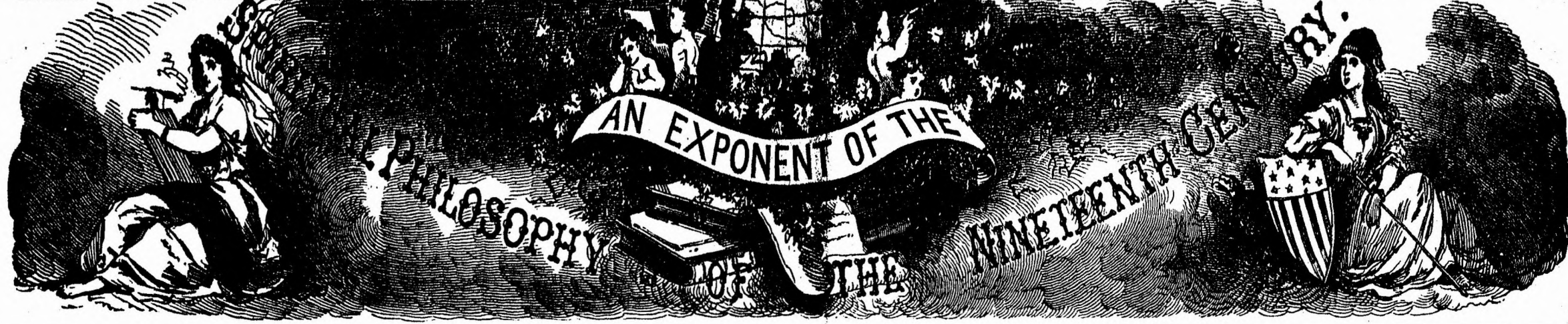


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NO. 13.

ANGELS ARE NEAR.

BY EVANGEL.

It was a day in balmy June
I wandered through a glen,
To find the roses all in tune
Singing their songs to men.

I heard the waters tinkling
Adown that leafy dell;
The dew was there besprinkling
The moss, as it downward fell.

And a feeling of sadness came o'er me,
That filled my soul with pain;
Life's cares were all before me—
I faced them all again.

I wondered why the seconds
So fast should flit away,
But ere I the answer reckoned
Night had succeeded day.

The shades of eve fast settled down,
The dews besprinkled me;
I heard the bells ring out from town,
A sound both wild and free.

Close by the brook a mossgrown tree
Upread its stately head;
It seemed a monument to me
For the unnumbered dead.

I sat me down upon the mound,
My thoughts then backward turned;
I thought of forms beneath the ground,
And for their love I yearned.

My heart was filled with sorrow.
My mind was full of pain;
And I thought that on the morrow
These tears would be in vain.

My soul was filled with longing
To know what there might be
In the thoughts that were round me thronging,
From out immensity.

The summer winds swept through the trees
That towered above my head;
And to me came upon the breeze
A message from my dead.

On either hand two mountains rose,
Tall, stately, grand and fair;
One was the mount I called "Repose,"
The other mount was "Prayer."

Upon the top of one there burned
A bright and lambent flame;
My eyes upon the other turned—
And lo! it was the same.

Then well I knew where'er I turned,
Amid life's grief and care,
That they whose aid I oft had spurned—
God's angels—e'er are near.

Teachings of the Spirits.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

When you have listened, spell bound, to the burning eloquence of some inspired speaker, when you have read with consuming interest the thrilling thoughts of some great thinker, has your mind ever reverted to that far off time when man first attempted to make his wants known in speech, when, stirred by the spirit within him, he tried to communicate to his brother man, otherwise than by mimicry, the thoughts that were taking shape in his undeveloped brain? How pathetic this birth of the human language with its throes and travail, when man, standing defenseless amidst the brute creation, felt within him—heralds of his future domination—sensations, emotions which he was moved by an uncontrollable desire to express, something unknown to the animals whose limited language he understood but could not adopt to his newborn ideas! How slow, yet how wonderful the development, through countless ages, of the human speech, the progress from phrase words supplemented by gesture to the philological treasures dispensed of by the poet, the philosopher, the scientist!

The language of a people is a criterion of the mental unfoldment of that people; a limited vocabulary means a limited stock of ideas; a preponderance of abstract terms in a language indicates mental wealth, spiritual tendencies; their paucity indicates the leaning of a people towards material goods; such a people seldom produces a poet or a thinker of any value. The child is often made a subject of comparison when the infancy of mankind is discussed, but the child, in addition to hereditary suggestions, has the advantage of being surrounded with loving teachers, and though it often coins names for things that impress his little brain, he soon learns, at his mother's knee, to list more than mere names. As its young mind expands under the influence of love, it grasps readily abstract ideas connected with sentiment. The baby who coos so prettily, "I love you!" but repeats words it has heard often and whose meaning has entered its little breast by a sort of intuition; but think of the primitive man who, rising superior to the animal made the wonderful discovery and whispered, "I love you," to a coy maiden!

Still, it must be admitted that, like the child's, man's first effort at speech was to give a name to the objects that attracted his attention—primarily those that would supply his needs, his hunger, his thirst—to supplement gesture by a conventional sound. Thus memory, the faculty to think of what was no longer present or visible, made its first imprint upon the brain. What is memory, but the mind reading its own record—and that of the heart. Such emotions as fear, anger, pleasure, pain, surprise, were expressed by an involuntary exclamation. On these simple sounds the whole structure of language was raked which, among progressive races, has attained such a degree of excellence. They still persist after countless ages; not only are they voiced by the infant,

but "ah!" "oh!" come as naturally to the lips of the man of the nineteenth century as they did to the untutored lips of the cave-dweller, with the same modulations varying according to the nature of the emotion. But modern, developed man defines the emotions, the sensations which found their first undefined expression in these ejaculations.

What a mighty mental effort it must have cost these predecessors of our learned linguists to invent words that would convey the meaning of a newly discovered idea! They might imitate the actions of the animals, their companions or foes, but their language!... what "ideas" could the beasts have to express, whose instinct, whose intelligence, suggested nothing beyond self-preservation and the reproduction of the species? Man, the animal, could express his circumscribed animal thoughts; but over his mental domain a soul presided which was unfolding; every step in the soul unfoldment, every discovery of a new faculty demanded adequate expression. What a vocabulary must be invented! How it grew apace as man's intellectual and spiritual unfoldment progressed!

This glance at the origin of language is full of suggestion. The simple ideas evolved in connection with material needs are common to all mankind, but the various races of man have each invented different words to express them. The legendary "confusion of tongues" of Babel to the contrary, this fact alone, not to speak of physiological differences, goes to show that mankind does not spring from one common parent stock, but man appeared on various parts of the globe, probably at different periods. The physical characteristics of these various races resulted from the climate, the soil of the region of their birth, as did the flora and fauna of those regions. The law that accounts for the diversity of plants and animals must also apply to the divers types of man. This in no wise controverts the idea of an universal brotherhood; the physical body of man is but a more or less clumsy garment donned for temporary use, and garments vary according to climate and the material used; the spiritual body is your true ego. It is considered as souls that all men are brothers.

We will not discuss here the theory of evolution as understood by many scientists. To our mind evolution means progress, the unfoldment of inherent faculties or properties; it does not mean transformation of one type into another. Still less can we accept the theory as applying to the soul; the "soul" of the jelly-fish evolving through countless ages and innumerable transformations, into the immortal soul of man—Nature's ultima thule—is an idea which does not accord with man's undeniable superiority and power over animal creation and his intuitive recognition of a heavenly Father. Where shall we draw the line of kinship? Can we consistently hail our brother ape, and slaughter and eat the hog, our younger brother, on his way to ape-hood—and manhood?

Primitive man, uncouth and beast-like, developed physically and mentally in the course of time. To the gradual unfoldment of his intellect, as much as to the undeniable influence of selection, is his physical improvement due. He has lost of the beast in appearance proportionately as he has developed the angel within. The fact that, at this age of advanced civilization, tribes, nations even, are found to have stopped at divers stages of unfoldment, confirms rather than disproves the dual nature of man and the struggle between spirit and matter, the result of which determines the mental status of the individual and of the nation. There is nothing of this in the animal, as there should be if he followed in the footsteps of man.

This struggle is still going on, but it has reached a critical phase in the New Dispensation: man's intellect has developed to such an extent on the material line it has turned away from the spiritual. In vain the voice of the spirits call to him, pointing the way to Truth, for many, far too many, alas! that voice speaks in an unknown or lost tongue. Let us consider the causes of this difficulty and the possible way out of it.

The spirit thinks thoughts which, complex as they may be, are understood, even when unspoken, by kindred spirits, for, while spoken language is known in the spirit world, "thought-language" is in more general use. Spirits feel or sense one another's thoughts. Telepathy, mind reading, are examples of this soundless language. A developed spirit can read the thoughts of man, in whatever language expressed; but a spirit's thoughts, when directed for transmission to a mortal's brain, must take the form of language understood by the mortal—not merely the dialect words, but the thought-forms. Now, during his progress in that marvelous other world, the spirit has found new objects, felt new emotions, conceived new thoughts and thought-words which do not belong to your vocabulary, which you can learn but imperfectly, if at all, handicapped as you are by the flesh. The material body is to the spiritual as the night is to the day; you grope in the darkness amidst formless obstacles, often led astray by imagination; the landscape seen by moonlight has a different coloring, different outlines, when bathed in the sunshine. Verily, yours is a world of shadows! By persistent effort you may see the dawn; few can rejoice in the glorious day until the White Angel sets them free.

Try to express your thoughts in the dialect of some wild African tribe; you will fail because its scant vocabulary will not furnish suitable words; but it serves the tribesman's needs; it is adapted to his intellectual development; should he attempt to learn your lan-

guage, he would assimilate only that much of it which will serve to express his ideas, no more. Words can have no meaning for him if his brain has never evolved the idea for which they stand.

According to how the animal instinct prevailed or their brain proved more malleable to spirit influence, races have continued to progress or have remained stationary after they had reached a certain degree of unfoldment. Some, after attaining the highest degree, have disappeared from the face of the earth; others have developed a material civilization, so to speak, perfect as to its providing the comforts of life, but in which the spiritual element was not a factor, or was so faint as to have no lasting influence on the individual; others still have risen but little above their primitive condition.

Another time we will take up the history of the various races. For the present, the subject that interests us is the relation of thought with language. That relation, with its attending difficulties and misconceptions, is demonstrated in the spirit communications of our day as conclusively as in the mental development of our ancestral races.

In many respects your dilemma with the African savage is that of the advanced spirit in his educational mission; it explains why so many efforts of the spirit world have failed and still fail of bringing the hoped-for results. There are matters for which your language presents no adequate word-form, and, worse, it often happens that when the spirits attempt to convey in your best forms of speech some instructive lesson, they are misunderstood and so do harm instead of good. It is only by earnest and persevered-in soul-culture you will prepare yourselves for a proper understanding of at least the "First Primer" of spirit language.

But all spirit teaching is not of that order; there are many wholesome truths given in perfectly intelligible language, fundamental principles which are indispensable to spiritual development, and the disregard of which tends to defeat the purpose of the spirit-world. What is that purpose? Are the spirits attracted to the earth by the recollection of the evanescent joys, so mingled with pain and sorrow, which they have known in their day, and which, from their own account, cannot compare with the bliss of their new condition? Some unhappy, earth-bound spirits may thus cling to the past, but they are not authorized messengers of the spirit-world. If, after renewed attempts, the barriers have been torn down and the glad tidings: "There is no death! Eternal progress in eternal life is the privilege of every soul," have been carried to every part of the globe, how to enter the course of progress, how to earn this privilege while still in the flesh were questions readily answered, else the relation would have had no importance. They were answered thousands of times, they are answered every day, and do not vary in their import.

The gates are held ajar, and man allowed to have a glimpse of his future home and the conditions under which he will live. Love rules; love is the law supreme whose provisions are truth, justice, charity. Egotism, selfishness, greed, intolerance are violations of the law that are not tolerated; any one of them would mar the general harmony and impede the transgressor's progress. Harmony is the direct outcome of the law of love. It is visible in the arrangement of the universe; it is indispensable to the spiritual social organization.

A survey of the spiritualistic field leads to the impression that the spirits have failed in their attempt to inculcate this vital truth. Is the failure due to the incapacity of the instructors or to the obtuseness or obtuseness of the pupils? If these are taught individually, it is because unfoldment depends on individual effort; but solidarity in the purpose remains. He or she who puts into practice the precepts of pure Spiritualism becomes as a shining light for those who still grope in the dark. Through the individual manifestation of love general harmony will be attained.

But, as love is the essential of true spirituality, so is egotism its constant opponent in the human heart; the two cannot abide together. Many proclaim their acceptance of the spirits' teachings—nay, preach them—whose actions are at variance with these teachings; worse still, there are others in whom individual revelation has served but to develop their innate egotism into deep seated vanity. Will these slaves of self-love ever understand that though a thousand spirits came to one person, it would be no acknowledgment of that person's merit, no desire on the part of the spirits to gratify that person's ambition to fame or fortune, but simply that they have found a human organism suited to their purpose, which is to spread the truth and do good.

It is often the case that the egotism and conceit the spirits would eradicate lead to the misconception and misrepresentation of their best thought; vanity will obscure the brightest intellect; it ignores common sense and is deaf to the voice of conscience. The study of self should lead to a truer understanding of the mission of Spiritualism—a glorious mission after the failure of the various religious systems to till the spiritual forces given them. The spirits teach a Supreme Intelligence towards whom the immortal soul gravitates, through suffering, which gives experience; gaining knowledge, which is strength, grasping Truth, which is Divine Light, and realizing the infinitude of Love—the Alpha and Omega of being.

Only what we have wrought into character during life can we take away with us.—Humboldt.



IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Mary E. Whittemore.

Mrs. Mary E. Whittemore, wife of Mr. John Q. A. Whittemore, after a most severe and painful illness of eleven years, passed to spirit-life from her home on Washington street, Newton, Mass., May 10, aged 50 years 6 mos. and 17 days. She was born at Easton, Mass., Oct. 23, 1849, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis M. Thayer. Besides a husband, she left three daughters—Mrs. Walter C. Pessels of New York City, Mrs. C. Hobart Davis, who resides with her parents at Newton, Mass., and Mrs. Loring Q. White of Brockton, Mass. She also leaves two granddaughters and numerous relatives.

Mrs. Whittemore was a very refined and cultured woman, of sweet and lovable disposition. She made friends quickly, and at the same time possessed the rare faculty of always retaining them. She always had a kind word and pleasant smile for the unfortunate and suffering ones of earth, also substantial gifts for those in need. Even in the hours of her severest suffering she was not unmindful of others, and the tedious hours of many a poor sufferer were cheered and brightened by gifts of fruit or flowers under her direction. Although for eleven long years her sufferings were beyond description, she bore all the pain with the greatest fortitude and cheerfulness, never complaining and always fearful that she was overtaxing the strength of others. She was conscious of immortality and spirit communion, and undoubtedly through all the long years of suffering received strength and support from those in the higher life.

Possessed of an artist's soul, with a great love of the beautiful, she left behind her many mementoes of her skill; and the exquisitely beautiful home where she lived out the last years of her earth-life, contains many evidences of her skilful handiwork. She was a well educated musician and passionately fond of all that class of music that appeals to the highest and noblest in the soul.

The funeral services were held on Sunday, May 13th, at her late residence at 1:30 p. m. A more perfect day could not have been made for the occasion. The residence is located in an ideal spot, and in itself is a poem realized by the architect's skill. At this time about the home there were no indications of gloom. Through the open windows streamed the beautiful golden sunlight, and out on the lawn the fountain was sending up sprays of crystal water that caught the sunbeams making innumerable rainbows—all prophetic of the hope that is in man of the higher and better life. The casket lay in the midst of the most exquisite and beautiful of floral designs. Among them may be mentioned the fifty white tea roses with fern back ground from the Directors of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society that holds its meetings at Berkeley Hall.

