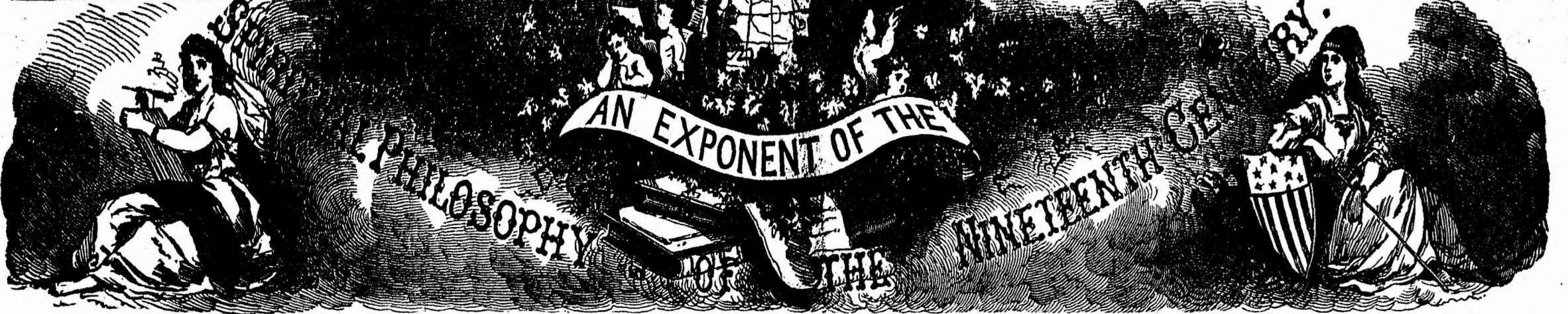


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NO. 11.

EVENING HYMN.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answereth not,
However we may call.

They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
Where these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.

But O! 't is good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore,
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More home-like seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there,
To follow them were not so hard
Wherever they may fare.

They cannot be where God is not,
On every sea and shore,
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God forever more.

The God Idea.

Teachings of an Ancient Spirit.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

Every Spiritualist who has at heart the good of the Cause, the fulfillment of its mission to humanity, its growth and permanent influence, will have read with grateful interest Mr. G. B. Stebbins' forceful article on "Theism," in THE BANNER of April 21. The noble thoughts and sound arguments of our venerable brother cannot fail of making a deep impression on all who deplore the wasting of so grand a force as Spiritualism has brought to the world.

Freedom of opinion is a free man's precious privilege, but no valuable organization is possible, and therefore no lasting result obtainable, unless there be agreement on the vital principle of the attempted union. As citizens of this great Republic, we hold individually to varied opinions as to political parties, their methods and the advantages thereof to the people; but, divided as we may be on these questions, there is one principle on which we all agree, and but for which the United States could not be: it is the principle of Liberty—an abstract idea concreted in a form of government to be known as a Republic. The God idea is the vital principle of Spiritualism, the corner-stone on which it will build the church of the universe, where all men will meet—a Brotherhood of Souls, of Spirits, united in their recognition of the Fatherhood of the All-Soul, the Eternal Spirit.

Recognition of God is the cement without which no building of ours will endure. God is the leader without whom our army, be it ever so vast, will fail in its attempt to conquer; its disrupted forces will not avail against the serried phalanxes of ignorance, injustice, selfishness and greed.

Mr. Stebbins quotes the "old sages, the seers, philosophers and thinkers of early ages who have left on record a belief in a creating and guiding intelligence." In this connection the following, written some time ago, under the control of one of these ancient spirits, may not come amiss here:

It is pitiful to hear your modern philosophers quarrel over the best way to ignore God in their definition of what they believe, or, as they claim, what they know. How can a Spiritualist, i. e., a believer in the survival of something higher than his physical body—a form, ethereal or fluidic, his true entity, recognizable as such, and which he calls "spirit"—deny or even doubt the existence of *spirit*, the creator, or better, the procreator, of his individual spirit? His carnal body was procreated by his parents in accordance with a natural law, but his spirit (or soul), that immaterial, invisible ego—from whence did it come? From the united spirits of the parents? This would be merely setting back the question from parents to parents until the original pair is reached and the question again asked and unanswered.

There is another argument, sustained by reason and experience. The carnal union of the sexes, a purely physical act, does not always bring fruit, despite of the ardent, mutual desire of the pair to have offspring; on the other hand, it sometimes happens that the protesting, resisting struggling victim of rape is gotten with child, to her still greater horror and despair. Now, what is it that desires in the former case, and in the latter resists with agonizing abhorrence? The spirit.

It follows that flesh, which is matter, begets flesh—live, animated flesh. Life is everywhere, in the plant, as in the animal, as in man; life is transmissible, by law of nature, under certain conditions; it is in the seed, and wherever a suitable soil is found, and the seed is dropped into it, in proper position, the seed will develop according to its kind. It is clear, then, that the spirits of the parents, manifesting through their desires, their will or their opposition, are not factors in the mystery of conception—a mystery it is and will ever remain to science. Man, who can subdue the animal kingdom and conquer the world, cannot create a single blade of grass. He must find the seed and the suitable soil; the seed swells, bursts and sends roots, tiny feelers, to not only take firm hold in the earth, but to draw from it the substance which the tiny blades will need, that pierce the ground in search of light and air—in search of life.

Man has seen the seed grow; he has seen

LIFE. He cannot account satisfactorily for the process by which the life-principle, no larger than an atom, hidden in a mustard-seed, will develop into a thousand-leaved green plant, with its flowers that will fade and perish only to make way for the thousands of seeds similar to the parent seed (for like begets like, always and with no exception), any more than he can explain the reason why of the acorn's transformation into a mighty oak, or that of the human germ into a full-grown, bearded man, or a delicate, lovely woman. The life-principle is the channel through which hereditary traits are transmitted; it may be influenced by environments which will stamp its products with peculiar characteristics; it is not the soul, but dependent of the soul in man—the only immortality-possessing creature—an animal raised to the rank of an angel by a spark from the Eternal Flame.

But, rather than say "I do not know," man invents theories, and defends them as facts. The soul is a postulate defined in a hundred different ways, when not denied or utterly ignored. As for God—THE UNKNOWNABLE—after giving him the form and passions of a man, your modern sages are divided as to whether the world is governed by "principles," by "laws," by an "intelligent" or a "blind force"; some deny God and accept nature as the creative, governing power. And yet they boast of the progress of the human mind, and look upon the ancients as far inferior, as undeveloped beings whose tentative efforts to outgrow their ignorance led only to superstitious, often ridiculous beliefs. What do they know of the ancients? They fail of understanding the theogony and metaphysics of India and China, the two oldest civilizations of any importance still existing, the true teachings of their sages, hidden under the accumulated myths of popular fancy and ignorance; modern Egypt, Persia, reveal nothing to them; Chaldea is but a name; the history of still older nations that have disappeared with their advanced civilizations, their discoveries in science and the arts, and especially their religious and moral systems are unknown. Who among you can tell of fair, lost Atlantis?

The race has progressed, but not uninterruptedly; if day succeeds night, another night shuts out the light when the day's work is done; there have been long periods of darkness, and much that was accomplished in the previous day was lost by the time the new day came. The present age is certainly progressive; it has benefited by the accumulated mental treasures of past ages; but its unfoldment has been principally in the material line; the spirit-world's endeavor is to invite man to enter a higher plane of unfoldment.

Egotism is the cloud that conceals the ever-present God. The arguments of vain sophistry will not hold before the calm investigation of reason. Behind the "principles" there is the principle of all things, but for which they could not be; "laws" cannot be self-made; "force" cannot act intelligently unless directed by an intelligence superior to it; "blind force" cannot produce combinations of effects so admirable as man himself, let alone the tiniest field-flower. There is left nature, but if you make nature omnipotent, "nature" is but a name by which you choose to designate God—Being, Eternal Wisdom, Immortal Love, SPIRIT. Your American Indians give the Unknownable the most intelligent name when they tell you they believe in the Great Spirit, for God is SPIRIT.

As you know that the spirit form of man is patterned after his physical body, you are apt to jump at conclusions and think of the Infinite Spirit as having the human form—an untenable syllogism, since the Infinite not having a physical body cannot have a form patterned after it. You cannot conceive a formless intelligence acting independent of matter. You need but look within yourself to understand how it may. Your spirit or soul has no form that you can describe.

The immortal principle in you (soul or spirit), I use the terms interchangeably to avoid a long digression, your immortal ego, in fine, manifests itself in what you call your mind; now you cannot describe the mind, only the brain, its habitation according to physiologists—though the heart may claim its share of spirituality, and that share often the best. Yet the mind exists, is a creative power residing in you. A servant of the soul—often unruly and rebellious, often obeying influences foreign to it—the mind evolves thought from the gray matter of the brain (as long as it is in a material body it must utilize matter; the free spirit uses a more refined substance).

Man's thought is substance; it endures, it gives him pain or pleasure, it debases or exalts him, it may be transmitted, it may hurt or heal others. Yet you cannot see your thought, describe its form, explain its conception and action, any more than you can the mind whence it was evolved, whether original or suggested, for thoughts come to you against your will, they intrude upon your brain, and, if not forcibly ejected, control your mind and shape your ideas, your actions thereafter.

If, leaving the mind and its fluidic productions, we turn to the consideration of other fluids external to it, the same difficulty will confront us. Electricity, magnetism, ether are fluids, indispensable factors in the cosmic life; they are known to science as invisible forces whose effects you see, whose power you are beginning to learn and utilize, yet neither magnetism nor electricity, any more than the air you breathe, or the wind that blows in your face, can you represent by a figure, can you give a form the eye will recognize.

But you believe in electricity and magnetism because you see their effects, and you fail to recognize the effects of the Great First Cause

in these invisible forces; you understand why the needle is affected by the magnet, why electricity conveys a message along the wire, but you ignore the Intelligence revealed in the life which animates your body, you fail to read the message conveyed through your soul. Why? Because, vain man, you cannot control God as you control the forces of nature—his work!

Heaven--What Is It?

BY J. F. SNIPES.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, and other ministers and newspaper correspondents of New York City, have lately been speculating as to whether heaven is a locality or a state. Some years ago I reported the Rev. Dr. Talmage upon this important subject, and among other rhapsodical and materialistic fancies, he said:

"Heaven is gathering up everything that is attractive. In that fair land are those that speak our name. They were ours on earth, they are ours in heaven. We are passing on to meet them. Something in the snap of the heart-strings, something in the floating years, something in the tread of the heart, indicates we are passing on, passing under the spring blossoms and summer heat, and across autumnal leaves, and through wintry snow-banks, passing on!"

"But you say, How do you know there is a heaven? Have you been there? No; I have not been there. Have you seen it? No; I have not seen it. I never saw Spain, I never saw Italy, I never saw Russia; but I have had friends come from those lands, describing the cities, and mountains, and lakes, and I know those lands exist. And so there has been so much communication between this earth and heaven that I know there is a celestial city, and a garden of God on high; spirits coming and going, and coming and going!"

Very good Spiritualism from a popular orthodox preacher! For myself I will say heaven is both a locality and a state; but imagination and Bibles cannot make it a reality to us before we enter it. It is well to indulge in meditations upon our future place and condition, to dream of the possible pleasures of a distant country, anticipated, but as yet unknown, except as described, imperfectly, by a faithful predecessor! The personal experience, however, may not be altogether pleasant, but qualified by fitness and taste. No two persons are exactly alike, mentally, spiritually or physically. The great future, analogously with earthly wants, is probably a state or states with an infinite variety of impressions and expressions. Opportunities develop character, and character depends on the kind of opportunities. No one in earth-life can jump at a bound from ignorance to wisdom. Time is required, and time continued, by imperceptible links of events, is eternity; and unvalued heavens must be full of occupations for the mind with free-agency, and a larger hope!

But how can a mind, with observing senses, make use of them without location? How much good can a man do, or enjoy, if he is simply suspended mid-air in infinite space without an object or objects before him? It is said our spiritual tenements or palaces are built of our deeds, in advance, objective homes.

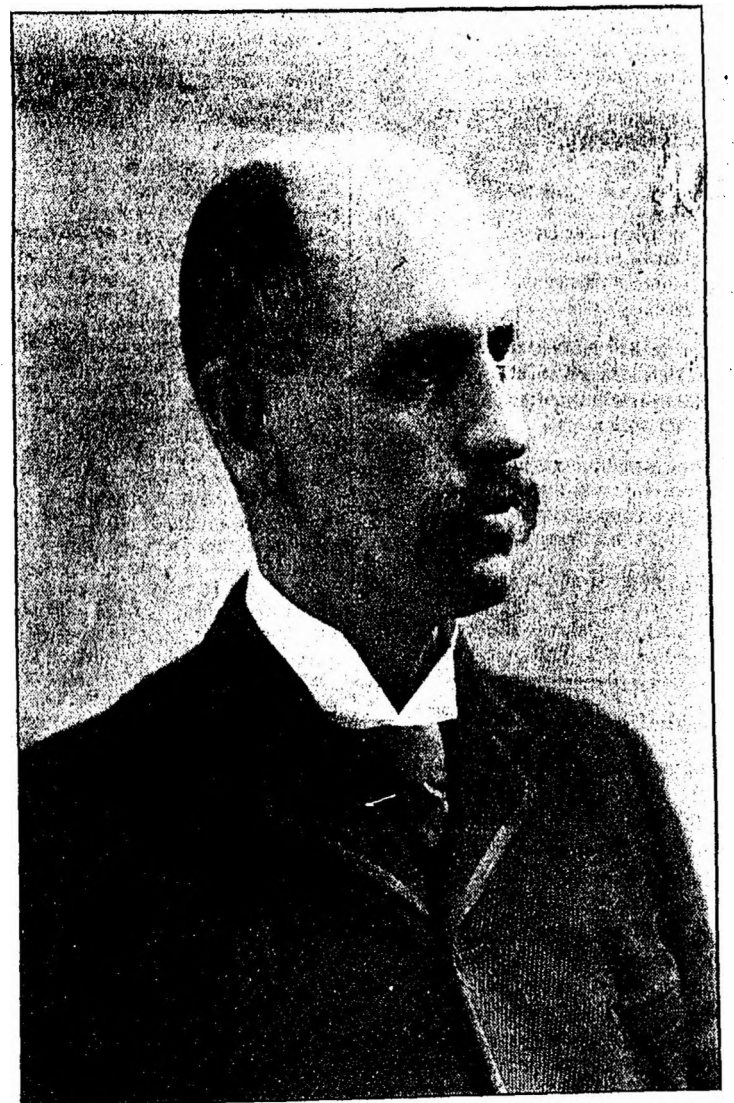
A subjective, visionary heaven is more impractical than streets of gold and thrones of flattery. A child of earth may choose its residence among the dark conditioned spirits of Five Points, or win a home among the angels of Fifth Avenue. But if he survive the change called death, and is born a second time into a better body and sphere, why perpetuate the spiritual senses if he cannot use them? Of what use are eyes and ears and feeling in a state or condition where there is nothing but Nothing.

