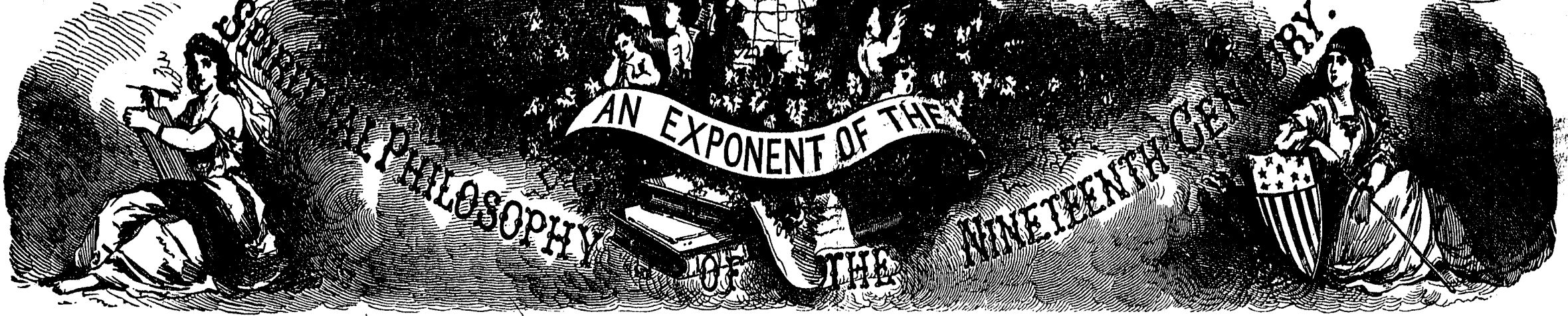


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NO. 7.

## THINGS THAT WILL LIVE.

BY J. A. EDGEWORTH.

There is nothing will live so long as Right,  
As the years go rolling on.  
It comes irresistibly, like the light  
From the pearly gates of dawn,  
Till it fills the world with its presence bright,  
While the hosts of evil in wild affright,  
And minions of wrong, like shapes of night,  
Have fled away and are gone.

There is nothing on earth that is half so strong  
As the cause that is built on Truth.  
It may seem to die at the hands of wrong,  
But time goes on and the years are long.  
It will come again, like the poet's song,  
To live in immortal youth.

There is nothing can live but what is good,  
Nor triumph but what is just.  
The sword in a brother's core imbued  
Shall eat and corrode with rust;  
But the spirit of love and brotherhood  
Shall live till its beauty is understood;  
While the empires founded on force and blood  
Shall crumble away in dust.

## The Ghosts of Childhood.

BY MRS. V. W. OSGOOD-COBURN.

I know it is haunted, for I have been there  
since all childish superstition passed away,  
and everything about the old homestead

"Said as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!"

Ghosts of the past wander all about the old  
house—ghosts of childhood's memories, conspicu-  
ous amongst which are the trundle-bed,  
into which I was tucked with a little sister or  
brother, as the case might be, and mother  
moving about with solicitous care, folding  
down each corner of the coverlet, lest some  
tiny place would be left upturned, through  
which the air could creep and chill her dar-  
lings. Then after the mirth was hushed and  
the laughter-loving dimples were all smoothed  
out, we folded our hands and reverently re-  
peated after mother, as she stood holding the  
candle high above our heads:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

And we slept there, too, at the foot of  
father's and mother's bed—the head of our  
bed close to the hearth where the crickets  
sung so softly and merrily all night. I know  
Dickens must have slept in just such a place  
when he was a boy or he never could have  
written his "Crickets on the Hearth" so ex-  
quisitely.

How loth we were to take our places up-  
stairs as others, younger, came to claim the  
little bed that mother trundled out at night  
and back in the morning under her own.  
There's a veritable ghost of that trundle bed  
fitting before me now. Oh, yes, the spirits of  
Long-ago do visit us at twilight!

How I sobbed over the first putting me away  
from under that protecting shadow! True,  
mother followed us upstairs and covered us up  
in the great high bed, after we had climbed in  
by the aid of a chair, and mother holding one  
arm to prevent our falling. Then she always  
came in after we were asleep to see if we were  
warm. Somehow, even in sleep, I seemed to  
know she was hovering around us. But after  
all, I felt a great way from mother when I  
gave up my place in the trundle-bed. I began  
my first lesson in self-dependence then. Nev-  
ertheless even now, when I hear a little  
rustling about the bed at night, I love to think  
it is mother tucking us in. I try to cheat my-  
self into believing that I know it is she.  
Surely the ghost of her is with me in more  
senses than one, for I have a tingling remem-  
brance of the spanking she gave me when for  
some misdemeanor I hung my first rag baby to  
a nail driven into the wall, by a needleful of  
black linen thread tied around its neck, until  
it was *stone dead*. Since that time I have had  
a horror of capital punishment in any form.  
That spanking cured me, as did a similar one  
of walking with a pole in my hands upon the  
top of a fence four boards high, and falling off  
and tearing a whole breadth from the front of  
my bran new calico gown.

How proud I was of my two tall, handsome  
brothers when they came home from school. I  
thought they were destined to become the  
greatest men in the world. But, alas! I was  
not a prophet.

The out of door surroundings haunt me as  
often as the household spirits. There was a  
hill, a green descent sloping away to a beauti-  
ful little brook, which was tributary to a larger  
one a few rods away. We used to slide down  
that hill in winter, on a piece of board and on  
our feet, to the sure destruction of shoes, fath-  
er, all the while, threatening us with cast iron  
ones. The black-and-blue foreheads and spinal  
contusions were too numerous to mention. We  
rolled down the hill in the summer, tangling  
long brown curls and uncured flaxen fleeces  
in the tall grass, careful of nothing but to es-  
cape immersing ourselves in the beautiful  
sparkling waters at its foot.

"Bonnie burnies" were never more ardently  
loved and sought than that same little brook.  
There the spring first made its appearance and  
opened its dewy violet eyes, so modestly droop-  
ing but large and beautiful. Every spring the  
ghost of those sweet eyes look up to me from  
shady glens. Oh! they are delightful haunts.

And the bobolink sang his sweetest song on  
the great elm just over its banks, and the robin  
warbled its peculiar invocation to rain in the  
misty days; and how clearly the sweet-voiced  
whippoorwill uttered its three sad words until  
we wondered why they should whip poor Will.  
Oh! how beautiful are all these ghosts—these  
spirits of the little brook, which made music  
as sweet as the silver chorus which the morn-  
ing stars first sang together.

There was another hill to the south of the  
house, where we gathered the largest and most  
beautiful mayflowers in all the country round.  
There was a fine growth of pine upon its sum-  
mit, and we were familiar with a great many  
of them. All mother's menaces of tow gowns  
did not serve to keep us out of the topmost  
branches of the tall green cones. The birds  
and we were friends and we visited them in  
their aerial homes. To gain the hill we had to  
cross the larger stream which I have men-  
tioned. In the summer, when the water was  
low, we could cross upon the rocks, holding a  
pantalette in either hand; but in the spring  
the water was deep, wild, and almost black  
with mud, and we could not avail ourselves of  
the aid of the friendly rocks, so made use of an  
old log, which was one of the relics of a half-  
decayed dam and hung a few feet above the  
waterfall. It was a slimy, rotten log, con-  
stantly wet with the spray. It was a continual  
source of terror to mother, too; but notwith-  
standing we crossed the stream upon it very  
often, until one day my feet slipped upon the  
treacherous surface and I fell from the log. In  
my descent I managed to catch hold of a piece  
of board which formed a portion of the dam,  
and there I clung, the black waters sweeping  
over me. Life and death were in the balance,  
and if I let go my hold upon my frail support  
I knew death would turn the scales; for in  
that event the underflow would hold me so  
closely in its embrace that rescue would be  
impossible. So I shivered and clung until a  
man, hearing our cries, came and extricated  
me from my perilous situation, and carried  
me, weak and frightened, but safe, to the house.

Never do I go to bed with an indigestible  
supper in my stomach but I am haunted by  
the ghost of that adventure; and never am I  
troubled or sorrowful in my sleep but I am  
submerged again in those muddy waters.

But the ghosts of that brook are not all de-  
mons, for I have a pleasant remembrance of  
a high rock in the stream which we used to call  
our island home. We used to play house-keep-  
ing there, and when weary of that we would  
leap from the rock to the land and back to the  
rock again, when we were not so unfortunate  
as to miss our mark and strike in the stream.  
Then there was a smooth, flat rock close by the  
bank, over which the waters ran as clear and  
bright as crystal. We sat there many a sinless  
hour under our bower of alder bushes, with  
our naked feet dabbling in the water till our  
pantalettes and frocks were dripping like a  
mermaid fresh from the stream. The ghost of  
that rock is as large and white as ever; but the  
last time I visited the old homestead the rock  
itself seemed bereft of half its former dimen-  
sions; but I wanted to leave my stockings and  
shoes upon the bank and place my naked feet  
under the water upon the smooth white rock.  
I almost fancied the power of rejuvenescence  
were in the stream, and I should become a  
child again if I permitted it to flow over me.

These are only a few of the ghosts of child-  
hood, but I refrain from mentioning but one  
more, the memory of an old man who sang  
songs to us. He was crazed, they said, be-  
cause his ladylove jilted him for some more  
fortunate fellow. I can recall but two lines of  
one song, but these are truly pathetic:

"I never loved a charming critter

But Death or somebody else would git her."

Originally published in the Portland Transcript.

## The Rulings of Fate.

BY C. E. JOHNSON.

Fate, the force by which all forms of exist-  
ence are conditioned and determined, has  
been the master problem of both religion and  
philosophy in all ages. Whilst Mohammed  
established a religion which has made rela-  
tively greater progress than Christianity, it is  
to be remembered that one of the doctrines of  
Mohammedanism is that man's life is, in all its  
details, predetermined, whilst the doctrine of  
predestination in connection with Christian-  
ity, as propounded by Calvin and Jonathan  
Edwards, is too well known to need more than  
passing reference. In the life of a community,  
matters which apparently depend upon the  
most fortuitous actions, such as marriages,  
deaths, arrests for crimes and offences, statis-  
tics show a relentless persistence and an ap-  
proximate uniformity, which Schopenhauer  
regarded as

### DEMONSTRABLE FATALISM,

and he considered fate equally true when ap-  
plied to the life of an individual, although not  
so easily demonstrable. A more recent writer  
states the necessitarian's position with clear-  
ness and precision in the following words:  
"Our sensations are contingent upon our en-  
vironments, and since their effect as to agree-  
ableness is not the result of our volition, and  
as this is itself perpetually determined from  
without, it follows that man is perpetually the  
creature of something which the philosopher  
calls necessity." Leaving, however, the heights  
of philosophy, and descending to the level of  
practical life, the pages of biography furnish  
much which tends to show circumstantial fa-  
talism.

Early in the sixteenth century two young  
students were walking in the fields. A storm  
came on, and one was struck dead by light-  
ning. The survivor was Luther, and the event  
so seriously impressed him that it changed the  
tenor of his life, and he entered a monastery.  
This proved to be Heaven's signal to Luther to  
prepare for the work from which Protestant-  
ism takes its rise.

### A LOUNGING LIEUTENANT

entered an English court in his regimentals,  
and the presiding judge (Lord Mansfield) in-

vented him to a seat on the bench, and subse-  
quently to dinner. The young officer after-  
ward decided to change his profession for that  
of the law. His name was Thomas Erskine,  
who, "as an advocate in the forum," said Lord  
Campbell, "I hold to be without an equal in  
ancient or in modern times." Erskine hap-  
pening to enter the court as mentioned, with  
its far-reaching consequences in his long car-  
eer, recalls Addison's words: "The great, the  
important day, big with the fate of Cato and  
of Rome."

WHEN NAPOLEON BOMBARDED VIENNA  
in 1809, three thousand shells had been thrown  
into the city, when a flag of truce was sent  
out. It informed Napoleon that in the Impe-  
rial Palace, opposite the French batteries, a  
young princess lay sick. Upon the approach  
of Napoleon the Royal Family had fled, and  
were under the necessity of leaving their sick  
child behind. Napoleon thereupon ordered  
the direction of the pieces which could endan-  
ger the helpless maiden to be changed. This  
young princess proved to be Marie Louise, who  
became Napoleon's second wife.

Emerson has said of Plato: "He had an  
early inclination for war, but in his twentieth  
year, meeting with Socrates, was easily dis-  
suaded from this pursuit, and remained for  
ten years a scholar." Plato's apparently cas-  
ual meeting with Socrates meant the seed-  
sowing of philosophy, of which the world has  
not even yet reaped the full harvest.

According to Cobbett the insults and unfair  
treatment offered to

### THOMAS PAINE

whilst he was in the excise in England was  
the cause of the revolution in America. At  
the age of thirty-seven Paine left England for  
America, and Ingersoll has referred to the  
well-known result thus: "It is simple justice  
to say that Paine did more to cause the 'Decla-  
ration of Independence' than any other man."  
The accident of a chalk-mark being affixed to  
the wrong side of the door of the cell in which  
Thomas Paine was confined during the French  
Revolution saved him from the guillotine, and  
the fate of Paine at this juncture meant the  
completion and publication of the work by  
which he has been most widely known, "The  
Age of Reason."

### THE DEATH OF GAMBETTA,

the French statesman, is said by some to have  
been through an accident; others of his biog-  
raphers speak of him as having been assassi-  
nated by a woman. The (London) Times of  
Jan. 2, 1883, refers to the event thus: "The  
death of M. Gambetta in the prime of life is  
one of those momentous events which seem to  
change in a moment the destiny of nations  
and to turn aside the course of the world's  
history." He was in the very front rank of  
European statesmen.

### THE RULINGS OF FATE

take often a very emphatic form when re-  
vealed by prophecy. Lord Jeffreys, when  
Lord Chancellor, used to relate that when a  
boy at school he had a dream in which a gypsy  
read his fortune, foretelling that he would  
enrich himself by study and industry, that he  
would come to be the second man in the king-  
dom, but in conclusion would fall into disgrace  
and misery. As history shows, 1689 brought  
about the fulfillment of the latter part of  
Jeffreys' dream.

Four months before the Melbourne Cup  
meeting in 1895 a Sydney working man dreamt  
he saw the Cup winner, and also dreamt that  
he died before the race. The man backed the  
horse at 50 to 1, took ill a few weeks before the  
race, and his widow afterwards realized that  
her husband's dream was entirely correct.  
The Australian Star of Nov. 8, 1895, gives full  
details of this case.

The Psychological Research Society's reports  
contain accounts of cases, authenticated be-  
yond all question, where (double event and  
single event) dreams and presentiments have  
proved remarkably true, and demonstrating that

"FATE IS NOT THE FOOL OF CHANCE,"

and that in a universe governed by natural  
law, the evolution of life, whether it be of a  
nation or an individual, is irrevocably deter-  
mined.

"I know there are no errors,

In the great eternal plan,

And all things work together

For the final good of man;

That each sorrow has its purpose,

By the sorrowing oft unguessed,

But as sure as the sun brings morning,

Whatever is best."

—Australian Star.

## What a Day of Dumps May Cost Us.

BY A. B. CURTIS, PH. D.

Of course one of the most natural experi-  
ences to us, when we get a day of dumps, is to  
think that the world in general has gone back  
on us and our friends in particular, and if we  
have the dumps especially bad, we go over the  
whole list of our friends and recall all the dis-  
agreeable things which, from their point of  
view, their standard of judgment and their dif-  
ference of temperament, they may have to say  
against us; and as memory becomes more acute  
we recall a few little meannesses of our own,  
that a friend with one eye open could not help  
but notice, and we are sure they are thinking  
those things this very minute and sizing us up.  
And the strange part of it is, they are. They  
have lost confidence in us because we have  
lost confidence in ourselves. They are seeing  
only weakness, because we are weakness. Our  
vitality is low in a struggle with grip, or a  
gloomy day, or a business embarrassment. We  
have flinched in the fray. Feelings, ours and  
those of the whole world, go in waves. Ours

are not the only blue feelings on a gloomy day.  
These gloomy feelings may go in either one  
or two directions. They may vent themselves  
on our own poor selves or on some other poor  
self. In the long run a day of dumps costs us  
just as much whether we sit on ourselves and  
hypnotize our friends in the same direction, or  
whether we sit on our friends because they  
have hypnotized us in their direction.

I know a business man who comes to our city  
for the last week in each month. During that  
week it is his business to visit all of the retail  
grocers. Just as soon as he turns his face  
toward Binghamton, he begins to spend his  
time ideally in the company of these various  
grocerymen. He tells over to himself for the  
seventy-ninth time, his best story. He must go  
over it in thought as he comes down on the  
train, or lounges around his hotel, with every  
one of his would be customers in town. It will  
strike every one differently. He must make a  
few changes here and there to adapt it to this  
man's eccentricities and to that man's politi-  
cal or religious hobbies. A day of dumps when  
this preliminary work gets slighted, means a  
bad day for our drummer in Binghamton; he  
has told me so.

I know a minister who says he always knows  
when there is anything wrong in his parish:  
he feels it in his bones. Sometimes he is able  
to locate the difficulty at once. He orders his  
carriage and makes a call; he doesn't refer to  
the difficulty, but he makes himself as agree-  
able as possible, leaves delightful thoughts of  
things in general behind him, and goes away.  
Very often that is the end of the trouble. At  
other times he cannot locate the difficulty so  
readily. It seems a sort of general malady,  
stretching over large areas and only half con-  
scious of its own pains. Usually this calls for  
a sermon, salted with a very little salt, and  
sweetened with a good deal of molasses. "My  
people," said the minister, "always enjoy such  
a sermon, even if they know it is a jolly; as to  
the impression of this sermon on myself, if it  
has really accomplished that whereto it was  
sent, it very effectually eliminates the feel-  
ings in my bones that something is wrong."

I know a society woman, very popular in her  
set and out of it, who confided to me—ah!  
there it is; it was told me in confidence—but  
to return to the subject. However little the  
dark day and the hay-fever may interfere  
with our outward routine duties, it completely  
knocks out this sub-conscious business. And  
as this is really the most important part of our  
lives, the rest being mere routine and drudg-  
ery—being the mere execution of plans, aims,  
ambitions cherished—it will be seen that it is  
highly necessary that we make these days of  
dumps as few and far between as possible. How  
to do this is, as Kipling says, another story.

## Facts.

BY D. B. HARRIS.

A clairvoyant physician was once called to  
see a sick friend, whom he found to be almost  
on the verge of passing away from earth. He  
told his patient the truth, and the sick man  
said, "Yes, I know that I shall go to-day, and  
I am ready. Good-bye, old friend, I shall never  
see you again in the form, but will surely greet  
you in spirit. I want you to make me a pledge;  
will you solemnly promise to see to it that a  
Spiritualist speaker (giving the name) is en-  
gaged to officiate at my funeral?" The physi-  
cian promised faithfully to observe his friend's  
wishes, and took his departure. This was early  
Saturday morning. Late in the afternoon, the  
doctor was more than twenty miles from the  
place, on a visit to other patients.

As he turned his face homeward, he heard  
the friend from whom he had parted in the  
morning say, "Well, doctor, I have gotten  
through. I am now in the spirit-world, and I  
want you to carry out your promise. The  
funeral will be on Monday at two o'clock."  
These words were repeated three times, and  
so sure was the doctor of their verity, that  
he turned aside from his homeward journey,  
called upon the speaker mentioned by his  
friend, and asked her to officiate at the funeral  
on the following Monday at two o'clock. She  
demurred at first, thinking that the doctor  
might be mistaken, and naturally not willing  
to take a long drive for no purpose. The doctor  
said he would pay her for her time and trou-  
ble if she would but go, whereupon she told  
him she would be there without fail.

The doctor returned home, arriving there at  
midnight. In his parlor, he found awaiting him  
his friend's eldest son, who had come to acquaint  
him with the fact of his father's transition, and  
ask him to engage the lady in question to speak  
at the funeral on the following Monday at two  
o'clock! The doctor had already complied with  
the request, having been informed by a mes-  
senger far swifter than can be found on earth,  
of the duty he was to perform. If not the  
spirit of his arisen friend, what was it that  
told the good doctor what to do, and forced him  
to do it?

A psychic once said to a large company: "I  
see the form of a young lady, who tells me that  
her name is —, and that she was drowned  
two hours ago about thirty miles from here." A  
woman in the audience arose, her eyes flash-  
ing with indignant fire, and said, "That is my  
daughter's name, and I left her alive and well  
at home this morning. This is Sunday and she  
would never desecrate the Lord's holy day by  
going out on the lake. If this is Spiritualism,  
it is a big humbug, and I want nothing to do  
with it." The angry woman went out of the  
house, and within ten minutes was met by a  
man from her own home, who told her that her  
daughter had been accidentally drowned only  
two hours before. The spirit-world had given

the mother the fatal message before mortals  
could convey it to her, but she had put it away  
from her, and refused to give heed to it. Her  
sorrow was great, but she went home feeling  
that there was something in Spiritualism of  
which she had never dreamed until that day.