The music was furnished by the Ruggles' street Church Quartet, and consisted of the following selections: "Passing Out of the Shadows," "Eternal Goodness" (Whittier's words), "Gathering Home, One by One," and "Calling for You and for Me." It is only necessary to say that the Quartet were at their best, and that they rendered these beautiful selections in such a manner as to comfort and uplift all who were present.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller of Greenwich, Mass., was the officiating clergyman, and his portion of the exercises consisted of Scriptural readings, prayer and discourse. He spoke of the fine and noble life of the arisen one, and offered the consolations presented by man's spiritual experiences of the past and present, to the hus-

band, children, other relatives and friends who were present.

Although the funeral was private in character, (only relatives and most intimate friends being invited) yet it was largely attended, out of respect and love for the departed one. No dark clouds rested over this home, for the knowledge of immortal life and spirit communion filled the hearts and souls of all with the light and glory of the eternal world.

It was the special desire of Mrs. Whittemore that her body should be cremated, therefore the body was conveyed to the crematory in Mt. Auburn cemetery (formerly the chapel), and the ashes were interred in the family lot in Cedar Grove Cemetery at Dorchester, Mass.

Mr. John Q. A. Whittemore has for many years been intimately connected with the meetings held at Onset every summer. Mr. Whittemore is the honored and respected President of Onset Bay Grove Association, and also of Onset Bay Camp-Meeting Co.; besides, he is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, and one of the directors of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society. He and his family at this time have the deep and heartfelt sympathy not only of these associations, but also of a great host of friends outside of all organizations. It is our sincere hope and trust that they may be sustained and comforted through this hour of severe trial by the higher powers, and that the dear spirit of the wife and mother may become the guardian angel of the household she loved so dearly.

Another of Wisconsin's Veteran Spiritualists Gone.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond was again called to Wisconsin to officiate at the last earthly services in connection with the passing on of one of the veteran Spiritualists of that State, this being the third this year of the old settlers and veteran Spiritualists of Wisconsin for whom she has been called to perform similar services.

This time it was for Joseph Warren Stuart of Brodhead, Wis., who passed from his physical body—which was 80 years 5 months and 28 days old—May 14. Mr. Stuart was born in Delaware county, New York, Nov. 16, 1819. His father and grandfather were natives of Massachusetts, the former having been a revolutionary soldier. His maternal grandfather was also a soldier of the Revolution and was present at the execution of Major Andre. He was married to Miss Lydia K. Lassell, Jan. 21, 1844. But one child was born to them, Phebe Ann, who died in infancy. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart went to Wisconsin in 1849, where they have lived since, until his departure. Mrs. Stuart, who survives him, still lives at Brodhead.

Joseph W. Stuart was a man of the strictest integrity in business affairs and moral worth in the social world. He conceded the broadest liberty of thought and action to the individual consistent with the rights of others, in religious as well as temporal affairs. A friend in the broadest sense to the weak and unfortunate, and fully endowed with that greatest virtue of all—charity toward all mankind.

How beautiful is life, and how glorious the incomprehensible Infinite Mind, from whom all life now and ever must flow, when seen in all the forming and deforming of the immeasurable universe! To get at and to see these processes round about us can be but the line of real progress and the path that leads to the possession of the highest crown of glory.—Exchange.

The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrong-doer.—Marcus Aurelius.

PROGRAM.

How goes the world upon its higher way—
When continues in its course of wrong,
When shrieks prevail, when should be sounds of
song,
And when we move in light instead of day?
The law of Love we must at once obey,
And make the Love of Man divine and strong,
And carry Hope and Faith and Truth along,
And bid charity, brutal passion stay!
What Springlike is with gift of beauty blest,
No Love assumes to rule the lives of men;
It changes all to kindness, help and cheer,
It brings us to a world of peace and rest,
It breaks the sword, gives power to the pen,
Creating thought of endless heaven here!

WILLIAM HUNTON.

Spiritualism in the State of New York.

Report of the President of the New York State
Association of Spiritualists for the Year
Ending May 31, 1900.

Brothers and Sisters of the Convention: I deem it a privilege to come before you to day with a message which can hardly be called a report—for as an association we are only three years old, and have only begun upon what we hope to accomplish when the child organization shall have reached mature years; but already much has been done to break down the barriers of prejudice and make our Cause understood in its true light by its opposers, and more valued by its friends. That which touches the great cause of humanity touches our Cause—Spiritualism means humanitarianism.

The year has brought much that is useful to humanity, but still two strong nations battle against two weak ones, and they meet in deadly conflict. I do not think the two different sides of the question can be better described than to borrow a little from "Samantha" (Mrs. Holly) on war: "I don't know how you feel, Josiah, but it looks bad to me to see the two great Christian nations of the world engaged in all the horrors and bloody agony of war, and each on 'em fightin' agin a smaller nation, and midlin' peaceable ones, so far as I know. If a great foe should rise agin us, Josiah, and all efforts for peace should fail, then mebbe the Lord would be willin' for us to drive 'em from our borders at the edge of the sword, but to fight for conquest or greed is different."

"I tell you, Samantha, you hain't got the right on 't; America had to fight the Philippines to protect 'em, and carry the Gospel to 'em; and England had to see that them Outlandish men could vote, and they're bound to civilize Africa. The English dey a good deal to advance the cause of religion; they're bound that this little nation of Boers shall be civilized and enjoy religion as they want 'em to."

"And we agree with 'Samantha,' that the 'Prince of Peace' could hardly be in sympathy with any effort to spread his gospel 'mid the war of cannon and at the point of the bayonet, nor can the truly unselfish and thoughtful ones join with the worshipers of mammon, and call it *Christianizing*, when the gleam of diamonds on far-off shore, and the money advantage to a nation with millions of acres of untitled land and many millions of idle hands forget the principles of old, and enter into war to gain some far-off islands in the sea. Call it an advantage to a great Republic in any way that appeals to the pocket, but let us not as a nation pose as reformers and Christianizers, where it robs American mothers of their boys, and murders untold numbers who love their island homes, and do not know wherein they have transgressed. It has been said that 'life is cheap where emperors reign,' but I would change it to read that life is cheap where money means more than character; when greed for gain levels homes, and when the voiceless heart-break of the oppressed passes unnoticed. Let us strive to pave the way for ignorance to come in touch with knowledge, weakness with power, misery with happiness, until we may no longer be the puppets of our predecessors, and feel we must carry out the traditions of nations by declaring that all of greatest good must come by revolution instead of evolution, and let us work for that time when the real right to our homes will be respected, whether it is a palace or a cabin."

OPPOSE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The officers of the New York State Spiritual Association, and Spiritualists all over the world, I think, are adverse to capital punishment as they are to war, and through our efforts, a petition was presented with many signers to our legislators at Albany, during their recent session. If a man is not fit to live, he is not fit to die; he may have committed a most terrible act, and the cause of that act may have been inherited tendencies, drunkenness or environment; the voices of his ancestors may have descended to him; insanity may have found place in his brain; and as for drunkenness—the legalized saloon opens its doors to every tempted one as long as they have a cent of money.

In view of this, is it right for twelve honest men, not knowing conditions for "no man knows the heart"—through evidence given, to be obliged to pronounce the one word, guilty, that, when taken up by the judge, condemns the man to an ignoble death? It seems that every judge in the world would be glad if he would never more have to pronounce the dread sentence of death, and those who study this question know that they have unchained a restless spirit that may, as have evil, untamed spirits in all ages, fasten itself upon the sensitive ones of this life, and incite them to terrible deeds. "He hath a devil" was said in olden times. Shall we, by legalized murder, multiply obsessing spirits? Humanity says No! where it understands that "Thou shalt not kill" means something. Two wrongs can never make one right; far better take the pardoning power from the Governor, and let them spend the remaining days of their lives working for the State, whose laws they have outraged, and have a chance for reading and reflection, with a little kindly light to lead their thoughts upward. The State has relations about Auburn Prison, if half true, are an outrage to the taxpayers of our State, and to those who have trusted the Prison officials to procure help competent in all ways to care for those unfortunate. "There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed," and our State has more revelations that will come from our so-called Reformatories and State Prisons.

CREEDS ARE CHANGING.

The work goes on. Religionists are beginning to find out that creeds are only men's opinions of God. Francis E. Willard once said: "God is wider than the world, and the mistake that folks make is to think that he is not wider than their own back yards, and are trying so hard to get him down to their size." "We shall never climb to heaven by making it our life long business to save ourselves." "All for each and each for all should be our motto." The Old South Church of Boston set the stone rolling when they met together about a year ago to lay aside the original creed, or, as it was called, "The Confession of Faith" adopted in 1680. I quote a few of the articles contained therein:

"By the decree of God, for the manifestations of his glory, some men and angels are predestined to everlasting life, and others fore-ordained to everlasting death."

"These angels and men thus predestined and fore-ordained are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot either be increased or diminished."

"Neither are any other redeemed by Christ, or effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified and saved but the elect only."

"The rest of mankind God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of his own will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy as he pleaseth for the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice."

"Works done by unregenerated men, although for the matter of them they may be things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and to others, yet because

they proceed not from an heart purified by faith, and are done in a right manner, according to the word, nor to the right end, the glory of God, they are therefore sinful, and cannot please God, nor make a man meet to receive grace from God; and yet their neglect of them is more sinful and displeasing to God."

It is no wonder that large numbers felt relieved to have it stricken out, and joined heartily in that old hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds." Dr. H. H. in emphatic language has denounced the creed as a blasphemy against God; their horizon is broadening, they see love in the sky.

TRUE RELIGION IS GLADNESS.

In Methodist councils they are discussing the question as to whether their restrictions upon dancing, theater going and card playing shall be stricken out; they desire to keep young people in the church, they need young blood, and they cannot keep them hedged in; it is dawned upon them that true religion is gladness, not sadness.

All the ministers who believe it possible to hold communion with the dead (so-called) were preaching the truth to the people, many Unitarian and Universalist pulpits would be empty, as well as those of sterner creed. The Talmages resurrect their tirade against Spiritualism about once a year, and contradict themselves the remainder of the time. The senior Talmage's sermon upon "Our Occupation in Heaven," and the one preceding that, where he had a vision early one morning, are almost identical with the communications in our spiritual literature, and yet he could not be just enough to even quote the Scripture correctly in his last effort against our belief. As an organization, we are indebted to Bro. Moses Hull, a man who has made the Bible a study from his youth up, for his able answer to Talmage's sermons which appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT of recent date.

A WORD ABOUT CAMPS.

Within the boundary lines of our State is one of the largest camps within the spiritual ranks; it lies with its near neighbor, Chautauque, in the excellent thought presented upon its platform; no one is barred out in the conferences because of his belief—Christians from every denomination, the Agnostics, the Theosophists, the Reincarnationists and the Spiritualists, all receive the same courtesy from the management through their General Chairman, G. H. Brooks. This is the Cassadaga Camp, commonly called Lily Dale. Lily Dale is to be favored this year with a Training School for mediums and speakers. It was formerly located at Mantua Station, Ohio, and this is the first season at Cassadaga. It is under the management of Mr. Moses Hull of Buffalo and A. J. Weaver of Maine. One of the great attractions of the school will be Mrs. Alfarata Jahnke of Emerson's School of Oratory, Boston, who will give lessons in elocution.

Another camp is located at Freeville, N. Y. It is still a young camp, but has done good work for Spiritualism. Unlike many camp organizations, Freeville Camp is out of debt; it would not have been if a well-to-do Spiritualist had not opened his heart and cancelled a mortgage of six hundred dollars. We congratulate Freeville on gaining such a friend.

The oldest Spiritualist organization now in existence in our State is "The Friends of Human Progress," North Collins, N. Y. Their former place of meeting was called "Hemlock Hall," a structure built in a large grove. The place of meeting has been changed and is in a beautiful location still nearer the little town. Upon the platform hangs the pictured face of George W. Taylor, who during his life was an inspiration and in his passing out left his benediction with the people. If these large spiritual centres would link themselves with our State Associations, both giving and receiving benefits, no State Association in the Union could be better equipped for efficient work; but thus far we are not favored with the power they might give us, without injury to themselves. We hope for better things.

STATE MISSIONARIES.

Owing to lack of funds we have not been able to place missionaries in the field as we desire to do. Mrs. Minnie Terry, of New York, has given a large amount of time to the work, but a long illness has interrupted her and caused her friends great anxiety. We hope by this time she has recovered and will be able to help us, as we sadly need the help of earnest workers. W. Wines Sargent, our efficient Vice-President, when he found it impossible to interest the people of Manhattan in the way of a mass meeting, took to his pen and through the *Brooklyn Eagle* and other Brooklyn papers has had the last word in a controversy upon Spiritualism. When his opponent was abusive, he was willing to accept of all truths given; when his adversary wrote of that which he had heard, our brother wrote of facts. There are not enough of such articles presented to the secular press, neither do the Spiritualists at large understand the power of printers' ink.

Another missionary of whom we have a right to be proud is Mrs. Lizzie Brewer, formerly of Toronto. She is only two years old in the thought, but she has developed a mediumship that has made her a power. She has organized a society in Belmont, and has done efficient work in Bolivar and other towns in that section. She has had to sacrifice much for linking herself to Spiritualism. Most of the home allowance has been withdrawn from her husband on account of his interest in Spiritualism, and her own family have turned from her, some of them refusing to see her or write to her. Still led by the spirit of her mother, the brave little woman has gone on saying, "I would die rather than give up the truth."

Who says the days of persecution for one's faith have passed? The compelling forces of other years would be revived, were it in the power of the few; but the world is too old and wise to pile the literal fagots high, as they did round the "Maid of Orleans"; but there is an ostracism of the spirit that makes deep scars on memory's page.

MASS MEETINGS.

The mass meeting in connection with the Anniversary exercises of the First Spiritual Church of Buffalo, was held March 30, 31, and April 1, Rev. Moses Hull, pastor. It was a decided success. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Hull, there were addresses from A. J. Weaver, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, one of our Vice-Presidents, H. W. Richardson, Treasurer, Frank Walker, former Vice-President of our State Association, and also a beautiful original poem from that inspired writer, Emma Train, of North Collins. Rev. Mr. Sayles, a Universalist minister from East Aurora, gave an address bubbling over with brotherly love. He is not afraid to introduce from his pulpit the exponents of our faith.

Corden White, who has a national reputation as a test medium, gave satisfactory evidences of spirit return.

There are four spiritual societies in Buffalo, two of which belong to the State Association. Some of the officers from each society participated in the exercises.

On May 3 and 4, the State Association held a mass meeting at Moravia. It would no doubt have been more largely attended had not the weather been so inclement. Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, Sarah Comstock Ellis, of Auburn, and S. E. Niver, of Groton, took part in the exercises, and our President. Much credit is due the little band in Moravia who, through sunshine and shadow, have kept our white banner aloft.

I regret very much that I have no more mass meetings to report. Efforts have been made by the officers and members of the board to arrange for such meetings in various sections of the State, but it has seemed impossible. The best officers organization in the world could do nothing when people would be interested to refuse to act. We need a waking up. I receive letters complaining that we do not advertise enough for our conventions. I would suggest that, if every Spiritualist took a spiritual paper, and one in a section thought it worth their while to put the time and place of State meetings in their local papers, that the advertising problem would be solved, and no Spiritualist need be in ignorance of the coming events in our State as far as our gatherings are concerned. I would recommend that the incoming board, if possible at this convention, make arrangements with members of different sections of the State for mass meetings in September, December and March, the March

mass meeting to be in conjunction with the Anniversary exercises in whatever place the meeting should be called, and that these meetings be brought before the public in both spiritual and secular papers; also that the place and time of the next convention be thoroughly understood by doing what invitations we shall accept and being thoroughly alive to the work before us.

THE HISTORY OF SPIRITUALISM.

Our old workers who were first to listen to this thought of the nearness of the two worlds are fast disappearing from our sight and carrying with them valuable data, which should be preserved for our history. Lyman C. Howe, that veteran worker, of Fredonia, N. Y., has been appointed Historian by the National Association, and he is only waiting for the means to lay aside his itinerant work and begin collecting data for the much desired history. Do you love Spiritualism enough to help this good work?

