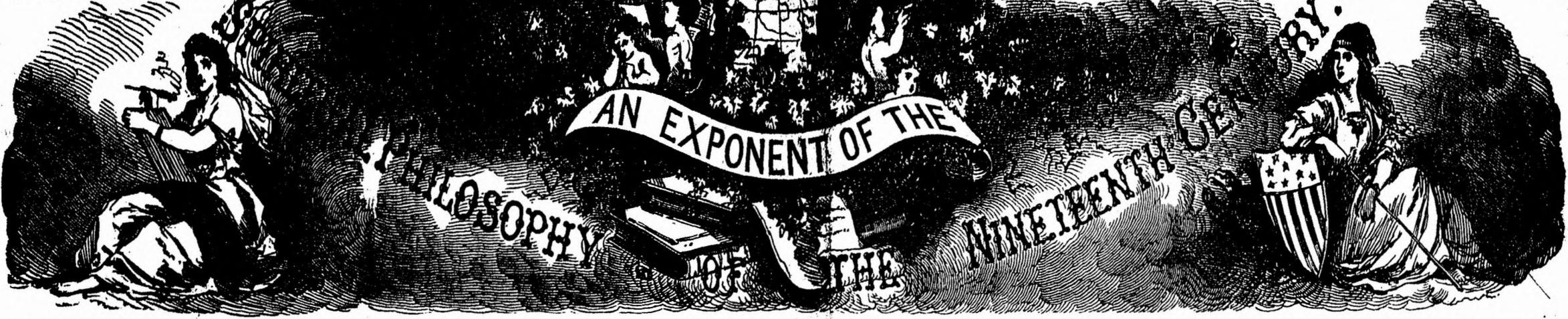


BANNER OF LIGHT



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NO. 15.

WELCOME! ANGELS, PURE AND BRIGHT.

[Tune—Hendson]

BY STEPHEN BARNSDALE.

Welcome! angels, pure and bright,
As ye come from realms afar,
Gently leading to the light,
Children of this darkened star?

Welcome! To the shores of earth;
Lift our souls now in the dust—
Precious souls of priceless worth,
Covered o'er with mould and rust.

Help to raise our thoughts above,
While we travel on our way,
To the souls we dearly love,
Dwelling in supernal day.

We will join your glorious band,
When we leave the shores of time;
Join you in your mission grand,
Aiding man become divine.

Till that time to us shall come,
We will aid you here below;
Help to banish sin and gloom,
Help the waves of life to flow.

God Junior.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

I have shown, at least to my own satisfaction, in my article entitled "The Size of Man," that there is no such limit to manhood as taught by ignorance, and endorsed by both present day science and theology. I therein asserted that Ego occupies the whole of a certain space in cosmos, in which space he exists and manifests his finite sonship to the Infinite. To draw a picture of man as composed of a bunch of hair, then a great space, and at last a few toe-nails, would be exactly as sensible as to assert that Ego has a few senses at one end of his manhood, then a huge gap, and the rest of him shivering in loneliness at the other. Yet such is the supposed manhood of to-day.

I claimed and pictured Ego as having no dark, unexplored and unoccupied continent between his head and his toes. The region between the few vibrations of sound and the myriad vibrations of thought I claimed as actually occupied by Ego in the eternal Now. That energy and ether compel him to certain limited personalities, existing at the same time, is a fact which man the mortal is, at last, beginning to dimly comprehend. I further claimed that this conception of the extension of manhood is in harmonious accord with facts of science and the dreams of philosophy.

I pictured man as Infinite Intelligence flashed into space, and thereby personified into finite limitation. I showed that the finite can only comprehend that which is personified. I illustrated this thought by the existence of electricity in our atmosphere, which is absolutely beyond description or comprehension, until by flash or spark it is individualized, when we think of it, talk of it, and photograph it into permanency. We thus grasp, realize and photograph man as a spark or flash of the Infinite Intelligence, hurled by energy into the ether, and therein compelled to evolve, step by step, into the fullness of an Ego.

The point I merely hinted at in that article I want now to elaborate a little more fully. If the reader, grasping my thought, he perceived that Ego, being a finite expression of the Infinite, necessarily contains within himself every power of the Infinite that can be expressed in a finite individuality. This power will belong to him as an Ego. And, yet further, as an Ego, he must be capable of expressing this power throughout the entire range of vibratory expressions possible to him in Cosmos. If Ego be expressing himself through but a portion of his own vibratory possibilities, that manifestation will stand to us as a personality, which is, to that extent, limited in power, although his powers are necessarily divine, so far as they can outreach.

There is a divine Ideality of Godhood, in comparison with which Ego must always stand as a very limited personality. And by the same law or rule of comparison, Ego's own lesser personalities have in their turn an Ideal Ego, to which they stand as but puny and fractional personalities of a mighty whole.

If my thought has been grasped, and it is acknowledged that the powers of Ego must be enormous compared to those wielded by any of his own limited personalities; and yet further, if we realize that each one of us is really an Ego, holding this sublime relation to the Highest, then we are now prepared to endeavor to place such startling truths in their proper relation to our life of to-day.

Creative Thought is itself evidence of Divinity. We have seen that Ego is himself born of such a thought. But as a child of the Infinite, and with a Divine inheritance, he himself has also his own power of Creative Thought. It will be possessed by himself as Ego in a fullness impossible to his own fractional personalities, but will always be held and wielded in proportion to the vibratory energies he can compel to his service. In other words, man the mortal will have a certain portion of Creative Thought Power. Man the spirit will wield yet more of it. And further personalities of Ego will each use the same divine prerogative. At the same time we can now see that Ego himself will always compel the whole that belongs to him to his constant service.

We now turn to the one manifestation of Ego with which we are familiar—that of mortal man—to discover if he presents evidence of the truth of the claim that he actually possesses and wields his share of this Divine Creative Power.

The term "creator" is always used by every scientific mind in the sense of a manufacturer who takes certain existing raw material and

blends and shapes its preëxisting atoms to a designed form and use. The old conception of a something created out of nothing by divine will has become absurd to the thinker of to-day. We are therefore discussing the fact of Creative Power itself, which, in its fullness, is wielded by what we call Great First Cause, and which same power in its lesser manifestation, becomes working amid the same raw material, becomes operative through the Creative Power of Man.

Thought is to-day recognized as the directive and creative power of the universe. Man has always thought from brain to brain through space by means of the vibration of the ether. To-day, by using an instrument of metal, he vibrates his thought to a sister instrument a thousand miles away. Or he flashes rays of sunshine, impregnated with his thought, across a space limited only by the curving surface of the earth. Such are mortal man's manifestations of "thought flashes" through space. But at every step of his progress man has been materializing his thought. Every invention is a materialized thought. No man builds bridge, steamship or temple until he has first constructed it in thought. Every detail must be thought out, or his design is a failure. These are surface truths of to-day. I now want to invite the student reader to a thought excursion into realms that he has not dreamed were ruled by man.

First, let us remember that unmaterialized thought forms cannot be destroyed by fire or water. They neither rust nor decay. They are registered in vibrations of the ether, and will therefore reappear whenever or wherever their vibrations are repeated. Man is constantly erecting thought structures which remain amidst thought vibrations, and are not even intended to be solidified into the forms of mortal life. Man is thus constantly creating man. This startling assertion I propose to prove, and then to note some of the equally startling effects of this use of man's Creative Power.

The success of the novelist depends upon his creation of human beings who live and act as naturally and as forcefully as your next door neighbor or dearest friend. A "David Copperfield," or "John Halifax, Gentleman," is just as real to every reader as any relative or acquaintance. He is alive, as other human beings are alive. He is intellectually and spiritually alive. You know as well what he will say, do and think under any special circumstances as you could prophesy the action of your father or son. His life-force depends upon how well he is created in every detail. The creator gives you but part of a man. The successful author rounds him out till as child, boy and man nothing is lacking. The inferior writer makes a botch of his job, but Nature, or First Cause, does the same when she moulds an idiot, and she usually leaves out some important detail in every one of us. There is no difference in this Creative Power save in degree. The historian merely tries to do for some of the human beings created by First Cause that which the mortal creative artist does for the men and women he projects. The student will notice that both alike are made out of the same materials. All live and move amid the same ethereal vibrations, and are subject to the same laws.

There is a tremendous truth embodied in this assertion. Human creations by First Cause are, as we have seen, occupying a sphere of vibrations, that however extensive, is limited at either end. Human creations by Second Cause also occupy a sphere of their own, but more limited than that of their Creator. They are still more curtailed at either end. They never touch physical vibrations, nor can we conceive of them, at the other extreme, as enjoying evolution, and ultimately climbing godward. In a word, man the created, can, no more than First Cause, create a being equal to himself. So man's thought created men and women are never endowed with physical bodies. Their vibrations commence with the ideal. In the psychical sphere these creations are as much alive as any creation by First Cause. Whether man's creations contain any element of progress, and can ever reach out into the spiritual is a point I leave for future discussion and examination. Let us take then a universally known character such as David Copperfield and analyze him. The student cannot, nor could Dickens himself materialize him, for he would only be a manufactured copy of a thought, like everything else man creates. As we have seen, the inventor's proudest production is a thought embodied in materials the mortal can sense.

A "David Copperfield" if created by First Cause has a scope that permits him experience in the material, the psychic and the spiritual, and all at the same time. The "David Copperfield" created by Second Cause, has an embodiment in the psychical, and probably in that only. But it is as real embodiment as that of man the mortal, and reached in precisely the same manner, that is by thought creation.

Ego's own immortality is founded on the fact that his individuality is expressed in certain vibrations of the ether; and when those vibrations are repeated, everything that has been, AND WILL BE, becomes a present reality. The existence of man's created man depends on the same law. Now let us, very briefly, see what this means, for the student and I are traversing a forest wilderness of the unexplored, at least by man the mortal.

However real they may be, Robinson Crusoe and Bunyan's Pilgrim never had a form or existence in earth life. They were "thought realities" as much as the bridge or the temple is a thought reality before it is outlined with pen

and pencil into vibrations wherein it may be seen and touched by mortal sense. Their existence is just as real and prolonged as that of Ego himself—on the psychic plane. If the reader will think for a moment of, say, both Charles Dickens and David Copperfield, he will perceive that, to him, one is precisely as real as the other, and that either and both are as real as any other character depicted in human history. Our acquaintance with anyone is a mere matter of detail. In fact, most of us know far less of Dickens than of Copperfield. Each exists to-day amid certain vibrations whose repetition in mortal experience we call "memory." Every historical character is nothing but a name, save as he has been, and is created in detail by the historian. Socrates lives amid vibrations where he has been placed by Plato; and both Plato and Socrates are no more real to us to-day than David Copperfield. If one can be invoked or evoked by the mortal, so can the other. The life in all alike is "Created Individuality." That one is created by First Cause, and the other by Second Cause, is only a difference of degree. God Senior and God Junior use the same methods and the same raw materials. We have here to remember that there are thought-perfections and thought-imperfections as much in men as in bridges, but the imperfect and the perfect are alike expressions of life in certain vibrations of ether, where thought holds direct control.

So we have at this moment a Dickens created by God Senior, and a Copperfield created by God Junior, equally alive, and each in his degree. Each is an entity. Each may therefore be reached by intention or chance (if there be chance), and each is included in the phenomena called "spirit return." The difference is this. God made Ego has a manifestation amid vibrations which appeal to mortal sense. Should such vibrations cease for any cause whatever, Ego remains still an entity, manifesting amid vibrations we call "spirit." And we may well believe that if, in some distant future, those spirit vibrations should in their turn cease to respond to manhood, yet Ego will only be advancing into greater powers and a more godly individuality.

But man's created man is an entity within certain limits only. Real, absolutely real, amid his own vibrations, he remains both embodied and limited. Ego cannot endow his creations with his own soul life any more than Deity could endow Ego with an infinite godhood. So the student will now see that just as we have God Senior and God Junior, we have also man senior and man junior as facts in creation. This man junior is alive, and with manly power shaping his own surroundings; and being very near to mortal vibrations he is undoubtedly one of the chief factors in "spirit return." The element of progress we call "soul growth" would be unknown to him, but his ethics would be shaped by social considerations as with us mortals.

We further notice that David Copperfield, as a creation of Dickens, is no more and no less certain an entity than his created Fagin the Jew thief, or Bill Sykes the murderer. His benevolent old Fizzwigs is no more or less of an entity than the infamous Ralph Nickleby who would sell his own niece. And each of these man-created men is alive, and ever responsive to his own vibrations. But, all the same, we mark an awful difference between Ego and his creations. God Senior's men learn by experience, and grow into a nobler manhood. The creations of God Junior are always the same, with no more of progress than is infused into them by their creator. Copperfield will be Copperfield to the end of time, and Bill Sykes will murder so long as vibrations permit. Such is the natural law amid which God Senior and God Junior must both work. But this truth contains a lesson marked for the student and me.

Amid the vibrations in which the Spiritualist seeks to demonstrate and enjoy "spirit return," man-created man is specially at home. Now let us endeavor to discover what that means. We immediately discover that the novelist, and the dramatist, and the historian, are not the only creators of this limited manhood, but that the reader and I are also building living entities, who, in their turn, influence and sometimes control their creators. We further notice there is both a dark and a bright side to this creative power, for if it inhere to Ego through his divine origin, it cannot be limited to his lower personality we call man-mortal. Man-spirit must have a similar power, though limited to the vibrations amid which he lives and moves. And beyond man-spirit is Ego himself as a vast and united though limited whole, who by the exercise of precisely the same Creative Power is, in his turn, giving birth to idealized Egos who cannot transcend the vibrations into which they are born.

I will now ask the student to turn back to our starting point that he may mark, and map if he will, the position we have reached in our exploration of this land of the unknown. We started with the assertion that man can only realize the personified. Infinite Intelligence is beyond his grasp. Yet when that Infinite Intelligence is limited into personification he recognizes it and calls it "Ego." We perceive that Limited Intelligence retains the essentials of the Unlimited. I might have spoken of them as Intelligence Senior and Intelligence Junior, but deeming the reader would better grasp the thought under a more accustomed name, I have called the Infinite All in All "God Senior," and his limited manifestation I have called "God Junior." The lesser retains all the finite possibilities of his creator. His limited selfhood is, however, so vast that to any intelligence less than his own he breaks into separate personalities only one of which can be grasped

at a time. So we have Ego as man the mortal, man the spirit, and, mayhap, man the angel, but all included in man Ego.

The expression of thought which crystalizes into form, being an essence of intelligence, inheres to Ego, and therefore, but in a lesser degree, inheres to each of his personifications. We must further keep in mind that these personifications are all active at the same time, and just as lasting as the vibrations of the ether in which they personify. So we have, to use every-day language, a sort of family chart which stands as God-Senior, the Great Thinker, only known to us through Ego, who is his limited thought, and with similar, but his expressed powers to those of his Creator. We then perceive Ego, as God Junior, in his turn flashing out other thought creations, necessarily limited to definite expression in ethereal vibrations. The chart further exhibits these thought creations by Ego as also embodied intelligences, and each exercising its power on a yet more limited scale. But these creations by Ego are expressed in each of his personalities. This gives to Man-spirit, and perchance to Man-angel, the same power, or perhaps the compulsion, to express his own ideality into a limited but form life.