Heaven must be localized, and pluralized, to suit all conditions of character and desert. For instance, a murderer, even if he invite us to meet him in heaven, will feel more at home in ways that are dark, and in other like company. Let us be thankful, then, if we naturally gravitate to spheres and associations for which we are best adapted, trusting the Infinite for appropriate place and plan for all, according to need and need, in numberless heavens, conditional and local!

Wisdom.

It is the little things that trouble men most. They fret at trifles, worry at shadows, and fear imaginary ills. Nine-tenths of the contentions are about matters of little or no importance. It is the weakest foolishness for any man to try and make every person think, feel and believe, as he does. As well that each reflection of light forming the rainbow should insist that each drop of rain should reflect the same tint. Puny man! Like the drops of rain you reflect as you are. You see others according to your own make-up and your relations to your fellow kind. You are better than others, according as you are more just, more self-controlling, more charitable, more loving, more self-watching and harmony-aspiring. It is wicked to fret, worry and fear, because this condition obstructs the rays from the universal Sun, not allowing them to penetrate to your real being; and thus the growth from which comes real peace is impeded.

The home is an epitome of the nation; every public virtue may be cultivated there.... To beautify the home and thus endear it, tends to make it more stable and to create an atmosphere in which the virtues thrive.—Josiah Strong, President League for Social Service.



Hon. James B. Townsend.

This gentleman is one of the leading Spiritualists of the United States, and is everywhere regarded as a tower of strength to the Cause in the State of Ohio, where he has always resided. Mr. Townsend is the owner of our esteemed contemporary, *The Light of Truth*, in whose fortunes he has been interested for many years. He has been an ardent Spiritualist since the years of his early manhood, and has never been at a loss for a reason for the faith that is in him.

He has been an active business man throughout his whole life, and has achieved no little success as a lawyer. He rose rapidly in his profession from the day of his admission to the bar, and his devotion to duty as he saw it won him name and honest fame throughout the Buckeye State. Mr. Townsend's ability soon attracted the attention of the leading business men of Ohio, and it was not long before he had formed a partnership with the late Hon. C. S. Brice, formerly United States Senator from Ohio. He was attracted to the field of politics, where he at once made his influence felt, and many positions of trust and honor were conferred to his care. His well-known executive ability and devotion to principle won for him the confidence and esteem of not only his own party, but also that of his opponents. In the contests of the political arena Mr. Townsend seldom came off second best.

He early became one of the trusted leaders of the Democratic party, and at one time was Chairman of the State Central Committee. He had the happy faculty of making friends easily, and the ability to retain them after they were made. He had, and still has, the personal friendship of President McKinley, Senators Foraker and Hanna, and many other Republican leaders in Ohio, as well as in many other States, who take pleasure in testifying to their high regard for Mr. Townsend, notwithstanding their opposition to his political views. To this might also be added their dislike for his religious views, for he has never attempted to conceal his belief in Spiritualism from the world. To win the confidence and friendship of men of opposite religious and political faiths, especially when they are both unpopular, is a work of character and ability of no ordinary kind.

Mr. Townsend took hold of Spiritualism with the same zeal that has characterized his every act in life. He was a born reformer, and felt that Spiritualism was all inclusive in its humanitarianism. He advocated unity of effort, harmonious action, and constructive work from the very outset. He saw the necessity of a strong national association as a means of offense and defense, and offered one thousand dollars out of his own pocket to defray the expenses of a National Convention in St. Louis, Mo., some years ago. His proposition was not accepted at that time, but was taken up in spirit a few years later by parties in Washington, D. C., who issued the call for the Convention of 1893 in Chicago. Mr. Townsend at once gave the Chicago movement his hearty support, and was one of the most active workers at the convention that assembled in the Queen City of the West in September, 1893.

He was elected to represent his State on the committee on permanent organization, and did faithful service upon the floor to secure the adoption of a Constitution that helped to establish the N. S. A. He was elected one of the Trustees of the new Association, and served two terms. During that time, he took a deep interest in the welfare of the organization, and was ever on the alert to further its interests. He is keenly alive to beneficent purposes of cooperation, and is an earnest advocate of its principles on all occasions. He feels that cooperation in religion will be followed by cooperation in business, through which poverty, injustice and crime

will be banished from the earth. He aims to put this principle into practice in our business dealings, and has thus far met with signal success. In addition to his law practice, he is now largely interested in mining operations in the great West. He is to day the President of the King Solomon Mining Company, and considers his present work the crowning effort of his life. He is also the Receiver of the D. & N. R. R., and carries on numerous enterprises of a less public character. He retains his interest in *The Light of Truth*, and is as solicitous as ever for the advancement of the Cause as a whole. Mr. Townsend is yet a young man, being about fifty years of age, and without doubt has many years of active service for the good Cause yet before him. His ideal is cooperation through Spiritualism, through which humanity is to be led to a nobler and truer civilization.

Our Last Idea.

BY FRED L. HILDRETH.

Comrade Gould, there are two of us; where shall we look for the third and forth to help defend our position? You have struck the keynote of the present century, and ere its meridian has been reached the souls who have halted at the barrier erected by their own selfishness, "Man Dictatorship," must step aside and allow woman, who has toiled long and faithfully to occupy the position she has nobly won, not only in our organizations but in every one throughout this land. What if we have workers in our ranks that affirm it adds more dignity to our meetings to have a man for Chairman. He never would have been there had not some noble woman assumed a tenfold more responsible position—Motherhood!

I have not language meet for the clothing of such a truth as confronts us at this hour. Slave through eons of time to man's narrow, selfish desires; still amid the mist and gloom of centuries the divine flame of Love burned bright in the woman-soul, and saved our earth from sinking in the abyss of Gloom and Despair. Point me to an instance where under average conditions woman has failed, from the fabled Eve, who developed Adam's latent energies, to the Clara Barton of to day, and the mothers of all time, to render a satisfactory report of her stewardship in the arena of life.

Let us glance at that Failure, where the poor, ignorant creation of man, miscalled Justice, is supposed to preside over. How long would it survive in its present state were woman allowed free scope within Court House walls? Go ask my comrades, was it the surgeon's "Blue Pills" or soft hand of the woman nurse that brought back the sparkle to each eye, and bloom to the pale cheek in hospital and sick ward? Watch the great political parties in their throes and convulsions, honey-combed by rivers of corruption and fraud. Will they ever become purified and meet for presence of angels? Never till woman has been invited by her brother man to sit as his peer at our councils. When will war, famine, poverty and sensualism be erased from our language? When your mothers are free, and not doomed to still longer curse this world with a race of slaves.

What would I suggest after thirty five years' experience as a Spiritualist and a medium? Settle your speakers so that, being one of us, they can work for and with us from day to day. Next, when you have a second-rate man as President, substitute a first rate woman in his place, and I will guarantee that the exchange will be a success for the society. Work with the angel world for untrammelled freedom and repeal of all monopolies, medical with the rest.

If some men were to eat their words, their health would be ruined forever.

AN OFFERING.

BY BELLE V. CUSHMAN.

To-night, dear friends, we meet to part,
Our paths diverging wide—
Those to the woodland's fragrant heart,
And these to mountain side.

Others beside the sounding sea
Will seek the rest they crave,
And feel the breath of liberty
In every dashing wave.

'Tis well at times to thus retreat
From life's dull round of care,
To feel the heart of Nature beat
And breathe her purer air.

For in the song of babbling rills,
The sighing 'mid the trees,
The blue above the lifted hills,
The drowsy hum of bees—

And all the sights and sounds that greet
The woodland's welcome guest,
'Tis not alone the hands and feet,
But hearts that find a rest.

For Nature has so many arts,
Such ways to entertain,
That on her breast the sorest hearts
May find relief from pain.

The infinite abyss of space,
The vast unmeasured sea,
Rebuke the petty strife for place,
The fanners bending knee.

And when mid mountains grim and grand
Majestic thunders roll,
The voice of God on every hand
Seems speaking soul to soul.

Or if you wish in milder form
The will divine to trace,
Then seek him not in summer storm,
But in the daisy's face.

The storm, the flow'r, the boundless sea
All speak his love and might;
Each holds its lesson if we
Do read the book aright.

For all the fragrant breezes blow
The leaves of June to turn,
And all the summer's pages glow
With lessons sweet to learn.

Now God be with you who away
May turn your wandering feet,
And God be with you all who stay
Until again we meet.

Mass Convention in Chicago.

The third annual Mass Convention under the auspices of the Illinois State Spiritualist Association, and the National Spiritualists' Association of the United States, was held in Handel Hall, Chicago, April 10, 11, 12. Early Tuesday morning found the Spiritualists of the great metropolis of the West busy with preparations for the great convention. They anticipated the assembling of a large number of people, and their expectations were met in full. The interest in this convention was not confined to Chicago. Visitors were present from all sections of Illinois, while the States of New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee were represented by one or more delegates each. This showed the widespread interest in the subject of organization, and the earnest desire of the people to listen to the distinguished speakers and mediums who were to take part in the exercises.

Tuesday forenoon was devoted to an informal reception in the ante room of Handel Hall, where the speakers and visitors from all sections of the country exchanged views, renewed old acquaintances and formed new ones to their mutual delight. The hours sped away all too quickly for the friends who were present, but full soon the hour arrived at which the convention should be formally opened. It was noticeable that the convention badges were very much in demand, and it was not long before the supply was completely exhausted. They never do things by halves in Chicago; when they want anything, they usually get it, and are willing to pay for it. Several liberal clergymen and a number of reform workers were among the callers at the reception room during the morning. All were made welcome, and given the assurance that Spiritualists had no quarrel with that which tends to promote the happiness of mankind. All felt mentally refreshed and spiritually strengthened by these three hours of pleasant visiting with friends old and new.

At 2 p. m., Mr. Ervin A. Rice, the able and efficient chairman of the committee of arrangements, called the assembly to order in a few well chosen words, after which Prof. B. J. Bechtel of Chicago, rendered an organ voluntary. An impressive invocation was given by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. After singing by the congregation, Mr. Rice called upon Mrs. Richmond to deliver the formal address of welcome to the delegates and visitors. This address was one of Mrs. Richmond's best efforts, and covered a wide range of thought. She welcomed all to the considerations of questions pertaining to human progress and to the work of making Spiritualism stand for the all inclusive principle of truth. She told her auditors that Spiritualism *per se* was as old as the infinite, and suggested that it was only proper that Spiritualists should cease to claim that their religion dated only from 1848. She welcomed the visitors to the hearts and homes of the people of Chicago, and promised them a most enjoyable time during their sojourn in the city. Mrs. Richmond's address was replete with instruction, and was a fitting prelude to the feast of good things that followed. Brief and fitting responses to the address were made by Harrison D. Barrett, President of the National Spiritualists' Association, and Col. James Freeman, Vice President of the Illinois State Spiritualist Association, in behalf of their respective organizations.

Mr. Rice then introduced President Barrett as the Chairman for the balance of the afternoon, who called upon Mrs. Hardy for a vocal solo, which was exquisitely rendered. Dr. H. V. Swearingen, of Fort Wayne, Ind., was then introduced, and delivered a scholarly as well as eloquent address upon the subject, "A General View of Spiritualism." This lecture was too valuable to be lost, and was placed before the readers of THE BANNER in a recent number. Dr. Swearingen is one of the advanced thinkers in spiritualistic ranks, and it is a great pity that his voice is not heard oftener from the platform. He speaks occasionally through the press, and it is a matter of regret that this orator man cannot be engaged at a fitting salary to devote all of his time and his splendid talents to the service of Spiritualism. Mrs. Marian Carpenter, of Detroit, Mich., followed Dr. Swearingen in an interesting half-hour's address, in the course of which she gave a goodly number of spirit messages that were pronounced correct by those who received them.

The evening meeting was called to order at 8:15, with Col. James Freeman in the chair. Miss Eugenia Humphreys rendered an organ voluntary, followed by congregational singing. Mrs. S. J. Ashton, associate pastor of the Church of the Soul, gave a brief but telling address that was very cordially received by the people. Mrs. Ashton held her subject well in hand, and added a number of excellent thoughts to the evening's feast. Mrs. Eugene Macheret followed with a vocal solo that touched all hearts and commanded an encore. Vice-President Freeman in a neat speech, then introduced Moses Hull, of Buffalo, N. Y., as the next speaker. He called him "Our Moses," and the applause that greeted this veteran worker as he stepped to the front showed that the people thought the title well bestowed. Mr. Hull announced as his subject, "A Reply to Frank D. Witt Talmage's Attack upon Spiritualism." He proceeded to handle the calumnies of Spiritualism without gloves, and placed him in his true light before the citizens

of Chicago. The substance of this able and eloquent address has already appeared in our columns, therefore requires no extended review at this time. It was one of Mr. Hull's best efforts, and was listened with the greatest enthusiasm by all of the people present.

After further music, Vice-President Freeman graciously introduced Mr. J. Frank Baxter, of Chelsea, Mass. Mr. Baxter gave a brief but comprehensive address, filled with sound advice, good logic and instruction. He kindly placed his manuscript at the disposal of the BANNER OF LIGHT, whose readers will soon have the pleasure of perusing his words for themselves. Mr. Baxter supplemented his address with an excellent address, during the course of which he gave a number of spirit messages, all of which were promptly recognized. Mr. Baxter's work was much appreciated by his deeply interested audience.

