State.

I soon realized two things: (1st) that this work could be made more effective under a national than under a state name; and (2d)

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

Dr. Peebles Personally Conducts

His Great Medical Business.



DR. J. M. PEEBLES, the well known author, lecturer, traveler and Physician, at the request of thousands of his friends, both in this country and abroad, has decided to give to the sick and suffering the full benefit of his great gifts as a healer.

In addition to being one of the greatest Psychic and Magnetic Healers living, Dr. Peebles possesses the advantage of being one of the best EDUCATED PHYSICIANS IN AMERICA. These accomplishments have been acquired through many years of study in the best colleges and hospitals of this country in addition to years of study and research in the hospitals of most European countries. This, added to half a century of actual experience in the treatment and cure of chronic diseases, enables him to cure thousands of those pronounced incurable by the regular medical profession.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

DR. PEEBLES has purchased Dr. Burroughs' interest in the firm of Peebles & Burroughs, and will remain permanently in Battle Creek, where, in connection with an able medical and psychic staff of assistants, he will personally supervise all the medical affairs of the office and the treatment of all patients.

If affected by physical suffering or disease, send your name, age, sex and one leading symptom, in your own handwriting, and receive a correct psychic diagnosis—and WOMAN, a brochure for ladies only; a medical work of rare value, purest thought, and endorsed by pulpit, press and leading social reformers—a priceless volume for the wife and mother. Also,

FOODS FOR THE SICK, with full directions for their preparation; also Hygienic cooking of foods for general use, antidotes for poisons, and other valuable information for every home.

All this absolutely without cost to you if promptly accepted.

Address: DR. J. M. PEEBLES, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Sept. 23.

that if I should happen to die these gifts would probably cease.

So I went at once to our Massachusetts Legislature, and succeeded in having "The American Humane Education Society" incorporated, with power to hold half-a-million dollars.

Since that time all money given me for my mission fund has been paid over to the Treasurer of "The American Humane Education Society," and I have personally given to the trustees of its permanent fund real estate valued at the time of giving at over twenty-five hundred dollars.

Very truly yours,
CARRIE P. PRATT.

Important Card of Dr. J. M. Peebles.

Drs. Peebles & Burroughs have this day, Sept. 11, 1899, dissolved all medical and business relations of every kind and character. Dr. Peebles having purchased the printing presses and all the office equipments.

Dr. Peebles will remain permanently in Battle Creek, Mich., where, in connection with his able medical and psychic staff of assistants, he will personally supervise all the medical affairs of the office and treatment of patients. The Temple of Health and Psychic Review will be published regularly—also *The Better Life*.

All communications of a medical character should be addressed to Dr. J. M. Peebles, Box 2421; all communications of a literary character to Dr. J. M. Peebles, Box 2482, Battle Creek, Mich.

Resolutions.

Passed by the Board of Directors of the Onset Bay Grove Association, Aug. 21, 1899, on the transition of COL. W. D. CROCKETT to the higher life.

We, the Board of Directors of the Onset Bay Grove Association, having learned of the departure unto the higher and better life of the spirit of our friend and brother, Col. W. D. Crockett, in meeting called especially for the purpose, the following resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it is with feelings of sincere regret and sorrow that we have received intelligence of the transition to that other and larger life of the spirit of Col. W. D. Crockett, who for several years was the honored President of this Association.

Resolved, That we cherish tenderly the memory of his most exemplary life, the sympathetic and noble qualities of which will live long in the world.

Resolved, That we sympathize most deeply in his home of sorrow with the wife and daughter, and trust that they may be comforted by the knowledge of immortality and spirit return. Also,

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Association, and copies of the same be sent to the family and the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Attention Lyceum Workers.

I am informed by a letter from the Secretary of the National Spiritualist Association that the Lyceum Association is tendered the use of the hall engaged for the Convention by the N. S. A., Friday morning, October 20.

The National Convention, J. B. Hatch, Jr., has accepted the generous offer; therefore the Lyceum Association Convention will occur on that date instead of the 21st.

I make this announcement as I had supposed the Lyceum Convention would hold its meetings one day later, and had so reported in some of the papers. Lyceum workers, rally your forces; aim to make the meeting a grand success. MATTIE E. HULL, Sec'y N. L. S. A.

BOSTON FOOD FAIR.

Seven and Godfrey Big Attractions—Great Musical Festival as Well as Mammoth Industrial Exposition—Opens October 2, for Four Weeks.

Bigger and better than ever the fourth Boston Food Fair will open in Mechanics' Building, Oct. 2, under the auspices and personal management of the Boston Retail Grocers' Association, whose three previous exhibitions proved such marked successes. Food products, in infinite variety, attractively displayed and practically demonstrated, will include many novelties; while a multitude of devices and appliances of utility in the home will broaden the scope and increase the attractiveness of the exhibition. Music has always been a prominent feature of these fairs, but this year the management has made lavish expenditures in this department, having engaged the famous Sousa and his band, Lieut. Dan Godfrey and his world renowned English musicians, Reeves' American Band of Providence, Jean Missud's Salem Cadet Band, the First Regiment Band, the National Orchestra, Peterson's Orchestra and other well-known organizations. Thus the food fair of 1899 will be a grand musical festival, as well as a great industrial exposition. Miss Nellie Dot Ranch of Chicago, who received the gold medal at last year's Omaha exhibition, will have charge of the Domestic Science department and give daily lectures, talks and demonstrations on the preparation and serving of food, free to the ladies. Which ever way the visitor turns, novel surprises are in store. An art gallery, a sportsman's paradise, a gypsy camp and a score of other entertaining features will afford pleasure and variety. The restaurant and basement café are controlled this year by Caterer Bow of Norumbega and Marine Park fame, and popular prices will prevail. The most liberal policy has been adopted by the management, who will distribute thousands of beautiful silver souvenirs every morning. Many excursions are being arranged from New England centres. The same popular price—a quarter of a dollar—will admit to all.

If you feel "All Played Out"

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It repairs broken nerve force, clears the brain and strengthens the stomach.

Announcement.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Will you, through the columns of your paper, state to the public that Mr. Courlis is in no way interested in the camp-meeting being established at Liberty Park, L. I.

A recent circular issued states that he has been elected Vice President of said society, and as he had heard of no such election or society until seeing this circular, he wishes to state that he is in no wise interested in this camp. By doing this you will confer a favor upon W. H. ADAMS, Sec'y to J. M. Courlis.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of the Banner of Light Publishing Co.

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

Rose Leaf Balm.

A NEW and wonderfully healing lotion for all skin eruptions.

Cold Sores, Chapped Hands and Face.

Salt Rheum, Eczema, Hay Fever,

Coryza and Sun Burn.

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

Half oz. Trial Size, 15 cts. Two " 35 cts. Four oz., 50 cts., mailed free of charge.

Agents wanted in all States. Write for Particulars.

ROSE LEAF BALM CO., P. O. Box 3087, 9 Bosworth St., Boston, Mass. Endorsed by Editor and Management of BANNER OF LIGHT Feb. 25

Removal.

MRS. M. J. BUTLER

Is now located at 161 Huntington Avenue, Suite 1, between West Newton and Cumberland streets.

Office hours, 10 to 1 and 2 to 4 Daily, Except Sundays and Sundays.

Take any Huntington Avenue or Cross Town Cars. Sept. 23.

The Sermon.

THE NEW CANADIAN MONTHLY on NEW THEOLOGY and PSYCHIC RESEARCH. Edited by Rev. B. F. Austin, B.A., D.D., "Angelus," 26 a year. Send 4c. for sample. THE SERMON PUB. CO., Toronto, Can. Sept. 23.

Safe Rupture Cure.

CIRCULAR by mail. Patients treated at home. Chronic Diseases of the nervous system cured. Consultation free. DR. S. S. CARPENTIER, 80 Berkeley Street, Boston. Sept. 23.

FAT FOLKS.

TWO years ago I reduced my weight 47 lbs. by following the suggestions of departed friends; no gain, no starve—nothing to sell. MRS. B. L. MOLESWORTH, Sept. 23. 4w. 116 Cluyton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Will cure diseases at any distance. One month's treatment for \$10. Address 312 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass. Sept. 23.

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E. T. Draper, BUSINESS PSYCHOMETRIST.

GIVES psychometric, impressionist and prophetic readings by letter. Give date of birth and sex. Terms \$1.00. Address Madison Sq. Branch P. O., Madison Sq., New York City. Sept. 15.