A gentleman was quietly sleeping in his  
room at home. About midnight he was sud-  
denly awakened by the touch of a cool hand  
upon his face. As he opened his eyes he saw  
the form of his uncle, who resided some miles  
away, bending over him. He sprang up, half  
expecting to greet him, when he heard his  
uncle's well known voice saying: "Charles, I  
am what the world calls dead. I died to-night,  
only a few moments ago," and he was gone.  
The gentleman passed into the next room,  
where his wife was sound asleep. She started  
up as he lighted a lamp, and exclaimed,  
"Charles, what is the matter?" Observing  
that she was trembling with fear he said sooth-  
ingly, "Nothing, my dear; I wanted to see  
what time it is, and I find that it is just mid-  
night." In the morning at daybreak the gen-  
tleman was aroused by a messenger at his door,  
who had come to tell him that his uncle had  
passed away at midnight. A messenger had  
come in the night and told the same story.  
Man's way was too slow for the angels and  
they had sent the news over the invisible wires  
of love of the transition of a soul from mortal  
to spirit life.

A noble-hearted man was passing away from  
earth. Around his bed stood all of the mem-  
bers of his family. A brother approached his  
bed and took him by the hand. "Who is this?"  
the sick man murmured. "I am Ezra;  
don't you know me?" replied the brother.  
"Oh, yes, I know you now," and the dying  
man clasped one of the hands of his brother in  
both of his, then continued, "You are Ezra,  
and seven years from to-day, at this hour, you  
will be prepared to meet me." The labored  
breathing ceased and the sufferer passed away  
from earth. Days, weeks, months and years  
rolled away. The dying man's words had  
been forgotten by Ezra and all of his family.  
The seventh anniversary came, and Ezra went  
forth to labor upon his farm. He worked with  
a cheerful spirit, for he felt strong and well.  
About noon he came to the house and said,  
"Wife, I feel ill." He grew worse rapidly,  
and at two-thirty in the afternoon he passed  
away. It was seven years to the very hour from  
the date of the transition of the brother who ut-  
tered those words "SEVEN YEARS FROM TO-  
DAY, AT THIS HOUR, YOU WILL BE PREPARED  
TO MEET ME."

A traveler was taking a journey in winter  
through one of the Northern States. The snow  
was deep and the roads almost impassable.  
Being obliged to go on he left his horse at a  
village inn and continued his journey on snow-  
shoes. A terrible storm came on and he could  
make but little progress. Evening settled  
down over the hills at an early hour. All was  
darkness around him. Suddenly, off to his  
right, he saw two huge balls of fire rise slowly  
from the earth toward the sky. He could not  
understand that strange phenomenon and a  
gruesome fear took possession of him. Unex-  
pectedly he came to a farmhouse, to which he  
hastened, and told the inmates of his awesome  
vision. The sturdy farmer lighted two lan-  
terns, called his two sons, and with the stran-  
ger went out into the storm. The stranger led  
them as nearly as possible toward the point  
from which the balls of flame had risen. Upon  
the hillside, some distance from the road, they  
found the form of a man half-buried in the  
snow. They took him to the house, minis-  
tered to his needs and restored him to con-  
sciousness. He had lost his way, and becom-  
ing numb with cold had lost consciousness.  
Without doubt he had fainted at the moment  
the stranger saw the balls of fire ascend from  
the earth. What was it that caused this phe-  
nomenon?

A true-hearted wife and mother was seri-  
ously ill. All physicians had despaired of her  
life, and she was told that she must die. She  
did not wish to leave her children, so she be-  
sought her husband to call in a clairvoyant  
physician, as a last resort. He did so, and the  
seer at once diagnosed her case, told her she  
could be helped, and gave a prescription that  
she was to take at once. The husband went  
to the drugstore to get the prescription filled,  
but was told by the pharmacist that he had no  
such herb in his store. The disappointed hus-  
band went home, and told the clairvoyant  
that he could not get the medicine, as the  
druggist had no herb of that description in  
stock, and could not get it for some days. Im-  
mediately the clairvoyant passed into the  
trance state, and exclaimed vehemently: "Yes  
he has; that herb is in the bottom drawer, on  
the left-hand side of the store, at the very  
rear. It is wrapped in heavy brown paper,  
and is covered up with many other things.  
Come, let us go after it!" He seized the hus-  
band's hand, and walked rapidly with him to  
the store. They told the druggist what they  
had come for. The man was indignant, as well  
as incredulous, and protested that he had  
nothing of the sort in the store. The husband  
begged him to investigate, and he at last con-  
sented to do so. The clairvoyant took him by  
the hand, went to the rear of the store, on the  
left side, pointed out a certain drawer, and  
told him to open it. The druggist did so, and  
at the very bottom of the drawer, covered deep  
with other herbs, was a package wrapped in  
heavy brown paper. It was opened, and proved  
to be the longed-for herb. The woman took  
the medicine and was soon as well as ever. The  
clairvoyant and his unseen helpers saved her  
life and restored her to her family and friends.

M. B.—The clairvoyant's eyes were tightly  
shut when he diagnosed the case, also when he  
walked from the house to the drugstore, and  
when he led the druggist to the drawer that con-  
tained the health giving herb! What did it, if  
the spirits did not?



## MEDITATION.

BY ERNEST W. LINCOLN.

"It is sweet to know the gleams of the past,  
Each dark experience of tears or moan  
Will help us to perfect the whole at last,  
Will make more sweet the glorious harvest home.

"It is sweet to know the fragrance of each pain,  
That stings sharply as it greets the sense,  
Will help us to detect the slightest stain,  
That rests within the sweetest recompense.

"It is sweet to know, would we discern the right,  
That we must move from error's darkening way—  
'Tis only by a conflict with the night,  
That we detect the beauty of the day.

"It is sweet to know experience dearly bought,  
Is that which profits us the most at last,  
That virtue is as yet an untrod thought,  
Which solves for us some problem of the past.

"It is sweet to know that Nature's perfect whole  
Evolves from darkness, chaos, discord, strife—  
We only reach perfectness of soul,  
By gleaming all the lessons of a life.

## The Philosophy of Government Ethically Considered.

Governmental Policies.

BY PAUL AVENEL.

## PART I.

It is our purpose to consider this subject ethically from a wholly neutral standpoint and apart from any of its partisan features. The policies of a government determine the character of the government; if the policies are equitable, the government is equitable; if the policies are economic, the government is economic, etc., etc.

Why have the governments of the past crumbled and fallen? Why have monarchies, empires and kingdoms risen to power only to be overthrown? Is it because the obsolete powers were corrupt? No; it is because men in the course of progress grow satiate of absolute codes and the jurisdiction of ancient and stereotyped laws. As civilizations advanced, corresponding evolution in their laws and in the latitude of thought and action became a necessity, and in historic eras such innovation could be secured only by insurrection on the part of the people.

This is demonstrated in the remnants of classic governments to-day; they lack cohesion, they lack solidarity, they lack intellectuality, and they lack integrity; their dominance is maintained at the sacrifice of virtue and by penal tyranny. It cannot be denied that classic governments were corrupt in the most corrupt sense, but the civilizations were no less so; it was a corrupt era, and men were a legitimate outgrowth of the times. Astrological laws made the times what they were, but as those laws waned in their circuit, and other rational laws succeeded, the demand for evolution on the part of the people entered an ascendant which terminated in the ultimate downfall of the dynasties.

The ethics of governmental policies is too little understood, the eye of the world is fixed upon immediate conditions, and the issue of those conditions is relatively lost to sight; public attention is riveted upon current events, and the sequel to those events is relatively obscured. If men studied laws and their effects in perspective, the legislation of nations would be more just and secure.

Laws are principles reduced to a limited calibre, i. e., they are determinate channels for the differentiation and application of abstract power. If abstract principles are equitable, then laws are equitable pro ratio as they conform to these principles, that is to cosmic methods over which supreme and impeccable Wisdom presides. By this standard it is obvious that laws are provident only as they sanction and advance natural growth in the individual, both physically and mentally. No man or woman can live a life of normal intellectual rectitude whose aspirations and ambitions are stultified by any cause whatsoever; no man or woman can live a life of sterling morality whose vigor is stunted by toil; no man or woman can be true to the natural instincts of the soul who is denied freedom of thought.

A legal policy should be so framed as to secure the best mental, moral and pecuniary advantages to every individual under their jurisdiction. The nation should be an exemplary model for the family, and should conduct its affairs upon a corresponding homogeneous principle; the home ought to be an epitome of the government to which it is tributary, and the domestic parliament of two should be modeled upon the plan of its national parliament, in order to be an ethically consistent part of the nation.

Men who are not just in administering the affairs of the home will not be just in municipal administration; men who are dishonest in dispensing domestic capital will be dishonorable in disbursing public capital; men who sacrifice others to serve self-interest at home will do the same in civic matters. Altruism is a fundamental essential in the ethical administration of public interests.

Indeflexible statutes are never conducive to prosperity, because whatever is inflexible in legislation is an obstruction to expansion and out of accord with cosmic principles. Character changes technically with the years; it matures and broadens, and a code that satisfied the exigencies of its early necessities will be inadequate to satisfy the exigencies of maturity; a coat that fits a youth will not fit a man unless he be a dwarf. All policies should be devised subject to amendment as the requirements of progress may determine. It is hostile to the stability of government to repeal a law; it indicates a flagrant lack of acumen in the original document and impugns the judicial foresight of those who framed the law.

Ethical justice is lenient and tolerant as well as austere, and policies, to be ethically just, must embody the same magnanimous principles; there are no solecisms in ethical justice. Policies should be unequivocally politic, i. e., provident, prudent, elastic and astute; provident and prudent in economic provision against future contingencies; elastic in application, and astute in discerning the essential changes incidental to progress. Intrigue in policies or craft in their phrasology are alike criminal, and should incriminate those responsible for their devising. A seal, however imposing, affixed to a legal document, does not legalize its text; and there is no vernacular so much in need of ethical and logical revision as the vernacular of the law; it is ambiguous, verbose, stereotyped, confusing, equivocal and misleading; it is obsolescent, an antiquated degree, and is appropriately termed a musty lore. Nothing could be more out of harmony with the motives of a republic than such a fossilized nomenclature.

The voice of the people will never advocate inuendo in their civic codes, because it always places the people at a disadvantage; modern policies have entailed obloquy upon themselves and upon their authors for this very infringement of integrity. Congress occupies a podium before the world, the nations fill its auditorium, and the findings of its high tribunal are criticised from shore to shore.

There are seasons and fashions in governmental rule, just as there are modes in apparel and architecture; but the periods of their duration vary pro ratio with their utility and moral significance. Epochs are characterized by governments, centuries by architectures and years by fashions in apparel. Each in its time and place is supreme, and each exerts a commanding influence upon the masses.

In their youth governments determine the character of their peoples, i. e., they give them specific trend and scope; but as age crystallizes their laws this ceases to be. The people realize the decrepitude and infirmity of the systems under which they live and rise in revolt, eventually overthrowing the dynasty unless true cause of civil revolutions and wars; men demand progress; they cannot maintain the ethical integrity of human nature unless laws are compatible with the natural growth of intelligence.

Civilizations are not the tools of statutory codes; statutory codes are the tools of civilizations; the tools with which they execute the

judiciary will of the generations and defend their weal. Because a man is born under a certain administration, he is of State or Church, is no valid reason he should espouse its tenets or swear fealty to its authority; under divine law every man is born free, with unimpeded option as to the trend of his individual life. Neither civil nor ecclesiastical governments have any real right to infringe upon this liberty. There is no tyranny so arbitrary and tyrannical as that of inherited religions, no despotism more despot than that of inherited allegiance to civic constitutions; both perjure the divine law of free agency in man, and both paralyze his liberty prior to his birth. A man cannot be a freeman who comes into life fettered; he cannot be the arbiter of his own destiny if that destiny is prenatally determined by his progenitors.

What is the remedy? Should men rise in rebellion against the powers under which they live, or repudiate their authority? By no means! They should be thoroughly educated as to the technical significance of both civil and religious laws, and allowed unbiased latitude in the matter of subscribing to them. The multitudes, especially in regard to legal administrations, have little knowledge of the real purport of the policies they advocate; they espouse them mechanically, and die entrailing upon posterity a pernicious tendency to irresponsibility.

Children should be taught the fundamental principles of ethical government; youth should pursue the study analytically, reasoning logically from cause to effect in civil science, and improving original theories as they are capable, not to supplant those in vogue, but as educational discipline, and to prove by comparison and analogy the consistency of current systems. Men thus practically educated would be qualified citizens of the Republic.

As the child is taught the man will act, is nowhere more true than in our legislatures and churches, and nowhere more prolific of moral degradation. If children are taught by rote and automatically, as men they will enforce automatic and unquestioning obedience, than which there is nothing more adverse to true enlightenment. Habits acquire energy and momentum as they acquire age, and unless they are judiciously forestalled will culminate in mental disaster, their very preponderance defeating the natural methods of evolution. Equipoise is as essential to symmetrical development in a man as in a tree, and unimpeded liberty of growth as much a cardinal necessity.

[To be continued.]

## The Necessity of Spiritualism.

BY MISS B. M. GROSSMANN.

There is hardly a life—I might venture to say there never was a life—which could continue day by day without drawing somewhere for strength and inspiration, and, more fundamentally yet, for a renewal of belief in its own powers. The human being has always and will always need other than physical sustenance alone, and the "busiest" person will remember that the best hours of life, after all, were not those given up entirely to worldly cares, but to something not obtained through money.

No one who has passed through any great trial, physical or mental anguish, will be ready to say that he has not felt the touch, the mental influence of the whole other world, very much less distinct than the present surrounding one, and yet powerful as it is noiseless. When gazing upon the face of a dear departed friend, there suddenly comes the solemnly swift uplifting of one's whole spiritual self, far weightier than one's body, which stands there with tearful eyes; when, as it were, the brush of an angel's wing ruffles the material self, the creature of earth only, and says: "O, in your eyes, but in my mind."

But the language of the need felt by every being (no matter how worldly) is a voiceless language. You and I cannot quite frame our strongest wish in strongest words. When we have said it over and over again, the thought is still better than the word, and far different, as the perfume of the dark blue violet to any description words can offer. There is an essence to ourselves for which we vainly search a vocabulary.

Now to an unworried but keen need of the human soul, or aspiration, there can be only a keen and equally unworried answer, and yet more reassuring in its depth and scope than the friend's tone of sympathy and hopeful "It is all for the best." The answer is intuitive, not spoken; it is felt, not heard. It is felt by each for himself, and it is much quicker, keener, than any earthly reply.

The answer is one with the answerer, or the great power encircling, or better still, permeating animate matter. Its vibrations are endless and ubiquitous. Vibration is life and its universal manifestation.

Yet there are noteworthy circumstances attending the vibration. Anything widespread is strengthened by concentration; even as the lightning, one form of vibration, has been harnessed in the service of the human being and made more than a broadcast force, so other invisible currents of the great force (the answer to the unspoken need of the myriads) has its points of concentration; whether self-formed by mere abundance of force, or whether intentionally dispensed in just the proportion in which the human race finds it, these points of concentration take on palpable shape—become vibratory spiritual agents with human forms, needs, thoughts, feelings, the tangible shape of that vibration concentrated, which is here to guide and console the human race or the lesser vibratory links.

Seeing the dispensation of these guides or "mediums" to be such, we do not wonder that to do their duty most successfully the atmosphere must be purest, clearest, highest. We do not wonder that as they are of the Universal more than of the individual, all that brings directly in contact with the Universal, takes away from the limitations of the earthly self, far above it—as does the sunny, rich beauty of flowers, the sanctity of song, the joyousness of physical health, is theirs by right, is a necessity to them.

Where one of these sensitive registers we call "medium" to be such, we do not wonder that to do their duty most successfully the atmosphere must be purest, clearest, highest. We do not wonder that as they are of the Universal more than of the individual, all that brings directly in contact with the Universal, takes away from the limitations of the earthly self, far above it—as does the sunny, rich beauty of flowers, the sanctity of song, the joyousness of physical health, is theirs by right, is a necessity to them.

And so if an experiment is not complete the first, the second or the third time, especially an experiment on such an extremely delicate and sensitive plane as this of our other than waking world, "shall we close up all channels to that spirit center and keep it numb in isolation and deny to ourselves all possibility of comfort in sorrow, oblivion in pain, patience in trial, recompense in failure? In other words, shall we forsake the concentrated centers, the mediums entirely, and have life an inextricable mass of outer influences repelling inner influences, at war with them, thus menacing the health of their bearer?"

And lastly, the specific characteristic of the "medium" whose life, after all, is a sacrifice of self to an eminent degree, is that what the brightest of us lesser centers arrives at by outward physical signs, as for instance in the mind of a practical enterprising business man, the conclusion that this or that man is of good calibre, is trustworthy, is just the man needed—such information gained rather slowly, often with misgivings, the sensitive recipient of forces receives and throws out simultaneously, and as is perfectly possible, quite unconsciously to himself, although physical lassitude may often accompany such transmissions on the part of the medium.

Much might be said on the subject of the rightful claim of the deceased to be heard, to be communicative, and of their strong pressure at times upon their earthly transmitters; but of this one can speak after the prime necessity in each life, and therefore the sufficient cause for the supremacy of Spiritualism has sunk deep into the subtle self of every questioner.

## MARION GOLDBORO;

OR, WHAT ONE WOMAN ACCOMPLISHED.

WRITTEN BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

Author of "The Discovered Country," "Oceanides," a Psychological Novel, "Mary Ann Carey," "Philip Carlyle," a Romance, etc., etc.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MADAM DUFRIES.

Marion arose, and going to her father, moaned and kissed his brow.

"Father," she said, "I am determined to do all that you say, and more; but do not take it to heart so much. You have only done as other men think it right to do. Society is more to blame than you are."

"But my soul, individually, calls to me, saying: You and you alone must pay the penalty of your own guilt."

"Father!" and Viola's soft eyes rested lovingly on the troubled face of her parent. "Father, dear father, you are just beginning to find your own soul, and become acquainted with it. I have always thought, when I have heard you say you did not believe in a soul or spirit, that some day you would meet your own soul face to face, and your doubts would be forever put to flight."

Viola had from her early childhood been looked upon by the rest of the family as a very singular child, not at all like others of her age. "Viola is very peculiar," her mother would say when speaking of her. "I don't know whatever I shall do with that child. She studies nothing, but jumps at everything. The strangest part of it is that she is right in most things. She never talks much, and really looks the merest child, although she is now fourteen, but to hear her remarks one would be led to believe her a woman of mature years. Her father, and others to whom I have talked about it, call it intuition, whatever that may mean. I greatly fear that she will never be like other girls. The fact is, my children are all rather peculiar, except Bess. Bess is a great comfort to me."

The next morning Marion went once more to visit the sick woman and her daughter, Mrs. Dufries, the sick woman was somewhat better. Warmth and food had restored her somewhat. Marion found her propped up in bed and able to talk. How different this squalid room seemed this morning from that of yesterday. A little money, well bestowed, had made life more endurable to that here before wretched invalid; and, her daughter, Elnora, had put everything within the room in order. She had arranged her beautiful, blond hair most becomingly. Although her dress was thin, old and faded, still, she had made it very neat. A little white apron, together with a bit of lace at her throat, had changed her wonderfully. The room was warm and she had eaten a good breakfast. This had brought a brightness to her beautiful blue eyes, and her cheeks and lips were tinged like a wild rose. In looking at the girl one instinctively thought of lilacs, violets and wild roses.

She had folded an old shawl over one of the broken chairs, and this she presented to Marion, who took her seat by the side of the sick woman's bed. Elnora had also placed a white covering over the rickety table. Mrs. Dufries pressed Marion's hand.

"Thanks, dear, kind lady," she said in a weak voice. "Many thanks. I pray heaven that Elnora has found a friend at last, a friend of her own sex," and the great burning eyes were turned upon Marion's face pleadingly.

"She has found a friend who will never forsake her," replied Marion cheerfully, "and you have found one also. As soon as you are able to be moved you shall have a better place to live in than this. How much rent do you pay for this miserable garret?"

"Two dollars a week," answered Elnora, "and whoever in this house cannot pay each Saturday must leave at once. Either I must beg or we must freeze and starve. I have often thought I should rather die thus myself than beg; but how could I see my darling mother suffer and die of want when by asking alms I can save her life?"

"Do people usually give you much?"

"Not much—oh, very little indeed! I have been able thus far to meet our rent, but for days together we have had no food, and no warmth except what we could get by cuddling together beneath the only thing covering us here."

"Is your father dead, Elnora?"

"Oh, yes, Miss—"

"Goldboro," said Marion.

"I was but five years old when father died, Miss Goldboro, yet I can remember just how he looked. Oh! he was so handsome and grand, and we lived in a beautiful villa near Paris."

"Are you French, then?" asked Marion.

"Father was a Frenchman, but mamma is Irish."

"Then you have not always been in poverty?" questioned Marion.