The student can now perceive that the unknown land we are exploring is peopled, free of all, with Egos, who are limited expressions of the Infinite. The personalities of Ego are divided only by vibratory limits, at which border line they can more or less mingle, blend and exchange some of their experiences. But the population also enrolls vast peoples born of Ego's creative thoughts, with each individual limited by the vibrations into which he is born, and through which he experiences life. And the student notices, yet further, that these lesser creations have their share also of inherited power, and create their own thoughts into lesser forms of life.

As a result of our own exploration we now discover that creation is not the simple matter expressed by theological ignorance, as a six day's work by a personified Deity. Nor can it be measured by modern rule of evolution into scientific feet and inches. So it is time for the independent thinker to cast aside forever such absurd limitations.

The effect of the outworking of these laws upon mortal man remains to be most carefully studied. Man the mortal has climbed but slowly even to a knowledge of his own immortality. Everything beyond that has seemed delightfully simple. His loved one dies, and comes back—through a medium. Such has been modern Spiritualism. The student will begin to see that the unexplored is vaster than he has dreamed, and is offering problems worthy of his utmost powers. He will begin to realize that the historian has himself been a Thought Creator, and has peopled the past with living entities, who have been idealized, and some of them worshipped as if they were real Egos exemplifying a divine sonship. Here in is the gateway into further fields of thought.

Meantime the student and I will do well to go over and over this discovered territory, and thus claim it for our very own. We will then be ready to once again explore the unknown of human powers and possibilities.

San Leandro, Cal.

"Be Up to Date."

Be as you are and when you are. You cannot do business successfully on the upper round when you are on the lower round.

Being up-to-date is being each day nearer the heart of things. One works best in his own harness. The house you daily live in is your own, built by yourself. Your life is easy, peaceful and happy according as you have built. The house you build is yours, and you cannot easily get out of it or away from it. Wherever you are, it will be with you.

The size of your house is just the size and measurement of yourself. Life's events cannot take you from it. No matter what person's kitchen or parlor you may be in, the house you have built for yourself is there, and you are shallow or deep, narrow or broad, happy or miserable, according to the measurement and build of your own house.

When you naturally attract and repel just the atoms and elements necessary for your best growth, you will be up-to-date in everything, and all of the dead past will be the receding and decaying strata of your conscious being.—Marion Enterprise.

The spiritual thinker, the spiritual theist, will always run the risk of being regarded as a Pantheist, but the designation does not truly apply to him unless we revise the meaning of the word. "Pantheism" has hitherto meant the merging of God in creation. Let it mean the merging of creation in God, and we are fairly content to accept the word. But we prefer the setting forth of the spiritual truth as Saradanda gives it in "Prabuddha Bhārata":

"The materialistic 'Pantheism' is not at all a suitable name for the religion of the Vedanta; a suitable name for it better by the Hypertheism or Supertheism, or something higher than Theism. The God of the so-called Theism is outside this world. Vedanta leads us a step higher, and proclaims the immanency of God in and through all this creation and process of evolution, and so we might better term it Hypertheism, Supertheism or Monism."

It must never be forgotten that "immanency" does not necessarily mean loss of personality, but possible personality in some transcendental sense which the experience and the faculties at our command do not enable us to comprehend; but that personality of the immanent God is higher, not lower, than ours. The Infinite is ever more real than the finite, even as spirit is ever more real than matter.—London Light.

On the Wing.

Dear Banner: A hot night—a crowded sleeper—a fearful headache—complete exhaustion—mental depression. Such in brief is the history of one night's journey in May—a trip of some five hundred miles or more from the region of leafless trees and sleeping grasses in New England to the land of sunshine and flowers in the South, where peach and apple-blossom and the fragrant magnolias made the balmy air of spring redolent with their sweetest incense that welled up to God from the bosoms of Flora's loving children. The transformation was indeed wondrous to behold—the gaunt, barren trees in New England stood mute and motionless, protesting in dignified silence against the freezing kisses of the Frost King who came nightly to induce them to lend a willing ear to his chilly wooing, whose very presence numbed the swelling buds with cold, and caused them to close their petals closely until they were assured that it was safely to burst into bloom.

Toward the Southland the Frost King tried also to journey, but he encountered the warm breath of the Queen of Summer, and precipitately fled northward, leaving his gentle rival free to awaken the trees from the hypnotic sleep his frosty wooing had cast over them, and to call the flowers forth to raise their gentle heads in all their regal beauty. He made an occasional but futile stand against the Queen's forces, and the battle they waged was eagerly, even though neutrally, watched by those children of Nature who waited in patience for the coming of the Summer Queen to call them into life. Wherever this battle was fought, the day was filled with signs of promise of victory for the forces of the Queen, while the night put them into flight and restored the Frost King to temporary power. But each contest drove the King and his soldiers backward toward the North, and bursting bud and unfolding leaf betokened the gladness of plant and tree that their frosty wooer had been compelled to depart. Journeying rapidly southward, the traveler could not fail to note the signs of contest between the serried hosts of the Frost ruler and those of his competitor, the gentle Queen of life and growth. Even as life in itself is a battlefield, so in the arena of plant and tree functioning, there is ever a contest between the forces that kills and the one that warms them into active being.

After a trip of eighteen hours, everything was changed; the forest trees had donned their robes of green, while the pear, the apple and the plum trees had gallily decorated their emerald branches with pink and white garlands of exquisite flowers, solemn yet joyous pledges of their hopes for the future, and indices of their gratitude to their Queen for her goodness in banishing their natural enemy from the north—the powerful Frost King. In the branches the birds were sending forth their melodies of song, telling man of their joy at being once more privileged to return to their favorite haunts. Everywhere were found the signs of the coming of Summer, and the traveler could only marvel at the difference a few hundred miles could make in the appearance of Flora's children in their unselfish work of making beautiful the face and form of Mother Earth.

In Washington, D. C., at last; headache a constant companion, yet it was soothed somewhat by the voices of birds and flowers, as well as by the radiant beauty of the changing scenes in the splendid drama Nature was enacting for the education of a world. In the great Capitol city, the splendid monument to the Father of his country, the Capitol Building, the Congressional Library, the Smithsonian Institute, and other Government buildings, came into view, in all of which the American traveler takes a just pride, for they belong in part to him, and he visits them as a king is wont to visit his favorite haunts in his royal domain. But there is no time to gaze upon the splendid edifices in which the affairs of our Government are conducted. There is work to be performed, as well as flights of fancy to follow. A moment is spent in the Pennsylvania depot at the spot where President Garfield fell a martyr to the spoilsman's bullet on that eventful second of July, 1881, and then out into the driving rain. Memory is busy now—the wounded President, his grief-stricken wife, a nation in mourning, Senators Platt and Conkling in anger leaving the Senate, the eighty days of suffering for the illustrious commoner, whom a grateful people had selected for their ruler, his agonized translation at Elberon, the stately funeral, the departure for Cleveland, the tomb at Lakeview, and all was over for one of America's martyrs.

Soon the familiar faces of the past and tried friends put the memories of the true to flight, recalled the visitor from wool gathering journey, and made him live once more in the Real. The cheerful, spiritual face of Mrs. Longley is seen at the window, the door opens, and the greetings given and received indicate that sincerity dwells in the hearts and souls of those who speak. Prof. Longley comes forward with a flood of spiritual music in his soul that flows forth in words of brotherly sympathy and goodwill, in his eager questionings about the dear friends in the North, and in his earnest desire to make the traveler feel at home. A step is heard, and behold another friend appears; he is from far-off Ohio, and his face also glows with welcome. He is E. W. Bond, the temperance worker, political reformer, and humanitarian from the great Buckeye State. His heart beats in loyal sympathy with the struggling masses of earth—his soul is filled with tender solicitude

Continued on Fourth Page.

Written for the Banner of Light. MY BROKEN DREAM.

BY M. D. SHAW.

Image of a joy supreme,
Inconstant vision, thou art gone,
My dear loved dream, my broken dream,
Why must thou flee before the dawn?

If this be but a flake dream,
The passing fancy of a night,
Impress of waking thoughts, why seem
So real, why give me such delight?

Why bring sweet hopes if but a dream
To this poor solitary couch?
You moon and stars brightly beam
As if they would those hopes avouch.

Thou broken yet thou blissful dream,
Come back with me adown this life,
Alone I am upon its stream
Where tumult, sorrow, pain are rife.

Sometimes there'll be no broken dream,
Not always will the gloom obscure,
And oft, though dark, I catch a gleam
Of that land where our dreams are sure.

Until thou dost return, fair dream,
Thy image—thine alone I'll keep,
One moon from wilt come back, I deem,
To wake me from a breathless sleep.

Spirit-home, of thee I dream,
'Tis all the joy left me in this,
I dwell on the enchanting theme,
As I approach that realm of bliss.

(Inspired to Spirit Robert Dale Owen.)

The Spirit-World.

What Can We Know About It, How Can We Study It?

Can Faith Become Knowledge, Can Doubt Become Certainty?

BY C. S. CARR (DR. TALKWELL).

I believe that every creed, every religious system, every social force, every movement of the people, either political or religious, should be treated with respect and given a fair trial before the court of human experience. If it is found to minister to the life of any one, it ought to live; if it does not so minister, it ought to die, and will, die. I wish neither to bolster up nor tear down anything that is the product of human longings after wisdom or consolation. I would like to see every movement of mind and heart live by virtue of its own inherent usefulness, rather than by any artificial support. And if failures must come, hearts must be broken, ambitions thwarted, let it be no work of mine that has brought it about. I believe in the doctrine found in the fifth chapter of Acts, where one of the Samaritans is represented as saying: "For if this work be of man it will come to naught; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found to fight against God."

Whether we will or not, we are all bound together by ties of brotherhood. Here we are all together, limited to the narrow confines of this little planet we call the earth, hurried into space that we cannot comprehend, at a velocity we cannot measure. Whence came we? whither are we going? are startling questions that make us all alike apprehensive with doubt or hopeful with expectation. Put all together, all that man knows about the whence and the whither of the human race, and we have not much. We know so very, very little about the whole matter. A row of interrogation marks, to which there is no answer, stretches backwards into antiquity. Another row of question marks, each one without an answer, stretches into the dimness of futurity.

For myself, I cannot answer all these questions. The very best I can say is that I hope, I trust, I have every reason to believe that this same limitation of knowledge is the lot of every one of us. We cannot afford to spend our time in differing. I know so little, you know so little, that if we put together all we both know we shall only have a little.

That I was born, that I live, that I shall die—these are the certainties with which I must deal. Did I have a conscious existence before the life I am now living? I do not know. If I did, I have entirely forgotten it. I have no reason whatever to believe that I had. Other people, however, whom I respect and love, think they have reason for believing that they have lived before; that this is only one of many past lives.

Shall I have conscious existence after this life? I believe I shall. I hope this is true. I long to feel sure of it; I have tried every way possible to convince myself of it, but I am obliged to confess that this belief does not rest on absolute demonstration or indisputable evidence. The strongest probabilities are in favor of this belief, but I cannot honestly say that I know it is true. I am acquainted, however, with a good many people who say they know that there is a conscious life to follow this life. Some base their knowledge on divine revelation, others upon human experience. I have tried to attain this certain knowledge from first one and then the other of these sources, but I still lack that certainty that so many good people profess to have.

But while I have not found that surety which I so much desired concerning the future life of man, I have found nothing to deprive me of holding sentiments, aspirations, hopes, based on analogy, strong probabilities and fair deductions concerning a belief in a future life.

I believe that man is a spirit. He has temporarily a material organism which we call a body. That this body is his to control and use for his spiritual interests. That the body can only be used according to the physical laws that govern it, if success and happiness are to be obtained. That the spirit at present is confined to the body, except, perhaps, in rare instances. I believe that it is barely possible that, under some circumstances, the spirit may leave the body before the animal existence of the body has ended. But, commonly and normally, the body constitutes the only environment of the spirit at present. The spirit knows of the universe external to the body only such things as appear to it through the bodily senses. How correctly these senses represent to the spirit the actual truth concerning the universe external to the body, no man knows, no man can know. The spirit can only know its own states. That these states correspond to objective realities I do not doubt, but I cannot know.

At the death of the body, I believe this spirit continues to live. Whether in another body or not, I cannot know. That the spirit may continue to live as pure spirit, unfettered by material bonds, unhampered by bodily limitations, seems to me as probable as that it will have a larger or more perfect body.

God is represented to us as a spirit touching the uttermost boundaries of the universe. Everywhere at once, absent nowhere. We are represented as being sons of God, created in His own spiritual likeness; capable of becoming like Him. I believe that each spirit will be given all the liberty of spirit freedom that it is capable of using wisely. That our bodily limitations to-day are the swaddling clothes of the spirit infant. And that as the spirit grows its boundaries of liberty will be enlarged until the child has grown to be like the Father, the companion of the Father, to dwell with the Father, bounded only by an unlimited universe.

After the spirit leaves the body, I believe it enters on a new existence, not very dissimilar to this one. It loves, hopes, fears, is actuated by passion and greed, is miserable or happy, as a logical continuation of the life that now is.

I do not believe there is any Scriptural, historical or traditional warrant for supposing that these liberated spirits go away to some distant place. I believe that the spirit-world into which they pass is intimately contiguous to this world. I believe it and its influences

touch us on every side. Only the thinnest veil of physical limitation hides us from the glories and the mysteries of the spirit-world.

We are, as yet, in material bodies. We can have only those visions that the material body is capable of giving us. The body can take no cognizance of the spirit world. It cannot betray to us any of its secrets. The body stands at present as a barrier, an absolute non-conductor of the truths of the spirit-world which we so long to know.

I believe the body to be surrounded by the realities and harmonies of the spirit-world. But, like a dumb animal that it is, it walks and talks in the midst of all these glories, unable to pass over to the spirit world with itself, a single jot or tittle of its magnificent surroundings. That the silence and uncertainty which surrounds the spirit imprisoned in bodily existence has sometimes been broken by angel visits and inspired visions is recorded again and again in Holy Writ and credible history. But these seem to be exceptional circumstances, rather than the normal condition of things. The records of these occurrences, both modern and ancient, gave such meager details, and were subjected to such unscientific scrutiny, as to be of little or no worth to me, save the general fact that such things were commonly believed to be possible.

That the departed spirits can and do appear to us who remain in the body is a belief as old as humanity, as wide as the earth, and as irrefragable as the belief in God. Personally, I am not sure that such an appearance has ever been vouchsafed me. I have sought it, wished for it, striven by every means that I am capable of to attain such an event, but it has never happened in such a clear and definite manner as to lead me to grave doubts. But I think it is true that the vast majority of people either believe that this has been possible in past times, or continues to be possible in the present time.