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For Homeowners and Investors, is described in a handsome illustrated book which you can obtain by mailing a two-cent stamp to J. H. FOSS, 1 Wabeno street, Roxbury, Mass. Jan. 4.

Spiritual Readings.

SPRITUAL READINGS; Magnetic Treatments, for ladies only. Room 10, 85 Bowdoin street, Sittings daily. Hours: from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. July 29.

HENRY SCHARFFETTER, GENERAL AGENT FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUB. CO. OF BOSTON, MASS.

HEADQUARTERS for Spiritualists, Reformatory and Occult Literature; also subscriptions taken for BANNER OF LIGHT. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Catalogues free on application. Correspondence desired.

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THE Occult in Handwriting. GRAPHIC delineation of characteristics, etc., for 25c. Send at least one line of writing and a line of figures with your signature. Address "READER," care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. 1f Sept. 23.

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M-I-P-A-N-4. Ten for five cents at drugists. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. No matter what the matter one will do you good! 5w Mar 12

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In this transitional epoch at the close of a wonderful century, when the spirit of unrest pervades the mental atmosphere, all true minds turn from externals which can never yield satisfaction, and seek within, the pathway to the real and abiding.

To all such aspiring souls this book comes as aid, incentive and inspiration. It is written for practical use on the plane of daily life. It treats of the potent lever of thought in its varied phases of desire, perception, reflection, of wisely directed purpose, of the dominance of the higher selfhood, of worthy, unselfish service for others, leading the reader through spiritual evolution of involved human potentials, in an eternal progression toward at-one-ment with the Source of all Life and Love and Peace.

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

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New Songs. "Happy Days," SONG AND CHORUS, just issued by GEO. H. RYDER also, "O, Tell Me Not,"

QUARTET, for MIXED VOICES. Words and Music of both pieces by Mr. Ryder.

Being stray sheets from SPIRITUAL SONGS, a collection now being compiled for the use of Spiritual Meetings and the Home Circle. These songs speak well for what is to follow. The music is pleasing, with good melody, and harmony of high order, and yet easy of execution, so that societies will find it very suitable. Mr. Ryder was for some years the Organist of the Spiritual Temple, and will be remembered by many for his good work there. He evidently has a clear conception of the needs of societies, for the words of the song are most pleasing, and at the same time contain suggestions of the pressure of our spiritual friends and tokens of the continuity of life just on the other side.

Price—Happy Days, 15 cts.; "O, Tell Me Not," 10 cts. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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BY L. D. OSMAN.

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

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THE LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE.

ONLY A WORD.

BY AGNES O. WINK.

It was only a smile and a word of cheer
That fell on the aching heart
When shadows hung heavy and life seemed drear,
And hope was a thing apart.
But it scattered the doubts, and the light streamed in
And lifted the soul on high
From the lurings of vice and the haunts of sin,
And a life was saved thereby.

It was only a word—but a bitter word
That fell on a loving heart
Where before only gladness and joy had stirred,
And sorrow had cast no dart;
But it stung like a venomous reptile's bite
And scooped at the anguish cry
From the depths of a soul that had lost its light,
And a life was ruined thereby.

Can so noble a thing as a human life
Be changed by a single word,
And be plunged into darkness and sin and strife,
Or deeply and grandly stirred?
And the answer comes back to the query bold:
"A word is a mighty thing
When the lips that we love give the dress or gold
That surely can soothe or sting."

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER EIGHTY-EIGHT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On this ninth day of September one is led to realize that summer is ended, that we have entered on waning autumn, and shall soon be on the brink of winter. Our readers are returning from their summer outing, and many teachers and pupils have resumed their tasks. Many who needed to have a vacation have been debarré that privilege. It is with real commiseration that one sees advertisements in New York papers of stains to simulate sunburn. This is for the use of those who have been immured in city houses during the summer, and whose pale looks contrast painfully with the bicyclists and the tourists of mountain and sea shore. Ashamed that they have been nowhere, they stain their faces, and laugh gaily with those favored ones who could pay for railroad fare and for country board.

For me, I have been nowhere at all, but find that weeding the front and back yard, and tending the flowers, has given as healthy a coat of sun burn as could be desired by any fashionable dame. I thought last year that the soil of Arlington must be wholly composed of the seeds of countless generations of weeds, in which the plantain predominated. But this year's labors have been so much lighter than those of last summer that I really think they may be exterminated in time. Of course I allow nothing to go to seed but certain flowers, fine grass, and white clover. Fortunately, the yards are small, and it stands to reason that if weeds never go to seed, they must in time appear no more.

There are several reasons why I went nowhere this summer. Of course the one capable of standing alone on its own merits is that I had not money to pay the railroad fare. But another one, quite as pronounced in my own mind, is that being away from home for a month or two would make it impossible to write these letters for your paper. True I wrote two in the spring while spending two weeks in Philadelphia with kind friends, who paid all expenses and insisted that I should go. They are now in Europe—one in Wales, and the other in Switzerland—and I prize the generous thoughtfulness that gave me that pleasant trip.

Still it is hard to be entertained and to keep up literary work at the same time, and I have been perfectly contented in this quiet little nook all summer, writing, sewing, doing housework, and tending the garden. If I ever desire to go away, it will be in the winter, in order to go to a warmer clime. If I give up THE BANNER letters for awhile, perhaps I can get the needed change. It is hoped that my efforts in behalf of our readers during the heated term may bring in many orders for books in the fall, for, as is known to those who take an interest in me, I am dependent on the sales of my books for the necessities of life.

Many suppose that if one is assisted by the spirit-world it can take no effort at all to write for the spiritualistic press. But when one has written eighty-eight letters for the same newspaper in eighty-eight weeks, one becomes more conscious that the only way to be aided in work of this kind by the disembodied is to be much alone, and careful to maintain the mental attitude which makes it possible for them to inspire a mortal.

My letter goes to you, Mr. Editor, on Monday. I then devote myself to other work, seeing as few persons as possible while keeping my mind quiet and receptive; and towards the end of the week I write the following letter. As a rule, I do not know what I am to write about till I am ready to commence the work. When I think of the great minds of earth, who can do ten times as much as I, and write on an intellectual plane far surpassing my own, I am kept very humble. My feeling is only gratitude that I can be used for good, and that, though there be no great display of intellect in what comes from my pen, yet what comes is true, and has a tendency to do good. I would truly rather have my right hand cut off than allow it to write what would tend to confuse an investigator, or weaken the foundations of those who can be shaken.

Let us look to it that we give only facts and express only those theories which can be proved to be laws by their accordance with well-known and well-proved facts. Those who write for the press on spiritual subjects assume a great responsibility and need to maintain a humble, teachable frame of mind, because that is the only way in which spirits who are both good and wise can give light to the world through them. If we be obstinate, self-conceited, impatient of contradiction; if we jeer at the conscientious views of those who find flaws in our reasoning, and if we argue for victory rather than for truth supported by natural facts, we are not fitted to be spiritual teachers. In such a case it would be far better to cease trying to teach others and remain quietly in the lowest place until we have become humble, teachable, patient of opposition, and above all loving, with that true love which seeketh not her own, and which rejoices in the truth, though that truth may have reached another mind long before it reached our own.

It is the experiences of life, provided they be realized and used, that can bring us into this doleful, loving and chastened condition. Of course the process is accelerated if we were taught as children to walk in these paths, by those who walked in them themselves.

A poem taught me by my beloved mother when I was a little girl made me feel restive then, for I well knew that my own inner life was not in accord with it. But as life has

passed on, it has been valued more and more, and now that I have learned to apply the lessons in my daily walk and conversation, it has become ineffably dear. I will quote a few lines:

"Flat contradiction can you bear,
When you are right, and know you are,
And never contradict again,
But wait and modestly explain,
And tell your reasons, one by one,
Nor think of triumph when you're done."

Some of our readers live so painfully in the home circle that our affections go out most tenderly to them. It is so very hard to be considered a wilful dupe, when you know that you have heaven's truth; it is so hard to be jeered at, when you know the sweetness that lies in the object of their scorn; it is so hard to be thought silly, credulous and ignorant, when it is your opponents who are ignorant and foolish. To keep an even mind in such circumstances as these, to "never contradict again, but wait, and modestly explain," is indeed difficult. Those who have been in the habit of taking the opposite course, will have to try many times, it may be for years, before they can attain these heavenly heights.