HOMES FOR AGED AND INFIRM WORKERS.

No effort should be spared to build, in every State, a home for our "aged and infirm workers." Great amounts of money are given in other organizations and churches for a like purpose. Must our workers die in the poor house, when so many rich Spiritualists could afford to help in large amounts and the poorer ones in less amounts—thus accomplishing this object? Efforts have been made by the Veteran Spiritualist Association to build up such a home near Boston. A place has been purchased for that purpose, but a large mortgage still hangs over it, and it is idle so far as doing the work for which it was designed. While waiting to get it arranged on a good financial basis, one of our workers has died in a State retreat, and others are looking with wishful eyes from poorhouse windows.

THE MAYER FUND.

Theodore J. Mayer, Treasurer of the National Spiritualist Association, is willing, on the receipt of about three thousand dollars, to deed that valuable property to the N. S. A. Mr. Mayer made the proposition to make this valuable present of property, valued at \$15,000, if the Spiritualists would put a like amount into the treasury of the N. S. A. He is not only willing to give the property, but he has donated more toward the required fund, I believe, than anyone else, and has extended the time months longer than his first proposition, and yet there is a lack. Would that the angel world would inspire you to give what ever help you can afford!

WAITING FOR IDEAL SOCIETIES.

A wealthy lady of an eastern city called upon me and said: "I want to have a good long talk with you and have you feel I admire you; but you, of course, will not expect to see me at the Hall." "Why not?" I asked. "Why, the Hall is way up three flights and sitting down you get there, and I can go to the Hall, I can see and hear as good a spiritual sermon as can be heard at the Hall, I have in my mind an ideal society of Spiritualists that I would like to join and help support; but I could not mix with that crowd." "Have you had enough experience to know your dear ones come back?" "Indeed, I have; they come right to me, and my beautiful daughter would not have been alive to-day, if it had not been for a clairvoyant physician." You who want ideal societies, come and help create them; you may be glad to have some you look upon as far down in the scale of wealth and position teach you the inner mysteries of the "World Beautiful." I learned that that woman had never contributed one cent for the maintenance of the Cause in her own city; still, she is prominent at camps, attends classes in mental science and theosophy, and is waiting for Spiritualism to come up to her ideal—so waited they who believed in Christ's works and still persecuted him "because he ate with publicans and sinners and chose the weak and lowly for companions."

CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS.

If our belief is good for grown people, it is good for their children; yet the children of Spiritualists are in other Sunday schools, and growing away from that which they should know.

Mrs. Mattie Hull has appointed a Secretary of the National Lyceum, and they have at Buffalo one of the largest and best equipped Lyceums in the State. I would recommend that our children be taught in Lyceums and homes the spiritual manifestations contained in the Bible. If Mr. Hull's "Encyclopedia of the Bible" should be used, and two instances of the manifestations of the spirit given each Sunday—the facts brought out like a story to them, and then the last of the month have a review of the same, until the whole list of manifestations was familiar to them—they would be equipped when attacked on modern phenomena to point back to those of ancient date, and declare that the power which produced the phenomena was the same in every age. Take away the fear of death from them by showing them that death is life, draw them near in their souls to heaven, and you need not fear for their future.

ORGANIZATIONS.

The Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Patrons of Husbandry are all object-lessons to us as Spiritualists. Can we lay aside everything that is in the way and have our organization on a sound basis, spiritually and financially? If so, there will be no meetings held in third-story halls; for there will be a system that helps, and the weakest society will grow strong under the beneficent influence of a truly united people.

IN MEMORIAM.

One by one our workers, whose presence have blessed many lives, are passing away. Adeline Glading of Pennsylvania has ministered to many people of the Empire State; her bright face was wont to be seen leaving sunshine in shadowed homes, giving hope to the hopeless and help to the helpless; but now,

"Born into beauty,
Born into bloom;
Victor immortal
O'er death and the tomb."

She is engaged in the higher activities of life in a country that hath no pain.

Our esteemed brother, James R. Stone of Waverly, N. Y., has also gone to his home in the world of souls. He was one of the staunchest friends of the State Association ever had, and was a faithful member of the Board of Trustees for two years. He was on hand at our first Convention, and has been with us in spirit ever since. He has awakened from the dream of life, and is now at rest with his loved ones in the Great Beyond.

Inez Huntington Agnew, formerly of Ellington, Chautauque county, for some time a resident of Waterford, Pa., has also entered upon the new experiences of the immortal world. Over the earthly form has come the hush of a great stillness, over the spiritual form the radiance of eternal joy; she lived her religion; she loved her home; she worked for the rank and file of humanity. With her we rejoice, and with the desolate human friends we mourn.

Numbers of others have been promoted; but this we know—we cannot lose them, and "there's such a little way to go."

In conclusion, I would say I have done but little, but, under the circumstances, have done my best. Still, my best comes far short of what I hoped to do. May he or she who shall succeed me be enabled to do far better work than I have done, and let us as an organization stand by the Association; stand by the principles of our religion; stand by the purity of home and the loyalty of one man to one woman; and remember that he who builds the highest structures must reach down to the material and shape it for its niche, so he who "lifts one soul higher fashions another steppingstone toward heaven."

As a means of living conformably to nature, man must study the four chief virtues, each of which has its proper sphere: Wisdom, or the knowledge of good and evil; Justice, or the giving to every man his due; Fortitude, or the enduring of labor and pain; and Temperance, which is moderation in all things.—G. Long.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINDOL'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea &c. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Third Annual Convention of the New York State Association of Spiritualists.

was opened at 2:30 P. M., May 11, with the President, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, in the chair. Invocation by the Second Vice-President, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds. Dr. E. F. Butterfield of Syracuse made the address of welcome, to which the Secretary, H. L. Whitney of Brooklyn, responded. The chair then appointed the following: Credential Committee, H. L. Whitney, Brooklyn, Mrs. S. C. Ellis, Auburn, W. W. Sargent, Brooklyn; Committee on President's Report, H. W. Richardson, David Williams, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; Committee on Secretary's Report, S. Kishon, Syracuse, E. G. Reilly, Syracuse, Mrs. Julia M. Grant, Auburn; Committee on Treasurer's Report and Auditing, W. W. Sargent, Brooklyn, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Troy, E. G. Reilly, Syracuse. While awaiting reports of various committees an eloquent address was delivered by Mr. D. P. Dewey, President of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association. The Convention then adjourned till evening.

EVENING SESSION.

Exercises were opened by the Sunshine Quartet of Syracuse: Mrs. H. E. Cox, soprano; Mrs. L. E. Watts, contralto; Thomas Lemmon, basso; G. H. Merkle, tenor; Mrs. Cora L. Stuart, pianist, followed by an address by Hon. Jas. B. Townsend of Columbus, O., proprietor of the *Light of Truth*, Willard J. Hull, also of Columbus, O., editor of the *Light of Truth*, followed with a stirring address. Harrison D. Barrett, of Boston, Mass., editor of BANNER OF LIGHT, then rendered that beautiful poem by Father Ryan, "Song of the Mystic." Selection from C. P. Longley's book by the "Sunshine Quartet." Address by D. P. Dewey of Michigan, President of the State Spiritualist Association. Address by Mr. Moses Hull of Buffalo, followed by spirit messages by Mrs. Magie Waite of California. Closing with a song by the Sunshine Quartet, and benediction by Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds.

The second day's proceedings were opened with a duet by Mrs. Lizzie Brewer and our Secretary, after which the reports of the different committees were read and approved. Report of committee on President's report is as follows:

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

Your committee on the report of the President of the New York State Association of Spiritualists beg leave to report to the convention assembled as follows:

The reference of our President to the growing sentiment of liberality in Christian churches, and her comparisons of their confessions of faith with the teachings of Modern Spiritualism suggest lines of thought which are worthy the careful consideration of all liberal-minded people. We agree with our President, followed by appreciation expressed by the noble pen work of Mr. Moses Hull in answering the onslaughts of Rev. Dr. Talmage, and commend those answers to the consideration of all Spiritualists.

We especially commend that part of the President's report regarding the work of the New York State Association of Spiritualists in their efforts to secure petitions to the State Legislature, praying for the abolition of capital punishment. And we recommend to the convention that stress be placed upon this feature of the work of the association, and we hope each delegate will carry this matter before the societies which they represent, and see that blank petitions be prepared, and the work of securing signatures be pushed in every part of the State, to the end that this foul blot on our civilization may be wiped out.

We approve of the suggestion of our President in relation to the New York State Camp-Meeting Association, believing that from an educational standpoint much more effective work can be accomplished by the unity of effort which she suggests. Believing as we do that such cooperation will better concentrate spiritual forces and add strength to the Cause, we recommend that the incoming board so organize the work of the association, and encourage the camp-meeting associations with the State Association in some practical manner.

Like our President, we feel a deep interest in missionary work done during the past year, and express our approval of her commendations of that work, and believe it will receive the approval of our convention. We recommend to the convention that such action be taken as may ensure funds to push forward this branch of the State work for the coming year with greater vigor and larger scope than heretofore. Too much importance cannot be placed upon this branch of the work of this association.

The pen controversy of Bro. W. W. Sargent, to which our President refers so happily, is a work which is educational in character, and we believe it is the sense of this Convention and of the Spiritualists of the State that our worthy brother is doing much good in the way of what may, we think, be properly called missionary work. In thus reaching the masses through the secular press, Bro. Sargent is entitled to the commendation of this Convention. Let the good work go on.

In keeping with the suggestion of our President, we feel bound to urge upon the Association and the incoming Board of Trustees the importance of mass meetings as a feature of State Association work, as a means of arousing interest in our Cause in the cities and important towns of the State. That the successes in that direction in the past fully warrant increased efforts in this line, and we commend to our committee, we recommend that the incoming Board give careful consideration to her suggestions.

In alluding to the spiritual press, our President touches a subject of great importance. The power of the press is too well known to need any explication as to its value. But there is a neglect on the part of Spiritualists in relation to this matter, which should be remedied. We recommend that the members of this Convention resolve themselves into a Committee of the Whole, each acting as special missionary for increasing the circulation of all Spiritualist papers, the *Banner of Light*, the *Light of Truth*, the *Progressive Thinker*, the *Little Ship*, and others—to the end that this great avenue for disseminating our teachings be made more effective than heretofore. Let us all support the spiritual press.

The question of homes for aged and infirm spiritual workers should not be neglected; and the thoughts and suggestions of our President in relation thereto have the most hearty endorsement of this Committee. The little nucleus of a fund now on hand for that purpose should be increased, and we trust both workers and laymen will keep this subject ever in mind, and that bequests and contributions will be pointed in this direction whenever possible.

The Mayer fund, to which our President alludes, should awaken an interest in the mind of every Spiritualist in America. The raising of three thousand dollars remaining unsubscribed to complete that fund and place the N. S. A. in possession of a Home worth ten thousand dollars and as much more in cash must not be allowed to go by default. The great importance of the work being done by the N. S. A., and the benefits to accrue from the maintenance of the same, and the fact that the N. S. A. is a directionless spiritual lines and spiritual forces which are so helpful to the Cause, and the standing which that organization gives to our Cause among the scholars and thinkers of the country demand the cooperation of us all.

In conclusion, each delegate and each Spiritualist in attendance at this convention carry this matter home with them, and urge upon their respective societies to contribute as individuals or as societies whatever they can afford, but that they forward something to Mrs. Longley, the Secretary of the N. S. A.

Regarding the Children's Lyceum, we heartily endorse the views expressed by our President, and urge upon the Spiritualists of the State the great need of more Lyceums and the necessity of parents teaching their children the fundamental truths of Spiritualism. Truly it is good for the children who must soon take the places of the present workers. The efficient work of Mrs. Mattie Hull bears witness to the fact that great good may be accomplished by earnest souls. We especially request societies to form Lyceums wherever practical for instructing both old and young in the lessons of the higher religion of our time.

Regarding organization, our President cites the Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, etc. We know they have accomplished grand results, and we know the Spiritualists can do even better when they once realize the great necessities of organization, hence we appeal to every man and woman to unite with some spiritual organization, either with a local society that is chartered by the N. Y. S. A., or with the N. S. A., or else as an individual member of the N. Y. S. A., thus becoming a part of the organized movement and thus banding ourselves together to show to the world that we are a people.

In conclusion, your committee most heartily endorse the sentiments of our President in her reference to the sad spectacle of two strong nations striving in war to crush out the lives of two weak nations, violating every principle of justice, ignoring every sentiment of humanity, and proclaiming to the world by such actions that "Might makes right."

We recommend this subject to the consideration of the Committee on Resolutions, trusting that a resolution will be formulated and passed by this convention that will show to the world that the Spiritualists of this country place the highest value on the dollar, humanity above commercialism, and still believe in justice, liberty and equal rights.

(Signed.) H. W. RICHARDSON, DAVID WILLIAMS, TILLIE U. REYNOLDS. Committee.

The Secretary then read a communication

to the Convention from its former President, Frank Walker, which is as follows:

HAMMURG, N. Y., May 11, 1900.

To the Officers, Delegates and Members of the New York State Association of Spiritualists, the Convention assembled at Syracuse, N. Y., May 11, 1900.

I regret that it is impossible for me to meet with you this year in person, though in spirit I am with you.

I feel so much interest in the growth of our organization, and have in the past had so active a part in the deliberations of the State Association, that I had hoped until to-day that I could be with you. However, I am but one, and it will make but little difference in the attendance, though it would have been a pleasure to grasp hands with the friends who are present, and to have done what little I could to assist in the work of the hour.

I hope the interest in organization throughout the State has increased so as to cause a larger attendance than the last convention, and that the time and place is propitious for good work.

It was my intention, could I have been with you, to have made an oral report of the work of the last convention of the N. Y. S. A., to which I had the honor of being one of your delegates. At the time I am merely calling attention to one of the results of that convention.

I allude to the adoption of a Declaration of Principles, the writer having been honored with the chairmanship of the committee to which that subject was referred. While the Declaration adopted is not perfect, nevertheless it was apparently satisfactory to a large majority of the delegates present, and has met with hearty commendation from many of our brightest minds, though on the contrary some are opposed to it, yet a few in their opposition instead of calmer discussion the merits of the case, have shown that their declaration of principles is to heap vituperation and abuse upon those who were instrumental in the adoption of this one.

As the New York State Association at its first convention adopted a Declaration of Principles, over which no trouble has been experienced, it might be well, if the delegates are agreed, to recommend that action be taken by the next National Convention to hold on to some declaration, or articles of belief either in its present form, or so amended as to meet the minds of the majority, always with the end in view of having a plain, concise statement that shall give the broadest breadth of thought, and that shall bind no one into a narrowing of its ideas.

As I have not time to write of other matters, I will draw this to a close, with the prayerful hope that each and every one present will become enthusiastic for our Cause. We need an aggressive Spiritualism, a Spiritualism that is aggressive in its action, and to make it so each person interested must buckle on the armor of right doing, and resolve to help in every way possible.

May you all be generous in your financial support of the Association by giving liberally to its support, but as I was never good at urging others to contribute unless I did myself, I hereby subscribe five dollars to the support of the State Association for the ensuing year.

Again, with kindly greetings to you all, in which my sister joins me, I am most cordially and fraternally yours,

FRANK WALKER.

By a resolution adopted the Secretary was instructed to write a letter of thanks to Ex-President Walker.

Committee on Resolutions reported, and the report was adopted. It is as follows:

Whereas, Spiritualism, which is at the oldest, the newest and the most potent religion in the world, has within the century just coming to a close demonstrated that the people of this country are now advanced beyond the *effete* theological systems of a dead and buried past, and that they are ready for its living truths; and

Whereas, Spiritualism has, under very trying circumstances, gone on from conquering to conquest, thus proving itself worthy of our moral, spiritual and financial support;

Resolved, That the time has come when we as a people should take hold in a systematic and judicious way to acquaint the people of the Empire State, with the facts, the philosophy and the consolations of Spiritualism.

