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NO. 17.

HYMN TO PEACE.

BY DEVOTION.

Spirit of Starland! Eternity's calm!
Balm to the wayfarers' weary, weary care;
Sing to Thy children Thy lullaby-psalm,
Filled with the exquisite message of peace.
Peace, peace, beautiful peace!
Light of God's summerland—beautiful peace!

Joy of fair childhood! Son of God's spheres!
Balm to the wayfarers' faltering feet!
Whisper Thy blessing and smile through our tears;
Shine on our pilgrimage happiness sweet!
Peace, peace, beautiful peace!
Light of God's summerland—beautiful peace!

Waft us a hymn of the heavenly rest;
Hush us, like children away, to sleep;
Nestled so close to Thy comforting breast,
All that is holy within us will leap.
Peace, peace, beautiful peace!
Light of God's summerland—beautiful peace!

Anger and bitterness, vengeance and strife,
Flee at the touch of Thy golden-bright wings;
Goal of the spirit! Blest Haven of Life!
God's benediction the thought of Thee brings.
Peace, peace, beautiful peace!
Light of God's summerland—beautiful peace!

Soul of the Infinite Spirit Divine!
Light in our bosoms the lamp of Thy love,
Till from within us Thy name "Peace" shall shine
Bright as the star-constellations above.
Peace, peace, beautiful peace!
Light of God's summerland—beautiful peace!

Fountain of solace! God's crown for the old!
Hear the song—worship ascending to Thee!
Brothers and sisters—we're answered—behold,
The peace-gates are opening for you and me!
Peace, peace, beautiful peace!
Light of God's summerland—beautiful peace!

Sydney, New South Wales, 1900.

The Duties of Spiritualists.

BY MRS. HARRIET M. RATHBUN.

When one becomes a Spiritualist, duties become manifold and varied in character. For instance: Spiritualism teaches so many truths and points out so many ways for one's feet, that it is frequently difficult to determine just the path one must tread to reach the desired end of duty accomplished. When one assumes the character of a Spiritualist, life does or should take on a serious importance hitherto unrealized.

In order to become a true Spiritualist, one must realize this importance, and seek to discharge faithfully and conscientiously the various duties presented in the every-day walks of life. When we put on the mantle of Spiritualism, we must overcome or put away selfishness, avarice, greed, dishonesty of whatsoever degree or shade, all tendencies toward wrong doing, and strive to so live that our spirit friends, however pure and progressed, may approach us and be neither grieved nor ashamed of what they may discover in our aura or atmosphere.

We cannot continue in sensuous living. We must regulate our lives in accord with the teachings of those who in wisdom would direct us toward the goal of spiritual development wherein we can safely rest satisfied, because of duties accomplished and the approval of those who have helped us to reach that desired haven. Not that we shall rest forever satisfied. No; when one goal is reached, we shall press forward to another and higher state of existence, thus progressing on and on through time here and the ages of eternity.

Spiritualism teaches that in order to become spiritual we must pay less heed to things material, and more attention to things pertaining to spirituality. With the liberty of free thought and independent action granted us by Spiritualism, we have no license for wrongdoing, or the violation of laws written and unwritten which are the safeguards of individuals and of society. We have seen many who claim the sheltering fold of Spiritualism, only to disgrace it. They live either in open defiance to the laws of custom, authority, or principle—or strive to hide their deformity by assuming the garb of Spiritualism.

Hypocrisy has no place in the make-up of a true Spiritualist. In living Spiritualism our lives should bear the closest scrutiny without creating ill prejudice, or furnishing even the appearance of evil. We know how easy it is to be misjudged, how easy to misjudge another. Therefore in our judgment we cannot be too careful in estimating the standing and value of those whom we may meet. One of the duties of the Spiritualist, and not the least in importance is to guard well the heart and tongue lest we condemn unjustly, or place a stumbling block in the way of those who may be striving to reach a stronger, safer place for their feet.

Surely it requires a vast amount of discretion and sense to rightly measure the soul-qualifications of our fellow-travelers in the sojourn of our earthly pilgrimage. Where is the person who can hastily estimate the true character of a fellow mortal? How often do we find ourselves deceived after years of companionship? Life seems so short to correctly weigh or fix the status of our dearest friend. Every day develops some new phase of character or shows in some new light the characteristic we thought we knew so accurately.

Our duty toward our friends loses its lightness when we become Spiritualists in earnest. We know then that we must be not only careful, but just, in our discriminations. We must then avoid slander, backbiting and what is styled "harmless gossip." The lightest breath of scandal may wither the fairest flower or touch in some vital part our dearest friend. Our duty, then, as Spiritualists is to fill our time, our thoughts and our conversation with subjects fraught with benefit to our-

selves and to others. If we thus employ our time, our presence will be hailed as life-giving, inspiring and helpful. We shall find welcome everywhere, and carry strength to all with whom we mingle.

To be well-minded means so much more than at first appears, one despairs of reaching that enviable state where one's mind can be said to be well or in healthy condition. The most careful, conscientious pruning; the most careful outliving; the most untiring care under fostering conditions, are required to attain this end. Where is the Spiritualist who earnestly and intelligently faces his duty in all these directions? Who can claim justly a mind in perfect health? It rests with us all to be so earnest and careful that the best within our power may be attained.

Spiritualism brings to us an overwhelming force in the form of mediumship, and it behooves every true Spiritualist to lay hold of this force and use to the best advantage this wonderful power for good and evil. It is a well known fact that all spirits who communicate are not progressed nor good. Many return on mischief bent—to indulge in old habits and propensities, and for the sake of this indulgence are quite willing to drag down some fellow being, yet a denizen of the earth sphere. Many dark or undeveloped spirits return anxious to manifest and caring little for consequences in using medial instruments.

We have, as Spiritualists, strong duties in the line of mediumship, towards those who are the chosen instruments to lift aside the veil hiding that other world from this. We must be unto them a refuge, and stronghold; we must keep in sympathetic touch with them; and strive, by all within our power, to aid them not only in assisting spirit-communication, but in restricting it. We should help mediums to understand that they are not called upon to yield their organization to the control or dictum of every disembodied spirit. Just as here we limit and restrict, should those over there be made to understand that they must yield or submit to laws and regulations, which every medium in connection with his or her spirit-band of controls may deem wise and necessary to enforce. There is no reason why a medium should submit to harmful influences; and we would counsel all mediums to seek in development a wise, strong band who will not only aid in control, but ward off and deny those who would approach for harm.

We are quite aware that myriads of undeveloped spirits are brought to mediums to be helped, to be awakened to desires for progression, the unfolding of their spiritual natures, and that they are often benefited greatly in a very short period of time. In yielding control in these instances, we deem it a holy mission and do not know of a single instance where the medium has been scathed or polluted. Mediums are often placed in peril—unconsciously so—but thanks to the angel world, a rescuing hand is nearly always extended, and so the imminence of danger is passed, and the medial instrument is saved from harm.

So called evil spirits are, we are told, sometimes attracted by the light emanating from some medium, and on approach would wantonly inflict some injury upon the bright one, in the same way and from the same motive a vandal would deface or destroy some beautiful work of art. This being true, is it not the duty of every true Spiritualist to warn and assist the ones who may be thus approached? If all mediums were safely protected by a band strong enough to ever resist all such approaches, then we should have no duty in that channel, and might be saved much anxiety and effort.

It is painful to mark the indifference of those—I plead guilty also—who should be the earnest, sympathetic advisers of mediums. We go to them with our demands. If they do well, we bestow our mite with stinted praise; if they fail, or do wrong, we bestow unstinted censure, rarely stopping to consider the circumstances or weigh the evidence in their favor and extenuation. Many so-called fraudulent manifestations have been allowed to pass, and the medium to rest under a cloud and the ban of spiritual society, when an investigation in the line of duty might have cleared away suspicious circumstances, and exonerated the medium from any intentional deceit or dishonesty.

It is not enough to shake our heads sadly, or in words deplore the duplicity of a denounced medium. It becomes your duty and mine to look into the affair and qualify ourselves to judge of the justice of the accusations. If, when we have faced and done our duty, we find that we must condemn, let us be firm in so doing, but let us also be very careful that our grounds are thoroughly and justly established. We are quite sure that our medial instruments should be firm in principle, sound in judgment, abounding in honesty, and so far as possible pure in character. True, they must become passive in the hands of their various controls, but if possessed of all these necessary qualifications, they will not attract, or will not be likely to draw unto them spirits who delight in practicing deception upon those who seek intercourse with those who have been liberated from mortal habiliments.

Of course those who seek mediums for the exercise of their mediumship should also be possessed of good qualifications, in order that the results may be desirable and satisfactory. I have attended sances where were men (and women, too) whose breath betrayed habits of strong drink, whose faces bore the marks of sensual dissipation, and whose touch seemed contaminating to the sensitives in the circle. What class of spirits would they be likely to attract? I have felt that they needed lessons

of moral reform, and have rejoiced in my soul when some noble spirit has administered rebuke, counsel and warning notes.

When we enter the séance-room I believe we have neglected a duty if we have not prepared our minds, as we do our bodies, when about to enter refined society. We would not think of going into a company of ladies and gentlemen with soiled skin, disheveled hair, and garments uncouth and disordered. No more should we approach the inner sanctuary of communion soul with soul, with foul thoughts, unjust accusations, bitterness, scornful calculations, or hatred in our minds. Do you not see that Spiritualists have stern duties in this direction? On the other hand, if we discharge these duties and appear before the medium fitted and worthy to clasp hands with the pure and progressed, how glorious will be the results. We shall not only call down a blessing upon ourselves, but shall be able to give somewhat in exchange for our blessing—that which shall benefit those who come at our call. And the medium? The medium will be strengthened and uplifted rather than exhausted and depleted.

We little realize the value of our position to day. We can become almost what we will, our privileges are so great. By seeking faithfully to know ourselves, we can by degrees gain the mastery of spirit over matter, until in exalted moments we catch glimpses of what it were vain to prophesy to those as yet unawakened; glimpses of states which in their fulfillment would approach our ideas of the millennium. We have, then, manifold duties in making the best use of our privileges and endowments. If we were truly alive to the possibilities of our natures, the little nothings which occupy us so constantly would drop to their proper level, lose their weight of importance, and receive only their due attention. We should then have time and would make opportunity for the culture of our real selves. We work with needless haste, untiring energy and exhaustive capacity to gain, what? Bread and butter, clothing for our material bodies, and a shelter. "Well," you will ask, "is it not right to look after our material interests? Is it not our duty to do so?"

We must answer in the affirmative. A man or woman who utterly neglects her material duties is culpable and does not deserve, and will not receive the commendation of judicious and sensible people, but there is a vast difference between due and undue attention to these matters. It is not wise to follow the course of the masses of mankind in these matters. It is wise to imitate the few who seek the harmonious rounding out of character in all its departments. Not only should we emulate their example—we should set our mark higher, and strive to surpass them in the struggle for victory over all that suppresses or hinders the healthy growth and development of our dual natures.

Our duties in regard to ourselves, then, should command our careful study and earnest, persistent effort in performance. Life is fraught with seeming exigencies or emergencies as we term them. We are prone to think much transpires almost by chance, or that one chance determines another; we fall into a careless, desultory way of thinking, regardless of the fact that by the seeking we may know much whereof we only conjecture, liable to draw false conclusions.

If we can learn of the laws of the universe, have we not the duty confronting us, urging us to seek that knowledge? Have we any right to ignore our opportunities in this direction? Plainly, then, we have no time for folded hands and idle drifting. We must seize the oars and pull with a will, determined to reach the shore of that haven where dwell those who have assumed and discharged their manifold duties.

Spiritualists as a rule underrate and undervalue the phenomena, after the novelty and awe inspiring wonder has worn away. Some boast that they are beyond the need of phenomena, that they rest in principles, and only beginners need the A B C. Very true—as A B C—a simple alphabet of detached letters, this is true. But where would our learned philosophers, profound scientists, and able defenders land, if, in combination they could not use the despised A B C? We can no more live without the base of Spiritualism, which is phenomena, than these learned, astute propounders can get along without the alphabet of the English language.

Our duty then to phenomena and its media is plain, also our duty to ourselves. We must encourage and defend our mediums—must support and strengthen them, holding ourselves toward them in the same sense of justice we unhesitatingly accord to others when accused of wrong doing. Let us banish suspicion, while carefully scanning the ground to determine our position concerning any mooted question. Let us first strive to educate ourselves, then combine our efforts with those of mediums to learn what we may of the laws governing mediumship. Let us throw over the old idea that the less educated the medium the better the manifestations. Let us seek to establish the fact that the better the instrument the better the manifestation.

If a medium is educated—has command of language, and by observation as well as study has become well informed, he or she must be a finer instrument in the hands of spirit forces than an illiterate, uncouth person. True it is, if the educated one is wilful and egotistical, not passive in the control, wishing to dictate and set up will against will, then is that instrument marred in its usefulness and runs counter to the good to be accomplished. Perhaps we should say that a great person—great in wisdom—would make the best medium, for

it is an acknowledged fact that the truly wise and great are unpretentious and humble in manner.

We would counsel all mediumistic people to reach out for every advantage and accomplishment, careful not to become arrogant or bombastic because of advanced learning or degree of culture. Seek the combined aid of spirit and mortal to make your individualized life somewhat after your ideal. Do not be content with any measure of development, however advanced it may be, but press onward to attain greater heights. Our duties are apparent, and we shall not be guiltless if we neglect them.

In the broad arena of Spiritualism the fields open out to view, and "beckoning hands" invite us to enthusiastic work; and we may anticipate the sweet reward justly given to those who labor devotedly and unselfishly to promote spirituality and the growth of our own souls. We must face duty in every walk in life. Honestly must be our watchword and diligence our habit. We must meet squarely every issue, and rise above the vexing cares which so easily annoy and so readily beset us. We must stand firmly upon the rock of truth, and assist others to reach our plane of thought and right-living, if we are so happy as to rise to a degree to be desired by others. We must loosen our purse-strings also, when our heart-strings are drawn by too true tales of suffering and attendant miseries.

We are seldom in danger of being too generous—we are often improvident, and may suffer from injudicious or unwise expenditures—but we rarely place ourselves in a position to regret our generosity. Of course our giving must be in accord with our means, and commensurate with the demands made upon us by our own—those for whom we should provide, or who justly look to us for financial aid. No doubt we imagine that many things are necessary to our comfort and happiness, which it might be just as well for us to do without. We might take great pleasure in relieving distress with money thus saved. However, we cannot mark out a strict line of living for each other. You must walk in accord with your estimate of life's requirements, I with mine.

Life everywhere presents to us opportunities of doing good, and Spiritualism teaches that we should be anxiously fulfilling our destiny by improving these opportunities, grateful for the privilege of adding sunshine to darkened households or hearts. In short, instead of hiding in some comfortable nook apart from disturbing conditions, we should at least bravely meet those which cross our path, happy to render whatever we may in the way of relief, comfort and help toward a better state. Life holds for us a complexity of duty, and the more we strive to divine its meaning and fulfill its requirements, the happier we shall be both here and hereafter.