A vocal solo by Miss Brown followed, after which Miss Margaret Gaule, the well known psychic, was introduced. Miss Gaule gave a large number of spirit messages in her characteristic manner, all of which were promptly acknowledged. She made many friends during the evening, and held the closest attention of the people from first to last. She is a great favorite with the people of Chicago.

SECOND DAY, MORNING MEETING.

The morning meeting of Wednesday, April 11, was devoted to a general conference. Col. Freeman acted as Chairman. The speakers of the hour were Miss Margaret Gaule, Dr. Juliette H. Severance, Hon. A. C. Dunn, Harrison D. Barrett, Ervin A. Rice, George H. Brooks, and others. The subject under discussion was "How Best to Eliminate the Fraud, Fakir and Charlatan." Many excellent points were made, and nearly every speaker came out boldly in denunciation of counterfeiting in the name of Spiritualism. Some few apologized for the pretended mediums, and offered the old thread-bare excuse that the spirits, not the frauds, were to blame for the evil conditions named. The consensus of opinion was that the frauds must go, even though a number of them made bold as to attend not only this meeting, but every session of the convention.

Some of them were seen to wince under the sharp thrusts of several of the speakers, but the guiltiest of all of them assumed the air of martyrs, and tried to enlist public sympathy in their behalf through that cheap method. It is well at this point to note the fact that not a few of the mediums who were in attendance upon this convention, against whom no charges have been made, did not hesitate to express their deep sympathy for those who had been found guilty of wrong-doing upon irrefutable testimony. It might be said further that several were known to hold private interviews with the counterfeits and their representatives semi occasionally during the convention.

At this gathering interesting letters of greeting were presented from Dr. George B. Warner, President of the I. S. S. A., who was absent in Mexico; Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine, President, New York State Spiritualist Association; Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson and John W. Rink of Texas; Will C. Hodges of Ohio; Mrs. M. T. Longley, Sec'y N. S. A., and others. These messages were cordially received, and much enjoyed by all.

The afternoon meeting was called to order at 2:30, with President Barrett in the chair. After instrumental music by Prof. Bechtel, followed by congregational singing, Mr. Charles M. Wellington of Chicago was introduced, who gave an excellent address upon the subject "Has Spiritualism a Limitation?" This splendid lecture was given to the world in a recent number of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Mr. Wellington gave his hearers something to think of in his progressive, scholarly and inspiring address. Every Spiritualist should read it, and take its important lessons to his heart.

A vocal solo was then effectively rendered by Mrs. D. G. Fuller, after which Mrs. Clara L. Stewart, the indefatigable worker for organization in Wisconsin, was introduced. Mrs. Stewart gave an interesting account of the work in Wisconsin, and invited all present to attend the State Convention in Stevens Point, Wis., the following week. Her address was well received, and proved her earnestness of purpose in her labors for Spiritualism. George H. Brooks was then presented as "Cassadaga George," or six feet two and a half inches of Spiritualism—a walking interrogation point. Mr. Brooks received a kindly greeting, and gave an interesting account of his missionary labors in Wisconsin, supplemented by an earnest appeal for organization in the great Badger State. He paid a well-deserved tribute to Mrs. Stewart, and urged his hearers to attend the Stevens Point Convention. Mrs. Richmond followed Mr. Brooks with some interesting reminiscences of the work in Wisconsin many years ago, where she first was made aware of her own mediumship.

A choice vocal solo was then rendered by Preston Osborne, whose work was so much enjoyed as to cause his recall by the delighted audience. Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley of Chicago was then introduced in a few commendatory words by President Barrett. Mrs. Cooley was received with great applause as she stepped forward, showing the great esteem in which she is held by the people of Chicago. She gave a brief address, and then bowed her acknowledgments to the people. She was followed by Max Hoffmann, who gave a number of spirit descriptions, often accompanied by full names and many interesting details as to identity. His work was received with marks of approval by the people.

The Wednesday evening meeting was called to order by Vice-President Freeman at 8:30 o'clock. An organ voluntary was given by Miss Humphreys, and was followed by congregational singing. Miss Hamilton rendered a vocal solo, "Dream of Paradise," and was obliged to respond to an encore. Harrison D. Barrett, President of the National Spiritualists' Association and Editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, was then introduced. He took for his subject the old question, "Is Spiritualism True?" and gave an address that was well received. After a vocal solo by Mr. Flood, Mrs. Marion Carpenter gave a brief address, supplemented by a number of spirit messages, all of which were duly acknowledged. Master Robert Gric, the boy soprano, then gave a fine vocal solo, and gracefully responded to an encore. Master Gric has a fine voice, but it will be spoiled by over-use unless his friends exercise greater caution than was apparent in his choice of his response to the encore given him. Miss Margaret Gaule closed the exercises of the evening with one of her most successful addresses, in the course of which she gave a goodly number of spirit-messages to those who were delighted, as well as anxious to receive them. All of the messages were promptly recognized.

THIRD DAY—MORNING MEETING.

The morning conference of Thursday, April 12, was called to order at 10:30, with Pres. Barrett in the chair. The subject, "Our Declaration of Principles," was considered from various points of view by the several speakers, among whom were Geo. H. Brooks, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Moses Hull, Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler, H. D. Barrett, J. O. M. Hewitt, Henry H. Warner, and others. This subject was ably combined with that of the previous morning by several speakers, and some peculiar statements made that were out of keeping with the subject. No true Spiritualist is a fraud-hunter, while every honest Spiritualist is or should be a fraud eradicator. It is rather nauseating at this late day to find apologists for crime and defenders of the assassins of the human soul upon the spiritual rostrum. It would not matter if hundreds of men and women lost their all, provided their assailants go free. Even if defenders of truth do lose their mortal lives in the battle for truth, they are the real gainers thereby, for it is even better to perish in a contest for the right than it is to meekly wear the yoke of evil. All speakers declared themselves in favor of declaration of principles and heartily approved of the action of the National Convention in October last.

The afternoon meeting was called to order at 2:30, with Vice-Pres. Freeman in the chair. After vocal and instrumental music, Geo. H. Brooks delivered an excellent address upon "The Spirit of Spiritualism," which was well received. Mr. Brooks is always in earnest, and stamps his sincerity upon all of his utterances. Geo. F. Perkins rendered a charming vocal solo, after which Moses Hull made a

brief but telling address that brought down the house. He was followed by Mrs. Julia Steelman Nichols in a lengthy address upon the subject "The Science of Mediumship," which she supplemented with a few definitions. Mr. J. Frank Baxter was next introduced, who gave a brief address, closing with the usual address.

The evening meeting was called to order at 8:15, with Pres. Barrett in the chair. After an organ voluntary by Miss Humphreys, and congregational singing, Rev. R. A. White, pastor of Stuart Ave. Universalist Church, Chicago, was introduced in complimentary terms. He took as his subject "Spiritualism as Viewed from the Modern Pulpit," and proceeded to deliver one of the most eloquent and instructive addresses of the entire convention. Science, philosophy and religion were all touched upon by the scholarly speaker, and if all Spiritualists could see themselves as they are seen by the liberal ministry represented by Mr. White, they would make better use of their Spiritualism than they are now doing. Mr. White spoke in high terms of true Spiritualism, and plainly showed the necessity of establishing it upon a scientific basis, and it will be a matter of great regret that his address was not taken in full and published verbatim in all of the Spiritualist papers. It was worthy of an honored place in the literature of to-day. Mr. White was given a tremendous ovation as he took his seat.

President Barrett, in a few laudatory words then introduced Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas of Chicago, President of the Congress of Religions, as the next speaker. Dr. Thomas' address was full of helpful thoughts from first to last. He followed the lines laid down by Mr. White, and heartily approved of that gentleman's timely suggestions. Dr. Thomas referred to the all inclusive spirit of Spiritualism, and evoked a storm of applause by his outspoken declaration that he was a Spiritualist—that he knew of the fact of spirit-return, and was one with the Spiritualists in their efforts to demonstrate the truth of their claims to a sorcerer's world. Dr. Thomas was obliged to bow his acknowledgments to the enthusiastic ovation he received at the conclusion of his excellent address.

After a selection of music by Miss Sherwood, Mr. Tullar and Mr. Yarnley, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond spoke at some length upon the interesting subject, "The Attitude of Spiritualism Before the World." She had the work of the distinguished speakers who had preceded her to add to her own inspirations, and seemed to be perfectly at home on this occasion. She made a number of excellent points, and was given considerable attention by her hearers. Her criticisms of Rev. Mr. White were distinctly noticeable, as was her statement that Spiritualism was a revelation rather than a factor in science. As science reveals truth through demonstration, and as Spiritualism does the same thing, it would be difficult to determine any difference between the two. Her address should have been heard to be fully appreciated and thoroughly understood.

Mrs. Marian Carpenter followed with a brief address, in the course of which she voiced a number of spirit communications that were at once acknowledged. Mrs. Carpenter was suffering from ill health throughout the convention, and only through the exercise of great will power was she able to appear at all.

Miss Margaret Gaule closed the work of the convention with one of her best addresses. She gave a large number of messages, not one of which failed of recognition. The eagerness of the people to hear from their departed friends was almost depressing in its intensity. Miss Gaule was certainly in touch with powers outside of herself, and made many friends by her work.

President Barrett closed the meeting by thanking the speakers, mediums and musicians for their services, the citizens of Chicago for their hospitality, and the press of the city for many courtesies received. Thus was brought to close one of the most successful conventions ever held under the banner of Spiritualism. A goodly sum was left after all expenses were paid, and was divided between the N. S. A. and the I. S. S. A. Great credit is due Mr. Ervin A. Rice for the success of the convention. His executive ability, coupled with his love for the Cause, makes him a most efficient leader. He deserves well at the hands of the Spiritualists of the nation.

EVANGEL.

The Wisconsin State Spiritualist Convention.

The Wisconsin Spiritualist State Mass Convention called its first session Tuesday evening, April 17. Delegates were in attendance from Milwaukee, Whitewater, Appleton, Portage, Tomah, Neillsville, Arcadia, Waupaca, Madison, La Crosse, and several other places. Miss Frances Kuhl furnished the instrumental music, and Miss Halcyone Horn and the Choral Quartet—Messrs. Cowles, Virum, Putz and Porter—furnished the regular vocal selections, and George F. Perkins, of Chicago, also gave one number. The musical part of the program deserves special notice for its sweetness, and no one could fail to appreciate it. Mr. Perkins is a fine singer, and calls to mind the singing of the Moody and Sankey meetings some years ago. Rev. Moses Hull, of Buffalo, gave the invocation. The address of welcome was given by B. B. Park on behalf of our mayor and the citizens of Stevens Point. He gave a brief résumé of the progress of the city in its schools and churches, and, among other things, paid high tribute to our citizens, with the thought that there is no city possessing more liberal-minded people than our own in matters for the betterment of mankind. In well-chosen words he welcomed our guests and bade them Godspeed in their work.

Harrison D. Barrett, President of the National Association of Spiritualists, responded. He said he deemed it a pleasant privilege to receive the kind greeting from Stevens Point and through it the State of Wisconsin; that the greeting was heartily appreciated and reciprocated; that he was glad to see numerous churches in a city, for it indicated a search for spiritual things. The comparison, however, that he made was that most churches teach us to have faith to believe that there is an immortal life, while Spiritualism demonstrates its certainty and enables us to lift the veil a little and catch glimpses of the life beyond, and see and converse with those who have gone before.

Mr. Hull took the text from Job xiv. 14, "If a man die, shall he live again?" etc. He said it was misquoted and misunderstood. Misquoted because the translators undertook to supply an ellipsis with "again," which spoiled the original thought. This, correctly translated would be, "When a man dies he lives." In fact we cannot die. We have all the life we ever will have, and he doubts whether our life ever had a beginning. The physical body dies, but that is not the man. He likened the body to a bit of tools by which man was able to become en rapport with material things. He said that many had the idea that Spiritualism was trying to overthrow the churches, when in fact it comes as a supplement to them, demonstrating beyond the possibility of doubt, the immortality of man, which the churches have been unsuccessfully trying to prove for centuries. That there has not yet been any evidence of immortality outside of Spiritualism.

In speaking of the celebration of Easter, we generally suppose it to be the anniversary of Christ's rising from the tomb, but that it was celebrated five thousand years before Christ as the return of spring or life in the earth. That if Jesus was laid in the tomb on Friday he could not have staid there three days and three nights, and come forth on Sunday, unless the days came oftener than now. He also called attention to the celebration of Christmas thousands of years before the Christian era, and the giving of presents among the Persians at that time on account of the period being the time of the lengthening of days. In short, that sun worshippers celebrated these long before Christ's time, and that the Christian celebration was brought about by the decree of a Roman pontiff trying to harmonize Christianity and paganism.

Mr. Hull is an entertaining, instructive speaker and has an argumentative way that carries with it the force of truth. His thoughts show plainly that his reputation as a writer,

thinker and speaker has been built upon intrinsic merit.

Mr. Max Hoffmann gave some remarkable descriptions, all of which were recognized by persons in the audience, giving messages and words of comfort to those who recognized them. He gives names with clearness and rapidity, and was assisted in text work by Mr. Perkins at his concluding sessions.

Dr. A. Houghton of Chicago used his powers of magnetic healing under spiritual influence, and any one who wished could avail himself of his remarkable gifts. The treatment was entirely free, and only given in support of the claims of Spiritualism.

In closing, President Barrett paid a high compliment to Mrs. C. L. Stewart for her work in arranging the meeting. She certainly deserved it, for she brought together masterminds, not one of which but is competent to grace the platform of any city in the world, and Stevens Point is to be congratulated on the opportunity that was presented to hear them.

WEDNESDAY MORNING'S SESSION.

A business meeting was held in the forenoon, at which Mr. Barrett presided, and a resolution was offered by Mr. Hull providing for the organization of a State Association. Remarks were then made by Mr. Hull, Dr. Sanderson of La Crosse, Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Wheeler of Madison, Mrs. Smead of Milwaukee, Mr. Stowell of La Crosse, George F. Perkins of Chicago, Mrs. Smidde D. Forbes of Grand Marsh, and Rev. Mr. Owen, a Unitarian minister, all of whom advocated the adoption of the resolution, and it was passed by unanimous vote. Committees were then appointed as follows:

On by-laws—Dr. Sanderson, Fiske of Waukegan, La Maye of Green Bay, Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Forbes.