There is one strong source of consolation. The very way in which you are brow-beaten and "sat down upon," will help you, if rightly used, to attain the mental condition that will make you dear to those nobler spirits who will be able to use you as their instrument for good, to a degree that they could not have done had you been situated otherwise. To explain what we mean we will use an illustration.

Supposing a person is self-opinionated, aggressive, obstinate and domineering by nature; that she be so inclined to look down on others, that when her picture is taken, she presents herself not as looking upward "to the hills, whence cometh our help," but rather looking down on others from a pedestal on which her fancy has placed herself. Supposing this person is well-to-do, as the world looks at it, that she has her own house and estate where she is ruler, that she has no relations living with her who can ask in words, or in the silent acts that often mean more than words, "What doest thou?" Instead of family ties, she has only those in her house who are indebted to her for shelter, the necessities of life, or wage, and who of course uphold her in all her views and her whims, because it is for their interest to do so. Her visitors do the same, and so she is never brought into personal contact with those who oppose her in any way.

Supposing it be a man that is thus pinnaled, thus environed, how his natural objectionable qualities would be strengthened, and how he would be hedged in from the path of improvement. If mediumistic, he draws to himself spirits like unto himself, who fan his displeasure against those who oppose him into a hotter flame, and whisper to him (what he is only too ready to believe), that he knows more than all others, that the truth comes to him more clearly than to any one else, and that all who disagree with him are sure to be mistaken. If gifted with wit, he jeers at those who cannot agree with him; if his mentality be strong, he flings his arguments as ancient warriors flung their battle axes and hurled their spears, aiming for victory and not for truth.

Be thankful, reader, that you be not such a one, so constituted and so environed. One sees that it is nearly impossible for such persons to walk aright, and we may be truly glad if the frictions and cares of daily life can do their appropriate work in chiseling away the projections of pride and self-will, so that we can in greater perfection join "the choir invisible" when our life on the mortal plane be ended.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

ABBY A. JUDSON.

Arlington, N. J., Sept. 9, 1899.

Answers to Questions

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By G. A. B., Washington, D. C.] Do not the theories and assumptions of "Christian Science," as expounded by Mrs. Eddy, contradict the laws of Nature, as revealed through physiological and hygienic science? That the body can be sustained with thought—without food?

ANS.—To a very large extent we agree heartily with our questioner, and in consequence thereof we have always insisted, both in our public and private teachings, that, instead of denying the existence of the body, or even seeking to deprive it of needful sustenance, if we are sound metaphysicians we shall content ourselves with declaring the sovereignty of spirit and the consequent subserviency of matter.

It is certainly not a fact that either Mrs. Eddy or her followers have undertaken to subsist physically without material food, and it has been a subject for wide comment that Christian Scientists, as a body, spend quite as much on food and clothing, and even upon elegancies and luxuries, as any other denomination. As some Christian Science teachers content themselves with declaring that if you are in the right thought, nothing that you feel disposed to eat will hurt you, there is no inconsistency in those people enjoying good food and immunity from indigestion, nor is it unnatural or illogical to affirm that so great is the power of thought over the organism that mental treatment is sufficient to overcome dyspepsia and all the ills which accompany it.

Mrs. Eddy's system of physiology, as set forth in "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," is, to many intelligent readers, very nearly unintelligible, as there can be no physiology if there is no body.

The truth contained in Mrs. Eddy's complicated system of philosophy is plainly stated in her absolute statement—"All is good; there is no evil."

"Whatever is right," has been pronounced an "odious" quotation by people who utterly fail to grasp the distinction between *is* and *exists*, which was doubtless thoroughly clear to Alexander Pope.

The truth of being and the facts of existence ought to be clearly separated in our thinking, and it is because we do not always explain terms fully that confusion in definitions may arise.

Truth is unalterable, while facts are things which come and go. We derive the word fact from *fact* (made), therefore facts are stubborn or pliant according to the skill of those who are called to confront them.

The essential truth of Christian Science is belauded by the errors which are quite necessarily attached to it by its advocates, and if there are those who deny the facts of physiology as having actual present existence, it must be because they have confounded them with pathology, which can well be excluded from the general curriculum.

Multitudes of people live in an atmosphere of perpetual dread; they are always anticipating the worst kinds of physical ailments, and in their case adverse auto suggestion causes them to suffer at least in imagination, from all the ills they nervously contemplate.

The majority of neurasthenic invalids are anything but sound logicians or good reasoners, emotion very largely sways them, and many of the teachings and practices common to Christian Science lead their emotions into a new and healthier channel, the result being a decided improvement in their mental and physical condition.

It may sound ridiculous to say that the body is an illusion, and then point triumphantly to the improved state of a phantom, but though the language is absurd there is a sound idea back of it and a real experience connected with it.

The great need of many sufferers from all sorts of disorders is to get away mentally from their flesh and all their material surroundings, and this they can only do by fixing their attention upon what is not their body or their terrestrial environment.

Mrs. Eddy's theories are sufficiently novel and startling to many people to lure them off into an ideal realm where they meditate as do the Brahmins, upon perfection. Whilst their intellectual consciousness is centered upon spiritual realities, the natural recuperative processes are going on in the physique, but instead of thought supplying the place of either food or sleep, appetite is strengthened and insomnia cured by mental suggestion whenever it serves an invigorating or tranquillizing end.

In times or states of great spiritual exaltation, it is possible to go for even forty days without solid nutriment and suffer no injury; but though it may be ultimately possible to absorb all needed nourishment in vaporous form out of the atmosphere, that remote stage of attainment is only gradually reached, and certainly does not accompany any usual states of health which can be and often are enjoyed by Christian Scientists and members of other schools of sanitary metaphysics.

The average person has no wish to abstain from food, or to live without sleep; therefore no desire is generally expressed for such ultimations of revised thinking; but does not every one desire health of mind and body? and it is health that is promised by Christian Scientists to their pupils and patients.

In our own published lectures and lessons we have endeavored to explain the difference as clearly as possible for the general reader, between Mrs. Eddy's peculiar doctrines and the essentials or fundamentals of spiritual and mental science.

To our students we always say: "You are spiritual entities, and as such have a right to dominate the flesh and to gain control over all exterior circumstances, and the way to reach this height is to encourage pure, noble, hopeful, trustful thought at all times."

Through the agency of many excellent publications, and also by means of schools of Psychology and Suggestive Therapeutics now springing up everywhere, the public mind is being steadily educated to accept the seemingly difficult proposition, that though the law of nature does not alter—therefore scientific statements based upon its operations can be formulated—human beings are incarnate law and can govern conditions according to their development in understanding.

Hygienic or health science is purely metaphysical when rightly comprehended, and it will be a very happy day for the world when physiology is everywhere placed on a psychological basis.

The oft-reiterated statement, THOUGHTS ARE THINGS, cannot be successfully controverted, therefore the more guard we place on our thoughts the better must become all outward institutions.

As we teach hygiene on a spiritual basis, we undertake to explain to our classes how mental conditions operate on tissue, and either harmonize or derange the organs and function of the physique.

The marvelous discoveries of Prof. Elmer Gates and other practical psycho-physiologists, cannot fail to shed bright light on the long vexed question of how far are bodily conditions causes or effects of mental action.

Thought is of supreme moment, and who ever steadily thinks right must come to speak and act right in all particulars resultantly, as thoughts persistently entertained express themselves inevitably in corresponding conduct.

The Search for Truth.

Soul Faculties.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

II.

When a soul enters upon an earth-life experience, it builds for itself a fluidic body (the French Spiritualists *périsspirit*) out of atoms of refined matter, combined with the universal fluid. This fluidic envelope, which protects the soul from immediate contact with matter, will remain attached to the soul throughout its progressive career. This constitutes the entity known as "spirit." By this association of the spirit with a physical body, the entity, MAN, is formed.

The soul's task is to develop the highest possibilities of faculties, the germs of which were inherent in it from the beginning. These faculties correspond to the attributes of the All-Soul, or God; they are developed through constant endeavor, during earth-life, to overcome the temptations, evil tendencies and unruly passions to which flesh, by virtue of its nature, is subject. Every victory over these serves to refine the grosser atoms of the *périsspirit*, which, in consequence, grows lighter and more fluidic, thereby indicating the plane the spirit has reached. The weight of errors and wrongs unrighted keeps the unprogressive spirit close to the earth.