Duty looks us in the face and holds out an inviting hand. Shall we place our hand in the one extended, and bravely follow in the lead of duty, or shall we ignore the claims of duty, and live a life of ease and selfish enjoyment? Spiritualists cannot afford to waive the claims of duty. We are counseled again and again as to what we ought to do—too often, alas! we take no heed, and carelessly or indifferently drift on in our struggle for material gain or existence. By so much as we neglect our duty do we lose in compensation. We should be on the alert to relieve suffering, to encourage the struggling, to strengthen the weak, to shield the tempted, to help forward all reformatory and progressive movements.

Every true Spiritualist should remember that life here is but the probationary period of the life everlasting. We shall enter upon the state in that life which we have earned for ourselves while probationers here. We shall do well to welcome duty and cheerfully meet its claims upon our time, our purse, and our energy. We can scarcely be content to idle away our precious time, or drift upon the sea of time. What then? Are we true Spiritualists? If so, have we discovered that among our duties we owe something to the public work of Spiritualism? If we have blessed truths in our good right hand, shall we withhold them from the hungry multitude?

We need to be awakened to a keener perception of our duty in this direction. We are too penurious. We spend freely in some directions, even for others; but when we are asked to contribute for the support of lecturers, public meetings, etc., do we as a rule respond with alacrity? Do we hail opportunities to aid in the work of proclaiming the truth in the darkened places of bigotry and superstition? Are we alive to the importance of organized effort in not only disseminating the truth, but in protecting our workers from the onslaught of the enemy? If we were banded together as we should be, our mediums and public speakers could never become the victims of malicious persecution. Our power would be so great no danger would threaten the honest medium.

Sooner or later we shall see the full import of our duty in the direction of public work. We shall contribute cheerfully and adequately. Until that time arrives we must be content with mediocre meetings and struggling societies. We are half ashamed to invite our society or church friends to our meetings, because we know we cannot make a good showing. Sometimes we have good music, oftener we do not. Sometimes our assembly rooms are inviting, oftener they are not. Who is to blame? Think you, if all Spiritualists were fully discharging their duty, this state of affairs could be? It rests with us, then, to carefully investigate ourselves—to weigh and estimate our disposition toward the Cause for which we

profess love and loyalty. Are we really in earnest, or are we in some degree hypocritical? Let us arise to the true position we should, in the line of duty, assume. We cannot afford to let our Cause languish for lack of financial support, or for lack of interest. Our public lecturers are a noble band of workers, and have buckled on the armor for the warfare against error and superstition. True Spiritualists have a duty towards them. At best their lives are a kind of martyrdom. They give up home life with its enticing features, and make great sacrifice to carry into communities this new dispensation. They should be kept busy, and should be well remunerated. I can say these things with a good grace and urgency, because I am not considered regularly in the field—my mission is simply to fill here and there a little niche left by the others. So I gladly call attention to our duty towards public speakers, our faithful, loyal exponents of Spiritualism as revealed to and through them. Let us fall not in our duty in this direction.

We have glanced hastily over the field of duty and touched here and there to fix a point. The subject is vast, and we can grasp it only in part. Daily, will be revealed to us a portion of what we should do. We shall be wise if we can apply intelligently all that the days bring to us in the line of obligation. A glad day will come to us, if we are able to remain steadfast in the path of duty. We have seen that our lives will become a serious round of duty when once we enter the arena of Spiritualism. If we do not become better men and women, then shall we have missed the true way, and will do well to search diligently for the pathway which shall lead us into daily unfoldment spiritually and mentally.

May we every one wear the helmet of truth—may we loyally press forward in the Cause, we advocate. May we prove helpers, and not stumbling-blocks to others. May our spirit-friends walk in close rapport with us—may our lives be so pure and helpful, that all may draw near to gain from us that strength which it may be ours to impart, if we but live according to our highest light, and walk in the strict line of duty.

Finally, may we humbly but earnestly strive to rise each day a round upon the ladder of spiritual progression. When we meet upon the further shore of time, may we joyfully greet each other and gladly affirm that our feet have been shod with truths, and that we have walked in the path of duty. May no regret for duty ignored and neglected mar our entrance to that life where we hope to bask in the sunshine of the love of dear ones to whom we shall be reunited. May your song and mine be that of victory. May our hours of retrospection be of welcome memories. May duties well done pave the way to Eternal Happiness, and all our sorrows fade into the light of sweet satisfaction when we close our eyes to earthly objects, and awake to our just reward in that life of which poets have sung and all have dreamed—that land where none shall misunderstand, and all shall be clear as the noon-day sun.

The Spiritual Movement.

BY DR. N. F. RAVLIN.

Shall it survive, or perish? Will it live, or die? Its enemies cannot kill it, or it would have been dead long ago. Shall Spiritualists themselves do what its most implacable foes are powerless to accomplish? Shall "the unkindest cut of all" be inflicted upon the movement by its professed friends?

If apathy on the one hand and pessimistic suggestions on the other can assassinate it, its doom is already foreshadowed. Doing nothing to advance the Cause is equivalent to the use of every means to retard it. Suggestions that it is surely going to die are the most potent means possible to insure its death. But such a use of suggestion is, in effect, "black magic," and the perpetrators of the crime will have to take the consequences. Suppose we exercise suggestion for awhile in the other direction? The spiritual movement is not going to die. It will live. Croakers may perish from the earth; sham and pretense be burned up; star fakes rot and be forgotten; Charlatanism be no more; error and falsehood flee away; lust be no longer throned in power, while Love lies bleeding at its feet; avarice no longer bind, or covetousness palsy the spiritual energies of people who know the truth; but all that the heaven-ordained movement represents shall live and triumph gloriously, as the clouds lift and the mists are rolled away.

Spiritualism cannot die. Its mission will not be ended till mortality shall be swallowed up of life; till all nations shall walk in the light of it; till all religions, all philosophies, all sciences and all languages shall blend, like the colors of the rainbow, in one grand triumphal arch, spanning the broad highway of human destiny. When all the countless generations of mankind shall have reached the celestial state crowned with life everlasting and enriched with all the fullness of immortality, then and not till then will the mission of Spiritualism be accomplished.

Boston, June 16, 1900.

O man! O woman! Your knowledge "is sounding brass and tinkling symbol." Your will is untrained, your purpose the traditions of the ages. Life centers are unrecognized, undeveloped. At the very threshold of life's realities you go out from yourself, putting forth every effort to keep step with life's most fleeting shadows. Your happiness is the happiness of unnatural excitement, and your heaven the heaven of the almighty dollar. To gain superficial power over your fellow kind and control great possessions is the height of your ambition. Little do you know of, and the work for, the development of that central sun of blended love and wisdom, which calms the soul and makes you the possessor of heaven. Vainly you think you must go to it, but you cannot go to it, you must possess it.—Ez.

GETHEMENE.

BY STANLEY VITPATRICK.

There is no life however fair
But shadowed all across the way,
And then the soul must bow its head,
In lone Gethemene to pray.

Like him whose life a pathway made,
The greatest man the world has known,
Each soul must pass within its shade
To wrestle there alone—alone.

We know not why the sweetest strain
Is woven still of discords deep,
Nor why soul-growth, begun in pain,
Is watered by the tears we weep.

We know not why the way of life
Leads o'er the rugged mountain trail,
When we would shun the toil and strife,
And follow through the sunlit vale.

But this we know: it is the plan
Of love, unerring and divine:
Who suffers best is noblest man—
Round him the soul's true laurels twine.

He who can turn each dreary trial
Into a wreath of blossoms fair,
Has gained a wealth more true and real
Than crown of king or jewels rare.

And never yet a mind has left
Its impress on the passing age,
Which hath not been of hopes bereft
And turned with tears life's darkest page.

The soul's true strength, the might of God,
Which calmly meets the tempest's shock,
Springs not, like daisies, from the sod,
But like the oak roots deep in rock.

No inspiration, grand and strong,
No deeper tones the spirit hears—
No inward vision may belong
To eyes unwashed by burning tears.

No genius flies the world has known,
Who hath not wept each sobbing brain
And all his grandest works have grown
Thro' great heart throes of grief and pain.

From altars where true hearts have bled,
And brows have plied with crowns of thorn,
A shining pathway oft hath led
The grand and Godlike act been born.

From lowest depths of anguish deep
The soul of man oft mounts on high,
The burning word or thought may leap
Like lightning flash athwart the sky.

And then the careless stand and gaze
And chatter shrill of that they see—
What know they of the thorny ways
Which lead thro' dark Gethemene?

Gethemene! O garden dark!
Thro' the paths of life still wind,
The thorns and nails still leave their mark
On those of largest heart and mind.

—The Golden Way.

Man: His Psychical Potentialities and Relationships.

Address by Mr. E. W. Wallis, at Cavendish Rooms, London, Eng., May 20th.

Man is a spiritual being associated with, and expressing himself through, a physical instrumentality, which, with all its deficiencies, affords him scope for numberless experiences, for many pleasurable emotions, for sweet fellowships and affections; and he is gradually but surely becoming conscious of the possession of interior or spiritual powers, is awakening with the stirrings of a young giant to a recognition of his divine heritage and his supremacy, so to speak, in the world of sense, and with the dawning consciousness of obligation, endeavoring to realize in righteousness those highest functions for which consciousness may be said to have been imparted.

History bears testimony to the existence of many individuals who possessed certain psychical qualifications which fitted them to become instruments in the hands of unseen agents. They became aware of strange influences which impelled them to certain courses of action. These impulses from the unseen were variously attributed to gods or spirits—rightly or wrongly we shall not now discuss—but the fact is clear that there were sensitive people who realized that certain influences affected them from not merely the plane of external sensation, but of interior perception; of intuitive cognition.

The Bible, which is regarded by so many as the word of God, bears testimony from beginning to end to the experiences of individuals of this class, who, heard voices, saw angels, were conscious of impressions or inspirations to whom visions were vouchsafed, and in whose presence or by whose power certain strange phenomena occurred quite outside the range of ordinary experience, which were in consequence regarded as supernatural and as tokens of the favor of the gods, or of the Supreme God. If the Bible stood alone one might attach exceptional importance to these records, but acquaintance with the sacred books of other Eastern lands enables us to claim that the Jews were indebted very largely to the writings and experiences of surrounding peoples. The day has gone by, therefore, for the assumption that the Jews were the special favorites of God, and that through them, and alone, revelations came from the unseen; for Ancient Egypt, Persia, India, and practically all the peoples who attained any degree of civilization or spiritual unfoldment, present to humanity to-day records of experiences identical in character and in the value that one must attach to them. Now if such testimony as this were confined to antiquity one might be inclined to say that the plea that these were ignorant and superstitious peoples had ground and warrant; but, coming down to more modern times, similar statements are made, the claim for similar experiences is put forth right down to the present day, and therefore the plea of ignorance and superstition must be discarded.

Whether in Greece or Rome, Palestine or Persia, Great Britain or America, we find that the testimony is unanimous to the power of unseen beings to make their influence felt and their presence known by phenomenal demonstrations, and to manipulate certain obscure forces to produce mental impressions or psychical sensations in the individuals who have been regarded variously as either fools or true prophets, visionaries or seers, dreamers, madmen, or devil-possessed, according to the peculiar bias of the persons who witnessed the phenomena, or recorded their experiences. Here, then, we come upon a whole territory which needs to be explored, a whole series of natural—not supernatural—phenomena which require explanation.

If we are to have a philosophy of life, if we are to find the key to the mysteries of consciousness, if we are, as interpreters, to know ourselves and understand our place in nature, to comprehend these strange surroundings, these aspirations and yearnings, these unsatisfied longings, these imperious desires, these upreaching within us for the ideal—if we are to understand ourselves on this plane of consciousness we must have some bridge that will enable us to cross from the seen to the unseen; some key to open the door and introduce us to the realm of psychical nature and interpret to us its phenomena.

We have seen that these phenomena have not been limited to a race or an age, and we claim, therefore, that they are the outward evidences of the indwelling psychic potentialities of man. There could not be any such manifestations if man did not naturally possess spiritual powers which could be acted upon and employed for their production. These innate capabilities may be consciously cultivated by their possessors or aroused and exercised as the result of the stimulating influences of either incarnate or discarnate operators.

But, it may be objected, "how comes it, if these powers are natural, that some people have dreams, premonitions, visions, voices, trances, and warnings, while others seem to be cut off and isolated, unconscious of the spiritual realm about them, if such a realm there be?"

The answer to this question will be found in the fact, it seems to us, that individuals are variously constituted; that heredity, that prenatal influences, or the activities of the parents during the gestational period; that the peculiar bias or training—all these determining factors have to be taken into account in considering the qualities or aptitudes of any given individual. So that what is possible in the way of ex-

pression to one may not be open to another owing to constitutional organic limitations. We find that the spirit is connected with the body by means of the soul, or psychical body, which in turn affects the brain, the nerves and muscles of the outer body, through the agency of which it expresses itself and the quality and extent of such expression will depend upon the degree of responsiveness and psychic development in the individual concerned. Some may, and probably will be, conscious that they are enveloped in the flesh, the spirit being so deeply imured within the body that it is well-nigh helpless and unconscious of its possibilities and destiny. Others will realize more or less fully, that they can use the body, master and control it, instead of being its slave. Most people possess the faculty of sight, but all do not see alike. Some are color-blind; some have clearer sight than others. We are apt to imagine that because trees, houses, and other objects present a certain appearance to us they will appear exactly the same to those around us. On general lines they do, but undoubtedly different people are differently affected and perceive differently. Some people have innate artistic powers, and although every one with patience and endeavor may develop something of the artistic nature, all cannot be past masters in artistic expression. Some have a natural gift for mechanics, some for music, some for oratory, others for song; in others the gifts can be induced to a limited extent, and again in others while the reasoning faculties may be active the artistic nature may be dormant. Man's spiritual possibilities are no exception. Some exercise their psychic powers naturally and freely, in others the activity of the spiritual perceptions can be cultivated or induced, while the remaining class have little or no knowledge of the existence of their powers, or of how to develop them.

It has been rightly claimed by those having experience of such matters that, being natural, these powers must be susceptible of interpretation and cultivation; that there must be certain principles and laws governing their operation; that if psychical sensibility is a natural potency of the human spirit, it must be possible to explain the methods of its manifestation. Here physical science comes to our aid, and demonstrates that if the ears and eyes were more perfect instruments, and responded to higher vibrations, it would be possible to see and hear many things which are now unseen and unheard. The microscope and telescope have revealed to our gaze many things of which we should otherwise be ignorant. Telegraph and telephone and other instruments have removed many limitations, and the trend of science is constantly in the direction of the discovery of facts which pervade the reality of the unseen, of all the pervading life, and the supremacy of mind, or spiritual being. That there are worlds within worlds—principles and powers—is now generally admitted, and who shall set limits to the possibilities of the universe? May it not be equally true that there are not only potentialities in nature of which we are ignorant, but personalities who dwell in the unseen, who may yet be revealed to our consciousness when we cultivate the psychic powers which at present lie dormant within us.