That a liberated spirit can communicate with other spirits liberated from the body seems to me probable and rational. That a spirit liberated from the body can communicate with a spirit still imprisoned by the body, by direct spirit impressions, as one spirit communicates with another spirit, seems to me probable and reasonable. God is represented, and Jesus is represented, as being able to commune with our spirits, not through the physical senses, not by tangible agencies, not by material impressions, but by pure spiritual communion, in which the feeling, the aspiration, the love, the consolation of one is transferred to another, ready made, without the intermediate agency of sense or touch. That the spirits of the dead are in this manner able to commune with our spirits, is to me a probability that is gradually growing into a conviction. That my grandmother, that my father, who have passed into the spirit-world have been and still are occasionally with me in spirit, as well as many others who have passed over ahead of me, seems at times to be so vivid as to be a blessed certainty.

But at all times it appears to be probable, beautiful, helpful, and, if true, a wise and beneficent arrangement on the part of our Creator. I do not know of any reason why it should not be true. It seems to me I do know a great many reasons why it ought to be true. It would certainly encourage spirituality on the part of those who remain in the flesh, quicken responsibility for secret deeds and hidden thoughts, and bring to earth the holy touch of spiritual reality that the materialism of all ages so much needs.

But remember, this that I am talking of now is that direct spirit of communion in which one spirit communes with another spirit without the intervention of any physical agency whatever. That spirit communion which is only possible in our best and purest moods, in solemn meditation, in an attitude of genuine devotion to God for the spiritual blessings he showers upon us.

As yet, we as spirits are unable to transcend the limits of the bodies that imprison us. But our spirit friends who surround us have not these limitations to contend with. They do not find physical objects to be obstructions, like we do. They have the same freedom in the physical universe that we have in our physical bodies, passing from part to part, or place to place, with no conscious effort or delay.

Thus, while we are held prisoners and cannot go to them, they are able to come to us, are able to visit the spirits in prison, and to minister unto them. If our lives were purer, if our faith was stronger, if our seasons of prayer and meditation were oftener, I am not prepared to set any limit to the value that our spirit friends might become to us in our blind gropings after truth, and in the oft-time weariness and the loneliness of our earthly pilgrimage.

It seems to me indeed a wise Providence that has set our boundaries for us in that we may not go to them while we remain in the body, with all of our blindness and misunderstanding, but that they may come to us, with their clearer vision and higher impulses, if only we make our lives and hearts susceptible to their uplifting influences. It is perfectly right that it should be this way. They are the ones who can see; they are the ones who know when and what they can do for us. We are the ones who are blind; we do not even know when we need their assistance or in what they could assist us. We cannot know so long as we are limited to the bodily senses. If we were allowed to go to them, to conjure them up at our will, press them into our service, use them for our purposes, it would be the lead leading those who can see, the ignorant guiding the wise. We need not seek them, we cannot seek them; we can only make ourselves fit for their company.

A pure heart will do more to solve these problems than all the philosophies and strivings of mankind. Indeed, there is no limit to the power of those whose hearts are pure. The Scriptures go so far as to say that the pure in heart are so blessed that they shall see God. If the pure in heart shall see God, surely it is not audacious for us to suppose that the pure in heart shall also see those of our dear ones who, like God, are spirits—living, loving, ministering spirits.

For various purposes which I cannot now stop to enumerate, we are now passing through a kindergarten of physical existence. The body constitutes at once our teacher and our prison. Like other prisoners, we have the limited freedom afforded by our prisons; but, like other prisoners, we may not yet go to those who enjoy the freedom of those who have been liberated from their bodies. We have learned to communicate with our fellow-prisoners by sounds and signs which we more or less vaguely understand, but as we are each confined in separate cells, which we call the body, we have never yet really seen or known each other. As yet, we have learned no other language except the imperfect and uncertain language of sight and sound. The language of pure spirit communion we know little or nothing about. When our spirit friends come to visit us in our prison bodies, they no longer possessed of physical bodies, can communicate only with us in the language of pure spirit impressions. We hear no words, they make no sound, we see no lights, we feel no touch; but, helpless as the babe who understands not one word of the lullaby sung with such loving tenderness by its mother, yet feels somehow its soothing influence; so we, having eyes, yet cannot see; ears, yet cannot hear; minds, but do not understand; and sit dumb and unresponsive before our spirit visitors, attributing the sweet influences of their visitations to this or that physical influence, many of us actually denying that we have ever had any such visits at all.

Who of us are most likely to receive such visits? Suppose you were to visit a prison, and in one cell a man who makes no response to anything you say to him. If you offer him a flower or fruit, he pays no attention. If you give him counsel or good cheer, he pays no heed. Whatever you may do, he makes no response whatever, but is busy always in scrutinizing the scratches he has made on the walls of his cell, counting the bars of his narrow window, examining the huge blocks of granite that compose his floor and walls, rapping to fellow-prisoners in adjacent cells or listening to their replying raps, but paying not the slightest attention to you or anything you could do for him.

Suppose another prisoner made some response to your visits, at first blindly, vaguely

groping, yet you were sure that he was conscious of your presence in his cell. Then he begins to make feeble response to your ministrations. You feel sure, at times, that he almost understands you. You notice, by unmistakable signs, that you are actually influencing his life; that he begins to look for your visits and long for you.

Which of these two prisoners would you be likely to visit oftenest? Would you not, after a while, give up the despair of being of any use to the unresponsive one? This illustration would bear almost infinite elaboration, but I must hasten on. It serves to illustrate my thought. The intercourse between the spirit-world and ourselves is hindered or helped by our condition. We are living in an intensely materialistic age. The commercial interests of the world, which is purely materialistic, absorb at least two-thirds of the energy, the ability and the attention of mankind. No silent influence of a spirit, however eager or wishful it may be, can break in upon the clamor of this commercial din.

Of those who make some show of giving heed to things spiritual, the great majority have a materialistic theology, a materialistic ritual of worship, and in their daily intercourse act as if they had never heard of anything but materialism.

What chance, think you, in this din of ceremony and clang of ritual, is there for us poor deluded mortals to have spirit communion? When Christ had fasted forty days in the wilderness—in the wilderness, mind you, alone, where all was still—angels came and ministered unto him. Those of us who do go through the shallow pretense of fasting in these days, do not wind up our fasts in holy or solemn communion with angel visitors, but with the splendor and materialistic gew-gaws of Easter Sunday. When do we give the angel visitors a chance to visit us? Christmas? Easter Sunday? Palm Sunday? or Thanksgiving? I would about as soon expect them on the Fourth of July or Decoration Day, as far as the spiritual conditions are concerned.

Even the Spiritualists are drifting into as confirmed a materialism as the rest. Many of the best writers and exponents of Spiritualism decry this tendency, and have warned the followers of Spiritualism again and again against the inevitable consequences of this sort of thing. I had a conversation some time since with a very dear old lady who lives in this city, one of the pioneers of Spiritualism in this State. In speaking of these things, she expressed in the strongest terms her sorrow that the so-called spiritualistic phenomena had such a prominent place in the minds of Spiritualists. She said that she had seen some of these as the lowest of spiritualistic phenomena. Of course, she believes that some little of the phenomena are genuine, but she says that long since she lost all interest in such matters, and dwelt only on the really spiritual side of their teaching.

But some one may ask, if you believe in the possibility that spirit communion between the living and the dead may occur, and grow more and more perfect as it is encouraged, would it not be possible for such a person to put into language the impressions received from the spirit visitor?

Yes, I think such a thing is possible, and even probable, but the language used would be the language of the medium, not the spirit; it would be the imperfect translation which the medium would be able to give of the impressions received. But, remember farther, that the spirit came to us. We did not go to it. We cannot conjure them up at our will. They come at their own will, with their own message. If we make such a thing as spirit communion with our departed ones, be sure of it that the spiritual conditions on our part are so exacting, requiring of us such perfect sincerity, holy purpose and fixed attention, that we cannot receive these messages at will, as a doctor writes a prescription.

Jesus said, "When ye pray enter your closet and shut the door and pray to your Father in secret." There is a deep philosophy underlying these specific directions how to pray. I believe this to be the only way that the average person can really pray at all. If the all-powerful Spirit of our Father can reach us only in the silence of our closet, in the receptive attitude of secrecy, how much more those weaker spirits, our friends, who would minister to us and become our guardian angels, must need these same conditions.

What think you is the real reason why our spirit-friends desire to commune with us? Is it the wish to tell us things we do not know, to keep us from harm we do not see, or to help us through troubles we do not understand? This may be an incidental effect of their communion, but I do not believe it could be the primary reason for it. The providence of God has already placed about us an environment suited to our spiritual training. The spirits do not seek to modify this environment, to guide us around this difficulty, or lift us over that obstacle. They could not do this if they would, and, with their higher knowledge of the facts of God's providences, I do not believe they would if they could do any such thing. The things that happen to us are exactly the things that should happen. The experiences of life are measured out to each one, according to his spiritual needs. I do not believe that the spirit seeks to change any of this.

Why, then, do the spirits wish to commune with us? To simply let us know that they are. To let us know that they are with us. To strengthen our faith in immortality. To increase our spirituality. To save us from the rank materialism which besets us. For me to know that the spirits of my loved ones are near, and that they are sometimes feeling their presence, go out with me and come in with me, is enough, is an overflowing cup of joy to me. If I could always feel sure of it, if I could always feel certain, I would ask no more. I do not wish or expect them to tell me how my aunt is in Boston, or where I lost my pocketbook, years ago. By giving the freest rein to my imagination, still I am only able to believe that the most general and vague impressions will be received by us from the spirit world while we remain in the body. The more I think of this, the more I am sure that it is better for us that it is so.

I think every man and woman is each one for himself or herself, a medium of communion with departed spirits. My intercourse with the spirit-world will depend upon my own spirituality. I believe God has so fixed it that I cannot hire you to be spiritual for me. He has wisely limited my spiritual communion to my own spirituality. The amount of spirit-communion which I shall receive does not depend upon the number of mediums I may be able to hire, but upon my own spirituality, my own purity of heart, my own holiness. I am sure this is at it should be.

If that gross sensualist who happens to have money that he has obtained by fraud or force can bring to his aid hired mediums, and thus come into intimate relations to the spirit-world; while some poor, bereaved widow or mother, with pure life and aching heart, is obliged to console herself with the crumbs of spirit communion that fall from this rich man's table; if this is the way that Providence has fixed things, I cannot believe that Providence is either just or wise.

But this cannot be the truth of the matter. I feel sure of it. As the Christian religion came to the world to notify the poor, priest-ridden masses that each man was his own priest; that priests had become superfluous, outlawed; so I believe the higher thought in Spiritualism comes to us with the same glad tidings that no one must stand between us and the spirit-world that surrounds us. Each one is his own revealer, his own medium, his own interpreter of angel-messages.

As to the reliability and personal integrity of the professional medium and his followers, I will quote from a tract published by "The Light of Truth," in the interests of Spiritualism. I wish you to bear in mind, in quoting this tract I am quoting words published by the Spiritualists, in the interests of Spiritualism:

"Now, I would be willing to admit that there are five hundred professional mediums who are downright impostors, known frauds, whom nobody would trust. I will also admit that there are ten million of the twenty million Spiritualists of this country who are self-deceived, who think they believe something, and do not."

credulity of the unsophisticated, should be the aim of every Spiritualist. Some professional mediums are entirely too professional."

If the Spiritualists are willing to publish such statements as these concerning themselves, surely I may say as much of them without making myself offensive to them.

But, you may say, are there no genuine professional mediums? If we use the term professional mediums to include all people who make a business, wholly or in part, to receive messages for others from the spirit world? Are any of these people genuine? Can they really do what they pretend they can?

I will give you my personal experience with them, with the same reverent regard for the truth and love for all mankind as if I knew these were to be the last I should ever utter in the flesh. I have consulted a number of these people during the last twenty years. I have done so respectfully, hopefully, wishfully. I have always gone to these people with vague anticipations, secret longings that I might find them able to do what others say they have been able to do for them. My heart was on their side. My wish was only that they might prove their case. I laid no straw in their path. I imposed no conditions upon them. I have gone to them in the spirit of innocent curiosity. I have gone to them in the spirit of candid investigation. I have gone to them in the spirit of critical research, and I have gone to them in the despair of bereavement.

Sometimes I found nothing but the most glaring, incoherent frauds; sometimes mean, inglorious, incoherent jargon and tricks; sometimes a frank and honest admission on the part of the medium that he could do nothing for me, because of this or that condition over which he or I had no control.

To some of these mediums I wish to pay a tribute, however. Some of them gave me good advice. They said to me that I was so constituted mentally that if I was to ever find any evidence through mediumship, it would be my own mediumship. They prescribed for me meditation in my own home—devotional meditation. I call it; they called it "sitting by myself." If you will continue to do this, they said, persistently, the light will come. You will soon learn to your own satisfaction that your departed friends do live, that they are near to you, that they can help you and commune with you. After you have fully established this faith in your mind, then you can come to us and receive messages.

This advice is good. Meditation in these days is almost unknown. It was once considered an essential to Christian growth. But we are a noisy generation. Our home life is an incessant chatter. Our church life is a ceaseless routine of praying, talking, preaching and singing. We call that meeting a good meeting, when we have allowed no interruption in the various noises which we consider so efficacious to spiritual life. We call that a dull meeting, where intervals of solemn meditation have occurred.

Oh! how much we, as a people, need the ministry of stillness I can never tell. How much we, as families, would be benefited by gathering together in one room, with dim light and absolute stillness, each one wrapped in his own meditation, with just enough suggestion by spoken words to keep the mind in one direction and with one accord. One hour, or two hours, spent in this way at each home, once a week or oftener, would do much toward bringing the lives and spirits of the people into sweet accord with that spirit-world which surrounds us. The boys of this generation need such a meeting in their homes. The girls need it. The fathers need it. The mothers need it. It would make the spirit world so near to us. It would make the spiritual truths so real to us. It would make the future life so dear to us. It would make death so kind to us. It would make life so rich to us. It would make God so good to us, and would bring our elder brother, Jesus, so close to each hearthstone, that he would become to us, indeed, what he is now in poetry, an elder brother, a stronger brother, a holier brother.

Do you wish to strengthen your faith in the existence and nearness of your spirit friends? Take my advice. Take the advice that the mediums have given me. Seek that evidence in the sacredness and quietude of your own homes. And when the evidence comes I sincerely believe that the matter will have become too sacred, too sweetly confidential and private, to leave any desire in your heart to call to your assistance some roving stranger who will immediately hold out his hand for your dollar as soon as he has delivered his alleged message.

While writing this lecture, a former President of the Spiritualists' Society told me that fake mediums were coming to his city; that he was continually warning them out of the city; that he had to be incessantly on the alert to detect the pretenders and try to protect the people from their horrible impositions. Now, if this is all true, and I feel sure that it is, how are we, the people, to protect ourselves from these frauds? How are we to escape the snares that they are spreading for us continually? I will tell you how we can, and it is the only way I know of. Take the advice of the very best Spiritualists in this city, in this country.

Go into your own closet, shut the door; or gather your family by your own fireside, and there, in the sanctity of your own home, surrounded by the normal influences of blood fraternity and mutual confidence; there, in solemn meditation and secret petition, ask the Father, our Father, the Father of all Spirits, to give us all the light that He wishes us to have on this subject; to lead you into all of the truth you need to know; to console you with all the revelations that His loving care desires you to have. And wait and see if they will come to you. Do not attempt to set limits by any preconceived notions as to what will or will not occur.