On resolutions—Moses Hull, D. DeVroy of Green Bay, and Mrs. Baker.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

The Wednesday afternoon session of the Spiritualists Convention was fairly well attended to listen to discourses by Geo. H. Brooks of Milwaukee, and others. Geo. F. Perkins and Max Hoffmann were both on the platform for text work. Wednesday evening President Barrett of the N. S. A. gave the principal address, giving in his forceful style an interesting and instructive discourse on "Modern Spiritualism." Mr. Barrett carried his audience with him in his thought, as is evidenced by the numerous requests for him to have the lecture printed in full. To all these requests he said it was impossible, as he did not even have notes or synopsis. Dr. Houghton of Chicago gave a short address on the subject of "Magnetic Healing," which showed a thorough knowledge of his subject. After the text work he gave some exhibitions of his power as a healer, with beneficial results in each case. Geo. F. Perkins and Max Hoffmann again appeared in text work, and Mr. Hoffmann's work unfolded was the subject of much speculation, and no little praise.

THURSDAY MORNING

The business session was called, and the reports of the various committees were read and accepted, constitution and by laws adopted, and officers of the State Association elected as follows:

President, Mrs. C. L. Stewart, Stevens Point; First Vice-President, I. F. Belsvig, West Superior; Second Vice-President, Jos. P. Franco, Green Bay; Secretary, Mrs. J. S. Smead, Milwaukee; Treasurer, J. C. Bump, Milwaukee; Trustees, Dr. C. W. Sanderson, La Crosse; Mrs. Francis H. Madison; B. D. Frost, Almond; A. A. McIntyre, Junction.

The following resolutions were read and adopted:

Whereas, Spiritualism, which is really as old as the oldest inhabitant of the spirit world, has within the century now closing proved that the mental climate of this world is such that many of the people are now ready for the truths of Spiritualism, and that it has been introduced to many of the inhabitants of earth;

Whereas, Spiritualism has, in its own strength, during the last fifty-two years, stood up and successfully combated all its foes, thus proving it is worthy of our adherence and support; and

Whereas, a National Association of Spiritualists has been formed, which for six years has been doing a glorious work; and

Whereas, Spiritualism is organized by State Associations in eighteen of our States, and each of these associations is doing a good work; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the Spiritualists of the State of Wisconsin, will follow the example set in several other States and organize ourselves into a State Association of Spiritualists, under the National Association of Spiritualists, adopting its Declaration of Principles as our Declaration of Principles, and otherwise conducting ourselves as becomes those working under a similar organization.

Resolved, That we organize, not to manifest our power to "sit still," but to cooperate with each other and with the Spiritualists of other States in an effort to get the truths which have made our hearts glad before others who need their benedictions.

Resolved, That we thoroughly believe in the children, and that during their young and tender years is the proper time to impress their minds with our beautiful philosophy; it is therefore our duty to adopt and carry out some systematic plan for presenting our truths to the rising generation.

Resolved, That in this fifty-two years Spiritualism has suffered from incompetent teachers and mediums; that we reject that now an effort is being made at Lily Dale, N. Y. to fit our speakers and mediums to stand on an educational equality with the ministers and workers of other denominations.

Resolved, That we thoroughly believe in the children, and that during their young and tender years is the proper time to impress their minds with our beautiful philosophy; it is therefore our duty to adopt and carry out some systematic plan for presenting our truths to the rising generation.

(Signed.) MOSES HULL,
DANIEL DE VROY,
MRS. ESTELLE C. BAKER.

In the afternoon there was a meeting of the newly elected officers and trustees, which resulted in the resignation of Mrs. Smead as Secretary, and the election of A. A. McIntyre to take her place. Mr. McIntyre's place on the board of trustees was filled by the election of Harry Giddings of Sheboygan Falls.

The public meeting of the afternoon was well attended. Dr. Houghton gave a scientific discourse on the subject of Spiritualism. He is certainly a learned man, and his boyish features took on a different aspect to those who heard him lecture. His work as a healer is worthy of mention, and there is a question in the minds of many people whether there is not more truth than is usually accredited to his theories. Geo. F. Perkins handled the text work alone in the afternoon, but his messages and descriptions were rather cloudy in many instances, although some of them were recognized by parties in the audience. His work was done with earnestness and sincerity, and perhaps he suffered more from comparison than from inability.

Thursday evening was the best attended session of the meeting, and judging by the remarks of those who attended, it was most appreciated. Mr. Moses Hull gave the address of the evening. He said he had about twelve lectures he wanted to deliver that evening, but would try to confine himself to one. He compared the Spiritualism of the Bible with the present work of Spiritualism and drew parallel cases to illustrate it. Mr. Hull is master of his subject, and handles it in an interesting and convincing way that leaves little room for doubt in the minds of his listeners.

Preceding Mr. Hull, Mr. J. S. Maxwell of Minneapolis, President of the Minnesota Spiritualist Association, delivered a few remarks, extending greeting to the Wisconsin Association from his own and himself. He said he had lived in Stevens Point when he partly dated to say he was a Spiritualist, and that he was pleased to be able to appear on a public platform in the city now as the guest of the State Association, showing the onward march of truth.

Mr. Max Hoffmann surpassed his work of the previous sessions and went down among the audience, giving messages from departed friends, describing articles that had belonged to them and telling where they could be found

at the present time, telling one lady where she would find a broken ring that belonged to one of her dead relatives and which had been lost for some time. He gave over thirty tests that evening, every one of which was recognized and credited. To one who does not understand the theory of spiritual communication his work is simply marvelous.

Dr. Houghton gave a few treatments on the stage, one case of asthma which he had treated the evening before testifying to having slept seven consecutive hours the night previous, a thing which he had not done for several years.

Among those present from outside the State was Jas. B. Townsend of Lima, O. Mr. Townsend is the proprietor of the Light of Truth, and is at present Receiver for the D. L. & N. railway. His contribution to the funds of the State Association was thirty dollars.

After the close of the Thursday evening session, an informal reception was given for the speakers at the Dr. Goff residence on Clark street. Those present from the city aside from Mrs. Goff's household were Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Loberg, Mrs. C. L. Stewart and A. A. McIntyre. The guests from abroad were Dr. A. Houghton, Max Hoffmann and Geo. F. Perkins, of Chicago; Moses Hull, of Buffalo; Harrison D. Barrett, of Boston; G. H. Brooks, of Milwaukee; James B. Townsend, of Lima, O.; J. S. Maxwell, of Minneapolis. It is a source of satisfaction to our city and especially to those who furnished the music for the convention to know that many of the delegates spoke in high terms of the music rendered.

On the whole the Spiritualists of Wisconsin can look back to their first mass meeting in Stevens Point with no small degree of pride and satisfaction. They have had upon their platform men of learning and understanding, who handle their subjects in a manner to command respect and attention of the world. With such energetic, conscientious and sincere workers Spiritualism will not go backward.

Mrs. Stewart informs us that mass meetings under the joint jurisdiction of the State and National Associations will be held in various cities of the State during May and June.—Stevens Point, Wis., Gazette.

The Massachusetts State Spiritualist Convention.

April 19, 1900, the Massachusetts State Association held its Mass Meeting at Methuen. The day was all that could be desired. The hall was decorated with the American flag, potted plants, and cut flowers. Large audiences greeted the friends at the three sessions.

The morning session opened at 11 A. M. with congregational singing, led by Mr. Robert Driver, President of the Methuen Society. The First Vice President, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., presided, and introduced as the first speaker Mr. Robert Driver. He welcomed the officers and friends of the State Association, and said:

"I have been President for two years, and this is the happiest day of my life, because I can stand here and say that our little society has grown large enough to entertain the State Association. We started two years ago with twelve members; to-day we have eighty members. We do not owe a dollar, and have a little money in our Treasury. We intend to progress, and in behalf of our society I bid you welcome to our city, and sincerely hope this meeting will be a benefit to all."

While the speaker was talking a delegation from Lowell arrived, with the President, Dr. Fuller, among the number. He was next introduced, and responded to the welcome with the words: "I listened with pleasure to the report of your President, and I am proud of the interest manifested here in Methuen. The State Association wishes you success in your work, and will be pleased to aid you in any way it can. It gives me pleasure to meet with you here to-day, and to tell you of the work of the State Association. We are proud of the local societies, and the work they are doing. We always feel encouraged and better after these mass meetings. We do not hold mass meetings to build up the State Association, but to create a kindly feeling between State and local societies, which will be a benefit to all concerned."

Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, one of the Directors of the State Association, spoke as follows: "I have come into a new atmosphere. You have a new hall, and I congratulate you that you do not have to climb stairs. I feel the spirit of progress here. I am also glad to hear the good report of your President, and I am sure this meeting will be a benefit to all. To be successful we must all work together for one common interest."

Mr. A. P. Blinn spoke briefly: "Spiritualism comes home to us in times of trouble and desolation. We know our loved ones do live, and if we do not live up to our highest ideals we are not true Spiritualists. I feel this society will go on, and the work you have done in the past is a prophecy of what will be done in the future."

The session closed with singing, and all adjourned to the adjoining hall, where a bountiful repast was served.

The afternoon session opened at 2:30, with President Fuller in the chair. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn was introduced. She spoke of its being Patriot's Day and how pleased she was to see the display of the American flags, and said: "I believe in progress. I believe in the practical work of Spiritualism. Spiritualism is based on the interest we take in the enlarging, the upbuilding of the life down here. I believe if Paul Revere ever lived, he lives to-day. I believe he is just as much interested in liberty to-day as he ever was. I want Spiritualism to be broad enough to take in, not only the church, but all the heathen, infidels, and all upon the face of the earth. You see I am a radical. We must find the nobility in every foe. If Spiritualism only makes you glad because you can hear from the friends over there, you are not much of a Spiritualist. Spiritualism is to take away the chasma down here. If you are going to be a Spiritualist, you must know how to take care of your bodies as well as your souls." She closed her remarks with a poem.

Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., spoke of the practical work of the State Association, after which Mr. Carl Gessler made brief remarks. He extended the hand of greeting to the friends, spoke of the young people, and urged all to try and make their Spiritualism of interest to the young, for "we need them in our ranks, and we must be prepared to welcome them."

Mr. J. S. Scarlett said: "We always feel at home upon a Methuen platform; we are not American born, yet we love your flag, the emblem of liberty. Beneath its hallowed folds Modern Spiritualism was born. Spiritualism is a science, a philosophy, a religion, that meets the needs of every human soul. It is all embracing; it includes all progress. There is only one world and one life, and we should not ask the question 'Shall we live again?' We do not die. Spiritualism is a message of life." He spoke of the future of Spiritualism, when peace shall fill every soul. Mrs. Ella M. Kimball gave some very satisfactory readings, after which Mrs. Sadie L. Hand spoke briefly and greeted the friends present. She told of her experiences, of her emancipation when she was born anew and embraced the spiritual truth. "Spiritualism teaches us of life; a progressive life. I know good seed will be planted to-day, and all present will receive a spiritual blessing."

Mr. Simmons of Haverhill said: "I never lose an opportunity of speaking a word for our glorious Cause. There is something beyond the mere fact of communication with friends over there; we must study and adapt ourselves to the higher thought." Mr. Sprague of Haverhill spoke briefly of mediums and mediumship. "We depend upon them for much of the work to be done in the future, we must have better ones; I am not speaking disparagingly of those we have, but we believe in progress. We must see to it that the mediums of the future are honest, virtuous and intelligent. A tree is known by the fruit it bears. I am rejoiced in the progress we have made, but are we to stop here? No; we must demand that Spiritualists live honest, upright lives; we must live truly, and we will command the respect of all humanity."

Mrs. Dr. Caird gave a demonstration of spirit power. This closed the afternoon session.

The evening meeting opened at 7:15. After singing, Mr. A. P. Bilan spoke of the power of thought and of spirit return, and instanced how it was possible for us to send our thoughts intelligently to friends upon earth, then how much more easily it would be for the friends in spirit life to communicate their thoughts to us. "We realize we are responsible for our evil deeds, but we are apt to say we are not responsible for our thoughts, but we are, and we must study this law and we will be more careful of our thoughts." Mrs. S. C. Cunningham expressed her pleasure in the meeting. "This was one of her homes. She was one of the few to help establish the Society, and she was proud of it. 'Autumn Leaves' took control of the medium and gave many satisfactory tests. Dr. G. A. Fuller, President of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, reviewed the work done by the Spiritualists in the last fifty years; mapped out work that should be done in the coming years; hoped to see the time when the Spiritual societies would own churches or halls of their own; spoke in glowing terms of the little church at Greenwich, Mass., and of the good work of Mr. Henry Smith; told of the message that is inscribed upon the bell of the church at Greenwich—"This bell rings for Liberty!"—and said: "I never hear that bell but I think it rings the death knell of wrong and oppression. 'Ring out the old, ring in the new'—the Christ that is to be in every human heart and soul!" Mrs. E. I. Webster was the next speaker, and said she was ever ready to do what there was to do. She also was at home upon this platform, and was one of the first to help build up the Society. She gave many satisfactory messages.

Mr. Robert Driver then spoke, and thanked the State Association for its interest in his society. All had received a blessing, and he felt that all would feel a new incentive to buckle on the armor, and work for the uplifting of the Cause, and for humanity. He hoped in less than five years they would have a place of their own, and the State Association would visit them at no distant day. Mrs. Howe, President of the Ladies' Aid Society of Methuen, spoke briefly, and extended greetings to all present. She hoped the ladies present would come and cooperate with the local society.

A vote of thanks was extended by the State Association to the Progressive Society of Methuen, and to the Ladies' Aid Society for courtesies received during the day. Two telegrams were received from Stevens Point, Wis., sending greetings, and announcing that a State Association had been organized. These telegrams were received with enthusiastic applause, and all were pleased to see that the good work was going on. The Massachusetts State Association wishes the State Association of Wisconsin all success, and hopes it will prove a blessing to the State. Mr. E. W. and O. L. C. Hatch favored the society with music throughout the day. The State Association extends thanks to all who assisted at this Mass Meeting.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

Children's Spiritualism.

IN MAY.

BY ABRA F. SAWTELLE.

