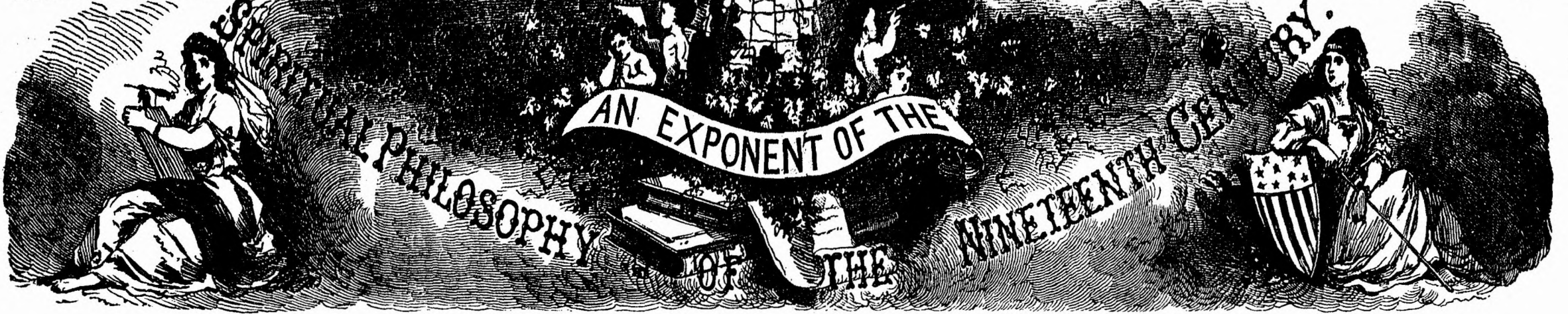


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NO. 5.

THE KINGDOM TO COME.

[These verses contain that in them which no man long, unless he has capacity first to reject a part of himself, can reject. It is that bread of life which, coming down from heaven and resting upon the heart of man brings, whenever (not permitting his resolution to be "steeled" over with the idle cast of thought) he eats it, drops of sweat to his brow. There was wine in the author's veins when they were written. And men will hereafter (as they have always been heretofore), be led, when they drink wine, to remember the truth that is in the world, and that it has touched them: truth that is coming now, with power that will be felt to accelerate, to rule the world, until it stands in it the one power dominant.]

There's a land that's in vision to come,
When our deeds, then grown nobler,
Shall earth's fruits then grow sweeter,
And all flowers ever fairer to see,
I have gazed on that un-dripping home,
When our selfishness (heaving us),
Shall that snake (now deceiving us),
Never bite in the garden to be.

Dear land, in men written to come,
When their greed (having left men),
Will the beasts (that are left then),
Walk attendants and friends by their side.
It is written in men's hearts, is this tale,
In a language (as it's law), not to fail
Of a temple, being built, to abide.

Honeyed land (of the Sun) that's to come,
When soft words, from the mind, will make gentler
the wind:

Not one thing, then, not dear to us,
Will the air's birds, then, come near to us,
Columba! gaud our cheek press his plume.
He will coo in our ear, then, a dear tale to hear,
To be felt (when love's centered at home).

Then no more will the truth be betrayed,
Nor to merchant—that pass—sold for greed.
In temples of justice, dismayed,
Shall all jurglers with precedents heed
That Light's Word, and not take it in vain,
Nor, as vast mountains of dead bones they swallow
At what's simple to babes shall they strain.

And our hearts, then, no longer a heaven
For the soul of the hog, or the hate
That's the soul of the serpent, to bite
From each earth, through her gates they'll be driven
And go forth to be melted in light.

And the sons of the morning, that war
With sure launces of life-piercing light,
Loving daughters of sun-set shall meet,
From the quarters of earth traveling far
To the place of departure of light.

It is written in law: it shall come.
It is carved on all souls as they be.
As our deeds they grow nobler
Shall earth's fruits, then, grow sweeter,
And all flowers ever fairer to see.
There's inscribed, of that on-coming home,
On men's souls, with a key by each portal
Of her twelve gates immortal
To a language: the language to be.

Near at hand: Shall the truth up, arise
From that grave made by greed, (which makes
death)—
And the offspring of greed (which is lies)—
Shall the feet of men press down beneath.
Earth shall rest in the bosom of heaven,
Pain depart, with departure of strife.
Through our ven's shall, as music,
Be driven
Our blood,
And its rhythm (then taught, perfect) be
Lifted.
Berkeley, California.

NOTE.—Do not suppose from the above prefatory reference to wine that the author advises any one who does not now drink wine to drink it. His meaning is this: Stop such unwholesomeness as is produced by injustice in the world and no man will then be either made drunk or in any manner harmed by wine.
It may thus be heard, by those having ears long enough, by what process man has, himself, closed behind him that gate of remembrance which he one had of the meaning of all things; also, by what process of courage (unselfishness) he may, even to the uttermost, work his way back through the fire that during (carelessness) will alone kindle, into the territory of another State, which might now be well added to those already United—the state of complete understanding.]

From the "Revue Parisienne," June Number.

The Marvellous and the Psychic Force.

The experiences in magnetism, Spiritualism, hypnotism—whatever we call the manifestations of psychic force have always stirred people.

For the past few years science has contributed its share to the study of that psychic force which one notes without being able to explain, just as we see the effects of electricity every hour without being able to define the causes.

Side by side with the adepts in revelations to the believers, are always a large number of doubters who particularly deny the phenomena relating to communication over a distance. But here it is that the experiences with wireless telegraphy establishing a communication between two beings thirty thousand meters distant without any connecting link other than the atmosphere, throw a singularly clear light upon the obscure and puzzling question of telepathy. And the most sceptical now confesses that there is no longer anything "insensate," that our thinking brain, our brain at work, sends out waves producing vibrations at a distance.

It would seem to us as if the *Revue Parisienne* could not ignore a problem which stirs all minds to-day, that of the layman as well as the scholar. We have wanted to study the problem for our readers as well, and hence have particularly referred to Messrs. Tisot, Flammarion, Sardou and De Rochas. The men whose celebrated and honored names we have just mentioned have become illustrious in the fine arts, astronomy, literature, mathematics. They are the authorized representatives of four great divisions in the intellectual class. One will not doubt admit that we could not have made a better choice for a successful inquiry.

The following is a letter very willingly written by Tisot to Monsieur de Brunoff, our director, to which is added an account of the famous séance which took place at the house of Eglinton, in London, May 5, 1884:

My Dear Friend—You ask my opinion on certain spirit phenomena—ultra, supernatural,

or simply natural, phenomena—whatever you please. My opinion can be stated briefly.

Aside from the experiences of Eusapia Palladino, about which sufficient and perhaps too much has been said, and which are in fact very few and far between, I have little to communicate. About fifteen years ago innumerable mediums suddenly sprang into being all at once. It was like an overflowing sea, to the despair of investigators. Since then we have had very few at best. Astonishing facts have become rarer, and difficult to obtain. The public lost sight of phenomena. As an inquiring race peered spiritual food, shepherds or rather charlatans appeared to fleece the sheep and take advantage of them. They have multiplied; we are overwhelmed by them in all classes of society: occultists, cabalists, wizards, and especially talkers of all kinds have inspired power, developed tendencies for investigation into the hereafter—an inexhaustible field for collecting money from the guileless and deceiving one's neighbor.

About 1880-1885 I noticed some very curious cases in England. I had examined nearly all the mediums existing at that time—Cecil Husk, Lottie Fowler, Coleman, Everitt and others, especially Eglinton, who was at the height of his power. I had also seen W. Crookes, Aksakof, the Cook family (whence came the famous Katie King). I noted all that took place during these séances, and if it will interest you, I will give you a copy of what I wrote after her famous séance which gave me material for "The Apparition," so falsely understood everywhere.

I have always continued my researches in these perplexing phenomena. I have seen all the mediums in Paris, poor things. Here and there I have found interesting cases, hidden in solitary interiors, and convents, whose concealed mysteries I am very happy to have been able to penetrate. As to phenomena in the latter places, my watchword is "Silence," and you will understand that I must not divulge what I have seen. When the time comes, all will be known.

Truly yours,

JAMES TISSOT.

One can see that Tisot's belief is not blind. He believes, and states the same simply, but with reservation. Fraud does not escape him. Before giving Tisot's account of the famous séance in London, May 5, 1884, at Eglinton's house, it would be well to give our readers a few facts concerning the celebrated medium.

William Eglinton was born at Islington the 10th of July, 1857, in the northwest quarter of the city. His father, a sort of agnostic, native of Scotland, refused to believe in any religion. His mother, on the other hand, was all sweet nature and piety. The child, William, took after his father, believing in nothing. He was sixteen when his mother died, and the loss of one dearly loved stirred him deeply. For the first time he began to reflect on death. Could it be possible to vanish like that without being by some mysterious links connected with those one has loved? Could this be but a seeming end? Does the entire being die, or only a part? Just then a course of lectures was being arranged at the College of Sciences by Charles Bradlaugh. The father and son attended them with a curiosity which was still more aroused by a discussion between two professors, Messrs. Lexton and Foote. M. Lexton had laughed at the teachings of Allen Kardec, after having rejected them for many years. He begged his auditors not to reject his opinions without examination, and to test the experiences which had converted him. "What harm, after all, in trying?" thought Eglinton, and made up a small circle, resolved upon making experiments.

According to M. Rambaud, author of a remarkable study on psychic power, the following was Eglinton's mode of procedure: He asked first of all a half-light for his operations. The gas was lowered to the "blue light" point. The audience is seated. Any locality is chosen for the experiments so as to banish all idea of fraud. The brightness of the light is softened by enveloping the globes and candles with paper.

This done the medium Eglinton enters the room "in a trance," to use the English expression. He goes to and fro, walks about in the way of the dervishes, stamps on the floor furiously, rubs and twists his hands; then comes to a sudden stop, crosses his arms and becomes immobile. At this moment appears on different parts of the medium's clothes shining white patches, which, uniting on his breast, slowly fall as a transparent sheet from his body to the floor. Imagine the heavy smoke of a cigarette, which, having finally touched the floor, unrolls in heavy clouds, grows blacker, rises, always more opaque, to the head of the medium, who, with a scream, falls heavily to the floor in a state of absolute catalepsy; and in place of him the luminous smoke, materializing suddenly, takes on the form of some one long since dead or some absent person. This materialization is complete. The individual whose image one sees is seen alike by all; it speaks, walks, and is palpable. Sometimes, if the experience is prolonged, it happens that the medium, not moving from where he lies stretched on the ground, himself materializes and appears in his turn by the side of the spectre evoked.

TISSOT'S ACCOUNT OF THE SEANCE OF MAY 5, 1884, AT EGLINTON'S HOUSE.

"After dinner we went up to the room for séances. The circle was small, sympathetic. Mr. Davis and daughter, Maning, Hunting of Boston, and a lady with very developed powers. Seats were assigned. I sat between Miss and Mr. Davis. The gas is lowered—complete obscurity.

"Now the medium enters in a trance, and seats himself behind me. From time to time he walks to and fro very restlessly, beats his hands, groans, walks in the dark as though he could see clearly, without stumbling, and he sinks into a low chair, behind me, which creaked at the slightest movement. He falls asleep.

"I speak with my neighbors on indifferent topics. From time to time saying. The 'control,' Joey, enjoins us not to cease conversing on anything whatsoever, because at the least silence the growing anxiety of each one exhausts the medium.

"Katie is here," a voice announces. Suddenly a signal from the left apprises me of a light behind me. It is a woman's form. I look too quickly. I scarcely see her when the form vanishes. The apparition had been neutralized by my anxiety. I resolve not to look till the form is distinct. After two minutes the light appears again. I wait a little and gently turn to the left. I see right there near me a human form, lit up by a very bluish light starting from her breast. The head, which was all wrapped up, appears very small, hardly the size of an apple. It grows larger. A completely-formed woman bends toward me and looks at me. Yes, that is Katie. I notice her chin. It seems smaller than the one I used to paint. I recognize the angelic smile, full of sweetness. Yes, it is Katie's own self. I can see her tiny throat in between the drapery falling on her breast. She has vanished.

"Joey tells me that Katie has not been well formed as yet, that she will return, and begs me not to look till the apparition is complete.

"We speak of trivial things. My neighbors, seeing the face materialize had exclaimed: 'Oh! what a sweet face! How pretty!' 'Again Katie appears, this time more distinct. This person looks as though she were alive. The face is bluish as though seen in moonlight. Sure enough, that's my Katie! But she has disappeared before I can examine the lighting of the hands.

"After a few seconds she returns, and this time I observe everything. The clasped hands seem to hold luminous ice, lit up by electricity, as it were, massed at the stomach. The vision disappears. Is it the end? Now a light appears on the right; now it is the figure of a man with brown complexion, red lips, black beard, on the head a sort of turban of white muslin which also drapes the body. In his hand a luminous body sheds light. He goes to my left, behind me, then crosses the hall before us, shows himself to the people on the right and disappears through the floor. One takes him for Ernest, the 'control,' or rather guide of the medium.

"Some minutes elapse, and the conversation drags.

"Oh! two lights near you, Mr. Tisot, two forms. Oh, how beautiful!"

"May I look?"

"Oh, yes, that is Katie and the guide."