But while I warn you to receive such things, if they come, with careful scrutiny and unprejudiced fairness, I also warn you against expecting such things to occur. Guard against unconscious imposition. Guard against automatic deception. Guard against honest illusions. Don't let your hearts run away with your heads. Don't let your wishes swallow up your wisdom. Don't let preconceived notions override actual experience. Be sincere. Be really spiritual. The pure heart is the gateway to the temple of divine revelation.

I recommend these things to you partly because they seem to me rational, and partly from personal experience. For myself, I wish I had practiced them longer and oftener, and I sincerely believe that it is here we shall find the light, if it is for us to know.

A Steamer's Peculiar Passengers.

The Clyde steamer *Carib* has been chartered by the Florida Ostich Farm Company to transfer their ostriches from Jacksonville, Fla., to Boston June 7th, and on the arrival of this steamer in Boston, which is expected June 12th, the steamer *Frede De Barry* of the Nahant and Bass Point line, will meet it at Lewis wharf, and the ostriches will be transferred from the *Carib* to Bass Point steamer, and will be taken to Bass Point, Nahant, to be placed on exhibition for the summer months only, and then sent back to Jacksonville, Fla. Some of the ostriches which are coming are named Major and Mrs. McKinley, Chauncey Depew, Jim Corbett, Joe Jefferson, John L. Sullivan, Teddy Roosevelt, Mark Hanna and others. A permit has been asked of the city of Boston for an ostrich parade, and if granted, the public will then have an opportunity of seeing the only bird in the United States that draws a buggy and goes in harness.

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Dead Gods.

BY BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

Dr. Savage of New York says felicitously that "The Gods must die, in order that man may live." The ideas concerning God are the last to change in a time of enlargement of human thought and re-statement of man's knowledge and opinion. Our religious expression, poor as it may be, is generally superior to our popular systematic theology. The theological history of the race has been a record of the death of old conceptions of God and the birth of larger ones. There is, however, generally a time, between the loss of the old conceptions and the acquisition of the newer ones, when men shrink from any formulation of their ideas of God. Such a time we are passing through now, and while few if any among us believe the theological statements of the old creeds, it is doubtful if any recent definition of God could be said to fully satisfy the demands of modern knowledge and religious aspiration.

It may be that at one time the race had no thought of God. If so, it was before historic time. For, although the theological imaginings of primitive man seem infantile to us, we have no knowledge of a time when man did not have some thought of God.

It is probable that man first worshiped his ancestors. He knew that he himself departed to an unknown land of unconsciousness when asleep, and he inferred that some similar occurrence took place at death. But when his ancestors died and awoke no more from slumber, he began to think of them as living in another existence, and it was not a long journey to the deification of them. He thought that man had two entities, and we have records of the time when he believed that his shadow was his immaterial self. From this comes our word "shade" as applied to the departed, and the natural mystery connected with this idea led to this early mythology.

From this there developed what we call Fetichism, or the worship of some object that, owing to some fortuitous event, was supposed to have the power of bringing good or evil fortune to men.

Then followed the Nature worship of Fire, the Sun, Stars, Moon, Mountains, Trees, Rivers, etc., etc.

Out of this grew Polytheism, with its worship of hundreds of gods good and bad. We see the Chinese to-day, for example, in our own cities, worshipping gods that represent vices as well as virtues. Before going out to rob a man or seek fortune in the lottery, a Chinaman will make an offering at the shrine of the "God of Ill-gotten Wealth," and, although they do not call it by as honest a name, it is to be feared that some Americans have also sacrificed to this god.

Out of Polytheism grew the elevation of certain gods to be tribal or national deities. Of this sort was the Yahveh or Jehovah of the early Israelites. From the national deities came the idea of devils. For when one nation was at war with another, it was natural to teach that the opposing gods were not real gods, but were devils. This the Jew believed about some foreign gods, and this the Christian has taught and some Christian ministers teach to this day, concerning the gods of "heathen nations." The words deity and devil have precisely the same root.

Then followed Henotheism, or the worship of one God as superior to the others. It was the God of a later Israel. Baal and Chemosh were real gods, but by the Israelites, Jehovah was recognized as the Supreme God. As one of them said, "Our God is a great God and a great King over all Gods."

From this grew Monotheism, which denied the existence of other deities and caused the psalmist to say: "The Gods of the heathen are idols, but our God made the heavens." Out of this conception of the unity of God came Jesus, who said, "God is Spirit," an utterance so great that modern thought has not yet fully comprehended it. Certainly it has never really been believed or taught by official Christianity without such accompaniments as have materialized its comprehensiveness and power.

You will understand that I have been describing the development of the idea of God among our own spiritual ancestors. Among some of the Oriental peoples the conception of God has been greater in many respects than in the Occident, and we may yet need to learn lessons that can be taught us by the sages of India. This is hard for some of us to believe, as it is natural for us to disparage the attainments of other peoples and to exalt our own. Especially is it difficult for some among us to bury our dead gods while we easily recognize the fact that the gods of other peoples have become superfluous and have deserved only abandonment by their worshippers. In Christendom at the present time a number of the old Christian Gods are dead, but unfortunately the remains are yet extant. They ought to be given decent burial, once for all. Let us, then, attend to their obsequies.

One of the gods needing burial may be described as

THE ABSENTEE GOD.

This god was supposed to be "a Magnified and Non-Natural Man," living outside of nature. He set the world going, like some complicated machine, and then went off and left it. He never really visited it himself, but he occasionally sent representatives to look after it. The greatest and last of these was his only son. The old divines were very sure of this God, and used to speculate concerning his habitation. All men now smile at their crude fancies, but the superstition of a God apart from the world still lingers among many so-called Christians. Let us believe in no God who is not always and everywhere manifest.

THE LIMITED GOD.

This God shared his power with the devil. The old Christian theologians used to wrangle over the supposition that God in some way needed to propitiate and offer a ransom to the devil for the saving of men. Some of them taught (and I know a prominent Presbyterian pastor and a Methodist theological professor who teach to-day) that God entered into a contract by which he gave each world to the ownership of a special angel. One of these angels became jealous of Jesus, and planned an insurrection in heaven. God detected and defeated this scheme and cast the leader, Satan, out of heaven. But although God could do this, he could not violate his contract with the fallen angel, who owned this world, and legitimately got it away from him. He therefore entered into negotiations with his adversary and was informed that only one condition could be accepted for the release of mankind and that was the death of God's only-begotten son. God and Jesus then arranged matters so as to take advantage of Satan by permitting Jesus to die and release the world; and then God would restore him to life again. This story seems unspeakably silly and immoral to most of us and yet something like it has been believed by a large portion of the Christian world. Let us carry out this God and bury him forever.

The third God who ought to die, is

THE NEGATIVE GOD.

This is the God who is worshipped by those who believe religion to be synonymous with prohibitions and restrictions. This God has done some good service, but he is not a real God. He wrote the Ten Commandments, and all other mandates, commencing "Thou Shalt Not!" Mark you, I do not say that the Ten Commandments are not valuable, nor that they are not, for the most part, a good code of morality, but I do say they are not religion. Religion is not prohibitory but inspirational. It does not say "Thou shalt not," nor even "Thou shalt," but it works through man's spirit to bring forth natural fruits of righteousness. The object of religion is to discover law and to improve man so that he will naturally and joyfully do the things he should. So let the negative God go with the others.

THE UNKIND GOD.

This is the fourth undesirable God. This is the God who is angry and needs to be appeased. He never offered a ransom to the Devil but he is

worse than the God who did. That God was a deceiver and a weakling, but that one was a monster. He required a ransom to be offered to himself. I am aware that originally, ethical conceptions were underneath some of these theological statements, but they are not only unethical now but are inestimably immoral for us. Some one has truly said that no character in fiction has been so base as God is depicted in some creeds. We are told by the present creed of one of our most powerful churches that "by the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men thus predestinated and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished." And this punishment is described in more than one place as "everlasting separation from the comfortable presence of God, and most grievous torments in soul and body, without intermission, in hell fire forever."

All churches have not taught the doctrine of foreordination, but a Methodist minister in Boston within a year has depicted a man with whose theological opinions he did not agree, but of whom he said that he was "mentally insane but morally upright" as being sent by God to a hell where he would jump round like a live frog "in a frying pan" over an eternal fire, and an orthodox minister in San Francisco has recently painted the tortures of the damned in Dantean colors. So long as men believe in torturing their fellows, they will believe in a God who tortures his creatures and who needs to be bought off by some sort of sacrifice. At its worst, this theory degenerates into the idea of a good God, all love and mercy and a bad God all cruelty and vengeance; and the bad god being appeased by the death of the good one. It is time he was buried. We will sing over his grave, the words of Whittier,

"Nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me."

The fifth outgrown God is
THE UNJUST GOD.

He is better than the fourth, for he is supposed to love the world and wants to save it. But in order to do this, and satisfy his idea of "justice," he permits the death of his own son. This son has some surplus merit, that is thus bestowed on those who have less than they need. This merit is to be appropriated by men coming to "believe" in Jesus as their Redeemer. "Faith" is a great word, but in the Christian church it has largely degenerated into a synonym for opinion. Salvation by opinion has become a curse to Christendom. I value nothing more than faith, but if faith is possessing this opinion concerning God and Christ and salvation, then let us glory in being infidels. If a man is an atheist, who does not believe in these dead Gods, then let us be atheists. But the fact that it is the height of atheism and infidelity to-day to tolerate the existence of such Gods, and the true believers are those who demand a God of reason, justice and love, who satisfies the demands of the noblest ideas of this and all ages.

The last dead God of whom I will speak is
THE PARTIAL GOD.

The Jew believed in a "God of Israel," revealed only through Israel. Others might know him, but only through "the favored people." The Christians have believed in a God whom they called "Father," a beautiful name; but they have taught that God was the father of only a portion of the race; that men were by nature the children of the devil, and could come into God's family only by a miraculous transformation. As I said before, these ideas may all originally have had an ethical content, but the ordinary interpretation of them has become infamous. And if you say that the most intelligent ministers do not preach these things in orthodox churches, and that the orthodox church members no longer believe them; then I say "Let us be thankful for that!" But I also assert that these ideas may some of them still be found in a large proportion of the creeds of Christendom, which church members are supposed to endorse, and which ministers and professors swear they believe. As a correspondent writes me, we may look for the day when out of the Judaism that taught a brotherhood of a few in national bonds, and out of the Christianity which taught a brotherhood of some men in a voluntary surrender to Jesus, may come a great expression of religion which shall emphasize the unity of all men and all things in the Great Spirit, and there be no division of Jew and Gentile, Heathen and Christian, but all men be one in the great union of a larger manifestation or comprehension of God. I cannot speak now as I might on the positive side of our thought of the Living God. This will form the topic of a later address. But I must not leave you with a destructive thought in your minds. I would say with emphasis that we have lost nothing, but have gained much in burying these Gods, even if no better conception took their place. For it is well to pull up and burn the weeds, even if we do think more than we prepare the ground for a better harvest. And we have lost nothing that is "honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report, to our better conscience."

We can see the promise of larger and worthier thoughts of God; a God who is universal, beneficent and just, and who, although we may not know all about him, may yet reveal himself to our best desire and search. I do not know all about Emerson or Whitman, but I know them. I do not know all about my child, or that "nearer one yet," but I know them. And you need not wait till next Sunday to become acquainted with a real God. The genuine God will not need a priest to mediate for him or a preacher to introduce him. If you ever find him, you will discover him in your own soul. What we need is, not to believe that Moses or Jesus knew God, but to stir ourselves up to know him for ourselves and not another. And while this is an infinite work, the beginning of it is nearer and easier than we think.

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through;
We've heard of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of an infinite sea;
Oh, who can tell us it such there be?

The lark flew up in the morning light,
And sang and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was his song: "I see the light;
I look on a world of beautiful things.
But, flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."

And the exhortation of this hour to every hungry soul should be this:

"Speak to him, thou for he hears, and spirit with spirit can meet,
Closer is he than breathing; nearer than hands or feet."

Strange Graveyard Picture.

The residents of Amesbury, Mass., and the people of Seabrook, N. H., are greatly excited over a strange appearance on a gravestone in the little cemetery at the edge of Seabrook. The stone bears the name of Jonathan Walter, who died in 1894. On the stone can be seen very distinctly the face of a woman, said to greatly resemble Walter's first wife, who died a few years ago. The stone was placed in position by his second wife and other relatives at the time. Nothing strange was seen on the stone, and it looked no different from any other stone in the yard.

The face was first seen on Memorial Day, when Mrs. William Eaton, who was examining the headstones out of curiosity, stopped in amazement in front of the stone and saw what she then thought was a picture of a woman engraved in the stone, but, going up to the stone, she found nothing. It seemed that the face can only be seen when a short distance away from the grave. The maker of the stone stated that nothing of the kind was on the stone when he placed it in position. What causes the most excitement is that the face resembles Walter's first wife in many ways. The face is perfect in lines, and the eyes, nose and mouth can be seen plainly. The hair is also very distinct and falls loosely down on the shoulders. The superstitious people of the town say that it is the work of God, while the Spiritualists of the locality say that it is the dead wife come back to watch over her husband's grave.—Boston Herald.

Children's Spiritualism.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.

BY M. D. HIAW.

Why, yes, Sweet Robin, 'tis you that I see,
How now—Did you fetch bad tidings for me?
Or have you come with a song of delight—
A carol to cheer this luckless, lorn night?

Do you think it is spring, my triller so gay,
Was the sky o'ercast on Candlemas day,
Have you seen green patches 'twixt patches of snow,
Or sassafras scented that's starting to grow?

Bright-plumaged fellow, I think you are bold
To come out in the February cold,
Or is your knowledge of seasons inborn,
That you venture thus far this Valentine morn?

I see one foot without any shoe,
The other is hid for robins have two.

That's right—Draw up your thin little toes
And use those soft, warm feathers for nose.

I fear you'll come down with a cold in your throat,
Or crack your voice on a way-up note.

If I lift up the sash, will you bob in,
Not the least of your plumage will I ruffle, Robin?

Anchor on the back of my chair,
No use staying out in this chilly air.

If I'm late to rise—if you think it a shame,
Don't trouble to tell how much I'm to blame.

Now, where have you been the winter along—
Where since cherries were ripe, with your song?

And where is your mate? Oh, there's a fuss,
Well, well, shake—there's a big one with us.

Just square yourself to rest at your ease
Here. Try a bit of skim-milk cheese.

Will you have some canary cake, or a bun—
A piece of calf's liver, rare, or well-done?

Robin Red Breast, pull down your red vest,
Then help yourself to what you like best.

There's water to drink in that leaky tin cup,
And more in the well if you finish that up.

Now perk yourself and how do you feel—
As well as if you had had a square meal?

My! look in the glass! 'Tis time that you stop,
Unless you want a poultice's big drop.

Come again to my lilac or butternut tree,
Robin. You and I can always agree.