Resolved, That, to this end we will strive to put good, earnest, intelligent and educated missionaries in the field to instruct the people as to what Spiritualism is, to encourage the societies which already exist, and to organize new societies in towns and cities where as many as ten workers can get together.

Resolved, That as the children of to-day are to be the men and women of to-morrow, and as that which is learned in youth is not easily forgotten, Spiritualism is to encourage the societies which already exist, and to organize new societies in towns and cities where as many as ten workers can get together.

Resolved, That while we deprecate the lack of Spiritualist literature adapted to the needs of the rising generation, we rejoice that Spiritualists are waking up on that subject, and that our President, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, has just issued a book called "Lisbeth," which we recommend all Spiritualist parents to put into the hands of their children, to lead them to an understanding of Spiritualism.

Resolved, That we deem it our duty to heartily support our Lyceum journals, especially the *Lyceum*, published in Cleveland, O., and *Thought Gems*, published in Lily Dale, in our own State; and that we hereby invite Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing of Westfield, Mrs. Mattie E. Hull of Buffalo, and those who are especially adapted to that work, to resolve themselves into a committee, and give them power to select their assistants to furnish literature for the children.

Resolved, That we rejoice that the Spiritualists' Training School has been removed from Ohio to our own Lily Dale; that we will do all in our power to give the school our moral and financial support; and

to the Religious Needs of Mankind." Solo by Theodore Parker, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. Comstock-Ellis, on "Christ's Developing Circle," after which a set of resolutions by Mr. Moses Hull were presented to the Convention, and adopted; they were as follows:

Resolved, That our hearty thanks are due, and are hereby extended, 1st, to the Spiritualist press, for its advertising and notifying this Convention.
2d, to the daily papers of this city, for their kindly notices and fair reports of this Convention.
3d, to Mr. E. T. Talbot, of the Empire House, for the many favors received from him and his employees.
4th, to the Spiritualists of Syracuse for their uniform kindness and cooperation with the workers of this Convention; and last, but not least, to the officers of this Association for the efficient manner in which they have performed their numerous and arduous duties.

Musical by the Sunshine Quartet, followed by spirit messages by Mrs. Maggie Waite. Benediction, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds.

SUNDAY MORNING.

The last day of our Convention dawned cloudy and threatening, but the sun finally broke through the clouds, and smiled upon this beautiful city of our birth as a State Association. Our morning session was opened by our President with congregational singing, followed by an invocation by Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds. Song by Sunshine Quartet. Remarks by S. Rushton, the President of the Syracuse Local Spiritualist Society. Address by Mrs. Lizzie Brewer of Belmont on "My Pathway to Spiritual Knowledge." Remarks by Mrs. Maggie Waite. Song by quartet. Address by the Secretary, Herbert L. Whitney on "Cooperation." Song by quartet. Closing with benediction by Bro. Harrison D. Barrett.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Singing by Sunshine Quartet; remarks, S. A. Niver of Groton; address, W. Wines Sargent of Brooklyn; singing by quartet; address, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tying, President of the N. Y. S. A., "The Religion of Spiritualism"; remarks, H. W. Richardson; singing by Sunshine Quartet; closing with spirit messages by Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds.

SUNDAY EVENING.

The last session of our Convention was opened by the Sunshine Quartet; invocation by Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; song, G. H. Merkle, tenor; address by Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, followed by the ordination of Mrs. Elizabeth Brewer of Belmont, upon whom our State Association has just bestowed the consecration of a minister of the gospel of Spiritualism. Our President delivered the charge as follows:

ORDINATION CHARGE.

Elizabeth Brewer, you are about to receive at the hands of the New York State Association of Spiritualists a trust with whose care and keeping you shall hereafter be charged.

You are to have conferred upon you the rite of ordination to the spiritual ministry, through which you are empowered to unite persons of legal age in the bonds of matrimony, to comfort the sorrowing, to administer spiritual consolation to those who are about to take leave of earth, and to conduct the services of burial whenever called upon to do so.

Before appointing you to this high and sacred office, I desire, as the legal representative of the New York State Association of Spiritualists, to ask you a few questions:

Will you, because of your love for truth, keep sacred and inviolate the trust now to be committed to your care? (Assent.)

Will you promise, upon your honor as a woman, in the presence of God's holy angels and those witnesses in the form, to foster, protect and defend every principle of right and justice, to honor and exalt your ministry, and to glorify the cause of truth so long as you shall live? (Assent.)

Do you promise to uphold and defend the principles of true Spiritualism by demanding character, truthfulness, sobriety, industry, rectitude, probity, virtue and righteousness on the part of all to whom you may minister? (Assent.)

Will you promise to uphold this Association and the cause of organization in all good works, to the end that local societies may be strengthened, happy homes established, fraud and deception overthrown, and every form of evil practiced in the name of Spiritualism forever overcome? (Assent.)

Do you declare your belief in the principles of the New York State Association of Spiritualists, and those of the National Spiritualists' Association, and assert your positive conviction of the truths of the tenets of Spiritualism? (Assent.)

Having received your solemn promise, I, Carrie E. S. Tying, President of the New York State Association of Spiritualists, by and under the authority conferred upon me by virtue of my office, hereby ordain you to the sacred office of a minister of the religion of Spiritualism, and confer upon you all of the rights and privileges vested in a clergyman of any religious faith.

Prof. Harrison D. Barrett read a poem written by James G. Clark and favored us with an address of great beauty and power, "The Principles of Spiritualism"; song by quartet; spirit messages by Mrs. Maggie Waite; closing benediction by Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds.

And thus with fitting deliberations and exercises meet for the occasion we have passed another milestone in the history of our Association. The Annual Convention, just closed was passed without a ripple of dissension, and a spirit of love and good fellowship at all times manifested to a remarkable degree. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer showed a fair balance on the right side of the ledger, and we enter upon our duties of another year with renewed energy, still relying on that Infinite Power whose protecting arms are continually about us. Brother, sister Spiritualist of our Empire State, we need your help and sympathy; we are working for the uplifting and brotherhood of man. Come and join hands with us in this battle for right, justice and truth. HERBERT L. WHITNEY, Secretary N. Y. S. A. S., 953 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ghost Story.

In the whole record of so-called "supernatural appearances" there is not one which is more thoroughly authenticated than the following:

John Cope Sherbrooke and George Waynard were two officers in the Thirty-third Regiment, and at the time of the extraordinary occurrence here related the regiment was on service in Canada. One evening, as usual, they went into a little room adjoining Waynard's bedroom and commenced reading.

After a few minutes Capt. Sherbrooke looked up from his book and saw standing in a doorway to the room a man who was a perfect stranger to him. At a loss to account for the intrusion Capt. Sherbrooke turned to his companion to ask if the stranger was an acquaintance of his. Waynard was as pale as death, and apparently incapable of speech. Seeing this, Capt. Sherbrooke made no effort to stop the figure, which slowly crossed the apartment, and passed through a door leading to Waynard's bedroom. As soon as the man was out of sight Waynard recovered his faculties and cried out, "My brother!"

"Your brother!" repeated Sherbrooke. "What can you mean, Waynard? There must be some deception. Follow me." They then went into the bedroom, a room from which the only possible means of exit was the one door already referred to. They found the room empty.

This incident produced a profound impression among the officers of the regiment, who knew that both Sherbrooke and Waynard were sober, cool-headed men of unblemished integrity. Waynard declared that the apparition was the spirit of his brother, and expressed the conviction that his brother was dead.

When time had elapsed sufficient to allow inquiries to be made, it was discovered that he had died on the very night on which his spirit had appeared to the astonished officers in Canada.

Of the two witnesses of this strange episode one became Gen. Sir John Cope Sherbrooke, G. C. B., and the other Lieut.-Col. Waynard, of the Twenty-fourth Light Dragoons.—New York World.

Subscribers' Notice.

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BANNER OF LIGHT PUB. CO.

Children's Spiritualism.

XILIA, THE BANNER BABY.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison D. Barrett.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

What can I say to the sweet little girl? Call her a flower-bud, a song-bird, a pearl? Tell her the world is not yet at its best, Although she sees beautiful things from her nest, And life seems a gift most unspokeably blest With years likest play hours, or angel-watched rest?

Yet must I congratulate little Miss B, That she came on so late in this old century; For things are much better than ever before, Although we are looking for wonders galore, It would have been sad had her coming occurred Long ago, when the ladies were seen, and not heard.

For this little lass has a preaching papa, And a reasoning, really charming mamma; So one would predict she will surely bloom out In a woman who knows just the thing she's about. She will want the free use of her pen and her tongue; May she utter the gold-nest truths ever sung!

May her body build up like a beautiful tower, And her soul ever use it with wisdom and power; Giving trickery, treachery, envy, no place To trace their disfiguring lines on her face. There will be wrongs to right in the years yet to come, But there should be no place to sit aimless and dumb.

Years hence there will be groping souls to unchain, The cries of the helpless, the bailing of pain, The broadening of sympathy, linking all life, The quickening of justice to counteract strife, The working of each for the good of the whole, The choosing of wise ones to guide and control.

But never mind now; to the baby dream on, Too soon will the bright hours of childhood be gone; The pink feet will wander the world to and fro, Sometimes among violets, sometimes through snow; But we will just picture the good she may do As she travels along o'er the old Ever New.

Berlin Heights, O., May 10, 1900.

MAY.

Apple blossoms pink and white, Robin's nest just out of sight, Dandelion chains for baby, Flowers wherever flowers may be, Best of concerts every day, That's the charming month of May.—Selected.

Learning by Loving.

My Dear Linnie Towle: I was very happy when I saw your letter to me in THE BANNER, and I know that many little children enjoyed it very much, too. How nice it is to have a teacher who loves to help you learn and understand all about the world in which you live and the people who have lived before you. That is the kind of teachers we have over here.

I suppose some of your little friends are planning to become teachers of some kind, and I would just like to whisper to them that if they want to be loved by their pupils and want to help make them good men and women, they must first love them, and then there will be no trouble at all.

Isn't it strange what a lot of things love will do, and how happy it makes everybody feel? If you love anybody, you never think of how hard it is to help him or her, but just work away until the task is done; and so it is with animals and flowers and work and lessons.

If you had not loved kitties, you would not have wanted to spend your time over the cat which had eaten the bird. I am so glad you were kind to it, for I am sure she did not mean to do a wicked deed, but just ate it because she liked birds to eat just the same as you like chicken and turkey. Of course cats do not know the difference between pet birds and wild ones, and when they are hungry, they eat just the bird they can get easiest, whether it is in a cage or on the limb of a tree.

You see, you love cats and kittens as well as you do birds, and so you were kind and good. You have very few animals to take care of, after all, and sometimes I wish so much that you could have time to study and watch them, and I am sure you would love many that you now think you would be afraid to handle.

Ants and grasshoppers, bees and squirrels, caterpillars and toads, are a part of the Great Spirit, just the same as lambs and colts and bossy-calves and little pigs, and after you know that they will be kind to you if you are kind to them, you will like to watch them and will like them very much as you would other pets.

Many, many books are written about these living things, and before they could be written some one had to love them enough to take care of them and watch their habits and growth. You may want to teach somebody sometime about cats and kittens, and you will be better able to do so for having had a kitten of your own in your family, and so it would be about any other animal or insect; you cannot tell much about it until you have been friends with it, and you cannot be friends with it until you have gained its confidence; and you cannot do that until you have loved it and made it know that you did by your care and attention.

So you see we come back to the simple way of loving and learning because of our loving. Some of my little friends will think that they could never touch caterpillars, but if they would just try and see how they will curl up in a ball, like a little bunch of fur, and never move a bit, just as if they knew they could be crushed to death in an instant if the hand that touched them wished to do so, they would be amused and would understand that caterpillars know whether they are on the ground or in the hand of an enemy.

Don't be afraid of anything, but remember that most everything is afraid of you, and try and make them like you instead, by your kind treatment.

I have seen Baby Barrett, and she is just as cunning as can be. I wish all my little friends could see her. I am going to try and write often now. My love to you all. Write again, dear Linnie, when you can. Good bye.

From Sunbeam through her medium,

MINNIE M. SOULE.

Saturday, May 12, 1900.

An Angel of Love.

Dear Banner Children: I know that you will all want to hear about a rare and beautiful flower that was lately given into our keeping, so I will write you all about her, and then you must count her among THE BANNER children.

About four weeks ago a sweet little angel baby came to gladden our hearts. When she opened her bright eyes upon our world they shone with a holy light, and we felt the dear little one had truly come with a mission of good, and we hope the angels will ever assist her. Last Sunday she was named by the spirit guides and helpers of her mamma, who had said a week before that she wished the spirit friends would name her. It was more particularly the Indian helpers who named the little one, and the name they gave her was Leona Elizabeth Coy.

We all thank the angels of love very much, and hope that dear Sunbeam, Leona, Lotella, Winona, Rosebud, and all the other dear ones in spirit, will visit our little one with an inspiration of love and holiness, for we earnestly hope she may be noble, broad-minded and good in every sense of the word. I hope, dear children, you will all send her your loving thoughts, and may the good her parents do the same, for our thoughts often cause fair flowers to grow where otherwise but noxious weeds would exist.

The charming spring is here, and seeds are being sown, and soon all nature will be aglow with life. Dear children, do you know you are

now in the springtime of your life? Oh! be sure to sow good, choice seeds of truth and kindness, and the flowers that shall bloom all along life's pathway shall be beautiful, and make you and others very happy. My dearest love to you all every one, and sincere thanks to all who seek through this column to lead the little children into truth.

Lovingly, MARY W. JENNE.

Monson, Me., April 25, 1900.

Banner of Light and Dear Sunbeam: I have something so nice to tell you that I must write to you. I have wanted a little sister very much, and four weeks ago the sweetest little baby you ever saw came to be my sister. She is really my own, and I love her dearly. Her name is Leona; the kind spirit guides of dear mamma called her that, and I think it is a good name; but she is more beautiful than her name. I wish you could all see her.

I hope the dear Leona in spirit will come to her and help her. I shall try and be very good now, so that I shall be able to help her grow up right. Will the dear BANNER spirits please help me to be wise and good? With love to everybody from

Monson, Me.

Dear Sunbeam: I am very busy now; that is, busy for a boy, but I wanted to write you a few lines, because I love you all, and then I have a dear little baby lamb now that is added to my other pets, so I am happy every day taking care of them.

I would like to know if that dear old gentleman who once wrote me is living still in the earth-body; if so, I should like to have him write to me. We have a lyceum now every Sunday, and I like it. I have a dear little baby sister; she is just lovely. I wish every boy had one as nice. I pity the boys who have no sisters. I want to hear from Uncle Philo. Where is he? Much love to all. ELHANAN D. COY.

Monson, Me.

Reviews and Clippings.

An Appeal for Help in a Worthy Cause.

Mr. Editor:—Will you kindly permit me, through the valuable columns of THE BANNER, to urge the workers in our noble Cause to heed the call of Brother W. H. Bach, Lily Dale, N. Y., for help in preparing Lyceum lessons, in *Thought Gems*? I am sure, if we all realized fully the beautiful work that *Thought Gems* is doing, among the widely scattered in our fair land, we should not need to make this appeal; for every loyal heart would send in, at least, one lesson.

Brother Bach, Sister Mattie Hull and others, give of their time and strength freely in order that our children may learn of that which has cast a halo of light around our lives, and the angels of love appreciate their work. Will not others do as much? I well realize that in your large towns and cities, where you have flourishing societies and Lyceums in good working order, it may be you can get along without *Thought Gems*, but are not the few scattered here and there worth making an effort to enlighten.

I personally know of many Spiritualist fathers and mothers whose homes are very scanty of spiritualistic reading, who have to toil early and late for the bare necessities of life, who never know luxury, yet whose hearts are burning with a great desire to instruct their children in the truth. They live where there are no Lyceums, no spiritualistic meetings, and they are literally starving for the truth. Many seek to instruct their own children, whose knowledge of spiritual truths is meagre; and if they can have such help as *Thought Gems* has given and will still give (it receives your aid), they will be made happy and grateful, and the children that shall grow up will make the world better.