Psychic science will assist us in this realm of research, and telepathy, or thought transference, is one of the first and most significant facts with which we have to deal. That thought, celebrated in the consciousness of one, may be transferred to, and reproduced in the brain of another who may, geographically speaking, be yards or miles away, is now generally admitted, but it can only be by means of some medium or connecting link between the two. Wireless telegraphy is cited as an illustration that there are subtle forces in nature which, by the aid of etheric vibrations, recorded on appropriate instruments, can convey signals to the operator who interprets them. But we are dealing with the psychic side of things, not with mere modes of motion on the outer plane; with the transference and the reproduction of the image itself, and not with simple raps; with mental, not physical movements. We have to deal with the activities of man's psychical nature from the spirit side, and while the physical analogies may lead us to knowledge which, on the spiritual plane, may help us to interpret these transferences, we must be careful not to attempt to explain spiritual experiences by materialistic phenomena. Suppose we recognize that a man is a mental or spiritual being, with the power of cerebrating thought and, by the concentration of his will, producing a thought-image or picture. The thought-form thus produced by the determination of his mind traverses the intermediate psychic atmosphere—the "astral light," if you will—until it reaches the mind of an individual who is in rapport with him, the rate of whose psychic vibrations harmonizes with his own. Responsiveness being thus established, there will follow reception and perception of the image, the expression of the idea, the manifesting of the intention of the operator at the other end of the psychic line. You have many instances of the fact that people who have never had these psychic experiences in the natural way have had them induced by what used to be called mesmerism. By the concentration of the thought of the operator the subject becomes responsive, sympathy is established, the rates of vibration in the two individuals become identical.

The operator determines that his subject shall see or do certain things, or experience certain sensations, and the impressions are received by the subject and followed out. This power of the mesmerist goes beyond that of the ordinary hypnotist, because in the true mesmeric condition the operator makes no suggestion audible to the subject, and yet the impression is made, the picture is the unspoken thought enacted. Clairvoyance has frequently been induced in this way, until the subject has become possessed of the power to enter the perceptive state at will. These facts not only point us to the psychic potentialities that reside in the human spirit, but they afford us a clue to the method employed by spirit operators when they control their mediums.

It is not in the power of everyone to produce psychical impressions on his neighbor, or on all his neighbors. You may produce them on one, but not on another. Certain people may influence you, whereas you may be quite impervious to the influence of others. Why? Because unless there is that peculiar condition of rapport or psychic sympathy or unity of vibration, there can be no reciprocity or community of thought, feeling or impulse. This sympathy is not affectional nor intellectual, but psychical. It may sometimes be set up without any previous study or development. Two persons may be naturally in rapport without any knowledge of the fact that such a relationship exists. This accounts for the fact that you are attracted by some and repelled by others; this explains why some people exercise a fascination over their fellows, influencing their minds, sometimes even to the extent of making them tools and catpaws to do their will for good or evil. These are matters of daily experience; but the great trouble is that there is such profound ignorance with regard to them, and it is in ignorance that the danger lies, not in knowledge. One great fact in this connection which everybody should know is that all human beings can protect themselves against the intrusion of others' psychic influences. When they are conscious of their power they can concentrate their will, shut the doors and windows of their personality and refuse to be impinged upon or affected by influences other than those morally helpful and sustaining. It is not the fact that the successful business man is often one who, whether he understands the science or not, has the power of bringing his will force to bear upon the unsuspecting persons with whom he wishes to do business until they comply with his desires. On the Stock Exchange, in the mart, the factory and the shop, are in almost all the relations of life, men are constantly directing their psychical powers upon one another in this way. The successful salesman sells you something you do not want, but it is not until you have quitted his store and are free of the "psychological envelope" in which he enmeshed you, that you awake to a realization of the fact. The successful orator, preacher, reformer, revivalist, is generally one whose personal magnetism enables him to dominate his hearers and relate himself to them on the psychical plane, so that his utterances become to them hypnotic suggestions.

Following out the thought of these relationships in their higher aspects, as, for example, of the beneficial effect of the healthy, vital magnetism of a certain type of individual on the sick, Mr. Wallis then dealt with the question of the psychical relationship between discarnate and incarnate minds as exemplified in mediumship. He claimed that the same laws governed the relations between the sensitive and the spirit operator as between the hypnotist and his subject, and said: Mediumship is not necessarily spiritual. You may have mediumship of all kinds. You may have psychical relationship of a high grade and of a low one. You may have messages from beyond that shall prove the identity of spirits, and yet they may come from the bells as well as from the heavens. You may have messages that shall be to you evidence of the continuity of life, of the survival of mind, and yet not minister to your spiritual growth, nor awaken within you any exalted desire to be of service to God and man. In a word, you may have psychical sympathy and not spiritual fellowship, you may have spirit intercourse and not that spiritual communion which should be the goal of all who seek for evidences of life beyond the valley of death. We want you to recognize this fact because it is so important, because in one sense it is better to remain in ignorance of your spirit surroundings than to exchange that ignorance for the bitter pain and travail of soul through the deers into which you may, by reckless self-abandonment to unknown spirit influences, be plunged. We are not of those who claim that "ignorance is bliss" by any means, and we believe it is our duty to warn you of the dangers and difficulties that beset your path; and we ask you, therefore, to cultivate wisely your spiritual powers and seek to understand them. We ask you to bend your energies in the direction of soul-progress, to gain psychic self-mastery and be positive to all influences calculated to injure you, and receptive to impressions from and the guidance of, those spirits who are intelligent and trustworthy. Self-realization and self-possession on this plane are the true safeguards. Then the development of your psychical nature along the lines of spiritual aspiration, the wise and earnest seeking of the best and the highest, will bring you happiness beyond compare.

But, you may say, "how are we to do it? How are we to know if we possess these powers?" You need first of all to ground yourself in a recognition of the fact that you are spirits as well as bodies. You need to be able to say "I am a spirit. I possess a spiritual body—or soul body—which will enable me to exercise my psychic powers of reception, perception and expression, and I can cultivate and give evidence of those powers. The more I can understand the spiritual side of my nature, the more I can lift the veil that hides from me the real, and enter the realm of causes, principles and ideas; the more I can realize these things on the plane of spiritual self-consciousness, the more I can become the ruler in my own sphere, and consciously enter into psychical relations with others in or out of the body." Now this is purely a personal matter. It is a matter of life-long study and persevering effort for self-unfoldment. We can understand, though we do not entirely agree with, those who object to Spiritualism on the ground that it is largely mechanical and external; that people depend too much upon spirits instead of developing their own powers. We, too, hold those Spiritualists culpable who anticipate that, by sitting in circles to be spirit hypnotized or "controlled," they will attain spiritual unfoldment, spiritual self-comprehension or the power of spiritual self-manifestation. Mediumship is no royal road for the lazy and unthinking into the light and liberty of spiritual manhood. Nevertheless, those who are intelligent and aspiring have found that their spiritual faculties can be liberated by the mesmeric power of operators in or out of the body. Some people by such means have discovered that they were mediumistic, and having cooperated with their spirit-friends for their development have not been merely tools in the hands of their controllers, but have had their thought life, purpose life and love life deepened and strengthened to a degree and extent impossible except as the result of the kindly counsel and loving companionship of their spirit helpers. One must avoid extremes in these matters and recognize that there are many ways of reaching heaven, and that many very little white ways you travel, so long as you get there, become conscious of your soul life and cultivate the graces as well as the gifts of the spirit.

Man's psychic potentialities are practically the same in every case, but the expression of those potentialities will differ according to the conditions organically, the bias, surroundings, and the opportunities afforded for their cultivation; and the harmonious home circle is infinitely preferable to the mixed public promiscuous circle for their development. Every human spirit is innately pure and divine, but every spirit in the manifestation of those innate powers will differ in accordance with the conditions that surround it and affect its manifestations. The relationships you will sustain one with the other, the experiences you will have, the results of your strivings, will depend upon the earnestness and persistence with which you pursue truth, the singleness of your aim and the purity of your motive. But pure purpose is not enough. Many people mean well and are foolish things; their motives are sincere, but they lack judgment, knowledge, self-control, and the wisdom which only experience can give. Therefore learn, study, investigate. Keep your soul true to its goal of absolute goodness, like the needle to the pole. Proceed with pure intent but take every precaution. Learn to be receptive to the good and true, but positive to the foolish, vain, undeveloped, mercenary or malicious people—either in or out of the body. Do not leave it all to the spirits—meet them half-way—let aspiration prepare the conditions for inspiration. No spirit, however wise, can cause you to transcend your natural possibilities. He may awaken and stimulate your spirit perceptions, but he can only use the instrument according to its natural capacities. You, however, may prepare yourself, tune yourself, and be ready to respond to the thoughts and impulses from the good and loving ones of the other side.

Do not be over anxious nor be led into side tracks or byways; refuse to be deflected from your purpose by other or less worthy motives. Mediums are born, not made, but sensitiveness may be cultivated or restrained. Mediumship is not a gift which can be arbitrarily given or withheld; it is a natural qualification. It is not abnormal except in the sense that it is not every individual who can experience to the full the value of spirit guidance or be influenced with the same degree of success. Just as one musician can give expression to the soul of harmony to an extent that others vainly endeavor to reach, so the aptitudes of people on the psychic plane vary. Some people have natural psychometric power. They weigh, "size up," and measure the people with whom they come in contact almost at once. Their "first impressions" are generally psychical or intuitive. Others are naturally clairvoyant, have possessed the faculty from birth, but have been afraid to trust or exercise it. So, too, many speakers, although they never lose consciousness, are aware that they are impelled to say things they had not intended to utter, that ideas flow into them, and as these are all natural experiences, everyone can more or less successfully develop and enjoy some one or other of these powers of spiritual perception; and the unconscious phases of mediumship generally lead up to loving cooperation with the wise and kindly souls of the higher life to do something to establish the fellowship of man, to bring knowledge where ignorance now reigns, to banish the darkness by the light of that spiritual communion which shall yet be a blessing to the race.

Copies of Banner for Circulation.

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

Anger begins in folly and ends in repentance.—Pythagoras.

Sunshine and Shadow.

BY MRS. V. W. COBURN.

No wonder that Mrs. Webster felt tired and dispirited. She had worked since morning. It was Saturday, too, and she had scarcely got her baking, that was to last over Sunday, into the oven, although it was already the middle of the afternoon. A hot, misty afternoon it was, too. The clouds had hung low all day, and she was overcome with the heat without and the still more oppressive heat within, that she was obliged to have in order to do her cooking.

To add to her embarrassment, little Fred, the two-year-old boy, had clung constantly to her skirts; the tighter, perhaps, because he had been often pettishly repulsed. His frock, that was put on clean in the morning, was smeared with smut and ashes from the stove and molasses he had drained from the piece of bread his mother had given him in the vain hope of keeping him still a moment.

"I believe, Freddie, you delight in dirt," said the tired mother, as she looked half in pity, half in vexation, upon the little dirty, upturned face, over which the streaming tears were washing two little channels. "What a looking child you are! I declare it's impossible to keep you clean, and it's no sort of use to try. Do let go of my dress, Freddie. I never shall get my work done in the world. Everything had gone wrong; the wood, which every other day would have burned up brightly, could hardly be coaxed into a blaze; the wind was in the wrong direction, and the stove would not draw, but kept sending little jets of smoke into the room, which did not tend to lighten the atmosphere. Of course the oven was not well heated, and consequently the food was badly cooked."

Poor woman! no wonder she felt vexed, as she sat down by the window and took up the peevish child—little rest could she get with the great boy in her arms, and the clouds deepened upon her brow as she looked out of the window just as a splendid carriage moved leisurely along, drawn by two noble-looking greys. The occupants of the carriage looked so cool and comfortable in their light summer robes, that she could not imagine they felt the heat, or indeed the influence of anything unpleasant.

"Ah!" she sighed, "Mrs. Bond does not have to drudge all the time. She can ride in her carriage and never lift her fingers, while here I have to do from morning till night. She has servants to wait upon her, while I have to be servant to the whole household."

Then her thoughts wandered back to the time when she and Mrs. Bond were girls and attended the same school, although the parents of Mrs. Bond were wealthy and her own poor. She thought how she had excelled her in all her studies, and often acted as prompter in her recitations, much to the proud girl's annoyance. She knew she was far better fitted intellectually to fill Mrs. Bond's position in society than was the lady herself. She looked at her brown hands, grown hard with labor, till few traces of their former symmetry were visible, and wondered if Mr. Bond would recognize them as the same he had once so earnestly solicited her to yield to his keeping, telling her they were too faintly proportioned for a life of labor, and if she became his wife, they should perform no harder work than that of touching the guitar. She remembered the gossiping remarks made by villagers about her rejecting the wealthy gentleman, who came to the country to spend his summers, and accepting the village blacksmith. She almost wondered at it herself now, although she remembered that he despised her parents and all their surroundings, and sought her only for her fair face.

"But," she sighed, "if I had married a wealthy man, I should be above the necessity of this wearisome work."

She remembered hearing her husband say that Mr. Bond was penurious almost to meanness with his workmen—that he declined paying him the regular price for shoeing his horses, and when Mr. Webster told him he had but one price, he replied that he guessed a quarter less would do, and laid the money upon the anvil and left the shop. She knew he had the reputation of being a very cold, unemotional man, and his wife of being a dissatisfied woman.

"But," she thought, "it might have been different."

True, there was a great contrast between the brown curls and handsome, manly form of her husband, and that of the little, weird-looking Mr. Bond; but fatigue and vexation obscured everything from her vision but the fancied rest that gold would bring. The green vines twined gracefully with the climbing roses about the window from which she looked, but she did not see them to-day. The tasteful yard decorated with fine flowers and beautiful trees share the same fate. There seemed nothing but gloom in all the world to Mrs. Webster. Her own heart was not mistress; some evil spirit seemed to have usurped its place.

"Well, it's of no use sitting here repining. I have chosen my own lot. Freddie, you must get down; your father will come in soon tired and hungry, and no supper ready for him; I declare," she continued, as she turned to the clock, "it's almost supper time now!"

This only added to her discomfiture, for she prided herself upon her punctuality, and the good old fashioned hour of five was their tea time in the long summer days.

"There are your father's keys," she added while unknown to herself, her face brightened a little as Mr. Webster entered the yard. And the sight of him would have made any face look sunny from the reflection of his own so bright and happy was his expression. His loose frock was opened at the neck, and his sleeves rolled up just as he left his work and as he lifted up his hat, and brushed back his hair a high broad forehead was disclosed to view, the whiteness of which was in marked contrast with the ruddy cheeks beneath. He noticed, without remark, the wearied looks of his wife, and advanced to Fred, who sprang with a shout of joy into his father's arms.

"Did you notice how beautiful he looks, since it cleared off, Mary?" he quietly observed.

Just step to the door and see the rainbow. I think I never saw one so perfect."