"Oh, no!" answered Mrs. Dufries. "My husband and I had enough and to spare, although not rich; but when he died we lost our house, for a rich man owned it, and I was not able, alone, to renew the lease on our lovely and comfortable home. Then I was induced to come with my child to America, hoping to get a position as governess. This I did until my health failed. My cough was so bad, and I was so emaciated, that no one would employ me. Elnora was by this time fifteen. If she went as maid I must be separated from her and live by myself alone. The thought was very painful to me and I concluded that we would take a saving to do. For awhile we got along poorly but respectably; at last my health failed more and more, then I was confined to my bed. Elnora could not leave me, but the child is not an expert needle-woman; she could earn very little—almost nothing; and at last she could get no work of that kind to do. So things went on from bad to worse."

"When we first came to this house we had a better room, but the rent was more; and when we could pay for that no longer, we took this. When Elnora sewed from morning until night—yes, and even to midnight—she could not earn enough to pay the rent of this room. When I was able to work myself, our united earnings amounted to no more than three dollars a week, leaving us but one dollar for food and fuel."

"Oh, Miss Goldboro! We were hardly able to support life; moreover, we could not always obtain work. Many days, and even weeks together, we could get no work, and thus you see Elnora has been obliged to beg or we must die."

Marion sighed deeply. The woes of the world were already pressing heavily on her young heart.

"You shall never beg more," she said, looking pitifully at the beautiful Elnora; "but it seems to me that this garret is not worth more than a pig-sty—two dollars a week for that miserable place, hardly giving shelter at all? Who can possibly be so cruel as to ask two dollars a week for this?"

And she cast her eyes around at the broken walls, the paneless window sashes with their dilapidated shingles, at the large cracks and crannies in the floor minus a carpet, at the door with its broken panels partially protected by rough boards.

"Who owns this old house?"

"I do not know," answered Elnora. "The person to whom we pay the rent is but the agent. They say that the owner is a very rich man, but the agent will not tell who he is, for fear that many here, who could not pay their rent, would trouble him with requests that he wait until they should be able to do so."

"How many rooms are there in this house?" asked Marion.

"Well," answered Mrs. Dufries, "they have made rooms of all the halls and pantries; the cellar is partitioned off into underground rooms; when all are counted there are fifty, and the rent ranges from two to five dollars—no room rents for less than two dollars, and I think there are none above five dollars a week."

"Should you think that half the rooms were rented at five dollars?"

"Just about that number."

"Then twenty-five rooms rent at five dollars per week, and twenty-five at two dollars, that would be fifty dollars, and one hundred and twenty-five added to fifty make one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week for this wretched, miserable, tumble down, dirty, decayed old house, without sanitary conveniences of any kind, in this low, damp vicinity, surrounded by filth, squalor and vice. I will find the owner of this old barrack, if it can be done, and I will put him to shame, or my name is not Marion Goldboro. Do you know the agent's name?"

"Oh, yes. His name is Mercer."

"If such old shells as this were not allowed to exist there would be less suffering. I am sure a rich man might tear down this old hovel and put up a warm and comfortable building, with grates and fires in each room; and then, when the very poor were obliged to live in one room, they could at least be made comfortable. And the owner of this building is a very rich man, you say?"

"Yes; we have heard that he is worth four or five million dollars at least."

"Does he live in New York?"

"They tell us he does."

"Well," said Marion, "I am acquainted with a number of millionaires here, and I will not rest until I discover the right one—be sure of that. I believe I have a mission in this world. I mean to strike at the roots of things. Tell me, dear Mrs. Dufries, why with constant toil you and Elnora were not able to earn more than three dollars a week?"

"We took sewing from the shops," she replied, "for families now have a way of purchasing almost everything ready-made, or to be made to order, at the shops. Elnora and I were not qualified to do anything but plain sewing, and even if we had been there was very little more to be earned at better work at the same time such work was more trying to the eyes and general health, and, after all, we could not have earned over fifty cents more, and my weakness would not allow me to do more elaborate work."

"And you toiled all day and even until midnight for such a pittance?"

"We did, Miss Goldboro, for months and years, and at last came to beggary."

"And I have never earned a penny in my life!" ejaculated Marion; "have never put my hands to labor of any kind. How am I better than your daughter, Madame Dufries? She is by nature refined and beautiful—far more beautiful than I am."

"O Miss Goldboro!" put in Elnora, "you are the daughter of a millionaire, while I am the daughter of my poor little helpless, sick mother, who is a widow."

"Then you, by the right of all that is just, should be the one to receive the benefits. The world should care for the widow and the fatherless, and it never more shall be said of Marion Goldboro that she is the daughter of a millionaire, riding in her carriage while the widow and the fatherless starve and freeze in squalid garrets. Marion Goldboro will search out these widows and fatherless ones, relieve their wants—and more than this, she will try to discover the roots of existing evils, and exterminate them as much as is in her power."

"I fear," said Madame Dufries, "that one young girl alone will be able to do very little toward ameliorating the condition of the poor and down-trodden."

"Then that little I am determined to do," said Marion with decision. "You must get well, dear madame, that you may help me. You say, one young girl alone. Now you and Elnora will both help me, and Jennie, my maid, will also help; my father will help me; my brother and sister will help me. Now let me see how many we have already. My father and brother and two sisters make four; you, Elnora and Jennie, seven. I think we will enlist Jennie's father; that will be eight, and counting myself, nine. Why, we have nine already!"

"The sick woman shook her head sadly.

"O, my young lady," she said, "the task would be greater than Hercules could accomplish."

"I shall not ask Hercules to even lend his aid, but I shall depend on those whom I meet every day. You shall get well, Madame Dufries—you shall have every comfort that money can purchase, and I will make you my captain, and you shall help more than anyone else. See how much better you are already; and, just look at Elnora; she is beginning to bloom like a rose. Madame, you must leave here next week. Now, here are ten dollars more. See to it, Elnora, that you and your mother have every comfort. And now I must leave you for I have promised Jennie that I will go in to see her father for a short time."

"The poor are not without their faults, Miss Goldboro, and very many would not be in such poverty if they would let intoxicating beverages alone. Jennie's father is greatly to blame for his own condition."

"Indeed!" responded Marion, "Jennie has not mentioned it to me."

"No; she loves her father, yet she is ashamed of him."

"Well, good day, Madame Dufries, I am going now to see him. Jennie has been waiting some time. Get well, dear madame," and Marion softly kissed the pallid forehead of the sick lady and took her way down over the dingy, rickety stairs. She found Jennie waiting for her at the foot.

[To be Continued.]

## Dewey.

BY R. E. FICHTHORNE.

The hero of Manila has returned, and New York surpassed itself in its demonstrations of welcome and in the number of strangers within its gates. Are we to believe that this generous reception to Dewey is really a Tammany inspiration? It cannot be that the tiger has been converted into a lamb. We do not care to analyze the motives as the foundation of this outburst of so-called Deweyism, nor its relation to such exhibitions among the Romans. That there is much heart and little head in the excitement is very evident. Even the hero himself admits the surplus of feelings when he says: "It is beyond anything I can conceive of, why there should be this uprising. I simply did what any captain would have done."

There cannot be much depth to the excitement, as there is too much foam on the surface. Such demonstrations by the people are as high and broad as their appreciation of the source of power manifested through their hero. With an inadequate recognition and appreciation of the source of power we can only expect a superficial appreciation of the power itself. We would not condemn nor find fault with such demonstrations, as any kind of a flow of the waters of humanity is better than none. Let all who feel like it shout heartily, and they will be the better for it.

But many of us are not satisfied by such shouting and the feasting of our eyes by viewing such a pageant. To some of us a deeper lesson is taught by the acts of a hero than what can be understood by the popular tide. We would not detract from the courage exhibited by Dewey and the bravery with which he inspired his men.

We see Dewey as the visible head, and the boys behind the guns as the executive body. But the visible executive body and the power

exercised by it are not one and the same. "Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit." The visible is only the throne, while the power executed by it is behind and above the throne. Had it not been for this super-Dewey spirit, or the many spirits of one mind inspiring them with courage, they might have furnished a different kind of material for the historian. We read that the "Lord (ruling spirit)" had made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great host." And for no other cause than a mere imagination, as our materialistic friends would call it, the whole Syrian army fled for dear life, without horse, ass or camp. And while our church friends cannot or will not believe that our departed friends have enough interest in us to return they do believe that some time David was even commanded by the Lord Jehovah not to smite the enemy until he heard "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees."

Without the power behind the throne even iron-clads become useless. Spain had its protected vessels at Santiago with men behind the guns, but there was a lack if not an absence of the Lord, or ruling spirit, behind the men. Now as we think of Dewey we are glad that, as long as the lightning of the navy had to strike, such a capable and humble American was chosen, for it could not have been directed better and in less time. The more we recognize the super-mundane source of the power the more we appreciate the instrument through which it manifested.

In the past, Farragut and Porter were the servants of this same power, and we doubt not but what other instruments are being prepared for a future emergency. How long these instruments are under control now training we do not know, but we do admire them for the patience and sacrifice that such discipline demands. But there is a sober side even when victory is a decided gain for human freedom, seen by those who perceive the Brotherhood of Man. If God is spirit, and spirit is one, there is only the one body for the one spirit. One body but many members. The different nations are only so many different members of this same body. Very sad that after all these years of so-called Christian civilization, one member of this body boasting in its orthodoxy should be found in such a condition of rebellion and perversion of spirit as to compel another member of the same body to limit its abuse of power by mutilating it. The member employed by the spirit of this body to do the maiming, might glory for having done the job so neatly, and also by thus escaping contagion from this one member. This glory will be tempered by reason when we view ourselves as a member of a maimed body.

Why should Spain and other members of the same body be found in such a condition? Can it be that this moral disease is constitutional and not merely local? There seems to be a moral circulation in the body of humanity like unto that of the blood in the physical system. While the moral poison remains in the system it is liable to make its appearance in any member. Neither can one member be violated without the whole body suffering.

While the disease of moral despotism manifesting itself in physical oppression remains in the constitution of humanity, only those members in a condition of moral health positive to its invasion, can escape.

There is still less reason for the successful member to glory, except in so far as it relieved the suffering of the whole body, when it is seen that the maiming of the one member is a decided loss to the whole body. A body with one member missing or maimed is not a whole body. It cannot fulfill its purpose while it remains incomplete. The development of the other members is delayed in restoring the missing or maimed member. Thus the rebellion of one member endangers the peace of another, if not of the whole body, and its correction by force is a remedy so extreme that it leaves very little enthusiasm for glory.

These few thoughts are not intended as food for the pessimist, but only our attempt to recognize a condition beneath the Dewey tide that is now sweeping the country. We esteem the man and appreciate his work only the more because of these cogitations.

If we believe that moral disorder is constitutional to the system of humanity, we much more believe that moral order is likewise present in the same body and that spiritual harmony is slowly but surely gaining its eternal victory over our earthly bodies.

## A Spirit Message.

At this time we come to say that in many thousands of cases families are united and will continue to pass through eternity together, yet this is not the unalterable law. The strongest ties of love bind only, and there comes to many the love that lasts through eternity that in no way had its fruition on earth. We are not always strong in our family love, and then it is that after reaching this stopping place we become separated, not from any particular desire on our part, but by the law of love alone that shows to each its complete lot. This is only justice, and where love rules justice reigns also. There is not any unapprehension resulting from this; each recognizes its proper place, and it always fills it to completion. There are many here that are waiting for this loved one. There are sometimes only two within this circle; then again there are many. Each forms its own heaven while it continues its own journey together. Therefore it may not appear strange to you when you reach us to find the one you thought you would not see as strong in that love as we have been. Here, too, you may find the other half of your soul, although it may have been your fate to cross each other's pathway in life.

There is a love that death kills, but it is not the strong love that we need to help us make eternity heaven. We grow here also—possibly not in stature, but still we do not remain always children. We never grow old in your sense of the word, but we grow in wisdom and power, largely gained, however, from our sojourn on earth, and strengthened by the help of those whose love outlasts life. Contentment and happiness are watchwords here, and misery never gains a foothold. By this we mean those who have climbed the heights and have left the earth-plane. Those who have not yet come upward are still held in bondage, yet if they remain so it is of their own seeking; but the longer they stay, the harder it will be to make their journey easy. The love that holds back those who would go forward is a selfish love; it seeks its own gratification and will not be of much avail through the long ages to come. We are not free agents in this respect, but as water seeks its level, so love finds its home.

There is yet another love that comes to us, which we feel surrounding us, and that is the God love; this is given to all alike; we accept or reject it; yet it never fails to show us its light. We feel its presence; it shines around us at all times, yet at no time does it become overpowering. We can call upon it, and it never fails us. We can reject it, but what progress can we then make? We can claim no ownership in it, for it is free, and if we follow its guiding, we are safe for an eternity of bliss.

There is an earth love of almost equal strength, but that we feel we are entitled to call our own. Encourage your friends in their love. Help them to gain this home through it. Give them the benefit of all you have to give; do not be selfish with it. Then the passion of love is great. Without it neither could live. Earth's passions are not to be yielded to at all times, yet neither are they to be always suppressed. Love is a passion, and in its strength we live.



## Children's Spiritualism.

## SWEET CONFIDENCE.

BY THOMAS B. CHRYSTAL.

A six-year-old young lady

Blood near the music stand  
In Central Park, one Sunday,  
With candy in her hand.

She looked around bewildered,  
As if she were afraid;  
Then to a Park policeman  
The little maiden said:

"Do you like candy, mister?"

"No, not a bit," said he,  
"Well, then," she cried, "I'll trust you  
To carry mine for me!"

—St. Nicholas.

## Kitty Gray.

"Mew, m-e-e-w!" cried a pitiful voice. "I am so tired and sick. And oh! mew! I am so lame and sore and hungry!"

Kitty Gray was in a meadow, where she had fled to rest from her tormentors.

"Mew, m-e-e-w! What is the matter?" called a great Maltese, who was wandering round in an independent fashion.

"Oh, the boys and girls pull me about and throw me down, and don't give me half enough to eat!" mewled the little kitty.

"Mew—m-e-e-w—m-e-e-w!" indignantly called the old veteran. "Don't let them. Just bit, yell and scratch as hard as you can. I do."

But Kitty Gray answered: "I can't do that. It isn't right to be cross because some one else is. My dear old mother taught me that." The Maltese would have said more, but a lady came along, and away he ran.

"Mew, mew, m-e-e-w!" said the little voice just beside her.

"Scat! scat! you wretched cat!" said the supposed lady.

Then the kitty found out what many others have—that fine clothes are not always signs of a kind heart.

Kitty was discouraged. She felt as if she wanted to die. Just as she was thinking what to do, another lady came "across lots."

Kitty mewled again. "Too bad, little one," and kitty was lifted to the lady's arms, patted lightly and put softly down again, as the lady said: "There, run away home, poor baby kitty. People should take care of cats better than this," and the lady passed on.

How good that sounded. Kitty felt so happy that she trotted on softly after the lady. She laid down on the door step when the lady went in the house, and was sleeping there when morning came.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. L. "I have two cats already. I can't possibly keep this one." But she fed the half starved wanderer, and kitty was happy.

The three boys who lived next door wanted it for theirs, but they also pulled it from each other, caught it rudely and threw it down again, and it had not been for Mrs. L., kitty would have fared hard.

One day she overheard Mrs. L. say to a neighbor: "Something must be done. Strange that mothers will allow their children to be unkind to animals." Then there was a whispered consultation. That evening she was lifted carefully by a large boy and hid under his coat.

How she trembled for she thought she was sent away from her kind friend to be murdered. On the boy carried her, and every now and then would speak kindly to her. She could hear him open a door after a while, and down stairs he ran with her.

"Now for it," thought kitty.

He threw back his coat, took her carefully out and put her down in a large, well lighted room. She looked around, and a man with a baker's cap came forward saying:

"So that is Kitty Gray, is it? Well, she can have a home and plenty to eat here." And kitty was so pleased that she purred and rubbed around her kind friends.

So kitty lives there still and is happy and contented. If she could have her way she would give her rescuers a large frame with a motto in golden letters that would read "Kind deeds can never die."

If kitty was only human she would know that such deeds make those who do them happier, and make those who witness them much better. She would realize that one gets his reward for doing good the moment he does it.

She would know that one does not have to wait to get to some future heaven before receiving appreciation. Nothing can ever take away the satisfaction of helping the helpless and needy. We can all do something for some one, even if it is but a little. Let us try.

C. FANNIE ALLYN.

## Chips.

BY ALICE CRITTENDON.

Had Chips been a human being instead of a big, beautiful Maltese cat, he would have been one of George MacDonald's "divine idiots."

As a race, cats are selfishness incarnate: as an individual specimen of the race, Chips was love incarnate. It was incarnate, too, and not herited or transmitted or inoculated, for his other, Madame Jules, was the most shrewish, pessimistic, saturnine type. Poor Chips from his earliest babyhood knew no fond motherly embraces; on the contrary, he was abandoned to his fate at the early age of three days—left a little, helpless, silvery ball of fur, a pathetically patient, sightless object, to the tender mercies of some good Samaritan.

The good Samaritan proved to be a ten-year-old Arabi Bey, the youthful heir of the house, who placed him in a softly lined basket, and fed him with warm milk and a small spoon until such time as his intuition taught him to feed. It could not be called lapping, for all his life Chips' only mode of taking milk was to dip his right fore paw in a saucer and then lick it off. It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Jules left her comfortable home when she left her kitten. She merely refused to acknowledge the kinship, passing him loftily on the other side. When the little thing grew to a larger kittenhood it was pitiful to see his attempts to lure his heartless mother into sharing his innocent gambols. She asserted her motherhood only by severely boxing his ears if he showed an inclination to share her saucer of milk.

In spite of all this Chips grew up merry and sweet. When his little step-sister came to town, she too might have died but for the ministrations of Arabi Bey and Chips. All day long, in the warmest, sunniest corner, and all night long in his cosy basket did Chips cuddle that forlorn orphan mite. It slept in his arms snuggled warm against his soft fur, and the pride he took in his baby when she grew old enough to play was ludicrous in the extreme. He would lie down in front of Scraps, as we had unanimously named the new kitten, and stretch himself at full length, moving his tail slowly at first and then more rapidly until Scraps recognized that pretty, silvery rope wriggling for her especial amusement, when a right good frolic they would have together. At other times, and this was quite the funniest sight of all, he would sit on a chair letting his tail hang down and gently waving it. If he felt no answering tug he would look over his shoulder to see if indeed it could be possible that Scraps did not want to play, when an almost human look of disappointment would pass over his feline features.

In process of time little Scraps was begged by an admiring friend, and the gloomy Mrs. Jules, who had quite estranged the whole family by her disagreeable airs and the regularity with which she abandoned her families, was handed over with her four last kittens, to a good-natured butcher with a barn "full of mice." Alas! Jules had never troubled herself about mice any more than she had about babies, and she calmly walked off and left the ill-fated four to die, which they promptly did.

Lonely Chips! His great loving heart was now bereft indeed, for in spite of all discouragements he had never ceased trying to win

the love of his surly mother. He actually seemed to miss her churlish boxings. The family felt like criminals when they saw how he missed his little charge and playmate, Scraps.

But Chips could have given points in philosophy to many a talking creature. He was too sunny to mope long. He simply looked about him for something else to love and care for. Presently he appeared with two little traps that had been left the week before to shift for themselves in an adjoining field. Very lamellae among kittens were these sable mites, for if one set foot in the garden where they were playing with Chips, or sleeping with him all rolled up into a black and gray ball, they would scamper off in fright. But pretty soon by the power of love Chips had tamed them. Regularly, twice a day he would bring them up to the kitchen door at feeding time, when he would calmly take up his post on the doorstep until they had finished eating, and if anyone went hungry it was not his guests.

But alas for tramp kittens! It is not always sunny. When the bitter winter came, Chips forsook his warm bed in the cellar, and where he passed his nights no one knew, until one morning, when the snow lay deep on the ground and the thermometer had tumbled away below zero, Arabi Bey, who was cleaning paws, came across his pet frozen stiff, while in his arms, almost under his body, lay his little black brothers—dead in spite of his sacrifice.

Grand Chips! Love could do no more. He had died for his friends—*The Humane Alliance.*

## Literary Department.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.—"Thy heart must have been full of love for that poor girl," said John G. Whittier, softly, with moist eyes, as the superintendent of the Woman's Reformatory Prison at Massachusetts told him an experience of her work; and in that brief sentence the poet touched the spring of all philanthropy, which the sociological student in college halls or tenement settlements can ignore only at the cost of failure.

A young woman had been sentenced to the reformatory, who for a long time gave a great deal of trouble. The devoted superintendent visited her day after day, trying in every possible manner to get her confidence, but without success. One evening, when she was in a violent temper, Mrs. Johnson took her to her own room, but all her gentleness and tact met with no response, and feeling driven to the very wall, she opened a book upon the table. It was Whittier's poems, and her eye fell upon "The Eternal Goodness."

"Here is a beautiful poem," she said to her prisoner. "Take it to your room, learn this verse, and recite it to me in the morning."