"I turn to the right, I unite the hands of my right and left neighbors in my left hand, so as not to break the chain, while I can more easily turn around. I now see a group admirably lit up by the same blue light aforementioned, only whiter, as though one had grated off bits of the moon into their hands. It is the same man, somewhat Indian in aspect, leading a young woman, Katie.

"This is beautiful! More beautiful than I had hoped to see! That's really Katie!" I exclaim in a low voice.

"I notice everything—the folds of the drapery, the position of the hands. The man holds one hand near Katie, as if to make her more visible; the other hand holding some of her drapery. He seems to lead her as if she were his child, his sister. And while I devour the scene with my eyes, Katie bends lower and kisses my lips. Her skin, as soft as a child's, seems warm and full of life, and on her face rests the same expression of happiness, of intense joy. I can recognize Katie's kiss exactly. She rises, then stoops again, kisses me a second time, then slowly withdraws, and all is gone. All those present have seen her; each according to his seat in the room has seen her profile or full face. It seems that my neighbor as well as myself were both as much 'lit up' as the luminous apparition itself; the whole effect was prodigiously impressive. What a surprising and unusual spectacle—this mixture of human and superhuman beings! That was all."

Much of the above appears very fantastic and doubtless very unlikely to many of our readers. We simply aim to give an account of the experiences of an honest witness, leaving each one to judge at his discretion. All the skeptics can say is that the most honest men can be mistaken; that they are the subject of some hallucination which anxiety or fear can produce; that, if doubters, they may be the dupes of charlatans, whose facility in producing strange phenomena is truly beyond imagination. And yet many of these experiences are only made-up affairs. Some years ago, in a hall in Paris frequented by fervent Spiritualists, apparitions would appear, and every one present in good faith recognized a brother, father or an ancestor. Two people, convinced that these visions were a mere fraud, succeeded in obtaining admittance to one of the séances. They professed their "belief" in advance, hence were readily admitted; but had agreed to throw themselves resolutely upon the apparition, which they did, creating a scene of horror: the two "ghosts," pined down by the two visitors, struggled desperately. The last feeble light was extinguished; the bodies were rolling on the floor together. Some of the audience struck matches, lit a

lamp. The ghosts had used their teeth; the blood flowed from the wounds; these were genuine flesh and blood ghosts, and were recognized as Messrs. X— and Y—. Do you think that all those present were convinced? You deceive yourself strangely. Some people continued to affirm that their particular apparitions must be genuine, for the one had seen his own father, the other an ancestor.

We have not forgotten the sad story of the spirit photographer who passed his last years in the reformatory, a case plainly showing, as says Dr. Gustave Le Bon, that a belief is altogether different from an opinion under discussion: "A belief, sunk into consciousness to form there that solid residue called 'idea,' possesses as its essential characteristics the quality of being imperative and not open to analysis or discussion."

In his illustrious work, "The Psychology of Socialism," Dr. Gustave Le Bon adds that we need not turn to the heroic age to understand what is a belief which cannot be discussed: "One need only to look about one to find a lot of people possessing on a hereditary basis of mysticism, beliefs, in the bud, derived from this mystic soil, which no argument can destroy. All the small religious sects embracing for twenty-five years—as they included at the close of Paganism—Spiritualism, Theosophy, Esotericism, etc., count numerous followers in the mental state where belief can no longer be destroyed by any argument. The celebrated process of spirit photographs is most instructive on this subject. Photographer B— confessed to his audience that he had obtained all the spirit photographs sent to his duped clients by photographing manikins dressed up for the purpose. The argument may seem categorical, but he never convinced the 'believers' of the fraud! In spite of the photographer's confession, and presentation to the audience of the manikins which had served as models, the 'spirit' followers emphatically maintained that they had perfectly recognized in the photographs the features of deceased relatives."

Is not the obstinacy in the two above cases extraordinary? These examples easily show the power of a belief which, firmly rooted in consciousness, has become a "fixed idea."

BRENNUS.

(Miss B. M. Grossmann, Translator.)

[To be Continued.]

Does it Prove Reincarnation?

In view of the approaching International Congress of Spiritualists to take place in Paris in 1900, the French Spiritualist press is collecting all the evidence possible to prove reincarnation to be a fact, and to show that it has a moral, scientific and philosophical basis. We give two of the most remarkable cases thus far presented. They will be found interesting to all students of mental phenomena, whether they accept the theory of reincarnation or not:

Case No. 1.—The first of these cases is from *Le Progres Spirite*, and is, slightly condensed, as follows:

Some time before the birth of the child in question (who is now three years old) some spirits announced to me that he would have great mediumistic faculties, and later various notable physical manifestations occurred in his presence at different times, which have confirmed me in the faith that these predictions would be fulfilled. According to these spirits they lived in England several centuries ago, where they were given to the practice of necromancy, alchemy and astrology, by means of which practices they had caused many evils, and in the end they were killed by a disaster they brought upon themselves. They sought to reincarnate themselves, that they might bestow mediumistic faculties in order to redeem themselves from the evil they had formerly done, and which had been the cause of their untimely end, at the same time contributing to the implanting of Spiritualism and aiding its final triumph.

A few weeks ago the child (entertaining himself by playing and chattering in my room) startled me by speaking of England, which, to my certain knowledge he had never heard mentioned. I asked him if he knew what England was, and he replied:

"It is a country where I lived a long time, long time."

"Was you little then, as now?"

"No, no; I was large—larger than you, and had a long beard."

"And were your mamma and I there also?"

"No; I had another papa and another mamma."

"And what did you do there?"

"I was always working with the fire, and once I burned myself so that I died."

I must confess that all this appears to be only the dreams of childhood, yet the coincidence is sufficiently singular to cause me to attribute it to reincarnation.

Also a few weeks ago this child said to my wife that his little aunt (whom he had never seen only in the first few months of his planetary existence, and consequently could retain no memory of her) had come, and he passed the entire night talking to her; adding that he had seen and heard her distinctly. Also my wife, who slept with her mother that night, dreamed of the same person, who had died a few months previously.

What do you think of all this?

EMILE DE W.

Case No. 2.—During my residence in St. Petersburg, writes M. Henri Stecki in *La Revue Spirite*, one of my friends and a brother in Spiritualism, M. C. Moriondo, with his daughter

of three years of age, was greatly surprised to hear her say that she was a Pole. As her parents were Swiss-French, this was a novelty indeed, for the child, although she had a Russian nurse, had never heard Poland or the Poles mentioned. Her parents took great pains to make her understand that she was French, because they were French, but the logic of such reasoning did not convince the child—"No," she said, "I am a Pole, and remember very well when my mother died."

"You do not know what you are speaking of," replied the mother; "for do you not see that I am not dead, but speaking to you?" "I do not speak of you," replied the child, "but of my other mamma—the Polonese. When she died they put her in a beautiful shroud; afterward they placed her among many lights in a hall that was very beautiful and grand. All day the priests came and sang. Another day they came and put her in a large red box and carried her away. My other mamma was rich; we had a grand and beautiful hall, and horses and coaches."

"Has someone told you this story?" asked the mother.

"No; no one has told it to me; I remember well; I was large once."

M. and Mme. M. often interrogated their child, but always obtained the same answers, although when they insisted too much in this matter, the child became confused and concluded by giving only evasive answers, or saying with a smile: "I know nothing."

HENRI STECKI.

—The Harbinger of Dawn.

The Work of the Mothers' Congress and Clubs.

One of the fundamental objects of our work is character building from the cradle. When this is given the greatest prominence in all education, all work, then will principle rather than policy dominate the lives of men and women, and truth and justice will sit enthroned in human consciousness. Then will cease the wild, mad worship of Mammon, for mere wealth will not be accepted as a substitute for that which is above all price, a noble manhood or womanhood. The question will be, not, What has he? but, What is he? One of the most pathetic sights in the world to-day is that of a youth without ideals, with sordid motives, with a standard of material possessions, and a desire to attain success because of what it will bring rather than because of merit.

The great interest which our movement has awakened everywhere is a most hopeful sign in the closing years of a century which marks one of the most extraordinary epochs in the world's history. Indeed, it is one of many significant evidences that great spiritual forces are stirring in the hearts and minds of mankind, and bearing fruit in a thousand forms which presage a new era, the dawn of which is already breaking. Our movement is organized for the purpose of securing the highest development of the manifold interests of the home, through cooperation with educators and legislators to secure the best physical, mental, and moral training for the young, enlightenment of motherhood upon the problems of race development, and improvement in the condition of motherhood in all walks of life.

Our work is essentially fundamental in character. We are endeavoring, as far as possible, to save the race through the child. We aim to substitute enlightenment for ignorance in regard to maternity; to make of every household a home by educating the fathers and mothers in true parenthood, by bettering the condition of the home, multiplying its pleasures and creating more ideal surroundings for the children.

The mental attitude of thousands to-day is one of receptivity. Never before were people so ready to accept new thought from all sources. It has been truly said: "To cure was the voice of the past; to prevent is the divine whisper of to-day." May the whisper grow into a mighty shout throughout the land, until all mankind take it up as the battle-cry for the closing years of this century.—Mrs. Theodore Weld Birney, in *The Coming Age*.

How comforting to the mourner is the first genuine assurance that the one who has gone from the home circle still lives and loves! How brightly the sun seems to shine! How beautiful earth suddenly becomes! These transformations are solely due to Spiritualism and its glorious revelations. Cherish your medium, then, O Spiritualists, that they may be enabled to comfort every mourning son and daughter of earth. Support your Spiritualism by word, by purse and by deed, in order that all of the children of men may learn for themselves its lessons of divinity and immortality.

Slander is the weapon of the malicious, used for the purpose of discrediting virtue and of overthrowing the standard of purity in every community. No true Spiritualist will resort to it, neither will he countenance it after it has been exhibited to him. "Shame on the slanderer!" is the warning of the angels in heaven.

"The soul that knows can safely rest When doubt and fear are dispossessed."

Spiritualists, ponder well the words of the poet, and see to it that your souls are at once dispossessed of all fear, that your doubts are conquered, and your griefs assuaged by the influence your Spiritualism exerts upon your daily lives.

THE CALL OF THE AGES.

BY THOMAS H. D. OTTON.

PART III.

The first grand lesson taught us
As we enter this glory light,
Is the trend of our existence,
Which makes for truth and right,
When free from the blighting influence
Of apathy and sorrow,
Linked by the tie of kinship
With the living and unborn,
Soon we shall know our own.
The mighty concentration
Of wisdom, truth and love
Now dawning on each nation—
This glorious flash-light shows us
That we are one with all
Of the race of man on earth,
And with one mighty call.

The ages of the past
Leap forth from the grave of time,
Proclaiming this great lesson,
Eternal and sublime:
That each is all, forever,
That all is each to-day.
Awake, oh, man, from slumber!
Behold, glad morning's ray
Adorns the hills! No longer
The night of death holds sway:
For LOVE, THE MIGHTY CONQUEROR
OF GREED has come to stay!

That little wail in tatters
Is I, my very self.
(Death never changed a human
Into a fairy elf.)
That boy asleep by the snowdrift
Is you, is I, as true
As the leaf and fruit are one
With the tree on which they grew!

Those little walls of sorrow,
No matter where they're found,
Are one with you and me;
And the so-called rich are bound
With us by the common tie
Of nature, race and kin
To feel the pains, the hardship,
And the pangs of hunger keen.
The blinding cold which comes
To the luckless girl and boy,
Whose lives so little rellish
Of comfort, hope or joy.

The grief of the stricken mother
Summoned to leave her child
At the call of the monster grim—
To her fate unconcerned—
This grief is yours and mine
In essence, in very truth;
And our peace can never be perfect
Till every suffering youth
Shall feel relief from the anguish
Of hunger, want and joy,
And echo the shout of
Which every child should know.

If my hand is crushed, the pain
Is felt in every part:
The throbbing pulse ebbs low
In response to the fainting heart.
My being is all enlisted
To relieve my luckless hand,
For then will the balm of healing
To every part extend.

Consistency pervades
Both the atom and the earth,
The sun and every planet
Which had its wondrous birth
In the mighty evolution
Of energy involved
As each cataclysmic bubble
From the central orb evolved.
The universes of matter
Linked by this endless chain—
Atom to atom clings;
Stars ever wax and wane.

Standing alone in his glory,
Scanning the wondrous scene,
This power in all prevailing
By the eye of man is seen.

Consistency, fair jewel!
We worship at your shrine
In theory and song;
But, O, for the power divine
To make your presence felt
In the spirit of man to-day,
Guiding his every act
In Wisdom's perfect way!

7 Brady street, San Francisco, Cal.

Funeral Address by J. Clegg Wright.

Mrs. Harriet S. Maltby passed to the higher life at her home, Fairmount Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 5, 1899.

She was the relict of the Rev. B. K. Maltby, late of Cincinnati, a man of learning and eloquence, for forty years a minister of the Episcopal Church.

Four daughters remain, viz.: Mrs. Capt. James Shelby, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Dr. Nicely, Glen Este, Ohio; Mrs. Geo. E. Crosby, Kenton, Ohio; and Mrs. J. Clegg Wright, Amelia, Ohio.