Though scant is my food, I'll divide with the bird
That sings the sweetest of any I've heard.

My slices are thin and crackers are few,
But I'll manage to find some pieces for you.

I'm poor, Robin, with me the world goes wrong,
But feel rich, Robin, when I list to your song.

The Little Dried Peas.

When Fred and Jack came in from play they went to the dining room for some apples; and there they found Ruth tying a fresh, blue ribbon around a clear glass finger bowl to hold in place a piece of coarse white lace spread over the top.

"What's that for, Ruthie?" said Fred. "Why, I was thinking how hard it is to wait these last few weeks before things begin to grow, and how many days it will be before the pussy-willows ought to be out, and how strange it is that pretty soon all these dead looking trees will begin sending out such pretty little red, and yellow, and green things; and then I remembered reading about a mummy in whose hand were found some little dry kernels that perhaps were two or three thousand years old, and they were planted, and they grew! Then I thought of those dried peas we make into soup, and I'm going to see if they will sprout."

Jack laughed and said: "Where's your earth to put them in?"

Mother told me to lay a few peas on this piece of lace, and to fill the bowl with water until it just touches them."

So Ruth put in the water and ran into the kitchen for the peas. Dear me! what a commotion there was among the sleepy old peas when something was thrust down in their midst that carefully picked out a few of their members and lifted them away out of sight. Then the cover was put back on the box, leaving the peas in darkness. "How fortunate we were to escape the fate of our brothers!" they murmured to one another, and then drowsed away again. But in a few days they were all made into soup and eaten up!

Ruth placed the five peas she had selected on the lace. They were bewildered by their hasty journey through the air, and they felt very chilly indeed against the cool water, and they all gasped, "Oh! what has happened to us?" But none of them knew. They became used to the water shortly, and felt chilly no longer. They dozed comfortably for a few days, and then began to feel so queer that they said to one another, "What's going to happen now?" And one added: "I feel as if I were going to do something remarkable if I try a little."

"So do I!" exclaimed all the little peas—all but one, who said: "Well, I'm not going to try. It's much pleasanter to lie here and dream."

So he lay and dreamed and dreamed, and grew into such a pulpy mass that Ruth scooped him up with a spoon and threw him away.

But the other four thought and wondered and tried to find out what was going on, and pretty soon they began to send little white roots into the water. They felt so different! It was so pleasant to understand what that clear, shining substance below them was, and to shoot down into it.

Ruth was careful to put in a little fresh water every day. When she saw the rootlets, she took the bowl from the dark corner and carried it to her own room, placing it on a table near the window where the warm sunshine came in. This was a delightful change to the peas; they sent out more slender little roots, and were extremely happy when the sun shone on them.

"I feel so full of happiness that I think it will burst me!" said one little pea.

"Something's going to happen—something different," said another.

"I'm tired of sending out these little things," murmured another. "What good does it do? I'm just going to stop." So he stopped, and the rootlets shriveled up and died, and Ruth threw the pea away.

In the meantime something wonderful happened to the three peas that were left. They all split! But it didn't hurt at all; and the prettiest little pale green things grew out of each one. They were so proud and happy, and exclaimed many times, "How beautiful we are!"

"Yes, we are much handsomer than we were," said one of the peas; "but I think we may become still more beautiful."

"Rumph! sniffed the other two, "are you never to be satisfied?" So they lay contentedly in the warm sunshine, and no longer tried to grow. But the little pea kept on striving, and one day he put forth a third leaf, very different from and much finer than the first two leaves. After that he grew rapidly—so rapidly, indeed, that Ruth gave him a long string to run upon. How happy he was! With every little leaf he put forth he could breathe in more of the delicious sunlit air. The peas that stopped with their first two leaves saw with dismay the wonderful beauty of their companion, and they turned yellow and yellow with chagrin, until they were nothing but little yellow heaps that Ruth had to throw away too.

One morning the boys came in, calling to Ruth, "We've a surprise for you!" And they gave her some long brown twigs covered with the loveliest silvery gray tufts imaginable. "Pussy-willows!" cried Ruth in delight. "I've a surprise for you, too. Come with me." Then, for the first time, Fred and Jack saw the long, delicate vine, with its dainty green leaves like tiny butterfly-wings, rising from a clear crystal bowl of water where white rootlets were gleaming.

The boys were indeed surprised. "I believe

the story about the mummy now," said Fred. "But where are the other peas? You put five there."

"I had to throw them away, because they didn't grow," said Ruth. "I wonder why."

"Perhaps they didn't try," said Jack.

But the little green vine in the sunshine had forgotten long ago that it was over an ugly dried pea.—Florence Peltier Perry, in Mind

Woman's New Era.

BY M. A. P.

Break down the huge arches of wrong,
Beam thro' the rifts in habit beauty,
Make home-life and state-life akin,
Our Cause, its boldest duty.

Plead for the right; dare to be brave;
Old wrongs shall assail thee in vain,
Fold not thy wings, stay not to rest,
Till woman's New Era shall gain.

Universal suffrage—like insurance and the man who carried the first umbrella—in its first inception, was greeted with derision. It has pressed on and over ridicule, malice, indifference, and conservatism until it stands in the gray dawn of this age, before the most powerful legislative body on earth and challenges final consideration.

It brings out a universal development of self-respect and self-reliance, and gives to every woman a more general intelligence and an increased executive ability. They lose none of their womanly graces, but are better fitted to become counselors and companions to men.

Some object, saying that women do not wish for the ballot and would not exercise it. Many slaves did not desire emancipation in 1863, and there are many men in all our communities who do not vote; but we hear of no free man to-day who asks for reënfranchisement, and no proposition is offered to disfranchise all men because some neglect their duty.

Give us the ballot. I have no fears of the degradation of women by the ballot. The tone of our politics will be higher, and the polls will be freed from the vulgarly which now surrounds them. I believe that the casting of the ballot will be invested with a seriousness second only to a religious observance. My reasons for this belief are, it is right; it is desirable; it is expedient. These being true, our duty is plain. Representation and legislation, as well as taxation, are inseparable according to our Constitution.

Women vote intelligently when they have judged of the political question. To-day we need the counsel and service of women for the highest interests of the State and Nation.

The Ohio Spiritualists' State Convention.

The convention in this city, May 23-24, under the auspices of the Ohio Spiritualists' Association, was remarkable in point of fervor and eloquence along the line toward the altruistic life. Never before on any occasion of the kind in this city has there been such a baptism of the real essence of Spiritualism. Aside from the routine of the convention, there was a new word, a new thought given, in support of the last lingering hope of effective organization and work, that is, the liberation of the soul-forces and their play in the action of this movement. The conferences, the lecture sessions, and, in fact, the whole proceedings, were characterized and dominated by it, and if henceforth there is not an awakening of the sluggish conscience of propaganda work in this city, and throughout the State and nation, too, by reason of the deliberations of the convention just closed, there is indeed no hope whatever of saving the remnant of our tottering, decaying household.

James B. Townsend's two addresses will live as long as thought endures or fidelity to the principles of cooperation and fraternity remain the heritage of mankind. Like Paul of old, he has entered the breach between the Paganism and the Christ spirit in our ranks, and a truer prophet never voiced the undying truth of heaven nor sounded forth more pregnant warnings.

President Barrett was the incarnation of apostolic inspiration, and the fire of his grand speeches will warm and invigorate the minds and hearts of his listeners as long as they live. The venerable Peebles was there, and like the patriarch he is, breathed the truest wisdom in a mighty address livid with the flame of heaven's altar.

The editor of the *Light of Truth* was in evidence, and although his address was an effort to explain the new revelation concerning the spiritual spheres, a diagram of which appeared last week, and calling the attention of the scientific world to the claims set forth, he found time to emphasize the utterances of his three co-laborers, and what he voiced will fit in as a part of the spiritual mosaic there erected, and which, please heaven, shall yet be a talisman for oncoming generations.

The turn at the bottom of Jacob's ladder has been made, and if thought is the power we believe it to be, there will set in the movement called Spiritualism a larger love, a broader, deeper feeling, a more profound recourse to the only saving grace.

The clarion notes from the centers of spiritual thought have been met and responded to. The closets of men's souls have been opened, the household clamorings and vain mouthings closed up. This is the esoteric, the real meaning of all that was done at this remarkable gathering. The heart, not so much as the head, was invited into the arena, and for once a modern pentecost has occurred.

The *Light of Truth* gives it now and here that the great constructive work of Spiritualism lies in a prayerful, reverent attitude toward the sources of human inspiration and guidance, a firm reliance on the power of the hosts invisible to lead us through the Red Sea of our bondage to self, and the enormous train of evils in consequence thereof. If only we shall lay aside our pompous, trifling, ephemeral pride and meet them in contriteness of heart, acknowledge our impotency, our weakness and our failure. And we do most solemnly swear that here is our last hope.

If the Spiritualists of this country, and we mean his societies, the medium, the speakers, will not see the situation and apply this remedy, another five years will witness the end of Spiritualism, as a distinctive movement in America and Europe.

The press and the intelligent portion of the rostrum know this to be true. On all sides can be perceived the drift of the tide, and this is true to prophecy, for more than twenty years ago wise and far seeing spirits told the leaders in Spiritualism, one of whom we name, Dr. J. M. Peebles, that the disintegration of the earth forces had even then set in and the light would flicker to its final end in 1900, but that a new turn would be taken at that time and prophets be raised up whose work would revivify the smoldering fires and Spiritualism become the greatest power in the world.

Is it not within the bounds of reason to assume that the turn has been made, however weak it now is? The speakers at the Ohio Spiritualist Convention were like John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness. Old lines were forgotten and a new inspiration born, and we believe, the perpetuity of the spiritualistic movement as such assured.

Now let the workers everywhere take up this line and pull together. It is the only grace for a forlorn hope. Some may and will scoff and say that Spiritualism never was in better shape than it is now, never as widely known and acknowledged. We admit the proposition. Spiritualism is safe. Men and women let not under Heaven's divine revelations, nor stop his voice to mankind. But, brethren, are you safe? Are you sure of your position? It is not Spiritualism that is on trial. It is the Spiritualists, rank and file, who are on trial, and if ever there was a trial of men's souls, we are passing through it as a movement.—The *Light of Truth*.

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Once more on the train, bound for Syracuse. Here are Vice-President Richardson, of the N. S. A., Hon. E. W. Bond and D. P. Dewey, as well as your scribe, in one party. Political Spiritualism, the N. S. A., the Boer-English war, the Philippine imbroglio, the Army and Navy question, the Porto Rican tariff, and dental questions are earnestly talked over, and the hours speed most pleasantly away. A night comes on at Harrisburg, Penn., where Mr. Bond goes into the car for Pittsburgh, and the three Daniel Pratts seek their couches for a few hours' rest. With the coming of morning Mr. Richardson arises afflicted with

most distressing headache, which stoiks to him most persistently until Syracuse is reached. At Canandaigua he can only take one cup of coffee (a sure sign of illness), although a most tempting breakfast is spread before his companions, to which they do full justice. The days of miracles are said to be over, but it will ever remain a miracle, to one mind at least, as to what became of the bill for those breakfasts. Dewey out the cable at Manila and destroyed the Spanish fleet, while Dewey at Canandaigua cut waffles, bread and potatoes, but how the bill for the breakfasts was destroyed or paid without even being seen is as great a marvel and as complete a victory as was that at Manila. (N. B.—Liquid refreshments, other than coffee and cold water, are always tabooed by these three.)

Syracuse at last, and with it the well-known faces of many old-time friends. Now we are greeting the President of the New York State Spiritualist Association, the well-known author of "Lisbeth," the gifted speaker and true-hearted mother in Israel, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing; now it is the spiritual seer from the northland, the candidate for spiritual ordination, Mrs. Lizzie Brewer, who welcomes the travelers; now comes the sage of Brooklyn Spiritualism, W. Wines Sargent, the First Vice-President of the State Association, who steps forward to say a word of greeting; now the smiling, spiritual face of Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, the Second Vice-President of the State Association, appears in our midst; she has a cheering word for all, and at once sets to work to make every one feel at home, and succeeds in doing so; here is Herbert L. Whitney, the Secretary of that body, who gives a warm, fraternal handclasp to the newcomers; now we see the massive head and impressive features of a man sent to lead the Spiritualists of the world out of the Egyptian bondage of theological tyranny into the spiritual Canaan of a true interpretation of the Bible—"our Moses"—Moses Hull, the reformer and spiritual advocate; here we find Mrs. Maggie Waite—the modern oracle—the seeress who is to give delineations to the eager multitudes at the coming Convention; with her is her daughter, Miss Hazel, now grown to womanhood, whom every one is glad to see. Now comes the pleasant surprise of the day in the unexpected appearance of Hon. J. B. Townsend, of Lima, O., and Bro. Willard J. Hull, the able editor of *The Light of Truth*. They come in for the hearty greetings of their many friends, who assure them they are ever so welcome, and give them the freedom of the city, as well as of the Convention. It was a genuine pleasure to take Bro. W. J. Hull by the hand once more. Pleasant memories of days that are no more are recalled, and a long look ahead is taken in behalf of the Cause so dear to us all. The larger light of the clearer truth of Spiritualism sheds its refulgent rays over all, and the outpouring of the pentecostal spirit makes every one glad that he is present in person on this memorable occasion. Here is that true friend of the Cause, Dr. E. F. Butterfield, whose good work has been known to the world for more than forty years; he has a smile of welcome, a hearty handclasp, and inspiring words for all; he is bound to have a good Convention—and he succeeded; next comes John Mullen, the singer, who gives an old-time handclasp, but his voice is *non est*—La Grippe has gripped him, and he is too busy with his cough to even try to sing one note. Dozens of others are also on hand—E. G. Reilly and wife, Mrs. M. H. Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, David Williams and brother, and many others, all of whom welcome the visitors and one another to the Convention that is about to open.

THE BANNER has already spoken of that convention and its work. Mrs. Twing was at her best, and was constantly on the alert to make the convention successful. So were all of the officers, and so well did they do their duty that they were all unanimously reelected for the year next ensuing. It is not necessary to recount the achievements of that convention; from the welcoming address of Dr. Butterfield down to the final benediction it was a spiritual triumph—a signal success—a meeting long to be remembered. Every person present felt the divine influx of inspiration, and was spiritually blessed by the work of that meeting. No greater outpouring of the spirit was ever manifested at any gathering of Spiritualists in the Empire State. "This meeting repays me for all I have ever suffered in the name of Spiritualism," said one of the leading workers on the closing day, and his words found an echo in every heart. Such a meeting could but exert a helpful influence upon the public, and the reports given by the secular press conveyed the prevailing spirit impartially to those who read the same.