This process of individual spiritualization applies in a general way to the planet. Our physical body is composed in great part of earth-atoms of varied chemical properties, and, as chemistry transforms dangerous substances into innocuous and even health-giving ones, so the spirit may transform the atoms of its organism and return them, harmless, to the dust of the grave, when the disintegration of the body occurs. In working out, successfully, our unfoldment, we therefore help to spiritualize the Earth, and actually benefit succeeding generations. The solidarity of the race is thus demonstrated even in death; not only our thoughts, our actions, but our very ashes have an influence for good or for bad on our fellowmen.

Closing this not unnecessary digression, we will now return to those attributes of God,

which the soul, being of God, must eventually possess in a minor degree. Of these attributes, Love is the greatest; in fact, all the others would be inoperative without love; but, oh! the pity of it, of all the inherent faculties of the soul, this is the least understood, less exercised, and oftener misapplied or wilfully ignored by man than this one which holds out to him the best assurance of progress and immediate happiness. Crime, injustice, oppression, poverty, falsehood and deceit could not exist in a society ruled by love. Let us seek the true meaning of that magic word, so carelessly applied to sentiments, emotions and appetites of kaleidoscopic variety.

To the questioning Pharisees, Jesus made answer that we should love God with all our heart, with all our soul, and we should love our neighbors as ourselves. "On these two greatest commandments hang the law and the prophets." The first of these commandments defines a purely spiritual duty; the second applies directly to the relations between men. We will consider it first. These relations are multiple and diversified, but the commandment is broad enough in its application to meet all cases.

First, if we wish to obey the letter of the law, we should love our "neighbor" in Timbuctoo as well as our neighbor in New York or next door. We cannot feel any particular affection for, or interest in, one of whose very existence we may be ignorant. This love of our neighbor is paraphrased in the Golden Rule, "Do not unto others that which ye would not like others to do unto you," according to which we should not be killing our neighbors, the Filipinos, on pretence of making them free; unless we mean that freeing their ignorant spirits from their uncivilized bodies is doing them a favor and consequently giving them penetrating proofs of our love.

Wishing well to all men, known and unknown, is about as good a definition as any, of this vague love of our neighbor.

If we bring the question closer home, and apply the commandment to people we know personally, to our "neighbors," in the accepted sense of the word, there is a class of people—otherwise intelligent—who cannot understand it, or who find it impossible to conform to it. The egoist loves self so dearly, he can no more think of sharing that precious love with others, than the miser could dream of sharing his treasure. Unfortunately for modern society, egoism prevails in an alarming degree. Egoism is the opposite of love, and the fountain-head of the wrongs man suffers at the hands of his brother man.

Good will toward all men develops into Altruism, an active sympathy for the victims of wrongs, which incites a desire to remedy the evil. The altruist has much to contend with in his self-imposed, noble endeavor. The next degree of sentiment in our affections is Friendship, a sentiment born of mutual sympathy of tastes and aspirations, regardless of sex. This is a most valuable soul-faculty, which we should cultivate if we wish to know pure joys. Affection, accompanied by veneration, constitutes filial love, as protection combined with affection produces paternal love. Respectable as this sentiment is, it must give precedence to maternal love, a holy sentiment, whose possibilities are unlimited. In the soul of a true mother we see a reflex of God's love.

Conjugal love born of the natural attraction of the sexes, may be enduring and productive of relative happiness, but it is often short-lived. The crowning felicity of the human heart is SOUL LOVE. A noble and ennobling sentiment, it tends to ameliorate the fortunate beings whom it unites. It cannot exist without perfect affinity and similarity of high aspirations. It is a *rara avis* in our modern society, for only predestined soul-mates can thus be united—the two made one, the all-in-all of each for the other, heaven found on earth. This is the love of mated souls in the spirit-world, when, reunited after mutual unfoldment, they enter angelhood.

This arcana of soul-union—souls united from the beginning, whose crowning happiness will be in the blissful singleness of soul-love enjoyed in eternity when their earth-task is finished—a concept utterly different from the repugnant idea of promiscuous spirit loves with mortals, which is a degradation of a divine faculty, a desecration of a most holy mystery—did not seem to fit in with reincarnation. Beautiful as the conception is, it found me reluctant to reconcile it with former beliefs. "You are studying the problem from a man's standpoint," said my guide; "look at it from the soul's higher plane."

"The thought came to me as a flash: 'I am a soul, a temporary sojourner on earth; my true home is in the spirit world, the home I left and to return to which, definitely, I am using my best endeavor. Nothing endures here; everything is unreal and evanescent, the work of man; the real, the eternal, are in the other world. If love be the law through which the exiled soul may develop all its latent faculties and attain perfect unfoldment, the spirit world must be governed by that same law, since it had its origin in Divine Love and was promulgated by spirit for the information of mortal. If in the union of two faithful hearts the greatest felicity known on earth is attainable by man, it is evident the same cause must obtain in the spirit world, and its effects transcend everything appreciable by the senses. The objection may be made that souls have no sex. But this is not a question of carnal passion, and every true lover knows that there are beatific conditions in which the senses do not appeal to them; when emotions, indefinable, yet unutterably sweet, are felt by two hearts as if they were but one; physical love, or rather let us say 'human love,' has exhausted its resources; the soul dominates—it refines and purifies every emotion, and, for the time, the lovers have a foretaste of the ravishment two wedded spirits feel who are ineffably blended, each drawing from the other similar aspirations, a similar purpose and power. The two are then ready to enter angelhood, and, inseparable partners, to continue their progress for all eternity. And, like everything good in this world of ours, the happiness—to them perfect—of these two human hearts is but a pale copy of the beatitude in which those radiant souls live."

What, then, of this world's affections—what of the "loved ones" who come to us in spirit? Their recollection is of their last earth-existence, that in which we knew each other; our recollection is similarly limited. As long as they are attracted to us by our love, they hover near, or frequently visit the earth and communicate with us. Should we "go over" now, we should probably join them and be happy in their society until the law of progress draws each to the sphere for which he is fitted. We will separate, meet again with glad-

ness, but our earth-world feelings will undergo a change as our spirits become more and more immaterial. We need not go to the spirit world to learn the effect of time and absence upon human affections.

But it is principally with married people this doctrine seems objectionable. "What! cease to love the husband (or wife) we love so dearly?" My good friends, you need not, if you have chosen wisely, if each has found his affinity, his soul's true mate; those whom God has joined, even Death cannot pull asunder. But are such marriages very common in our society? Jesus being asked which of seven brothers would, at the resurrection, be the husband of the woman each had successively married in obedience to the Mosaic law, answered: "In the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." The same might be asked to day about those who have lost several life partners, having re-married after the death of each, let alone those who so freely avail themselves of our easy divorce law. We must accept the answer of Jesus as true, or believe that polygamy is practiced in the spirit world.

This in no wise contradicts the proposition of soul-mates. These happy souls were united before they began their earth-life experiences: at the "resurrection," to wit at the final return home, we will, naturally, seek our mates; the ties we may have contracted in our several existences—for this applies equally to reincarnation—will be as *non est*, so far as marital relations or the recollection of them is concerned. We will live with our former companions as "angels in heaven," that is in peace and amity, in the tranquil love of brothers and sisters. Soul-mating implies singleness of love, of a love that transcends all others, whose emotions are divine, and to describe which the human language has no adequate terms. Born in eternity, it endures in eternity, it is the last step to the angelic state. The loss of earth-life affections is no more regretted than the loss of worldly possessions, when the soul, redeemed from bondage, glories in the full development of its god-like faculties. Hand in hand, the two happy spirits go forth to help do the work of the Master Builder of worlds, to direct the action of the positive and negative forces which they themselves represent.

Friendship, the mean term between fraternal love and soul-love, exists in the spirit-world as in ours, only more perfect in the pure joys it gives. Spirits of the same plane of advancement, of like aspirations and tastes, form groups justly called *harmonies*. Here they pursue their favorite studies, they exchange their ideas, talk of their experiences, plan together some altruistic effort in behalf of mankind or for the relief of unfortunate spirits. When we see on earth, true friends united by unselfish motives, and whose love of one another casts a sympathetic reflection on their brother men, we may know they are overshadowed by one of these harmonies.