The funeral services were held Sunday, Sept. 10, in the Christian Church, Fairmount Avenue, Cincinnati, Mr. J. Clegg Wright delivered the following address:
The subject of our grief to-day is happier now. Her race is run; she has gone down the dark and mysterious road to her place in that great throng of spirits to which she belongs. She heard the call of destiny and obeyed. She passed in silence and peace to a better world.

No woman ever had a greater love for her family and friends. She had passed the landmark of three score and ten by nearly ten years. She had had time to face and think out the great problem of life and death. The great problem, shall I live after the death of the body? stood constantly before her sensitive and meditative mind.

What a great, a splendid love of life she had! Her love of life burned like a fire in her thoughtful heart. I want to live again and meet the loved ones in a happier world than this. Her beloved, her one true and only love, had passed on over the same mysterious road ten years before, and the blessed thought of union again was an inspiration in her death and a living thought throughout all her anxious days. Her soul was full of him, her lover, the father of her children, and the one supreme ideal of her mind and heart.

The eyes of her love looked upon death as the supreme and finished of nature's tragedies. Her everlasting hope was to meet again in the spiritual world him who was an hourly presence in her brain and heart.
In contemplating her character, there is nothing to blot or to hide. She was a true, a pure, and a noble woman. No man or woman did she ever wrong. Her virtue was complete. In her youth she was beautiful, both in character and form, educated and refined, of a good family, and reared in the northern part of the State of Ohio. She married more than sixty years ago, the Rev. B. K. Maltby, a gentleman who served the cause of Christ in the pulpit for a little more than forty years. He was a man of delicate physical constitution, but a man of superior talents and learning; she gave her best thought and life to him and the great cause that they loved. She was zealous in the church, and in the cause of human liberty. Her husband favored the cause of the slave in the South, and was one of the first champions of the anti-slavery party at the North. She walked by his side in sunshine and in sorrow. She labored for the suffering, she worked hard in the church. She gave the best part of her life for the good of others. For forty years she did this.

Many a soul in heaven will meet her with joy, and bless her for what she did in the years gone by.
The work of the church did not keep her from the duties she owed to her family and children. While she delightfully shared the burdens with her reverend husband, she watched the tender buds of life at home. In the early years of her married life she watched over the fragile health of her husband with

jealous and persistent care. She took a part too in his literary labors; she read manuscript, corrected proof-sheets, and sometimes aided in composition. She worked in the Sunday-school. She discharged the work with fidelity that fell to her as the wife of a minister in so populous a place as Cincinnati.

It is difficult at this time to measure the good she has done in the world, and to correctly estimate the value of the life that has just departed.

In her later years her mind took a wider view of life and its future. She was never a dogmatist. Goodness of character, the true nobility of spiritual worth, she did not discount; but as she grew to see a great truth in nature and as the vistas of the soul's vast possibilities opened up before her, she turned to spiritual communication with the so-called dead with delight and restful joy. She believed in her later life in Spiritualism—that there is a channel of communication open between this world and the next, and that but this veil divides us from the Great Life Eternal. Her views of God, goodness and truth enlarged. She devoutly believed in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man—a noble faith! She realized the heavy burdens imposed upon life, arising from the conflicting conditions of Nature. She, while regretting the severity of disease and the hardness of poverty for the great mass of the living world, saw that the way to ultimate happiness lay in the lines of virtue, which was a faithful discharge of the true and unalterable laws of Nature.

She believed in the final happiness of every soul and the ultimate union of the spirit with the loved ones in the better world.

She passed away without any enemy toward a single soul, and only looked for the union of her spirit with that other immortal self, the lifelong partner of her life and hopes through many long years of earthly toil.

She has come to her journey's end; she has laid down the trust; her life here in this world is complete; it is done—well done, truly.

We mourn; we weep; we feel that she has gone. The silent, the lovable sphere, has taken her away. We cannot see her again in the old place, but still we have the gentle whisperings of consciousness that she lives and is here. Let us believe that she knows that we know she is with us.

Hope and Love weave for us the sweetest consolations. The boundaries of sense are limited, but love draws in pictured dreams and fluttering thought the happy home she has found above.

Though we are shut out by sense from the great spiritual universe, we believe that around us are the spirits of the dead, but that death is but a change of conditions; that just out there is another world, and a more lasting state of being and things; that Nature conducts her vast operations by a process of evolution, and that this life is but the vestibule of a still greater life that is to come.

All organic forms of life are transient; they stay but for a time and are subject to constant change. Types of animal life and the forms of species are subject to constant and unceasing change and departure from primordial forms.

All things conform to some steady and uniform law of decay.

The best and the wisest of the race must give up to decay. One generation comes after another.

The grave is the birthplace of new forms of life. The soul's consciousness is the birthplace of the new life of the spirit.

The soul knows no death.

Memory comes back with perfect power.

The seer and the prophet, with their sublime attributes, are mentally normal states of consciousness in the spiritual world.

Reason belongs to man; knowledge to the eternal human spirit.

Ignorance of truth is man's great foe on earth.

Let us try to reason, then, on these great facts of nature. If an immortality follows the death of the body for the soul in higher and more perfect states, then it must be that those states are more in harmony with the conditions and needs of the soul, for, the more harmonious the environment the more perfect will be the life, and the more perfect adaptations to conditions and the less mutability and decay. Immortality of life must be the perfect life.

As we begin to know something reliable about the spiritual world, would it not be the wisest part of our conduct while here to so make it that it will be a preparation for that life that is to come? As memory will be most keen and searching there, the slightest misdeed, or wicked intent will be known to us there; would it not be the wisest to so live here that we shall have nothing but joyful memories there? These two lives are in reality but one. The same individuality persists in the spiritual world.

The life over there will not be like this, overwhelmed with conflict and storm—it will be the calm life, the love-life, the harmonious life. The adjustments of the life with the environments will be more and grow more perfect, hence the immortal life.

Death is the victory of environment.
Then the Truth will be nearer to us; to-day, it stands afar off. We shall grow in the knowledge of the mystery of life and being. We shall look upon the earth-life from a more perfect point of view, and discern the real Law of Life. We shall not be divided by prejudices and opinion, but we shall have a clearer sight of that divinity which is in us and that works for all righteousness.

We are consoled to-day at this sad hour by the truth that must be proclaimed that eternal life is natural, and that every soul in a future state of being will have an immortality. What a sublime truth and faith!

If our beloved mother could speak to us at this moment she would have to tell us these great facts of life. She would like to have these great facts spoken at this time. Could she stand where I am standing, she would say that now she knows the truth. And she would also say, "My dear children, I am not dead, I am not changed, I am another step on the wondrous road toward the Eternal and Perfect. Do not grieve for me. I am with him I love. I have found him and home; I am happy at this hour of birth and death, translation, change—for what is death but change of states?"

"My Dear Ones—I shall come back to you in inspirations, in dreams and in visions. My soul shall meet your souls on the mystic frontiers of consciousness. Do not mourn for me. This is my victory. My reunion with father is attained."

"That which I hoped for I have; it is over now. Be happy."

This would be the great utterance of her soul could she speak from this place and say what she would like to say to the dear ones left behind. The trouble is with our limited capacity; we are not yet fitted for the vision; we do not possess in full the faculty that would fit us for a perfect relation with the spiritual world. We have but the limited vision of elemental powers of perception. Yet these visions are enough to assure us that there is a more enduring and perfect life for the soul. The great interest in the future is with us. We are left, she has gone; she has laid her burden down, we have ours to carry yet a little while over the hard road amid sunshine and storm.

In looking back at her life we see our own. She is now a mirror for us. Her fate will be our fate. Like her we shall look for the last time on sun and sky, and the sweet face of love and earthly friendships and place. The eye of love will grow dim in the physical form; the heart will dry up its blood, and we shall be as she is now. We shall all be born into another life; we shall have new eyes and a new heart; we shall meet her, we shall know her, we shall love her over there. Though gone, she will abide with us. The over there is also the over here.

We cannot say adieu. She lives in our thought and love—she is an ever present power. We give up this body to the earth; this body is not mother; this body is dead; the soul is mother, and she is living.

Some day the darkness on the mountain will have passed away, the sun will rise upon her paradise of flowers, and in the sweet eternity of love and peace she will bid us a happy and hearty "Good-morning." With this fond hope we pass this body to its place in the earth to meet the common elements of nature from which the soul took it in the days allotted to its life and sojourn here. We bow to necessity, for our love would fain have held her here.

MARION GOLDBORO;

OR,

WHAT ONE WOMAN ACCOMPLISHED.

WRITTEN BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "The Discovers Country," "Oceanides," a Psychological Novel, "Mary Ann Carey," "Philip Carlyle," a Romance, &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ABODE OF A BEGGAR.

Marion awoke the next morning slightly depressed. The roses on her cheeks were not quite as bright as usual; a vestige of care lingered about the superb eyes, which during the breakfast hour met those of her father with a troubled, enquiring expression.

"Have you slept well, my daughter?" asked Mr. Goldboro. "You look a little wearied."

"Father," said Marion, "the woes of the world oppress me."

"You cannot help the woes of the world, my child. Do not think about them."

"The world is sunk in wickedness," remarked Mrs. Goldboro. "You should be extremely thankful, Marion, that God has given you so many blessings, and that your lot is not cast among the unregenerate."

Marion arose. "Willie," she said, "will you order the carriage? I am going to make an early call. I am to call on a beggar, papa, a young girl not older than myself."

"Marion!" exclaimed her mother severely, "how can you be so foolish? I cannot have my daughter visiting the slums of New York for any purpose whatever, not even for charity."

"I have promised to go, mamma, and cannot break my word. My maid will go with me."

"If you will go, Marion, if you must be so wilful, I beg that you will not enter any of those wretched abodes of poverty, vice and crime, without suitable protection. Be sure that James, the footman, is directly behind you at all times, and your maid by your side. I think it well that you also take Mrs. Allard along."

"No, mother, Bess must receive her lessons. James and my maid will be sufficient."

An hour later the Goldboro carriage rolled down the mean side street, which, after all, was not much more than an alley lined on either side with the wretched abodes of the very poor. Such a grand sight as the carriage with its spirited, prancing horses, its liveried driver and footman, and the elegant lady, with her maid, seated within it, had never before been seen in that poverty-stricken neighborhood within the memory of its oldest inhabitants.

As the carriage rolled along, Marion saw very many squalid, unkempt children, some of them actually barefooted on this cold, frosty morning, running up and down this narrow, broken pavement, trying to play; but so blue and shivering that they scarcely more than made a faint of it. Each and all stopped with staring eyes and open mouths as the carriage passed them. Pale, dejected faces, could be seen peering from the grimy windows. Many of the doorways were filled with young men and old, and about the passages were gathered little knots of the "lords of creation," discussing the topics of the day. Taken altogether, it was a motley sight for the untutored eyes of the youthful Marion. Her face wore a troubled, questioning expression, as she glanced about her.

Why did these men live and keep their families amid such unsavory surroundings? Why were such wretched abodes allowed to exist in a great and wealthy metropolis like New York? Why, oh! why should any human being be allowed to suffer with cold and hunger?

To Marion these sights and questions were new; but to the most of us who are older and more sophisticated they are as old as humanity itself and who has ever yet answered them satisfactorily? Perhaps the day may be approaching when they will be answered, but it is not yet.

Marion alighted, and together with her maid and footman entered the dilapidated building.

"My father is in that room," said the maid, pointing toward a door at the farther end of the narrow passage. Just then the door in question opened and a man's face peered forth.

"Jennie, is that you, my girl?" he asked.

"It is, father," replied Jennie. "We are going now to the top of the house, and I will be down again directly."

"All right," and the father closed the door, but not until he had cast a glance of curious surprise at the richly dressed young lady and her liveried footman.

The three ascended the stairways, which were almost totally dark—so dark, indeed, that they were obliged to fumble with their hands and clutch at unexpected creaking balusters in order to save themselves from falling, passing many places that were exceedingly dangerous, where the railing had fallen away. Three flights of dark, dirty stairs and the party paused before the door of the back garret. This door had lost a number of its panels, and rough boards had been nailed across instead, as though they might have said, "We are doing our level best to protect the inside from cold, and other horrors not to be mentioned."

The footman knocked; a bolt from the inside was withdrawn seemingly with much difficulty; the door was opened softly, and the pale face of the youthful beggar of yesterday looked forth.

"I have kept my word, as you see," said Marion with a smile. "Is your mother well enough to receive visitors?"

The young girl glanced at Jennie and the footman. "If you please," she said scarcely above a whisper, "mother is very, very ill indeed. If you would come in alone—I fear that so many would startle her. The doctor says she is liable to sink at any moment."

Marion turned to Jennie: "You had better go below and remain with your father; and, James," she said to the footman, "perhaps it would be as well for you to return to the carriage; having once over them, I can find my way down the stairs alone." And Marion softly entered the garret, the girl closing and bolting the door after them.

The petted daughter of the house of Goldboro stood in the centre of the apartment and looked about her for a second or two. It was the first time in her life that she had come in contact with extreme misery and want. Her heart quailed at the sight. The garret had but one small window, from which many of the paupes were missing. Over these apertures split and broken shingles had been tacked, the few cracked panes which remained lighting up the squalid scene. The roof was sloping, and the ceiling and floor came within a foot of each other at one end of the room. Two chairs that once boasted cane-seats, but from which now dangled only a few broken strands, stood near what had once been a dressing-table. It answered the purpose of a table now, but its back was broken, and its legs were stricken with the shaking palsy; a cracked plate or two, a few medicine vials, a rusty tin cup with a handle, two or three cracked and discolored cups and saucers rested wearily and in disorder upon it. A small cot, with poor and scanty covering, stood in one corner, and the thin form and pinched, ghastly face of a woman were outlined upon it.