Beside the path I walked to-day,
Fairer flowers in bright array,
Illuminated all my way;
Golden flowers that come to stay
'Till transition from her quiver
Transmutes all their gold to silver;
Ally globes in silvery white,
Touched with beauty into light—
Dandelion is my name—
Won't you love me just the same?
Ah! These simple little flowers,
How they touch these hearts of ours,
Leading them up to The Giver,
Who is truth and love forever.

May 2, 1900.

THE DANDELION.

There's a dandy little fellow,
Who dresses all in yellow—
In yellow with an overcoat of green.
With his hair all crisp and curly,
In the springtime, bright and early,
A tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.
Through all the bright June weather,
Like a jolly little tramp,
He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road;
Around his yellow feather,
The gypsy fire-flies camp;
His companions are the wood-lark and the toad.
Sole and spandy, little dandy,
Golden dancer in the dell;
Green and yellow, happy fellow,
All the children love him well!
But at last this little fellow
Dut his dandy coat of yellow,
And very feebly totters o'er the green;
For he very old is growing,
And, with hair all white and flowing,
A nodding in the sunlight he is seen.
The little winds of morning
Come a-flying through the grass,
And clap their hands around him in their glee;
They shake him without warning,
His wig falls off, alas!
And a little bald-head dandy now is he.

Oh! Poor dandy, once so spandy,
Golden dancer on the lea!
Older growing, with hair flowing,
Poor little bald-head dandy now is he.
—Nellie M. Garabrand, in *The Household*.

What the Dandelion Knows.

The dandelion is a wonderfully wise little flower. To see its bright dot of yellow in the green grass, one would suppose it had nothing more to think of than snuggling closely among the green leaves on the warm earth, and looking up at the blue sky all day long. It drinks the dew that forms just after night comes on, and draws food up from the earth by means of its roots. But the little blossom knows much more than this!

You will see that it grows closely upon the earth during early summer, where it may be undisturbed by wind and rain. Here it grows strong, and prepares its tiny seeds.

But when the time comes for these seed-children to go away and make homes for themselves, then the brave little mother knows that she needs help to bear them to safe places.

If they settle down in the grass near their mother, they would not be properly ripened, and would be choked by tall grasses of the late summer, or find too little moisture in the crowded places. So what does the mother-plant do?

She rises slowly, day by day, on a slender stalk, and holds up her seed-children high above the grass tops, and says to the wind:

"Here, take my children and carry them across the field until they find a good home, for the winter will soon be here."

And so the busy wind, who has a good deal of just such work to do, draws them away in their downy carriage far off over the fields, and the poor mother plant is left alone.

Imagine how surprised the little seed children must be when they find themselves flying off over the fields, now high in the air among the tree-tops, and now skimming over ponds of water, seeing strange sights they never dreamed of. Is it any wonder that, when they come to a nice soft bit of earth, they are glad to settle down and rest through the long winter?

Oftentimes it happens that before the wind has made ready to gather up the seedlings, the boys and girls come along, and, breaking off the stalk, blow the little seeds away from the mother, and splitting the white hollow stalk, they curl its sides backward into soft little ringlets.

This is a very sudden way for them to leave home, but the thoughtful mother was wise enough to get them all ready for the journey before she held them up to view above the grass tops.—E. A. F. in *The Household*.

Greetings From Lotela.

Dear Little People: Lotela brings you happy greetings from the good and pleasant spirit world, and with every thought she sends out to you, goes a wave of fragrance from the gardens of the summer land, that will turn into a beautiful flower for each boy and girl who reads *THE BANNER*, and it will bloom all through the year to brighten your life.

We are all glad that out in your fields of earth the gay flowers are blooming, and that winter has given way to spring, each blossom is a symbol of life and of beauty, and like an angel's love, its fragrance goes on the air for any one who cares to inhale it, and it is not kept for only one person, but is meant for all.

We are so pleased that our good Mr. and Mrs. Barrett have a dear little baby girl in their bright home, and we all send the little fairy a smile of love and a thought of good cheer, and these too will all turn to flowers and blessings, and bloom in her pathway, as she grows up in life, to make the way sweet and pure for her and for all that go with her on her way. Now we ask every little child who thinks *THE BANNER* is a good paper to send a sweet thought and a loving smile to little Baby Barrett, and to say in their hearts they are glad it has come to earth to make sunshine in the Barrett home, for all time more beautiful and bright. Babies catch good and loving thoughts, and these go into their spirits and help them to grow pure and fair and to look as good as the angels do.

In the spirit home we have been talking about the Barrett baby, and dropping flowers of beauty down to earth for it to find by and bye, and in our lodge we gave it a name for ourselves to think of it by, because our people used to think that by giving a baby a sweet name, and always thinking of the child by that name, we gave a good bit of sweetness and blessing to the child's life, that nothing could take away. So, the name we gave for the Barrett baby is "Daisy-Leeta"—"Daisy," for the pretty flower that is always bright, and "Leeta," for a shining light.

I suppose the baby will have ever so many names, because all who think of it with love will think something sweet of it, and its parents will have the names they give to it for their own, but in our lodge, on the sunny banks of a fragrant stream in the gardens of Heaven, she will be known as "Daisy Leeta," a flower and a shining light.

So, Daisy Leeta, Sweet, I bring
This symbol true to you—
A shining light with golden wing
To bear you Love so true:
A shining light, your life to bless
With never-fading power,
To fill your heart with happiness
Through every passing hour.
A blossom, fairer than the morn,
Pearl white its petals fair—
A tiny bud from heaven borne
Unto this world of care,
A blossom with its heart of gold
A type of purity.
This is the symbol that we hold
On Baby sweet for thee!

LOTELA.

The Happy Day House.

Such is called the home of the Little Mothers' A. D. Society, in East Twenty First street. And no one can appreciate all that that title conveys until he has been there.

In this big city thousands of children are entrusted day after day to the care of older sisters, themselves only children.

Sometimes the male parent is laboring hopelessly for a mere pittance, sometimes he is drunk, and sometimes he has given up the struggle of life after having propagated his miseries. The female parent is usually at work for her offspring, but sometimes she too is drunk.

It is for these mites of girls who are called upon so early to shoulder the cares and worries of motherhood that *The Little Mother's Aid Society* works. They come from homes which only mean to them shelters for which rent has to be paid. The rent, indeed, is their sword of Damocles. In these homes are not the commonest necessities of life, let alone any of the beauties. Frequently there are not any beds. These children are not lovingly bathed at night and put into clean gowns, but lay their tired little bodies down any place they can find, and in their day-time clothes. They are lucky too if they have day-time clothes to protect them. One of the women of this association found a family of six not long ago, living in one room of a tenement. The temperature of the room was low enough to freeze water, and a child of about two years had nothing on his cold little body but a waist.

In another place she found a child of ten, ailing, and nursing three other children, all seriously ill with the group. And all were huddled together in one air-bed trying to keep warm. They have no facilities for cleanliness, and scarcely any understanding of that word. And they have no privacy.

This wretchedness engenders in them a deadening antagonism against everything in life. Some few grow out into better conditions. Some grow on solidly carrying their inefficiency into other generations, but a large number wind up at Blackwell's Island, or in other institutions for crime. Then there is a large class of comfortably fixed people who send these poor souls to hell when the law gets through with them here.

If a girl happens to be pretty she can get the chance to wear better clothes, and see some of the glitter of down-town life. Some times she comes up town. When her beauty is gone she drifts back to an existence which is divided into periods of "thirty and sixty days."

From such fates the Little Mother's Aid Society is trying to rescue a few.

The Happy Day House is an ordinary city home, with three stories and a basement. On the second floor is the sunshiney nursery. The other day when I was over there it was lunch hour in the nursery. Twenty little tots were seated in kindergarten chairs around low tables, eating soup. Twenty little spoons flourished in the air, and twenty little sharp voices piped out a happy, "How d'oo?"

Each one was resplendent in a long sleeve, pink calico apron, with clean hands and face, and groomed head.

There were blue-eyed babies, black-eyed babies, big solemn-eyed babies and mischievous-eyed babies. But shining pitifully through all of those windows of the soul was the premature knowledge of suffering. And on the faces were the anemic marks of their ancestry.

In an adjoining room stood a number of little white iron beds. On these clean pillows the eyes with their sad histories closed after lunch. As I stood watching them they repeated in their indistinct baby way the motto of the house:

"To do all the good I can
To all the people I can
In every way I can."

and I thought, "A little child shall lead them."

Every morning these babies are brought to The Happy Day House by the Little Mothers, who, relieved of their cares, can go to school or sometimes to work. After school they come again for their charges and take them home.

But this is only one of the comforting helps of the Happy Day House.

On the top floor are big, bright sewing-rooms. Here the Little Mothers are taught to sew and mend. At first they cannot thread a needle, but quickly pick up the work, and some of the older ones have made their own dresses.

Each child is taught that she must keep her feet tidy and the buttons sewed on her shoes. She is given shoe buttons and patent needles with thread attached, and so has no excuse for buttonless foot gear. Strange how this brings up her self-respect. Slovenly feet are apt to carry one into slovenly roads.

The good habit of cleanliness and industry is compromised by a system of marks. A child can earn eight marks a day. These marks buy garments. Garters require eight marks, aprons sixteen, undershirts thirty two, flannel petti coats forty, and overalls sixteen marks. At the end of the season each child is entitled to a

dress, if proper underclothing has been first earned.

Gradually the idea is grasped by the child of keeping her own clothing in good shape, and then that of her little brothers and sisters. These lessons in sewing and mending are carried to the poor home, and the mother learns of the child.

One little girl of eight years, who had the care of three younger than herself, had left them with a neighbor and sat busily sewing with the door key hanging by a string around her neck.

When they are through with the day's lesson they are given a luncheon, and to some this is the one substantial meal of the week. Think of it! In the basement are the cooking classes, and there is not a more important or happier place in Greater New York. Here the Little Mothers are taught to act as cooks, waitresses, hostesses, guests and southerly maids. They are instructed in the minor courtesies as well as in neatness and order. They are taught what nutritious foods are procurable for the least money and to counteract wasteful habits.

Most choppers, bread choppers, measuring cups, flower sifters and egg beaters are universal things to them. But they soon grow adept in their use and receive them for prizes.

In all of this work the Little Mothers are not only being taught to help themselves and brighten their poor homes, but they are being prepared for positions as bread-winners. And the one ghastliest problem in the world today is the total inefficiency to do any kind of work well. Nor is this state of affairs confined to the lower classes.

To make work a joy and life a growth, that should be the apostle's creed, and from which no class should be exempt.

"Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop."

But the most expensive days for the Little Mothers are the day outings. When they go to the Holiday House at Pelham on the sea, arrangements are usually made for each child to stay a week. There they can run on grass, sit under trees and frolic in the sun. There life is one joyous dream of beauty and of wealth. As one poor little soul wrote back home on a postal card:

"We have two sheets on our beds and one on each table in a big room where we eat and flowers in the middle in a big glass cup."

There the child comes in contact with God in his beautiful expressions of himself.

When I came out of the Happy Day House, and walked through a quiet part of the city, I found myself asking over again, "why?" Why is it that so many plants and animals propagate their species so perfectly, and God's last and greatest creation so multiplies its kind?

Then I went up town where the Easter thought is dominating everything. The shops were packed with busy crowds of people feverishly taking thought what they should wear, while the doors of the churches on Broadway were thrown open, and the chimes on Grace church softly rang out their invitation to prayer. Everywhere were the lilies that "toil not, neither do they spin." The Easter lilies lifting their calm, pure beauty as symbols of the Divine Motherhood. I stopped before a florist's window, and looked at them, and thought:

"In you has blossomed the love of your kind. You are the completed life, within your spotted leaves is the inspiration of motherhood. Through your beautiful perfection your species holds the power to propagate itself in more loveliness, while we carry from generation to generation our vices and imperfections. In the divine plan shall we some time reach your beautiful perfection?"

And then I thought of those white-faced little mothers, who were struggling in their own helpless, pitiful way to find "the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," and here was as great an Easter lesson as could be preached by the most eminent divine.

"To do all the good I can,
To all the people I can,
In every way I can."

In this is the spirit of the risen Christ; in it is the spirit of all true growth.

—Gertrude Andrews, in the Salt City Voice.

Memorial Service.

The memorial service in honor of the new birth of Dr. H. B. Storer, President of the Onset Grove Association and of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, was held Monday evening, April 2, in the home of Mr. Walter Channing of New Bedford, under the auspices of Mrs. Nellie Kleinhaus of Onset, a true and devoted friend and co-worker up to the last moment of this noble man's earthly career.

The exercises were touching and impressive in their quiet simplicity, blended with cheerfulness—in perfect harmony with the serene, unaffected and unostentatious character of this valiant worker for humanity. An impressive address was given by Walter Channing, through his mother, a gifted and most unselfish worker for the cause of truth, which means light.

Mrs. Kleinhaus read a paper prepared by Dr. Storer during his last illness, to be read before the convention of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, which proved to be his last message—while in mortal guise, we mean. Many are the loving, helpful, reassuring messages brought by him from his new and higher life to weary toilers and seekers on earth's plane.

One of the finest gems in this parting message impresses the writer as a truth which should be written up in the heavens in letters of fire. It is this: "Mediumship is not automatic. It is the way, the truth and the life of every progressive soul." Divinity is not partial.

The music was of a tender, spiritual type, well calculated to uplift and wait us onward into that realm of light where we could enter into closest sympathy and rapport with those emancipated spirits which we wished to draw about us.

One of the most attractive features was the memorial chair, most artistically and appropriately decorated by Mrs. Kleinhaus. It was a large "grandfather's chair," well covered with ground pine (brought from Onset for the occasion), lavishly restocked with dainty white ribbon. A centerpiece for the seat was composed of beautiful roses and carnations of varied hues, while suspended from the back, in nature's frame of green, was a fine portrait of the grand, noble pioneer of spirit thought and life. At the right of the portrait arose a stately Easter lily, a fitting emblem of the staleness, purity and sweetness of the life it was there to honor.

All present must have received a lasting impression and strength from the simple, loving tributes offered to an emancipated spirit which had labored here so faithfully for many years for the cause of freedom and light. I hear his voice say now:

"Press on, ye toilers in the field,
Before false gods refuse to bow;
To the light of truth thy spirit's yeld."