The love for God is as impossible to define as is God himself. Admiration for his works, gratitude for his blessings, trust in the justice of his laws, combine with a feeling of awe at the thought of the wonders of creation to form a complex sentiment which culminates into a passionate desire to know God. We feel he is there, in that immensity with its millions of worlds. We feel he is within ourselves, that our soul has a knowledge of him which cannot be revealed to our understanding obscured by the limitations of flesh. The Godidea is innate in man; the nearer to nature we find him the stronger this intuitive belief, whose progressive stages are fear, trust, love. The denial of God is to be found only in civilized people. Man's mental development, his wonderful discoveries and the progress of science, have made two classes of unbelievers—those whose conceited pride will not admit of an Intelligence higher than themselves, and those who refuse to believe what they do not understand. These last are the kind of men who had rather seek a hundred far-fetched and often absurd theories to explain the phenomena of Spiritualism, than admit the action of spirits.

When the existence and nature of the soul are so hard to understand, it is rather startling to be told that we have *three* souls. Such, however, is the belief of a learned French writer, M. Ernest Bosc, who sustains his theory with some very plausible arguments in a work on psychology, published a few years ago. These three souls he designates as the spiritual, the astral and the physical. From experiments in magnetism, he infers that the spiritual soul abides in the pineal gland, the astral in the epigastrium, and the physical in the genitals.

The use or misuse of a word may destroy the value of an otherwise sensible proposition. So much is written nowadays about "the soul of animals," "the soul of things," that the old-time solemnity suggested by the idea of an immortal soul has well-nigh disappeared. If we omit the misapplied word "soul" from M. Bosc's theory we may find that it agrees in the main with Spiritualist teaching. The triune nature of man is not disputed. He combines the animal or physical self, whose gross appetites are directed only by instinct; the rational or human, where reason and intellect are developed and serve to restrain the animal and curb the passions born of the lower instincts; and, finally, the spiritual, which is the domain of the soul. The soul's endeavor is to guide the intellect, to enlighten reason, so, using the will it will form judgment and detect error from truth, right from wrong. But the real influence of the soul lies with the heart; it is heard in the "still, small voice" of conscience.

Rational man is thus perpetually acted upon by two forces—one that draws him upward, the other that pulls him downward. But he is not left to himself in this hard struggle; on the soul plane are bright spirits, ready to encourage, to help, if he be sincere in his aspirations, if he make the effort to rise. As the flower opens to receive the dew of heaven, so will his mind expand and be illumined by the radiance of truth; he will be ravished and "walk with the angels." But if there be bright forms above, dark ones cluster around him on the lower plane; wily agents of evil, fallen spirits eager to make new accessions to their number. Unhappy, they feel a sinister joy in concocting the unhappiness of others. Obsequious, they know how to disguise their true natures; they seek the weak point in their victim, and there direct their covert attack; they are experts in flattery, they present themselves as grand personages and are profuse in grand promises. They encourage, foster and justify by sophistry every unwholesome appetite.... We are free agents; this trial is an opportunity offered us to make our choice and be beast or angel. Which shall it be, O ye who hear the voice of Spirit?

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899.

Spiritualist Societies.

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

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

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

Eagle Hall, 610 Washington Street. First Spiritualist Church, Mr. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11:25 and 7:25; also Thursdays at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

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

Local Spiritualist Meetings, Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street. Mrs. Guitierrez, President. Services Sundays at 10:15 A.M., 2:30 and 7 P.M., and Wednesdays at 7 P.M.

Boston Psychic Circle, 18 Huntington Ave. L. L. Whitlock, President, Sundays, 2:30 P.M.

Spiritual Fraternity. At First Spiritual Temple, 200 Huntington Avenue, Sundays at 10:15 and 7 P.M. The continuity of life will be demonstrated through different phases of mediumship. Other meetings announced from the platform. A. H. Sherman, Secretary.

Knights of Honor Hall, 730 Washington Street, Boston. Services Sundays at 3 and 7 P.M., and Thursdays afternoons. Albert Savin, Chairman.

MALDEN.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society. Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant Street. Meetings every Sunday at 7 P.M. Wednesday, 8 P.M. Wm. M. Barber, President. Mrs. Rebecca Morton, Sec'y. George H. Ryder, Cor. Sec'y. cordial welcome is extended to co-workers in the cause of progressive Spiritualism.

BROOKLYN.

The Advance Spiritualist Conference meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 101 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Free. All welcome. Mr. G. Deloree, President; Mrs. Alice Ashley, Secretary.

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

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.

Commercial Hall—Mrs. Nutter, Conductor. Sunday, Sept. 17, meeting opened with song service and invocation. Circle was very largely attended. Mesdames who took part in the exercises of the day: Nutter, Day, Bird, Weston, Millan, Wheeler, Fish, Gilliland, Stackpole, Irwin; Messrs. Hall, Nelke, Hill, Hastings, Krasinski, Sanders; poem by Mr. Bird, "The Gambler's Wife."

Sunday, Sept. 17, Odd Ladies' Hall, 456 Tremont Street, circle opened by Mr. Haynes. Those taking part: Mr. and Mrs. Pye, Mrs. Hall, song; Messrs. Dearborn, Demby, Turner, Whittemore, Lakay, Graham, Hersey, Wood; Dr. Quot; Mesdames Davis, Lewis, Healy, Smith, Guitierrez.

Home Rostrum Spiritual Meetings on Sunday will be continued. Subject of morning circle, "The God Power Within." Several took part in expression of thoughts. Healing, Mr. Lohridge and Mr. Smith. Mrs. Gilliland, Conductor. Evening, song service, 7:30. Address, "Immortality of the Soul," A. S. Howe. Messages, Mesdames Woodbury, Stackpole, Erickson, Gilliland, and Mr. Howe.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 will commence its sessions for the coming season Sunday morning, Oct. 1, at 11 A.M., in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont Street, Boston. All are cordially invited to attend.

C. B. YEATON, Sec'y.

Knights of Honor Hall, 730 Washington Street.

Albert Savin delivered two interesting addresses and gave delineations. Every Sunday at 3 and 7:30 P.M., and Thursdays at 3 P.M.

Massachusetts.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society held, Sunday, Sept. 17, an unusually good meeting; subject, "The Good Shepherd." Six leading platform workers in the cause of Truth were with us in addition to our own workers. Mrs. Sadie Hand was intensely interesting in address and messages; Mrs. Bird did satisfactory work through her controls; Mr. Osmond Stiles' messages were gladly recognized; Mrs. Seymour gave an inspirational address; Mr. Cowan, under control, carried sunshine to many in the audience. The society wishes success and God-speed in the work of Truth and the blessed cause that these dear people are engaged in. Our Treasurer solicits subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT. WM. M. BARBER, Pres.

The Arthur Hodges' Spiritual Society held interesting services at 36 Market Street, Lynn, Sunday. Appropriate music by Mrs. J. P. Hayes at 2:30; invocation by Mrs. Dr. M. C. Chase; Mrs. F. E. Bird of Boston, remarks and spirit messages; Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler spoke on "Progression and Return of Spirits." At 7:30 Mrs. N. S. Noyes, under control, gave an invocation and an instructive lecture on "Unfoldment of the Soul." Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler gave many spirit communications, all said to be correct. Next Sunday at 2:30 the same mediums; at 7:30 Rev. A. N. Foster of the Universalist church will lecture, subject, "Our Relation to the Unknown," and Mrs. L. D. Butler will give messages.

The First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Dr. C. L. Fox, President, was favored with a large audience Sunday evening, at the summer home of J. R. Haskell, North Leominster. George Lamont, of Leominster, gave a very interesting address. Mrs. C. M. King, of Fitchburg, and other mediums, many spirit messages. Meeting next Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. King, 54 Day Street, at 7 P.M.

Camp Progress.—About thirty-five hundred people attended the services Sunday, Sept. 17. At the morning service, after singing by the audience, interesting short addresses were made by Mr. Proctor of Lynn, Mr. Taft of Salem, Mr. James Smith of Cliftondale, who also spoke at the later service. Mr. G. L. Baker of Lynn gave some fine readings. In the afternoon the services opened with singing by the quartet, "Open Those Pearly Gates"; Mr. L. D. Milliken, invocation and excellent remarks; C. H. LeGrand sang with fine effect "Signal Belle"; Mrs. Abbie Burnham, a short address, which was most interesting; W. A. Peterson, a few remarks; the quartet sang "Whispering Hope," and Mrs. Sarah Byrnes spoke most eloquently; Mrs. L. A. Prentiss gave fine messages and Mr. Prentiss read a poem; Mrs. Butler made some excellent remarks; Mrs. Baker of Danvers, one of our stand-bys at camp, fine remarks; Mrs. Mosher of New York and Mr. Stratton of Lynn also spoke briefly and well. Little Bessie Chase of Salem gave a fine recitation. Closed with singing by the quartet. Next Sunday is our closing day, and we expect among other things Lizzie Harlow, the well-known speaker. Children's hours from 11 to 1.