This spirit of helpfulness and divine inspiration can be traced in large measure to the eloquent addresses of Hon. J. B. Townsend and Willard J. Hull. The former, in close touch with the angel-world, his heart aglow with the celestial fire of altruism, spoke only as an earnest truthful man can speak, and his utterances went straight to the souls of all who listened to his well rounded sentences and eloquent flights of oratory. Politics, sociology, theology, partisanship, iconoclasm, and all of the vital issues of the day were made stepping-stones to the University of Altruistic Wisdom, and Spiritualism, through co-operation, was shown to be the heaven-sent leader to guide mankind to the gateway of the real temple of truth. The spirit of his address was caught by Mr. W. J. Hull, whose thrilling addresses will never be forgotten by those who heard him. "What are you doing with your Spiritualism?" he asked. "Are you using it for spiritual purposes, to make brighter and better your own lives, and those of your fellowmen? Rather are you not unmindful of its teachings, and regardless of its true purpose? If you are not, then prove it to the world. Get together; stop this everlasting quarrelling; rise above prejudice; eschew all personalities; be men and women by living your Spiritualism!" His words were apples of gold in pictures of silver, and should be indelibly stamped upon the consciences of the Spiritualists of the world.

Dr. Butterfield invited the men of the press to take a drive through the city and its suburbs. He showed us the magnificent mansions of the "four hundred," and gave us running original sketches of the growth of the fortunes of the families who own those palatial edifices. The Erie Canal has been the source of "abundant streams of revenue" for a favored few, who have not hesitated to rob the State of New York for their own especial benefit. The canal frauds are too well known to the people of the United States to have their history recounted here. The use made of some of those colossal fortunes is quite interesting. A few of their possessors have endowed colleges, universities, churches and orphanages, hoping, probably, to thereby purchase a seat in heaven, and to se-

ure immunity from the wrath of God for having robbed their fellowmen. One thing is certain—these harpies who have grown fat upon their plunderings of their fellow-citizens can not take one dollar with them to spirit life. They will there be compelled to stand face to face with themselves—and in so doing they will find themselves confronted by the most hideously distorted monsters their eyes ever rested upon.

Syracuse is a beautiful city. The residence portion has wide streets, nicely paved with asphaltum, fine lawns, splendid shade trees and charming parks. From the hills to the south of the city a splendid view of this busy center can be obtained. One hundred and twenty-five thousand people reside in this place, all of whom are endeavoring to add to their worldly possessions or to grow in wisdom, according to the ability that is given unto them. Churches and schools are numerous. One of the colleges not long since received a three-million-dollar donation from a man who had a soul to save and a religious conscience to appease. His estate was put into litigation soon after his transition, but the suit was compromised ere it came to trial. We were told that the *soi-disant* widow received four millions of dollars as her share in the estate with whose creator she was not even personally acquainted while he lived in mortal form. As this could not be proved in court, a settlement was effected upon the above stated terms. This was an instance in which it would seem that blackmail really paid. Dr. Butterfield is an old resident of Syracuse, and his reminiscences were intensely interesting as well as instructive. His hospitality is most generous, and his love for the Cause unbounded. His three guests will never forget their kind host, and their pleasant drive with him through historic, picturesque Syracuse.

The routine work of the convention, was interesting, while all of the addresses were full of force and spiritual illumination. The lectures of Mrs. Twing, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. S. C. Ellis, Moses Hull and Hon. D. P. Dewey, as well as those of W. W. Sargent and H. L. Whitney were replete with information and inspiring to all who heard them. Bro. Dewey as Dewey said a number of good things, while Onego, his true-hearted Indian guide, won all hearts by his eloquent words that set forth in fine object pictures the beauty of the spiritual philosophy. To hear Dewey and Onego is a treat, and no one would suspect that any one connected with that illustrious family would ever look for higher honors than Admiral of the United States Navy, the Presidency of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association, the hero of a war, the head of a good home, the lion of the social world, or the medium through whom truth-telling spirits can give lessons of love and wisdom to the children of men. Onego's Dewey, with his love for his home, his sterling integrity, his kindly care for his merinos and cattle, is the one upon whom men can most safely rely, for he does not want to be President of the United States, but prefers to be a friend to humanity. Excellent test work was done by both Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds and Mrs. Maggie Waite, whose readings confounded the skeptics, and delighted the believers beyond words to describe.

H. W. Richardson, Vice-President N. S. A., and Treasurer of the New York Association of Spiritualists, was one of the hard workers at the Syracuse Convention. His excellent address will appear in full in our next number. Mr. Richardson is one of the ablest committeemen that can be found in any convention,

This Will Interest You!

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

We propose to make it an object for every one of them to add one or more names to our list. We will give *absolutely free* to any subscriber who is now receiving the BANNER, books or pamphlets of our own selection to the amount of 50 cents for each new three months' subscription which he or she will send us, accompanied by 50 cents, the regular subscription price for three months.

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

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

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

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

social, political or religious. He knows just what to do, and goes ahead and does it. He always thinks of the welfare and enjoyment of others, ere he considers his own needs, hence finds his chief happiness in living and doing for his fellowmen. He is at home upon all of the reform issues of the hour, and can speak in tones that move and words that deeply burn upon them all. He is a natural reformer, and never shrinks any duty that may fall to his lot, no matter how irksome it may be.

Mrs. S. Comstock Ellis was also one of the moving spirits of the Convention. Her words upon prison reform will never be forgotten by those who heard them, and her letters in reference to the wrongs suffered by Dr. Sara B. Chase, the unfortunate victim of Anthony Comstock's hate, are papers of the highest value to all who wish the Right to triumph among men. Not a few of the local Spiritualists worked with a will to make the Convention a grand success. The names of all who faithfully strove to aid the good Cause on that occasion are not at hand, hence it would be unfair to mention a few and exclude the many. It is but fair to state that those who were interested in fact did their whole duty on this occasion. The State officers were especially zealous, and on hand with unerring promptitude to do their duty. Sec'y Whitney was constantly at his post—up late at night, out of bed at an early hour, and on the alert ever to do the work that was his. The secular press gave excellent reports of all of the meetings of the Convention, and received the hearty thanks of the delegates and visitors for so doing. Sunday night came all too soon, and there was a scattering of forces to all sections of the nation, each one with the hope in his heart that the next State Convention, in Buffalo in May, 1901, would find the same company once more

assembled together, in company with hundreds of others, to enjoy anew a feast of reason and flow of soul. More anon. EVANGEL.

Charlatany.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: We have been visited by the Humes who advertised a Spiritual séance at the new Empire Theater for the Sunday evening of May 27. In the previous Friday's issue of the *Glens Falls Daily Times* the following editorial appeared:

SEANCE AT THE EMPIRE.

Two of the bright lights of Spiritualism, Dr. Alex. and Kate Hume, whose mysterious séances have won for them much fame, will appear for the first time in Glens Falls, at the Empire Theater, Sunday night, under the auspices of the Boston Lyceum Bureau. An Exchange says: "The Humes, in many respects, are remarkable people."

On the following day the same paper published the following statement under the head of "Public Opinion":

MR. LITTLE'S OPINION.

Editor *Glens Falls Daily Times*: As the statement in your last evening's issue, regarding the so-called séance advertised to be held at the Empire Theatre to-morrow evening is somewhat misleading, will you allow me to say that "Dr. Alex. and Kate Hume" are not considered "bright lights of Spiritualism" by believers in spirit phenomena and philosophy, nor is there a "Boston Lyceum" which sends out spiritualistic mediums "under its auspices." Spiritualists do not endorse the so-called séances given by Mr. and Mrs. Hume.

MEREDITH B. LITTLE.

The result of the "Opinion" published in the *Times* is here given in Monday morning's *Star*:

"SPIRITS UNDER ELECTRIC LIGHT."

Dr. and Mrs. Alex. Hume gave a séance last evening at the Empire Theatre to a not over large audience. Some of the manifestations were good, but, all in all, there is local talent which could go through the entire program, or nearly so, and substitute others fully as mystifying. The usual cabinet was used, which the committee from the audience, consisting of Eugene L. Seelye, David H. Hamilton, Charles H. Miller and James B. Flagg, pronounced to be just what was claimed for it—that it was just a frame enclosed by black curtains. Mr. Hume, while tied within it, and secured so that he could not move, to the satisfaction of the committee, performed the usual feats of playing the guitar, ringing bells, driving of nails, putting on and taking off from himself Mr. Flagg's coat, putting on and taking off iron rings, unbuttoning Mr. Miller's coat and vest, and "touching" Mr. Hamilton for his watch.

The doctor gave one example of mind-reading. Mr. Hamilton, with Mr. Miller's cooperation, wrote a question upon a small piece of paper, which was immediately rolled up into a pellet, and then the three men, clapping hands, the doctor slowly and apparently with much effort, repeated the question, "Will McKinley be the next President?"

The next and final test was a materialization of a female spirit produced in one end of the cabinet by Mrs. Hume sitting in the other end, a tape about her neck, passed through the curtains and held tightly by one of the committeemen. The lights were all down and the spirit could be but dimly seen.

"The séance lasted about an hour and a half, but the promises of the small bills were not all kept, and neither could the program be compared with that of Starr, who claimed that all of his performances were sleight of hand or mechanical effects."

Now, the result of this method of treating these fraudulent mediums is, that while the small audience present was disgusted and angry with the fake mediums, they expressed no enmity toward Spiritualism, but, on the contrary, are pleased with the fact that believers in this modern philosophy have the courage to warn the public against impostors.

If these fakes were treated in like manner in every place where there are Spiritualists, they would soon retire from the field rendered unprofitable by timely exposure.

Very truly yours, MEREDITH B. LITTLE.

A True Healer.

HE BRINGS HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO THOUSANDS WHO HAVE BEEN PRONOUNCED INCURABLE.

Science Triumphs Over Disease.



DR. PEEBLES, noted the world over as a physician and scientist, is performing some of the most remarkable cures the world has ever seen. His fame has become world wide on account of these marvelous cures. He has patients in every State in the Union and in many foreign lands who stand ready to testify to the wonderful cures he has made of cases that had been treated by many of the most eminent physicians without success. Many of the Doctor's patients are those who had traveled all over the world visiting all the great health resorts and sanitariums in a futile search for health and strength. They returned home in despair, thinking there was no hope for them, when they were persuaded to write Dr. Peebles for a diagnosis. This was so clear and complete, showing a thorough understanding of the case, that it inspired enough hope to induce them to try, as a last resort, a course of his treatment. Many such cases showed **wonderful improvement from the start.** A very few months is sufficient in almost all cases to complete a perfect cure. Mrs. L. A. Humbel, of Long Pine, Neb., who was given up with dropsy and kidney disease by the best physicians in the country, says: "I am very grateful for what you have done for me, as I am in better health than I have been for five years. I have gained fifteen pounds, and am getting stronger every day. Last month I visited my aged mother in Iowa. She was greatly rejoiced, for she never expected to see me alive again. For five years I traveled and doctored with the best physicians, finally gave up in despair, and went home to my sister, as I thought to die. I can never express how thankful I am for what you have done for me."

Remember that Dr. Peebles does not cure by **Christian Science, Mesmerism or any other "ism,"** but employs **mild but potent remedies** in connection with his wonderful **Psychic Treatments.** These Psychic Treatments, say his patients, "**seem as a breath of higher life.**" If you do not fully understand the **PSYCHIC SCIENCE** and these **PSYCHIC TREATMENTS** which are such a **wonderful aid in the treatment of chronic and obscure cases,** the Doctor will send you his essay "**The Psychic Science in the Cure of Disease,**" which will explain to you fully **Psychic Diagnosis and Psychic Treatment,** with other valuable information for the sick. There is no one so capable of writing on this subject as Dr. Peebles, for he has investigated it for over half a century, and is a recognized authority on the various occult sciences in Europe as well as in this country.

All of Dr. Peebles' diagnosing is done by the aid of his psychic gifts. He can read the diseased conditions of the body as **accurately as if each organ and tissue were open to his view.** Out of many thousands of cases he has diagnosed during the past few years, nine hundred and ninety nine out of each thousand are willing to testify to the marvelous accuracy of the diagnosis. **Do you know your exact condition? Have you suffered for years without getting permanent help? Did the physician who treated you fully understand your case? Why will you be experimented upon by those who do not really understand your case, when Dr. Peebles can diagnose your case perfectly, and thus administer treatment upon a scientific basis? Why will you take patent medicines which are prepared for a "text-book" case, and which at best give only TEMPORARY RELIEF, WHEN YOU CAN SECURE TREATMENT FROM THIS EMINENT HEALER THAT IS ESPECIALLY PRESCRIBED AND SUITED TO YOUR CASE AT A VERY LITTLE MORE COST?** These are the questions that interest all those suffering from chronic and obscure troubles. Think them over carefully. If you are sick and discouraged don't delay one moment in writing the Doctor for a diagnosis of your case. There is nothing of more importance to you than the condition of your health. It will cost you nothing to learn this. The Doctor will send FREE OF COST a complete diagnosis of your case and also his essay "**The Psychic Science in the Cure of Disease,**" and valuable literature on chronic diseases and testimonials from some of his cured patients, showing the long list of so called incurable cases which he has cured. No disease is really incurable if perfectly understood. Every effect or diseased condition has its cause, and if these are understood they can in almost every case be removed. When this is done, permanent recovery is the result. **DO NOT DESPAIR!** If you have failed to get permanent help, but write at once. Remember that **DR. PEEBLES HAS CURED HUNDREDS WHERE ALL OTHERS HAVE FAILED.** Write him an honest letter, giving your full name, age, sex, and leading symptom in your own handwriting, and he will give you a complete and full diagnosis, and will also send the literature as mentioned above. Write today. Address

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

June 9.

Queen City Park.

The program for the coming season at this pleasant campground is now completed, and the circulars will be ready in a few days. The hotel is leased this year to an experienced hotel keeper, and the prospects for a very successful season were never better. The meetings open on Sunday, July 29, and close Sunday, Sept. 2. The list of speakers is as follows: Mrs. A. W. Crossett, Mrs. H. P. Russeque, Mrs. Mary E. Lease, J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, A. F. Hubbard, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Sadie Hand, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Mrs. H. C. Webber.

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Will be in Boston Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week.

Patients attended at their own homes only.

References Given.

Orders left at BANNER OF LIGHT office, 9 Bowditch street, will receive prompt attention. 1w June 9.

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

Cubes and Spheres

IN

Human Life.

BY F. A. WIGGIN.

"Mr. Wiggin is earnest and strong, and his words must stimulate to higher thinking and nobler living."—*M. J. Savage, D. D.*
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 "The reading of CUBES AND SPHERES adds another of the valued privileges for which I am indebted to Mr. Wiggin."—*Lillian Whiting.*
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 "The whole book is rich in stimulating thought."—*The Country Life.*

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'LISBETH, A STORY OF TWO WORLDS.

BY CARRIE E. S. TWING.

Annuities for "Boxer's Experiences in Spirit Life," "Con- trasts," "Interviews," "Later Papers," "Out of the Depths into the Light," "Golden Gleams from Heavenly Lights," and "Haven's Olives of Heaven."

The story of "Lisbeth" is true to life in essentials, and is so simply and beautifully told as to hold the reader's deepest interest from the initial chapter unto the close. Wit, humor, pathos, bursts of eloquence, homely philosophy and spiritual instruction can all be found in this book. Mrs. Twing has spoken with a power not her own, and was certainly in close touch with those whose sentiments she endeavored to express in words. The style is similar to that of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and it is not too much to assert that the gifted author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not far away when Mrs. Twing's hand was penning the beautiful story of "Lisbeth." This book must be read to be appreciated, and should be placed at once in the home of every Spiritualist, Liberalist and Progressive Thinker in this country.