Mrs. Webster moved haughtily towards the door, where the delighted Fred was clapping his hands at the rainbow, whose beautiful terminus no doubt reached a pot of gold. And as she did so she noticed for the first time that the sunlight lay in rare beauty upon the rain-laden leaves of the green vines and climbing roses, that hung over the window, and through them fell in broken gleams upon the floor. Her husband passed his arm about her and drew her towards him, until he knew her eyes would rest on a picture far more pleasing than the rainbow, in the forms of their twin boy girl, as arm-in-arm they turned into the lane leading to the house.

"Do you know it is their birthday to-day, Mary?" said her husband; "they were nineteen this morning. Does it seem as if we had lived in this little cottage so many years, Mary, and that great boy and girl are our children? I am not sure but that I shall have to fall in love with you over again in the form of Alice, who is the image of you as I brought you for the first time to the cottage."

"I can return the compliment," she playfully replied. "I am sure Albert has his father's brown curls as they were once, and his blue eyes as they are now."

The clouds were fast vanishing before the sunshine of a few pleasant words. It was wonderful how much the last few minutes had improved Mrs. Webster.

"Well, Alice," said her father, as she approached them, "how do you get along with your school?"

"Oh, finely, father!" she replied, her fine face glowing with animation. "I have so many scholars that it is rather hard work; but they all obey me so well and are so much interested in their studies, and it is such a pleasure to teach them, that I don't mind it much."

for a birthday present?" said Alice, catching him up. "I'm uncertain to say."

"So am I," said Albert; "I claim the prerogative of the first, no."

"By what right," asked Alice, "I should like to know; I am as old as you are. I have the right of possession, too," giving Fred a kiss as she tossed him over to Albert.

Then turning to her mother, she inquired how the week had passed, ending with "Mother, they don't have milk where I board; cannot I have some fresh and cool from the cellar? It will be refreshing after my long walk."

"Why not ask Alice?" asked Albert.

"It will save the trouble of having any more fire to-night. Come, Alice, we'll get supper; I'll milk while you set the table. And away they sped. The supper was soon ready under their expeditious hands, and all seated around the table, Mr. Webster holding Fred.

"I am glad," said little Mary, as she filled her bowl with the nice cool milk, "I am glad it's Saturday night, and I want you to help me get my Sabbath-school lesson, mother, won't you? O mother!" she continued, without waiting for a reply, "don't you think Hattie Bond says she loves our Alice better than she loves her own mother, because Alice kisses her. Don't you suppose her mother ever kisses her?"

Mrs. Webster did not reply, but she looked proudly at little Mary, as much as to say: "I don't see how she could help it if you were her daughter."

"They have sent Willie home from college," Mary continued, "and Hattie says her mother has cried all day about it! Do you know what they sent him for?"

"No, my child," quietly replied her mother.

"Albert changed the conversation by asking Alice to look over some music with him. Tomorrow will be the last time I shall sing with you for a long time, at least in church. Come, Alice, it is past our study hour, let's go upstairs."

And the two retired to the little chamber which Alice had fitted up tastefully for a study. Although study was the ostensible purpose that called them there, Albert's real purpose was to have a few moments of private conversation with his sweet twin sister.

"I believe," said he, as they seated themselves upon the little lounge, "that if we were rich, I should never go away from here; so I think it is a good thing that I am forced to develop my energies. I am sure I shall never pass happier hours than I have in this little room, much as I shall prize the knowledge that I must obtain elsewhere. But I don't know what I shall do without you. We can write often, there. Be some consolation in that."

While the brother and sister were engaged in their pleasant little conversation, a happy, different scene was being enacted below. As the twilight deepened, Freddy was hushed to sleep and Mary was earnestly studying her lesson. Mr. Webster drew his chair to his wife's side, and as he threw his arms about her, remarked:

"You are very tired to-night, Mary; come rest your head upon my shoulder. I hope it will not be long that you will have to work so hard. To-night I do not owe a dollar in the world. Besides, this little cottage, which is dear to us as the birthplace of our children, and in which we have spent so many happy years, is all our own; I paid the last note to-day. I have a hundred dollars left, too, with which Albert will commence his collegiate course. If we are blessed with health, he will not have to leave to work his way. I mean to defray his expenses, which will give him a good start in the world. Our little farm, with careful culture, will feed us all. Then I shall have all the extra hours, spring and fall, and all the long winter to work in the shop. Alice already commands good wages as a teacher, and the Preceptor told me to-day that she could have the place of Assistant in the Academy this fall. She can retain the place as long as she chooses, for the teachers say she is in every way competent to perform the duties. In this way she can provide for herself and assist Mary in getting an education. She will board at home, and can assist you about the sewing in her leisure hours. True, we shall have to work, but the result will be beneficial. I never thanked God more heartily in my life for anything than I have to-day, that we are obliged to work. When Mr. Bond passed the shop with Willie, I could not help thinking that if he had been educated in habits of industry he would not have had time or inclination for the lawless mischief which caused his expulsion from college. Hard study and hard work have placed Albert in a good stage of physical and mental development; his character stands on a firm basis, for his habits of thought and feeling are fixed. Even if temptation should assail him, his true love for his sister will keep him pure. I have not a fear for him; in case of failure, business, he has a good trade upon which to fall back. I owe very much of this happiness to you, my dear wife—to your good management and kind encouragement. No man has a better wife than I. Oh! I have much to thank God for," he exclaimed, as he kissed her tenderly.

Although the shades of night had crept in around them, there was rare sunlight in their cottage that Saturday evening. Mrs. Webster's "blues" had vanished like mist before its rays. She would not at that moment have exchanged her humble lot for the palace of a king. So much happiness do kind words and sympathy impart to us all.

Notice to Our Subscribers.

It is with regret that I am compelled to announce the suspension of The Lyceum with this number. For two years and a half I have issued the paper at the cost of so much sacrifice that my immediate friends have wondered at my persistence. I believed the Spiritualists of America would support a high-class publication for their children after sufficient time had elapsed to bring it to their attention. Through the courtesy of the Spiritualist press The Lyceum has been thoroughly advertised, and thousands of sample copies have been mailed to Spiritualists throughout the land. I am now fully satisfied that Spiritualists will not support a Lyceum paper even to the extent of meeting the actual cost of publication, and I am financially unable to longer bear the burden. Doubtless the suspension of the paper will be deplored by its few hundred readers, but I trust they will realize that one person with no means other than that accruing from his own labor cannot indefinitely assume a burden that should be shared by thousands. I desire to thank the friends who have contributed stories and lessons to The Lyceum, thereby materially assisting me in publishing an ideal Lyceum paper. Prominent among them may be mentioned Hudson and Emma Road Tuttle, Sara Underwood, John W. Ring, James C. Underhill, W. C. Dorr, James H. Young, Belle Bush and Allie Lindsay Lynch. I have also a warm place in my heart for the few friends who have steadfastly manifested their desire for the success of The Lyceum by kind words of encouragement, which have frequently cheered me when the way looked dark and hopeless. I wish to acknowledge the aid rendered by the Spiritualist press in kindly calling the attention of their readers to The Lyceum. Especially am I grateful to the editor of The Progressive Thinker for free advertising and frequent editorial mention. As it is not probable that another Lyceum paper will ever again be published (for an endowment would be necessary to maintain the same), I would suggest that this issue of The Lyceum be preserved as a souvenir. Regrettably yours, TOM CLIFFORD.

The Above speaks for itself.

We deeply regret the suspension of our valued contemporary, and trust that it will only be for a short time. There is great need of good Spiritualistic literature for children, and the Lyceum filled a long felt want. It has done a splendid work which cannot be destroyed, and we are optimistic enough to believe that the time is not far distant when more than a few will realize, seek and then demand the necessary literary food for the little people.

For Over Fifty Years

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

Children's Spiritualism.

TO THE BABY'S PA AND MA.

BY DR. T. WILKINS.

How long to kiss that baby,
And my proxy I'll make you,
And just tell her little quennship
She will have to make that do.

'Tis the sweetest thing that nature
Ever unfolded from a germ,
And we wish each budding creature
Had a longer baby term.

We would always have them babies,
For they then are all our own;
But, alas! another claim: them
Just as soon as they are grown.

We must love our little babies
To our loving heart's content,
For when others come to claim them
There's no power can prevent.

Bands of Mercy.

Dear Children: I want to tell you in this letter about the Bands of Mercy we have in the spirit world. We in the spirit life are interested in and try to benefit the poor animals in the earth life, as well as human beings. We send the members of our bands out into the homes in the earth plane, and when they find little boys or girls who are interested in animals, they teach them to love and care for them the same as they would for each other. They teach them to study and learn all they can about their life and habits.

We know of two little girls and a boy that live in the country, who go out every morning on what they call bird-hunting—not for the purpose of catching them, but to study them and to learn all about them. They have taken such an interest in them that they can tell what kind of a bird it is the moment they see it. But all children are not like these; some are only for the birds for the pleasure they receive in torturing them. There are some little girls who, when they grow to be young ladies, think that they make themselves beautiful by putting all the birds and feathers they can on their hats.

If each young lady could suffer for one moment one quarter of the pain the poor bird suffers as it is killed so that its beautiful plumage may be used to attract attention, they would never wear on their persons an ornament that was secured by torturing a bird or animal. It has been said "Thou shalt not kill," but a great many people have disregarded this command.

Dear children, look into the eyes of the horse, the cow, the dog, the cat, and see if you cannot see there the love shining forth for their young, even as your fathers and mothers have for you. Remember, if you study how, you may win the love of any of our domestic animals. They know their friends and when they are treated kindly. When an animal is sick and you do anything for it, you will often see it turn its head toward you as if thanking you for what you had done for it.

We know of a little girl in spirit life who is a member of our Band of Mercy. When she lived in the earth life her papa had a large black Newfoundland dog that they called Rover. Everywhere little Edith went, Rover would go too. One day Rover came home lame and his leg was all swollen. Everything was done for him that could be, but he did not get any better. The doctor said he would have to be killed to put him out of his misery.

When little Edith came home from school, she could not think of having poor Rover killed, so she got a dish of cold water and a piece of thick woolen cloth, and after bathing the swollen leg she carefully bound it up in the wet woolen cloth. The next morning when she awoke she heard a scratching at her bedroom door. Opening it, she found Rover standing there with the woolen rag in his mouth. He raised his lame foot for her to look at, and she found that the swelling had gone down in the night, and the bandage had slipped off and he had brought it for his little mistress to put on again; and so Rover got well.

A few months after little Edith was very sick, and in a few days she came to the spirit-world to live. Rover was in the room when she died, and would eat nothing after her death. In three days Rover joined his young mistress in spirit-life, and to-day Rover and little Edith often go on errands of mercy to help those in the earth-life.

We know that some of you love animals, for you speak so kindly of them in your letters in THE BANNER. And we hope that each little one that reads these words will take greater interest in all animals in the future. If you are kind to the animals you will be kind to human beings. By being kind to animals yourself, you may be able to teach those who have them in charge to take better care of them, and never to abuse them.

I send to the two little buds that have just blossomed into earth-life pure and loving thoughts—Baby Xilia Barrett and Leona Coy. May they both blossom like the rose, sending the fragrance of their loving thoughts out to all those with whom they come in contact.

From your loving friend,
"ROSEBUD."

The Birds' Party.

It had been raining all night. Then it blew cold and froze the raindrops on the trees till every branch and twig was turned into an icicle. They all sparkled and glittered like diamonds, and Tom and Prissy thought the world looked like a big, splendid palace. They kept calling mamma to come to the window and look.

"Yes, dears, it's beautiful," said mamma; "only I can't help thinking, What will become of the poor little birds?"

Then she explained that when the ground is covered with snow, the birds live on worms and other insects that hide under the bark of trees, but when the trees are coated with ice their poor little bills cannot break through this hard crust. The children were greatly interested.

"I wish we could feed them," said Prissy. "Could we give them a party, mamma?"

Mamma said yes, and offered to furnish the refreshments. She told them that in cold weather the birds like nothing better than a bit of fat meat, so the children hung a piece of pork in the old apple-tree, and the watchman from the window to see the birds' party begin.

The first visitor was a little bird in a blue coat and a neat white vest. He ran up and down the tree and cried, "Hark!" two or three times before he ventured to taste the refreshments. Mamma said this was a nuthatch.

After him came a flock of pretty drenched little birds in black velvet hoods, all singing, "Choo-dee-dee!" together.

Their voices were sweet, but I am sorry to say their manners were really rude, for one began his dinner alone, and drove away all the others who tried to get a taste. When he had finished, another came and ate in the same selfish fashion, and so on till each one had dined; then they all flew away together, singing their favorite tune.

Then came dear little Jenny Wren in her trim brown suit, and then Mr. Woodpecker in a fine red fez, and then Miss Creeper, dressed very plainly, but neatly and tastefully.

So the birds kept coming, and the party only ended when night fell and the refreshments were all gone. But the children, and mamma, too, enjoyed it so much that they all agreed to have just such a party every day till the cold weather was over.—The Lyceum.

Boys and girls, be kind to dumb animals, not only because you will lose nothing by it, but because you ought to; for they were placed on earth by the same kind hand that made all living creatures.—Marshall Saunders.

Physicians as Health-Instructors.

The college has something more to do than a higher education and development of the intellect only.

Unless more attention is given to the laws of nature governing our being, unless the knowledge hedges about, fenced in and doled out by our higher educational institutions to a favored few, only a small proportion of whom either appreciate or use it, unless this knowledge can be disseminated freely among the people as their right, as a duty which the State owes to its component parts, for the good of the State, and becomes available to those whose ambition to improve their condition will spur them on to a higher personal development, our race of pioneers will be surpassed by the foreigners.

We should know as much about the principles of cooperation as the fishes, and apply them as do the lower order of animals. It will be many years before a civilization is developed that has the executive ability and genius for systematic organization and work that has the ant. There is more to be learned from the lower orders of animal life than that for which we in our egotism give them credit. It took Sir John Lubbock twenty years of study to give us his book on the "Habits of Ants." The great point he makes is the superiority of the social system and methodical organization of those interesting insects.

The most severe critics of the medical profession have been those in it who have had the greatest knowledge of chemistry and the laws of nature that apply equally to all departments of God's domain. As a teacher for the development of the individual with the perfected physical as a basis, from the scientific and scriptural standpoint, laying aside that which is evidently erroneous, impractical and unreasonable, can we proceed on lines that will produce real progress? God said, "Come, let us reason together." He appeals to our reasoning faculties: science is "to know."

Does any man in this enlightened age pretend that God wants him to teach anything that will not stand the test of most searching investigation and prove that it is the truth?

As an aid to the church in its missionary work, it has found the physician of the greatest value. Enlarge his degree of usefulness by educating him on preventive as well as curative lines, and his office will add in value and become an aid in Christianizing and civilizing the world. But the basis must be truly scientific as well as honestly religious; based on truth and not on mysticism. The use of medicine to awe the ignorant natives into your belief is a deception which can only be justified as arresting their attention to follow it up with the truth. The use of an astronomical scientific fact to make the natives give Columbus food, or Joshua to overcome his superstitious enemies, may have been justified under the circumstances, but intelligent, fair minds must give both instances their place in deception and trickery, along with mysticism and magic, which have kept their victims in ignorance. Such teachers, who take advantage of ignorance and superstition to bind men to their wills, have little part in the real progress of the world.