Is it not time that we, as Spiritualists, learn the grand lesson of awakening in the opening heart of childhood, a yearning for truth? If spiritual truth makes grown people happy, surely, it will lend happiness to our children. So, dear brothers and sisters, glean from your own thoughts, your own experiences, one lesson, and send it quickly to Bro. Bach, that *Thought Gems* may still visit the lowly, the ignorant, and lead the little children to the fountain of all truth, spiritual light and communion.

Yours sincerely,

Monson, Me. MARY W. JENNE.

A WORD ABOUT THE BIRDS.—It has been brought to the *Record's* attention that a horrible cruelty is being practised upon the sea gulls at Wood's Hole.

Miss Lida Eckels, of Baltimore, charges that those men who want the gulls' wings to sell as ornaments for women's hats, tear them from the live gulls and abandon the suffering birds to live or die as they may. Miss Eckels says:

"On the trip to Poonikwe we saw a horrible sight. After wandering over the stone-strewn area which marks the site of Agass's summer laboratories, long ago burned down, only the house where he lived remaining, we went over the headland alive with the tern and noisy with their clamor.

"Every dozen steps or so we came upon one of those lovely white birds flapping upon the ground, with one or both wings torn off. We picked up the poor things and gently examined them. Sometimes the place had entirely healed up, showing that other birds had fed them and kept them alive.

"When I recalled that gulls' wings are fashionable, that hats are generally trimmed high on the left side, and pointed out the significant fact that the right wing was the one oftenest torn from the bird, it made us sick. You may say what you please about sentimentalism, but not a woman who that day saw those great, lovely birds flapping, falling so pitifully, so helplessly, with the others soaring above so wise, free and strong, could ever endure the sight of a wing on her own hat."

When informed of Miss Eckels' charges, the officials of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals expressed surprise that such shocking cruelty was permitted at Wood's Hole, and said that their agents in the town of Falmouth should be at once notified, and an effort made to bring to justice these callous brutes.

"If the gulls are killed," the reporter was told, "nothing can be done, as gulls are protected only between May and August, but maiming or wilful cruelty are punishable at all times by fine or imprisonment. The maximum fine is \$250, and the offender may be imprisoned for one year."

Oh! mothers, sisters, daughters, can you read such things as these, and still persist in wearing birds and wings on your hats with a clear conscience? Are you not largely responsible for this state of things while you continue to buy and wear hats which create a demand for this style of trimming? Are there not other much prettier things with which to trim hats? A live bird is a thing of beauty; a dead bird on a hat is a positively repulsive thing, when we think of the way in which they are tortured and slaughtered to get them there. The red bird of Florida is skinned alive, that the skin may be stuffed and placed on hats. The eagles so much worn on hats are torn from the female bird during the breeding season, while she has a nest of young. The mother bird dies from the wound thus inflicted, and the young starve to death.

It is said that England exports more than twenty-five million dead birds every year, and that their skins and feathers are made into articles to adorn women. In all Europe three hundred million birds are sacrificed every year for this purpose. In Chicago one dealer receives in a single season thirty-two million humming birds and three hundred thousand other birds of different varieties, or their wings. Some people call the objection to all this mere sentiment. What do you think about it?

It is also said that the style of wearing birds on hats originated with a woman of ill-repute in London, who first wore such a hat in a dance hall. Why should a Christian woman follow such a person's example? I like to believe it is for want of knowledge of these things. This is what I have been striving for

several years to furnish, by sending pamphlets explaining these facts. Last spring, my last edition being nearly exhausted, I had hoped that the style was about to die out and give place to something else; but when fall came, and I looked into the shop windows and on the women's hats, I was very much disappointed. On Sunday night, Nov. 5, the Lord showed me in a dream that this slaughter of the sea gulls was going on, and on Thursday evening, Nov. 9, I read it in the *Record*. In my dream I did something about it which resulted in good, and when I found it was a fact I could not do less. I love the birds and all God's dumb creatures, and love to do for them. But if this wholesale slaughter continues, there will soon be none left to defend. Who will help cry down this evil? Who will say, "As for me, I will never buy another hat with a bird or wing upon it," and will try to get others to do likewise? That is the only way to stamp it out. Show this leaflet to your neighbor, and make it do as much good as possible. It would encourage me very much in this work if every woman in whose hand this may chance to fall, and who wishes to make this vow, would inform me of the fact on a postal card. In my former effort I received a letter from a milliner who declared that she would never place another bird on a hat for any person, even if she lost half her customers by such refusal. I do not say you shall not wear ostrich plumes and the like, for the life of that bird is not sacrificed thereby. If any one wishes to help in the distribution of this little leaflet, I will mail them for cost of printing and postage, fifty copies for fifteen cents, or one hundred for twenty-five cents, postpaid. I will gladly give my services free. Do not send for less than fifty copies at one time. Postage stamps may be sent for these leaflets. Address JOHN YOUNGJOHN, Gilman Square, Somerville, Mass. Boston Evening Record.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.—Most universities have laboratories nowadays, but Prof. Harris, of Cornell's department of geology, is unusual in having a travelling laboratory. It is a steam launch of the torpedo boat type, five by thirty feet in dimensions, propelled by a six-horse-power engine. It is built to hold eighteen persons who will, in it, pursue their geological investigations at any spot from Cornell to New Orleans at which the professor desires. The first trip will take his class to Lake Champlain. He has named his rapid transit laboratory the Orthoceras.

Prof. Hewett, of Cornell, has exposed another attempted hoax on the world of scholars. Simultaneous telegrams from London and Rome announced the discovery of letters which passed between King Agrippa and Christ relative to the healing of the former. These letters, it was stated, were well known immediately after Christ's day, but have been lost 1803 years. Turning to Eusebius, Prof. Hewett demonstrated at once that the "discovered" letters were the apocryphal correspondence of King Agbar of Edessa, which exists in Greek, Latin, Armenian and Syriac versions and even on a papyrus found at El Fayoum, in Egypt. It is not easy to deceive scholars in these days. They are able, as did Agassiz when asked what a prepared "bug" was, to reply at once, "A humbug."

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Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.
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Decoration Day.

The office of the Banner of Light Publishing Co. will be closed throughout the day Wednesday, May 30, in honor of Decoration Day. Our patrons will kindly take due notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

The Value of Time.

Very few people have any appreciation of the value of time. Despite the mad scramble for place and power on the part of Americans, they are far more prodigal with their golden moments than they are with their gold. It is said that almost every possible device to economize time has been put into use, yet there is a most reprehensible loss of valuable moments even in the busy whirl of daily toil. Forgetfulness is one of the main causes of this loss. Instead of having a place for everything, and everything in its place, many persons are disorderly in their business habits, and waste much precious time in correcting their own mistakes.

In office hours business men and women are frequently robbed of a large portion of their most valuable capital—Time—by their personal friends, as well as by chance acquaintances and others, who call merely to pay their respects. The waste in these cases is chargeable both to the caller and the one who receives the call. The former should have some appreciation of the fact that time is money to his host, while the latter should not hesitate to make known to his caller the fact that he is a trespasser upon a bounty that he can never restore. The loss of an hour, ay, even of a few moments, often causes not only a loss of fortune, but the sacrifice of life. If men and women are too obtuse to perceive that they are frittering away golden opportunities in the flying moments, it would be a blessing to them to give them a few gratuitous lessons upon that important subject.

Health is also undermined by the waste of time. The highway to Error's kingdom is easily found by those who have nothing to do. When hours are spent in exciting sports, the nervous system receives an injury from which serious results are sure to follow, if the cause is continued. Many people sleep too much. From five to seven hours' sleep, according to the most reliable hygienists, is all any healthy person requires. Beyond this there is danger of effeminacy and physical decadence. The hours spent in bed could be better utilized in healthful exercise, through which the mind and body could both be benefited. If each moment be occupied with some useful thought or deed, moral deterioration will not come to any man or woman. Action is life; inertia is death.

Men and women in all classes of society waste too much time in endeavoring to adorn their persons in such a manner as to attract special attention to themselves. It is the duty of every man and woman to look well, and to make the most of the talents that are theirs. But the Infinite never intended that any mortal should squander his Heaven-bestowed patrimony in idleness, nor in efforts to make himself the object of life. Hours of the most

precious time are wasted by women in making their toilets, in order that they may dazzle the eyes of their rivals in society, or that they may be admired by people with less brains than they have themselves. Any person, man or woman, who spends more than thirty minutes in toilet-making, insults his higher self and strikes the Infinite in the face. Women claim that men are in fault in this respect more than are they themselves—that they dress to please their escorts, etc. This may be true to some extent, but every true woman should endeavor, when this tendency on the part of her lover or husband is made known to her, to educate him to a higher plane of thought.

But in the vast majority of instances, this claim is not true. Men like to see women decently dressed—even attractively dressed, but they look with disdain upon the society but-terflies who have no thought other than their fine clothes and their own personal appearance. Besides this, they have an appreciation of the golden hours wasted in the ornamentation of the physical forms of these society animals for no good purpose whatever. Miss Chandler, the millionaire's daughter, who frankly told her fashionable visitor the plain truth about the time wasted in polite calls, also asserted that every respectable woman should have something useful to do, has startled society by her bold assertions of fact; yet she has set an example that can be emulated with profit by every man and woman on this continent. Let every person ask himself how much time he wastes in selfish pleasures, in idleness, and vain endeavors to keep up appearances each day, and a remedy for these evils will promptly suggest itself.

Negro Minstrels.

Society is in possession of a new fad in the form of negro minstrel entertainments. Church organizations, Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavorers, King's Daughters, and even Spiritualists have all fallen in with the prevailing spirit, and are resorting to minstrel shows as a means to replenish their treasuries. Society belles and the most aristocratic young men do not hesitate to blacken their faces and assume the characters of negro performers on the amateur stage, because it is the thing to do so. Indeed, they are ever casting their eyes abroad to find opportunities to exploit their talents in this direction before the public. The patois of the negro is taken up in ordinary conversation, while the vocal music at nearly every social gathering must consist of a medley of negro melodies that either appeal to the senses or tend to arouse the sentiment of pathos through which evil is often wrought than is generally known.

The results of this fad are even now coming to the front. In one city in an adjoining State, six fashionable young ladies, leaders in society, have fallen victims to the blandishments of a negro who was secured to train them in the divine art of singing "Darkey" songs. All are said to be enchanted by him, and now the white people are wondering why such awful things should be. They smiled at the broad suggestions contained in many of the songs, and even wept over the pathetic expressions in some of them. The psychological impress was only followed to its legitimate sequence. This minstrel fad turns the heads of children, as well as of adults, and causes them to lose all interest in their books, in the legitimate drama and opera. They listened with delighted ears to the storms of applause that a nicely imitated negro dance or song always evokes, and they long to share the *ecclit* of the same. Such an influence cannot be other than demoralizing, and every thinking man and woman should speak out boldly against it.

The white people of all sections of our nation hold up their hands in horror when they hear the story of an outrage upon a white woman by a negro. They lash themselves into fury, and frequently resort to lynch law to punish the offender. At the same time, many of these very people smile approvingly upon minstrel shows and even volunteer to take part in them, notwithstanding the fact that they thereby sow the seed that brings forth a lustful harvest on the part of the negro. These shows generate a psychic atmosphere to which the negro is susceptible, and he takes the step prepared for him by those who seek to imitate him in his supposed natural state. The negro as an individual is not under discussion in this instance; we use the term inclusively, and refer to the race as a whole—not to any one person. There is an inseparable barrier between the Caucasian and African races. Sentiment cannot overthrow it, nor can mistaken philanthropy tear it down. The negro is entitled to humane treatment, and the white race should see to it that his mind is not filled with notions not his own, through attempts to make white black in the realm of social amusement. When white people assume the negro character, even for amusement, they, unconsciously to themselves, lead the negro to believe that they have placed themselves upon his level. The negro must follow the law of evolution, even as have and do all other races and peoples. Amalgamation only means moral deterioration for the races it involves. Therefore each race must work out its own destiny, and not attempt to assume the virtues or the vices of any other race. The minstrel show is a lowering of the dignity on the part of the whites, and is one of the influences that leads the average negro to commit his outrages upon respectable women. It will be said that these minstrel entertainments are only passing society fads, and that the social ship will right itself as soon as the breeze is over. This may be true; yet their psychic influence is left, and the minds of those taking part in them, are not at once relieved of the incubus. Their effects can be traced in the language used in ordinary conversations, in the prevalence of slang, and in the catch phrases borrowed from darkeydom. In view of the foregoing facts, we cannot but deprecate the minstrel shows of to-day as an offense against the morality of old and young. It should be frowned upon by all lovers of social purity, and especially by all who believe in the sanctity of the home. This evil is now in our midst, and should be eradicated. Spiritualists, are you ready to do your part in this much needed work of reform?

Gone Home.

Mrs. H. J. Curtis of Bolivar, N. Y., and Mrs. Sarah Porter of Buffalo, in the same State, have both entered the higher life during the past winter. Both of these ladies were well known at Lily Dale, where they were regular visitors each succeeding season. Mrs. Porter's daughter, Mrs. Lou Porter-Moore, is one of the leading workers in the National Young People's Spiritualist Union. These ladies will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

Capital Punishment.

By a vote of eighty-four to eighty-six, the Massachusetts House of Representatives has refused to abolish capital punishment in this Commonwealth. The debate upon the question was long and spirited, while the close vote proves that the humanitarian party made its influence felt on Capitol Hill. The friends of civilization, spirituality and progress have reason to feel encouraged at the result, even in defeat. They made an honorable contest and conducted a campaign of education for the people of this State from first to last. Some of the members of the House dodged the issue by absenting themselves when the final vote was taken, while others were "paired," and a few did not report at all. Had those in favor of abolishing this relic of barbarism—particularly the Spiritualists—urged their representatives to voice their wishes in this matter, the result might have been different. Some of them felt that their spirit friends would attend to this important case for them, hence made no effort to secure the wished-for result.

A good beginning has been made, however, and the battle for civilization will be continued another year. All friends of right and justice, every lover of truth, and all who claim to be humanitarians, should make an earnest effort from this time forth to secure a different result next year. Capital punishment is a relic of barbarism, and must be removed from humanity's midst ere a true civilization can come to earth. The people of Massachusetts should be the leaders in the work of establishing this new civilization; therefore they should never rest until the blot of murder is removed from the escutcheon of their State. With capital punishment as a law of the State, every citizen is indirectly responsible for the death of a criminal upon the scaffold. In fine, no civilized State ever acts as a hangman, or provides an office for an executioner of its citizens. As a matter of right, of expediency, of financial saving, of humanitarian principle, capital punishment must be abolished forever. Spiritualists of the world, we invite you to join us in a crusade against legal murder from this time forth, until the light of civilization shines into every home on the face of the globe.

The Curfew Craze.

In hundreds of American cities and towns efforts have been made, within the past few years, to reestablish the old curfew law under which all children under sixteen years of age are compelled to be indoors after nine o'clock at night. No one denies that home is the best place for all persons after that hour, and it was not necessary to resurrect a twelfth century blue-law to impress the fact upon the minds of the people. The child reflects his elders as a mirror reflects light, hence the child is what his parents make him. If orphaned in infancy, the State offers the little one protection, and he is given the training he most needs. The home is the centre from which the stream of influence for good or evil flows. It therefore behooves the State to lay the foundation for good homes in every community before it attempts to regulate the effects of violated natural law through the establishment of bad ones.

The curfew is at its best a nuisance—a relic of medieval barbarism—a product of a civilization that gave one man a right to compel another man to do as he wished. This is slavery—the tyranny of despotism—and has no place in the ethics of a free people. The curfew law makes criminals of parties who could and would otherwise become good citizens and trustworthy persons. Let a young boy once be arrested, and he is given a bad name thereby. He is under suspicion, and it is not long before he takes a step in the wrong direction. There is no misdemeanor that is committed by a child under sixteen that cannot be corrected by parental or guardianship authority. There is enough wrongdoing in society to-day, through the ignorance of the people of prenatal culture, spiritual training, etc., and the State should not add to it by making outlaws of young children.