CONTENTS.

Aunt Betty's "Duty"; Daniel Doolittle; The Revival Meeting; Pumpkin Pie for Luncheon; The Conversion and Engagement; Preparations for the Wedding; The Wedding; Leaving the Old Home; "Lisbeth's New Home"; "Lisbeth's First Public Prayer"; Nancy Brown Gives the Minister a Piece of Her Mind; A Letter from Aunt Betty; The Methodist Prayer Meeting; A Strange Prayer; The Knockings; "The Prince of Evil"; An Answered Prayer; A Remarkable Breakfast; Sentence is Pronounced; April Gift to "Lisbeth"; The "Milk Sweetener"; "Vengeance is Mine, I Will Repay"; The Guiding Lights; Reaction of Public Opinion; "Good God, I Thank Thee"; Nancy's "Steals" the Pin cushion; Sweet Communion; In the Old Home Once More; A Fatal "Dyin' Spell"; The Spirit Triumphs; The Two Reverends Discuss Hell; Mother Doolittle's Fear of Death; "Lisbeth's Day"; Nancy's Betrothal; Growing Old; "I Will Not Leave You Comfortless"; The Stranger; Remorse; "Just Waitin'".

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A Letter from New York.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It gives us pleasure to note briefly spiritual progress in the Empire City. The First Society closed its meetings for the season May 27, after a very successful session due to efforts and work of the remarkable medium, Miss Margaret Gaule. Mrs. Newton, the President, states that the society is out of debt and in a prosperous condition. This speaks well for this highly gifted medium whose ministrations have been so very successful. Her messages are comforting to those in sorrow and convincing to the skeptic. Her private circles have been so largely attended that many have been turned away. Miss Gaule's services have been engaged for the coming year, which commences the first Sunday in October. New York, the city of attractions, has an additional one, since she has decided to make this city her headquarters.

DR. DUMONT C. DAKE, Magnetic Healer. 130 West 45th street, New York.

If you Feel Depressed

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. E. W. PITMAN, Lynchburg, Va., says: "I have used it in nervous depression and dyspeptic troubles, with good result."

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

The Church of the Soul having closed for the summer, Sunday, May 27th, Mrs. C. E. V. Richardson will all her engagements for the summer as follows: Brochure, Wed. June 10; Waterloo, Ia., June 16 to 25; Yorkshere and East Aurora, N. Y., July 7 to 16; Cuba, N. Y., July 21 to 27; Cassadaga Camp, August 4 and 5; Onset Bay, August 12; Sunapee Lake Camp, N. H., August 18 to 27; Madison Camp, Athens, Me., August 31 to Sept. 10; Church of the Soul, Chicago, Sept. 16.

R-I-P-A-N-S. Ten for five cents at druggists. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. No matter what's the matter one will do you good! 5w Mar 18

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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

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

A NEW QUARTERLY.

PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY, PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM A. BARNES, 505 Massachusetts Avenue, cor. Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year. The revised edition of my latest book, entitled *Psychology, Hypnotism, Personal Magnetism, and Clairvoyance*, is now on sale. It is a 100-page book, well illustrated. Price, post-paid, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. lyis May 5

SEND TEN CENTS TO THE LIBERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY, Ottawa, Ont., for copies of all Liberal, Free Thought, Spiritual and New Thought Papers and Magazines. eow June 9

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

For Sale Cheap.

ALBANY COTTAGE, Lake Pleasant, Mass. Ten furnished rooms, suitable for roomers. Lock Box 187, Southfield, Mass. (w) May 26

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 17, 1900, S. E. 53.
Invocation.

Oh, moment of peace and aspiration, when our hearts are opened and we draw close together, spirit and mortal, with the one hope of making plain the message of love, of usefulness, and of life after death—how we yearn for the souls who are seeking for the light and how we yearn for those who are seeking for comfort. May our effort not be in vain. Wherever the word is spread, wherever the life goes, may there go with it something that shall open the understanding and bring strength and helpfulness and love. Amen.

MESSAGES.

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

Charles Curtis.

The first spirit that comes to me is a man about thirty-five years old. He has very dark hair, dark blue eyes and a dark mustache. He is not very stout. He comes along with his arms folded behind him, stands and looks at us, and says: "Oh! how glad I am that at last a chance has come to me to speak. My name is Charles Curtis, and when I was here I lived in Ottawa, Canada. I used to travel about from one place to another, and I thought that if ever a time came when I could settle down and take care of my mother, it would give me great pleasure; but here I am in the spirit, and she is left an old lady. Her name is Margaret Curtis, and often she thinks of me and wonders what I am doing in my new life, because she has a sort of an idea that spirits are alive and conscious of the things that are going on about them."

"I have with me my father, but he died when I was a small boy, and I was so glad to find that he knew me, that he had watched over me and was glad to receive me. It seemed so good to at last have a father of my own. He says as he comes to-day: 'Tell Margaret that I, too, am anxious to help her.'"

Fannie Burrows.

Now there comes a lady about thirty years old. She is very sweet and pretty. Her eyes are dark; her face is round and smooth, and she has dark hair parted and combed back loosely and prettily. She looks into my face in a trusting way as though her life had been full of trust and sweetness. She comes nearer and says: "Well, I have not very much to say about how much I suffered over there, because from the first I had a sort of inspiration from being able to see my friends. I am here with my sister. My name is Fannie Burrows. (That was my married name.) My sister's name is Helen Cate, and she says: 'As we come to-day we feel that if we could find a proper channel we might be doing some good in earth-life.' I myself took quite an interest in the life of people who were living all about me, and it seems so good to be able to watch them unfold to help them even though they may not understand or realize it. I am so happy to be able to speak for myself, and to say that I am sure the time will come when I can do the good that I long to do." She came from Haydenville, Ohio.

Aaron Kimball.

Now there is a big stout man. He is as fat as can be; has a full beard, rather a florid complexion, and blue eyes and broad brow. He puts his hand up to his hair and runs his fingers through it, as though that was a habit he had when here. Then he sits down and clasps his hands together across his knees and winks his eye with a little knowing look, as though he thought he was going to surprise somebody very much when he came back, and with a sort of schoolmaster air he says, "Ask the people over in earth-life if they do not remember Dr. Aaron Kimball of Haverhill, Mass." And then he smiles again and says: "I was not one of your Spiritualists. I felt that when I died that would be end of me. It was quite a shock to my nervous system to find that I had to keep right on fighting and taking care of myself." Then he chuckles again, as though that was funny. I am sure he had a habit of saying funny things, and everybody had a way of laughing when he said them; so he kind of waits for the laugh to come in. When I say that he straightens up and says, "Ah! giving away my secrets, eh? I didn't suppose my mind could be read to that extent."

Etta Davis.

Now there is a girl about twelve or fourteen years old. Her name is Etta Davis. She is quite dark, dark hair and eyes, and her lips are full and red; but she is not very pretty, because she has quite high cheek bones. She is so nervous, as though every bit of her was all of a quiver with anxiety to do this thing just right. "I have prayed ever since I came over that I might come back, because where I went from they needed me very much." She lived in Brockton. When she tries to talk her throat all fills up, as though that is the way she passed out. She did not have everything done for her. It is more like diphtheria. It seemed so sudden. She finally strangled to death. She says: "I do not like to think of that, but I find myself taking on this condition. I would rather think of the lovely things I have seen here and the help I have been able to give those who are alive." Her people are most all alive. There is an old lady with her who seems to be kind of taking care of her. It is not her mother or grandmother, for her people

are alive. She wants to get to one named Edward Davis.

Charles Eaton.

Here comes a tall, thin old gentleman, with a long black coat and a long face and a tall hat, which makes him over so much taller. He does not stand very straight. He looks as though he was particular and precise about every expression that came out of his mouth. He appears more like a minister who catechized and criticized everything when on earth. He says: "God help us! And this is what we all come to! To be in a place that we have preached about and talked about, and be unable to speak back just when we want to! If I had dreamed for one moment that it was possible to receive communications, I suppose I would have thought it was from the Evil One himself; but this knowledge was entirely apart from me, and I give you my word of honor that I am as much a stranger to this part of Christianity as I would have been to Catholicism. I was a Baptist, brought up strictly in the faith, and never departed from it, thinking that I served my God better by standing inside the ranks and never looking to see what the enemy might be doing. And now to-day, as I stand here, it gives me a feeling of sincere regret that I did not use my powers to see what might be done for those who are in a different fold from mine. I would like to put my hand in the hands of those who are looking for the light and say humbly and earnestly, 'Wherever Truth leads me, there let me walk!' I can almost hear your answer that I must be on the road to salvation when I can say this much. My name is Charles Eaton, and I come from Trenton, N. J."

Frank Grover or Carrer.

Now there comes a man, strong, muscular-looking. He has a red shirt on, with his sleeves rolled up. He has a jolly way and fat face, and I think is about fifty years old. He says: "My name is Frank Grover (?)." He laughs and sort of chuckles as though he was so happy to come. "I used to work on the railroad. I was pretty sooty and dirty, but I tried to make things as bright as I could with my cheery word and thought. I don't know as it was much credit to me because I was born that way. I so much want to get to Ellen Grover. She will know very well that I would come with my old clothes on, because I did not like to dress up. I was pretty hot and tired after my run. I did not have much time to enjoy my dress-up clothes if I put them on; although I had plenty hanging in the closet, they very seldom hung on me. If Ellen could just hear me speak to her, I know it would do her good, because she has been blue. She has needed something that would stir her up. I want to say to her to get out of the house, see what is going on—not sit there moping. She has had too much to bear from other people. They came and sat right down on her after I went away. You would have thought there was nothing left for them to do but to come and take my place, the whole body of them, and they could not one of them do it. If I was in her place I would tell them to skedaddle. I come from Turners Falls, N. Y."

Elizabeth Brewster.

Here comes a beautiful spirit. She is rather slender, blue eyes, soft brown hair and rather a long face. Her hair is curly, and hangs down a little on the sides of her face, and it makes her look real old fashioned, like a picture. She has a little shawl over her shoulders although she is not an old lady. It seems to be more a fashion that she has of wearing it than the need of it. She says: "If you please, I would like to send a message to my people. My name is Elizabeth Brewster and I came from Marshfield, Mass. I belong to an old family there, and have often thought if I could get back into the old house, it would do everybody good. We were well-to-do people, but we investigated Spiritualism when it first came out in our own quiet way, and when I first came over it was expected that I would return and give some signal, but I never found quite the right condition to come, and to-day it seems I have just the strength to come and speak this word. My sister Mary is still living. She bears the same last name as mine. It is to her that I would send this word of greeting, and tell her that no time, however long it may be can ever blot out the memory of what she was and is to me to-day. I bring greetings from our mother and father and they say: 'Blessed is her life because of her effort to live in the light of truth.'"

Hiram Gordon.

Here comes a man about fifty-five years old. His name is Hiram Gordon and he comes from Hamilton, Ohio. He says: "I was in business there. I passed out of life rather suddenly, and I have always felt that somehow I would be able to get back. My business affairs were in a terrible state, and it seemed that no hand could bring them to rights but my own; and so I worked with all the influence I could bring to bear, and I have succeeded in bringing something like order into the ranks. My son succeeds me and he will know of this because he knows more or less about Spiritualism. I think he takes only the Western papers, but it seems as though he will get word of this." His son's name is Fred.

Rebecca Holt.

Here comes a little old lady. She is short but rather stout. She is dressed in a brown striped dress and a small lace cap on her head. Her name is Rebecca Holt, from Malden. When she laughs she has a funny little way of squinting up her nose and eyes at the same time. She says: "H'm! I have been back before in this way. I have been to my own people, and have in a way made them able to know that I was there; but I want to make it very definite and plain. I come into mediumistic conditions, for I bring Indian influences with me. I think one of them is a big chief."

Believe as you will, philosophize as you may, moralize by whatever standard you please, the body is the important factor of mundane existence. To become acquainted with the means and conditions by which we can see, hear, feel and act, in the best and most exalted manner through the body, is earth's highest mission. From family centres and relations comes the centre of the great brotherhood. The great family of mankind must rise or fall together; not on the same plane, but by grades according to the real measurement of each constituent part. Every part acts and reacts on every other part. Even as the tiniest pebble moves the most distant waters, so the weakest mind-ripple bears its influence to mind's remotest centre. Just cooperation is the law, and by it families, communities, governments, nations rise or fall.—*Marion Enterprises.*

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Possibly some of our readers may remember an allusion in "Number One Hundred and Twenty One" to a correspondent who claims that individualism is the opposite pole to the spiritual state, and that we can attain immortality only by self-effacement. As some of our friends desired to effect a personal interview, I was invited to meet him and his wife at the house of some friends. Some of our readers may be interested to know into what the view stated above has developed in his particular case.

The effacement of individuality we found to be the aim of this man, and he makes the claim that he has no character, and desires to have none, for character is a hindrance in his mind to spirituality. In this view, one would not seek to develop one's own inner being, either in strength or toward the right. That effort which many of us make to become better each day is with him not only unwise but positively wrong. He thinks that effort in any direction whatever, makes us more individual and less spiritual. We found that the words "development" and "evolution" have no place in his vocabulary, for he opposes the thought that underlies these words. He thinks that we should become as negative as possible, so as to enter as fast as may be the condition of being swallowed up by the Infinite Soul. In this, he reminds us of Mme. Guyon and the other Pietists, though they on the other hand sought the development of personal holiness, so that they might be better fitted to be swallowed up in God.

As these views were enunciated by our friend, I began to wonder if he thought we retain our identity at all after the death of the fleshly body. Sure enough, he said that when the body perishes, we lose all memory, all consciousness, and that our present soul is at once lost in Deity. So with him, the Nirvana which the Buddhist believes to be attained by the striving of the individual soul through countless incarnations, comes at once to us when the heart ceases to beat and the lungs to breathe.

So you will see, Mr. Editor, how little there is in common between this man and the mass of Spiritualists. And yet he is powerfully mediumistic, and claims there is nothing the best mediums can do that cannot be done equally well by himself. And those who know him best hold the same opinion regarding his powers.

What we call mediumistic power he thinks is wholly subjective, that everything of the sort is entirely in one's own self, merely while the blood can circulate through the brain, and the body perform its usual functions. Of course he thinks he is not mediumistic in reality, for in his opinion there are no individual incarnate spirits at all to communicate with us through him as a medium.

So, Mr. Editor, I heard him talk, and supported the present individuality of each of us, the persistence of this identity in spite of the death change on the testimony of actual incarnate spirits, and the great benefit it will be to us eventually to develop our personal character while here, as well as there, toward the absolute beauty, truth and goodness. But to make the slightest impression on a mind so closely entrenched in the views cited above, was of course impossible. But in heart, I called on good, incarnate spirits to aid me in my words, so that those who listened to our interchange of views would incline to mine, and regard his with aversion.