It is Galileo, Plato, Socrates, Newton, Buddha, Confucius, and other world famous teachers of truth, who have had the courage of their convictions, that have been of real service to humanity. The small minds of all time have perverted their teachings and thrown around them a cloud of mysticism and superstition which has kept the world in darkness and ignorance of the true light.

It is now time that it should be uncovered; set on a hill of demonstrable scientific truth, where all may see, and he who runs in this fast age may read for himself.

The progress of the medical profession has been largely due to criticism from within its own ranks. This must necessarily continue to be so or progress would cease. Religion is wisely following the same course. The priest is criticizing the priest, and all creeds are under the microscope. Therein lies the strength and hope of the future.

The profession now agree that insanity is caused by physical conditions. Therefore, he who declares a man hopelessly insane simply acknowledges his inability to comprehend the cause and remedy the defect.

The line between crime and insanity is so infinitesimal that the most analytical of our scientific minds fail to trace it. Crime is but an expression of insanity.

If this is true, what must be the conclusion? Every asylum is a monument to the ignorance of the medical profession.

Every prison is a monument to the ignorance of science regarding the chemistry of the human body. In this age we hear that "thoughts are things"—material. Are they not a chemical product, the result of chemical combination?

As a matter of economy alone, the physician as a health instructor is a necessity. The character of a child is determined a hundred years before it is born. It requires from fifteen to twenty-five years' feeding, clothing and shelter to prepare the individual to become a useful factor in the producing world. If he can be under the constant watchful care of science from the earliest moment of existence, will he not be able to live longer and produce more to amply compensate organized society for the cost of three-fourths of those born before they come to the productive age is a severe tax on the people. Lay aside sentiment entirely, and consider the question purely from the cold-blooded view as to financial results, it cannot be other than a great loss for which there is no compensating equivalent. And our mothers slave for years and have their heartstrings torn out by the death of loved ones, to be consoled only with the erroneous idea that "God in His wisdom took them for some wise purpose."

Surely He must be a patient God, "long-suffering and kind;" to bear with us who charge to Him the crime of causing death, when it is due almost entirely to our own ignorance and lack of a systematic organization of society which economy alone demands for our well-being.

The greatest achievement and ambition of sound society is the production of itself in a higher form.

In our public schools now, it is required that a certain amount of hygienic instruction be given, and also the chemical effects of stimulants and narcotics on the human system. This is a step in the right direction, and is clearing the way for popularizing increased knowledge under the scientific direction of the physician trained in methods preventive. Family love and family pride will compel the devotion of much time to this subject, when information can be had without the sacrifice of means required for the necessities of life. A knowledge of the decay of humanity caused by luxurious living, pandering to a depraved taste regardless of dyspepsia, destructive of mind and body, will bring about an ideal of gastronomic pleasures that will produce mental and physical pleasures that the sensuous gourmand can never know. Pleasures as far above his ideal as the gazelle is above the hog, or the mental and physical athlete is above those who have acquired the fat habit. An excess or a lack of sufficient fat to produce a normal physical condition cannot produce a normal mental condition.—Col. G. W. Smith, Sec'y Normal Year Club, in Every Where.

Very Good.

At the November term of the Knox County Probate Court in Rockland recently, the only will filed were those of the late George J. Creighton of Warren, and the late John R. Studley of Friendship. Both of them gentlemen of large estates, and both of them gentlemen of the Rockland Opinion. "Mr. Creighton makes a bequest of \$500 to the Baptist church at Warren." "Providing they make an acknowledgment of their error in charging me with certain unkind and unchristian acts, of which I was entirely innocent, and spread the same upon the church records; otherwise, this bequest to be null and void"; while Mr. Studley leaves practically the whole of his large property to his three nephews, Messrs. Alvin E. Harvey L., and Oliver J. Studley, with only the following restriction: "Should either one of them contribute anything whatever to the support of any church, minister, or religious institution, he forfeits his share to the others."—Ez.

Premature Burial.

One of the questions asked at each examination of embalmers is, "What are the signs of death?" It is a question that should be asked every physician as well. At least every physician should be able to state absolutely whether death has actually taken place in any given case. There is nothing more revolting than the thought of being buried alive. There has been a great deal of discussion as to whether it ever occurs or not. The great preponderance of opinion, however, is that such a calamity may not only occur, but many cases that can be explained on no other hypothesis corroborate the fact. The case of Mrs. Christian Hirth of East St. Louis, shows how nearly such a terrible mistake occurred there. She had apparently died, and was duly declared to be dead, and was about to be embalmed, preparatory to the funeral services, when she managed to scream, and thus save her life. A dispatch from St. Louis, Jan. 16, 1900, has the following in regard to it:

St. Louis, Jan. 16.—Mrs. Christian Hirth, of East St. Louis, who emerged from a trance on Saturday night while an undertaker was preparing her for burial, has recovered sufficiently to tell of her experience. To day she said to the Mother Superior of St. Mary's hospital, where she is a patient: "I was conscious all the time. When I lapsed into a trance, I could hear the folks about me whispering quietly and weeping. I could hear my husband say, 'Poor Christian is gone,' and then I heard the preparations being made for the reception of the undertaker. But I was numb and powerless. I could not move a finger, an eye or a toe, and try as I would I could not use my voice. When the undertaker, George Bruggemeier, came, I could hear him arranging his instruments and fixing his embalming fluid. I felt that my end was near. Some one threw a cloth over my face. Then every one left the room sobbing. It was an intense moment for me. Suddenly I could hear the undertaker leaving the room."

"As I learned afterward, he went to consult the neighbors and my husband before preparing the supposed corpse for the coffin. He was gone half an hour, they tell me. I thought it was a day. During his absence I realized my perilous position. When he returned, I could feel him putting his arms about my body to remove it to the cooling board. That was my last chance for life. Gathering my energies into one last despairing effort, to my own great surprise, I managed to scream. Bruggemeier was frightened out of his wits and almost dropped to the floor. He threw aside the shroud he had and started to run, but I caught him by the arm and persuaded him to remain awhile so that I might convince him I was really alive." Bruggemeier corroborates her story so far as his preparation and actions were concerned.—The Humanitarian.

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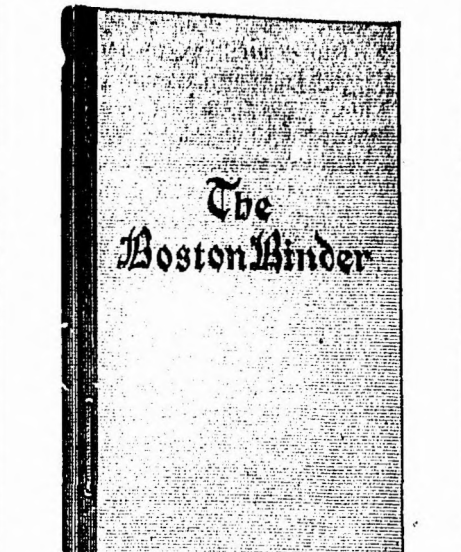
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Law vs. Justice.

"The majesty of the law" is an old and trite saying that is often quoted by the unthinking masses as containing the very quintessence of wisdom. It is assumed that the law is omniscient, all-powerful, and worthy of reverent worship on the part of the people. The creature is thus exalted above the creator, and the fulminations of passion and prejudice of legislators enacted in moments of anger and excitement receive the dignified appellations of "laws," to which the people are told to bow in humble submission and even adoration. The courts of the land are held to be above suspicion and beyond criticism. It is even asserted that a judge is incapable of making a mistake in his interpretation of the law. The edicts of the courts, therefore, become iron-clad rules which the people must obey, and woe be to him who dares assert that the injunctions of the judges are tyrannical and wholly unwarranted by the Constitution of the United States.

It is needless to say that we believe in the maintenance of right and justice among men in all relations of life. We hold that wise laws for the protection of the rights of the people, the defense of liberty and the preservation of life are necessities in the present state of civilization. But that laws should be enacted to deprive people of their rights, to debar them from obtaining justice, and to debase them in their social relations, we hold to be contrary to the spirit of a free country, inimical to public safety, and subversive of the people's happiness. To day equal and exact justice is not obtained in the courts of this land. The jury often returns a verdict contrary to the evidence, and "the majesty of the law" smiles in manifest approval of the crime. The judge frequently insults those who come before him seeking their rights, and sneers at virtue and decency from his ermine bench. Lawyers, by craftily twisting the text of the law, or by impassioned appeals to the emotions, sway juries to such an extent that an innocent man goes to prison for a crime he never committed, while a notorious criminal is triumphantly acquitted.

The Department of Justice in the State and nation was established for the purpose of protecting the interests of the people. To day, no individual citizen, even though a taxpayer, unless he possesses unbounded wealth, can obtain a hearing from an officer elected to look after his interests. The office holder has become the master of those who elected him, and law is now far removed from justice. People suspected of crime are thrust into prison, and even though they prove their innocence, they have no redress for the wrongs inflicted upon them by the majesty of the law. Men have frequently been compelled to spend their last dollar in proving their innocence of charges brought against them. If acquitted, the "law" is vindicated, and they are permitted to thank God for having been graciously permitted to lose their all in their efforts to substantiate their innocence. They can also receive the congratulations of their friends upon their narrow escape from prison.

A criminal assault upon a woman is a matter

of no concern to the Attorney-General of a State, who is too busy with sordid matters pertaining to the business world to give such trivial matters even a casual hearing. Perhaps he may be hard at work to secure his reelection to his exalted office, or is engaged in laying wires that may ultimately make him Governor of the State; if so, of course the mere matter of an assault upon a good and true woman is far beneath his notice. Women have no business to be women anyway, and the man or men who assault them have votes, and those votes are needed to elect candidates to office. Votes, therefore, must be looked after, even though the honor of woman is violated, and the sanctity of the home ruthlessly invaded. "The majesty of the law" must be upheld at all costs, even if right is trampled upon and justice ignored.

The foregoing sweeping assertions may be offensive to some persons who are prone to believe that whatever is right, and that there is no such thing as injustice in the land. If they can do away with judicial tyranny, with jury ignorance, with legal prejudice, with bargain and sale in witness, with the influence of money upon courts, legislators and other office holders, perhaps the perfect state of justice of which they so loudly prate, can be established. The overthrow of the income tax, the imprisonment of honest men under court injunctions, the flagrant violation of law by railroad corporations, the hushing up of the worst of crimes on the part of the wealthy, the corruptions of the police, the making of vice respectable, and multitudes of other conditions in society, are indices that something should be done to reestablish the reign of justice in this land. To-day there is an abundance of law, but justice is an unknown quantity.

Is there a remedy? Yes, in the education of the people. Every man should become his own lawyer. Every public teacher should labor earnestly to show the people right and justice are their first considerations, and that the highest law known to God and the angels is the law that gives those priceless jewels to humanity. "The majesty of the law" is but a mockery of words when they are ruled out of court. Any law that violates them should be repealed. It is said that the best way to get rid of an odious law is to enforce it. That is true—but what shall be said of the victims of that measure while it is in force? Shall they suffer with impunity? Less law and more justice should be the motto of all progressive people. When the demand is made and enforced for "Equal rights for all, and special privileges to none," justice will again resume her sway in America. To-day, she is an outcast, and few there are so privileged as to even catch a glimpse of her angelic face. Altruism is ahead of us, and under its ennobling influence justice will revive, and be given once more unto her own. Spiritualists, are you Altruists? If not, why not?

Telling the Truth.

Miss Anna B. Hasbrouck, of Holyoke, Mass., was recently dismissed from her position as a teacher in the public schools of that city for telling the truth. In the history class the question of the parentage of Jesus arose, and one of the students asked if he was an only son. Miss Hasbrouck said, "No; he was one of a family of ten brothers and sisters." Another student doubted the statement and asked for authority for it. The teacher replied that she could not tell accurately on the spur of the moment, but had the impression that it was in the Bible. The clergymen took the matter up, and one of them, Rev. P. J. Harkins, denounced the teacher from his pulpit in the strongest possible terms. The *New York Herald* reported the affair under the glaring caption, "Teacher Did Not Know Her Bible—Misstatement to Pupils."

This action on the part of the *Herald* reporter is as maliciously unjust as was the attack of the parson whose name is given above. He, being a minister, is supposed to be acquainted with the Bible. If he is not, then he has no business to pose as an expositor of its texts. If he will read Matthew xiii, 55-56, he will find something decidedly in Miss Hasbrouck's favor. "Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren James and Joseph and Simon and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us?" Mark vi, 3, also has something to say upon the same subject, with which Rev. Harkins is evidently unfamiliar. The *Truth Seeker*, (ever true to its name, because it always seeks to go to the very root of all questions), well says that Jesus was one of five brothers, and that the word *sisters*, being in the plural number, would indicate that he must have had at least two sisters, therefore was a member of a family of at least seven children. It is not unreasonable to suppose that he had more than two sisters, as large families were quite common among the Jews of that period.

It will be seen, therefore, that Miss Hasbrouck had Bible authority for her oftand remark to her class; she probably used the word ten as a round number, to indicate that Jesus was one of a family of children. It is true that the word *brethren* is used by Matthew, but Bible writers uniformly use that word to signify brothers of one family, sons of the same parents. Mark's use of the term *brother* leaves no doubt in the mind as to the meaning the word was to convey. The teacher can certainly appeal to the scriptures to substantiate what she said, and can answer every one of her detractors by quoting from the same source. The action of the school board in dismissing her was bigotry of the most extreme order, while the sensational reports of the secular press were unworthy of true newspaper enterprise. Rev. Harkins and his associates, in denouncing the lady, betrayed their own ignorance, and exhibited a spirit worthy of Torquemada in his palmiest days. A million such souls as theirs could easily stand upon the point of a cambric needle, and find ample room for their feet.

We hope that Miss Hasbrouck will bring an action in the courts against the school board for its most unjust and wholly unwarranted course in removing her from her position. Every lover of liberty in Holyoke—nay, in this Great Republic—should see to it that she is sustained in her defense of the right, should she bring suit. She deserves reinstatement in the schools, and should be compensated for the wrong and trouble to which she has been subjected by the despicable actions of her enemies. This little episode shows to what lengths Christian bigotry and prejudice will go in order to sustain the claims of the church. Catholics and Protestants are equally reprehensible in this matter, and the people are plundered by the prelates of both orders without the slightest compunction of conscience. The leaders of both great parties are anxious to secure the church vote, and will make no end of promises

to secure it. The Catholics can have anything they ask for, from an appropriation for their schools down to a chapel at West Point, and the Protestants can have a book steal for the Methodists in Nashville, Tenn., or warships for the support of lazy missionaries in China and Armenia. It is about time the people opened their eyes to the iniquities practiced upon them by the authorities of the Christian Church.

The Color Line.