The advocates of the curfew virtually admit that they are incapable of managing their own children. When put to the test they would say, "Oh, no; we can take care of our children; the curfew is for the children of those parents who do not do as we do." But who shall decide upon the question of right when the end is reached? Is a boy or girl who is sent out upon some errand of mercy, or some mission of pleasure, to be made an outlaw because a tyrannical majority says that such must not be done? Every thinking person has to admit that jails and prisons, in many cases, are schools in which old offenders teach the newcomers the fine points in criminal procedure. The curfew is a step in the direction of giving the rising generations free instructions in all kinds of criminal practice. Its spirit is contrary to that of progress, and in opposition to the higher civilization of the present age. As such it is out of place in the nineteenth century, and should be returned to the tomb of the Middle Ages, where it should be left to sleep the sleep of eternal oblivion. The curfew must not be established in free America.

About Birds.

On another page, we publish an extract from the Boston Evening Record, upon the subject of birds. It seems that the crime stained Me-loch, Fashion, has decreed that millions of innocent birds must be sacrificed annually to gratify the despot's fancy. If the birds were humanely killed, there would be less cause for complaint, but, inasmuch as they are generally tortured to death, it becomes a matter of grave import to every man, woman and child having a conscience. The wings of the sea gulls are torn from the living birds, who, despoiled of their means of propulsion, are left to die of the horrible wound or by starvation, as the case may be. Many of the gulls have been found with the right wing gone, showing that the demand for a wing upon the left side of the hat, caused the right wing to be in greater demand than the left.

No one, who has a heart, can read of the torture and destruction of the birds without being stirred by a feeling of righteous indignation. Red birds are skinned alive that their feathers may adorn the costumes of heartless women. The story of the sigrettes is familiar to all—the mother bird is ruthlessly plundered during the brooding season, and dies from her wounds, while her young are left to starve to death. Add to these horrible practices the murder of millions of the feathered songsters, and the wanton destruction of their nests, and our readers will find themselves asking the question if there really is such a thing as civilization among the nations of the earth. A man or woman who would torture a bird would not hesitate to treat a human being in the

same manner if an opportunity to do so unde- tected, presented itself. Any woman who com- placently wears a sea gull's wing or an egrette, or a red bird as an ornament upon her person, after she has learned the method by which they were obtained, should be shunned by all self-respecting people as unworthy to mingle in decent society.

It is not enough to say, "Too bad! Such things ought not to be!" There is work to be done in behalf of the defenceless songsters and other feathered tribes of land and sea. Extermination is in sight for many varieties of birds unless something is done to protect them from their heartless murderers. The first step in this reform work should be taken by women. Every woman with a spark of humanity in her soul, should refuse to purchase a hat or any other article for wear, ornamented with the wing or body of a bird. Every milliner or clothier offering the same for sale, should be heavily fined or imprisoned for so doing. The birds protect the crops of the farmers, and often prove the best conservators of the health of the people. They add immeasurably to the enjoyment of humanity by their songs, their habits and their many interesting characteristics. Every honest man owes it to himself—to his higher soul self, to protest against the senseless fashion of bird ornamentation on the part of his wife, mother, sister or sweetheart. Spiritualists of the world, you who believe, or profess to believe, in love, spirituality and purity of purpose, it behooves you to take the lead in this work of reform. What are you doing in this direction? Are you aping the fash- ions of the day, or are you doing your whole duty as humanitarians, as lovers of right, by boldly condemning the destruction of the birds?

Entered Into Rest.

Upon our first page we present an excellent likeness of Mrs. Mary E. Whittemore, wife of the philanthropic President of Onset Bay Camp-Meeting Association, J. Q. A. Whittemore, with a brief memorial sketch from the pen of one who knew of her noble, unselfish life. She was an invalid for some years prior to her translation, yet she was ever considerate of the needs of others, and bravely conquered her own pain to minister to her friends. She lived the life of the soul, and passed fearlessly through the valley of the shadow to the rest she had so fully earned. Earth is the better for her having lived, while spirit-life is richer because of her entrance there. Our deepest sympathy goes out to the stricken husband and family.

Literary Notes.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is about fifty years old. It is wider and wider, and narrows less and less to a sect or an ism. Readers of this paper catch many modern thoughts.—*Marion (N. Y.) Enterprise*.

We appreciate these kind words from the *Enterprise*, and hereby extend our sincere thanks for the same. Every number of that progressive journal that comes to our table contains many nuggets of wisdom, which fact is ample evidence that its editor is thoroughly conversant with the most advanced spiritual thought of the ages.

The Lyceum Banner

for May reproduces Henry H. Warner's excel- lent dissertation upon the subject "An Analy- sis of Life," recently published in our col- umns. The genial editor of the L. B. also hon- ors this journal by republishing an editorial bearing the suggestive title, "Legitimate Medi- umship." The *Lyceum Banner* and its con- jutor, the *Spiritual Review*, are valuable ad- juncts in the literature of Spiritualism, and are always welcome guests at our editorial table. With such true and tried workers as J. J. and Miss Florence Morse at their heads, it is not strange that these papers possess such high intrinsic merit, nor do we wonder at their popularity among Spiritualists. We wish both journals and their able editors a full measure of success and ever-increasing pros- perity.

"Death Defeated."

We have called our readers' attention to this excellent work by Dr. J. M. Peebles several times of late, but the value of the book is sufficient to warrant such action. It should be in every home, as it deals with questions in which all progressive people are deeply interested. It is for sale at this office, as are all of the works by the gifted author. Send in your orders.

Milwaukee Mass Meeting Cancelled.

After THE BANNER went to press last week, we learned that the Mass Meeting to be held in Milwaukee, May 29, 30, 31, had been cancelled for good and sufficient reasons. The managers were unable to secure the talent desired, and the hall could not be held beyond a certain date for the meeting in question, as it was desired by other parties. It is to be hoped that a grand meeting may be held in Milwau- kee in the near future.

Are You Sick?

If so, read the words of Charles E. LeGrand on our fifth page, employ him at once, and get well.

At a recent meeting of the Ministers' Club, in Boston, the subject of discussion was Rev. Minot J. Savage's latest work, "Life Beyond Death." A thoughtful visitor was struck by the vague and even hazy notions the clergymen entertained concerning the here- after. Some of them even doubted a future state of existence, while others plainly showed that they had no idea whatever of an after life. The majority of them pronounced Dr. Savage's views "decidedly unsatisfactory," and therefore of very little value to the world. One clergy- man said substantially this: "Dr. Savage dis- claims being a Spiritualist; he might as well disclaim being a Christian!" Comment is un- necessary.

We learn from our esteemed contem- porary, *The Light of Truth*, that our good friend, Dr. Jacob Swanson, of Minneapolis, Minn., celebrated his seventieth birthday April 24. About seventy of his personal friends gathered at his home, where a most enjoyable evening was spent by all. We extend our hearty con- gratulations to our good friend, Dr. Swanson, and wish him many happy returns of the day.

Bro. Jerome H. Fort has our sincere thanks for his kindly words of appreciation of the BANNER OF LIGHT in a recent letter to its editor. Bro. Fort notes with approval THE BANNER'S determination to be abreast with the times, and wishes it "Godspeed" in its work.

Our readers in Vermont should not for- get the semi annual Convention of their State Spiritualist Association, notice of which ap- pears in another column of this paper. An in- teresting program has been prepared, and no pains will be spared to make the Convention one of the most successful gatherings ever con- vened in the name of Spiritualism in the State of Vermont.

We are under obligations to our good friend, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader of Philadel- phia for a handsomely illustrated circular of one of New Jersey's famous health resorts. We trust that our friend may be enabled to re- tain her old time vigor during her sojourn there, and be blessed henceforth with health and strength that will enable her to continue her labors for the "Good Cause."

The Bible says, "If a man thinketh him- self something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." Self-deception is more than a blun- der—it is criminal carelessness; therefore every Spiritualist should prove himself spiritual in thought, word and deed before he claims to be such in public, lest he deceives others as well as himself.

Millions of men have given up their earth lives through fear of some slight ailment that has attacked them. Even as fear is the mother of physical decay, so is it the mother of spiritual death.

The revised edition of "Our Bible and Higher Criticism," by Moses Hull, has been re- ceived at this office, and an extended review will appear in a later issue of THE BANNER.

Our readers should not forget that Miss Ella Robbins, 52 West Elm street, Brookton, Mass., is open for musical engagements for so- cial gatherings and camp-meetings.

If the officers of camps will send in no- tices of their meetings for the coming season, they will be inserted in THE BANNER free of charge.

See advertisement of Mrs. May Fisher on fifth page, and write her for particulars.

From the Boston Traveler, May 16, 1890.

Jesuit Orders to Filipinos.

Alleged Commands to Work Contrary to Americans.

(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)

MANILA, April 15.—The most sensational of the events of the past week has been the gen- eral distribution by the Jesuits of a pamphlet in which is set forth the "Truth which Chris- tians Must Observe."

Among the things most strongly condemned by the Jesuits in this pamphlet are religious tolerance and recognition of civil marriage. Consequently this act of the Jesuits is consid- ered by many to be an attack upon the Ameri- can administration. The pamphlet in question says:

"1. The commands of the church must be obeyed in the same manner as the law of God."

"2. You must subject your own judgment to that of the church and think exactly as the church thinks, for the church cannot be over- come."

"3. You must reject and condemn the Masonic sect, so frequently rejected and condemned by the supreme pontiffs."

"4. You must also reject and condemn lib- erty of worship, liberty of the press, liberty of thought and the other liberties of perdition condemned and rejected by the church."

"5. You must also reject and condemn lib- erty and also modern progress and civilization as being false progress and false civilization."

"6. You must utterly abominate civil mar- riage and regard it as pure concubinage."

"7. You must also condemn and reject the in- terference of the civil authorities in any ecole- astical affairs, so much in vogue nowadays."

"8. Finally, you must hold the belief that the church by its origin has a divine and supernatural authority, and is, moreover, superior to the civil authority. And reject and condemn the doctrine that the church is independent or ought to separate itself from the state. Children must be brought up in the above views, condemning whatever the church condemns. And children must be edu- cated solely in Catholic schools by genuinely Catholic teachers, and not on any account in unsectarian schools, which are strictly for- bidden by the church."

This is progress. This pamphlet was issued without duly ex- pressing church authority and until the organ of the Roman Catholic church in Manila, a Spanish newspaper called the *Liberator*, ad- mitted the fact that the Jesuits had published the pamphlet, considerable doubt was enter- tained as to its authority.

Worlds.

There are outside, slower vibrating physical worlds; there are inside, more rapidly vibrat- ing, spiritual worlds. The inside world moves the outside and gives it its expression.

Every individual has his own world; it is evolved, largely, by the individual's own will and thought-life.

Individual worlds are as numerous as the physical worlds of the universe. Every infant born into the physical world has a distinct world of its own. Every infant has the child, youth, manhood and angel world, in embryo. The child-world and man-world are as different as the world in the body and the world out of it. No farther off is the inside world out of the decaying physical, than is the child from the infant, or the man from the child, or the angel from the man.

Mansions are now and here. Peace, harmony and heaven are now, and always will be, just as far from the individual as the individual is from them. The gate from one mansion to another is ever open. Individuals can go into the higher mansions as they are fitted and formed to go in.

Eternity is now, and every individual con- scious life is in it. Consciousness is ever evolved into eternity. The deeper, broader consciousness comes as existence in one world dies and existence into another is born.

The outside world ever dies, the inside world ever lives. Formation and deformation are perpetual and eternal. The Infinite can never be nearer to you than now, but the power is in you to get nearer to it. Get there and all the good of existence will come to you. Getting near the processes of the Infinite is to evolve sources of permanent peace and capacities which ever sense a heartfelt joy. Build your own world!—*Marion Enterprise*.

Closed with Honors.

I wish to say that the Helping Hand Society met as usual. This was the closing day for the season, but, after the President read her report, and the recommendation presented by her had been talked over, it was moved and carried to adopt the recommendation, and our society is no more.

This act was not done on account of finances, nor because there are a lot of willing hands to take up the work another year, but simply because it seemed for the best interest of Berkeley Hall, which was the object of the Helping Hand Society.

We have given to the Treasurer of Berkeley Hall, Mr. Libby, the sum of \$35.20, also all our paraphernalia—dishes, silver, table linen, trunk, etc., valued at \$25. We have donated our hall Memorial night to the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, the hall rent being paid, and take it all together, the members feel they have closed with honor.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

To the Officers and Members of the Helping Hand Society: I believe it has never been so tony (at any rate since I have been a member) for the President to make a report, but I thought perhaps to-day it would be well to look back over the years I have served you in that capacity.

Many of you are aware I am not one of the early members of this society; I believe the society was in its fourth year when Mrs. Abby Woods and Mrs. Webster invited me to join. Mrs. C. P. Pratt was the President at the time, Mrs. F. J. Piper the Vice President. There was no regular Secretary when Mrs. Woods and Mrs. Webster urged me to join so as to take this office. "Mrs. Piper," they said, "had too much work upon her hands, the President was away in Europe, there was no one to take charge of the supper room, and the Vice President had to attend to these duties, and when no one else was present would fill the office of Secretary also." This was certainly too much for any one person to attend to.

I demurred at first, but finally was over-persuaded and I became a member. I learned after becoming a member that this society up to this time had been a flourishing one, and had turned considerable money into the Berkeley Hall treasury, but for some reason or other, there were not members enough who were willing to fill the offices. Mrs. Lilly had left the city—she had been a most active worker—several of the married men who had stood behind the earlier officers had either passed away or left the city. Mrs. Pratt was elected President the next year, but her health again failed her and she was once more obliged to go away to the South, and once more the Vice President had to attend to the duties of the office and take charge of the supper room. She was faithful to her trust during that year, but at the next election she felt as though she was unable to attend to the work for another year, and therefore declined to serve in the capacity of President this time.

Mrs. Lucette Webster urged me to take the office. I did so, and I wish to say that I have worked earnestly and sincerely for the society ever since.

Many of the friends who were in the habit of assisting us during the first year of my administration met with financial losses and were unable to continue their aid for the support of the society. Another thing that we had to contend with was the difference with the Board of Management of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, which kept that body away from us. No one was to blame for it, as all parties felt that they were standing for a principle, were honest to themselves and could not retract. Of course this was a loss of five dollars a month to us. The trustees of the hall felt they were not receiving enough rent, and added fifty dollars more a season to the rent. These things all count; if we had had ninety cents dollars that I mention, we could have paid it into the Boston Spiritualists' Temple.

I state these facts because it is constantly being said that in the past so much had been done for Berkeley. They forget that such men as Mr. Boyce, Mr. Marcy, Mr. Edson, Mr. Mayo, who used to give so liberally, have passed to the Great Beyond. It is true that a wave of depression invariably follows a wave of success, and for the past few years the officers of the present time have had to buffet against this wave. Last year every one knows that all societies had a very hard time to live, and I am in a position to know that many societies had to close their doors for want of support. We managed to live, although at one time some of our members were determined that we should die; but there is generally some one to the rescue. We found such a one in our good sister, Mrs. Tilton; she presented us with ten dollars; this does not seem a large amount, but this sum given on March 30, 1899, was the turning point with us for that year, and it gave such new courage to a few of the earnest workers that our society kept open, and closed at the end of the season, out of debt.

Again Mrs. Tilton suggested that during the summer the members put away one cent a day and give it to her for the society, so when we opened we would have something in the treasury. Most of the members promised to do this; some did, more did not, because our sisters should have received from those who had promised some fifty dollars; but instead she received something like eighteen dollars; nevertheless it was a nest egg, and through the help of a few members the society has flourished, and been able to meet all its obligations, and to pay ten dollars to the Berkeley Hall Society.