"Yet in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,  
I know that God is good!"

"It is beautiful the girl responded, and she carried the book away."

The next morning she went to the superintendent and repeated not one, but seven verses, and on the following day she recited the whole poem. A veritable transformation soon marked her face and actions, and one day she stopped the superintendent in the hall, she said, "and the old age comes over me, and I want to smash windows and kill people, I say those verses, and they quiet me and comfort me. They have saved me."

A poet's word and a woman's heart full of love for an unfortunate and erring sister—these are the springs from which has come a life redeemed to health and service!—*Youth's Companion.*

THE FUTURE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL. A problem of paramount importance ably discussed by R. B. Glasgow, M. D., who says:—

"For our own purposes we consider life has two phases, viz., school life and world life, and that men are as ciphers and figures, and teachers as artists, or artisans. The aim of school life is to achieve harmonious development of all the human faculties. The boy is to become a complete man, so as to be capable of fulfilling all the ends of life. To achieve this the school ought not to be an artificial centre, where there is no communication with life, except through books; it ought to be a small world, real and practical, where the child may find himself in close proximity to nature and reality. Theory is not enough; there must be practice as well. Those two elements should be present in the school, as they are around us. Otherwise the young man is condemned when he leaves the school world to enter a great world entirely new to him, where he loses his bearings. Of course, this does not apply to men who are doomed to be ciphers. For them, any school, or no school at all, will do as well. At the first sight the expression 'artist' and 'artisan' as applied to teachers may not seem happy, but on reflection it will appear quite unique. The foundation of an artist's work is a thought. His real work is turning thoughts into pictures, and education really is mental photography, making pictures on the brain. That most wonderful, sensitive and durable of photographic plates."

The teachers of our country belong to the grandest army ever marshaled under the dome of heaven. When weary of well doing, they should look to the hills, whence cometh their help, and remember that the summit of their labor is heaven.—*The Metaphysical Magazine for October.*

AVAIN SEEKING.—The recent announcement by several men of science that they believe that they have sure proofs of the immortality of the soul may not be so important as they seem to the gentlemen who make them, but at least they are interesting. The proofs that are relied upon are chiefly communications received through mediums, which are said to be so remarkable in the knowledge which they imply, that those who receive them are driven to conclude that they come from the spirits of persons who lately lived on earth. To the average observer Spiritualism seems a labyrinth of frauds and mysteries—some deep, some shallow—wherein those who wander grope from delusion to delusion, and arrive nowhere. The cry is not so much that all Spiritualism is false, as that whether false or not it is all unprofitable. That is the usual attitude of the intelligent public has toward it, and it is based on observation which is wide if not profound. For though we hear of reputations damaged and lives apparently misdirected as a result of spiritualistic experiments, we rarely hear of persons whom Spiritualism has helped. The quest seems trivial and disconcerting, not useful.

Few of us think that Spiritualism will ever prove the immortality of the soul to the satisfaction of the scientific mind. Still, when Prof. Hyslop of Columbia University declares that that very thing is about to be done, we are quite ready to give him our attention. We have heard before of Mrs. Piper, the Cambridge medium, who has been for ten or twelve years in the charge of the Psychological Research Society. We know that she is looked upon as a remarkable medium, and that the closest watching for years past has failed to detect her in deceit. It is through her Prof. Hyslop says that the proofs which he finds satisfactory have come. They have come then by a notable observer whose indorsement is probably as good as can be given, for Prof. Hyslop is not only a man of high character, but of a ripe experience in matters of this sort. Psychology is his specialty. He knows the tricks of commercial Spiritualism, and has often detected and exposed them. It is human to err, and it is entirely possible that his certainties may turn vague on exposure, and that his conclusions will not stand; but certainly his proofs deserve and will receive respectful inspection.

But, of course, the question is not whether

or not we are going to believe the soul immortal, but merely whether we shall consider that these newly advertised proofs of it are worth anything. Most of us instinctively believe in a future life as it is, and will go on believing in it however new proofs may triumph or fail. We think there must be a future life. It is not improbable. What is grossly improbable is that there is none. The wonder is not that there should seem to be feeble glimmerings of intercourse between us who are still here and those who have gone before. The wonder is that it has proved to be so extraordinarily difficult to speak beyond a grave. Professor Hyslop has probably overwhelmed him in his general contention. If we are not agitated by his promises and imp to read his disclosures, it is because proofs of the sort he deals with have heretofore been inconclusive and disappointing. For some reason the life of earth seems to have been isolated. We scarcely even dream of what life may have preceded it, and though we do dream much about the life that is to follow, we gather surprisingly little information about it. Still, all knowledge is hidden from man until he finds it out. It is not forbidden to him to discover the secrets of earth, who shall say that it is unlawful to go farther, if he can, and pry into the mysteries that seem to lie outside of earth? Is it trespassing to seek for sure tokens of another life? Who shall say so? The most that conservative observers may say is that, so far, spiritualism has seemed trivial, misleading, and inexpedient. That demoralization, if not madness, has seemed to lie that way; and that those who have been content to go about their business here, taking the future life on trust, have seemed to fare better than those who have directed earthly energies into a search for proofs of unearthly facts.

It may be that science is about to buttress the edifice that faith has reared; but proofs or no proofs, most of us will continue to read "to be continued" at the bottom of the page of this life, and simply wait, each for himself, for the page to be turned. The story does not conclude; it simply breaks off. Of course there will be more of it.—*October Scribner's.*

## INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Every indication points to a continuation for some years of this era of unexampled activity and prosperity upon which the United States has now entered. There may be some check due to high prices, which themselves are caused by great demand, but with a wise determination of our currency question and a statesmanlike treatment of the new political questions created by the unexpected responsibilities thrown upon us by reason of the war with Spain, there seems to be no reason why the United States may not, in the era upon which she is now entering, achieve a position which will be recognized as that of financial independence, the first power in the world as an agricultural and manufacturing nation and as an exporter of manufactured products, and perhaps New York may take the place long held by London as the financial clearing house and financial centre of the world.—*From "The New Era of Prosperity," by the Hon. Thomas L. James, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for October.*

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF Illinois, Mr. Akin, has rendered an opinion that it is not an offence under the criminal code of his State for a citizen to die without the assistance of medicine, and that the new Medical Practice Act of 1899 does not prohibit the treatment of disease by mental or spiritual methods by Christian Scientists or others where no medicine is used. Whether, in his opinion, persons who have not had a medical education may lawfully charge fees for treatment of the sick does not appear. To all persons who have no special knowledge of disease or doctoring to practise healing and collect money for it is an evil which most of us recognize, but to rule that every sick person shall call in a doctor and follow his directions would also be a very serious evil. It is not for Legislatures to legislate drugs down any one's throat. Time and publicity are the chief defences against all sorts of quacks. The fittest humans will survive, and among the fittest will be those whose personal judgment enables them to choose a competent person to take charge of them when they are ill.

A healer, by the way, who makes no pretence at having medical education is less dangerous than an incompetent physician who has a certificate. If you employ the faith-cure or mind-cure practitioner, at least you know what you are about; but if the man you call in has not the knowledge which his diploma calls for, then indeed it is the blind who leads the blind.—*S. S. Martin in Harper's Weekly.*

LETTERS TO AUTHORS.—At a literary reception in New York, a short time ago, a young woman was introduced to a well-known author. "I'm delighted to meet you," she exclaimed, her face flushing with pleasure, "because now I can tell you how much I enjoyed your last book."

The author looked gratified and expressed his thanks, and the young woman went on: "I wanted to write to you and tell you of the great pleasure it gave me, but I was afraid it would bore you. You must get so many letters like that, and I should think you'd be tired at the mere sight of them."

The author shook his head. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I rarely receive a letter of that sort, and when I do I take very great satisfaction in it. In fact, it gives an author the most delightful reward he can receive." Then he added playfully: "Please don't try to resist an impulse like that again. An author's work is lonely work; it is written in solitude, and as soon as it is published he bids farewell to it. He finds it hard to realize that people are reading and enjoying it, unless, of course, it makes a sensational success. Sometimes a novel of mine will run for weeks as a serial, and no one will speak to me about it. Under those circumstances, you may imagine how much pleasure a letter from a stranger would give me."

The young woman looked astonished. "But I thought all authors received bushels of letters from strangers," she exclaimed.

"I assure you they don't," the novelist replied with a laugh. "We receive plenty of requests for autographs, and letters written from other purely selfish motives. The other day, for example, I received a copy of one of my books with the request that I should write my favorite quotation in it, with my name. I did not mind doing the writing, but it was a great nuisance to have to wrap that book up in a paper again, to address it, and to take it to the hotel nearest my house, where it might be mailed in safety. But purely unselfish letters that come from a generous impulse of gratitude—oh, I assure you, most of us receive very few of these."—*Munsey's.*

WORDS are either like thistle seed or good wheat; the wind carries 'em nobody knows where, and nobody knows where or when they will spring up in curses or blessings to be reproduced again and again, and on and on through the everlasting years. A surging, ever broadening tide of influence, that sweeps along to the very gate of eternity. Dreadful thought, full of, or out to make us all more careful of what we say.—*Samantha Allen, in Everywhere.*

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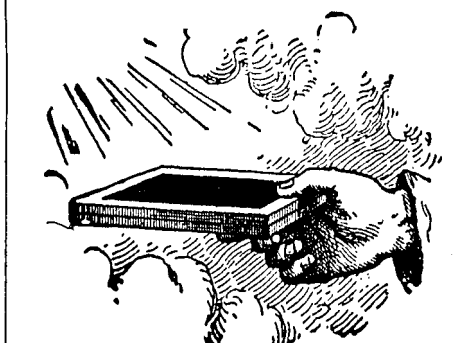
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No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return unsolicited articles.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1899.

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## The National Convention.

Ere we greet our readers again, the seventh National Convention will have passed into history. Every Spiritualist yet has time to make up his mind to go to Chicago to take part in this important meeting. The work to be done is of such importance to Spiritualism that no one who is at all interested in this great subject should absent himself from one of the sessions. All should remember that this convention is a delegate body, and only those societies holding charters from the N. S. A. can have representatives on the floor. There is yet time to charter with the N. S. A., as the last meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held Oct. 14, at which all applications can be acted upon, and charters granted.

But there is something of even greater moment than a seat as a delegate in this convention. The supreme issue is the meeting of Treasurer Mayer's generous offer halfway. Every Spiritualist who believes in making Spiritualism a permanent organic factor in the work of reform should feel himself obligated to do something to secure the splendid donation of Mr. Mayer. If a Spiritualist has but fifty dollars to spend, and has to choose between the desire to give the same to the "Home Fund," or forego attending the convention, our advice would be to remember the Home Fund. But, wherever possible, all Spiritualists should attend the convention and add to the enthusiasm of the occasion by giving that which he can afford to the same good Cause.

Beyond the question of the home, lies another important matter. It is the question of a Declaration of Principles. Spiritualists do not need a creed, nor any dogmatic assertions of faith, but the recent court decisions in Indiana and Massachusetts to the effect that Spiritualism is not a religion, conclusively prove that it is necessary to make a definition of its principles, for legal reasons, if for no others. The legal side must be satisfied, and the general public instructed as to what the real meaning and purpose of Spiritualism is. The Chicago Convention has the power to respond to both of these important queries. If it does not do so, the delegates will certainly be very remiss in the discharge of their duty.

Again we say to the Spiritualists of America, Go to Chicago and have a voice in the settlement of these important issues! Join some local society, and then see to it that it is at once chartered with the N. S. A. In any event, attend the Convention, and unite your voices with those of the accredited delegates in one grand endeavor to promote the welfare of your religion. You can secure reduced rates upon all railroads, on the certificate plan, while the Leland Hotel, one of the finest hostilities in Chicago, will give reduced rates to all who register as attendants upon the Convention. Notify the Leland of your coming, purchase a certificate ticket to the National Spiritualists' Convention, and be in your place at every session. Practical work is ahead for every Spiritualist. Let us unite our forces that that work may be well and wisely done.

The program for the coming Camp-meeting at Lake Helen, Florida, can be obtained at this office. See notice of meeting in another column.

## A Peculiar Case.

A good Spiritualist, residing in the State of Vermont, has concluded that she does not care to take THE BANNER any longer, on the ground that it exposes and denounces fraud too much to suit her. We part with our friend with deep regret, and assure her that we recognize in full her inherent right to make her own choice of reading matter, as well as of her mortal and spirit friends. If she prefers to read glowing accounts of fraudulent phenomena, that is her privilege; but she will have to find such reading in other journals than the BANNER OF LIGHT. THE BANNER purposes telling the truth, and if the truth is too harsh for our friend, then she is indeed miserable. The truth is usually what progressive people desire most, hence our friend, who seems to prefer the opposite, seems to present a most peculiar case of mental retroversion.

Her assumption that THE BANNER is opposed to phenomena is wholly erroneous. Never in its history has THE BANNER been more devoted to phenomena than it is to-day. It does not, however, accept the shadow for the substance; neither does it swallow extraordinary doses of the marvellous without first examining the same to test the quality of the goods. Accounts of phenomenal wonders that are mere tricks of clever pretenders are utterly worthless, because they are only due to spirits in the body, hence they have no connection with spirits out of the body. Our space is too valuable to be used in any such manner. We will cheerfully publish accounts of genuine phenomena, when they are duly verified. It has frequently been shown to us that charlatans whose manifestations were wholly fraudulent have sought and received the most glowing eulogies from innocent and over-credulous Spiritualists, in the columns of spiritualistic papers. These fulsome flatteries and falsehoods have been the means of deceiving scores of well-meaning people, who have read the accounts and been induced thereby to patronize the tricksters thus advertised. We do not intend to be a party, intentionally, to this imposition, and have not been so for the past two and a half years, at least.

We hold that one genuine phenomenon, no matter how simple it may be, is of the utmost value, and should be given space in the columns of the Spiritualist press. Behind each phenomenon lies the field of psychic research, into which all honest thinkers are invited to enter. One tiny rap, if genuine, settles the question of life beyond the grave, hence is worth more than all of the circus-tricks, sensationalism and questionable manifestations taken together. A simple message of truth is wonderful enough for every honest man and woman, hence its presentation will be more satisfactory to them than all of the marvels offered by charlatans the world over. Spirit slate-writing, etherization, platform tests, etc., are demonstrated facts to-day, and are accepted as such by all well-informed persons. It is not progress, however, to go over the same ground each day by continually asking for a daily repetition of signs and wonders.

## Spiritualism as a Religion.

A short time since we had occasion to refer to a case that was then pending in the courts of this State regarding the legal status of Spiritualism. If the courts held it to be a religion, as an organized body it would stand on the same footing as do all of the Christian sects and enjoy the same privileges under the law. The preliminary trial has taken place, and the court has decided that Spiritualism is not a religion. This decision, if sustained by the higher courts, means that Spiritualists, as followers of Spiritualism, have no rights that the law is bound to respect. Indeed, if this ruling be carried into complete effect we believe it will ultimately close the doors of every spiritualistic society that charges a door fee at its Sunday meetings. An appeal is pending, but the expense of a trial before the higher court will be considerable, and unless there is greater interest manifested in the case than has been apparent hitherto we fear it will rest where it now is.

A decision was recently rendered in one of the Western States that Spiritualism was not a religion, hence had no rights under the law that other denominations possess. To have the opinion of this western court followed by a similar one in Massachusetts is a dangerous precedent to have established in America. It is also a serious menace to Spiritualism itself, and may lead to very unpleasant consequences in the public presentation of Spiritualism. We cannot regard the matter in any other light than that of a grave crisis in spiritual affairs. If Spiritualism has no legal rights as a religious principle, then its followers cannot receive bequests and donations for its propagation, nor can they avail themselves of organization as a means to further their religious work. They can unite for any and all purposes other than those that belong to the realm of religion; but such unions would soon find themselves amuck with the Sunday laws of this State, and in all others where they exist.

To be sure they cannot be denied the right to peaceably assemble on Sunday to exploit their beliefs, but they can be (and will be) forbidden to take a fee at the door. The doubt as to the carrying out of the wishes of testators, will lead many people to refrain from making bequests by will to Spiritualism. This, we repeat, is very serious matter, and should receive the thoughtful attention of every conscientious Spiritualist. It may be necessary in Massachusetts to ask the Legislature for a special act similar to the one passed in behalf of the Jews and Quakers, ere Spiritualism can gain recognition at the hands of the law. If so, we are in favor of making that appeal at the next session of the General Court. The State Spiritualist Association is the proper channel through which to move toward the desired goal. We hope our Massachusetts readers will consider this matter carefully, and then attend the coming State Convention in a body to see to it that action is taken upon this important matter. A victory in Massachusetts will have a beneficial effect in all other States.

Wireless telegraphy came into prominence in the associated press reports of the attempted yacht races between the Columbia and the Shamrock near Neversink last week. This method of communication is gaining ground, and will soon enable man to dispose of the unsightly poles that now deface the cities and towns on both continents. Science knows no halting place, but is forever marching on.

The Food Fair is well worth seeing. Drown's "Judgment of Paris" is one of the finest pieces of art ever placed on exhibition. It must be seen to be appreciated, likewise the other attractions of the Fair.

## Take Notice, All.

THE BANNER cannot endorse mediums wholesale without knowing something about their psychic powers. We can only recommend those whom we have every reason to believe genuine, and if those desiring to visit such psychics will call at our office we will gladly give them their names and addresses. We seek to advertise those only whom we feel to be reliable, yet we can only vouch for those of whom we have personal knowledge, hence always take pleasure in recommending them to Spiritualists and investigators. Our business manager aims to admit only such advertisements as seem to be reliable, yet mistakes are occasionally made, and it is therefore impossible for us to guarantee the standing of all advertisers in our columns. We ask all interested parties to take due notice of these remarks, and fix the fact well in mind that the editorial department of THE BANNER is responsible only for such endorsements as may be personally given to visitors and correspondents.

## Rev. John Alex. Dowie.

This would-be candidate for fame asserts that he once called at the BANNER OF LIGHT bookstore, to purchase a copy of Dr. A. B. Childs' work, "Whatever is, is Right," and was refused the book by one of the clerks. It is possible that this "man of God" may have visited the office of THE BANNER in search of the book in question, but it is entirely out of print, hence is not on sale. It therefore follows that if he was refused a copy of the work, it was solely due to the fact that THE BANNER had none to sell. His sermon entitled "Dialectical Spiritualism Unmasked," is a tissue of falsehoods from start to finish. The reverend does not scruple to misquote spiritualistic writers, and even garbles their plainest statements. His own words prove conclusively that he knows nothing of true Spiritualism, and that he is wholly unacquainted with psychological phenomena. The church to which he belongs is welcome to all the glory it can derive from such as he, and Spiritualism is to be congratulated that it has earned the enmity of this eminent Christian divine.

## War in South Africa.

Eastern despatches indicate that war may break out at any moment between England and the Transvaal Republic. The Boers are few in numbers but they are determined to defend what they believe to be their rights, even at the sacrifice of life itself. They have a decided advantage in their thorough knowledge of the country, in their own superb powers of endurance and undaunted courage. England, however, has millions of money and thousands of soldiers to a few hundreds of both on the part of her little antagonist, hence it is only a question of time when the latter must yield to the force of superior numbers. Pres. Kruger and his followers may be uncouth in appearance, yet they are as a unit in their determination to maintain the complete independence of their nation. They may have erred in their interpretation of the treaty in question, yet they must be acquitted of the charge of being ignorant blunders. Liberty is sweet to them, and they believe that they are only honestly defending the same when they take up their arms against England. It is to be regretted that such a rich and powerful nation as England would refuse to submit this Transvaal question to arbitration.

## State Industrial Convention.

The people of Texas are to hold a State Industrial Convention in Dallas, Oct. 20-21, to consider ways and means by which the wonderful resources of "The Lone Star State" can be more rapidly developed. The Dallas Commercial Club, through its Committee on Invitation, favored by Editor of THE BANNER with a cordial invitation to attend the Convention. We are grateful to President Keating and his committee for the kindly remembrance, and deeply regret our inability to attend the Convention. Texas is a great State, and has a marvellous future before it. Her people are progressive and fully alive to the fact that they hold the future of their great commonwealth in their keeping. They are, therefore, very desirous of placing Texas side by side with her sister States in all industrial and social reforms. We wish the Convention every success.

## Madame, Not Lady.

It is alleged that the managers of a certain railroad have issued a decree that their employees shall henceforth address each other as "Madame," and not "Lady." They are to say: "This way, madame," "Permit me, madame," etc., on the ground that the term "lady" is objectionable because of its application to women of low characters. We do not see why this would not also apply to the word "madame," which term also labors under the disadvantage of being applicable, in the strictest sense, to married women. To widows, old maids suffering from disappointment, and to young maids on the outlook for husbands, the word "madame" will be a most cruel reminder of their unhappy state of single blessedness. Who, oh! who will deliver them from the agony of this execrable trouble?