The race question has appeared in a new form within the past month, and it promises to remain a mooted issue for some time to come. The officers of the National Federation of Women's Clubs attempted to discriminate against a particular club because it was composed of colored women. If the object of the National Federation is to assist in the advancement of women, then the color line ought not to be drawn in any direction. No women need aid in the way of moral, spiritual and intellectual advancement so much as do the colored women in the United States, unless it may be the members of the society circles of the aristocracy and plutocracy of America. Between the latter and the average body of colored women, there is much in common. They are, perhaps, endowed with intellects superior to those of their colored sisters, but beyond this one point there is little or no difference.

The women who move in plutocratic circles are drones in the human hive—beautiful animals, who live for pleasure, with little or no regard for the moral or spiritual well being of others, or of themselves. The colored women, with whom they are compared, with their uncultured minds, have little or no knowledge of morality and spirituality, but live in harmony with the desires of their physical natures. There is the sin, if sin it be, of ignorance, while their white sisters sin from choice. The colored women, as a class, are willing to work; they also possess that very desirable element in human nature, *sympathy*, through which they are prompted to do something for those in need. Viewed from whatsoever point one may occupy, the two classes under discussion need advancement in morality, and true soul-culture, with the advantage somewhat on the side of the colored women.

When these over-nice white women, who assume to lead in the onslaught upon their colored sisters, are asked as to the difference in the quality of soul between the two classes, they must of necessity remain silent. All human beings have one origin, and are heirs to a common destiny. Such being the case, no one woman or body of women has the right to discriminate against other women as the National Federation leaders have attempted to do at Milwaukee. If women wish to advance as a sex, all women must be objects of interest each to each. The action taken at Milwaukee was certainly unwarranted and most ill-advised. The Federation violated its own constitution in discriminating against the colored sister. To be consistent, the title should be changed, so as to include only the white women of America in the national body whose acts we are now considering. This would leave the colored women to form their own clubs, to organize a National Association of their own through which they can certainly receive more aid than will ever be possible as auxiliaries to the present Federation. There is no fraternal association possible between white and black women, and they should never be morally nor legally bound to mingle as one body. While we deplore the action at Milwaukee we yet sympathize with the feeling that led to the demand for the segregation of the races. Let the white and black women each form their own clubs and their own social relationships. By so doing, each race will follow the natural law of evolution, and will not be subjected to conditions that retard growth.

A Terrible Mistake.

Theodore Durant was executed some time ago in California for the murder of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams. A few days ago, on his death-bed, "Rev." Gibson, who at the time was pastor of Emanuel church, where one of the murders was committed, confessed that he killed both the girls. He was an active witness at the trial of Durant.—*Light of Truth*. The above paragraph speaks for itself. It will be remembered that Rev. Gibson was accused of both murders by Durant's attorneys at the time of his trial, and it was expected that the defense would introduce evidence incriminating the minister. This was not done, and Durant was tried, convicted and executed—executed, it now seems, for a crime committed by another. It may be that the influence of the church was used in Gibson's behalf, and that the religious predilections of the Judge and Jury biased them in their considerations of the evidence presented. In any event, the confession of Gibson is one of the strongest arguments that can be made against capital punishment. It is the acme of human crimes to execute an innocent man upon the gallows. Civilization blushes with shame at the fearful spectacle. In Durant's case, the Church and clergy were saved from an unpleasant, not to say unsavory, scandal, hence an ignominious death was inflicted upon an innocent man. California owes it to herself and to the good name of her people to abolish capital punishment at the next session of the State Legislature. Durant cannot be restored to life, but his surviving relatives should receive some reparation for the awful mistake that was made by the authorities of the law, backed up by the sanction of the church.

A Clerical Political Party.

Rumor has it that the Protestant clergymen of the United States are earnestly considering the question of forming an independent political organization in the interests of religion, or, to be exact, in the interests of their respective churches. The Catholic priests took a step of this character some months ago, and it is not to be wondered at that their Protestant ministerial brethren should follow their example. Protestant clergymen as a body are nothing if they are not imitators, hence they are willing to follow the lead of their hierarchical friends. The methods of work these ecclesiastics are to employ are not defined, but it is reasonable to suppose that one of their objects—perhaps the principal one—is to obtain special privileges for the Church through legislation. It would naturally follow that their dearest hope would be to form a close union between Church and State, by means of which the laws of the latter could be regulated by them to their own advantage. Through their perfect organization, the Catholic prelates are enabled to obtain all the perquisites for which they ask from legislative bodies. The Protestants expect to do the same thing, and unless public sentiment is aroused in opposition to their plans, they will

succeed. It would not be strange to find the Romanist and Protestant priests uniting their efforts, financially and morally, to secure favors for sectarian institutions of all kinds. If they do, the suggestion made by a Methodist editor in 1882 will be proved to be only an anticipation of history. Look out for liberty when prelates combine their forces to secure legislation!

The Famine in India.

The awful spectacle of millions of human beings starving to death in India, while the granaries of the world are bursting with plenty, is now before earth's philanthropists. Earnest appeals for relief are being made, and the responses are quite numerous as well as generous. If money is sent, it will be expended in the purchase of food supplies at the high rates that now obtain in the Oriental markets. Some Western humanitarians feel that it would be best to charter a special ship, and send a cargo of provisions from this land of plenty to India direct.

This plan appeals to us as the most sensible and economical one that has been proposed up to date. Pandit F. K. Lalun, the Hindu seer and philosopher, who has been teaching in this country for the past few years, offers to return to India and personally distribute the food offerings sent on such a relief ship among those who need aid. Pandit Lalun is an honorable man in the fullest sense of the word, and can safely be trusted with this important charge. He is anxious to sail for India with a ship-load of foodstuffs about July 15. If this plan meets the approval of the Spiritualist, Liberalist and philanthropists of America, we trust that they will at once communicate with the Pandit, stating how much they will give and the character of their gifts. It would be a good thing for the Spiritualists to lend a hand in this work of relieving the starving people of India. They now have a chance to do so at first hand, through the unselfish efforts of Pandit Lalun. We hope they will embrace the opportunity.

Money is not asked, but only its equivalent in food products. Steps are being taken to see if a ship can be obtained, and upon what terms. In the meantime, the food offerings can be reported to Pandit Lalun, and influences brought to bear to secure the immediate loading of a large ship with a goodly store of provisions. This is a work in which every man, woman and child on this continent can have a share. "The best of a gift is the giving," and we trust that many gifts to the hungry will be reported by the loyal-hearted friends of humanity among the people of America. This is an opportunity to do good, and we unhesitatingly endorse Pandit Lalun and his practical suggestions of relief for the people of his native land. Write him at once. Address Pandit F. K. Lalun, Lily Dale, Chautauqua Co., New York.

A War in China.

From the latest advices, it would seem as if a war in China was inevitable. The Christian missionaries of several nations have overstepped their authority by trespassing upon the rights of the Confucians, and the result is a general uprising against them. The religion of the province where the so-called "Boxers" are most active is Confucianism. The missionaries, desirous of having the Church share in the spoliation of China, have given serious offense to the inhabitants of that district, and the result is a fearful uprising against them. The Chinese have put to death several of these fanatical Christians, and the result is a protest on the part of several of the "Christian" potentates of the world. War has now begun, and no one can foretell the outcome. It is said that American troops took part in the opening battles. This is not strange, considering the tendency to imperialism now manifest in official circles at Washington. It is sad, however, to find the one great Republic on the globe engaging in a religious war for the express purpose of forcing a lower form of religion upon a people whose faith far transcends Christianity in ethics and civilization. It is a battle of the strong against the weak, and as usual might will prevail over right. The missionaries had no business to interfere with the faith of the people of that land. They could have found work enough to do at home, but they went to China to escape the responsibility for the moral degeneracy of America, and hoped to add to their worldly possessions at the expense of the people to whom they went. The natural resentment of those people to injustice is being punished by the present war. Let the missionaries come home, or be left to take the consequences of their own acts.

The Plague.

The report that the bubonic plague had appeared in California has wrought untold evil to the people of the Golden State. This fearful rumor is due to the astute Board of Health of San Francisco, whose manifesto has caused the States of the Union to quarantine California products of all kinds. Fruits shipped to Eastern markets spoil in the cars, the dealers being afraid to unload it. It is estimated that the action of the Board of Health will cost the people of California not less than forty millions of dollars. In view of the fact that there is not one case of bubonic plague in California, and has not been from the very first, it would seem that the aforesaid Board was a very expensive luxury to the citizens of the "Golden State." Inasmuch as the crops in that State for the past two years were almost total failures on account of drought, and were very abundant this season because of abundance of rain, it is not strange that the people murmur under their heavy burdens. To have a Board of Health in one city equal in power to two years' droughts, is in itself a fearful plague. It is said that some of the fruit growers feel like lynching the members of the omniscient Board to which we have referred. Lynching is contrary to our principles, but it might be a good thing to send the aforesaid members to Hawaii, and compel them to take care of the plague sufferers in that newly-acquired territory of the United States.

The Catholic Church in Greenwich, Conn., was recently destroyed by fire. The board of education of the town at once tendered the Catholics the use of the school building until their church could be rebuilt. Our esteemed contemporary, *The Truth Seeker*, pertinently asks, "If the school building had burned down, would the Catholic church have been thrown open for the use of the scholars of the town?" No sane man would ever dream of such a thing. Would the school board have offered the schoolhouse to an association of Infidels or Spiritualists? Never! And they had no legal authority nor moral right to offer it to the Catholics.

A Veteran Spiritualist.

Edwin Brown, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., the well-known piano manufacturer and one of the first to investigate Spiritualism after the "Rocheester knockings," celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday Tuesday, June 19, in the best of health. Mr. Brown is as devoted to the sunny truths of Spiritualism as he was fifty years ago, and takes an active interest in everything that pertains to its welfare. He was for a brief period associated with the famous Davenport Brothers as their manager, and was intimately acquainted with the majority of the platform workers in the early days of the spiritualistic movement. His memory is exceptionally clear with regard to the events of that stirring period of our nation's history, and it is a pleasure to listen to his accounts of the psychical manifestations of that memorable epoch. We wish our venerable friend many happy returns of his natal day, with good health and unimpaired mental powers, far beyond the century mark.

The Medical Question.

Attorney-General Knowlton, of Massachusetts, gave utterance to the following expressive words at the recent banquet of the Massachusetts Medical Society: "It has not been according to the policy of the Commonwealth to interfere with the right of every man to think, talk and act as he pleases till he interferes with the rights of others. It is BY THIS TOLERANCE THAT THE STATE HAS GROWN POWERFUL, AND IT CANNOT YIELD TO THE WISHES OF ANY CLASS OF CITIZENS TO PREVENT ANY MAN OR WOMAN FROM EMPLOYING, WHEN SICK, ANY MEANS OF CURE HE OR SHE SEES FIT." (The small caps are ours.) Mr. Knowlton, in the last sentence quoted, has simply stated the position of the opponents of class medical legislation. Secretary Harvey, of the Board of Registration in Medicine, heard these words of Mr. Knowlton, and they must have been very unpleasant to him. He and his associates are demanding a license from the State that will place the art of healing wholly in their hands. The Attorney-General has stated the only logical position a true republic can take with respect to the rights of its citizens. A copy of these words of the Attorney-General should be sent to every "regular" physician in the State. Mr. Knowlton's strictures upon Christian Science may have been warranted from his point of view, but they certainly lacked the spirit of toleration upon which he laid so much stress.

The Mayer Fund.

This fund is still open for subscriptions from the Spiritualists of America. A few dollars each from five hundred people will complete the fund required by Mr. Mayer, who will then donate in property an equivalent to the money contributed by the Spiritualists to this land as a body. Let five hundred persons respond with five dollars each, and the amount is raised in full. Now is the time to act. July 1 is near at hand, and every Spiritualist should see to it that the full amount is paid in prior to June 30. Contributions may be forwarded to Mary T. Longley, Sec'y., 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C., or to Harrison D. Barrett, Pres., Box 3, Needham, Mass.

Birthday Celebration.

In honor of his seventieth birthday, Mr. B. B. Hill, the well-known official head of the B. B. Hill Manufacturing Co., of Philadelphia, tendered the employees of his company an informal reception on Friday evening, June 8, at Casino Hall, Philadelphia. As the present is the fortieth year of Mr. Hill's business career, the celebration served a two-fold purpose. A most enjoyable evening was passed by all, and many heartfelt greetings were extended to the genial host by his numerous guests, all of whom wished him many happy returns of the day. The BANNER was honored with cards of invitation, for which we return sincere thanks, and extend to our esteemed friend our most earnest wish that his journey toward life's western sunset may be marked by many additional annual milestones, and that he may find flowers in abundance, and a wealth of sunshine all along the way.

Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood.

We received a very pleasant call on Thursday of last week from this eloquent advocate of our Cause. He was on a brief visit to "The Hub," but did not fail to look in upon THE BANNER and its staff. He returned to Brooklyn, N. Y., Thursday night, where he will remain until he takes up his work at the several camp-meetings.

Mayor Phillips of Ottumwa, Iowa, who publicly chastised his wife recently for alleged marital unfaithfulness, evidently believes in the injunctions of the Bible with regard to such cases. He could have chosen a less sensational method to ventilate his wrath, and might have been far better respected than he is to-day had he done so. His was the "righteous (?) indignation (?) of the Christian, hence his rage was blessed!"

Rev. Charles E. Preston of Jamestown, R. I., who was supposed to have committed suicide while temporarily insane, has been located in Albany, N. Y., living with a young woman, a member of his church, while his wife was at her home in Jamestown. The wife did not like the new arrangement and has secured a divorce. How strange and unreasonable!

We deeply regret to learn of the serious illness of our esteemed friend, Mr. B. F. Small, Treasurer of the California State Spiritualist Association, at his home in San Francisco. We ask his many friends to unite with us in sending him thoughts of healing, and strong suggestions for his speedy return to perfect health.

The young man in Northfield, Vt., who called down upon his head the wrath of a Catholic priest, for his references to Spanish misrule in Cuba and Porto Rico, evidently "hit the right nail upon the head." Had not Roman Catholicism been responsible for much of the ignorance of the people, the abuses could have been removed long ago. Public sympathy is with the young man, hence he has no need to worry over the irate priest's denunciation of what he said.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT of June 9, we published an obituary of Mrs. Julia E. Morgan. A type error made the name Horgan. We gladly make the correction.

Two valuable articles from our esteemed contemporary, *The Light of Truth*, will be found upon another page of this issue. They contain food for thought and should be carefully read by every lover of true Spiritualism.

The United States Court of Appeals has issued a decree in favor of Admiral Sampson in the matter of his famous controversy with Admiral Schley over the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Santiago. It has long been suspected that Sampson was a favorite in official circles, but it is more than passing strange to find a board of arbiters giving a man who was not present and had but little to do with the battle, prestige over the one who was there and did the greater portion of the work. The office holders may declare for Sampson—the facts and the people who love justice will give Schley the credit due him for his splendid service at Santiago.