New York.

The First Association of Spiritualists, Sunday, Sept. 17, opened their meetings for the coming season most auspiciously. Owing to the indisposition of Mr. Ira Moore Courlis, the platform was filled by Dr. G. C. B. Ewell, who kindly responded at short notice to our call. His work was excellent, and gave thorough satisfaction. Miss Clara Grace of Springfield who

is to furnish vocal music, has a soprano voice, and sang several selections of a high order, notably "Gounod's Ave Maria," with violin obligato played exquisitely by Edmund Severn. The society is fortunate in securing the services of this gifted young singer, whose voice is sure to prove a great attraction to our services. Mr. Courlis hopes to be able to fill his engagement for next Sunday.

M. J. FITZ MAURICE, Sec'y.

Brooklyn.—The Advance Spiritualist Conference met as usual at its hall, 1101 Bedford Avenue, Saturday evening, 16th inst. Congregational singing, "Joy to the World," followed by a song from Miss Estelle Campbell. Mr. Jerome L. Fort, President of the Church of Divine Communion, gave an excellent address on the duty of Spiritualists to their societies, followed by Dr. Bullard and Mr. Deloree. A special collection was taken for the charity workers' Band with funds for their winter work. Mr. Ira Moore Courlis gave a séance, accurate descriptions of spirits present, with full names, etc. The meeting closed with a finely-rendered piece, entitled "Schubert's Serenade" on the violin by Prof. E. Adolf Whitlaw of our city. Mr. Altemus will be with us next Saturday evening.

At the hall of the Woman's Progressive Union, Sunday afternoon, our President, Mrs. Kurth opened the meeting with a poem. Flowers were abundant on the platform. Mr. Altemus was at his best and gave many very convincing messages; perfect harmony prevailed. In the evening Mr. William Dunmar gave an address on "Materialization," which was listened to by a very attentive audience. Mr. Altemus followed with singing and delineations.

Mrs. N. B. REEVES.

Other States. Mrs. M. A. Brackett writes from Portland, Me., that the society in Orient Hall was served Sunday, by Mrs. Hattie C. Webber. So pleased were they with her that she was reengaged for a future occasion.

The speaker at Providence, R. I., on Sunday, Sept. 17, 1899, was Dr. C. W. Hadden, of Newburyport, Mass., who delivered two discourses, which were generously applauded. He occupies the platform again next Sunday, Sept. 24.

Closing Days at Lakewood, Maine.

Saturday, Sept. 9 was an extremely interesting day at Lakewood, and as it was the last but one of the sessions of Madison Camp the attendance was extremely large. The weather was delightful and the meetings were as good as any during the season, indeed many people declared them in some respects the very best of all. At 10 A.M. Miss Lizzie Harlow gave a superb lecture on "Character Revelation," during which she insisted with the aid of telling illustration in graphic word picturing that there are really no secrets anywhere because all inward states are surely revealed in outward conditions so plainly that all who are gifted with a little more than ordinary vision can read the unmistakable signs of character in outward appearance and deportment. Mrs. Webster followed with most striking evidences of individual spirit presence.

At 2 P.M. Harrison D. Barrett and W. J. Colville spoke eloquently on behalf of the N. S. A., and dwelt upon the true spirit of organization. Mrs. Wignin followed with an unusually successful test séance. At 7:45 the entertainment was a grand success. A large number of children took part in the great delight of an audience which crowded the large pavilion. Mrs. Knight, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Dyer (of Washington) rendered some delightful operatic songs in English and Italian. Mr. Maxium, who conducted the exercises, was in superb voice and delighted the public equally by his comic and pathetic solos. Mrs. Maxham accompanied on piano and organ with exquisite taste and feeling. Miss Harlow, Mr. Barrett and Mrs. Webster gave charming readings; W. J. Colville sang two songs and gave an impromptu poem on "Part Your Hair in the Middle," and "Lakewood," which elicited enthusiastic applause. The entertainment closed with a fine selection of dissolving views exhibited by Charles Fairbrother, the genial landlord of Lakewood Inn, and described by Mr. Wignin.

Sunday, Sept. 10, being the final day of the meeting, was tinged with regret at parting with so many kind and genial friends. The grounds were covered with visitors from near and far, and teams were almost as plentiful as people. Both services in the Auditorium were so overcrowded that hundreds were unable to enter the building. Mr. Barrett, Mrs. Webster and Mr. Wignin did excellent work, which merited and received the heartiest appreciation of the multitude. At the close of the afternoon exercises a great many campers started for home, though a large percentage wisely remained till the day following. Everything has proved successful from first to last, and Madison Camp season of 1899, has passed into history as an event to be long remembered as among the bright episodes in the history of Modern American Spiritualism.

Skowhegan, Me.

As a great many of the residents of Skowhegan who had enjoyed the lectures at the camp wished for some in the town, W. J. Colville was prevailed upon to lecture in Grand Army Hall, Sunday, Sept. 10, at 7:30 P.M., when he spoke to a large audience on "Spiritual Science and Philosophy," and again to a still larger audience on Monday, Sept. 11, at the same hour when "Spiritual and Magnetic Healing" was ably dealt with. Then on Tuesday, Sept. 12, a very successful meeting for questions and answers was held in the hall at 2:30 P.M., and a reception at the residence of Mrs. Helen Howard at 7:30 P.M.

Dr. Bigelow, a very prominent and earnest Spiritualist, and a most successful psychic healer, widely respected in the community, took charge of all the public meetings and so arranged for them that the results were in all particulars a most gratifying success.

Owing to the demand of the public for extra meetings, Mr. Colville lectured again on Thursday, Sept. 14, at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M., to large and cultured audiences. A perfect deluge of questions concerning very wide territory greeted the lecturer at both sessions. It is hoped by the local Spiritualists, and also by many intelligent inquirers into psychic mysteries, that these meetings are by no means the only ones to be held during the present season. The Somerset Reporter (the leading neighborhood paper) gave a very good report.

Sycamore Grove, Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Possibly you have no one to give you an account of the camp meeting work in Southern California, and a few words from this part of the field may not be amiss. I will first speak of the work at Summerland. Eastern people, if visiting there, would be surprised to find a camp meeting where there are neither groves nor trees. Instead of this are high hills, the foot hills of a mountain range on the one side, and the broad, bright Pacific Ocean on the other, and on the hills and along the beach the settlement of Spiritualists, among whom are the founders of this place and of the camp or yearly meeting, which is held in Liberty Hall, a large building erected for this purpose.

No doubt the founders intended to put out trees, and the rapid growth in the climate of California would soon have them all there, sited in that respect; but events transpired which seem to have diverted all minds and prevented them from carrying out this purpose. Oil was seen floating on the waters of the beach, and experiments revealed the fact that oil could be found in paying quantities comparatively near the surface, that it was best nearest the water and even away out into the ocean. Within the last few years there have been erected more than three hundred

oil derricks, which thickly dot the beach, and long wharves have been built out into the sea. Numerous wells close together all along these wharves; in fact, some of the richest in yield are away out in the sea; are pumped and constantly bring up oil from below the placid waters of the old Pacific Ocean. It is a strange sight, and to the artistic eye is not a thing of beauty for a campground; but viewed from the practical or monetary standpoint, it looks as though the intelligences who had guided in the movement might have guided better than at first it seemed, and had used the spiritual work to carry forward or open an important material one, making it twofold.

Mr. and Mrs. Bishop Beals, who live there, have their home furnished with natural gas, and the well producing it is on their own lot, hidden among flowers. Their home, a pretty, artistic, restful spot, with the mountains on one side, the ocean on the other, is well calculated to give rest after long years of spiritual labor, and Mr. Beals is apparently enjoying that rest in quiet retirement for a time at least.