MRS. SUSIE C. GIFFORD.

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CONFIDENCE

An Illegal and Despotical Ruling.

The United States Postoffice was established for the avowed purpose of the dissemination of information among the people and the promotion of intelligence. In pursuance of that end, Congress provided that newspapers and other publications issued regularly, not less often than quarterly, should be carried through the mails at one cent per pound. This applied to papers to subscribers not only, but to copies sent as samples to persons not subscribers, for the purpose of inducing them to subscribe. The law does not set a limit to the number of copies of his paper a publisher may print, nor the number of sample copies he may send to prospective subscribers.

The Postmaster-General is an executive officer, not a law-maker. His duty is to execute the laws of Congress relating to the post-office department.

The present Postmaster-General has asked Congress to amend the law as to limit very greatly the number of sample copies publishers of papers may send. His amendment has not yet passed, nor is it likely to pass. He has evidently become impatient at the delay and resolved to assume the functions of a law-maker, and do what Congress declines to do, put a check upon the dissemination of information among the people. In pursuance of this purpose, the third assistant Postmaster-General has issued an order to the Postmaster at Chicago to limit the number of sample copies of newspapers and other periodicals to one for each subscriber the publisher can show that he has. Nor is this all, nor the worst. He limits the number of copies a publisher may print on penalty of having his paper ruled out of the mails altogether.

The manager of the *Union Medical Journal* applied to the Chicago postoffice to have it entered as second-class matter, and sent it at pound rates. He was asked a series of questions about the paper, among them how many subscribers the *Journal* had to start with, and how many copies of the first number he proposed to print. He replied, "we have now about three hundred subscribers (this was in February) and we shall print ten thousand copies." "Well," said the clerk who is in charge of the mailing division, "that settles it. If you print one copy over six hundred, you can't mail your paper at this office."

The manager reported to his associates on the Committee, and with their concurrence he applied to the Oak Park post-office. To do this it was necessary to establish an office in that city, and date the *Journal* from there. This is why the March number has on the title page "Oak Park, Ill., March 15, 1900." The Postmaster of Oak Park had not received a copy of the new ruling, hence he was governed by the law of Congress in granting a temporary permit to mail the *Journal*, and in forwarding a copy of the permit to the general post-office. Our previous experience proves that the department does not usually act upon such a matter under three months, but in this case it only took the Third Assistant Postmaster ten days to rule the *Journal* out of the Oak Park post-office on the minimal ground that as the editor's office was in Chicago, it was evidently a Chicago publication. Procuring a letter of introduction from that distinguished Republican lawyer, Hon. James Lane Allen, the Manager of the *Journal* called on the Postmaster of Chicago. The result of that call is that we secured a verbal promise that we should be granted a temporary permit to mail the *Journal* at Chicago, provided our list of subscribers approximated one-half the number of copies printed. We said "we have about seven hundred or eight hundred subscribers now, and the number is increasing daily." "Well, you may print two thousand copies."

The above is from the *Union Medical Journal*, edited by Dr. T. A. Bland, and published by the "American Medical Union," Chicago, and speaks for itself.

815 Jackson Boulevard.

New York Mass Meeting.

The Mass Meeting of the State Association called by its President, Carrie E. S. Twing, for Thursday and Friday, May 3 and 4, at Moravia, closed Friday evening. It has awakened new vibrations in many souls, and must leave a benediction in the air. But the rally is not what it should be. The subject is the most vital that can engage human thought and effort, but the multitude sleep, and grope, and hug their idols.

Mrs. S. Comstock Ellis delivered an excellent address full of the wisdom of love. Carrie E. S. Twing closed with an address and readings, followed by rare music.

I am the guest of the world-famed medium, Mary Andrews. She is ill from la grippe, but is recovering. In her séances twenty-five to thirty years ago many rare experiences reached the depths of human conviction and thrilled the world with a new dawn. It was in one of them, on my first visit to Moravia, that I saw and recognized my brother in a good light, and no cloud of suspicion shadowed the glory. In some of those séances I realized the most exalting presence and sweet spirituality, coupled with much evidence of immortal psychism, external and internal.

Mrs. Twing goes to Syracuse to extend the work and stir the ethers anew. I go home from here and to Titusville, Pa., for Sunday, May 13. While there I shall be the guest of William Barnsdale and his excellent helpmate. They are representatives of the divine in Spiritualism. He is past ninety, has been twice elected mayor of the city, while one of the most radical, outspoken Spiritualists in the country. Titusville, too, is the home of M. R. Rouse, member of the official board of the C. L. T. A. and postmaster of the city, a public man for forty years and an outspoken Spiritualist always.

Although there is an apparent stagnation in the public spirit at present, the Cause cannot lose its vital hold on human life and destiny, for it is the supreme revelation of the ages, and the life and light of science and religion.

Moravia, N. Y., May 4. LYMAN C. HOWE.

A Card.

The Principals of Belvidere Seminary would respectfully inform their friends and the public that their institution will be open during the summer and early autumn for the accommodation of children, and adults who seek freedom from business cares or the excitement of social or fashionable life.

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Its streets are well shaded, and lighted with electricity. In its near vicinity are well cultivated farms, from which a fresh supply of milk, eggs, butter, fresh fruits and vegetables can be had daily. It is only twelve miles from Easton, Pa., and ten miles from Delaware Water Gap. It is easy of access from New York and Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania and Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroads, with six trains running daily each way. Its walks and drives are exceptionally fine, presenting an ever pleasing variety of river and mountain scenery. Here is just the place for the weary to find repose and the recreation that invigorates without fatiguing.

Terms: From \$6 to \$8 per week for adults; children, \$4.50 to \$5. For further particulars address A. C. Bush, Belvidere, Warren Co., New Jersey. Lock Drawer 309.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union for election of officers and transaction of any other business which may come before the meeting will be held at the Home at Waverley, Mass., Monday afternoon, May 21, at 3:30 sharp. C. C. SHAW, President. Mrs. J. S. SOPER, Clerk.

Ohio Spiritualists' Convention.

PRE-CONVENTION NOTES.

That the Ohio Spiritualists' Association Convention at Columbus, O., May 23 and 24, will be a truly representative body, there is every reason to believe. It is expected that the Columbus friends will tender a reception to the State officers and visiting delegates on Tuesday evening, the 22d, and if all delegates will make it a point to be on time for that function, then every one will be in readiness for the opening session on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, for our President, Hon. E. W. Bond, insists that every session shall be called to order promptly on time.

There will be but two evening sessions for the general public, at which a nominal admission fee will be charged. One evening discourse will be delivered by that ever forceful and fluent orator, Willard J. Hall, editor of the *Light of Truth*, and an ex-secretary of the Ohio Spiritualists' Association, while the other evening the platform will be occupied by that veteran exponent of spiritual philosophy, globe-trotter, and gentleman of science, arts and letters, Dr. J. M. Peebles. Each evening lecture will be followed by platform tests by Dr. C. H. Figuers, who has rendered the State Association such excellent service during the past season. The musical program for the Convention will be in the hands of that thorough artist, Zetta Lois Elise, who will be ably assisted by Mrs. S. E. DeLong of Columbus, who is also an active member of the State Association.

Among the well known workers in the State who are expected to take an active part in the discussions of the convention are such veterans as Hudson and Emma Road Tuttle, Dr. D. M. King, M. C. Danforth, Mrs. C. H. Figuers, Frank McKinley, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Noyes, Mrs. Alice Baker, Carrie Firth-Curran, D. A. Herick, Thos. A. Black, Tom Clifford, John Brookbank, Thos. A. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, Mrs. M. F. Reed, Wm. V. Nium, Frank T. Ripley, Maggie Stewart, F. D. Dunakin, Dr. Nellie C. Mosier, Mrs. Josie Folsom, Mrs. M. Klein, W. F. Randolph, C. H. Matthews, S. J. Wooley, and possibly the President and Secretary of the State Association, may have some pointed truths to tell about the status of things spiritual as they exist in Ohio to-day. C. B. Gould, Sec'y.

Toronto Mass Meetings

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, May 13, 14 and 15, at Victoria Hall, Queen street, opposite Bond, First Spiritual Church, Rev. G. C. Beck with-Ewell, pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M., 7:30 P. M.; Sunday school demonstration at 3 P. M.; Monday and Tuesday, 3 and 8 P. M. Harrison D. Barrett, President of the National Association of Spiritualists of the United States and Canada, is expected to be present. Rev. B. F. Austin will represent Toronto. Prominent speakers and mediums from the United States and Canada will be present to present the claims of Modern Spiritualism in its philosophy, science and phenomena. Addresses, inspirational poems and tests proving the return of spirit, will be given at each session. Silver collection at the door requested. Further announcements later.

For Sick Headache

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. H. J. Wells, Nashville, Tenn., says: "It acts like a charm in all cases of sick headache and nervous debility."

Notice.

On May 17 the Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society will hold an Interstate Apron and Sun Bonnet Sale at 514 Tremont street. The aprons and bonnets will come from the various Spiritualistic Societies, and it will be a very unique affair. A special supper will be served at 6:30 for fifteen cents. Admission to the ball, including the entertainment, ten cents. MARION G. PACKARD, Chairman. 65 Harvest street, South Boston, Mass.

This Will Interest You!

The Publishers of the BANNER OF LIGHT are determined to at least double their circulation within the next few months, and ask the co-operation of their present subscribers to assist them in accomplishing this result.

We propose to make it an object for every one of them to add one or more names to our list.

We will give absolutely free to any subscriber who is now receiving the BANNER, books or pamphlets of our own selection to the amount of 50 cents for each new three months' subscription which he or she will send us, accompanied by 50 cents, the regular subscription price for three months.

This offer is not made as a premium to new subscribers, but as an inducement to our present subscribers to secure additions to our list.

As soon as new subscribers commence to receive the BANNER, they can immediately proceed to secure additional subscribers, which will entitle them to the benefits above offered.

Our friends will thus be enabled to secure absolutely free a variety of progressive literature for their own reading and for missionary work.

As this offer will be made only for a limited time, prompt action will be necessary in order to secure the benefits offered.

Miss Ella Robbins of Boston, contralto soloist and accompanist, is open for engagements with societies and camp associations at moderate price. Miss Robbins is an artist in her profession, and is an outspoken Spiritualist as well. She should be kept busy.

In Loving Memory.

Dr. Willard W. Russell, a well-known landmark of early Spiritualism in Vermont, passed from the earthly body to the higher life on Saturday, April 21. He was born in Andover, Mass., July 4, 1812, and came to Vermont in the thirties, where his home has been ever since. He was a medium and healer, and used his gifts to bless mankind. Lucius Colburn, Jennie Hagan Jackson, Dr. Dean Clark, Dr. George Dutton and many others will remember him as a friend of their early days. His chance for a school education was limited, but a more liberal and better educated person, in the true sense of the word, would be hard to find. The BANNER has been his comfort through long, weary months, while waiting his release from suffering. The body was taken to Ludlow, Vt., for burial, April 24, and was committed to the ground in the "living knowledge" that as he has worn the image of the earthly, so also shall he wear the image of the heavenly. A. N. D. Westminster, Vt.

Missionaries in foreign lands cost the United States government a million dollars a year, nearly all of which is spent in investigating baseless claims for indemnity made by the missionaries against the countries in which they are introducing the gospel. A man-of-war is kept in Chinese waters the year round for no other purpose than to give the scared missionaries the necessary courage to stay there. These missionaries go out, we are told, with their lives in their hands and their trust in the Lord, and yet they have more faith in the protection of the old wooden warship Monocacy, with a few Jack Tars aboard of her, than they have in the sparrow-watching deity in whose interests they profess to be working. When the devil shaved the pig there was great cry and little wool—which describes the missionary business with considerable accuracy.—*Truth Seeker*.

PAINT TALKS—XXVIII.

The Effects of Smoke.

In the days when timber was an encumbrance to the land, and where wood was the cheapest fuel, some varieties of paint achieved a reputation for durability which modern experience finds entirely unwarranted. As a consequence the old inhabitant blames the paint manufacturer, and shakes his head sadly over modern degeneracy.

In some instances, perhaps, the paint manufacturer of to-day finds his profit in using materials inferior to those employed by his predecessors; but in most respects his materials and his methods are vastly in advance of earlier practice. He knows much more about pigments and vehicles than was ever before known, and his machinery has developed into forms calculated to produce the best and most uniform results. He has also at his disposal all the materials known to an earlier generation, with many valuable additions, and he is informed, as his predecessors were not, as to their qualities and capabilities.

Something then, other than the degeneracy of human nature, must have supervened to upset accepted paint traditions. One such thing is certainly the different quality of the smoke of to-day from that of the last generation. In the smoke from the wood fires there is nothing especially injurious to lead paints, which were looked upon as the standard by our great grandfathers; but in coal smoke there is one substance so deleterious to lead compounds as to forbid their use in localities where such smoke is most abundant.

The ingredient of modern smoke that is so injurious to paints is sulphur, which has a strong affinity for lead compounds, turning them into the black sulphide of lead and disintegrating the paint. Eminent engineering authorities have expressed the opinion that to the increase of coal smoke more than to any other one cause is due the poor showing made by the modern white lead.

But there is another point, easy to overlook, that may take some of the burden of blame from the smoke, and that is the fact that in the good old days when people paid more attention to facts than to names, a great deal of very good combination paint was sold under the venerable title of "white lead." In fact it has been but a very few years since consumers began to be persuaded that all "white lead" was not "strictly pure" white lead from the corrodible house.

The combination paints were always good, and are better to-day than ever before. They contain zinc white, which is absolutely unaffected by coal smoke. White lead also is made to-day better perhaps than ever before in the history of the trade; but whereas white lead to-day means the unalloyed article, formerly it meant (to the consumer at least) any good standard white paint—and generally it meant, in practice, combination paints largely compounded with zinc white. Coal smoke beats in vain against paints of this character, and zinc white, instead of being detrimental, is really the salvation of lead paints.

STANTON DUDLEY.

Notice.

The third Annual Convention of the New York State Association of Spiritualists will be held at Empire Hall, in the city of Syracuse, May 11, 12 and 13.