The remains of the late Dr. Paul Gibber, the eminent bacteriologist, of New York, were kept eight days after his transition, and then incinerated, in harmony with the provisions of his will. Dr. Gibber took an active interest in the matter of premature burials, and felt that every precaution should be taken to guard against them. He also felt that the human spirit requires a certain number of days in which to withdraw the magnetic particles it needs for its use in spirit life from the physical form, hence his body was kept for this purpose also. Prof. W. M. Lookwood says of Dr. Gibber: "The world can ill afford to lose such a man as he. He is an intellectual giant of the age." Indeed, Dr. Gibber will be much missed by all lovers of truth on both continents.

From the N. S. A. Home.

Good News.

Dear Editor and Friends:

We have just received good cheer from the grand old State of Massachusetts in a letter addressed to me from a veteran Spiritualist of eighty-one years, inclosing his check for one thousand dollars for the Mayer fund. He writes as follows: "I am eighty-one years old, and have worked hard for small wages to earn this. I am anxious to do something for the Cause we all love so well."

I cannot refrain from at once sending this piece of good news to the Spiritual papers, that their readers may rejoice with me, and add their blessings for the good old man who has done this grand work in the declining years of his useful life. Let us notice that in his letter he writes that this sum has been earned by hard work at a small wage, and let it only increase the blessing that goes out to him from our hearts. Surely a gift thus earned is increased a hundredfold in the eyes of all who admire unselfish deeds and works. This donation, next to the property given by Mr. Mayer, is the largest yet made to the Home fund, and yet there are many wealthy Spiritualists in the United States who could give as large a sum each, and by no means feel it, as this donor evidently must do. Is there not a passage somewhere that may be commended to the Spiritualists that reads, "G' thou and do like-wise?"

While writing this, allow me to thank the editors of the spiritual press for their hearty friendliness to the N. S. A., and to the Home Fund, for this has done a great deal toward making this project a probable success. We also thank Bro. Cole of Michigan for his suggestion to the working people in our ranks to send to the Home Fund what they can afford, from twenty cents upward. We are having many responses to this suggestion, with most kindly words, and with donations from twenty cents to a dollar, or more, in the name of the "Labor Fund." All of this is heartily appreciated and thankfully received. We now need about two thousand dollars to complete the fund, and if all who have so kindly pledged their various sums redeem the same, we shall then secure the requisite amount at that time; therefore, friends—those of you who have not paid anything to this Cause—we hope to receive your donations, large or small, as soon as possible after you read these lines.

With good wishes and fraternal greetings to all, Cordially, MARY T. LONGLEY,
Sec'y N. S. A.
600 Penna Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C., June 14, 1900.

Lily Dale Items.

Receptions were given to the Rev. Moses and Mattie Hull on the evening of Tuesday, May 29, Mr. Thomas Grimshaw, of St. Louis, Mo., Tuesday evening, June 5, and Mr. J. Clegg Wright on Tuesday, June 12, at the home of the Campbell Brothers, Lily Dale, N. Y. At each reception there has been a great variety of talent. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Moses and Mattie Hull, Mr. J. Clegg Wright, and Mr. Thomas Grimshaw, of St. Louis, F. Corden White, W. H. Bach, Pandit Lalani, Mr. A. J. Weaver, A. B. Mr. Thompson, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Cowan and others; original poems by Mrs. Keen, Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Seymour; banjo solo and songs by Mr. Niver; recitations by Mrs. Alfarata Jahnke, Mrs. Byrnes and others; vocal selections by Mrs. Addie Gage, Mrs. Byrnes, Mrs. J. Clegg Wright and friend, and last but not least, Miss Phelps. Instrumental music on piano and pianola, and many other pleasing numbers were rendered; in fact, these meetings have been a great success, fully attended, and enjoyed by everyone.

Never has there been such an array of talent at any time at this season of the year as at the present. This is owing to the fact of the two spiritual training schools being in session—Moses and Mattie Hull, assisted by Mr. A. J. Weaver and Mrs. Jahnke, in one school, and J. Clegg Wright and wife in the other—both schools teaching what is needed in our ranks, namely, to prepare platform and other workers to fill in an acceptable manner their positions. Both schools are highly appreciated, well attended, and great interest is manifested; in fact, a great and good work is being done here.

Good at All Seasons



but invaluable during Spring and Summer. Renowned as a system cleanser and blood purifier for 50 years. It regulates and refreshes the stomach, liver and bowels, and is taken with pleasure by both children and adults. 50c. and \$1. Trial, 25c.

Tarrant's "Dermal," a delicate anti-septic powder for nursery, toilet, after shaving, aches chaffing, best foot powder, 25c. At druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by TARRANT & Co., Chemists, New York, Est. 1884.

A Letter from India.

OBSESSION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir: I beg to submit herewith for your perusal, and also for the perusal of your numerous readers, a case of horrid obsession, as reported in the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, a native daily conducted on religious principles, and also in several other important newspapers of Bengal. Though I can not personally vouch for the perfect accuracy of all the details, I can tell you that I know of very many cases of a similar nature in Benal, and have, therefore, no reason to doubt the truth of this particular one. As these cases, however, naturally give rise to several questions of real and practical interest to humanity, I beg to approach you respectfully in the hope that you will, for the benefit of all concerned, be so kind as to throw such light on the subject as you may be able to do.

Every Spiritualist will freely admit that all this is the work of an evil-minded spirit, who has, somehow or other, taken possession of the girl's body, and does not mean to leave her in peace, so long as he can manage to hold his ground. But, is there nothing like moral government on the other side in the lower spheres of the spirit world that such evil and ugly spirits easily succeed in taking hold of innocent human beings, mostly girls, and go on tormenting them, years and years, in a fashion that beggars description? Why do not the higher spirits interfere in such cases and save the obsessed from the torments of which only a hundredth part has been mentioned in the published reports?

Can you prescribe any method that may be easily carried into practice, and by which people, not initiated into the inner mysteries of the Spiritual Science, may drive the evil ones to protect themselves from their most odious and inhuman oppression?

If there are so many well-trained physicians who come from the American shore to India every year to try the efficacy of their drugs, I do not understand why it does not enter into the head of some spiritual healers, well-versed in the art of exorcism, to come and settle in India, and save poor sufferers from obsession of evil spirits. I verily believe they will have plenty of business, whether they mean to work for lucre or love.

Respectfully yours, R. P. G.
Decca, Bengal, India, May 1st, 1900.

POSSESSED BY GHOST.

We received information of a Mahomedan woman at Jagannathnagar possessed and behaving most extraordinarily, and sent a reporter there to make inquiries into the truth of the matter. Here is the interesting account given by him:

A young Mahomedan woman of Jagannathnagar, near Monikhal, a village nearly six miles from Alipar, is possessed by a ghost. On the morning of Tuesday last she was seen sitting on the leaf of a coconut tree nearly sixty cubits high. There she remained for three days. Only on Monday night she had been seen sleeping in a room with bolted doors in company with her mother and sister, but the next morning, to the utter astonishment of all, she was not found in bed—no, not even in the room; but what was stranger still, the door of the room was found to be bolted as before. It was a weird situation. Neither the mother nor the sister could account for her absence. She seemed to have been spirited away. A search was instituted for her. Every nook and corner of the village was searched, but to no avail. At last she was seen by her brother sitting on the coconut tree, as already stated. Seeing her brother, she began to laugh—a wild, sardonic laugh—and then she asked for a lota (jug) of water. He hurried away to fetch it, and returning in a few minutes, somehow or other reached the lota up to her. She then drank the water and kept the lota on the top of the tree. She then stood up and began to dance—why, would you believe it—on the leaf on which she had been perching. What a sight!

Two days—yes, two whole days—passed in this way. On the third day information to this effect was sent to the local thana (police station). The Sub-Inspector, with some gentlemen of the locality came to the spot, when she was found, as before, standing on the coconut tree. She then said that she would never come down in the presence of so many gentlemen—no, that was what she was not capable of. After some time, however, she came down, but as she touched the terra-firma she fell down senseless. When she again came to her senses, she was asked about her recent doings, including her perch on the leaf of the tree; but she felt astonished and denied every fact, and assured her hearers that she had been sleeping in her room all the time as soundly as a top!

Before this she had been possessed thirteen or fourteen times, amongst which, two events are worth recording. One day about 1 A. M. she became senseless, and wanted to eat a mango. She was told that that was not the mango season. But she laughed and began to distribute mangoes to every person present there. On another occasion while she had become senseless, she said that she was a Brahmadwaita (a Brahmin Ghost). One day, while he was sitting at the "ghat" (bathing place) of a pond, the patient, who was there swimming in the tank, touched him with her feet, and so he possessed her. But as she was very beautiful the spirit said that he would never leave her. The woman is a very beautiful young girl of seventeen. She has been possessed now for about two years.

At Camp Progress.

A lovely day was Sunday, and a very large audience assembled to listen to the services, which were very interesting. At the morning session good singing interspersed the speaking. Mr. and Mrs. James Smith of Cliftondale, Mr. Tuft of Salem, Mr. Furbush of Lynn and Mr. Graham of Boston were the speakers. At 2 P. M. the quartet sang "Our Native Land," followed by an invocation by the President, Mr. L. D. Milliken; song, "Land of Bred and Bye," talk, "The Garden of Eden," by Dr. George Dutton of Chicago; song, "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," by the quartet; Dr. Huot gave some fine readings and remarks; organ solo by Mrs. B. M. Merrill; Mrs. Sarah Byrnes of Dorchester was very interesting in a short address; Mrs. M. J. Butler of Boston was also excellent in her work. The 4 P. M. session opened with a song, "Your Darling Is Not Sleeping." The work of Mrs. Abby Burnham of Malden was especially good; Charles Sullivan of Boston sang "Loom of Life" and "Flag of the Free," receiving much applause; Mrs. Dr. Caird gave a number of fine readings; song by quartet, "Don't Shut the Door Between Us, Mother." Mrs. Byrnes made some excellent remarks. Organ solo and a song by Mrs. Bertha Merrill and readings by Mr. Baker closed the services. H. O. M.

Explanatory.

To avoid any misunderstanding, and to remove any wrong impressions which might result, a few words of explanation regarding the new policy inaugurated at Chesterfield Camp this season, relative to phenomenal mediums, are probably in order.

At the spring meeting of our executive Board, it was decided that it would be for the best interests of our Camp, the public, and the Cause of Spiritualism generally, that some kind of discrimination and selection be exercised as regards the mediums who should present the phenomena of Spiritualism on our grounds. The result was that the following rule was adopted and inserted in our annual program: "All mediums, both physical and mental, for the camp meeting of 1900, will be selected and their presence solicited by the Executive Board; no others will be permitted to do business."

This rule puts the phenomenal medium and the speaker upon the same basis, and accords to each the same treatment. We exercise our judgment as regards the selection of the proper number of competent persons to present the phenomena of Spiritualism upon our grounds; we do not use the same discretion in selecting the proper number of competent and worthy mediums to present the phenomena upon our grounds? Is not one as important as the other?

The policy we have adopted has to our minds several advantages: First, to the mediums. By limiting the number of mediums to what our past experience has taught is sufficient to properly supply the demand, we make each medium invited more certain of having sufficient employment during his or her attendance.

Secondly, to the public. The mediums being chosen by the Association, the public is protected from frauds and charlatans, and much more confidence is felt in the genuineness of the phenomena than if no discrimination were used as to what mediums be allowed to do business on the ground. None but competent mediums being chosen, the results to sitters are universally favorable, and thereby the Cause of Spiritualism is elevated and advanced.

By having none but those deemed worthy, we avoid the danger of having our camp, and the Cause generally, brought into disrepute by the acts of unworthy characters, mediums through they be.

We believe that this policy, if it should be universally adopted by our camp-meeting associations throughout the nation, will have a tendency to put mediumship upon a higher plane by furnishing an incentive to mediums to perfect their gifts and so guard their reputation for elevated living as will cause them to be selected to exercise their mediumship upon our campgrounds.

In their selection we take into consideration the medium's past reputation, or, if a new medium, the recommendations of trustworthy persons. We believe that sufficient favorable testimony of competent and reliable persons who have attended their sances as a general thing is sufficient guarantee of genuineness.

In making our selection for this season, some mediums who have heretofore attended our meetings were omitted; this is not to be construed in any way to the detriment of these mediums. Some speakers who were selected in the past do not appear on our program this season. This is not because we do not deem them competent and worthy, but rather because in our judgment a change of talent is conducive to the success of our association, and because their names do not appear this year is no evidence they will not be seen again in future years. Also in making our selections, no doubt many perfectly reliable mediums have been overlooked. It is impossible to employ all the speakers in one season, able though they be, and it is likewise impossible for too large a number of mediums to find patronage on our campground, no matter how excellent. We trust and believe that our plan will prove beneficial to all concerned and add to the advancement of Spiritualism generally.

F. J. MACOMBER
of the Ex. Board Indiana Asso. Spiritualists.
Anderson, Ind., June, 1900.

Gone Home.

These words are spoken with reference to Mrs. Mary Rand, of Dorchester, Mass., who departed from this life June 14, aged 91 years 9 mos. Mrs. Rand was a Spiritualist of the progressive type—a woman of ideas, with sufficient courage to express them whenever occasion presented itself. From her early childhood she was clairvoyant and was familiar with the teachings of the advanced minds in spirit-life. She did not lose her interest in spiritual things throughout her long and useful life, but ever strove to do that which would bring her into closer relations with the denizens of the Unseen. She was a firm believer in cremation, hence directed that her remains should be disposed of by incineration and the ashes used to cause some plant to grow and bloom the better and sweeter. She enriched the spiritual atmosphere of earth through her earthly expression, and went home in triumph to enjoy her reward. The funeral services were held at the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr. Hebron Libbey, 2 Leroy street, Sunday, June 17, at which Mr. H. D. Barrett officiated. Messrs. J. B. E. W. C. L. C. and Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch rendered excellent vocal music. Her friends in earth-life have the assurance of Spiritualism to comfort them in their sorrow. We congratulate our venerable friend upon her new-found freedom, and extend to her surviving relatives the hand of sympathy and spiritual greeting on this occasion of the transition of their loved one.

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For the Mayer Fund.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some days ago while at work on an oil painting, my little spirit-guide, "Wautela," asked me to donate it for the benefit of the Mayer fund. In accordance with her suggestion, I have placed it on sale by lot, sixty numbers at twenty-five cents each, the proceeds to be turned into the home fund of the N. S. A.

The painting is of water-lilies and cat-tails, twelve by twenty-six inches, on the best Winsor & Newton canvas.

Will not those interested in the success of the Mayer fund, who desire a chance on this painting, immediately order one or more tickets, that the desired amount may be realized within the limited time?

Orders and remittances may be made direct to me, at 822 B street, N. E., Washington, D. C., or to the Secretary of the N. S. A.

MRS. ELIA R. WILLIAMS.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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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 PREPARED 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 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 HAD 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 to day. Address

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SPIRIT

Message Department.