## Capt. Carter Again.

Capt. Carter's attorneys have secured another delay in the execution of his sentence, and he is still in New York, awaiting the decision of the court to which this last appeal has been made. It is evident that he and his friends are determined to defeat the ends of justice if they possibly can do so. His wealthy partners in crime are standing by him, and zealously laboring to prevent the carrying out of his sentence. Perhaps they can catch glimpses of the convicts' stripes for themselves, hence their activity in his behalf. He has been given every opportunity to prove his innocence and failed to do so; his case has been carefully considered by fair-minded men, all of whom have found the proofs of his guilt to be overwhelming. In view of these facts, he yet hopes to escape the penalty of his crimes and to be restored to his former position. He is now in custody, pending the results of his new appeal.

Bro. Allen Franklin Brown is reported as still on duty at San Antonio, Texas. Mr. Brown has had an exceptionally trying year. His children have been seriously ill, and one of his brothers, a member of his family circle, passed away only a few weeks ago. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Bro. Brown in his affliction, and we speak for his many friends in wishing him a happier and more prosperous season the present year.

## The Rhode Island State Spiritualist Convention.

was held in Providence, Oct. 4, with sessions morning, afternoon and evening. The morning and afternoon were devoted to business matters, concluding with the election of officers for the year next ensuing. In the evening Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lease delivered a very able and eloquent address to a large and deeply-interested audience. Her lecture was replete with practical suggestions and solid thought. The published extracts in the Providence Journal show that it was one of Mrs. Lease's best efforts, and that it was greatly appreciated by her many hearers.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. May S. Pepper; First Vice-President, S. K. Doe; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Emma Graham; Third Vice-President, Mrs. W. Haigh; Secretary, Col. B. F. Prouty; Treasurer, Edward Bamford; Directors, Mrs. Byron Thompson, J. K. Barker and Mrs. Mary L. Wilbur. Delegate to the National Convention in Chicago, Mrs. May S. Pepper. The Association has done good work since its organization, and has our best wishes for a prosperous year to come. Every Spiritualist in Rhode Island who believes in organization should join the State Association.

## Election Day.

Election day occurs Tuesday, Nov. 7, in several States of the Union. The voters in Massachusetts are to elect a full board of State officers and both branches of the Legislature. The members of the House and Senate will be called upon to decide upon a medical bill of greater or lesser severity, and should also pass upon the question of the abolition of capital punishment in this Commonwealth. We appeal to spiritualistic voters to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the views of all candidates for the Legislature upon these important measures, and then to cast their votes for those only who truly represent the cause of truth and justice. This should be done regardless of party ties; it is principle, not party, in which the true Spiritualist is interested, and he should vote accordingly.

## Gen. Eagan Once More.

It is said that Gen. Eagan, of embalmed beef fame, purposes to return to Washington to appeal to Congress for "vindication." It hardly seems possible that he would make the attempt, yet he has conceited enough to do it if he thought he could gain by it. Congress might see fit to restore him to his position in the army, and it might not. It would be a strange thing to have said of America that her law-making body upheld a most unjust, thoroughly vicious and wholly base assault upon the General of the Army, and restored its perpetrator to place and power, despite his having caused the death of hundreds of people, in addition to his other iniquities. Yet such a result would be in keeping with the idea of justice entertained by many of the public servants in Washington, hence is within the range of possibility.

## Again in New York City.

From a private letter we learn that Prof. Fred P. Evans, the well known psychographer, has returned to his home in New York City, and can be found at his old stand, 103 W. 42nd street. He reports himself as much benefited by his visit to his California home, and that he resumes work for the winter with good courage and enthusiasm. We welcome Prof. Evans' return to the East, and wish him a prosperous season, spiritually as well as materially.

## J. S. Mansergh.

It is with much pleasure that we announce that the gifted young psychic whose name heads this article has decided to enter the field as a Spiritualist lecturer and missionary. He is a man of ability, of high character, of strict integrity, and of fine spiritual power. We welcome him to his place upon the rostrum of Spiritualism, for which he is well qualified, and take great pleasure in recommending him to local societies in search of a true and worthy worker.

## The Last Call.

This is the last call to our readers to send in their orders for tickets to the Chicago Convention, via The Royal Blue Line. Write Manager J. B. Hatch, Jr., at once, and join the excursion to Chicago. The Convention is an important one, the occasion a grand one, and the excursion a splendid opportunity to enjoy a most delightful trip in company with spiritual people. "On to Chicago!" is now the slogan. Heed it, all Spiritualists who believe in organization.

## Off to Chicago.

Ye BANNER Editor will be in Chicago for the next ten days, attending the N. S. A. Convention. Our correspondents will kindly remember this fact, and govern themselves accordingly. Those who wish to communicate with him upon matters of importance may address him at The Leland House, Chicago, Ill.

The secular press in the State of Maine devoted from a half-column to three full columns to the report of the recent State Spiritualist Convention at Waterville. All comments on the proceedings were courteous and considerate, and no misrepresentations whatever were published. This result is wholly due to the influence of the State Association and proves the value of organic effort. Every Spiritualist in Maine should join this splendid organization and help the good work onward.

"In union there is strength." How long will it take the Spiritualists of America to realize the truth of that proverb? How long will it be before they close up their ranks, heal their differences, and work together for the good of their common cause? When they are thoroughly organized, they will become a power for good in every State in the Union.

"From all who appreciate honesty, fearlessness in denouncing fraud, and preëminent ability in making up and editing a Spiritualist paper which is incomparably the best, your BANNER should receive not only words of approbation but also abundant support."—W. H. CONKLIN, New Haven, Conn.

Mr. F. A. Wiggin, the well known lecturer and medium, is now the permanent speaker for the Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall, and will make Boston his place of residence at least for the coming season. He and his family are now snugly at home at 1690 Washington street, Boston. We welcome Bro. Wiggin to the "Hub," and bespeak for him large audiences at his every Sunday service in Berkeley Hall.

## Cushman Bros.

Spiritualists of America should be on their guard whenever two men advertising as Cushman Bros. venture to approach them. They recently appeared before crowded houses in Manchester, N. H., and actually received the endorsement of some well-meaning Spiritualists as true and worthy mediums. Some consider them the old firm of Lincoln & Co., who were well-known fakirs in past years in Eastern Massachusetts. There is no doubt that they are counterfeits, pure and simple, and therefore should be given a wide berth by all lovers of truth.

## A Children's Party.

Our circle medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, with the assistance of her spirit guides, gave a delightful children's party at her residence in Somerville on Saturday, Sept. 30. The little folks were accompanied by their mothers, and were given a royal greeting by the guides, who spoke for the children in spirit-life. A fine lunch was served, and the occasion made a most pleasant one in every respect. The children made known their interest in THE BANNER's column of "Children's Spiritualism" most enthusiastically, and returned a vote of hearty thanks for the same. Spirit Dik Waterman, a newsboy on earth, said a few words in his own inimitable way to the children, and told them the best thanks they could give THE BANNER would be to sell as many copies of it as they could. This would apply to all of THE BANNER's friends, as well as to the children who were present on the above occasion.

## A Declaration of Principles.

The following is one of the several Codes of Principles to be voted upon at the Chicago Convention. We republish it at the request of a number of readers who wish to preserve the same in their scrap-books:

1. A universal principle of Life, diffused or differentiated throughout the universe.
2. Truth, the revealer of that life-principle and the gleaner of wisdom.
3. Immortality, the divine inheritance of the race.
4. Eternal Progression, the sublime destiny of man.
5. Spirit-return, as demonstrated by multitudes of evidences, and supported by capable witnesses in all quarters of the globe.
6. Sympathy, that element in man's soul by which better conditions are established on earth for himself and his fellow-men.
7. Love, the lever by which man is lifted to a higher level of thought, and truer and holier conditions established among men.

The Boston Herald, so we understand, refuses to place the notices of spiritualistic meetings in the columns devoted to advertising church services. It is probably just as well for Spiritualism that it does so, yet we would like to know the Herald's reason for its ruling. Possibly it may not consider Spiritualism a religion, and therefore declines to place the notices of its meetings among those devoted to religious services. Such action may be consistent on the part of the Herald, but it would be wise for the managers of that journal, and all others, to find out for certainty, the real status of Spiritualism ere they decide upon its religious or anti-religious character.

Etna, Maine, Camp meeting Association is now an incorporated society under the laws of the State, and will continue to hold summer assemblies in Buswell's Grove, Etna. The Association has been a power for good in the State of Maine in the past twenty-five years, and has done much to liberalize the religious sentiment of the old Pine Tree State. Under its present efficient board of management, Etna's future as one of the great camps of the nation, is positively assured.

As will be seen in the columns devoted to the movements of speakers and mediums, Mrs. Jennie K. D. Henderson—nee Conant, is desirous of filling platform engagements for public test work. Mrs. Conant Henderson was THE BANNER Circle medium for several years, and made a very creditable record for herself in that position. She is a psychic of exceptional powers, and has a message for the people.

We regret to learn that Mrs. May S. Pepper was suddenly stricken with an attack of heart failure during the evening session of the recent Rhode Island State Convention, and at last accounts was quite ill at her home, 1002 Eddy street, Providence. She has our best wishes for a speedy and complete recovery.

Mrs. W. A. Hale, who recently was compelled to undergo a painful surgical operation, is reported as doing as well as the surgeons could hope for. Her many friends unite in wishing her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. C. B. Nichols, the well-known medium, formerly of Norwich, Ct., is now permanently located at 583 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., where she will be pleased to meet those in search of evidence of spirit-return.

We received pleasant visits from Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Waterman, of Dexter, Me., and Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, N. H., during the present week.

## Birthday Greetings.

Dear Banner: The S. S. Applin sends birthday greetings to the many readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT who feel an interest in her. She passed a more quiet and comfortable day than has been hers for a long time. Her sufferings are intense at times, and seem almost unbearable, yet she is cheerful. Friends remembered her with appropriate gifts, among which was a basket of beautiful dahlias of rare colorings, scarcely two of a kind, from Mr. and Mrs. Loring of East Braintree—ninety-one, in honor of her ninety-first birthday, Oct. 1, 1899.

She has been a constant reader of THE BANNER ever since it was published, and wishes for it long life and prosperity in the cause of Truth, and prays that its able and honest workers may be sustained in their advocacy of the Religion of Spiritualism.

Fitchburg, Oct. 7, '99. E. S. LORING.

## Passed to Spirit Life.

From No. 34 Magnolia street, Boston, Oct. 2, Mr. Converse R. Hatch. Mr. Hatch was a stanch, earnest and devoted Spiritualist, and in his living for many years exemplified the truth of its religion, science and philosophy. In business he was always known for strict integrity and devotion to square, honorable dealing. His bodily presence will be greatly missed in a wide circle of life. His remains were laid to rest Wednesday, Oct. 4. A quartet of ladies rendered beautiful selections. The floral offerings were profuse and beautiful. Relatives and friends to a large number were present. The writer officiated. F. A. WIGGIN.



# Dr. Greene's NERVURA

## BLOOD NERVE REMEDY.



**Weak Men Suffering From Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Weak Nerves, Despondency and Physical Exhaustion,**

the result of over-work, indiscretions, excesses and abuses, have brought themselves to a condition where they must have the best help science can give to save them from prostration, despair and death. But kind Nature forgives; there is one sure remedy to cure you, to save you from nervous prostration, insanity, paralysis, despair and death, and that is that wonderful discovery, that vitalizing invigorator, Dr. Greene's Nervura. This wonderful restorative of brain, nerve and body, will give back to the weakened and exhausted system the strength that it has lost. It will impart strength and vigor to the brain and nerves, vitalize and invigorate all the physical powers, and restore you again to that grand degree of lusty strength, of bounding pulse and strong physical and nerve power, which by over-work, ignorance or folly, you have exhausted. Dr. Greene, at Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., the great specialist in nervous diseases of men, invites sufferers from nervous debility and seminal weakness to consult him free of charge, either personally or by letter. All communications are confidential, and sufferers can be assured of the sympathy as well as the best advice and counsel from this skilled and experienced physician to whom thousands of men owe their present health and happiness.

Oct. 14.

### Card from Moses Hull.

The manuscript of the most important book I ever wrote is now about ready for the press; in fact, it is so nearly ready that I can finish it in ten days. The book will contain about four hundred pages. The title will probably be about as follows: "The Bible, What It Is; Who Wrote It and When? Were its Writers Infallible? What the Higher Criticism Says. A Few Thoughts Concerning Other Bibles; Etc., etc."

This book I intend to make the crowning work of my life. I honestly think it will throw more light upon the Bible than has been done by any other book in our language. No person seeking real light on the Bible can afford to be without this book.

Perhaps I should blush to say that though my chances for getting rich have been numerous, instead of taking them I have spent forty-eight years in constant and hard work as a minister, lecturer and writer on unpopular themes. My work has not paid me enough so that I can afford to venture to get out this book without some advance pay.

The first edition will cost me at least the entire receipts for five hundred copies. I now propose to get the book out as soon as I shall have received the pledges of five hundred persons who will take a copy of the book as soon as issued; the money to be sent to me when I publish the notice that the pledges have been received and the manuscript is in the hands of the printer.

I will send the books, postage or expressage paid, for \$1 each; or I will send three copies of them, expressage paid, to one address, for \$2.25; or six for \$4.

Everyone who wants one or more of these books is requested to inform me at the earliest convenient date, as I want to set the printers to work as soon as possible. If possible, I would like to get the books out for the holiday trade. Address me at 72 York street, Buffalo, N. Y.

MOSES HULL.

### The N. S. A. Home.

Treasurer Mayer's offer to the N. S. A. in the BANNER OF LIGHT issue of Sept. 23 is a most noble and generous act on his part and one that should not be overlooked by the Spiritualists of this country nor permitted to be lost sight of in any way.

It should stimulate and inspire them to come boldly and at once to the front and meet the other half of the proposition, and even increase it beyond the required amount.

Why, if but one-fourth of the one hundred and fifty thousand Spiritualists of the country would contribute one dollar apiece, they would have a fund of over \$37,000 in the treasury of the N. S. A. Then could we put the best speakers and mediums in the field with their credentials from the Association. Then could we fight down medical imposition and purge the ranks of impostors and fraud.

On my own part I hereby pledge myself to the amount of five dollars for the above object, subject to your call at any time. May success be ours. Fraternally and truly yours,

C. H. NEWCOMB.

### Verona Park.

The officers of Verona Park Camp-Meeting assembled at the grounds on Friday, Sept. 29, to commence repairs on the wharf. That portion which joins the bank had become somewhat dilapidated, the timbers and plank having rotted away so as to make unsafe traveling. This was removed, and a heavy sea wall commencing at the northern or upper end was begun and extended several rods south; immense boulders and smaller stones were hauled along on the bank and rolled down to fill in between the wall and the shore. Mr. Barwise, a newly-elected director, came twenty miles with a heavy span of horses, and during the two days, Friday and Saturday, must have landed many tons of rocks upon the wharf, to be rolled headlong down into the new wharf, which will never rot away. Mr. Brown, another new director, came with a powerful horse, cart and drag and tools for the men to use. Mr. Fowler, another new director, acted as chief stone mason, assisted by Mr. Hall, a son-in-law of Uncle Peter Abbott, who has been an officer from the start, fifteen years ago. F. W. Smith, Dr. A. A. Kimball, Mark Barwise, A. F. Smith, James Kane and Peter Abbott assisted in digging rock, loading teams and doing whatever came up to be done. It was a jolly, lively and successful working crew. It is proposed to have another similar bee in the spring and complete the job.

Circles were held evenings and a social meeting on Sunday. Bro. John Eldridge, a faithful veteran, was dangerously ill at the time of this meeting, and much anxiety was felt by all. At

last accounts he was improving, and the welcome news gave great relief.

The officers' wives were on hand to provide the needful in the culinary department, enjoy the lovely autumn scenery and offer suggestions as to the various other improvements needed. The three days were so happily spent that some reluctantly packed their valises for a homeward journey.

F. W. S.

### National Spiritualists' Association.

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

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

#### ITINERARY.

Saturday, Oct. 14, leave Boston from South Terminal Station at 6 P. M., via Fall River Line for New York; staterooms furnished.

Sunday, Oct. 15, arrive New York 7 A. M. The forenoon will be devoted to attending service at some church or in visits to Central Park, Grant's Tomb and other points of interest. Breakfast and lunch served at hotel. Leave New York via Baltimore & Ohio R. R. at 1:25 P. M., in special vestibuled cars. Box lunch on train. Take Pullman Palace Sleeping Car on arrival at Baltimore at 7 P. M.

Monday, Oct. 16, breakfast and dinner served in dining car. Arrive Chicago 9 P. M. Accommodations have been secured at the Leland Hotel, the official headquarters.

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

Saturday, Oct. 21, leave Chicago via Baltimore & Ohio railroad, from Grand Central Station at 10:30 A. M. Dinner and supper in dining car. Take special sleeping car at Newark, O., at 8:30 P. M.

Sunday, Oct. 22, breakfast in dining car. Arrive in Washington 11:55 A. M. Stop five hours; dinner at hotel. Leave Washington at 5:05 P. M. Box lunch on train. Arrive in New York 10:45 P. M. Connect with special sleeper leaving Grand Central Station at midnight via Shore Line. Arrive in Boston at 7 A. M.

Price of tickets from Boston, \$49.50. Ticket covers all expenses as outlined in Itinerary, and is based on two persons occupying same berth in sleeping car and same bed at hotel. For those desiring berth alone in sleeping car and separate bed at hotel, the rate will be \$54 from Boston. Proportionate rates will be made from other points in New England on application.

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

J. B. HATCH, JR., 74 Sydney St., Dorchester.

#### Notice.

The Second Annual Meeting of the National Spiritualist Lyceum Association will be held in Chicago, Ill., Friday, Oct. 20, directly at the close of the National Spiritualists' Association Convention.

It is the duty of every worker in the Lyceum movement to be present at this meeting. Every Lyceum that holds a charter from this Association should have a delegate at this meeting. Every Lyceum that has not taken out a charter from this Association should do so at once, and send a delegate. For a charter apply to the Secretary, Mrs. Mattie E. Hull, 79 York street, Buffalo, N. Y. It will cost you but \$2.00 to become a charter member; \$5.00 is all it will cost to become an individual member, and 5c for a child who is a member of a Lyceum chartered by the National.

Remember the Annual Meeting will be held Friday, Oct. 20, in America Auditorium Hall, Chicago, Ill. You should be there.

J. B. HATCH, JR., Nat'l Condr.;

MATTIE E. HULL, Nat'l Sec'y.

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

Dr. Harlow Davis, platform test medium, has returned from Europe and can be addressed for engagements at his office, 233 West 22d St., New York City.

M. F. Hammond lectured for the Pawtucket, R. I., Spiritual Society on Oct. 1 and 8. Has open dates for November and December. Address 43 Fountain St., Worcester, Mass., Station A.

Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham, business and test medium, would be pleased to make engagements for fall and winter. Present address, 82 Whitefield St., Dorchester, Mass.

G. H. Brooks began his three-months' engagement with the Pittsburg Society (of which Mr. Stevens is President) the first Sunday in October, with a good attendance at both sessions. His address will be, during his stay with the Society, 2016 Forbes St. He will respond to calls for lectures and weddings.

Dr. J. C. Beckwith-Ewell's address till Nov. 1, 3041 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Penn.

Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant intends visiting Florida during the month of January. Societies in the South and West desiring her services as speaker and platform medium kindly write her at 112 Mt. Vernon St., Dedham, Mass.

Dr. Wm. A. Hale is now located at 583 Columbus Ave., Boston, where he may be addressed for lecture engagements.

### Timely Thoughts.

BY MRS. SADIE L. HAND.

"And he said unto me write what the spirit saith unto the churches."

These words have rung in my ear for hours, and at last I take pen in hand, with the prayer that someone may be helped by what is written. As the promise has been fulfilled many times in the past, "Open thy mouth and it shall be filled," so I write as words are given me. "The spirit working with me doeth the work."

We have just returned from the city of Marlboro, Mass., having filled our second engagement with the Spiritualist Society of that place. We feel that the meetings of this society are carried on in a manner to reflect credit not only to its members, but on the cause we so much love. And we in this way wish to make known to other societies some of the plans and successes of the society at Marlboro:

Free meetings, no money changer's table at the door, and I know that each one of the list of speakers to follow will breathe freely in that place of meeting. We do not stand before the audience as *talent expected to pay our way*, but under the touch of angel hands, and under the influence of dear ones just out of mortal sight, break to the people freely the Bread of Life. They hear as freely the "Beautiful Words of Life," as they in the past have heard words of death, darkness and despair. This Society says by the very fact that they hold meetings without an admission fee:—

"Come, for all things are now ready. Come, without money and without price. We have received a jewel most precious. We would make this bright gem given us by the loved ones, the joy of the whole world. Come, and listen to what the loved ones just beyond the mists wish to tell you. Freely we have received, freely we would give, that at last all may know the truth of immortal, progressive life."

We were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, and in this home, as in many others, the workers find rest and help for their work. What place is more restful than the true home, where the loved arisen ones are welcomed?