The morning was exceedingly cold, but not a vestige of fire was in that wretched place. There was no fireplace, no stove—not even a fire. The girl was blue, pinched and shivering, with scarcely clothing enough to keep her from freezing outright. She placed one of the chairs and asked Miss Goldboro to be seated.

Marion complied. The girl went softly to the bedside, and in a low voice said:

"Mother, the young lady who gave me the money yesterday is here. Will you speak with her? Do you feel strong enough, dearest mamma?"

The sick woman slowly turned her head and looked at Marion with large feverish eyes—eyes so brilliant, indeed, that they appeared like two unearthly fires glowing on moonlighted drifts of snow.

"Will sit there nearer?" she said feebly; and the burning eyes seemed to scorch the face of the rich lady on whom they rested.

Marion moved her chair to the side of the cot; she

removed her dainty glove and took the cold, thin, and nearly lifeless fingers within her own soft, warm ones.

"You are ill, very ill indeed," she said gently. "and something must be done directly." She glanced around once more, and then her eyes rested on the pleading eyes of the poor girl. "Is there no way of warming this room?" she asked.

"Only one," replied the girl in low tones. "An oil stove would soon warm it. But we have neither oil nor a stove. All comforts that we ever possessed have been sold, long ago, to pay the rent of this room, for, if not paid, into the street we must go. We must have this cold winter, even if we are cold and hungry."

"What did you do with the half-dollar I gave you, yesterday?" asked Marion, not seeing a particle of food on the rickety table.

"We were still owing a half-dollar on the rent, and the agent said if it was not paid before night, out we must go; and as you see, it would be impossible for my sick mother to go out."

"Have you had nothing to eat this morning?" again questioned Marion.

"Nothing, whatever," replied the girl. "The rent for the week is now paid and I intended to go out asking alms again to-day; but waited, hoping you might come, as you said."

"Do people give you much when you ask alms?"

"Very little, indeed; many, many days, nothing whatever. And, Oh!" she wailed, covering her face with her hands, "I would rather starve than beg; but my poor, dying mother must be sheltered and the little thread of life that remains within her cherished," and the poor, broken-hearted girl sobbed pitifully. The pale fingers within Marion's hand contracted nervously; the two orbs of fire blazed and burned furiously, and the sick woman's breath came pantingly.

"Now," said Marion, to the girl, "tell me what you need to make yourselves comfortable for a few days," and she took a little ivory memorandum from her pocket and jotted down each article as the girl mentioned them. "Will you go down and ask my footman to come to me?"

The girl complied with nervous haste, and James soon made his appearance.

"Take this memorandum," said Marion, "and procure all the articles herein mentioned."

Very soon the packages were at hand. Jennie was sent for to help; James remained to do what he could. A fine large oil stove was filled and lighted, and the room grew warm and comfortable; then tea was made, food cooked, and not until the sick woman had sipped a little wine and taken a few mouthfuls of food, would Marion allow her to talk. Meanwhile the daughter was drinking warm tea, eating toast, beefsteak and vegetables. A new, warm covering had also been purchased for the bed, and this was thrown over the invalid.

After paying the runners who brought the goods, Marion took from her purse ten dollars more, pressing the note into the hand of the young girl.

"Take this," she said, "and get whatever you need for the present. I must go now, but I shall come again to-morrow. Does your mother need medicine?"

"Medicine does not help her," answered the girl. "The Dispensary doctor visits her occasionally, but she grows worse after each visit. Oh! lady, it has been warmth, food and comforts my mother has needed, more than medicine, and these I have not been able to obtain for her."

"Remember I shall come again to-morrow," said Marion, as she left the room; and soon she was whirling rapidly toward home.

CHAPTER V.

GODESSA.

Marion went directly to her own apartments, and after Jennie had assisted her to don a comfortable and elegant wrapper, she threw herself into an easy-chair, dismissed her maid, and set herself to the task of thinking—thinking for herself; hoping thereby to solve some of the great problems of life. Thus far, Marion had been little more than a child, and her studies had occupied the greater part of the time. Scarcely two months had passed since her debut in society. She had left school shortly before, and the great world in one sense was entirely new to her.

Marion had been an excellent student all through her childhood and youth, strong of purpose, exceedingly thoughtful, never relaxing her hold on any subject until she conquered it. This young beggar and her dying mother were the first problems the world had set before her untried womanhood, and she must understand why such misery existed. Sometimes when her studies had perplexed her deeply, and the right answers would not come at her command, she had been in the habit of leaning her head back against the cushions of her chair, closing her eyes, allowing her brain to become quiet and very passive, nearly to the verge of sleep—it really seemed to her at such times that it was a kind of sleep—the right answers would flow into her mind seemingly from outside her own personality. She had not asked herself from whence they came, but that the answers were always correct and lucid she well knew; therefore, as the aforesaid hard problem appeared too difficult for her to master unaided, she leaned her head back like a weary child and fell into one of her dreamy states, and she thought a grand and glorious being stood before her. Was this being a creature of her own fancy? She had not tried to imagine anything of the kind. It seemed to come without any effort of her own mind; still, her eyes were closed, consequently it could not be a material or earthly form. What was it, then? Immediately she asked this question in the silence of her thought, the vision smiled and advanced a step nearer to her.

Marion did not start, well knowing, by former experience, that if she were to do so all would be dissipated. Her own face was pale now, and very placid, and her sweet lips gave back an answering smile; thereupon a long conversation ensued between Marion and the glorious vision. The words were not audible to the outward sense of hearing, but the time had come wherein Marion was to understand the beautiful secret of thought transference.

"Marion," said the vision, "your brother is right. Thought photography is a great truth. It is but another name for thought transference. The photographer has at last accomplished the feat of making visible thoughts which have been projected upon a sensitive plate. Your brains and all other brains have always been the sensitive plates, or convolutions, which have received the thoughts from a world that has been invisible to you. The earthly world is just waking up to the fact that there is an invisible world all about it. Marion, I am a being who once lived in the material, as you are doing now. I long since departed from that material body, yet, as you perceive, I am here in spirit, with you now; consequently I cannot be dead, as your father thinks all are who depart from the physical body. I am here with you, as you see; therefore your mother cannot be right, that the so-called dead never return, and the Spiritualists your father and mother both despise are right. Scientific research will soon prove it beyond cavil or question. My dear Marion, I have constituted myself your guardian, or guide, therefore I must introduce myself to you. I am in this world where I now dwell called Godezza, the true meaning of which is wisdom, love and truth residing within one personality. I have but lately taken charge of you, for up to this period others below me have answered all your requirements. You are now a woman who must meet the great world, and a spiritual guide of higher power and wisdom must be yours. Now you understand why I am here. Spiritual beings are able to read every thought which passes through

the minds of those within the material form, and I am with you to respond to your thoughts and return to you truthful answers. Whenever you listen to me you will make no mistakes. Probably we shall walk together for many years. I think it will not be necessary to change guides until you are quite an old lady."

"You tell me," said Marion, "that you are able to read my thoughts and can reply to them by thought transference. I wish I understood the secret, or rather science, of transferring thought."

"You know, dear," replied Godezza, "that light is transferred, that heat is transferred, that sound is transferred from one body to another; but man has not yet fully understood that thought is transferred, and really a great many other things besides; but in all cases there must be a medium of transfer. Light is transferred from the sun to the earth through many billions of miles of space; but there must be something to propel it, and there must exist something on which it is propelled."

"Explosive force is the power by which light is propelled, and undulating magnetic waves the vehicle on which it rides. Many call these waves vibration; but it is sometimes hard for people to understand the real meaning of the word vibration, or what it is that vibrates; and I have made it a little plainer to you, for I want you to thoroughly understand it; but the quality of thought is much finer than that of light or sound, and consequently requires a much finer medium of transfer; and this medium is the etherialized atmosphere, or ether. My thought being a real substance as fine as ether, is projected from me into this ether; the force, or explosive power of my thought, is carried by the vibrations, or tiny undulating waves set up by my thought, within the etherialized atmosphere to you. One's soul is really a mirror, and thoughts are reflected; spirits see thoughts and understand them. This is the way thoughts are transferred from spirits to those in the body; and thoughts can also be transferred from one to another, while both are in the material form."

"I wish," said Marion, "that you would prove immortality to me, so that I may never again doubt it; and she clasped her hands fervently together; "prove it to me, so that I may be able to convince my dear, dear father of the fact. I know that he desires it, but he thinks there is no proof. He pools at the spiritualistic phenomena, says he is sure it is all fraud and trickery, and all the church creeds are more obnoxious still; but if I—Marion, his daughter, whom he so dearly loves, could prove to him, it would be of more worth to him than all his wealth. Oh, Godezza! if this is not my imagination, nor some sort of self-hypnotism, give me such proof that no power on the earth can gainsay it."

"I will try to do as you desire," replied Godezza. "But I think, dear Marion, that it will take time—yet all the discoveries of the present day are inevitably leading up to the one great question: 'If a man die shall he live again?' Your father will not accept spiritualistic phenomena as proof of anything, and you desire some other way of convincing him?"

"Precisely," said Marion. "I think nothing ever will convince him, unless it be scientific reasoning; and, how can I, his young daughter, set my reasoning powers above his?"

"Unless you have aid from a higher source, you cannot," answered Godezza. "Does your father believe in hypnotism?"

"I think he does."

"By what power does he suppose that one person hypnotizes another?"

"Really, I do not know."

"He believes that the hypnotic power is an invisible power, does he not?"

"I suppose he must. Certainly! Of course he could not think otherwise."

"Then if there are so many potent powers which are invisible, why not the potent spirit and soul of a man or woman?"

"Well, that is where he falls through," replied the young lady. "Now, if you can make this as clear as the clearest daylight to me, I think I shall be able to convince him. But unless I am convinced myself, I am afraid I shall make but poor headway. These dreamy states of mine he would laugh at. They are very pleasant to me, but would count as nothing to him so far as proof is concerned."

Marion started up. A deep sigh had sounded through the room; or, at least, she was certain she heard one. She echoed the sigh herself, more deeply still, and raised her hands with a supplicating gesture. "Sorrow I have never known," she said, "Grief has been a stranger to me thus far, but a mixture of both pierces my heart when I think that my loved father cannot know that there is a future state, and here and now, I register a vow that I will live for this one purpose alone, to search for incontrovertible evidence of immortality myself, and then lay that evidence before my father in all its details and

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Golden Words.

One of the worst enemies of Spiritualism is the dishonest practitioner, the fake medium, or the people who cover him up through any personal favor, or, as they mistakenly think, for the honor of the Cause, and to save it from disgrace. If there is any man on the face of this earth meaner, more utterly contemptible than any other man, it is he who will take money coined from the broken hearts, from the hopeless tears of those who long to know whether their dead are alive; and take it, not even for what they believe to be a genuine message from the other side, but simply for the sake of the money. When a person will do that I do not believe there is anything on the face of the wide earth too mean for him to do.—*Minot J. Savage.*

Our Message Department.

In our next number we shall re-open our spirit message department, with the gifted psychic, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule of Somerville, Mass., as the medium through whom our arisen spirit-friends are to voice their words of greeting to their loved ones on earth. We believe the majority of our patrons will gladly welcome the return of these messages of love, hence take great pleasure in according to their wishes in this respect. Mrs. Soule is the talented pastor of the Gospel of Spirit Return Society of Boston, and ranks among the most reliable test mediums now before the public. Her work will speak for itself, and we are positive that she will give the best of satisfaction to THE BANNER's rapidly increasing list of readers. We take pleasure in thus formally announcing the re-opening of the famous BANNER OF LIGHT Message Department, and in presenting, as the future circle medium, the well known psychic, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule.

The First Offer!

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

To use a vulgar expression in the world, the Spiritualists ought to "put up or shut up." The offer in your last issue is, I think, a noble one. God bless the man it comes from. To refuse such an offer would I know wound his heart. To clear my skirts of that wound, I know of a person who will give one hundred dollars, if the amount can be raised. Please let me know how and to whom it shall be paid.

A true friend of the cause,

ROBERT HALFORD.

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A New York Spiritualist offers to give one hundred dollars toward the fifteen thousand required to make Treasurer Mayer's donation available. Frank Walker pledges ten dollars for the same purpose, and we are assured of a twenty-five-dollar contribution for the same worthy object. Who will be the next to place his or her name upon this roll of honor?

Mrs. May S. Pepper.

We regret to learn of the serious illness of this gifted worker at her home in Providence, R. I. She has our sincere sympathy and that of her many friends in her suffering, and the best wishes of all who know her for a speedy recovery.

An Object Lesson.