The officers of the society at Liberty Hall do not intend to have the original purpose lost sight of, and intend that the truths of Spiritualism be promulgated by a series of meetings each season. This one was only eight days, beginning with a good audience, and the interest and numbers well sustained through the session; conferences especially interesting. Prof. Loveland, Mr. Parsons, Mrs. Davis and others as home talent, aided by Mrs. Fietag, Mr. Lillie and myself contributed the corps of platform workers. The feeling was generally expressed that the meeting was not long enough; that another week at least could have been spent profitably. Camp-meeting work has not become the permanent feature on the coast as yet that it has in the East, but earnest ones are anxious to establish such a work at some point that shall be to the part of the country where the great camp meetings are to the East and North; and the meeting at Los Angeles, where we now are, is fraught with bright hopes for the future in this respect. Of this I will write at another time.

R. S. LILLIE.

Missionary Work in Minnesota.

Mrs. Kates and self were called to Minnesota by the State Spiritualist Association, and we served them during the Annual Convention held in Minneapolis, Sept. 5, 6 and 7. The Convention was a splendid success, raising over six hundred dollars for State work during the year. With that nucleus the Association felt the promise was great to send out missionaries and organizers. We were engaged for the month of September, and likely for a term of months.

Sunday, Sept. 10, we held two meetings in the Unitarian Church in Minneapolis under the auspices of the Washington Union, presided over by Bro. C. D. Pruden. The magnificent auditorium was well filled and the exercises impressive. With such a place to meet in, and with pipe organ music, we would not fail to attract attention. When the Spiritualists respect their Cause sufficiently to provide proper places to hold meetings, we will not be the ostracized people we are in so many localities where dirty and dingy halls are used. The Washington Union will use the basement of the Unitarian Church for their meetings this season.

Our next appointment was near Long Lake, amongst the farmers and fruit growers of that neighborhood. We found the district filled with a numerous body of Spiritualists anxious for a better system of organization, and their promise is excellent for future results. Mr. Jolla Stubbs is the active person here. We go next to Stillwater for two nights, and then to St. Paul for Sunday the 17th. The whole month will be actively used by us, and the results promise to be excellent for the State Association and the Cause of Spiritualism.

This is a practical work, and the State of Minnesota should appreciate the effort, and we find they do already, for the calls are numerous.

Fraternally, G. W. KATES.

Texas Camp-Meeting Association.

The Fifth Annual Camp-Meeting of the Spiritualists of the State of Texas will be held at Oak Cliff Park, near Dallas, Texas, from Oct. 1st to 15th, 1899; David G. Hinckley, President, 563 South Central Avenue, Dallas.

Dallas is located in Central North Texas, on a high rolling prairie, in a climate unsurpassed, even by California. The city has 65,000 inhabitants and is a modern Southern city. Every railroad of importance in the State enters this city. Oak Cliff Park is one and one-half miles southwest of the city and of easy access by electric cars, and is a tract of land containing fifty acres, supplied with beautiful shade trees, grand scenery in the way of picturesque bluffs, shady glens and rock grottoes, a fine lake and cold flowing springs; a fine pavilion; large roomy restaurant buildings, etc. We will have ample camp hotel accommodations, and good dance rooms. Altogether the camp-ground will be a gem in beauty, and the convocation of thinking, investigating, intelligent, spiritual radical people in attendance will spread an assemblage of people ever congregated to gether in the South. This will of course not be an Orthodox camp meeting, but a coming together of thinkers, Spiritualists who have proven the life and individual existence of the spirit beyond the grave, and the liberal, honest investigators who are willing to know this truth, and who, on this occasion, attend the grandest convocation of earnest, intelligent people ever assembled in Texas. It will be a meeting of those in the advance on the living issues of the nineteenth century.

The musical part of the program will be under the direction of Mrs. Smythe of Dallas, who will arrange a special program each day.

Owing to the holding of the great Texas State Fair and Dallas Exposition, the railroad rates will be very low.

A hotel restaurant will be conducted on the grounds by H. C. Lamar, which is an assurance that good meals will be served. The following prices have been decided upon: 21 meals for \$3.00. Single meals, 25c.

Tents will be rented for \$2.25. Tent furniture, such as cots, comforts, camp chairs and bedding, can be rented at reasonable rates. Bring your own blankets, pillows and sheets when convenient. Transient visitors will be furnished clean cot beds at 25c per night. Those desiring any of the above articles should write to the Secretary at least one week beforehand, and settle for same upon arriving on the grounds.

The following notes of advisement should be studied by those desiring to attend:

1. The camp only lasts fifteen days this year, so come early.
2. Check your baggage to Dallas, Texas, and upon arriving in camp deposit your checks at baggage office on the grounds; this will insure a safe and prompt delivery. All campers and visitors are requested to enter their names and places of residence upon the Association register. If you are a Spiritualist or a Liberalist, you cannot afford not to be identified.
3. Have your mail addressed to Oak Cliff Park, Oak Cliff (Dallas), Texas, as arrangements will be made to deliver mail to the Park.
4. There will be no refreshment stands on the grounds, where everything in that line can be had at reasonable prices.
5. Strangers on arriving in the city should take the street cars to the Court House, then change to the Oak Cliff electric cars and get off at Park station, which is two blocks from the camp.
6. In writing for information please enclose stamp for reply and write your full address.
7. Send all communications, donations, etc., to W. Lenox Fox, Oak Cliff, Texas.

THE PROGRAM.

Sunday, Oct. 1 morning, welcome address by Pres. David G. Hinckley. [Response by Allen F. Brown.] Afternoon, lecture by R. H. Kneeshaw; night, lecture by John W. Ring. Monday, 2d. conference; afternoon, lecture by Allen F. Brown; night, lecture by Rev. W. H. Harrell. Tuesday, 3d, morning, business meeting; Camp Association; afternoon, Rev.



W. H. Harrell; night, Mrs. Carrie M. Hinsdale. Wednesday, 4th, morning, conference; afternoon, lecture by John W. Ring; night, R. H. Kneeshaw. Thursday, 5th, morning, Convention State National Spiritualists Association; afternoon, lecture by Rev. W. H. Harrell; night, grand concert. Friday, 6th, morning, Convention State N. S. A.; afternoon, lecture by Allen F. Brown; night, lecture by Mrs. Jennie H. Jackson. Saturday, 7th, morning, conference; afternoon, lecture by Col. Deloree; night, illustrated lecture by Mrs. Jackson and Mr. Konkle. Sunday, 8th, morning, lecture by G. C. B. Ewell; afternoon, lecture by Mrs. J. H. Jackson; night, lecture by R. H. Kneeshaw. Monday, 9th, morning, conference; afternoon, lecture by Mrs. C. M. Hinsdale; night, lecture by Pres. J. M. Howell, Dallas School Board. Tuesday, 10th, morning, conference; afternoon, lecture by John W. Ring; night, lecture by Mrs. J. H. Jackson. Wednesday, 11th, morning, conference; afternoon, lecture by G. C. Beckwith-Ewell; night, concert and ball. Thursday, 12th, morning, conference; afternoon, lecture by Mrs. J. A. Jackson; night, lecture by Hon. John R. Charlesworth. Friday, 13th, morning, conference; afternoon, lecture by Rev. R. C. Travers; night, lecture by R. H. Kneeshaw. Saturday, 14th, morning, business meeting, Camp Association; afternoon, lecture by C. C. Bryan; night, lecture by John W. Ring. Sunday, 15th, morning, lectures by Allen F. Brown and R. H. Kneeshaw; afternoon, lecture by Mrs. Carrie Hinsdale and John W. Ring; night, lecture by G. C. Beckwith-Ewell.

Public tests by Mrs. W. W. Aber, of Iowa, and others, will be given at each lecture.

National Spiritualists' Association.

Annual Convention at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 17 to 20, 1899.

The following arrangements have been made for the convenience of the New England delegates and their friends to the above meeting.

ITINERARY.

Saturday, Oct. 14, leave Boston from South Terminal Station at 6 P.M., via Fall River Line for New York; stationers furnished. Sunday, Oct. 15, arrive New York 7 A.M. The forenoon will be devoted to attending service at some church or in visits to Central Park, Grant's Tomb and other points of interest. Breakfast and lunch served at hotel. Leave New York via Baltimore and Ohio R. R. at 1:25 P.M. in special vestibuled cars. Box lunch on train. Take Pullman Palace Sleeping Car on arrival at Baltimore at 7 P.M. Monday, Oct. 16, breakfast and dinner served in dining car. Arrive Chicago 9 P.M. Accommodations have been secured at the Leland Hotel, the official headquarters.

Tuesday, Oct. 17, Wednesday, Oct. 18, Thursday, Oct. 19, Friday, Oct. 20, in Chicago.