We were told in answer to questions, "Yes, we have run one year, paid all bills and have a little left in the treasury. We have, of course, been obliged to go down deeper into our pockets. Each member pledged just double the amount of other years. This sum is not paid all at once, as some could not do this very well. We pay a certain part at each meeting, and so we have not felt the burden. We have found that very seldom a person comes into our meeting without placing something in the basket when it is passed to collect the pledges."

"We also hold circles, socials, suppers, entertainments, and the admission fee goes to help run free meetings."

"Many have attended our meetings who would not enter our hall if obliged to pay. Some have come with evident intention of making sport, but in all cases they have been quiet and in many cases surprised to see that we hold religious meetings, not a show of some kind."

"We were told that we could not make a success of our plan; but we have done so, and have paid our bills more easily than ever before."

We find that the burden of the message to the churches, as written in Revelations, was to overcome and place all low things under their feet:

"To him that *overcometh* I will give of the tree of Life."

"To him that *overcometh* I will give hidden manna."

"He that *overcometh* shall be clothed in white raiment."

Spiritualist friends, are we overcoming? Are we taking our stand for truth everywhere, in all departments of life? Many of us sense the need of this, and the voice of reform on all lines echoes from many of our platforms. Then let us open our doors, that the masses may hear. Let us give to all whom we may in any way reach the "Bread of Life"—this great truth, the only comfort for a sorrowful world. When the people of earth know that their loved ones live, and are near them and understand all their thoughts as well as acts, we shall have better conditions to live in; when the people learn that they are at this time living in eternity, and not waiting for it.

When the people learn the law of cause and effect much improvement will be seen. And again I say let us make a grand move forward; let us have open door and free Sunday meetings. *We can if we only will.*

We found in Marlboro as in other places, not only the little children but the older ones interested in the children's page of the BANNER OF LIGHT. One mother said to us a few days ago: "I read the children's part and enjoy it. Spiritualism is new to me, and much that is written I cannot understand. I am learning with my children. I wish some one would write between the children's and the more advanced reading. We new ones need it."

They do need it; let us try to give them something so plainly that even the least among us may understand. Let us try to make them understand that Longfellow spoke truly of our building when he said:

"For the structure that we raise  
Time is with material filled;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build."

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen;  
Make the house where Gods may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place."

Boston, Mass.

#### Sail for Europe.

The well-known phenomenal mediums and psychics, the Campbell Bros., sailed for Europe on the steamer *Servia* of the Cunard Line, Oct. 10, where they go to fill engagements in England, Scotland, Germany and France. They expect to return to America about the first of the year.

#### 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.

## ABSENT TREATMENT

### ABSENT IN BODY---PRESENT IN SPIRIT



DR. PEEBLES, one of the foremost investigators of the advanced and higher methods of Healing, as well as of Psychical Research, is curing hundreds of chronic sufferers where the regular practitioner is utterly failed. The vital weakness with the old school physician is that he is not a good diagnostician. He does not clairvoyantly grasp the diseased conditions. He guesses and prescribes. If the patient grows worse he writes another prescription.

### Psychic Diagnosing.

DR. PEEBLES being one of the best Psycho Diagnosticians living, is able to definitely locate the seat of the disease. The causes, conditions and effects he reads as clearly as if each organ and tissue were before him. With the exact knowledge of his patient's condition, both mental and physical, he is able to wisely apply the treatment adapted to each individual case.

### Magnetized Medicines.

He uses only the mildest medicines, these being preparations from roots and herbs. Drastic drugs and poisons he has totally abolished. The remedies for each patient are magnetized and vitalized by the Doctor himself before they are shipped. In this way his patients get magnetic treatment as well as medical.

### Psychic Treatment.

These treatments are both Magnetic and Hypnotic, combining the powers of the Magnetic healer and the hypnotist. Hypnotism produces a special influence upon the nervous system. It is will in action—will suggestion, thought force; while mesmeric magnetism transfers a refined, invisible nervous substance to the subject or patient.

DR. PEEBLES is an adept in the occult, Jesus "felt virtue" or magnetism "go out of him." Healing, sympathizing spirits project their health-giving magnetic auras into the sphere of psychics, constituting a magnetic battery, which affire with Divine life and love, and propelled by the law of vibration, makes the "lame to walk," the "bed-ridden to rise," and the sick to say, "I am well." This is Psychic Healing.

Garden Plains, Kan., Sept. 20, 1899. Dear Doctor—I am improving nicely, and begin to feel quite as I used to a few years ago. The psychic treatment is doing wonders for me.

Toledo, O., Sept. 18, 1899. Dear Doctor—It is perfectly wonderful the improvement in my health. I have great confidence in your psychic treatment, for when I come in your vibration I grow more positive and seem stronger. Yours with the kindest of thoughts.

MARY M. JENNINGS.

THIS was a serious case, so the lady paid for three months in advance, thinking it would take many months to cure her. At the end of two months she was cured.

Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 24. Dear Doctor—I have received your check returning to me the money not used in the course of treatment for which I had paid. It will be one that I will ever remember as the great good you have done me, and anything I can do to the remembrance of my days to show my appreciation of all you have done for me I will gladly do. Your grateful patient.

SARAH P. PIERCE.

THE Doctor has hundreds of such letters, all showing the victory of advanced methods of healing over the old.

### If in Doubt

As to your true condition it will not cost you a penny to obtain a Psychic Diagnosis of your case, stating your true physical condition, "Foods for the Sick and How to Prepare Them," a booklet of inestimable value to every home. Also to each lady writing him as above he will send that practical booklet, "Woman." No wife or mother should be without it. STATE AGE, SEX, FULL NAME AND LEADING SYMPTOM.

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

Oct. 14

### In Re Poverty.

BY IDA C. HAWKINS.

Referring to an article in your issue of June 17, 1899, headed "Poverty," I would add to what "F. H." in the *Harbinger of Light* (whom you quote), has said in relation to poverty:

"Poverty enables us to discover who our true friends are and who are the sycophants. I refer to the poor who were once rich, or beyond the necessity of asking aid from either friends or relatives; those who are independent may be classed as rich, even though they have not a surplus of gold in their coffers."

Poverty is sent into the world that those who have enough and to spare may be moved to compassion and deeds of loving kindness; for surely if all had all they required where would be the opportunity to do good to others or to distribute favors? I am confident that those who suffer the martyrdom of poverty are blessing those who of their abundance give to lighten the burdens of their less fortunate brothers and sisters; and herein "it is far more blessed to give than to receive," for surely there is no humiliation in giving, while there is a sense of the weight of obligation naturally incurred in receiving, however delicately the gift may be bestowed. For "to give is royal."

So we see that those who suffer loss of means and become poor are really martyr benefactors to those who willingly offer assistance in the hour of need.

This fact should cause the poor to hold up the head and realize the dignity of poverty, since it awakens feelings of benevolence and love, and a tenderness of heart in the rich, which in no other way could be effected. So we say, poverty is a blessing when viewed in this light (a blessing to those who give.)

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

**To Foreign Subscribers** the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$2.50 per year, or \$1.25 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the *Universal Postal Union*. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 for six months.

EOW

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

**Fred P. Evans**, 103 W. 42d street, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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

Jan. 7.

## FOOD FAIR.

Mechanics Building, Boston.

Oct. 2 to Oct. 28, 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

SOUSA, GODFREY, REEVES, MISSUD,

and other Famous Bandmasters and their Celebrated Musicians.

72,000 DEWEY Souvenir Spoons GIVEN AWAY FREE.

3000 each morning to the First 1500 Ladies purchasing tickets of admission at EXHIBITION HALL TICKET OFFICE, No. 99 Huntington Ave. (No other entrance.)

Popular Price—A Quarter.

## A GIFT SO RARE FREE TO ALL!

The Great Natural Physician CURES all Chronic Diseases, both Mental and Physical, without asking questions. All letters with stamps answered.

**DR. C. M. WESLEY**, 141 Pembroke St., Boston, Mass.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 12 M., and from 1 to 5 P. M.; Saturday till 10 P. M. Not open Sundays. 14w Oct. 14

**R. I. P. A. N. S.** Ten for five cents at druggists. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. No matter what's the matter one will do you good! 5w Mar 12

## BLINDNESS PREVENTED AND CURED.

Dr. Williams' Absorption Treatment! NO KNIFE! NO RISK! Send for Free Descriptive Pamphlet and Booklet of Testimonials containing positive proof of Cures.

**F. A. WILLIAMS, M. D.**, 196-200 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass. West Newton, Mass. Sept. 16. 10c cov

## Ingebrickt Didrickson,

MAGNETIC HEALER—564 Columbus Avenue, corner of West Springfield street, Boston. Office hours, 10 to 3. Will visit patients at their homes upon request. 14w Oct. 14

## Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer,

Hotel Yarmouth, 21 Yarmouth street, suite 3, Boston 1w Oct. 14

## FAT FOLKS.

TWO years ago I reduced my weight 47 lb. by following the suggestions of departed friends; no gain; no starving—nothing to sell. Inclose stamp for particulars.

**MRS. H. L. MOLESWORTH**, 116 Clymer St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Sept. 23. 4w

## FLORIDA!

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

## Camping Tents.

8 OZ Duck, complete, with poles and pins, 7x7 ft. \$4.80, 12x12 ft. \$9.18, 9x9 " 6.57, 12x12 " 10.38, 9x12 " 7.74, 12x16 " 11.52. Folding Cots, \$1.25. Camp Stools, 35c.

Camp Chairs, with backs, 50c. J. C. HOPKINS & CO., 119 Chambers Street, New York. Sept. 30. 4w

## CURED—After repeated failures with others, I will gladly inform the addicted to MORPHINE, OPIUM, LAUDANUM, COCAINE, WHISKEY, and a host of other narcotics, that I have placed in the hands of the afflicted a book which will enable them to get rid of their habit without the aid of a doctor, and without the use of any medicine. J. H. FOSS, 1 Wabeno street, Roxbury, Mass. Box 1212 Chicago, Ill. 14w Sept. 30

## PER-SON-AL-I-TY.

**The Occult in Handwriting.** GRAPHIC delineation of characteristics, etc., for 25c. Send at least one line of writing and a line of figures for your signature. Address "READER," care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. 14w Sept. 8

## THE ASTROLOGY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

By KARL ANDERSON, Professor of Astrology. A volume replete with interest, with instructions in Astrology, simplified by tables calculated by the author, so that any one of common education can cast a nativity and judge the figure.

This work is especially recommended to all Free Masons, students, and men of science, of whatever persuasion. By the science of Astrology, purely mathematical and mathematical, the well-practiced adept can read every event of the past and predict the future. It is the fountain of all things, and the only true guide for man or woman. The mother of Navigation, Astronomy and Surveying—the source of all knowledge, prophecy and wisdom of the ancient peoples, and of the ten great religions of the world.

MASONIC TEMPLE, Boston, Feb. 17th, 1888. KARL ANDERSON, Esq.

Dear Sir and Brother—I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of your very learned and valuable volume entitled "The Astrology of the Old Testament." The Lost Word Regained. I have placed it in the library of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, where I am sure it will be the object of great curiosity and interest.

Very truly and fraternally yours, SKRISTO D. NICKERSON, Recording Grand Secretary.

Cloth, \$5.00, illustrated, pp. 502. Price \$5.00, postage 25c. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

**LEAFLETS OF TRUTH; or, Light from the**



## SPIRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and are given in the presence of other members of THE BANNER staff.

### To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the BANNER OF LIGHT as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight whenever it is made known to the world.

Report of Séance held Sept. 28, S. E. 52, 1899.

### Invocation.

With hearts attuned, with ears that listen for and months that speak the blessings of life eternal, we come again. Out of the vastness of spirit-life bring us to you its blessings, its joy, its glory. Whatever can be given you of spiritual beauty, of spiritual understanding by the uniting of your lives with ours, shall be done. Whatever of spiritual aspiration is yours, building up to the heights of splendor and glory of eternal truth, may we be able from these heights to call back again to you some answer, some joy, some supreme understanding that hearts yearn for. And may we at this moment feel the union of the two worlds; may the gate be swung wide open that those who have long waited for an opening can come to their own. May tears be dried; may burdens be lightened; may hearts be sweetened by the return of these loved ones; and may they through this opportunity find greater life, find broader scope, find opportunity at heartstone, at fireside, to minister unto the needs of those they love. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

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

#### Amanda Fairwell.

The first spirit who comes and stands by me is a lady. She is quite tall, has very dark eyes; her hair is dark, and she does not seem to me to be over forty years old. She is thin, and seems so strained and wrought up when she comes, as though it is the long-repressed desire that brings her, and she says: "A long time ago I went to spirit-life and left children here. They have grown, and I have never been able to reach them; but I want to tell you that my name is Amanda Fairwell and that I came from Fairfield, Vermont. I did not understand anything about spiritual existence. It seemed to me that my first duty was in my home, that I must stay there, do all I could for the children, and bring them up in the way of the Lord; and when the Lord called me it seemed to me that all I could do was just to feel contented, as it was his will. So it took me a long time to get out of that thought. When finally I realized that it was as much his will that I should still take care of my own, then I came with joy and gladness and expected full recognition. When recognition did not come, I was so disappointed and unhappy that I went back into spirit-life as though communion were not possible; but lately I have had more talk with other friends who have come over, and I have decided that I would try again.

"I want very much to reach Emily and John, because I believe they need me. There has been one come over since I did. His name was William. He stands by me to-day, but says: 'Do not try to tell them much about me, because they are still wondering just where I went.'"

#### Andrew Powell.

Then a man comes along who is quite stout. He has gray hair pushed right back over his forehead, as though he was in the habit of running his fingers through it. His face is quite red; he worked outdoors a good deal, and he says his name is Andrew Powell, and that he came from way down east; it seems to be down in St. John, New Brunswick. He says: "Well, well, is this what you call spiritual communion? I had an idea that spiritual communion did not have much to do with physical bodies; but if you really have to come back and use physical bodies, why I suppose I might as well say that it does me good to know that I am missed and that I can come back. There is not much I would do differently if I was here, because I did about as well as I could—as well as I understood—and I find that since I came over, some of my rough ways have gone away from me, but my heart is still the same, and I am reaching out to those who wonder where I am and what I am doing."

#### Nellie Andrews.

Here is a girl about fourteen or fifteen years old. She has blue eyes, brown hair and is as pretty as can be, but she coughs and it seems a long, lingering sickness that took her away. Her name is Nellie Andrews. She stands here and says in such a sweet way: "If I could get to my father, I think it would make me happy. Oh! he does yearn so much, because he knows something of this other life, but it is not quite clear to him. He is not far from here, being a Boston man. I find that if I could just touch his brow sometimes he would feel easier and better. My grandmother is with me; her name is Sarah, and she says: 'Tell him to be a good boy. Although he is getting to be an old man now, he is still a boy to me, and I often wish I could take him up in my arms as I used to and rock him to sleep to the music of the pines.'"

#### Emma Harley.

This one is a girl, too. She holds her hands up and makes a sign to me that she is twelve years old. It seems as though before she went there was something the matter with her mouth, because she does not speak at first, but makes the signs, and then all at once it is as though she is released, that speech comes to her and she says: "It did not come clearly to me until after I left the body. My name is Emma Harley." She still has that hesitating way. Her mother is with her, but her sister is left, and her sister's name is Freda. She says: "My sister is married, but not very happily. I have a child of hers with me, a boy." The sister lives in Orange County, N. Y.

#### Walter Kennedy.

Here comes a beautiful spirit. He is tall and strong and good. He has dark blue eyes, quite dark hair. He says: "I want to reach my mother. My name is Walter Kennedy. I lived near Boston but not in it—in Brookline. I always loved my home and my people, but I

was not much of a church-member. Somehow I could not believe much in the old-time religion, and I did not see just how I could believe in God when I saw so much sorrow in the world. I went out to spirit suddenly, and it was such a shock to me, as well as to the other members of my family, that it took me some time to recover. When I did, I looked about me and found a world very like the world I had left. That surprised me very much; but when I found spirits of the higher order coming to me with love and sympathy for my condition, I just thought that indeed there must be a God, who could send ministering angels to help us. It is through their influence I have come here to-day. I appreciate so much the establishment of this place for the return of spirits. If you could only know what it is doing for those on this side you would feel that you were well paid, even though there seems no monetary return to you here. Speaking of money makes me think that the strange thing about spirit-life is that we are so freely given everything that seems best for us to have—no gifts to be withheld. That pleases me more than anything else I have found."

#### White Fawn.

Here is an Indian girl. She has feathers all around her head. She says: "I want to speak for my medie. If I could get to her it seems as though I would make her feel better. She is discouraged. My name is White Fawn, and my medie lives in Canton, Mass. She will know who I am. She must not let people disturb her, and she must get to work, because it is disturbing me not to have something to do."

#### Eva Thompson.

Eva Thompson is here from Weymouth, Mass. She is very airy—seems to have the airiest little way possible; she is looking around, with her nose up in the air, and seems to wonder what it all means. She says: "It is true I was invited, but more to prove to myself that I could come than to bring assurance to anybody else, because my people do not know anything about it; and if they did they would not believe, because they live in a nice house, and they feel as though they are a little better than people who are following some fad or fancy. They brought me up to think a lot of myself, and so I do. I find that in the spirit I get many a hard knock that I would not have if they had told me I was just like ordinary people." She does not go away, but walks around and looks at each one in the circle, and says: "I, too, want to thank you for giving me this privilege of coming, but I shall have to come two or three times before I shall believe it is really true that I have come."

#### Ira Lee.

Here is a man whose name is Ira Lee. He came from Providence. He is a good strong business man. He says: "Not so rich in money as I was in ability to carry out plans. I wasted half my sustenance in carrying out plans that I thought would be best for me. I passed to spirit-life quickly, too, with heart trouble. I was found dead in the morning. It didn't make much difference to me, and I did not have very many people to mourn over me. I always said I did not want anybody to mourn over me. I thought when a man died, let him rest; that was the best thing, to let him go, not keep talking about him. There was no big monument put up over me, and there was no sermon preached over me, because there was not much to say about me except that Ira Lee was a good man and did about as he wanted to."

#### Arthur Coffin.

Do you know, the first thing this man says is: "For God's sake, let me speak. It seems as though I should die over again in this effort to get back. Do let me get to my mother. Her name is Ellen. She still lives around in this vicinity, but for the life of me I cannot tell you where; only I know it is not far from here, because I have come on her influence. I want her to know I have come, and tell her she must send back some word because I shall be relieved. Tell her too, that sometimes when her head aches so, it is the pressure I bring, striving to make her conscious of my presence. I want to speak about Florence, too; I feel as if it would do me good to speak to her. I have no brother. I was the only son, and when I passed out it seemed as though the light of day was darkened for my mother. Tell her, Oh, tell her that I love her."

#### Catherine Hunter.

Here is a real old lady. Her lips look as though she had no teeth. She straightens up as though she were trying to put all the strength she had into that one movement, and says: "Will you please say that Catherine Hunter is here, and that she came many miles—from Chicago. I went there when the place was just a little town, but I have watched its progress in the spirit-life, and this is the first return I have made. Most of my people are with me, but I have some cousins who are there who may perchance hear that I have come, and so will get their eyes opened to the light. I was a Catholic, and while that did not keep me back, I was as devout after I went over as I was in earth-life. It seemed as though I ought to keep right on praying when I heard everybody else praying for me, so I did; and my prayer for light has been answered, because I can come here and get more light."

#### Daniel Alexander.

Such a tall man comes now, tall and lanky; and he does not mind when I say it. He throws his legs one over the other and folds his arms as though he was sitting down by the old fire-side, where he would spit away as much as he wanted to because there was no carpet to spoil. He seems to come from up in New Hampshire. Meredith. "That is where I came from," he says: "Often go back there. The old place has changed hands. It hurt my feelings when it did, but never mind. Perhaps it is just as well, after all. We cling to old places too much sometimes, and perhaps that is the trouble with me."

#### Emma Richards.

Now comes a lovely spirit, as sweet as can be. I should think she was about thirty-five. Her name is Emma Richards; she has blue eyes, brown hair and such a beautiful complexion. She puts her hand up to her head, as though she was trying to remember, and says: "Oh, yes, I do want to remember. There is one I called Dolly, a friend of mine, whom I want to speak to very much. She is not my sister, but is a very dear friend. It would give me so much pleasure to send some word to her or some evidence that I have not gone beyond her call. I was a Christian girl, and I still

hold that there is much in religion for us to feel glad about. When I come to-day, it is with hearty thanksgiving that I tried to live a good life, that I still try to live it, and that perhaps this may help me to come stronger to those I love."

#### Verification of Spirit Message.

To the Message Department:

The communication published in your paper of the 7th of October, purporting to come from LEWIS CURTIS of Boston is both characteristic and satisfactory to his wife, Mary A. H. Curtis, who wishes to thank Mrs. Soule for expressing the thoughts of the spirit.

391 Broadway, South Boston.

#### A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER NINETY ONE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As Mrs. Underwood's automatic communication from the other side of life, inculcating deep breathing as an aid to development, has awakened the interest of the spiritualistic public in this direction, I will give what has come to me in regard to breathing, by both research and experience.