The following is a partial list of those who will attend and speak at our Convention: Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Mrs. Tillie L. Reynolds, Mrs. Sophie E. Wood, Mrs. M. S. Comstock-Ellis, Rev. Moses Hall, H. W. Richardson, W. Wines Sargent, Herbert L. Whitney, and a number of other good speakers and mediums.

No expense is being spared to make this one of the most successful meetings that has ever been held in the State, and a large attendance is anticipated. The Convention is called at 10 o'clock on the morning of May 11. The program will be announced later. For further information address HERBERT L. WHITNEY, Sec'y. 953 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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FOR A Half Century Dr. Peebles, the well known authority in Europe and America on Psychic Phenomena, has been uniformly successful in curing ALL Diseases, but his great fame rests principally on his **Psychic Power** and ability to cure **Chronic Diseases**, or so called "Incurable" or "Hopeless" cases given up by the physicians of the Old and New Worlds. The cases called "Incurable" and pronounced to be "Beyond All Hope" by the most learned specialists are easily reached and cured by Dr. Peebles. If you are sick and discouraged, write a letter about your case to this Wonderful Psychic Healer, who, during an experience of FIFTY YEARS AS A TRUE AND GREAT HEALER, has cured almost countless cases of Chronic Diseases. Just write the Doctor a plain, truthful letter about your case, and he will carefully and confidentially consider the same, giving you a **SURPRISING DIAGNOSIS ABSOLUTELY FREE**. He will send you a lot of **Special Literature**, without cost, with his special advice and diagnosis. If **SICK AND DISCOURAGED**, this Free Literature will be of great help to you, as it explains **Psychic Science—Soul Power. REMEMBER**, he does not cure and heal by Hypnotism, Mesmerism, or any other "T.M." Dr. Peebles employs **Mild and Potent Medicines**, combined with **PSYCHIC POWER**, thus striking the Golden Mean and avoiding Extremes and Fatalistic Theories. Dr. Peebles is not only a **Marvelous Healer**, but is known all over the world among learned and scientific bodies as an able **author and lecturer on Psychic Phenomena. THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE** is that of the **Psychic Science of the Soul and Mind**. Mesmerism and Hypnotism are simply stepping stones to this wonderful science. By its aid the physical body becomes an open book to the searching eye of the psychic physician. He penetrates the hidden past, discovering the real causes for the present conditions. **Dr. Peebles is the greatest Psychic Physician Living**. His diagnoses are equally as astonishing as his cures. His treatment is both psychic and medicinal, the psychic for the mental conditions and the medicinal for the diseased and weakened tissues. Science at last triumphs over disease! Dr. Peebles is a man of the most **Extraordinary and Tremendous Vital Force**, although he has been a remarkably busy man for FIFTY YEARS AS A PHYSICIAN, PSYCHIC HEALER, AUTHOR AND LECTURER. He understands thoroughly the cause of disease, its effect and its permanent cure. There is probably no physician living who is curing more cases of Chronic Disease than Dr. Peebles. His fame is world wide and due to his marvelous cures. No disease is really incurable if perfectly understood. Every effect has its cause, and if the cause is removed the effects will cease. 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Dr. Peebles astounds both physicians and patients by his correct diagnoses. He can tell you exactly what is causing your disease. NO MATTER HOW FAR AWAY PATIENTS LIVE, Dr. Peebles's HOME TREATMENT cures them. DISTANCE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. He possesses a knowledge of the laws and principles of the Psychic Science, and is enabled to relieve suffering and remove disease by his own vital magnetism, and can diagnose his patients' diseased condition, both mental and physical, as accurately as can the X-ray locate a fractured bone. All Dr. Peebles's diagnosing is done by the aid of this occult art; thus he never has to experiment upon his patients for weeks to find out the disease from which they suffer. Nothing is of more importance in the treatment of a chronic disease than a correct diagnosis. Without this the result will universally be a failure to cure. **FREE TO ALL WHO WRITE!** It will cost you nothing to learn your exact condition. 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Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year. NOTE—Mr. Barnes is the author of an interesting and instructive book entitled "Psychology, Hypnotism, Persons, Magnetism and Clairvoyance." He ranks high as a teacher. May 5.

SPECIAL TREATMENT for Business Success, and the promotion of health, only \$1 per month. ROWLAND J. BROWN, Box 339, Benton Harbor, Michigan. May 3.

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

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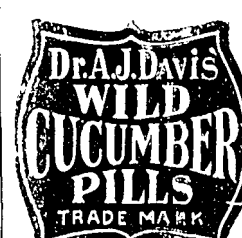
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SPiRiT
Message Department.

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

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

These Oracles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Séance held April 19, 1900, S. E. 53.
Invocation.

Oh, Infinite Power of Life and Love and Beauty, at this moment we would draw near to thee and understand more fully, more freely, our oneness with thee. Ofttimes we reach out into the brightness of thy life and are left cleansed and made purer. At times the darkness, the sadness of this life overwhelms us, and we long for escape—for some, thing that shall bring us relief. In such an attitude we turn to thee and ask that we may be helped to overcome all misery, all darkness, all sorrow, through the feeling that we are but a part of thee. May all souls, wherever they are struggling toward the light, be assisted by thee at this time. May our purpose be so clearly understood, our thought so perfectly revealed, that everyone who seeks may find in us an avenue of hope, of joy. Amen.

MESSAGES.

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

Jennie Abbott.

The first spirit that comes here to me is a lady. She is of medium height, has blue eyes, brown hair, and not very stout, rather a young face, and thin lips. They seem rather compressed, as though through the suffering she had before going to the spirit. She puts her hands up across her forehead, and says: "Oh, dear! such pain I suffered; it seemed to me the only thing that could bring me relief was death, and so when I did pass on, there was a certain sense of relief to me, as well as to the people who watched over me. I have been so anxious to get back, and have felt many times that I would come here; and yet every time my strength would give out before I would be able to say what I wanted to. I want so much to get to my husband. His name is Charles G. Abbott, and he lives in Natick. My name is Jennie Abbott. Will you please say that ever since I have been away my interest has been the same in the home, and the surroundings, and that, while I have been watching him, I have wished he might understand that I knew how he missed me, and how he would love to hear me speak to him again. I believe, however, that we in spirit are more anxious to get to our own than they are to have us, because we seem to be constantly making the effort, while many times they sit still, and take it for granted that we cannot come. If Charlie had the least idea that I was a visitor in my own home, I am sure he would not rest until he found communication, and that is why I am striving to get to him to-day, that he may understand fully that I am aware of his life, his habits and his desires."

Seward Arnold.

Then there comes here an old gentleman. He is a little below the medium height. He is very jolly. He has whiskers all around his face, has rather a prominent nose, and a bald place on the top of his head. He does a little jig step when he comes in. He says: "What is the use of feeling bad even though you cannot say all you want to?" He puts his hands up to his eyes and down on to his beard, as though he had a nervous way. I think he is a very active man. Everything he did he threw himself into. He says: "Hal! hal! I have my wife with me, and we come to day to send word to our daughter. My name is Seward Arnold. I come from Chattanooga, Tenn. My wife's name is Sarah, and she says we shall be well known in Chattanooga. We were Baptists, and knew very little about this, only as we heard of it through other people. But I want you to know that Baptists do not die dead any more than some of you Spiritualists do; and so I come back to report, and if I got in to-day I was to give a report to some of the Baptists over here, and let them know I got through all right. So please make a special effort to get me good." He wants to get to Emma. Her last name is not like his. It is Nason, but in that same place. He turns around again, and says: "Say for me, please, that I am just as fond of meeting my friends as when I was here. I used to go everywhere, and every time there was anything going on, and I do that now. I never was one of the kind to shut myself up away from my friends and neighbors, but always wanted a big lot of people around me."

Fred Knowles.

Then right after him comes a young man, quite tall, thin, dark hair, dark blue eyes and dark mustache. He is so nervous, keeps wringing his hands as though he felt so much his position in trying to establish his identity. He says: "Oh! please do not spend too much time talking about me, but say at once, will you, that I am Fred Knowles, and that I want to get to my mother, who is Laura J. Knowles. She lives in Genesee, N. Y. She has been so sad ever since I went away. It seemed as though her whole life was shadowed by my going. I, too, have felt the influence of the shadow, and I know I shall be happier if I can get to her and convince her that I still am as fond of her as I was. She is a Christian woman, and does not doubt that some time she will see me; but it seems hard that she should not have this knowledge for the remaining years of her life. I have a sister; her name is Carrie, but she is still alive. I have with me in the spirit an aunt whose name is Caroline, and I suppose my sister was named for her. I was sick a long time, and yet it seemed as though everybody thought I could get well; but here I am, and

with the desire to make myself known. I had a dreadful headache."

Amanda Snow.

Now here comes an old lady. She is quite fat. She is a little below the medium height. She is busy. My! she worked herself to death, though she did not know it. She has smooth gray hair—never had time for frizzles. She has a round full face and red cheeks. She says any woman who will work hard enough will get color in her face. She has a small mouth, and sets it together firmly when there is need of it. I do not think she was bosomed much by anybody. She does not seem to have that spirit about her. She says: "Hello! is this the way I have to come? I had an idea I could speak for myself, but am I to be spoken for?" Her name is Amanda Snow. She folds her arms now and says: "I come from a very large family. If you notice it, the Snows are always sprawling, and I came to day to send word to many relatives and friends; in fact, any or all of them who would receive me. Ulica, N. Y., was my home, and my sister Betsy is with me. We lived together a long time before I died, and she has come over to me since. She is one of the dependent people, and of course I had to be the man. She would have let anybody run over her, but I concluded that it was better to take care of myself than it was to be bamboozled around. You may think from the way I talk that I was an Amazon, but I was not. I had so much to do and to look after, that it developed an independent spirit in me, which has softened down since I came to spirit-life. My father is with me; his name is William. He says 'we are all about of an age now; but these were my two girls, and I am pleased to bring their greetings with mine to our friends.'" Send it to Charles Snow.

Ben Crothers.

Here is a funny looking old man. He is short, small, kind of weazened up, as though he was so old when he went that he began to recede from his body. His name is Ben Crothers. He has some hair though. The hair began to grow thin on his head and long on his eyebrows, so that he looks rough on the face. He says: "Well, that is a very pleasing picture you are giving of me, but I guess it is correct. I want to get to my wife, Mary. We lived in Cambridge. She does not know about this, and I hope she will not be frightened when she hears that I am around. She is mediumistic, and I have often been there with noises and attempts to make myself seen by her. She half sees me, but not definitely enough to know who it is. Please tell her for me that there is nothing to be afraid of when she dies. I know that will help her because she has the greatest fear of death. It seems as though she could not bear to leave the body. She is quite an old woman and I am glad to think of her with this knowledge of the beauty of the new life instead of the fear of darkness or annihilation. She is a good woman, even if she has that fear."

Josephine Armstrong.

I think this spirit is about thirty-eight years old. She has brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. She is very pretty indeed. She was not sick very long. It seemed as though when she went out it was such a blow to her and everybody around her. She says: "My name is Josephine Armstrong." She came from Waltham. She was married and seemed as though she had everything in the world to live for. Life looked so bright and she had love and a home and friends and all things that make life sweet. She says: "Everybody said it was such a pity for me to go, and I myself was not the least bit contented when I first went away. I came back and saw all my friends grieving so that I too was sorry and grieved, and all at once I became aware that it might be possible for them to hear me as I could hear them, and I set about to see what I could do. None of our people were Spiritualists either in the spirit land or earth life, and when I asked questions they seemed to be as ignorant about it as the people on earth, and finally we made more inquiries and I was directed here; I am so glad that I am able to come. I am sure I will feel better for it myself, and I will at least have tried to do my part toward giving them the comfort. Some way I cannot be quite as homesick when I can come home and see them, even though they do not know that I am there." They called her Josie. Her husband's name is Henry.

Alexander Williams.

A middle-aged man with blue eyes, brown hair, rather a reddish complexion, comes now. He is a real good looking man. His name is Alexander Williams. He says: "I want to get to my wife; her name is Emma Williams. She lives in South Boston, and is in the greatest mess possible. She is always trying to help those who will not help themselves. I think it is about time that something was done so that she would be relieved of the burden. She knows something of Spiritualism, and yet she is not a Spiritualist. She believes that I might possibly come; but to tell the truth, she does not know quite sure whether I am dead or not. I went away and did not return; and good reason why—I could not. If you will tell her, please, that for years when she watched and longed for me I used to stand by her side and try to whisper to her that it was a useless watch. She will understand because she used to feel that way, and when they said to her that I would come back, she would say: 'I do not believe it.'" Now he laughs and says: "I used to be awfully proud of her, and I am to-day; but I would like to see her free from the encumbrances that eat her food and spend her money and waste her patience."

Nellie Conners.

Here comes a lovely lady, quite tall, dark eyes, big and brown, dark hair, and all pushed back from her forehead, but with some waves toward the front. She has a beautiful forehead and a beautiful face. She says: "My name is Nellie Conners. I seem to be dizzy with the anticipation of what it may mean to get back. I want to get to Frank. He lives in Sheldon Falls, Vt. He is a business man and is full of care from morning till night, and hardly has opportunity to seek for me; but we were very happy, and by the love we bore each other I desire to get to him. I think you will have no difficulty in finding him, and I am sure he will be glad to respond; and oh! tell him that I love him. That is all I can think of to say, and it means so much to me and him. I have the baby; he will understand."

Luella Ramsey.

Now I see a girl about eighteen. She has blue eyes, and half reddish hair. She is about

medium height, and has a cunning little way, bright and pretty, and she says: "My name is Luella Ramsey. I come from Danvers, Mass. They used to call me Lu Ramsey. I was one of those who passed out quickly to the spirit. I want to get to my mother and father. They are both alive. They have not the slightest idea that I could come as real as this. My mother grieved over my death, and then concluded that it was wiser to trust me and herself to God, and she has done so. Although she mourns for me, she would believe it was wrong to strive to hear from me. My father's name is James. Sarah was my mother's name. I think it would have been a source of comfort to them if I had done what they asked me to before I went away, but I could not. I have wished since that I had, just to please them, but my own heart would not have been in it, and I know if they were sure of that they would feel I had done what was best. I have a friend; they will know whom I mean when I say Edith—who I often see. I know the change that has come into her life, and I am glad she is so happy. That is all."

Joe Freeman.