Another gentleman from Brooklyn was also invited to be present, and as the subject of Spiritualism was often uppermost, it was stated that tables would tip and be levitated to an extraordinary degree through him. I at first supposed I should then have an ally and supporter in him, but this proved not to be the case. Though these remarkable movements take place through his organism, he thinks they are produced only through his own power and that of those sitting with him, and that incarnate spirits have nothing to do with it. In fact, he does not think there are any incarnate spirits at all, and avows himself a materialist.

I can but wish that circumstances would permit me to have a number of sittings with this man, in conjunction with persons who desire to communicate with disembodied friends. I think it would not take long to convince him and them of individual, incarnate intelligences. Strangely enough, he has never asked a question, nor has it occurred to him that communication is possible in this way. He merely watches the movements, thinks them extremely odd, and believes they can all be scientifically proved to proceed from himself and the persons present. Still, I think our readers will agree with me in thinking that there is more foundation for making this man a Spiritualist than there is for the other man alluded to.

Both these men are well known by socialists. As the second gentleman had been that day attending a conference by leaders of the movement on uniting the two wings of the body in the coming election, he gave us an interesting account of what was said and done there.

May 9 some twenty of us went to Newark and heard Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist leader, speak on his chosen theme. He stated that when the Governor gave him six months' time "for reflection," he entered prison a trades-union man, but came out a Socialist. The audience was large, and applauded him straight through.

Mr. Debs's manner on the rostrum is quiet, self-contained and conversational. His logic is impregnable, and every illustration hits the nail he is driving exactly on the head. It is difficult to see how any one could listen to his arguments without being convinced of their truth, unless he were constitutionally debarré from so doing by being a large landlord, a monopolist, a capitalist, or a politician upon the winning side.

I must here disclaim the ownership of many of the thoughts on Socialism given in the last letter. Many of them were fresh in my mind, from hearing Mr. Debs give them in his address. But there is no monopoly on them, and he would be the last to complain that they can thus reach many who might not meet them otherwise. And beside the memory of Mr. Debs's words, I had the personal presence and sympathy of our ardent friend, Frederic Sorinshaw, who arrested my attention by pressing on my right temple, till I had to stop writing until I could learn what new influence it was that was being manifested.

No doubt some of those who are susceptible to the touch of incarnate spirits have noticed that different ones reach us on some special part of the organism. My father reaches me by a strong pressure on the top of the head, or on the vertebral region. My mother makes a

gentle stroking on the left brow, "as a feather is waited downward." Others manifest by patting the left shoulder or thrilling me with a cold chill. But I never had a pressure on my right temple till I was writing the last letter, and it was soon manifest that it was Mr. Sorinshaw. I thanked him earnestly, and then forgot his presence as the thoughts crowded through my brain.

It is amusing to note the dismay of some who love me, but dislike Spiritualism, when they learn of my interest in Socialistic views. Either would alone be sufficient to mark its supporter with obloquy in the eyes of many, but the combination of the two in one person "gives them pause." I note the uplifted eyes and the unspoken query, "What next?" For thirty years I have fought tight check-reins, and distributed literature on their cruelty. I have inveighed against the iniquity of torturing animals in the name of "research," by vivisection. I have gone against the eating of the flesh of animals because of the cruelty inflicted on them by transportation and by their murder. I have pleaded the cause of the chained dog, the neglected cat, the tormented kitten, the vivisectioned horse, dog, cat and rabbit, and have been known wherever I have lived as their protector. I have made mothers angry with me because I dared to beg them not to beat their little children, nor to crush their tender souls by harsh, bitter, sarcastic words, and by the sudden, cruel blow.

All this was before I became a Spiritualist, and all this will continue just as long as I retain my individuality. In time I adopted spiritualistic views, which seemed the climax, and more than the climax, of all that had preceded. And, as if Spiritualism was not bad enough (in the view of some of my friends) comes Socialism, which is nearly as bad, simply because they do not know what it means nor what it claims.

I have named some of the main points of offence. Just now, there are some whom I hold dear as Spiritualists who are at temporary issue with me regarding England and the Boers, because we do not take just the same measure of their respective merits. But I trust this discontent will pass away after the war has ended, and we shall be thinking of other matters. The question is a complicated one at best, and it is impossible for any two minds to see it exactly the same. We all judge by what we see or hear, and the facts are so numerous, and persons in one nation are so different one from another that one cannot judge a nation as a whole by what single individuals in that nation have done. Englishmen are not all Rhodesians nor are they all Havelocks. And Americans are not all Guiteaus nor are they all Lincolns. After this war has ended, and after its results are clearly seen by the passage of twenty years, we shall be in better condition to judge. Meanwhile let us note that it is impossible for us all to see alike, and that it savors of Papal tyranny to demand that others shall think as we do.

Sometimes, after quoting from Shakespeare in one of my Letters, some one writes to remind me that Shakespeare did not write the plays at all, and that they were all written by Bacon. However that may be, it is tolerably certain that Bacon wrote the "Instauratio Magna." In this he classifies the prejudices to which the human mind is subject. With his tendency to think in metaphors (one point at least in which Bacon and Shakespeare are alike), some of these prejudices are caused by one's living in one age or one country, and he calls them "images of dens, or caves" of the human mind.

Certain limitations caused by nationality, or parentage, or environment, make the same object look different to two persons. One person's ancestor was an Irishman, or a Knickerbocker, another is of Puritan descent, one lived in a belligerent family, the parents of another were gentlefolks; one liked every Dutchman because William the Silent was a grand man, and another likes all the English, because Gladstone was an Englishman. And so it goes.

All cannot see alike, nor can one see the whole of one single object. But with Lincoln's motto, "Charity to all, and malice to none," we cannot go far astray.

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

Arlington, N. J., May 26, 1900.

Questions and Answers.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Mrs. A. Tyrrell, Binghamton.] I am a member of a home circle of four. We met for the first time Jan. 2. The most marked manifestation that evening was the very noticeable vibration of my body, sometimes forward or back and sometimes like the swinging of a pendulum. This happens usually when we have a large table, when only two are at a small table, or when I am at the Ouija board alone. My idea was that it was done to get power; but we it was necessary to rock me and not the others I fail to understand. The spirit hand insist that the four of us are mediums, that one of the gentlemen and one lady are materializing mediums, and the other two have other gifts. Though my husband and I have read much on this subject, we do not remember having read of this "vibrating," and would like to know if this motion is at all unusual—if it is indicative of any kind of mediumship, and if so what kind? If you will kindly give us any information on this subject, you will oblige very much.

Ans.—The occurrences referred to in connection with your mediumistic development are not at all unlike many with which we have been made familiar. Though all members of a circle may be mediumistic, the experiences of no two are apt to be precisely similar. In the case of a person violently rocked or swayed by psychic influence, physical mediumship is usually denoted; or if the person subjected to such experience is highly adapted for distinctly mental phases, the rocking and swaying indicates the need for overcoming some obstruction in the organism. We have known of some few cases where internal disorders have been cured by precisely such motions spiritually induced, and in many instances we have known such phenomena (not altogether pleasing while it lasted) to precede an outburst of most convincing physical phenomena.

When people are developed for some special work comparatively late in life they frequently need to be prepared by a rougher process than is generally necessary with children or young people who have not reached maturity. In your case we should consider the indications by no means unfavorable. There is, indeed, strong presumptive evidence that you are one of those singularly organized persons who supply in more than usual measure the vital pabulum which is called by occultists *akasa*, though generally disposed of in the Western world under the general heading "animal magnetism," which is a very inadequate term when used to cover that psychical as well as physical emanation which is always requisite for the production of all phenomena above the plane of simple displays of force unmarked by intelligence.

There are two causes for certain people being drawn upon to supply power in a circle more than others, viz., the unusual ease with which some people part with electro-magnetic radiations and recuperate subsequently, and the special attraction which certain intelligences who wish to communicate may feel for a certain member of a company. What is now being publicly discussed in newspaper articles concerning VIBRATION is only a partial ventilation of the occult information possessed from time immemorial by Lodges of Initiates in all parts of the world. The somewhat obscure literature of Magic furnishes profuse illustration of the prominent part played by rhythmic motion in all Orphic Circles and similar assemblages of adepts in the Mysteries.

Though for many years after the commencement of the modern spiritualistic movement the majority of inquirers failed to study into the law governing the collection of material for producing such astounding phenomena as often occurred in the presence of powerful physical mediums, the time is now ripe in the public mind for explanatory dissertations on the scientific means of evoking such manifestations as a circle of earnest students may desire to witness.

We insist on the fact that there are spirits without number ready and willing to manifest their presence in home circles or in any gathering of sincere investigators who are ready to supply the necessary conditions. HARMONY has long been insisted upon as the chief necessity, but we need to understand the application of harmonies to the outer arrangement of a circle as well as to the mental status of the sitters composing it. Frequently a rhythmic swaying movement of the bodies of the sitters is of great use toward bringing the atmosphere of the room into the state of motion necessary to the demonstration of spiritual presences.

For the production of materialization or form-manifestation it is necessary to gather from some sensitive person who throws off freely what may be termed *nucleic pabulum*, around which the unseen operating intelligence gathers, through the working of the law of attraction, sufficient affirming elements with which to produce a facsimile either of the spirit body of the one seeking to manifest, or of the appearance best known to the memory of those with whom the spirit is seeking to converse. We can only advise persistent sittings at regular intervals in harmonious surroundings whenever there are indications that any member of a group or family is possessed of unusual ability to be of service in eliciting phenomena.

Q.—[By Dr. D. H. Carter, Washington, D. C.] Do animals live or continue their lives as individual egos beyond changes of death? Can not wise spirits settle this question? What is the destiny of animals as individual beings? How are they different from man? Many spirits say they live the same in spirit-world. Hudson Tuttle says: "No; I have been told of a favorite horse being in spirit-world," etc. I am interested to know.

A.—It is impossible to finally settle the above question so long as people persist in accepting negative assertions as of equal value with positive affirmations, and at the same time it behooves all clairvoyants and others who describe what they actually beheld in their visions, to refrain from building a top heavy structure on a slender foundation.

The term *ego* or *entity* cannot be rightfully applied to animals or to any order of sentient existence below the level of humanity. Man contains all the elements of the three domains of Nature—mineral, vegetable and animal—within himself. The human economy is entire, a complete autonomy of this cannot be said of any lower type of existence. Animals as such are certainly not immortal, but they can enjoy a prolonged existence in the psychic state after having passed out of material conditions.

These two statements accepted together render it easily possible to harmonize otherwise irreconcilable testimonies. One school of philosophers may use the word *immortality* only in its highest sense, as it was used of old by Plato and other eminent teachers among the classic Greeks, while another school speaks of everything as immortal which simply survives physical dissolution. When it is declared by those who claim to really know what constitutes immortality, that man alone is immortal, no denial is made of those psychic experiences which go to prove that many animals are alive in the psychic world which interpenetrates and encircles this terrestrial globe.

In the published writings of several of the most noted chroniclers of spiritual manifestations can be found authentic accounts of animals appearing at séances and being accurately described by *lucides* present. If you have a favorite animal or bird, and you hold it in your psychic sphere after its physical disappearance you are instrumental in prolonging the term of its post-mortem existence, and you may safely rest assured that as to the eye of seership the entirely material universe is only a region of effects and correspondences, nothing physically disintegrates because its material robe is rent asunder.

Our insect teachers inform us that the animal life is eventually destined to form the lower self, or *anima bruta* of humanity. As human beings we are immortal; but the lower selves, which are ours to control, have come up the long evolutionary pathway, from the lowest expression of life, known as the *amaba*, till the highest pinnacle of animal attainment has been reached.

Continued existence can be claimed for animals, but not absolute immortality. The higher development the animal has reached the more capable is it of maintaining a prolonged individual existence in the psychic realm, which is the soul of the material planet. When clairvoyants see people attended by animals, they sometimes see only the outplotting of the interior state of those persons reflected in their actual photosphere, but in cases where distinct living animals are often seen frequenting places where they formerly dwelt, worked and received kindly attention from human beings, it is proof that the animals themselves are still living.

Every distinct expression of life continues just so long as it can serve any purpose or fulfill any needed end of service in the universe. The true distinction between man and the animal is that man is an integer, a spiritual entity, while animals are only fractional expressions of what the entity contains. All interested in this subject should take note of clairvoyant experiences bearing on it.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Shrewsbury, Mass., May 24, MRS. JULIA E. HOBGAM, of Cambridge, aged 74 years.

The last years of her life she was a Spiritualist, and enjoyed communion with her own, who preceded her to soul-life many years. As she requested, the writer spoke words of consolation and hope to relatives and neighbors present, by whom she was greatly beloved.

From Melrose, Mass., May 29, JULIA EMMA WHITTIER, aged 3 years 9 months and 21 days. She was born in Belfast, Me., and was daughter of Henry A. and Georgia J. Whittier.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1900.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

Massachusetts.

New York.

The Spiritual and Ethical Society closed meetings May 27, to resume Oct. 1. We hope to report a steady growth in membership and general interest. May 20 we had Memorial services of a very interesting nature, the ladies of Lafayette Circle, G. A. R., meeting with May 23 we had our Strawberry Festival. The

Other States.

The officers of Verona Park Camp assembled on Friday, June 2, and with some hired help worked two days repairing their wharf. On Sunday a social meeting was held in the social parlor. Two evening socials were held that were forerunners of the good times in the near future. The pavilion has just been newly shingled and the roads and grounds are being put in good order for the summer visitors and campers. The hotel will be open for the public June 15, and remain open until

Onset.

HOW TO REACH ONSET

[illegible]

All dishes, such as soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads etc. are doubly appetizing and digestible when flavored with —Lea & Perrins' sauce.

WOMAN'S CONGRESS

The Headquarters Bookstore will be under charge of Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., of Boston. Here will be found in stock all the leading Spiritualist papers and books.

**The Ohio State Spiritualist Con-
vention.**

Wednesday evening addresses were delivered by Harrison D. Barrett, President of the N. S. A., Hon. J. B. Townsend, owner of the *Light of Truth*, and also by its editor, William J. Hull.

If the writer may be permitted to express his personal opinion, he would say that President Barrett's address was noteworthy for its perfect diction and rhetoric, Mr. Townsend's earnestness, and Mr. Hull's for the dignified and emphatic manner in which he pleaded for greater toleration for new and advanced ideas. The principal address of the Convention was delivered Thursday evening by Dr. M. Peebles, who held the large audience spellbound. Dr. C. H. Fiquers acted as platform teacher medium both evenings.

A Letter from Haverhill

A Letter from Haverhill.

These meetings for this season have been grand success, both in the intellectual status of the individuals attending and in point numbers. The financial affairs of the society are in a more prosperous condition than they have been for several years. The annual election of officers will be held next Saturday evening, and then we shall be in good working order to take up the burdens again in the fall having secured Brittain Hall for a term of years.

W. W. SPRAGUE, *President.*

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1900

Send at least one line of writing and a line of figures
your signature. Address "READER," care BANNER

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F. H. ARMSTRONG, G. P. A., Kentville, N. S.
J. F. MARTERS, N. E. Supt., 223 Washington St., Boston
May 12. 6w

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