It is with deep regret that we learn through our esteemed contemporary, *The Light of Truth*, that that noble, unselfish worker, Lyman C. Howe, finds himself forced to seek other avenues of employment after forty-five years' faithful service on the spiritual platform. This he is obliged to do in order to gain a living for himself and family, as he has no lecture engagements for the entire season next ensuing. In view of what Mr. Howe has done for Spiritualism, and the value of his platform utterances, his present condition as regards engagements is the severest re-education that has been cast upon Spiritualists through the half-century that has elapsed since the first spirit voice was heard at Hydesville. Mr. Howe has long been known as a trance speaker of great eloquence, erudition and power. That such a man must retire at a time when he is best able to give to the world his profoundest thought and richest inspirations, is nothing less than a positive disgrace to Spiritualism.

There are causes for the retirement from the spiritualistic platform of such gifted workers as Mr. Howe, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Susie M. Johnson, Cephas B. Lynn, and many others equally as able as they. It is now the duty of the Spiritualists of America to ascertain those causes, and apply the remedy that will lead to different results. In the early days of the spiritual movement, the platform speakers, Loveland, Furgerson, Finney, Pardee, Miss Sprague, Miss Amedy, Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Hlyzer, and scores of others, were listened to by thousands of interested people, who were earnestly seeking for the truth. The platform was then consecrated to spiritual things, and the desire of wise spirits, both in and out of the form, was to present unmistakable evidences of fact to the people.

The ability with which the abstruse questions presented to the inspired speakers were handled was conclusive proof to the vast majority of their listeners that a power outside of themselves prompted their utterances. No other phenomena were needed, and when it was sought to introduce manifestations, that properly belonged to the home or developing circle, from a public platform, a reaction set in against Spiritualism as a movement. Backward steps never lead to progression's road, and Spiritualism was made to realize the truth of this statement when a lower order of work was substituted for a higher one.

Those who appreciated science, philosophy and religion fell away from the movement because they wanted that only which would instruct and uplift them—not that which would give them momentary amusement or divertissement. The speakers capable of presenting advanced thought soon found themselves without audiences, or with such small ones as to discourage them from speaking at all. Then the expedient was resorted to of uniting with the address such supplementary demonstrations as would attract the people. It was thought that this would force many to listen to the philosophy who otherwise would not give any attention to it. People seeking entertainment naturally objected to forced instruction of any kind, hence were only impatient while the speakers were addressing them. Therefore they remained away from the meetings when they knew that such speakers were engaged. This fact soon led spiritualistic societies to employ only those who would draw the crowds, and the workers along scientific and philosophic lines were left without employment. Some of them followed the examples of R. P. Ambler and Charles A. Hayden, and entered the ministry of either the Unitarian or Universalist churches. Some took up other professions, while others, like Mr. Howe, held on, only to meet with seeming defeat in the end.

Mr. Howe's fate is traceable to the mad worship of questionable phenomenalism. No sane man to-day denies that phenomena rest upon the evidences of fact. No true Spiritualist questions the value of these phenomena when they are genuine, yet all investigators and believers now feel that these phenomena should be carefully analyzed to determine their worth before they are presented in any form to a heterogeneous audience. This analysis can only come through scientific methods, hence a psychical laboratory is far more necessary than hundreds of crude and unclassified phenomena. When local, State and National Associations are properly supported, many laboratories can be established and thorough genuine phenomena can find their way to the people. Mr. Howe's case proves beyond all question the necessity of a pension fund from which our true and tried workers can receive that which they have honestly earned through many decades of faithful service upon the rostrum of Spiritualism. Such a fund is one of the aims of the N. S. A., yet that body is given the cold shoulder by many so-called Spiritualists because of its noble desire to furnish employment and support to worthy workers. Some ardent Spiritualists are the bitterest opponents of organization, and they can now see the results of their work. We urge the Spiritualists of America to sustain the N. S. A. in order that our ablest workers may be retained in the service of Spiritualism.

The Spirit Message.

The message of Spiritualism has been heard by only a few of the people of earth, and fewer still have heeded its commands. It came at a time when sordid greed was in the ascendancy in the minds of men, when religious intolerance, bigotry and prejudice influenced their opinions upon nearly every question, and when the heart-agonies of the world were too numerous and powerful to be longer endured. It came to give generosity in place of selfishness, kindness instead of distrust, love in place of hatred, joy instead of sorrow, and tenderness, goodness, impartiality in place of their demoralizing opposites. Some men and women heard the voices of the angels gladly, and heeded the spirit-admonitions with joyful hearts. Others listened for a time, then turned away to pursue their favorite phantoms of wealth and seeming pleasure. Others sneered and ridiculed this soft, sweet voice of the unseen messengers of God, and sought vigorously to suppress it. Persecution came, and with it much suffering and many tears on the part of the victims of man's injustice to his brothers. Still, the low, sweet call of the angels continued to exhort men to nobler living, purer thinking, truer acting. Thousands of unseen messengers came to earth, seeking to tell their loved ones of the higher and better life of the spirit. They told of the beauty and glory of goodness—of the happiness found by doing for others, of the advancement made by conquering selfishness, of the spiritual gain of man's soul through the subjugation of hate and distrust, of the peace that came from right doing

—in fine, they revealed the civilization of heaven to those who would but listen to their instructions and give heed to their admonitions. But many refused to listen, many refused to see the truth, and groped on in darkness; new ideals were disregarded, and the progress of the world embittered them. Sorrow held sway in many kingdoms, and ruled with a cruel hand. Upon this enemy of man, upon this sombre visaged tyrant, the angels sought to turn the all-potent light of spiritual truth; but he resolutely turned his face away, and continued to hide the loved of heaven from the sight of their dear ones on earth.

He made Death seem a cruel monster whose very presence betokened disaster, and he filled the hearts of all to whom he came with wailing and groans of despair. He hung the sable curtain of ignorance over the eyes of those whom he touched, and caused them to grieve as if there were no hope. Whenever he was dislodged from one position, he immediately fortified himself in another, and continued to throw clouds of doubt in the forms of creeds of fear over the minds of those to whom he had access. His power and influence seemed to wax greater and greater, and the people were left to wrestle with their griefs alone. But Sorrow knew not the subtle potency of the Soul, hence left one avenue to the citadel of man's being unguarded. That avenue is known as Intuition, through which the angels quickly sent messages of love to counteract the baleful influence of all of Sorrow's minions. Death was soon shorn of his terrors and shown to be man's kindest and best friend. Life took on a brighter coloring, as the soul learned to know its own. The heavenly message made no loud protestations of its power and purpose, but silently mined the positions of its enemy with the powder of Love and Truth, and sent missiles of affection to the very hearts of men, to remain forever. What a change was thus wrought! Peace's morning dawned, and her effulgent light was shed over all the earth. War and discord became known as public enemies, as abettors of Sorrow and Fear. The message swept onward and even selfishness and slavery were compelled to listen, and lo! the brotherhood of the race was revealed and its religion truly lived. And all of this shall come to pass when Spiritualists become spiritualized, by living up to the commands of the soul-voice of Truth, Love, Reason and Knowledge, by heeding all messages given in their behalf, and by becoming in deed, as well as in word, the custodian and exemplifiers of the civilization of equal and exact justice for all mankind.

Treasurer Mayer's Offer.

Once more we call our reader's attention to the unselfish, therefore spiritual offer of Treasurer Mayer of the N. S. A. He will donate in fee simple to the National Association property whose lowest possible valuation is fifteen thousand dollars, provided the Spiritualists of America will unite to donate a like sum in money. This is one man against many thousands of men, and the unparalleled generosity of the proposition has evidently astounded every Spiritualist in the United States. There are at the least calculation, one hundred fifty thousand Spiritualists in the United States. Ten cents from each one of them would yield the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, as required by Mr. Mayer to make his offer available. Is there one out of the number who cannot afford to give five dollars for this home for Spiritualism? Surely one dollar each is a mere bagatelle. Will you come forward and pledge your dollars? Do not hesitate to send them to the officers named in Mr. Mayer's letter to the public. Show your respect for Spiritualism and your interest in its welfare.

In the church any such offer as Mr. Mayer's would be met by one great outpouring of money on the part of his co-laborers to make his gift available. His offer would have inspired a number of people each to give a like sum for the good of their religion. Thousands of others would have hastened two, five or ten dollars each on to Washington for the same good purpose. Why can't the Spiritualists do likewise? There are men and women of wealth in our ranks who would not miss five hundred or a thousand dollars half so much as workingmen and women would miss fifty cents. Others can afford fifty or one hundred dollars each, and still have every possible comfort they now enjoy. Mr. Mayer built up his possessions by hard labor and strict attention to business; his gains have been due to well-directed effort. Cannot others be equally considerate of their religion, and do proportionally as well by it? Every speaker and medium, especially every missionary of the N. S. A., should find this proposal of Mr. Mayer's an inspiration to take hold to raise one hundred or a thousand dollars each for the "Home Fund." Who will follow the first response? Those who have even so little to spare, come forward now and meet Mr. Mayer dollar for dollar. This offer holds good until Oct. 20. Spiritualists of the United States and Dominion of Canada, now is the time for you to prove your devotion to your religion by meeting Mr. Mayer in his noble desire to advance the religion that has done so much for you.

Home Again.

The steamer *New England* reached Boston harbor in safety Sept. 22, and brought once more to their native shores Mr. B. B. Hill and Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader of Philadelphia. They reported themselves as having been greatly benefited by their trip abroad, and certainly appeared to be in the best of health. In our next issue, which, by the way, will be of especial interest to all of our readers, Mrs. Cadwallader will give some very interesting and instructive reminiscences of her trip, referring especially to the work of the Children's Lyceum in England. We are pleased to give these friends of the Cause a hearty welcome home, and trust they will feel inspired to give our readers glimpses of Europe through the mediumship of their pens.

One "Prof." (?) Slade is operating in Brooklyn. If his abilities are to be judged by his flaring advertisements, he has greater power than was ever ascribed to Olympian Zeus. If Spiritualists patronize him, they have only themselves to thank, should they be most outrageously cheated. Henry Slade, the wonder-worker of early days, originally possessed rare media gifts, but they have long since departed from him, and he is now resorting to many dubious methods to gain a living. Not a few charlatans assume his name for the purpose of deceiving the people. The only safe way is to avoid them all, not excepting even Slade himself. Slade as a medium should be cared for, but Slade the deceiver should be let alone.

Spiritualism.

Spiritualism found the world darkened by the heavy clouds of sorrow, wet with oceans of bitter tears, denuded of all its flowers by the cruel frost of death, and almost obscured by the dark fogs of doubt. It threw the bright light of knowledge upon the heavy clouds of sorrow, and lo! angel faces were revealed smiling lovingly upon the children of men. It breathed in gentle zephyrs upon the earth, and lo! all tears were dried and the soil was clothed in garments of living green, emblems of endless life. It touched with deft fingers the seared and withered flowers, and behold! they bloomed again in wondrous beauty and splendor. It threw the rays of the divine light of science upon the fogs of doubt, and behold! Truth was revealed as man's angelic guide, to lead him in safety into a home of rest, where he realized that Immortality was his even from Eternity unto Eternity. Then he blessed Spiritualism and bulled unto it an altar of thanksgiving, upon which he laid daily his offerings of good deeds and sweet and wholesome thoughts.

Dreyfus.

The Dreyfus trial is over. The long suffering officer was again convicted of a crime he never committed, but this time received the recommendation to mercy from his prejudiced judges. Acting upon this, the French Government has pardoned him, and he is now a free man. No trial in modern times has so stirred the civilized world as has that of Capt. Dreyfus. In every nation on the globe the story of his wrongs and sufferings has been told, and heartfelt sympathy evoked for this man of an alien race and nation. Outside of France very few people believe him guilty, while in France probably four-fifths of the people feel that he is innocent.

He has accepted his pardon, and is once more at liberty, yet is not free from the imputation of guilt, as implied by a pardon. To be pardoned for a crime he never committed is a travesty upon justice, and leaves a stigma upon his name. He declares that he will never rest until the guilty parties are discovered, and forced to acknowledge their share in the awful conspiracy against him. His case has awakened a fraternal sentiment in the minds of millions of people, and has done much to advance the cause of the brotherhood of the race. It takes such fearful object lessons of individual suffering to arouse people to a knowledge of their common kinship, and to make them feel their own in their neighbor's good. If the crime against Dreyfus shall result in strengthening the bonds of brotherhood among the nations of the earth, his sufferings will not have been in vain.

To the careful student of events, the Dreyfus case is full of significance. It means not the sacrifice of an individual officer alone, but an attempt to exalt the imperialistic spirit through the blind worship of the army. Behind it lurks the assassin-wish to kill the Republic that monarchy may again prevail. A monarchy always needs an army bound to implicit obedience. Ecclesiasticism always thrives under monarchical rule, hence it is easy to trace the fine Italian hand of the Roman Church in this great iniquity in France. The leading army officers, the enemies of Dreyfus, were educated by the Jesuits, and, no doubt, are in secret alliance with them to-day. The Jesuits hate republics, and are always plotting to overthrow them. A French Jew is selected to become their scapegoat that the Republic may be destroyed, and he is made to suffer every torture that flesh can endure in order to accomplish the desired result. This pardon may lead in time to the discovery of the real culprits, and when they are once unearthed, Jesuit influences and intrigues will be much in evidence in the case. Monarchy needs a large standing army; ecclesiasticism needs a monarchy in order to thrive; the conclusion is easily deducible that monarchies, armies, and ecclesiastics are bitter enemies of all republics.