Here is a man who comes in as though he was going to open every door he pleased from heaven or the other place, and walk right through and never ask any questions about anybody. He says: "I'm! my name is Joe Freeman; I came from Bangor, Me., and that is all there is about it. I want to get to Ella Freeman. If I do not get there pretty quick, I shall be discouraged, for I have tried every way possible, and it does not seem as though there was any chance for me. I was kind of a rough, outspoken man when I was here, but Ella knew you could depend on me every time. Whatever has been said about me since, they never could say I trimmed my sails to fit the opinion of any man, nor would I do it." He has a funny way of scratching his head every two or three minutes. He says: "I suppose you want to know something about my death. I died suddenly, very suddenly—went out as though I went on the end of a rocket into spirit life, and the shock was too much for me. When I waked up I found everything was over and I was planted. But from my bones springs a personality and knowledge in the spirit that makes me able to talk. I have heard a lot of stuff about astrals, and I want you to distinctly understand I am no astral."

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ONE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Growth is a characteristic of living and organized bodies, though in common speech we hear the word applied to the enlargement of those that are unorganized. When a stream becomes larger after a freshet, when a glacier increases in size with the advance of winter, when a stone gains in bulk by additions to its outer surface, some might say that these natural objects are growing; but this would be a misapplication of the term. On the other hand, the simplest weed that strews the sea shore, the ground-worm plodding its slimy way under the surface of the soil, as well as a little unborn babe, may be truly said to grow while they increase in size.

Stones and rocks become larger with the deposition of extraneous matter upon their outer surface; even planets slowly enlarge, as additions are made to them by the falling of meteoric stones; the Parthenon increased in size as one marble block after another was chiseled with mathematical exactitude and laid in place under the master genius of Phidias; but as none of these objects are organized, one may not say that they grow. On the other hand are existences provided with organs, each having its own special function to accomplish, of assimilation, of secretion, or of reproduction. To a certain point these increase in size by taking extraneous substances within them, assimilating certain elements, excreting rejected particles, and, in process of time, reproducing their kind, either by division, or by a seemingly new creation. These creations, simple though they may be, truly grow, for they grow from within, and not by accretions on the outside.

When our planet was a wilderness of waters, with rocks here and there stretching far into the steamy atmosphere, the bases of these rocks were expanses of mud and sand, where dwelt myriads of creatures. These minute existences had no apparent organs of sense or motion, and yet they were organized for nutrition and reproduction. At this early stage there was no distinction between animal and vegetable life. Some explorers into these remote depths of primal expressions of life have called them protoplasm, and others have given the name of monera. The name matters not. We mean the simplest forms of life of which man has taken cognizance by the microscope, or seen by the eye of imagination.

A million years may have passed, and in the slimy depths of inland seas life had become somewhat more complex. The early simple forms had developed what would in time evolve into a heart and a head. Instead of being clear jelly, they had put on a sort of cloak for protection, or else had developed a stronger nucleus. Delivers into these remote forms of life have invented a learned name for these little existences, and so they figure as amoeba, from a Greek word which signifies many changes of form. One great class of them had put on a sort of protecting coat, and were creeping up into animal life; while another class had a stronger nucleus, but no coat, and their soul was developing into plant life.

The amoeba whose tiny souls were reaching up into animal life put out little feelers, destined to develop in a million ages or so into arms and wings and legs. Outside particles were grasped and drawn into the folds of their little coats. In countless ages to come, these folds were to evolve into the gizzard of the fowl, into the four stomachs of cud-chewing creatures, and into the food receptacle of a human epicure.

A certain part of our little amoeba had a dim sense of the loudest sounds of nature, and where this feeling centered was developed after unnumbered ears an ear, with its trumpet-like outer form, its intricate convolutions within, and its series of tiny bones, conducting the aerial vibrations of the outer world to the auditory nerve, and by that communicating the sense of exquisite music to a Mozart or a Chopin.

When the sun shone into the depths of this far away lake, our little amoeba liked it, and turned towards it, and that part of its body which sensed the light more strongly, evolved in countless ages of development into the visual organ of the eagle, and into the human eye.

There was a wonderful past, behind the am-

moeba, and a still more wonderful future before it. And sometimes, in the course of this marvelous birth, the amoeba became a mollusk, a fish, a bird, a mammal. And when the organism of the mammal had become roomy enough to contain a human soul, then human life came onto the planet.

With its advent, shall we say with the old Hebrew record that "man became a living soul"? No; we shall not so say. The moner was a living soul, the amoeba was one; and every creature, whether animal or vegetable, in all these countless ages was a soul, for in every single one of them, as in every creature now on the planet, the race of man included, the Infinite Soul has differentiated itself; and, as the greatest must include the less, holds all this swarm of living beings close to its breast.

But, what is soul? Soul is life. You and I are finite souls; then we are finite expressions of life. God is infinite soul; then God is infinite life; a life by no means confined to this one little planet, but diffusing itself through all the worlds that people infinitude, and everywhere differentiating itself into finite souls, whose number must seem to the most capacious and the most comprehensive of them all to be virtually infinite.

Why did successive moners change in a million of years into amoeba? Why did one class of amoeba gradually alter into phonozoans with their subdivisions of exogens and endogens, and into cryptogams with their sub-classes of acrogens, anophytes and neophytes? Why did the other class of amoeba develop in countless ages into radiates, mollusks, articulates and vertebrates, the last one culminating in man of whom the all comprehending Shakespeare said:

"What piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

From amoeba to man! How came this wonderful growth? Simply because in every one of these creatures there was life—life, which led every organ to perform its function—life, that wove itself into every fibre and tissue of the entire organism—life, that when it withdrew itself from the outward form, left that form to disintegrate into its original carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, while the life itself, eternal as its sire, either melted into the fathomless ocean of infinite life, to be re-differentiated and re-expressed in later and progressive forms, or by a sublime survival of the fittest, all untaught by Darwin, to continue its individual existence in more ethereal forms, responsive to the higher scale of vibrations which characterize a more spiritual plane than this.

The points which distinguish the human soul from the souls of plants and the lower animals will be considered in a later Letter, the remainder of this one being devoted to the theistic question.

Thinkers on metaphysics have been divided into theists and atheists, and this division may well be retained, though the meaning which attaches to the term theist differs from that used by some of the unthinking. This point is so ably treated by Mr. Stebbins in his article on "Theism" in your issue of April 21, that it need not be dwelt on here. Suffice it to say that some of the most devout Theists of the world have ever known, as Paine and Spinoza, have not accepted the Christian religion. To defy the man Jesus is one thing. To adore the Universal Soul is quite another. Dwight Moody did the former; and Ralph Waldo Emerson, the latter. And some of the most devout believers in the Infinite Soul have thought that human beings do not retain their separate individuality after the death of the body. Such think that the human soul, separated during earth life from its parent source, then melts again into the Infinite.

Spiritualism, in its restricted sense, claims a separate and conscious condition of each one, at some time after the fleshly body has disintegrated. With such we may, under certain favoring conditions, commune. Of course there is a broader sense of the term which embraces all who believe at all in soul without a body of flesh, though they think the finite soul merges into the infinite at the event called death.

A few days ago, I received an interesting letter from one of this class of thinkers: His view is that individualism is the opposite pole to the spiritual state, that the latter is the real and absolute, and the former phenomenal and pictorial only; and that immortality cannot be predicated of any individual life, only as the social soul is imparted to it by self-effacement. He closes his letter with these words: "So you see I am another sort of Spiritualist, and yet, dear sister, as real a one as you."

He is certainly a spiritual man, and is the same sort of Spiritualist as was the divine Plato, who said that our present state is the shadow state, that the soul world alone is real, and that all that we now see are the shadows of the eternal realities of the soul.

I am indeed a Spiritualist in even the most restricted sense of the word, sometimes seeing those who have crossed the great divide, and often receiving their thoughts, their impressions and their monitions in my own imprisoned consciousness. This makes me happy. But were this all, it would not give me a lasting happiness. There is a deeper blessedness that embraces the other, and transcends it. This greater joy is founded on the intuition that Universal Soul exists, and that in it I, as an individual soul, and my father and mother and millions more who have crossed the borderline, live and move and have our being. Because it lives, we live; and we shall live. Theism is the basis of my Spiritualism. And were the choice given me, whether I should rejoin my loved ones in the spirit land, with no infinite Soul on which we could depend during our eternal progression, or whether each and all should be merged in the Infinite Soul, with the loss of conscious individuality, on leaving the form of clay, I should choose the latter. For, what safety could there be for a finite soul in a Godless universe?

Some readers may perchance say that my Theism is an outcropping of the old missionary influence. That can scarcely be, for the God whom my father now teaches me to adore is not the Jewish Jehovah, nor the Deity of Calvin. It is rather Zeno's Reason of the world, it is the Universal Soul taught by the Vedas and by Pythagoras, it is Plato's original life and force of all things, it is Theodore Parker's Power, Law, Mind. For further illustration of this subject, our readers are referred to Mr. Stebbins' "Theism," soon to be published in pamphlet form, to be obtained at your office, or from the author himself, in Detroit, Mich.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON.

Arlington, N. J., April 27, 1900.

Questions and Answers.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COOLVILLE.

QUE.—[By Arthur Dingo, Adelaide, South Australia.]—How can you touch a friend at a distance by thought, and make him conscious of it?

ANS.—Though there is a vast amount of evidence constantly accumulating in proof of the fact of telepathy, it is only in rare instances, so far as investigation has already proceeded, that an undeniable systematic course of experiments between any two people has been successfully carried out. It is usually the case that mental messages are transmitted only when the sender is intensely interested in the subject-matter of the communication and also when the receiver is in a particularly quiet and receptive mental attitude. There are seeming exceptions to the above general rule, but they are infrequent. To aid investigation into this most interesting and profitable phase of psychic science, we commend observance of the following regulations:

Let the sender of a mental telegram to a distant friend annihilate the sense of distance in his own consciousness prior to conducting the experiment. If your friend is hundreds or even thousands of miles away, think of him as present with you in spirit and talk to him mentally in the same easy style you generally adopt when conversing with a friend who is neither dear nor at an inconvenient distance. Let the message you transmit be clear and decisive, and let it, if possible, bear upon some subject of mutual interest; it should, at any rate, pertain to something you deem important or in which you are greatly interested. When you make no appointments to conduct your telepathic exercise at a given time you necessarily run the risk of your friend's preoccupation in his own business to such an extent that he does not become clearly aware of your endeavor to reach him, but even in such a case if there is much natural sympathy between you, and your desire to reach him is very strong, you may succeed in arresting his attention.

In the scientific conduct of any telepathic undertaking, it is customary to appoint a convenient hour (11 P. M., for example), and agree that both parties to the transaction shall be disengaged from all other occupation at that time. Let the one who officiates as sender concentrate his thought so utterly upon what he is about, that he can think of nothing else for the time being, nor be distracted by any neighboring events. A late hour in the evening, when you have retired to a private apartment and locked yourself in, is particularly favorable because it is frequently easier and far more convenient to act as a telepathist at such a time than during one of the more active hours of the day. Let the one who has agreed to await the coming of the message be similarly situated in a quiet place, but let his mental attitude be simply that of calm expectancy, and of whatever comes to him let him make a decided mental note. Any quiet hour and place will answer, and even noisy surroundings will interpose no barrier if you have so far developed your own power to concentrate on one subject only, that surrounding motions do not draw your attention.

When you have no opportunity to make an appointment with a friend you can take the time when you are most at liberty, and when you feel most desirous of transmitting a message. At first, if you are quite a novice in telepathy, you may secure no very palpable results, but persistent practice invariably develops proficiency provided you take the situation easily, and do not trouble yourself with harassing misgivings as to your ability to accomplish your desire. Many people receive telepathic dispatches, but do not understand how they have received them, but as the information gained is the important point, you have really succeeded if you have caused your friend to think of you, even though he may esteem his experience a vague coincidence. The more you intelligently cooperate with others in this regard the greater your success will prove.

Q.—[By Mrs. Louisa Frisbie, Adelaide, South Australia.]—Do you think that any abstaining from meat-eating would become more spiritual, as the idea of taking life is so opposed to the teaching of the All God?

A.—We cannot truthfully declare that people grow spiritual because they abstain from meat, but we are prepared to grant that if humane motives and definite moral convictions lead to abstinence, all gratification of a sincere conviction at the expense of a lower appetite does certainly tend to spiritual advancement. The dietary law in the Pentateuch is a great sanitary advance upon ordinary ways of eating, and those who faithfully observe the dietary prescriptions as they are observed by the orthodox in Israel enjoy an unusual measure of health in the broadest application of the word. If to-day there are true reformers prepared to go very much further than the wise legislator Moses, we thoroughly endorse their onward march toward a dietary regimen adapted to a still higher civilization from which fish, flesh and fowl will be totally excluded.

It is however necessary to move gradually in the direction of radical changes in food unless people are in unusually robust condition. The Two Worlds of Manchester, Eng., opened its columns a few months ago to many letters on Vegetarianism pro and con, and from the pen of one contributor who signed himself "Ex-Vegetarian" many bitter experiences were related which seemed to show that a sudden leaving off of meat worked detrimentally in some instances. We must advocate progressive reforms in all directions, and set examples to others by demonstrating vigorous health as a concomitant or consequence of our own simpler and humaner modes of life.

Flesh-eating is distinctly savage, and as humanity outgrows remaining barbarism, the many products of the vegetable kingdom will furnish ample provision for the table, with the assistance of advanced chemistry, which will draw upon the air for elements out of which highly nutritious and delicious foods will be manufactured. In Bellamy's "Equality" there is an excellent chapter on the coming food of a higher civilization. At present it is safe to teach that all who cannot eat or drink with clear conscience that of which their neighbors partake must abstain from all that goes against their moral grain. All indulgences of every sort which go against the moral fibre have a distinctly brutalizing tendency, and render those who so indulge insensible to the spiritual blessings and exalted experiences they could otherwise enjoy.

The coarser phases of mediumship are not prejudicially affected by gross indulgences, but all high inspiration and clear spiritual vision is largely shut off by that grossness in thought which naturally ultimates itself in corresponding grossness in physical conduct. It is the desire for spirituality that renders one spiritual, but aspiration and abstinence (prayer and fast