Saturday, Oct. 21st, leave Chicago via Baltimore and Ohio railroad, from Grand Central Station at 10:20 A.M. Dinner and supper in dining car. Take special sleeping car at Newark, N.J., at 8:30 P.M. Sunday, Oct. 22d, breakfast in dining car. Arrive Washington 11:55 A.M. Stop five hours; dinner at hotel. Leave Washington at 5:05 P.M. Box lunch on train. Arrive in New York 10:45 P.M. Connect with special sleeper leaving Grand Central Station at midnight via Shore Line. Arrive Boston 7 A.M. Price of tickets from Boston, \$49.50. Ticket covers all expenses as outlined in Itinerary, and is based on two persons occupying same berth in sleeping car and same bed at hotel. For those desiring berth alone in sleeping car and separate bed at hotel, rate will be \$54 from Boston. Proportionate rates will be made from other points in New England on application.

The tour has been arranged so as to permit short stay in New York on the outward trip, and a few hours at Washington on the return trip. The portion of the route which is traveled by night on the outward trip is traveled by day on the return, which is particularly desirable on account of the beautiful scenery of the Allegheny Mountains. Tickets permit stop of ten days at Washington, Baltimore or Philadelphia on the return by depositing with Depot Ticket Agent at each point. It is necessary that names be booked at an early date. For tickets and other particulars, address, J. B. HATCH, JR., 74 Sydney St., Dorchester.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

W. J. Colville has just paid a flying visit to Boston. On Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16 and 18, he lectured at the residence of Mrs. H. M. Young, 3 Tolman Place, off Warren Street, Roxbury, to select audiences. On Sunday, Sept. 17, he gave two powerful lectures in Brockton, in Good Templars' Hall. "The Dreyfus Case" and "Imperialism" were the topics treated. Questions at the close of the afternoon lecture called forth a warm but amicable discussion of present political situations and complications. He speaks in Forest Hill, a suburb of Newark, N. J., on Saturday, Sept. 23 at 3 P.M. in the home of Mr. and Miss Veselich, 899 Degraw Avenue, and resumes work in Philadelphia, Sunday next, Sept. 24.

G. C. Beckwith-Ewell, M.D., opened the meetings of the Occult Spiritual Scientists in Bridgeport, Ct., Sept. 10 and 17, and fills the platform Sept. 24 and Oct. 1 and 8; also conducts classes there Thursday afternoons and evenings during that time. Sunday, Sept. 17, in the afternoon opened the meetings of the First Association at the Cuxedo, New York. Will be in Philadelphia from Oct. 13 to 20. Address Shelton, Ct.

W. J. Colville lectures in Philadelphia, in Casto Hall, 1301 13th and Girard Avenue, Sundays, Sept. 24 and Oct. 1, at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. He speaks in Reading, Pa., Oct. 2. All letters, etc., should be addressed 108 Queen Street, Germantown, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock will confine her work to New England during the coming season. She has Oct. 22 and 29 and Dec. 31 of '99 not taken, also March and May. Societies desiring her services may address her care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter would have his correspondence note and remember that his address now is 15 No. 8 Franklin Street, Chelsea, Mass. He is open for engagements in 1900, and for week-evening calls in 1899. (Will other Spiritualist papers copy, please?)

Societies wishing the services of A. E. Tisdale for the lecture season of 1900 will please address him at 51 Park Street, New London, Ct.

G. W. Kates and wife are serving the State Spiritualists' Association of Minnesota during September. Their address is No. 1 Highland Avenue, Minneapolis.

Dr. George A. Fuller has returned from Onset to his home in Greenwich, Mass. Will lecture Oct. 1 in Greenfield, Mass.; Oct. 8 and 15 in Greenfield, Mass., and the 20th in Lowell. Would like engagement for the winter. Address at his home.

J. S. Searell has Oct. 23, Nov. 5 and 19 open dates; also some during the coming winter season, which he is anxious to fill. Address him 35 Brookline Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Dr. Sanders has removed from 21 Soledad Street, Charlestown, Mass. Mrs. E. Gilliland is located there and will answer calls.

LIST OF SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

If there are any errors in this list, we wish those most interested to inform us.

J. FANNIE ALLY, Stoneham, Mass.
JAMES MADISON ALDER, Springfield, Mo.
E. M. AVERY, East Anglia, Mass.
DR. H. C. ANDREWS, Bridgeport, Mich.
MRS. S. M. ATERTON, East Anglia, Mass.
MRS. S. M. ATERTON, East Anglia, Mass.
MRS. S. M. ATERTON, East Anglia, Mass.
BISHOP A. BEALS, Summerland, Calif.

ADDIE L. BALLOU, 1021 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.
G. H. BROOKS, Wheaton, Ill.
GART J. BALCOM, 7 Neptune Street, Lynn, Mass.
MRS. S. A. BYRNES, 7 Shennandoah St., Dorchester, Mass.
J. FRANK BAXTER, 15 Franklin St., Chelsea, Mass.
MRS. L. E. BAILY, Battle Creek, Mich.
MRS. ABIE BURNHAM, 339 Salem Street, Malden, Mass.
MRS. EMMA J. BULLENE, Dover, N. H.
MISS L. BALCOM, Boston, Mass.
MRS. SCOTT BRIGGS, 132 McAllister St., San Francisco, Calif.
PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, San Jose, Calif.
MRS. H. MORSE BAKER, Granville, Pa.
MRS. S. E. W. BISHOP, South Milton, Mich.
S. L. BEAL, Brockton, Mass.
DR. C. T. H. BENTON, 3305 Rhodes Ave., Chicago, Ill.
ALBERT P. BIRCH, 1000 Broadway, New York.
ALLEN FRANKLIN BROWN, San Antonio, Tex.
MRS. OBER-BRIGGS, 738 Richmond St., Cincinnati, O.
MRS. NELLIE S. BADE, 411 14th Street, Detroit, Mich.
MRS. B. B. BAKER, 50 Bayview, Trenton, N. J.
E. J. BOWELL, 20 Home Ave., Mt. Pleasant, Providence, R. I.
MRS. A. CHARTER, 76 Hyde Street, East Boston.
DEAN CLARK, 108 Bunker St., Boston, Mass.
MRS. HEITIE CLARK, Onset Bay, Mass.
GEORGE W. CARPENTER, San Francisco, Calif.
MRS. MARITTA F. CLOSS, Hartford, Mass.
MRS. C. H. CLARK, 306 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
LAURA CUMMINS, 66 Palmer Avenue, Springfield, Mass.
W. J. COLVILLE, care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.
MRS. A. A. CATE, 13 Fourth Avenue, Haverhill, Mass.
MRS. S. K. D. COXANT, Room 2, 85 Bowditch St., Boston.
MRS. E. CUTLER, Eden Park, Pa.
MRS. A. E. CUNNINGHAM, 112 Huntington Street, Boston.
MRS. E. B. GRADY, Concord, N. H.
MRS. ABIE W. CROSSETT, Waterbury, Vt.
MRS. E. CROSBY, 8 Dwight Street, Boston.
MRS. D. DICK, 9 Boston Ave., Boston, Mass.
CARRIE C. VAN DUSE, Geneva, O.
J. W. DENNIS, 120 Normal Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
MRS. JULIA E. DAVIS, 49 Dickinson St., Somerville, Mass.
MRS. E. DAVIS, 309 Normal Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
DR. G. C. BECKWITH-EWELL, Shelton, Ct.
MISS ELIZABETH EWER, Exeter, N. H.
EDGAR W. EMMERSON, 183 Bridge Street, Manchester, N. H.
PROF. SILAS W. EDMUNDS, 59 Camp St., New Orleans, La.
GEORGE A. FULLER, Greenwich, Mass.
E. B. FAIRCHILD, 308 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
MRS. ADA FOYE, Box 57, Chicago, Ill.
MARY L. FRENCH, Box 8, Townsend Harbor, Mass.
MRS. MAGGIE GAULE, 1001 14th Ave., Baltimore, Md.
MRS. S. M. GLADIN, 306 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
J. C. F. GRUMBINE, 1718 West Genesee Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
T. GRIMSHAW, Onset, Mass.
MRS. S. E. HALL, 12 Burrill Street, Roxbury, Mass.
MRS. SAUL R. HAY, 120 Normal Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
LYMAN C. HOWE, Fredonia, N. Y.
MRS. H. G. HOLCOMB, 68 Acushnet Ave., Springfield, Mass.
MRS.