I have, as President, endeavored to do what was right. I know I have differed in opinion with many, but I have also carefully considered matters pertaining to the society. I have spent many a night planning work for the best interest of the society. I feel within myself I have been faithful to the trust. And now in closing my report, I would earnestly recommend that we disband our society to-day. Undoubtedly the Berkeley Hall Society will form its own immediate social society next year, for Mr. Wiggin, in his contract for another year for Berkeley Hall, has said: "I think it would be greatly to the advantage of the Boston Spiritual Temple (without reference to its present adjunct, the Helping Hand Society), to institute a weekly evening meeting directly under its own auspices." Rather than have any conflict between the societies, I suggest we disband.

I wish to personally thank all the ladies who have stood by me as President the last three terms; also, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, for her valuable assistance; to all lecturers and mediums (especially Mrs. Minnie M. Soule for benefits), who have assisted me in making our society a success. With best wishes for all, I stand, Yours for the Truth, CARRIE L. HATCH, Pres.

The Vermont State Spiritualist Convention

will be held at Morrisville, Vt., June 15, 16, 17, in the Universalist Church. The State speakers are expected to be present and do all they can toward making the Convention a success. The managers have also engaged Mr. F. A. Wiggin, of Boston, who is well and favorably known here. The announcement of his name is sufficient to guarantee a good Convention. Every Spiritualist in this part of the State should be present. The public cordially invited regardless of religious belief. JAMES CROSSBERRY, Sec'y.

After a Day's Hard Work

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It is a grateful tonic, relieving fatigue and depression so common in mid-summer.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Prof. J. Madison Allen is at present engaged at Newbury, Mass., and other points in the extreme southwest corner of the State adjacent to the Indian Territory. Expects to visit the Territory on a special mission before returning to his regular charge at Springfield, Mo., where Mrs. Allen is keeping up the work. Address them for summer engagements, or later, East or West, 1129 Campbell street, Springfield, Mo.

The Status of Spiritualism—J. B. Townsend—Camp Meetings, Etc.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

For some unknown reason the last BANNER has not reached me. Do me the favor of forwarding it promptly, as I cannot get along without its enriching, uplifting pabulum.

And will you permit me, through your columns, to chat for a few moments with your subscribers throughout the land, some of which, like the writer, have in a measure despaired of Spiritualists continuing to voice the demonstrations and purposes of the angel-world. The indifference, discord, dissolution and decay on every hand have no doubt filled the minds of your readers, as they have the writers, with temporary despair; and yet the truth never lies.

In the midst of this scene the BANNER OF LIGHT holds a beacon light of energy, enthusiasm, harmony and brotherly love. I refer to the noble and grand sketch contained in its last issue of your colleague and co-worker, Hon. J. B. Townsend of Lima, O., owner of the *Light of Truth*. Should this spirit be emulated by all Spiritualists, we would as a body soon rise to a spiritual plane of harmony and concerted effort. THE BANNER surely sees that now is the time to inaugurate a new era among our people.

A recent editorial in the *Light of Truth*, written by Mr. Townsend, and being very characteristic of him, I have taken the liberty to incorporate in this letter, as it will give the readers of THE BANNER another view of Mr. Townsend which I feel Bro. Barrett has felt and admired.

Now, fellow-workers, while the editors of the great papers are pledging their faith to harmony, let us enlist and make this a great army under their guidance.

"The *Light of Truth*, in its effort to create a world of usefulness, must at the same time evolve a firmament. Remember, dear reader, that we seek to make as a central orb in that firmament character building. In the six days of our labor every act must be accompanied by aspiration and prayer; therefore we link as a cardinal feature of our policy, character building and prayer. We assert the immortal part can neither grow nor attain its liberty without exercising the soul in prayer. While the man of the world succeeds by developing cunning, the athlete in the exercise of his muscles, the spiritual man, to grow, must develop the muscles of the soul in its only natural exercise—that of prayer. Prayer, therefore, is scientific. Once strong in its daily use, man may on his pinions draw near the highest and most exalted company. Aid us therefore to successfully people this *Light of Truth* world with these ethies."

Most cordially do I endorse the above burning and inspiring words, and every Spiritualist in the country should ponder them well.

Personally, though overwhelmed with medical business, I never had so many urgent calls for spiritual lectures and funerals as at present. I am engaged at four Camp Meetings here in Michigan, to the one at Freeville, between Cortland and Ithaca, to the Maple Dell Camp, Mantua, Ohio, to the Lily Dale Camp, and have been invited to attend to the Sunapee Camp, N. H., and five other camp gatherings. It is impossible! I am to attend the Ohio State Convention of Spiritualists the 23d and 24th of this month in Columbus, and the 16th and 17th of June I am engaged to the Annual Anniversary Meeting in Sargis, Mich. I heartily wish that the Editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT could be present again this year, as he was two years ago.

Over forty years ago I delivered the dedicatory address at the opening of this fine brick church edifice, and well do I remember some of the masterly minds present, Joel Tiffany, Judge Coffinberry, Frank L. Wadsworth, Selton J. Finney and Giles B. Stebbins. All of these were faithful workers and all passed up to the higher land of immortality, except the latter, and he, though advanced in years, is yet a moral and spiritual tower of strength. Battle Creek, Mich.

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.

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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.

A Word from Humboldt, Neb.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have been a constant reader of THE BANNER for several months, beginning as a trial subscriber. I would not care to miss its visits. I do not keep it "lying on the centre-table," as suggested in THE BANNER, for the reason that I loan it, and I believe I shall be able to secure some new subscribers among those who have been reading my papers.

There seems to be quite an interest along that line in our city, caused in part, I believe, by one of our ministers (Presbyterian) preaching a series of sermons on "Spiritualism" and "Psychic Research." It was evident from his discourse that he had lately read "The Hidden Book on 'Psychic Phenomena'." He admitted that "Spiritualism," or "Spiritism," (as he said was the proper term), had proved beyond a doubt the immortality of the soul. From late reports I think the brother has fallen into the trap that he was trying to keep his parishioners out of. I am going to try and induce him to read Moses Hall's answer to Talmage. The pastor of my own church has promised to read it also.

There, now, I've done it! But my name is to be taken off at the next board meeting. My Spiritualism is all theory so far; have never had the privilege of sitting in a circle; but I feel that when it does come, my studies and readings will enable me to appreciate and understand the how and why, should I be favored with any message from loved ones gone on. I should like to be one of those Spiritualists who simply delight in "furniture gymnastics," as the reverend brother termed them, and it is to be regretted that there are those who are contented with such. I do not see how they can honestly call themselves real Spiritualists.

We have been promised a visit from a medium from Lincoln, Neb., in a few weeks, and my hopes are great, not for myself alone, but for the good it may do the Cause. I trust we may be able to perfect an organization, for I feel we can accomplish nothing without it.

I have written more than I expected to when I sat down, but I felt that if some of the workers in the Cause knew of the little band of seekers at Humboldt, they would send us earnest thoughts, and we would feel that we did not stand alone. Mrs. EDNA COOPER.

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Battle Creek, Mich.

May 19



J. M. PEEBLES, A.M., M.D., PH.D.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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SPIRIT Message Department.

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

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

These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Séance held May 3, 1900, S. E. 53.

Invocation.

Oh! Spirit of Life and Truth and Peace, in the sunshine of thy presence we would rest and find new strength and aspiration after truth. May we be guarded and guided aright. Whatever may come to us of joy, of sorrow, of gain or loss, may we look beyond the tears, the sorrow or the joy, and gain the lesson and find the service of it. Amen.

MESSAGES.

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

Charles P. Burbank.

The first spirit that comes to me this afternoon is a gentleman. He is about six feet tall. He is rather slim, has dark eyes and gray hair. He has rather heavy brows and a straight nose, and is a little bit inclined to be cross, as though he speaks impatiently. I think it is more his great desire to get to his own, and it presses in on him so that he feels a little restrained and expresses it that way. He says: "Do be so good as to hurry and speak for me. I feel such an anxiety to get to my wife. Her name is Mary Burbank. She lives in Milford, Mass. My name is Charles P. Burbank and such a time as I have had getting here! None of my people believe in this, and yet they are reaching out to see if it may not be true, and I thought if I came to day possibly the avenue would be opened for me, and the time would come when I could come as some other people do, and give the message of love and wisdom as it is given to me from this side. My father is with me, and he says to tell Mary that he remembers how good she was to him, how she did everything that he even an own daughter could have done, and he thanks her indeed for it all."

Joel Chandler.

Here is a real old man with long white hair. He wears glasses, and is stooped a little. He has a gray beard all around his face. He has a nice kind way. He says to me: "Well, little one, do you think you could speak for me? My name is Joel Chandler. They used to call me Uncle Joel Chandler. I came from Glens Falls, N. Y. I was a familiar figure on the streets. I used to take a great interest in the people, especially the children, and if I could walk back to-day it would be to put my hand on their heads, and tell them to be as joyous and as happy as the birds are. I sometimes do come back to the old conditions, and look about the old place, and there is a certain degree of fondness that I have for it. Somehow, we spirits, however much we may progress, or however far we may wander from our old conditions, at times have the twanging at our heart strings to get back to the old place, and see how it looks. Most of my friends are over here with me, but I thought I would like to send a word to Susan Chandler. She will understand."

Harry Fiske.

Now here comes a boy about ten years old. He has black eyes, a round chubby face, and dark hair. He whistles, whistles with his mouth all puckered up, and then stops and laughs. He says: "I only want to do this to show that I am just about the same as when I was here—grown some, but yet trying to make music with my lips. My name is Harry Fiske. I had a mother, and her name was Emma Fiske. She is alive, and realizes that I am in the spirit, and can come to her, but somehow other cares and duties have stopped her getting communications from me, and I want to say that I would like her to try again. It would help me very much to be able to speak to her now and then. I have brothers and sisters, and I would like to reach them too, because I think I could help them in their school sometimes. When they are striving to be good if they only knew I was there, and understood how hard they tried, I think they would have more courage." The place is Georgetown, N. Y.

Sarah Atkins.

Here comes a lady. Her hair is crimped down the front. It is quite dark; I think they were natural curls. She has rather a long face. It is not very fat. She has dark blue eyes and dark brows. She has a way of putting her hands down over her head, as though very particular with herself. Her hands are thin, and look lady-like and gentle. When she speaks to me she says: "My name is Sarah Atkins." She is a maiden lady. She is very particular, afraid she will not look just the way she ought to. She is dressed in black, and wears some white around her neck, because that softens the complexion a little. She says: "Those who knew me best know that I would always wear something white around my neck." She came from Troy, N. Y. She was a teacher there. She says: "I taught in public schools; I was well thought of, because I was perfectly honest and sincere. I did not know anything about this religion, but I am glad to say that it is quite a comfort to me now to know that I am still existing."

Ira Bartlett.

A man comes here now and gives me the name of Ira Bartlett. He is a big, good-natured man. He comes from Shelbourne Falls, Vt. He is a big, farmer-looking man. He has heavy hair, that he runs his fingers through until it stands straight up in the air, and makes him look several inches taller. He does not

care a cent how his clothes look so long as he is comfortable and can get along all right. He says the reason he does not care is because he could have better clothes if he wanted them. It is only a question of taste. He has not the taste for them, so is perfectly satisfied with them as they are. He says: "I have a man with me. His name is Robert Stanley. He is a mighty good fellow, and he was more anxious to come than I was; so I brought him along, thinking it would do him good. His wife is up in our town; her name is Lucy. He said if he could get word to his Lucy it would mean more to him than ten years of uninterrupted peace. So I took him under my wing, and brought him along to-day, and told him to follow the lead and he would be all right. So here he is safe and sound with a message taken down in shorthand, that somebody will get and read and be made happy by."

Dan Maguire.

Dan Maguire from Providence, R. I., comes now. He coughs dreadfully all the time, and every time he coughs he gets mad. He says: "I spent more money on that cough than you have any idea of, and nothing in the world did it any good. Finally I stopped, and when I stopped I came over here. I want to get to Lizzie. She is bothered to death. The reason I want to come is to tell her she need not try so hard to do for everybody in the family. Let some of them take care of themselves. Ever since I came over here she has done nothing but scrub and dig for them, thinking she must do it for my sake. I say, don't do it any more. She will be getting old by-and-by, and will not be able to do so much, and then she will not have anything to take care of herself with. She will know that I would say this to her, were I here."

Frank G. Carpenter.

There comes a spirit now, who says he is Frank G. Carpenter. He is a tall, rather thin man, and very light. His skin is fair and his hair curls. His eyes are blue, and he has quite a reddish moustache. He has a quiet, unassuming way as he comes up to me. He says with a long sigh: "Oh! I do not know how to thank you in the first place for making this opportunity for me, and yet it is not for myself that I am grateful, but for the people to whom I would come. I want to get to Orange, Mass. My people all lived there. I was in a store, and I stayed indoors so much that I think I lost my strength. An outdoor life would have been better for me. I have some one there by the name of Alice. She, with tear-dimmed eyes, looks and longs for my coming. I am unable to respond to her inquiry after me except in this way. She is in church conditions, and you know they do not sanction this sort of thing much in churches. They believe it in a general sort of a way, but when it comes to the individual, they shut the door and somehow think they are not to be trusted with the precious boon of knowledge. I suffer with her to think she is denied this one gift that would bring her joy and peace. I hope this will reach her, and I hope she will understand that it is the best I could do at this time. I have our child with me."

Nancy Hackett.

Here is a woman named Nancy Hackett. She is a small woman, and has quite a lot of wrinkles in her face. Her eyes are quite dim; she seems one of those women who are always busy, never wanting to sit still and do nothing, but always about, doing what she can. She says: "They used to call me Aunt Nancy Hackett everywhere around, and Benjamin Hackett was my son. It is to him I would like to come. He lives in Cherryville, N. J. He is quite a busy man; he looks into everything that comes along, as a sort of investment to see what it will produce, and he has not let this thing go by; so I am inclined to think that a word from me may open the door wider for him and help him very much."

Charlie Basford.

Charlie Basford comes and says to his sisters, and to his brother who does not know anything about this much, that he wants to speak to the girls and tell them that he is constantly with them, that he has found George and is helping him (not George the brother, but somebody else); that if it is possible for them to stay it will be better for the present. The time will come when they can get back again, and then they will be very happy; but for the present to make the best of conditions as they are. He goes to John Day, Oregon.

Rhoda Banks.

Here is a woman about medium height. She is plump, about one hundred and sixty-five or one hundred and seventy pounds. She has a full, dark face, dark eyes and white hair, and is very pretty. She is a very pretty woman too. She has a kind, motherly way as she comes. She says: "Indeed I have a motherly way because I have a mother's heart that is beating to get to my children. My name is Rhoda Banks, and I come from Waltham, Mass. I do so want to get to those who are mine, and give them some word from this side of life. The family has been all separated, torn to pieces, and I think if I could come with my mother love, and understanding, and bring them together, that it would be the happiest day of my life. I have lost not a whit of my interest, not the least bit of my love for my own, but find it more intense, augmented, stronger and clearer by this touch of spiritual life which is mine. I tried to do what I thought was right. I will not say I cannot see my mistakes, but I just dwell on my love for my children, and wish so much to give them this message of blessing and peace."

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The doctrine of the materialist was one of the recollections of the human mind from the conception of a God who was supposed to shut up members of his own creation into torments at once infernal and endless. Certain minds so shuddered at this frightful thought that they boldly declared that there is no God at all, and that all that we see comes from the workings of matter alone. They said matter is fully capable of growing and working indefinitely, and they went so far as to say that it pushed out according to the laws of universal geometry, losing sight of the fact that he who says that matter can crystallize according to set forms, and can geometrize in the relations between planets and their central sun, is really talking about God, though instead of the terms God, or soul, or life, he uses the word matter. As we implied before, this is quite excusable on the part of those who were

expected to choose between Calvin's God and atheism or materialism.

But there is now no excuse for materialism. The God conception developed by the human mind in this age of the world is no demon endowed with infinite power. What is now called God is simply the life or soul of the infinitude of matter, and if some prefer to claim that infinite soul is not intelligent, we do not quarrel with them; we only wonder at them. Did they say that matter is not intelligent nor loving, we could agree with them; but when they say that infinite soul is not infinitely intelligent and infinitely loving, we must take issue with them, though the issue we take is necessarily based on intuition, and not on demonstration.