The Grant Wedding.

Miss Julia Dent Grant, granddaughter of a former President of the United States, has married Prince Cantacuzene of Russia, under the impressive (?) ceremony of the Greek Catholic Church. Her wedding presents were numerous and costly, their value being nearly or quite half a million of dollars. In itself this sum represents a tidy fortune, and is far beyond the capital of ninety-eight per cent. of the American people. The usual stories of this Russo-American wedding are about, and the public is told that it is purely a true love match, and that everything is "perfectly perfect" in connection with it. In point of fact, however, a Russian Prince has bargained a share of his title for the hand of a granddaughter of America's greatest soldier of modern times. Had he been a Russian of middle rank, or she of a less famous house than that of Grant, the story of this wedding would never be told to the world.

As it is, the toiling masses in America will read of the pomp and splendor of these nuptials, of the lavish expenditure of money in a few directions only, of the eagerness with which men and women who through plutocracy's court hastened to present their costly gifts to the Russ and his wife, and then reflect (with great satisfaction, no doubt) upon their squalor and misery, their sufferings and poverty.

No doubt such ceremonies are impressive and awesome; no doubt they are exceedingly patriotic; no doubt they cause the groaning millions of America's poor to bless the day they were born and exalt the beauties of their agony. It may be a love match; the Prince may be the best man on earth; his wife may be an archangel in a woman's form; it nevertheless is a fact that they are both human beings, dwellers in material bodies, and in this respect co-heirs with all of earth's millions to the heritage of so-called death. Their clay, therefore, is in no wise superior to that of others, nor do they get away from the category of human beings because of rank and wealth. It is apparent that this union is another offering to European nobility from fawning plutocracy in America. It is another evidence that American caste is not satisfied with sterling American manhood, but must bargain its daughters as slaves were sold of old, in the market of titles, where virtue is unknown and purity held up to ridicule. We have only good wishes for these young people as individuals, but our Americanism is of a type that causes us to repudiate the principle involved in these international marriages where wealth and titles are the objects of sale. An honest, untitled American boy or girl is a far nobler specimen of manhood and womanhood than is he or she who hastens to put honor on sale in the court of Mammon.

Boston Spiritualism.

The majority of the Spiritualist societies in Boston will open their meetings Sunday, Oct. 1. We wish them a successful season, and trust that many investigators may find their way to these gatherings. The Boston Spiritual Temple will open its services in Berkeley Hall with Mr. F. A. Wiggan as speaker. Mr. Wiggan's well known ability is a guarantee that he will be greeted by large audiences throughout his stay in Boston. He has a message for the people, and the ability to interpret that message to the souls of men. We welcome him to the city and trust that he will receive a hearty greeting from all seekers for truth who may visit Berkeley Hall Sunday, Oct. 1.

The Mills Meetings

Are to be continued, but not by our valiant friend and brother, B. Fay Mills. It is understood that Mr. Mills is obliged to desist from public speaking, and cannot therefore go on with the work of last year. Mr. Howard, an ex-Presbyterian minister from California, is to take charge of the meetings in Parker Memorial Hall, and may be invited to continue the Sunday meetings established by Mr. Mills.

Dr. W. W. Hicks

Of Toronto, Ontario, formerly State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Florida, is in Boston for a brief period looking over "The only city in America with a History." He addressed a select audience in Legion of Honor Hall on Sunday, Sept. 24. Mr. Hicks is an eloquent speaker and a profound thinker, hence attracts thinking people and holds their attention.

The Maine Convention.

Our patrons in the State of Maine should not forget that the third annual convention of their State Spiritualist Association is to be held in City Hall, Waterville, Sept. 30, Oct. 1. Good speakers, excellent music and fine test mediums will occupy the platform, and a grand good time is guaranteed to all. One fare for the round trip has been granted on the Maine Central Railroad and all of its branches, so that the cost of the trip will be a mere trifle. Entertainment will be furnished by many of the hospitable people of Fairfield and Waterville, while special rates are expected at several of the best hotels. Mrs. M. J. Wentworth of Knox, Mrs. A. G. Stevens, Stetson, Edgar W. Emerson, Manchester, N. H., will be among the platform attractions on that occasion. Spiritualists of Maine, go to Waterville in a body, make your State Association a power in Maine by becoming active members thereof, and enjoy a grand spiritual feast of two days' duration. See to it that City Hall is filled at every session, and sustain your officers in their noble work in striving to forward the interests of Spiritualism throughout your State.

Look out for the next number of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Its contents will amaze and delight you. Order extra copies of this, the best of all its splendid issues, and send them to your friends. It must be seen and read to be fully appreciated. Order your papers at once, as no extras can be placed after Saturday noon, Sept. 30.

Have you consulted J. B. Hatch, Jr., with regard to your ticket to the Chicago Convention? If not, do so at once in order to enjoy this grand Western excursion in full. Write him about the trip, and induce your friends to do likewise. His address is 74 Sydney St., Boston, Mass.

Our readers in the State of Washington should not forget their State Convention to be held in Seattle, Wash., Oct. 4-5. See notice on our fifth page, and then plan to attend the Convention. "In union there is strength," and our Washington brethren should not forget this important fact.

An Endorsement.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude for your independence, honesty, courage, fearlessness and honor for the editorial "Et Tu, Brute," written in response to a retort from a contemporary, touching fake mediumship and media and their pretended saviors under the name of justice. This woman whom the said contemporary now defends, Mabel A. Jackman, because, forsooth, I had spoken of the possible frauds in public mediumship and phenomena, wished, at Clinton, Iowa, in August, 1898, my head to be put upon a spike. I am slowly spoiling for any one outside of an asylum to do it, and yet I would not pose as a martyr, even if I were favored by such insanity. Let no one be a judge of what is best as personal experience for his fellowman, but let us all be just and kind while at the same time we cleanse our own household and even editorial sanctum of the enemy. I stand with THE BANNER in favor of genuine mediumship and phenomena against imposture and fraud, and while there are two sides to all questions, my experience as a lecturer and teacher, to say naught of my own pleasurable experiences as a sensitive, have taught me that the public is only too ready and willing to accept the truth as Spiritualism or Theosophy can manifest or explain it. Mr. Editor, does an article written in defense of frauds bring many new subscriptions to a Spiritualist paper?
 J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

The State Spiritualists' Association of Washington

Will hold its Annual Convention in Seattle, Oct. 4th and 5th in "Assembly Hall," Masonic Temple, Second and Pike streets. The first session will be at 2 P. M.

We wish to extend a cordial invitation to all that may feel an interest. Mediums are especially invited.

We also desire to give notice that it has been decided at a late meeting of the Board, to amend Section 1, Article 4 of our Constitution to read "That all chartered societies shall send to the State Convention delegates to represent all members of said societies in good standing."

Signed, Mrs. M. E. STRANCH McCALL,
 Sec'y pro tem. S. S. A. W., Treas. S. S. A. W.
 Residence, 3124 W. 4th St., Tacoma, Wash.

A Card.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Please allow me to state through your columns that Mrs. C. B. Nichols, a medium whom we have known for a number of years, as an honest, reliable and convincing clairvoyant, as well as a true and noble woman, has removed from our city to Boston, where she may be found at 533 Tremont street daily.

Signed, J. A. CHAPMAN,
 21 Fairmount street, Norwich, Conn.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

A BANNER OF LIGHT, and of glory, too,
Is waving aloft, 'mid the ether blue.
As its white stars gleam and its stripes unroll,
The pride of a patriot fills my soul,
And my heart cries out, "May it never fall!"
That bright flag of freedom which waves for all.

And close by my side, as I here recline,
Is a BANNER OF LIGHT which o'er me doth shine
With a glory brighter than the flag above,
For it brings me tidings of those that I love
Who have passed beyond the portals of life
On this earthly planet of care and strife.

It brings me knowledge of a world where they
Are gathered, where life with the perfect day
Is ever theirs. Where no storm can arise
Or dim the beauty of the heavenly skies;
Where life is filled with the peace that doth flow
From that source Divine which we seek to know.

Oh, BANNER OF LIGHT! you have brought to me
A flood-tide of peace and of ecstasy,
The stone from the grave you have rolled away,
And have taught me the true and the perfect way,
And shown that life has but just begun,
When earthly pilgrimage at last is done.

That the "Angel Death" is a guest that we
May gladly welcome, for he sets us free,
And leads us forth to those happier lands,
Where we gladly welcome and clasp the hands
Of loved who have passed to the further shore
There to dwell with them in peace evermore.

JULIETTE SCHOOLEY.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER EIGHTY-NINE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Circumstances make it impossible for me to write my letter this week unless it be written this afternoon. After the noon meal, I sat down to write, and nothing came. Feeling cold, I walked in the sun in the back yard, so that physical warmth might increase the "vibrations" in my brain, but no thought responded. As I pondered on this stagnant mental condition, I became conscious that ever since I heard this forenoon that Dreyfus had been re-condemned, I had thought, or, rather, felt, nothing else. Remanded to prison, with no evidence against him! France an infamy among the nations! Before this letter is printed, what I now write will be an old story. He may be pardoned, and allowed to die in his family. He may die in prison with this stigma resting on him.

Even "The Outlook," dispassionate and judicial as it aims to be, seems to think well of the other nations' boycotting the Paris Exposition next year. It says: "Actions speak louder than words, and such a united international action as has been proposed, would, if carried into effect, speak loudest of all."

The examination of the human mind shows that we first know, then we feel, then we will to act. Some decay emotion, forgetting that merely knowing a thing would never lead to action, were no emotion awakened by the knowledge. We do not know, then do something, and feel afterwards. No, no: when a thing is brought to our knowledge, unless we feel either attraction or repulsion in regard to it, nothing whatever is done. This is true, whether the knowledge come by physical sensation or by mental information.

In this distressing case of Dreyfus, we have learned a dreadful fact; we feel commingled horror and compassion; and, alas! we can do nothing at all. We are as helpless as poor Captain Dreyfus himself. Like him, we can do nothing but wait, and hope, and if there be no hope for him on the mortal plane, then carry our hope away on, beyond the confines of time, into the eternal home.

In Number Eighty-Five we implied that it was hostility to him as a Jew that had caused his torture for five years. While this is true, yet his being a Jew is only what we may call the secondary cause of his sufferings, in that he was selected to be the scapegoat for the crime of others because the common prejudice against that race would predispose Frenchmen to believe in his guilt. But the cause back of that of his condemnation and his recondemnation, constituting the end, design or object for which it was done, was the upholding of military domination in France. And back of this are the capitalists, who, though few numerically, aim to use military power in order to enslave mankind, not in France alone, but on a greater scale in our own land.

Some of us are familiar with M. G. Weaver's "Root of All Evil," in which he illustrates by his ten men wrecked on a desert island, one of whom has ten dollars, four of them tools, and five of them nothing at all, how the men who have the capital contrive to enslave the rest. Jack, who had the money, hired the others to work for him at a dollar a day, and at night he made each one pay him the dollar back for a square meal. So they worked all day, and went to sleep with nothing but a full stomach. Another day Jack told them at night that provisions had gone up, and he must have two dollars and fifty cents apiece for their dinner. Some managed to pay it, but the others had to go without. Jack, however, threw a few bones to them, remarking that he felt it his duty to be charitable to the poor. And so the little story goes on, bringing solid truth before its readers in a nut-shell.

When lecturing in different places I read this a few times at a sociable, or a weekly conference. I recollect doing this in Meriden, Conn., because after I had concluded a few remarks on the subject, Mr. W. W. Wheeler observed to me that I was quite a Socialist. This able man is the author of "Life," "Rest," and "Slavery; or, The Battle of Westfield." This last has on its title page a picture of a bare, brawny arm, upflitting a mallet, with the words underneath, "Labor, omnia vincit."

As I said before, these subjects interest me. Though I know but little about them practically, I am, as my readers know, opposed to monopoly and believe in labor exchange.

There is no greater pleasure than to come in contact with minds who can teach us on subjects that interest us, and this experience came to me a few days ago, when, calling at a friend's house, one lady asked another if she was going to the Socialists' Club that night. As one was a Baptist and the other a Methodist I thought I had not heard aright. I soon learned that there is such a club in Arlington, and that it is just beginning a new season. These ladies had been visitors, but were not wholly pleased, because of the skeptical attitude toward the Church maintained by some of the leaders.

Learning that the Club meets at the house of different members, and that visitors are welcomed, I went that same evening, and have seldom been so interested and so instructed. Living this very secluded life I feel the need of meeting people where there is a play of mind,

and have been a number of times to the different prayer-meetings. But there cannot be much "play of mind" in such narrow ruts, and I gave up going altogether, and lived like a little turtle in its shell, going to other people's houses only to carry them flowers and other things, and to work for over wearied and discouraged mothers when they got into tight places. But now those of our readers who are interested in me can think of me Tuesday evenings having a good time at the Socialist Club.

The first subject discussed was the Dreyfus Trial, but the leaders of the meeting declared there was something going on in our country at the present time even worse, and extracts were read from the papers telling of the sufferings of hundreds of men who are penned up, without trial, in a prison worse than the Andersonville jail, because they are suspected of having assisted in destroying the works in Wardner, Idaho. Many were arrested because some one surmised they had belonged to a Labor Union, and they have been two months in starvation and nauseating filth, on mere suspicion. Colored troops have been brought there to enforce their imprisonment, and there is said not to be even the form of a trial.