The summer after becoming a Spiritualist a magnetic teacher and healer came to Minneapolis, whose class I joined. He taught us the physical and mental part of a mode of development which at once gave me clairvoyance. Always persisting in the practice taught by him, my own spirit guides gave me later the more spiritual connections. All this was embodied in the little work "Terrestrial Magnetism." It sold rapidly, but was intended by my guides to do good until I should be able to write a larger work on the subject. This was done in 1894, and it was published with the title "The Bridge Between Two Worlds," embodying all that was in "Development of Mediumship by Terrestrial Magnetism," which I then allowed to go out of print, the larger "Bridge" teaching the subject in a better manner.

Later, some mercenary parties learned that the smaller work was out of print, and they conceived the plan of getting judgment in their favor, and reprinting it at a very low price, thus underselling "The Bridge" on the pretence that it was just as good! Taking the best legal advice, I at once brought out a new edition of "Development of Mediumship by Terrestrial Magnetism," printing only three hundred copies, for which I paid ninety dollars that I could not ill afford. This prevented the aforesaid mercenary parties from getting a judgment in their favor on the ground that I had allowed it to go out of print.

To this little book of only twenty pages I fixed the large price of fifty cents, so that purchasers might prefer the "Bridge," which gives two hundred and seventeen pages in paper at seventy-five cents and in cloth at one dollar. I have never before made these facts public, but grieved in silence that I could be so treated by any persons calling themselves Spiritualists. I could not afford to get it re-plated. So those who send for it, instead of the far more valuable "Bridge," only hasten the day when I must pay ninety or one hundred dollars for a few hundred more copies. I wrote it in 1892, when far more ignorant on the subject than now, and was forced in reprinting to retain the erroneous word "terrestrial" in its title, for a broader view shows that these currents belong to the solar system itself.

Returning to the subject of this letter, which is the relation between breathing and development, this teacher who gave us the lessons in 1888 often bade us to "take short breathe." He also taught me to pronounce certain monosyllables, the last ending in a, letting the vocal organs dwell long on the last letter. The reader who tries the experiment will see that this requires a prolonged expiration of the breath. In my own case, this lengthened the duration of what I saw clairvoyantly, whatever it might be.

Later researches developed the fact that the Hindu yogis train themselves to take in very short breaths, letting the air leave the lungs very slowly. Persistent training enables them after awhile to go more than ten minutes without breathing at all. At this stage, the senses are withdrawn from physical objects. When the next stage of development has been attained, the adept can refrain from breathing twenty-one minutes, and his mind is steadied. At the next stage, his mind is fixed on the Supreme Spirit, and he goes without breathing forty-three minutes. This is called the stage of contemplation. At the eighth and last stage, called that of profound meditation, he is absorbed in the Supreme Soul, is insensible to heat and cold, pleasure and pain, and looks on everything with absolute indifference. He can now suspend his breathing for one hour and twenty-six minutes. The object of the whole process is to unite his human soul to the Supreme Soul. He then obtains eternal liberation.

I read of three Yogis who found it convenient to spend many nights in a cold, wet cave, with insufficient clothing. One of them was asked if they did not find themselves uncomfortable in that cave. "Our bodies might have been a little cold," was his reply.

After I had become so familiar with the physical, mental and spiritual processes as to be able to teach others to advantage, I was giving a synopsis of them to a class in Wisconsin. A brilliant and learned lady, at whose house the Physical Research Society in Washington, D. C., had met during the previous winter, was present. She told me that this process was similar to that used by the Hindu Yogis; but instead of spending thirty or forty years, as they did, it contained the cream of the Hindu process, simplified and condensed for the busy life of an American. Its value is proved by my own experience, and by that of hundreds of persons who after obtaining the book for their own have persisted in its methods, many going so far as to say that "The Bridge Between Two Worlds" is their Bible and constant guide. Nothing can make me happier than to know that the methods "That bring heaven before mine eyes" are benefiting others in the same way.

Before writing this work a thought was suggested to me that I at once knew to be true. Whether it came to me from Prentice Mulford, from W. J. Colville or from neither I do not remember. It was this: that when we breathe out, our physical or spiritual body goes a little way out of the physical body; while when we breathe in, it returns into the physical frame. This tallies harmoniously with what we know before, and is treated at some length on pages 143 and 144 of "The Bridge."

Some theologians make much of the fact that spiritus means literally breath, and they claim that the breath of God moving over the waters

brought the land into form; that his breath made man a living soul; that by his breath the heavens were garnished. That when he takes his breath away they die and return to dust; and that Jesus died giving up the ghost, spirit, breath. They quote the saying of Jesus that God is spirit, or the breath of the universe.

We think it illogical to say God is spirit at the same time we speak of spirits as living in the spirit world and as seen by clairvoyants. In allusion to man's physical form as seen by the physical organs of vision, we call him a man. So, in allusion to a incarnate soul's spiritual form, as seen by earth's clairvoyants and by the denizens of the spirit world, we call him a spirit. The man and the spirit are both forms through which the indwelling soul or ego manifests itself.

This language being in general use, it is incorrect to say that God is the spirit of the universe. A closer and more logical analysis of spiritualistic nomenclature would lead one to say that God is infinite soul, that we are finite souls (with infinite potentialities), that our soul manifests itself through a physical and spiritual form, and that Infinite Soul manifests itself through an infinite universe, this universe then being to the eye of reason, the form or the body of God—in other words, God's spirit.

As said before, when the air leaves the lungs, the spiritual body goes out a little ways, returning when the air is inhaled. Bye-and-bye it goes out and does not return again—the cord uniting the two forms parts. This is literally and philologically expiring, a breathing out—*ex-spiro*. In sleep we (that is the soul in its spiritual form) go out a little way from the fleshly body. The cord does not part, and we come in again. Sometimes the cord parts while the spirit is away, he does not get in again, and the person is said to have died in his sleep. But he is all right; the psychical body which he always possessed here serves him in good stead in the inconceivably rapid vibrations that characterize life in spirit.

In the nocturnal travels of mortals, the body lies quiet, the breathing is less frequent than when awake, the vessels that carry blood to the brain are contracted with the contraction that always takes place when one falls asleep, but the soul, in its spiritual body, is wider awake than ever. He goes hither and yon. If he be undeveloped, living a life that is largely in the physical, he meets other mortals like himself, and they make or renew acquaintance, and visit places on the earth-plane. If he be spiritually developed, and perhaps a mourner for the loved and lost, he finds himself enfolded in the clasp of the dear departed, and may remember in the morning that he dreamed of being with the dear one again. It was not a dream, sorrowing mortal. The one you love was really with you, and this meeting when you were partially freed from the enswathing flesh was but a foretaste of the joyous and complete reunion that you will both enjoy, when the cord parts, and you be wholly free from the body, and in the unrestricted presence of one who has preceded you to spirit-life.

Sometimes the spiritual body is so newly parted from the fleshly form, that we are privileged to go some distance into the spirit-world, to smell its flowers, to hear its music, and more than all to see the present home of the ones we love, in their dear company. We may remember these physical and these spiritual excursions, and we may not. But whether we remember them or not, they really take place. When recalled in our waking hours, they become distinct and personal proofs of the reality of spiritual existence, of the existence of our own psychical body, and of the continuance of the personal ego, after it has gone through the change erroneously called Death.

As some who express themselves on these subjects may misconstrue the above and charge us with making the claim that we see, hear or smell the objects in spirit life with the earthly organs of sense, we are here forced to state what we have often said before, that it is the organs of the spiritual body that respond to the rapid vibrations of spirit-life, and it is through them that we sense the impressions alluded to above.

Some have taken up the notion that while on the earth-plane we have only a fleshly body; that if our vibrations be one thousand in rapidity, and those of spirits two thousand, we must, in order to communicate with them, raise our vibrations to fifteen hundred, and the spirits lower theirs to fifteen hundred; and both being in an abnormal condition nothing reliable can be given or received. This is a mere theory, and has the disadvantage of not harmonizing with the facts of nature, and with the truth that spirits do remember distinctly what took place here. That we have here and now a psychical as well as a physical body is a fact in nature which it is useless to deny.

A word more with regard to the spiritual body's going out a little way when breathing out, and the converse. One reason why singing aids spiritual receptivity is because we take in a breath quickly between the sounds, while the air goes slowly from us while in the act of singing. After my attention was called to this subject, I noticed that in a séance, when treating the ill, or when in solitary communication with the disembodied, I always instinctively take in the breath quickly and at long intervals, and that most of the time is spent in exhaling the breath. I did this unconsciously, but under spirit guidance, and it is well to note the accordance of this instinctive procedure with the facts of the case.

It is a great mistake to fancy that one has to get into an abnormal state to communicate with a spirit. Possessing the two bodies now, we quiet the fleshly one by reducing the bodily functions, as that of breathing, or quiet it by an effort of the will. That temporarily frees our own psychical body, and we come into normal relation with spirits, who are, of course, normal also, being in the spiritual body which the soul took with it in the process of dying. This is the rationale of it, and it is simple, in accordance with natural facts, and therefore true. See Chapter Fifteen in "The Bridge Between Two Worlds."

Yours for humanity and for spiritual unity,  
ABBY A. JUDSON.  
Arlington, N. J., Sept. 29, 1899.

#### An Old Veteran Gone.

John F. Whittemore, an old-time Spiritualist, passed to the higher life from his residence in South Hartford, N. Y., Sept. 30th, aged eighty years. He was a consistent Spiritualist and universally recognized as an honest man. He was also a regular subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT from its first issue. M. B. Little of Glens Fall, N. Y., officiated at the funeral.

## Answers to Questions GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF W. J. COLVILLE.

QUERIES.—[By Albert R. Conrad, Baltimore.] Home mediums believe that evil spirits are evil in the spirit-world. Is it possible?

ANS.—The question herewith raised is one which admits of answer from two directly different standpoints, therefore unless we are extremely cautious and analytical in our statements we may inadvertently deal unfairly with one or the other of the two schools of philosophers to whom our question refers. We will first consider the negative view.

There are no evil spirits because there is no active evil in the spirit world is a declaration emanating from one of these philosophic schools, while the other maintains that not only is there evil in spirit-life, but evil in its most heinous and hideous forms as exemplified in a wretched book at present on all the book stands, "The Great Amberst Mystery," in which the writer, Walter Hubbell, records some of the most revolting and terrifying experiences ever connected with the dark and aberrant aspects of perverted psychic phenomena.

As we are not extremists and do not incline to the suppression of any set of facts, however disagreeable, if the narration of their occurrence can throw any useful light on any phase of the psychic problem, we professedly occupy middle ground between the two parties already referred to, and content ourselves with saying that there is no worse evil in the unseen world than now manifestly or objectively exists on earth.

Our teachings are everywhere and at all times directed toward evolution of noble character, and are based upon an unequivocal acknowledgment of the latent divinity of every human soul; consequently the phrase "evil spirits" is not in our vocabulary, though our teachings include what we regard as a rational and adequate interpretation of all phenomena, usually classed as obsession or demoniacal possession.

Walter Hubbell does not show himself a philosopher in "The Great Amberst Mystery," but displays untutored emotion coupled with blind tacit acceptance of old-time views of hell and devils, which no sound reasoner can possibly endorse. Evil, as it exists on earth, is an inversion or perversion of one or more impulses or appetites, good in themselves, but certainly evil in a relative sense when distorted.

When we say there are no evil spirits, we mean exactly the same as when we say there are no human beings corrupt at the core or incorrigibly malignant. An old hymn which we found in an English Baptist Hymnal contained the following words, which in our judgment are altogether too extreme. Speaking of what would be accomplished by death, the poet sang:

"Thy they hand, I know,  
Will quell corruption's fires,  
And not a spark be left within,  
Which aught can kindle into sin."

Discussing the theology thus expressed with some very intelligent ministers of the same denomination in America, we found that some of them by no means wholly endorsed that sentiment, contending wisely that the sanctifying operation of the Holy Spirit within the human heart, and not the icy touch of the angel of physical dissolution, must complete the work of human regeneration.

The highest spiritual philosophy—no matter where or by whom inculcated—does not admit the doctrine of sanctification through death except in the purely mystical sense in which the word death is used figuratively by Rosicrucians and all alchemical philosophers.

We are neither better nor worse inwardly because we drop the mortal sheath; disrobing does not alter character; therefore it is quite feasible to aver that those who have passed out of their physical habitations filled with unrighteous desires, are by no means freed from them immediately upon entering the next stage in progressive existence. Having, however, admitted the continued existence of erroneous dispositions in the world of spirits, we by no means accept the exaggerated accounts often given of the havoc wrought by "evil spirits," and though with all due deference to those who differ from us, we do not hesitate to say that the phenomena so persistently attributed to "evil spirits," can be for the most part fully explained in accordance with a more reasonable hypothesis.

People yet living on earth are knowingly engaged for gain in various illicit pursuits, and wherever they establish centres for the conduct of nefarious traffic, a malarious psychic atmosphere is generated which contaminates the air for all hyper-sensitive persons who have not risen above the seductions of their own lower appetites. Simple innocence is no adequate protection, as mere ignorance of the existence of evil is not a sufficient safeguard against its subtle inroads. Just as many unsuspecting youths are led to drink, gamble, etc., etc., without any deliberate act of their own, but simply through weakness of will and foolish desire to follow insane fashions; many sensitives are influenced in a highly disorderly manner by the psychic emanations constantly proceeding from haunts of iniquity, and from solitary individuals indulging unlawful desires. In the spirit world there are far fewer inducements to evil than on earth. Money there is valueless, and the applause of society is not to be gained by overreaching or any form of injustice.

If such events as are recorded in "The Great Amberst Mystery" really occurred, and we certainly do not deny them, we have only to say that none of the characters mentioned in the story displayed any knowledge of mental science, and through ignorance, fear and bigotry combined, were powerless to exert a counteracting force to overcome the disturbances caused by disorderly influences. Until the public mind is entirely disabused of the old diabolical theory, obsession, so called, will continue very difficult to reach. There are just two things which need to be done whenever "evil spirits" seem to be at work. The first is to dispel fear and attend earnestly to all hygienic necessities, both mental and physical, and the second, whenever there seems satisfactory proof that unpleasant visitors are present, is to apply metaphysical treatment to the spirits as well as to their victims. We know of a large number of instances where enlightened mental treatment has entirely put an end to all psychic disturbances and proved a great blessing to temporarily benighted spirits as well as to their own victims.

The woman who takes into her own heart her children may be a very ordinary woman, but the woman who takes into her heart the children of others, she is one of God's mothers.—George MacDonald.







# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1899.

## Spiritualist Societies.

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

### BOSTON AND VICINITY.

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

**Engle Hall, 616 Washington Street.** First Spiritualists' Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11:25 and 7:30; also Thursdays at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

**Home Rostrom, 21 Soledad Street, Charlestown.** Spiritual meetings Sunday, 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Tuesday and Friday, 3 P.M. Mrs. Gilliland, President.

**Bible Spiritualist Meetings, Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street.** Mrs. Guitierrez, President. Services Sundays at 10:45 A.M., 2:45 and 7 P.M., and Wednesdays at 7:30 P.M.

**Spiritual Fraternity.** At First Spiritual Temple, Esplanade and Newbury streets, Sundays at 10:45 and 7:30 P.M.; the continuity of life will be demonstrated through different phases of mediumship. Other meetings announced from the platform. A. H. Sherman, Secretary.

**Boston Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley Street.** Every Sunday at 10:45 and 7:30 P.M. E. L. Allen, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 74 Sidney Street, Boston, Mass.

**The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society** meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 6 P.M.—at 241 Tremont Street, near Elliot Street. Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allen, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sidney Street, Boston, Mass.

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

**Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street.** Mrs. Nutter, President. Services Sunday at 11 A.M., 2:45 and 7:30 P.M., and Thursday at 3 P.M.

**The Helping Hand Society** meets every Wednesday in Gould Hall, 3 Boylston Place. Business meeting at 6 o'clock. Supper at 6 o'clock. Entertainment at 7:30. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, President; Mrs. Grace Cobb Crawford, Secretary.

**Boston Spiritual Lyceum** meets in Berkeley Hall, Esplanade and Newbury streets, Sunday at 10:45 and 7:30 P.M. Mrs. E. L. Allen, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 74 Sidney Street, Boston, Mass.

**The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society** meets at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street every Thursday afternoon and evening; supper at 6 P.M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President.

### MALDEN.

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

### BROOKLYN.

**The Advance Spiritual Conference** meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 101 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and musical entertainment. Free admission. All welcome. Mr. G. Dolores, President; Mrs. Alice Ashley, Secretary.

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

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

### Notice to Local Societies.

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

### Local Briefs.

#### BOSTON.

**Commercial Hall, Mrs. Nutter, Conductor.**—Sunday, Oct. 8, half-hour song service and invocation. Mediums who took part during the day: Nutter, Weston, Fish, Grant, Watts, McKenna, Millan, Davis, Smith, Besse, Knowles; Messrs. Graham, Nelke, Crockett, Arthur McKenna. Wednesday evening, Oct. 13, we will hold an Indian Peace Council. We had Mr. Matthews, one of the jubilee singers, with us.

At Boston Spiritual Lyceum, Sunday, Oct. 8, there was a very interesting lesson hour, after which the following talent took part: Master Harry Gilmore Green, Martha Mackenzie, Miss Mabel Clark, Ester M. Botts, Chas. L. C. Hatch, Mr. F. Forest Harding, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Dr. A. A. Kimball.

**First Spiritual Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkin-**son, pastor, Oct. 8, services morning, afternoon and evening. Introductory services, remarks and messages. Messrs. DeBos, Kenyon, Proctor, Baker, James Newall, Weston, Johnson, Home, Blackden; Mesdames Sears, Carrie Bishop, Acherman, Fish, Woods, Forester, Knowles, Tracey, Baker.

Two sessions at 21 Soledad Street, Charlestown Sunday. Discussion at 11 A.M., "The Spiritual and Material World," hearing, Messrs. Lotheridge and Dunbar; delineations, Mesdames Mackay and Erickson and Messrs. Howe and Nourse. Mrs. Gilliland Conductor of evening service: praise service, 7:30; recitation, Mr. Thompson; remarks by the president and Mr. Howe; messages, Mrs. Gilliland, Messrs. Howe and Farnum.

A very large audience attended the services held Sunday, Oct. 8, by the Boston Spiritual Temple in Berkeley Hall. The meeting opened with congregational singing, after which Vice President, Mrs. C. P. Pratt, who acted as chairman in the absence of President Allen, presented Mr. F. A. Wiggins, who prefaced his invocation by reading a poem. Mrs. Pearl favored the audience with a vocal selection, and was followed by Mr. Wiggins, who took his subject from Shakespeare, fifth act, first scene of the Merchant of Venice, "How far that little candle throws its beams so shines a great deal in a naughty world." No man can solve your problems for you. Nature always performs her work well, no matter how long it takes to do it, so it is better for man to work slowly, step by step. In referring to Edgar Allen Poe, the speaker said that the world was too slow in his day to understand the soul of the man. Fifty years have fled, and now Edgar Allen Poe has been honored by the city of Baltimore. It takes fifty years sometimes, to have merit recognized. No religion or science has ever gained such attention from the thinking people of the world as that which started from the little rap fifty years ago. The best way to kill evil is to let it alone. Truth is the

only basis on which man can eternally stand. Spiritualism is a truth that makes a man feel manly and a woman womanly.

Each of you lives in a psychic world of your own. If you will mount the ladder and throw out your little light you will draw man to you. In the evening the audience was so large the ushers were obliged to put more chairs in the hall. After the musical selection by Mr. Schaller and Mrs. Pearl, Mr. Wiggins gave a short address and then devoted the rest of the evening to a lecture, giving over one hundred readings, much to the satisfaction of his hearers. During Mr. Wiggins' engagement it will be necessary for you to come early if you wish a front seat. The meetings will commence promptly at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.

Order the BANNER OF LIGHT for the N. S. A. Convention reports. It is always for sale at the news stand at this hall.

If you wish a private sitting with Mr. Wiggins, apply to the writer, at Berkeley Hall. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society reopened meetings at 241 Tremont Street Friday, Oct. 6, with the President, Mrs. M. E. Allen, in the chair. Supper was served at 6 P.M. to a goodly number. The evening session was opened with singing by Mrs. Hattie C. Mason. Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse greeted the friends and extended the welcome of the society to all. Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sr., spoke briefly; Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mr. Warner and Dr. Huot spoke upon the ever new subject, Spiritualism; Mr. Arthur Wallis gave a fine recitation; the meeting closed with singing. I would like to say to the many friends who have felt they could not climb our stairs that the elevator is now running, and there will be no excuse for staying away from the hall. Meeting next week, as usual. Carrie L. Hatch, Secretary.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street.—Sunday, Oct. 8, Circle opened by Mr. Pye; afternoon and evening, Mr. Haynes. Those taking part: Messrs. Hall, Dembo, Brown, Hersey, Turner, Nelke, Graham, Cohen, (a poem by Mr. Coburn), Capt. Balcom, Mr. Pye, Mesdames Davis, Dickerson, Fox, Fisher, Pye, Mme. Zina Masia. Oct. 22, Memorial Service of Mr. Elliott. We shall also remember Mr. Cobb, Dr. Heath, Mr. Maston and Mrs. Blythen, all of whom have arisen to a higher life. Remember Oct. 22 and all others. Mrs. Guitierrez, Conductor.