That the construction of a garden proves the existence of a finite mind that planned it, can be demonstrated by bringing the one who designed it into the court. But that infinite intelligence used instrumentalities to bring the infinitude of worlds into existence and into working order cannot be demonstrated, because we are not able to bring infinity within our cognizance. We must therefore leave this unproved, only inferring that if the existence of design in a small object proves a designer, then the existence of design in what is beyond the power of any finite mind to scan, implies a designer equal to the occasion.

Being, therefore, well satisfied of the existence of infinite soul, of which the material universe is the expression, we come to the very interesting question whether our own finite, personal soul retains its individual consciousness on leaving the carnal body, or whether it at that event is merged in the universal life, and being thus liberated is ready to again take expression in some carnal form. It is just at this point that we find the dividing line between Spiritualism and the doctrine of reincarnation. If the data of Spiritualism prove anything at all, they certainly give evidence that disincarnate souls do retain their identity, their separate existence, and their consciousness of it. And to prove their identity, the clatter which the New York Sun has foolishly made about resting this proof on anything so material as penknives and clothes, seems quite uncalled for. In fact, their being disincarnate and our being incarnate makes it natural that identity be proved by material facts that exist now and here. Is the New York Sun already on so high a spiritual plane that the only things that can appeal to its own inner self are of a spiritual nature?

To return, Spiritualism abundantly certifies that persons who once walked the earth in clay are still persons, possessing the same mental characteristics, and remembering distinctly (and unaided, too, in this particular by the medium and the persons present) the various events of their mortal career. It is very likely of course that the memory of these earth experiences will become in time so overlaid by the new and quite absorbing incidents of spiritual existence that they will become dim. Perhaps they may virtually fade away after a long sojourn there, and especially after they have passed into still further stages of the wonderful world beyond. In the case of Zoroaster and other ancient sages, their personal experiences of earth may be nearly forgotten; though with regard to Jesus and Mohammed, the fact that these details were carefully recorded by their friends and disciples, and are still the subject of comment on both sides of life, may aid to keep them still quite fresh in their individual memories. It is with spirits who have lately passed over, as George Pellew, Kate Field, and those who come to us personally through reliable mediums that we find their recollections of earth life so very distinct as to enable them to give clear proofs of their identity.

We know an instance where a dearly loved wife, now in spirit, gave her husband clear evidence of herself through something so material and commonplace as an umbrella. She had given him a very handsome one, which he carried for many years. When he went on a journey she often charged him not to lose it but to bring it back safe, even threatening, if I remember right, that she would get a divorce if he lost it. Well, this friend took a very long journey, to see one of our best Boston mediums. Almost the first thing his wife said to him after the medium became entranced was that she was glad that he had brought his umbrella. That was a pretty good proof of identity, was it not? But I suppose it would not have been spiritual enough for the New York Sun.

Having thus presented our reasons for thinking that we retain our individual consciousness on leaving the carnal body, let us for a few moments consider the other view, that we are at once merged into the universal soul, and the natural results of such a state of things. These are the two views that hinge on the existence of soul as distinguished from matter, a materialistic doctrine foreign to Spiritualism.

If we are merged on the event of the death of the body into the universal soul, our present share in it cannot die from the very nature of the case, and must go on living. And what is true of a human soul must be equally true of the soul of every moose, acorn, plant, animal and human being that ever has or ever will exist on the planet. All have sometime lived individually, and in this view become lost in the infinitude when the material form disintegrates. It is impossible to draw the line anywhere. What one does, all do. Some of us, as human beings, believe that only our own class survives the dissolution of the animal frame. Possibly the ants think the same of their own race. To infinity, every finite expression must bear the same relation. Pope meant this when he said, "To him (God), no high, no low, no great, no small."

All (in this view) being thus lost in infinity, every portion that was once individualized becomes ready to take form again—to be, in other words, reëmbodied or reincarnated. In this view, every moose, plant, animal and human being is sometime reincarnated. This would be the natural, the inevitable result if all individual life were lost in the infinitude on the dissolution of the material form. We see no way of escape for them, if this be the constitution of nature.

But those of us, on the other hand, who believe in infinite life, and who believe on the testimony of our disincarnate friends that human souls retain their individuality, must, for reasons previously cited, think that all individualized souls, be it the eagle, the limpet on the rock, the beautiful elm, or the fichen on the wall, also retain their individual life. It being impossible to draw the line between the different forms and grades of soul manifestation, if the human soul goes on living individually, then all the others must do the same. There is no escape for it.

In short, if individual souls become lost in the infinite soul, they are ready for indefinite

reincarnations—the view of theosophists. If, on the contrary, they retain their individuality, when the flesh form dissolves, they continue to do so, they never forget nor lose their consciousness to the extent demanded by living another life on the earth plane, but progress in the spiritual, ever taking on more ethereal form—the view of Spiritualists.

A natural query arises in many minds on being brought face to face with the statement that every individual expression of life on the planet goes on individually in the spiritual state. The query is, "Where do they go to, and where is there room for all?" As "Simplicity is the seal of truth," the different spheres of the spirit world of the earth surround the earth itself.

We are now in the lowest, the most material sphere of our spirit world. We, and all animals and plants, live within a few feet of the planet itself. And, were they all placed close together, they would occupy but a very small fraction of the fifty-three million square miles of land, and the one hundred forty four million square miles of water. These one hundred ninety-seven million square miles of surface, measured by, say, twenty feet of thickness, would give a bulk beyond the power of the human mind to conceive, and also commensurate with many, many multiples of all the present existing forms of life.

Supposing this enormous area be measured by fifty miles of thickness, the presumed thickness of the atmosphere. Have we room enough now? The lowest sphere of the more purely spiritual world is beyond the clouds. The area of it is much larger than the superficies of the planet, for it has radiated beyond the clouds in every direction that is parallel to the surface of the planet. But how thick is it? Have we room enough now for the etherealized forms of all the individualized manifestations of life that have ever existed on the planet? If not, there are spheres and spheres beyond, every one of which completely surrounds the earth nucleus. And when we remember that our spirit world extends beyond the moon, two hundred forty thousand miles from the planet, we see that the question as to there being room enough may not disturb our minds.

And yet this spirit world of the earth, so large to us, is in comparison to the vast spaces in which the planets revolve around the sun, like the little mote floating in the bar of sunlight that streams from the window to the floor.

What a grand destiny is ours! Ours, to ever rise toward that ever-receding goal! Ours, to ever rest in infinite power voiced in unchanging law, and cradled in infinite love!

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON.
Arlington, N. J., May 12, 1900.

Evil.

From a Chapter on Ethics by Spirit Communication.

This is the true philosophy of evil, it is the clothing of thy spirit with the inharmonious elements of thy material body. Theologians and schoolmen have not understood St. Paul's assertion, "When I would do good evil is present." He found "a law in his members bringing him into captivity to the law of sin and death" an unvarnished statement of a great fact. Will thou be pure? ask thy bodily impulses and appetites. Would it be wise to talk to the machinery of thy time-keeper and ask it to move fast or slow? thou hast the implements to correct its deviations and must use them thyself. The body, not the spirit of man, is in the wrong. The spirit decides aright, but the intention is defeated by the defective messenger. The spirit would kindle a gentle warmth, but the electricity it toucheth cannot be gentle. The spirit would listen to righteousness, temperance and judgment, but its body is Felix and cannot yield assent.

Could men be persuaded of the truth that moral evils are derived entirely from their bodily organism, would it not produce important changes in the relations of society? It has long been suspected that food had much to do with character, yet it will be treated as a novelty that all diversity of character not only is simplified or intensified by the aliment, but that as far as the rudimentary matter derived at the birth can be corrected or altered in the parts to be increased by growth, just so far will you be able to make the manifestations of the mind subserve the end of any proposed education. Lycurgus discovered this law, and could he have explained it to the Lacedaemonians, they would have appreciated the black broth diet, not as an arbitrary enactment, but as a necessity in developing certain powers and directions of the national will.

The philosophy is therefore true, that as the animal deriveth the direction of its habits from the material elements of its body, so those elements will more or less affect and reproduce their resemblance in those who use the body of animals as food.

AFFINITIES.

Thou talkest not wisely of affinities when thou dost forget that conditions are contingent of attraction. Couldst thou say in thy fancy I will ally myself to angelic harmonies, doth it therefore follow that thy elemental laws of appetite would allow of this? Would it seem strange were the beasts of the earth to say, we will be men? So men whose tendencies are of earth cannot have those aspiring affinities in action until their organism of mind and body undergoes those changes which all the laws of nature say are necessary.

Can the musician bring forth the notes of a lute through a bass drum? So to talk of dissolving relations here in order to make them more perfect is a childish conceit. Thou shouldst aim at elevated soul affinities in all the relations of society; but thou canst not sever them nor form them aright until thou hast analyzed and understood them in connection with the universe around thee, and even then thou canst not be sure that thy judgment is not swayed by appetite. Passionate attraction as a rule of life, in the present state of society, is at best but passionate nonsense. Would you set your blacksmith to alter the delicate arrangements of your watch, or the carpenter to set the brilliant of a necklace? And are not all of us sensible of unalterable aptitudes that need constant restraint, that we do not undertake things incongruous to our nature?

Dost thou then think passionate attraction more determinate and just than passionate repulsion? Do not the positive and negative of all things exhibit like forces? and will that which thou callest love obey better instincts than anger? Can the one be set free, and the other for the security of society require a chain? Hath experience ever shown the manifestations of love less erratic than those of

hate? Nay, are not one and the other so connected in the same magnet that a circuit must ever be considered as present? The members of the social system, therefore, should first be certain that they destroy antipathies and overcome the tendencies to reaction. H.
From The Sacred Circle, March, 1880.

The Briton and the Boer.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I notice with regret that Miss Abby A. Judson, the able and esteemed worker for humanity and spirituality, has deemed it proper to champion the British cause against that of the Boers; and although I know that the BANNER OF LIGHT is not a political magazine, I take the liberty of asking you to publish these few lines, believing that Spiritualists as a class are anxious to be on the right side of this question.

To cut the story short, it is simply a case of Right against Might. The brave Boers in South Africa are fighting overwhelming odds to-day for liberty, equality of rights and their homes; and it is well known by people who have traveled of late in England and Cape Colony that the sentiment of the English people is that they are fighting for the Transvaal gold mines, that these are worth fighting for, and that they must have them at any cost.

That English politicians wanted something else than equal rights and a fair franchise, was proven plainly when President Kruger of the Transvaal had practically concluded the negotiations with Cunningham Green, the British agent at Pretoria—offering a five year franchise to all Englishmen who were willing to renounce their allegiance to the Queen—by the breaking off of the negotiations, the recall of Cunningham Green in disgrace and the assembling of the British troops at the frontier of the Transvaal Republic.

The English prisoners are highly satisfied with their treatment at Pretoria and enjoy all the pastimes and exercises they have been used to, while it is a well known fact that the Boer prisoners have been packed on stenchy ships at Simonstown, and as the first essential things to their well-being, fresh country air and some room to turn round, were denied them as being too extravagant luxuries, the result was that fevers have been raging amongst them and a good many have died in consequence.

As to the relative merits of the treatment of the "blacks" at the hands of the English and Boers, it is a significant fact that if they have any choice as to their masters, they prefer the Boer rule to that of the English.

Mr. Webster Davis, who recently returned from South Africa, has in his possession a number of dum-dum bullets, which were used by the English on Boers, and he has seen with his own eyes several cases of cruelty, outrage and the violation of international law committed by the "civilized" Britons on the "savage" Boers.

Another thing we must remember is that practically all the information that comes to us passes through English channels, and when it comes to "coloring" of the news by the aid of money, you will know that the Boers are poor, while the British sovereigns are many and mighty.

Not wishing to transgress any more on your space, I have to refrain from discussing the benefits of English rule on India and Ireland, and only ask your sympathy, justice and fair play for the thirty thousand brave patriots struggling against three hundred thousand men at a shilling a day.

Yours very cordially,

M. KOPPELMAN.

9 Orchard street, Newark, N. J., May 8.

Abnormal, promiscuous love of a probation leads many from the "straight and narrow way," which forms the developing and blending of the rays which constitute the true central sun of home. Either love or wisdom, seeking ennoblement or approbation, separate and distinct, one from the other, is detrimental to their focalizing, blending development. In this, woman is the greater transgressor. Love, of itself, is weak; guided by wisdom, it is the sunshine of all life. When and where love's will involuntarily or spontaneously becomes the will of wisdom, then and there life's brightest glories appear, and a foundation is attained from which all the crowning excellencies of conscious life must flow. But whenever and wherever love's rays go out unattended and unguided by wisdom, no matter what the reform may be, disaster and failure are sure to follow.—Ez.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From East Calais, Vt., April 21, Mrs. J. WARREN LEONARD, aged 70 years.

She was a firm and consistent Spiritualist, a faithful wife, a loving mother, a noble woman. She was willing to pass from the suffering of this world to the joy of spirit life. She selected and requested a part of one of Lizzie Doten's poems to be read at her funeral. A husband, two sons, two daughters and several grandchildren mourn the loss of this good woman, but they are comforted by the assurance that she is not dead—just gone a little further. It has been an unbroken family a long time. The Angel of Death making its first visit last winter, bearing away an infant grandchild, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard. The writer was invited to assist in laying away all that was mortal of this old and true friend. This noble woman.
MRS. ABRIE W. CROSSITT.

From the home of his daughter, Mrs. Fannie L. Turner, at 65 Harvest street, Dorchester, May 8, ABEL DUDLEY TYLER, aged 83 years.
Mr. Tyler was firmly convinced of the fact of spirit return, and was fully persuaded that he would be met by the companion who had preceded him to the higher life. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon, May 7, the writer officiating. The music being furnished by Miss A. J. Waite and Mr. Harold Leslie. The floral offerings were beautiful and appropriate. Several children and grandchildren survive him.
ALBERT F. BLINK.

April 25, 1900, J. G. FRENCH, aged 81 years 6 months.
Mr. French was born Oct. 23, 1818, on the farm where he has always resided. Mr. and Mrs. French had no children, but in 1852 took Flora, formerly, who with her husband and children always resided with them and cheered and ministered to them in their old age. Mr. French's illness was very short, lasting only from Saturday to Wednesday morning, when he peacefully passed away at his home. The services were held at a home at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon. Rev. Lucius Colburn officiated, giving a very impressive sermon from the text, "If a man die, shall he live again?" This sermon illustrated many of the truths of Spiritualism, in which Mr. French had been a firm believer for many years. A large number of friends and neighbors attended the services. Mr. French was a man respected by all who knew him—a plain, unostentatious person, who did what he thought to be his duty. He was very generous, gave liberally to every charitable affair, and no poor person ever applied to him in vain. He was honest and just in all his dealings. At the time of his death he was the oldest resident in South Cambridge.
BESSIE M. HENB, Jeffersonville, Vt.

April 21, 1900, Mr. DYER F. WEBBER, of Charlotte, Mich., aged 83 years 9 months and 11 days.
He was an earnest, conscientious Spiritualist for the past eight years, a kind and loving husband and father, and a sincere friend. Funeral services were held at the home of the deceased, at 3255 Rhodes Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
G. THOMAS H. BENTON.

From Haverhill, Mass., Saturday, May 12, LYDIA MITCHELL, aged 18 years.

She was a member of the Haverhill Lyceum for the past three years, and had endeavored herself to all by her kind and loving spirit. The funeral was held in the home of her sister, Mrs. Hall, on Monday, under the auspices of the Lyceum. The casket was covered with flowers, attesting to the high appreciation and love in which she was held by those who knew her. A broken wreath with "Our Lydia" from the Lyceum, and a beautiful pillow with "Sleep" in purple immortelles, were among the number. The Ladies Quartet sang four beautiful selections appropriate to the occasion. The body was sent to New Brunswick for burial. The services were conducted by the Rev.
AMANDA A. GATE.

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