The works in Idaho were destroyed by union men because only non-union men were employed. Of course law was violated by the destruction of the property, but the whole affair shows the determination of capitalists to prevent employees from belonging to clubs where they can learn the wickedness of the money tyranny, and so vote it down in time. It also shows that generals and governors will stand by the capitalists. At Homestead not a man is employed who belongs to a Union, and the leaders of the strike there cannot find employment in any iron works in the country. In some of these works the iron hand of rule is covered with velvet, but the cruel hand is within and will crush as long as possible those who oppose the money tyrant.

Some capitalists advocate the raising of our standing army to a million men. Their object is to keep the people down, to prevent them from joining associations where they can learn their rights and their dangers, and to keep the monopolists in power. I for one have long felt that the only way to save the United States from destruction is to legislate monopoly out of existence, and to annihilate political, military and monetary rings.

How money has been misused! How it has been diverted from the original object for which it was invented! Primarily, it was brought into use simply to make the products of labor go more easily from one to another. When used in that limited way, it was useful. But it has been perverted from that use, has been accumulated by the few, and these few have thus been enabled to use it as an instrument of tyranny. Remember, it was the power of capital that sent troops to imprison our fellow citizens without trial in Idaho, and that it is capital to which that selfish general and that Governor bow.

In France, the judges of Dreyfus were overawed by the generals, who outrank them, and it is capital that keeps the army in power.

Dropping this subject, I will mention that Mrs. Potter is now in Kolla, Mo., where she received from me \$25.00, of which \$23.30 was sent to me by friends for her, and with which she is going to get a horse, and have the mare whose powers are failing examined by a good surgeon. She goes next through Arkansas, making frequent stops, and passing through Fort Worth and El Paso. Angels go with her! They have and they will.

For me, I have some cause for discouragement. I used the money which came in last year to print "A Happy Year; or, Fifty-Two Letters to the BANNER OF LIGHT." They were the letters written during 1898. All my previous works have sold—not rapidly but quite steadily. But it is different with the "Happy Year," for though it was published last March, I have received but a very small fraction of the money expended.

At the beginning of 1899, worldly wisdom whispered to me to cease writing for THE BANNER, because people would not buy the letters of the last year if they could read new ones every week. But I do not like to close the door by which I reach the public, a door that enables me still to do good. So I kept on with the weekly letters, and am hoping that in the autumn all my books may find a more ready sale. Winter is coming on apace.

I got out of "The Bridge Between Two Worlds," and was obliged to have some more bound of those that lie unbound in Worcester, and the bill is large—for one who is not a capitalist. It is getting my books printed and bound that keeps me on the ragged edge of impecuniosity, for what comes in gradually by their sale goes to get the necessities for the continuance of life on this plane of existence.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON,
Arlington, N. J., Sept. 15, 1899.

Evolution in Memory.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

I notice various criticisms from time to time hurled at my devoted head, which seem always based on the idea that certain efforts of memory by spirits annihilate my claim that such spirits, "as normal spirits," have not and cannot have memorized details of the incidents of earth life. It is not very complimentary to me to assume that such every-day incidents in spirit-return, as are quoted, are unknown to me. And when an occasional critic complains that I do not notice some pet objection of his, I beg respectfully to assure him that I passed it by because it was not founded on a careful study of the subject. The real trouble is that not even one of my critics, male or female, so far as I have yet noticed, has thought out what memory really means and is, in its relation to human life. Most of them would be quite indignant if asked whether they believed in evolution; yet it never seems to have occurred to even one of them that if evolution be a law of nature, memory itself, like everything else, must go on and evolve into something higher. They persist in supposing that memory becomes gradually a gigantic sum in addition. The archangel has a bigger and longer sum to do than the mortal, because he has got a fearful array of items stored away somewhere, but always at his disposal. It is this neglect to apply a natural law to an eternal fact that prevents the Spiritualist of to-day from commanding the respect of the outside world of thinkers.

Once again, and from a somewhat different standpoint, I will ask the student to examine what we call the faculty of "memory," and try if it be possible to get our critics to realize

how little they have really grasped the subject they are criticizing.

Of course memory as a vibratory fact is eternal. But man does not own his memory. It is only loaned to him for a brief period by Nature; her ultimate object being, as we shall presently see, something very different. As I write, I happen to glance at my left thumb. It bears, or shall I say "wears" a long scar, dating back to my boyish encounter with a hatchet or knife. I have no recollection of the incident. Nature has made no objection to my forgetting all but the lesson, which became not a memory, but a state of consciousness. I thus learned to recognize that a sharp edge must be guided by a keener wit. It is only a few prominent incidents in my mortal life that have not more or less faded away. That is universal experience. The child learns his alphabet, and slowly accumulates words. Presently he is a student of some profound ancient or modern thinker. The letters of the alphabet and the lessons of his child's primer have forsaken him as details. Nature has looked those particular memories in her "vibratory safe deposit." But out of those facts he had to evolve an automatic grasp of the thoughts those symbols represented, and rise into a higher consciousness. The skilled mechanic has lost memory of how he slowly learned to use his tool. It has become in automatic fellowship with his soul as he evolves the invention for which the world is waiting. The astronomer has no memory of having learned his multiplication table. It has become an automatic adjunct of the grand consciousness he is evolving by thought power. Every human life has its a, b, c, that is presently forgotten because merged into something higher. And, mark this, until the memory is lost the ego is living largely on his old level. Evolution always demands that the past shall be merged into the present.

Such facts do not mean or imply any destruction of memory. Memory is itself simply an effect of vibration upon mind, induced by the action of mind upon matter. It is, of course, eternal. Whether a man is hunting for his collar-button or for a missing thought makes no difference. Nature has the fact in her keeping, and may be coaxed to lend it to you, but she will presently once again stow it away in her secret vault. Facts of any kind become memories the moment you have recognized them. Sometimes by a strong effort you strive to elicit certain facts or thoughts and make them your very own. Yet, to your surprise every now and then, it is what you have not cared about which comes to the surface, whilst the really valued thought has disappeared. You have placed yourself in vibratory harmony with the one and lost touch with the other. A fact is yours to day, and perhaps to-morrow. But you had better hasten to turn its lesson into consciousness, for Nature has loaned it to you for that purpose and for no other. Memory is always the infancy of a growing manhood; and the manhood that stops turning its memories into consciousness presently dies out.

I once saw a child, while creeping on the floor, grasp a glittering safety pin and immediately hide it from its mother. That child has no memory of that particular incident, but, unchecked and untaught, he evolved that and a long series of such facts into the consciousness of a first class thief. What does it matter whether he remembers the steps?

I confess I often feel disheartened at the inability of those acting as teachers to realize that if evolution be a truth everything must evolve into something higher. For lack of this grasp they are always assuming that what we have in this life is final and cannot be surpassed. Love may be founded on memories, but if it lingers there it will have many a dark and dreary hour of loneliness. The man who begins with hate evolves into a fiend who glories in cruelty and crime. He no more remembers each quarrel and fight than the child remembers his rough and tumble battle over a coveted toy. The aggregate, evolving into consciousness, has gradually made him—and will do the same every time—into an arch-devil. It is impossible for the man who grasps everything he sees, regardless of others, to remember even one week's petty details; but all together, sooner or later they make for him a self-conscious hell. Yet every such experience is only the shadow of an evolved reality.

It is necessarily the same with love. Is love to be the only thing in the universe that cannot evolve into something higher? That seems to be the assumption of those playing the part of teachers to-day. The love that cries, and wails and sobs now over its own selfish loneliness because of some bereavement, is but the shadow of a love that will have evolved out of all self. It is the kind of love that is tied down to memory. It has drawers full and trunks full of memories—not outgrown, and therefore not evolved into the new consciousness. Our teachers, each in the name of his religion, have always counted memories as personal belongings, to be worn, like the beads of the Catholics, and counted one by one lest you forget them. Yet the object of Nature is to have us learn the lesson of each, and then immediately pass on to something higher.

So much I present for consideration and reflection to those who have been trying to harness man to his memories, and drive him on and on to all eternity. Now let us see what this means to "spirit return."

Man the mortal is perpetually trying to fence himself inside memories, often making artificial attempts to build them yet stronger. There are many things in a man's life he does not want to remember. But they are as alive as ever when he happens to pull the right string. So he tries to keep other memories so active as to smother the unpleasant ones. He thus recognizes that memories are eternal, but on their own plane and on no other. Presently that man dies and finds himself as much alive as ever. Now, what is his status? That entirely depends upon whether his memories still dominate, or whether he has commenced to evolve them into consciousness. If he is all memory, he is earth-bound.

One critic, of the domestic sex, tells me a spirit came and told her where to find pads for her stair carpet, which had been hidden away in a garret. So she triumphantly demands to know how any sane man can deny the fact of "spirit memory"? Bless her dear soul! No one with whom I am acquainted denies such memories to the class of spirits she is attracting. They are of the earth, and, of course, smell of the soil. They have just enough of the graveyard ghostly glimmer to make the chase interesting. I am not talking and writing of semi-mortals, who have sloughed their skin, like a snake, and are all ready with a new one, slightly intangible, and moderately invulnerable, on the other side of death. But such, I

admit, are fathers and mothers of about nine-tenths of the genuine phenomena on which Modern Spiritualism is striving to build its new temple. Plenty of memories on that plane.

In these articles I am with my whole soul pleading the cause of mothers, fathers and loved ones ever evolving a higher consciousness in the home of the soul. I plead for the grand unselfish workers who plunge into the FOGLAND atmosphere, that they may thereby reach the mortal and stir him to an up-reach of his own Ego. I am demanding that such return shall be received for what it is, and not for what it seems. Such spirits, as they evolve their higher manhood, are necessarily outgrowing memories. They have no occasion to remember, for they KNOW, because they have uncovered the God within until their own consciousness partakes of the divine. That is their dower in the home of the soul. It is quite different when they start earthward to help the mortal to uplift. When Emperor would visit Mrs. Piper; Kate Field her Lilian Whiting; John Pierpont his Mrs. Longley, and the hundreds of like-minded spirits who inspire, direct and control mortal workers, their higher consciousness is perforce left behind. They must plunge into FOGLAND because there in is the very nearest they can approach mortal vibration. So, leaving their higher consciousness where alone it vibrates, they approach the scene of old memories and mortal happenings. I say "approach," for they are no longer mortal, and how near they come to earth life depends upon their mortal instrument. Sometimes, through entranced lips, they recall many an old memory, and evolve practical teachings, but always from the standpoint of the mortal. That is the highest privilege and power to which they can attain. Having placed themselves amid these conditions, they meet hungry cravings from mortals for details of spirit life.

Now let the student remember that it is not a normal spirit telling his own normal experience in spirit life. The spirit visitor is befogged in vibrations of memory that cannot recall a single spirit experience. He cannot do more than dream of his higher life, for his very consciousness is befogged. He is almost a mortal, but on a somewhat higher plane. Now let us ask how do we, as mortals, go to work when we want to picture our own hereafter? We just think of everything most lovely and attractive in earth-life, and then idealize it. By an effort of the imagination we place our picture in the hereafter. Our conception of mortal manhood demands "memory," so we infuse that into our vision. We all have some conception and experience of love. So without dreaming that our mortal love is only a miserable shadow founded on self, we picture that as on a royal throne in the beyond. Because we love a father, mother, wife and child with the strongest emotion of our mortal manhood, we have supposed there can be no higher, grander expression of love "over there." The very possibility of love evolving into something higher than we can realize to-day has never occurred to us. That is our position as mortals. Now let the student remember that the brightest spirit, when he has once entered "fogland" is very nearly on the mortal level. He will remember everything that the vibrations he finds will permit. He may show superior wisdom in collating and placing the facts and happenings of earth-life. He may shine as a teacher, from our standpoint. And he will, if we ask him, give us his very best attempt at picturing his spirit life. But his pictures will be—must be—unconsciously all drawn from very nearly the level of our own. He knows he is a spirit to come and go, but Nature has placed a barrier to open intercourse of such a nature between the two worlds. It is a barrier which neither mortal nor spirit can break through. It is well to know we are immortal, and to rejoice in spirit return, but it is not profitable to dwell upon scenes of celestial life in which we can take no part.

Of course, the world has received visions innumerable from honest seers, claiming either independent clairvoyance or divine inspiration. The student will see that such visions can only be pictures thrown upon mortal brain, and therefore shaped and colored by mortal memory. He will, I hope, realize that the faculties of the higher life must have evolved into something very different from our limitations; therefore experiences through such faculties could not be interpreted into our thoughts and languages. The sensible man and woman will be content to aim at the highest possible for him, or her, in earth-life. And as the student himself upreaches he will ever be making it easier for bright spirits to visit him. Often their old memories will reappear with startling fullness; but their real object, be it remembered, is not to revive old memories, but to stir us to manly efforts in soul-growth.

Such is my conception of the limitation of spirit memory, which I now offer to the student. Such memories cannot be needed in advanced spirit-life, for therein, under the law of evolution, they have evolved a consciousness which knows, without dependence on the fickleness of memory. And when they return to earth-life their grasp of old memories must ever depend upon the conditions they find at their disposal.