Gould Hall, 3 Boylston Place.—The members of the Helping Hand Society have voted to meet only two evenings in the month, the first and third Wednesdays. The first meeting will be held the first Wednesday of next month, Nov. 1, when a reception will be tendered Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wiggins. Particulars of the same are to be announced later. All members are requested to be present at the first business meeting, as matters of importance are to be decided. CARRIE L. HATCH, Pres't.

At the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, Oct. 8, the lesson subject was, "Child Life in the Spirit-World," and for the little folks, "Cruelly." Songs and recitations were rendered by the following members: Ethel Weaver, Wilhelmina Hope, Harry Greene, Silas Jameson, May Burdett, Mollie Kamp, Maud Morgan, Annie Jameson, Iona Stillings, Lillian Goldstein, Mr. Arthur Wallis, Fern Foster, Mabel Clark. Brief remarks were made by Pres. Dr. Wm. Hale, Mr. Frank Woodbury and Mrs. W. S. Butler.

### Massachusetts.

The Progressive Spiritualists Association held interesting services at Providence Hall, 21 Market Street, Lynn, Sunday, Oct. 8, at 2:30, with a fine audience. Prayer, T. A. Jackson of Boston, and fine spirit communications; remarks and messages, Della E. Matson; magnetic treatments and messages, Annie Guiden and Dr. Furush. At 7:30 meeting singing by the audience; prayer, T. A. Jackson; F. H. Roscoe, speaker and medium, read inspirationally from wreaths, flowers, autumn leaves with initials attached to them; music, Annie Cross. Next Sunday, 15th, Mrs. E. E. Bird, fine medium and speaker; Mr. Bird in recitations will be with us. Subscriptions taken for THE BANNER.

Mrs. D. E. MATSON, Sec'y.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists will hold a mass meeting in Lowell, Mass., on Wednesday, Nov. 8, at Odd Fellows Hall, Merrimack Street. A host of good speakers has been engaged: President Geo. A. Fuller, Harrison D. Barrett, Mr. F. A. Wiggins, Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. Juliet Yeaw, and many others, besides a host of local talent. Come all to this mass meeting and make it a red letter day for Lowell. CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society, Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant Street.—Oct. 7 a large audience; scripture reading and address by the President, subject, "Our Guiding Star"; invocation, J. W. Cowen; instrumental selections, Mr. Jones; address and messages, J. W. Cowen. Mrs. Mellen's control gave a number of messages which were thankfully received. Monthly social, Wednesday evening. Coworkers cordially invited. BANNER OF LIGHT subscriptions solicited.

Spiritualists' meetings have been commenced Sunday afternoons at Deliberative Hall, No. 56 Pleasant Street, Malden, conducted by Mrs. M. A. Moody and Mrs. Emma F. Whittier, and will be continued until further notice. On Sunday, Oct. 8, meeting opened with address by Mrs. Moody; invocation, Mrs. Whittier; musical selections, address and inspirational poem, Prof. Geo. H. Ryder; explanation of some of the principles of Modern Spiritualism, J. R. Snow; psychic readings, "Apple Blossom," Mrs. Moody's guide; closing remarks and benediction, Mrs. Whittier.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell held meetings Sunday, Oct. 8, with usual congregational singing. Mrs. Knapp of Portland, Me., sang a solo with pleasing effect. Mrs. Jones gave two very good talks. "An answer to a sermon given by one of our clergymen in this city." She nobly vindicated Spiritualism. Her messages were good. Next Sunday we have Carrie F. Loring of Braintree.

Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualists' Association.—J. M. Kelly, President.—Unusually large audiences greeted Mrs. May S. Pepper on Oct. 8. Mrs. Pepper pleased and astonished the people by the accuracy of her messages, giving names and many facts almost forgotten. We part with her with much regret that her stay with us is so short. Next Sunday we have Miss Blanche Brainerd of Lowell, a fine test medium.

At Brockton People's Progressive Spiritual Association, Sunday, Oct. 8, Mrs. M. A. Bonney occupied the platform, giving psychometric readings. She was assisted by A. B. Johnson of Wollaston, dramatic reader, also by the Soper family of Rockland, Mass., vocalists for the evening. Sunday, Oct. 15, Belle Robertson of Boston will be with us. Mrs. Geo. C. Morse, Sec'y, 719 Main St.

Mrs. D. M. Lowe writes from Worcester: We have been highly favored the last two Sundays in having as our speaker Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, whose lectures are always deep, practical and inspiring. She will be with us again the last three Sundays in December. Speaker for next Sunday, Mrs. Sadie L. Hand of Boston, followed by Mrs. N. J. Willis the last two Sundays of the month.

Miss B. Hancock (Box 140, Cliftondale, Mass.), writes: Having been impressed to try to further the knowledge of Spiritualism in our own immediate vicinity, we have held a few meetings at different times at our home through the kindness of nearby mediums. The last meetings have been very successful in point of interest, instruction and numbers present, and we wish to make a public acknowledgment of the work done by Mrs. Sadie L. Hand and Mrs. Hattie C. Webber, both of Boston, as their work was done in a truly missionary spirit. If there are any other mediums who are willing to assist in this missionary effort, either on Sunday or weekday, while called to or in the vicinity of Boston, will they please correspond with the writer.

The First Spiritualists' Society of Salem opened their meetings Oct. 1, in Central Hall, 203 Central Street. The platform, Oct. 8, was occupied by Mrs. Lizzie Butler of Lynn, who gave good satisfaction. At the annual meeting the following officers were elected: President, Walter L. Rollins; Vice-President, Charles Legrand; Second Vice, David Fowler; Secretary, J. Edward Hammond; Treasurer, J. W. Libby; Executive Board, W. A. Peterson, Fred Fowler, Fred Sawyer; Musical Director, N. H. Gardiner; Finance Committee, W. A. Peterson, G. Moreland; Entertainment Committee, Mrs. Hayward, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Johnson; Reception Committee, Mrs. D. H. Gardiner, Miss Flossie Libby, Mrs. D. Tyler, J. EDWARD HAMMOND, Sec'y, 160 Bridge Street.

The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society of Lynn held Sunday services at 36 Market Street Sunday. Appropriate music, Mrs. J. P. Hayes. At 2:30 invocation, Mrs. Dr. M. C. Chase; Mrs. N. S. Noyes gave an able lecture, "The Voice of the Great Spirit"; Mrs. Dr. Chase answered a question and gave spirit messages; Mrs. L. F. Holden, messages; Mr. Fallinggreen, remarks. At 7:30 invocation, Mrs. N. S. Noyes; she then gave a fine address; Mrs. Dr. M. Chase, remarks many readings and messages; Mrs. L. F. Holden, excellent messages. Next Sunday, J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport.

Mrs. L. A. Prentiss of Lynn spoke for the First Spiritualist Society of Fitchburg Sunday, Oct. 8. Full houses greeted her and gave close attention to the interesting addresses, followed by many convincing spirit messages. The piano selections by Miss Home were pleasingly rendered. Mrs. Amanda A. Cate of Haverhill, medium, serves the society next Sunday.

The members of the First Spiritual Church and Lyceum at Fall River and a few friends gave their President, Mr. Lucas, a pleasant surprise at his home on Saturday evening: Mr. Thomas Cartman, on behalf of the friends, presented Mr. Lucas with a handsome dress-suit case and dressing case as a token of the respect and good feeling that they have for him. Mr. Lucas, in a few well chosen remarks, then thanked them for the kindness that they had shown to him. Songs were rendered: "The Roses of Traltee"; Mrs. Mary Bolton, "Break the News to Mother"; Miss Lizzie Bolton, "She Was Happy"; Till She Met You"; Miss Chatterton, "Robin Adair"; Mrs. Fallows, "The Little Hero"; Mr. Thomas Cartman, "Rhine Wine and Sailing"; and selections on the phonograph. Coffee, cake, fruit and ice-cream were served. The excursion for Chicago will find us at Fall River to send off our representative, Mr. Lucas. Sunday we had with us Mrs. A. F. Pennell of New Bedford afternoon and evening. She gave two very interesting lectures, and messages from the spirit side of life. Altogether this has been a very enjoyable week for the Spiritualists of Fall River. Thomas Cartman, Sec'y, 40 Davis Street.

### Other States.

W. J. Colville's lectures in Philadelphia have proved very successful during the past few weeks. On Sunday, Oct. 1, he addressed two very large audiences in Casino Hall, Thirtieth Street and Girard Avenue. The morning topic was "The Symbol of the Rainbow," and was pronounced an extremely interesting and instructive exposition of the spiritual significance of the octave of color and octave of sound as interpreted musically in the seven notes of the scale and prismatically in the seven colors of the rainbow. The evening lecture was on "The Place of the Jew in the Coming Republic of Universal Peace." Many requests have been made for the publication of this discourse because of the light it threw on the psychological causes of the Jew's unconquerable and ability to survive all attacks and persecutions. The ground occupied, though decidedly pro-Semitic, was by no means one-sided, as the lecturer insisted that Gentiles, equally with Jews, possessed within them the same indomitable qualities, all that was wanted to manifest them being a sturdy determination to cultivate a noble individuality and cease truckling to popular prejudice, which is the chief cause of individual and racial degeneracy.

During the week Mr. Colville gave several lectures at Peace Union Hall, 1305 Arch Street, where a society or church has just been formed to further international cooperation. Arrangements are being made for a Reading Church in Philadelphia, to receive for weekly reading and discussion one of Mr. Colville's new lectures or lessons which will be sent from England, revised by the author during his absence from America. A class for instruction in mental science has met several afternoons, at 129 N. 10th Street, the residence of Mrs. Ingram, where Mr. Colville has answered a number of important questions.

Mr. Colville's last Sunday lecture in Philadelphia was given in Casino Hall, Sunday, Oct. 8, during the morning exercises. The subject was, "What are the Highest Proofs of the Immortality of the Soul?" Though extolling all evidences of every description, and pointing out the real necessity for objective phenomena such as the physical manifestations of Spiritualism, the speaker clearly showed how every sincere enquirer who becomes unequivocally certain of life immortality, feels that within the human soul itself and not in external signs and wonders must ever be found the final and most complete assurance. All lesser knowledge leads up to higher wisdom, and happy indeed are they who can afford, if need be, to let go of sensuous demonstrations because they have discovered within themselves what our Oriental brethren feelingly style the jewel within the lotus.

In addition to lectures in Philadelphia W. J. Colville spoke to a crowded house in Reading, Pa. Monday evening, Oct. 2, Mr. C. C. Latus, one of the editors of the Reading Eagle, presided, and gave a fine report in his columns. So successful was that lecture that the speaker was immediately engaged to speak again in the same place Thursday, Oct. 12.

The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, on whose platform W. J. Colville has lectured so frequently in days gone by, is to be congratulated in having secured the highly efficient services of Mr. Ravlin, who commenced his duties on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 8. There is great interest in all psychical questions at present in Philadelphia and its environs, and all able and conscientious workers are being well received and generously supported.

Rhode Island State Association of Spiritualists held their annual meeting in Columbia Hall, Providence, on Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 2:30 P.M. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. May S. Pepper of Providence; 1st Vice-President, S. K. Doe of Pawtucket; 2d Vice-President, Mrs. Emma Graham, Valley Falls; 3d Vice-President, Mrs. W. Haigh, Woonsocket; Secretary, B. F. Prouty, Providence; Treasurer, Edwin Bamford, Central Falls. Directors, Mrs. Byron Thompson, Providence; J. H. Barker, Pawtucket; Mrs. Mary L. Wilbur, Providence. For delegate to the National Convention, Mrs. May S. Pepper. It was voted by the Association that their annual meeting be held on the

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first Wednesday in May instead of October. Several other amendments were made to the By Laws. The meeting was continued in the evening with a lecture by Mrs. Mary E. Lease, which was highly appreciated by an enthusiastic audience, was heartily applauded, and well reported by our local press. We are in hopes to have her again in the near future. B. F. Prouty, Secretary.

Mrs. M. A. Brackett writes from Portland, Me.: Mrs. S. E. Hall of Roxbury, Mass., served this society in Orient Hall, Sunday, Oct. 8. We were much pleased with her work.

Thos. M. Locke, President of the Philadelphia Spiritualist Society, writes: Our meetings commenced this season with a large audience which has steadily increased. Our speaker is Victor Wyldes, one of the most interesting lecturers in the field, and certainly one of the finest psychometrists. He will remain with us during this month. At the election he'd on Sept. 29, Mrs. Locke and myself were chosen as delegates to represent the society in the coming National Convention at Chicago, where we hope to meet many co-workers in the Cause.

The Providence Spiritualist Association at Columbia Hall, Richmond and Weybosset streets, Sunday, Oct. 8th, was served by Dr. Hidden. His afternoon subject was "Dreams," in the evening, "Premonition." Both lectures were highly appreciated by those who had the pleasure of hearing them. On Wednesday, Oct. 13, a reception will be tendered Dr. Hidden at our Hall. The public is respectfully invited to attend.

DAVID F. BUFFINTON, Sec'y.

**New York.** First Association of Spiritualists.—Sunday, 8th inst., both services were well attended, and at each Miss Gaule was at her best, giving many very remarkable evidences of continued existence. Mrs. E. Kurth, President of the Woman's Progressive Union in Brooklyn, was warmly welcomed to our platform, and responded with happy remarks. The afternoon music was worthy of all praise, while the evening was marked by musical trio—Miss Grace Clare, soprano; Miss Wheeler, violinist, and Miss Jessie Wheeler, pianist—the rendered "The Dream of Bethlehem" exquisitely.

Brooklyn.—The Advance Conference held Saturday evening meeting on 7th inst. at 1101 Bedford Avenue. Mr. Simmons, Vice-President, gave a short talk followed by a song, Mr. Hodges, and piano solo, Miss Addie Jones. Dr. Franks gave readings from articles placed on the table. A collection was taken for the N. S. A. fund. Dr. Levermore, M. D., and Mrs. Moorhouse of New York, will give us scientific and physical facts on the evils of vaccination next Saturday evening.

At the Woman's Progressive Union, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 8, J. Frank Baxter gave a fine discourse, "Spiritualism in the Dawn of Victory"; solos by Mr. Clarence Turton. At the evening session congregational singing, a poem by Mr. Baxter, followed by a very instructive lecture. Many messages from spirit friends were given and recognized.

**First Spiritualist Funeral.**

The first Spiritualist funeral oration was delivered in Skowhegan, Me., Oct. 6, at 2 o'clock, by Bro. L. B. Talbot, at the funeral service of Constant I. Benson. Bro. Benson was ninety-two years old lacking five months—an avowed Spiritualist of many years' standing.

The Code of Principles, as printed in the BANNER OF LIGHT, was first read, followed by prayer and an address touching Spiritualism as a religion. The Spiritualists of this town and county need no longer do without a funeral according to their faith and belief, as long as Bro. Talbot is among us. Many favorable comments were made to us at the close of the service.

The young yet vigorous Spiritualist society of Skowhegan has become aggressive, and is boldly asserting herself. No doubt before long we shall become better and more favorably known here. Let us press forward and let the world, now so ignorant of our principles, know what we stand for and what we live by. No one can with more certainty and confidence than a Modern Spiritualist do so. The banner of Spiritualism has been planted, and hoisted to the breeze; so that those who wish to know can find out how to become emancipated from the thralldom of superstition. Yours for freedom and light.

DR. F. S. BIGELOW.

**Southern Cassadaga.**

Information concerning the Southern Camp, near Lake Helen, Fla., will be given by the Corresponding Secretary, Emma J. Huff. Address during month of October, Lily Dale, N. Y.; after that time, Lake Helen, Fla. Circulars sent on application.

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Of the beautiful spirit author, "Quina," so well known on both sides of the Atlantic, we can only say, words are inadequate to express how highly she is esteemed. The CHRISTMAS OFFERING opens with a history of her earth-life and its tragic close.

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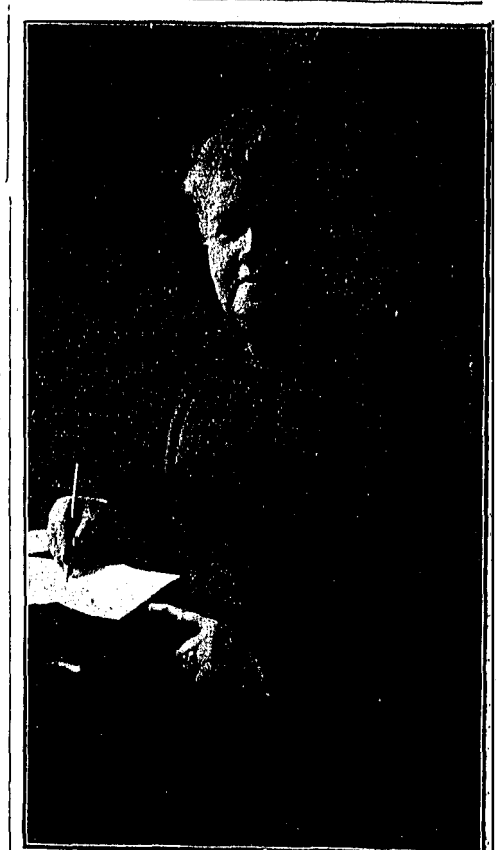
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Mrs. Dr. M. J. Wright—Prophetic Mediumship.

BY PENN.

That phase of mediumship which correctly discerns the future and clearly reveals the Yet to Come has always had special interest to us. With some, the gift of prophecy seems as natural as it is pronounced.

Our purpose, however, at this time, is to briefly mention the latest case which has presented itself to us, through correspondence with a lady friend in New Haven, Conn., Mrs. M. J. Wright, M. D., a gifted medium of many years' experience. Readers of this journal will perhaps recall the intensely interesting and instructive description of the "Realities of Spirit Life," which appeared in THE BANNER OF Jan. 1, 1898, and which was written through this lady's hand more than thirty years ago.

Two of Dr. Wright's controls are of such a character that we hesitate not to specialize them: One, a venerable Egyptian sage, known to some of her particular friends as the Magi; the other, an Indian Queen, of the Mohawk tribe. She has an unusually clear-seeing spirit, and her statements naturally partake of the prophetic character. We know of a dozen instances where her predictions proved true. We recall none that wholly failed.

Only last winter she announced—at first a month before, and then two weeks before the event occurred—the coming of the very unusual blizzard that prevailed throughout the country, especially in the Southern section, and which prevented one friend at least, a prominent bank president of New Haven, from going south until after the time she stated had passed. She had told this gentleman in '96 that in a couple of years he would go to Europe, remain several months, and return to his home all right. He was then not expecting to take any such trip; but in February, '98, he did suddenly leave for the continent, went to Cairo, remained six months, and safely returned. The war predictions of the Magi and the Queen thus far have been wondrously verified.

The subject of our sketch, Mrs. M. J. Wright, M. D., and clairvoyant, investigated Spiritualism as early as 1833, her first trance being held that year in the staid old town of Guilford, Ct., at the residence of Rev. Mr. Baldwin, where had been heard loud rappings, doorbell ringing and other manifestations during the day, and which had continued for months. The commotion occasioned by these mysterious doings was the town talk among the church people for a long time. Removing to Lansingburgh, N. Y., in 1866, she opened her first public circles on Sunday afternoons, free to all, keeping them up for three years.

In 1876 Mrs. Wright returned to New Haven and opened the first public office in that city as a business and test medium. She attended and was graduated at the Hahnemann Medical College, since which she has in her practice combined her clairvoyant power with her medical examinations and treatment. She is legally registered an M. D. in New York, Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Illinois and Connecticut.

Her locating the body of young Miller of South Glastonbury, Ct., drowned in the Connecticut river May 30, 1885, which in the judgment of all his friends, even the companion who was with him at the time, was considered improbable if not impossible, but which was found strictly correct, made a profound impression upon that community.

A full account of this event appeared in THE BANNER at the time from the young man's uncle, testifying to the facts.

No less significant was her locating the whereabouts of an old gentleman, who had been sent by his friends in New Haven to his friends in New Jersey, but who had wandered off and got lost. After a week's absence telegrams revealed the fact that he was missing. Of course the worst was feared; but through Mrs. Wright the old man was found and safely returned. Many kindred items might be mentioned, to give even the salient features of which would trespass upon too much space; but sufficient is given to indicate the possession of unusual clear-seeing power.

Without advertisement Dr. Wright is still having a lucrative practice, the result of her psychic gifts.

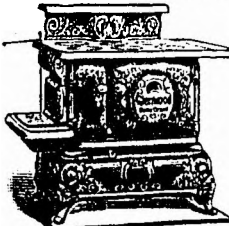
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