San Leandro, Cal.

Declaration of Principles.

BY H. D. PHILLIPS.

[Republished by special request of the author.]

Resolved, That it is our duty as Spiritualists to state to the world our standpoint, that our position may be fully understood; and we hereby give the following as our

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

1. We have knowledge and incontrovertible proof of the continuity of life and individuality after the transition called Death.
2. According to the wise or ill use of opportunity, a person will hereafter be happy or in a state of misery, mentally. For each act sheathes its own reward—of joy or woe; and each person will have to expiate all wrongful acts committed physically or spiritually.
3. Destiny, hereafter, depends solely upon character. Therefore it behooves each person to strive to obliterate from his or her nature every attribute which would retard the unfoldment of the higher qualities of the spirit.
4. Sin is a habit and a guilt, and the spirit who would rise must overcome all debasing tendencies.
5. Thoughts are things. All deeds are born of thought. Therefore, permit no evil or unkindly thought to form within the mind, lest it sway one to the commission of a wrong.

Let the thoughts be pure and tender, desiring only the highest good and happiness for all, in and out of the fleshly fetters.

6. Our "Rule of Honor" is: "Do not unto others that which you would not another do unto you." This faithfully observed will right all the wrongs of the world.

7. That Justice alone guide (in matters of business and finance; not conform to the letter of the law alone, but to the spirit of justice.

8. The advancement of knowledge.

9. The upliftment of humanity.

10. The bonds of fellowship extend to woman, she being equal to man in mentality, judgment and courage—each woman to be regarded as a sister in fact, and each man a brother in fact, where not united in parental, filial or marital bonds.

11. We denounce capital punishment as barbarous in its effect upon humanity upon the earth-plane. And it increases evil. For the guilty spirits who are legally (?) forced into the spirit-world feel in their hearts revenge and hate towards the world en masse; and as their low spiritual nature compels them to remain upon the earth plane, they roam at will, instigating susceptible creatures to the commission of all kinds of criminalities. Hence we are against giving such spirits freedom until they are fitted to appreciate it in the right sense. By solitary or dual confinement for life; opportunity for reflection and aspiration, aided by literature which shall enable them to unfold the divinity within them; this we deem the remedy in the present, and right teaching the prevention for the future.

12. We favor and urge taxation of all church property, except the actual edifice wherein religious services are held; all sectarian schools, rectories, and all real estate holdings of all sects; and all personal property of the ministers of all sects.

13. We will, severally and unitedly, endorse and support any movement of a political nature intended to benefit the working classes and uplift and ennoble the people of our country.

The taking of life by the machinery of the law is none the less murder actually; hence, capital punishment must be abolished throughout America before better moral conditions will obtain.

Solitary confinement for life is recommended for offenses which to-day merit life-imprisonment or hanging. Face to face with his own real self, man reviews his life and sees the mistakes of the past; and this introspection and retrospection will lead him to purge his spirit from all debasing, criminal intent, and he will have become changed for the better before passing into the other life. Let the product of his labor be sold, and the money thus derived be given to the support or assistance of the surviving members of the family he has disrupted. This is the only rational, merciful mode of reformation, and the only one which inures to the betterment of him who administers and him who receives, and is, we think, only pure Justice.

The eyes of the whole world are upon America, the friend to the oppressed of other countries. Let her luster be grandly increased by this step toward a higher civilization—Humanitarianism. The coming centuries can record no greater deed than this; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we the undersigned voters of America will and do hereby pray your honorable body to give the subject of this petition solemn consideration, and to immediately frame and enact such law as will accomplish what we have hereinbefore suggested, and do hereby earnestly urge be done, abolishing FOREVER capital punishment throughout the United States of America.

Only Hope for the Negroes.

GENERAL BUTLER'S RADICAL VIEW OF SOLVING RACE QUESTIONS.

Gen. M. C. Butler has written a letter on the race question, in which he takes the position that the Government should provide a home in Central or South America for the negro race. The letter is addressed to a New Yorker who recently asked him some questions as to the race situation in the South. Speaking of the proposed emigration of the negro Gen. Butler says in part:

"To my mind it behooves the Government of the United States to carry out the proposition of President Lincoln and provide a home in Central or South America or elsewhere where the negro may be induced to emigrate and set up for himself. It would be infinitely better for the negro, who can never reach the full measure of American manhood and citizenship with his environments of race prejudice and ostracism in this country. Something more than the right to earn a living is demanded of one who enjoys American citizenship. The highest premiums and rewards of life should be within the scope of his associations and achievements. These are shut out from the negro in the main, by reason of his color and previous condition of servitude, the Constitution of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding. Race prejudice is not confined to the white man and negro. It is as strong and intense between the white man and Indian or Chinaman or any other colored race. It affects relations between families of the white race, and has recently shaken the foundations of the French Republic almost to the point of tottering and collapse. Why the Almighty has implanted this feeling in our hearts of course I shall not endeavor to explain. The most advanced stages of civilization do not appear to eradicate it; Christianity does not nor cannot; and the only refuge of the weaker race is an exodus, perpetual subordination to the stronger or extermination.—Washington, D. C., Times.

Copies of Banner for Circulation.

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

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Worcester, Mass., Sept. 18, at the home of Mrs. Shumway, Etna street, a good friend, with whom she spent the last days of her earthly life, Mrs. JANE WHEATON, aged 78 years.

She was a firm believer in the truths of Spiritualism, and a fine inspirational writer. Funeral services were conducted at her late home by Miss Florence Nichols and the writer in accordance with the wish of the deceased. A wreath of flowers, testifying to the love of many friends, was placed upon her casket. HARRIET W. HILDEBETH.

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

Suicide.

BY H. V. SWERINGEN, A. M., M. D., PORT WAYNE, IND.

"To be, or not to be, that is the question—Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing end them."

An article in the "Lancet-Clinic" of Aug. 26, 1899, by Dr. George J. Monroe, of Louisville, Ky., upon the question, "Does it pay to live?" has awakened in the mind of the writer an interest in the same direction of thought.

The daily occurrence of suicide has become a familiar record of the public press. No cause has yet been assigned for this deplorable fact. The theory so long current that no sane man will resort to self-destruction is no longer tenable. There are too many well-authenticated facts that disprove it. On the contrary, it seems that the increase of the number of suicides has a certain relative ratio to the increase of thought, education, civilization, and to that strained social condition which results from the concentration of the wealth of over seventy millions of people into the hands of the very few.

To the man of high mental endowments well under cultivation, surrounded with environments which prove more and more insurmountable and militate against the realization of his cherished ambitions, life becomes peculiarly humiliating.

There was a time in the history of this country when poverty and wealth were great blessings to the young man starting out on life's journey. Now, particularly in regard to poverty. Health, of course, is a blessing under all circumstances. But conditions have so changed as to deprive poverty of that stimulus which rendered it hopeful for the future. Inequality of opportunity has wrought this change. Within the past few years, bright, intellectual young graduates of Harvard, Yale and other equally prominent institutions have, in the city of Chicago, been obliged to accept the most menial positions, some of them falling to secure even these in order to maintain the necessary relationship between soul and body.

History informs us that self-destruction, the production of abortions, the prevention of conception and the reduction of the number of marriages were very marked characteristics of the years immediately preceding the revolution in France. Whether the same conditions which obtain so extensively in our own country to-day are evidences of the near approach of a revolution in America is a question worthy of consideration.

In the opinion of the writer the prevalence of suicide in this country may be traced directly or indirectly to the fact that the struggle for existence has been made greater than ever before. As equality of opportunity vanishes in the dim distance, life is regarded simply as a cruel, practical joke, and intercourse, crime and sin of every character result as a logical sequence. Our social reformers will do well to direct their attention to the causes of the evils of the day rather than to their effects.

The growing conviction in the minds of many scientists who were hitherto materialists and agnostics, that there is verily a future state of existence, growing in capability of being scientifically demonstrated, has no doubt had its effect upon the suicide by robbing death of the terrors which have so long been attached to it. "That undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns" is no longer accepted as a truism by universal humanity. The most positive, incontrovertible evidence is not wanting to the contrary.

To the masses in their present condition the once grand maxims: "Man is the architect of his own fortune," "The greatest good to the greatest number," "Virtue is its own reward," "Honesty is the best policy," have all become rotten "chestnuts," without any more meaning and sincerity than can be found in the platitudes of the various political parties. It is only when all things are equal that man, by his industry, is the architect of his own fortune.

Selfishness, avarice and greed, "every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost," "do others or they will do you," "make money, John; make it honestly, but make money," "put money in thy purse," "trusts, syndicates, monopolies, corporations, department stores, watered stocks and bonds, fictitious securities, evasion of taxes, embezzlement, adulteration and sophistication of merchandise, trickery and fraud are the ruling passions of the hour.

The pulp, like our State and National Legislatures, is controlled by the money power. Preachers and statesmen are "in the hands of their friends," and those friends are dollars at the disposal of capitalists. The pastor caters to the wealth represented in his congregation, as does the Congressman cater to the wealth represented by the few of his constituents. It is therefore impossible for the laboring classes to secure the legislation to which they are so justly entitled. Hence many prefer to "shuffle off" rather than to tune and fret longer. This country will be obliged to get back to the old rock-bottom, substantial way of doing business honestly, upon the principle of "living and let live," "equal rights to all," if it would continue its aforesaid progress.

The poor of this country, according to ex-President Harrison's Chicago speech, are paying its taxes. What a blot is this upon her fair fame among the nations of the earth! Twenty-five or thirty years ago a young man with a few hundred dollars saved up by hard labor could enter into any branch of business, and with ordinary care and attention make a success of it. But how is it now? Capital combines with capital and deals in competition itself to make money at the expense of the masses, of the business men who are struggling vainly for a business existence—for a fair living off a fair profit from their customers. In the mad rush for wealth our capitalists lose their heads; their ambition overleaps itself—their better judgment; they forget that "neither poverty nor riches" is, after all, the most desirable situation, and that "he that maketh haste to be rich falleth into a snare." They do not stop to think what the harvest will be.

Here and there throughout the co. into the pulp occasionally yields to an irresistible impulse to speak out upon the dangers which threaten us. Bishop Potter, of the Episcopal Church of New York, in an address at the dedication of Grace Chapel, in that city, speaks as follows:

"The growth of wealth and of luxury, wicked wasteful and wanton, as before God I declare that luxury to be, has been matched step by step by a deepening and deadening poverty, which has left whole neighborhoods of people practically without hope and without aspiration. At such a time, for the church of God to sit still and be content with theories of its duties outlived by time and long ago demonstrated to be grotesquely inadequate to the demands of a living situation, this is to deserve the scorn of men and the curse of God! Take my word for it, men and brethren, unless you and I, and all those who have any gift or stewardship of talents, or means of whatever sort, are willing to get up out of our sloth and ease and selfishness and get down among the people who are battling amid their poverty and ignorance—among the young men and young women for their better ideal of righteousness, old and young alike for one clear ray of the immortal courage and immortal hope—then verily the church in its stately splendor, its apostolic orders, its venerable ritual, its decorous and dignified conventions, is revealed as simply a monstrous and insolent impertinence."

It is astonishing that in a land of churches, of so-called Christian civilization, such a speech from an ecclesiastical dignitary should be considered necessary. But it is true, and timely, we hope, in its public utterance. Christianity has been presented to the masses often in such a manner as only to embitter and harden them against all religious teaching. They have seen professing Christian people in the enjoyment of wealth and luxury, worshipping in their beautiful and costly edifices, listening to lofty abstractions from the pulp, or devoting their time to controversy over the twined and twined theories of theology, while they were left to struggle along with all the problems of their dark and despairing condition without the touch of a friendly hand, or the words of cheer that might have come to them from

their more fortunate brethren. They occasionally hear the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man "preached," but never see the principle "practiced" by those who preach it.

The taxation of church property, the government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, etc., the extension of the presidential term of office to eight or ten years, and the non-removal of government employees except for cause, will, together with proper legislation against trusts and monopolies, do much toward bringing about a happy state of affairs in this country.

When America will prove to be in deed and in truth a national family, each member of which seeking the happiness and prosperity of the whole; when the city, county and state branches of that national family will vie with each other in promoting its general welfare; when the head of that national family makes provision by wise and parental legislation for each member of it to share alike in the advantages, prospects, opportunities and blessings of a common national heritage, then doing in truth the greatest good to the greatest number, then will life to the poverty-stricken masses be worth living, and suicide be known far less among them.

A CASE OF Partial Dematerialization OF THE Body of a Medium.

INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION BY COUNT ALEXANDER AKSAKOF,

Scientist, Philosopher, and Literateur, Ex Prime Minister of Russia.

Translated from the French by TRACI GOULD, LL. B., Counsellor at Law, Member of the New York Bar.

The well-known scholarship of Count Aksakof, and the painstaking study he has given to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, warrant the statement that this book will be a epoch-making book. It gives, in plain terms, the results of his personal investigations under the most absolute test conditions possible, proving conclusively the verity of psychic manifestations. Count Aksakof never goes into print unless he has something to say. In the present instance he has found much of moment to say; he has said it well, and his translator has given him the American reader an opportunity to enjoy the distinguished statesman-scholar's richest and ripest thought.

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- IX. Testimony of General Salm.
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