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

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

These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Séance held May 31, 1900, S. E. 52.
MESSAGES.

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

George Lewis.

The first spirit that comes is a man about twenty-five years old. His mustache is slightly reddish; his hair is light brown, and he has blue eyes and a round, full face. He is about medium height, rather square shoulders, and a very pleasant, kindly way as he comes. He says: "Oh! please, I want to speak, because I have been looking forward to this so long. Several times I have come, and I would either be too weak to express myself, or else came too late in the list. My name is George Lewis, and I came from Buffalo, N. Y. I knew more or less about Spiritualism in that place, and always had a desire to investigate and find out more, but some way before I got around to it I was taken over to the spirit. My father is here with me, and he says if we can only get to my mother it will be beneficial to all of us. My mother's name is Caroline, but they call her Carrie. She is quite smart—seems to get along pretty well, but needs the advice many times of her friends who have gone to spirit life, to help her in her decisions. Just at this time she is much troubled over my sister, and I want to send this word, that death is not again coming to darken her doors, but that the sunshine will soon come.

Etta Varney.

Now comes a girl about eighteen years old. Her eyes are blue. The lashes are very dark, and the hair is almost black. Her forehead is high and broad, and she has a long, rather thin face. Her mouth is small, and she is delicate in appearance. She is quite tall. She folds her arms and looks at me, and says: "I am so weak; it seems every time I try to come back the weakness of my old condition almost overcomes me. My name is Etta Varney, and I come from Saugus, Mass. I was sick a long time. It seemed as though every day brought nothing but weakness and pain until, when I finally did come over here, it was more of a relief than a surprise; but almost every hour since that time I have had such a desire to get back. I want to get to James and tell him that he has seen me, although he was not quite sure of it. He felt perhaps he had, and I just want to give him this word of comfort that he did."

Nellie Haskins.

Then there comes a girl here about eight years old. She is quite fair. Her eyes are blue and her hair light brown, rather thin. It comes down about her shoulders and is not curled but is left plain. She has a cunning way of tossing back her head. She says: "I want to get to my mamma. Her name is Emma Haskins. My name is Nellie. She lives up near the Lowell place. She said if I could come back she would be so happy she would not know what to do. So I have come and I want to say, too, that I am well. Everything is nice as can be and I am just as happy as I can be to come and send my love."

Henry Woodson.

Here comes a man, big and strong. He is very large and muscular looking, though not so very tall. His shoulders are broad. He looks rough. He has a grizzly beard all around his face. His eyes are dark gray with dark lashes. His hair is gray and he has a nervous way of running his fingers through his hair as though he could think better when using his hands. He says: "Goodness gracious! Am I obliged to come back and speak in this way to those I want to come to? My name is Henry Woodson. I come from Franklin, N. H. I want to say I was a rough kind of a man when here, but my heart was always in the right place, I think. If there is anything I can do for any of my people, or anybody who ever did me a favor, I shall be so glad to do it at this time. I want to get to Frank, who has the same name as I have, and who is plumped head over heels into trouble, so deep it does not look as though he would ever find himself. Please tell him that if he will stop worrying so much and get hold of the line, I think I can help him in some ways. I thank you for being so kind as to let me come."

Agnes Mason.

Now here comes a lady a little above the medium height. She always wears loose wrappers. She is slight and delicate looking. She has soft blue eyes and brown hair, and I should think is about forty-two years old. She comes in a lady-like way, and sits back in a chair and rocks softly to and fro, as though that was the way she had to sit most of the time because of her invalid condition. "My name is Agnes Mason. I want to say that I come from Peoria, Ill. While I lived there I often thought I would like to come to this part of the country. I had never been East, having been born and brought up in the West. I have my husband with me, and he says if you will say to the people in Peoria that William Mason and his wife are here, and that they send greetings to their old friends, I am sure there will be some sort of a response. I have been watching, in a way, these spirits as they came, hoping that I might learn something from their methods of expression, but I find, after all, that when I myself

come, I forget all they have said and done, and am simply myself again, with my old eagerness to get to my own. I want very much to get to a friend of mine by the name of Annie Williams (or Wilkins), who lives in the place from which I came. She will be so surprised to hear from me, and yet will laugh and be pleased that I make this effort in her behalf."

Isaac Johnson.

Here is a man whose name is Isaac Johnson. He is about sixty-eight or seventy years old. He is short and not very stout, and has a gray beard around his face, but nothing on his upper lip. His hair is quite thin, and he is bald on the top of his head. He says: "Well, how do you do?" There is such a funny little smile on his face when he speaks. He wears a jacket that he pushes up on his forehead, and says: "Quite a number of my people are over here, and yet I have some who are alive. I want to get to Thomas. He thinks he is able to take care of himself, and that there is nothing in the world that anyone can help him do from this side of life; but when he knows we can work together and send a message, I am sure he will feel glad to have it so. Please say I come from Burlington, Vt. I was pretty well known there, and known for the reason that I had such a strict way of keeping accounts with everybody. I was in business for myself, and dealt largely with other people, and everything had to be settled up by the week. I never had any long running accounts, so when I come back from the spirit I feel that everything I say must be done in a characteristic fashion with a certain sense of orderliness that will stamp it as being a message from me."

Lysander Adams.

Here comes a man who stands about six feet tall. His name is Lysander Adams. He has side whiskers, bright blue eyes and very full face. He says: "I am more than glad to come here and speak, and more than that, I want to say that I believed in Spiritualism before I went away. I lived in Cleveland, Ohio, and where I was there was quite a little talk about it. I was originally a Universalist, and then came out into this thought. To the Spiritualist friends all over the world I want to say: 'God bless and speed you.' It is for this purpose I come to-day, and not for any selfish motive or for any help to myself. When I undertook to do anything I generally stood by it until it was accomplished. I think that some time I will be able to stand by the side of somebody who will be helped by my influence from the spirit."

Andrew and Ellen Pratt.

Here comes Andrew and Ellen Pratt, from Galveston. They are Northern people, and they come hand in hand. They are husband and wife. They did not pass out very far apart from each other—a few hours—I think not more than that. It was through no sickness, but something like an accident. He comes with the air of a general. His hair is perfectly white, and his face is bright and as clean, he says, as a woodthrush. She is small and very dependent on him. They seem to want to get to relatives in the North. They say: "We were Spiritualists, understood about it, and come with the desire to help rather than to be helped." That is unusual, for the most of those who return through these circles come for assistance to themselves.

Willie Dewire.

Here is a boy who says: "Can Willie Dewire, of Cambridge, send a message to his mother? I passed out, and was so sick!" It was throat trouble that took him out, like diphtheria. "That was what made it so hard for my mother. I have seen her crying—I have not been gone but a little while—and so I asked permission to come and send word to her. Thank you; thank you. Please give her my love; give her my love." He is light; his hair is a sort of golden brown. His eyes are blue. He has a small mouth and a little round face and short neck, and he does not look over eight years old. He has little chubby hands, and is particular about himself. I think they were very careful of him when here.

Fannie Haywood.

Right back of him comes a little girl. Her name is Fannie Haywood, from Braintree. She has black eyes and brown hair and red cheeks. I see her first as a child, and then I see her grown big, as though she had been in the spirit long enough to grow up. She seems to send no particular message, but stands ready to give a word. That child ate a lot of candy. I see her teeth all gone. I look into her stomach and she is sick from that. She was very fond of sweet things. She wants to get to her father. I think his name is William.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY SEVEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In 1876-1877, owing to failure in health after twenty years of teaching, I spent all the money I had laid up in a trip to Europe. Seldom has money been better expended, owing to restored health, and the store of memories which have ever since illumined the fields of literature, history and art.

February, March and April of 1877 were spent in Italy, and seven precious weeks were devoted to Rome alone. Seven years could not have exhausted the interesting realms of research afforded by this wonderful city. In fact, there are three different Romes within its limits.

First, there are the ruins that belong to ancient Rome, and connected with the city under kings, then under consuls, and finally under the Caesars. One of the earliest of these is the Great Sewer, built by Tarquin the Elder, discharging into the Tiber through an arch which can yet be seen on the bank of that famous little stream. Coming down the ages from that early time, the ruins increase in number and variety, reaching their climax in the excavated ruins of the Roman Forum, the Pantheon, and the Coliseum.

The memory of the Christian martyrs who perished by the fangs of wild beasts and the sword of the gladiator in the last named stupendous ruin, brings us to the second great object of research connected with the Eternal City those relating to the Roman Church, extending through the Middle Ages. Countless churches are to be visited by the student who is interested in this aspect of the city, beginning with the Pantheon, which was erected to all the pagan gods of ancient Rome, and now used as a church. It is round, and the roof is a dome. The only window is an opening at the top of the dome, and the pavement below is

slightly mossy after a rain. In this church the body of Raphael is buried.

Of course the largest and one of the most modern, is St. Peter's; and connected with this is the Vatican and its library, which awakens deep interest in those who study Rome in its connection with Papal power and the Christian Church. To visit all the churches in the city, and master the history and the art connected with them would be a labor of many years.

One of the most interesting objects connected with Romanism is the Holy Staircase. This consists of marble steps that were brought from Jerusalem in the Fourth Century, and as they were the steps of Pilate's Palace, it is tolerably certain that they were ascended and descended by the Nazarene at the time of his trial. The steps are covered with boards, with an occasional opening in them, and are walked in. They can be ascended only on one's knees, and on reaching the top, one passes through a door, and comes down on the outside. I did not see the Pope, Mr. Editor, because I did not choose to kneel to any mortal man. But I went up this staircase on my knees, for at that time I thought of the Nazarene as my Savior from hell. And were I again by the "sacred staircase," I think I would be willing to ascend it yet again on my knees—but not because I think of the Nazarene as my Savior any more. I would do it in recognition of the fact that he was a spiritual genius, that he was in spiritual thousands of years in advance of the rest of mankind, and that his principles and his practice, if carried into our own daily life, make us all Sons of God by conscious, individual power, as well as Sons of Men by the constitution of Nature. But what a sad heart he bore that Friday morning, so many hundred years ago, for, "he came unto his own, and they received him not!"

The third aspect in which Rome may be studied is in relation to art—in particular those of architecture, painting and sculpture. While it is true that in Greece are found ruins of buildings that surpass those of Rome in artistic perfection, yet what has been accumulated by a long series of Popes in sculpture and painting excel the collections in any other European city. While Dresden, Munich, Madrid, Paris, Antwerp and several other places have their master pieces of art, yet they cannot vie in number and in collective value with those to be seen in Rome. The very best are the personal property of the reigning Pope, and can be viewed only on certain days, at special hours, with his written permission. The paintings of the Sistine Chapel, the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere and the Transfiguration belong to the reigning Pope, whereas he may be, and he has the legal right to debar the public from seeing them at all during his pontificate, if he choose to do so. Socialist principles do not as yet prevail in the Eternal City.

Before going to Italy I expected to see something extraordinarily lovely in the Italian skies. I saw a beautiful sunset while leaning over the wall of a rose-garden, at the summit of the Tarpeian Rock, but it was no more beautiful than thousands of sunsets that I had seen in America. Later, when in Naples, I saw several lovely ones on that beautiful bay. The landscape itself is of rare beauty, with the curved expanse of placid water, Vesuvius with its fiery menace in the distance, and Capri like a blue cloud on the horizon. This exquisite view, with the sunset tints and the moon reflected in the quiet water, led Marion Harland's husband, Dr. Terhune, to say that he expected to see nothing more lovely till he should see it in the "New Jerusalem." But the sky was no clearer, and the sunset tints no more exquisite than I have seen them in America, be it on the shores of old Plymouth, the harbor of New York, or in Minnesota. So I wondered why persons and writers spoke of Italian skies as surpassing those of any other clime.

At last the puzzle was solved, and its solution came about in this way. It occurred to me that it was Englishmen who had so eulogized the Italian skies. And we Americans, like a line of sheep jumping after their leader over a stone wall, followed the lead of our elders, and eulogized them too.

The fact is, there is so much rain and fog in England, that though they have most delightful grass, with its natural result of the finest mutton in the world, they see but little blue sky, and have small opportunity to see a fine sunset. The vegetables which make our summer tables so luxurious here are unknown in England, for they have not sun enough to bring them to perfection. Englishmen do not mind the rain and the fog, for they are used to them, and they do not miss the cloudless expanse of blue, for they seldom see it at home. So, when they go to Italy, and see a clear sky, and the exquisite tints that attend the sinking of the sun beneath the horizon, they are delighted with the Italian skies, and naturally think such skies are seen in Italy alone. But we who live on the west of the Atlantic, whose shores are not subjected to the moisture and the vapors that attend the washings of the warm Gulf Stream, have skies just as beautiful as do the European shores of the Mediterranean.

In speaking thus of the popular fallacy regarding Italian skies as more beautiful than those of any other clime, I am here reminded of a cult, founded on incidental circumstance—the cult of the lotus of the Nile. Notice of the physical geography of the country shows why their lotus is so dear to the Egyptians.

Habitable and cultivated Egypt is really the valley of the Nile. There is no rain, and the region would be as barren as the Saharas were it not for the inundations of the river, which turn it into a vast, shallow lake. Seeds are sown from the boats, and the harvest appears as the waters dry away. Of course the only flower that is much seen by the people is the beautiful water lily which is called the lotus. It is snowy white, and very abundant. It belongs to the order of Nymphaeaceae, like our own beautiful pond lily. We have many other kinds of flowers: the Egyptian of the remote past and of the present day has the lotus. It ornamented their architecture, its conventionalized form softening the top of many of the pillars, and the women wore it for its beauty and its fragrance. It is seen in the hieroglyphics. In mythology, it was the emblem of Nefer Atum, the son of Ptah and Bast, and they believed in the mystical lotus of the sun.

Another kind of lotus plays a part in Hindu and Chinese mythology. It belongs to another order of water-lilies, the Nelumbaceae, and is of different colors. This latter flower grows in a few localities in our own country, and is generally yellow.

While living near Lake Minnetonka, I saw these lilies which were brought by boys from a certain locality at the head of the lake, and

were sold as the Egyptian lotus through mistake. These are straw-colored and have a delicate perfume; but they are not so beautiful nor so fragrant as our own lovely pond-lily.

What was eaten by the ancient "lotus-eaters" was quite another plant. It grows on the land, is a shrub, and bears much fruit. It is still eaten by the very poor in northern Africa.

There is nothing extraordinary, mythical nor symbolical about the Egyptian lotus. It was considered to be so by the ancient Egyptians, for the natural reasons that have been stated. In Hindu mythology the deities are often represented as sitting on an expanded lotus (a Nelumbo). The Hindus claimed that it was the symbol of the world.

In 1894 I heard Mr. Tisdale say at Lake Brady that the spirit world of the earth trails away behind it, as the planet goes on around the sun. I did not accept this theory for two reasons. One is that it contradicts the known analogies of every world in the system, which are known to be globular—the natural result of the way in which they came into separate existence. Another reason is because it contradicts what was taught me by my own guides; this is brought out in the lecture on "The Astronomical Location of the Spirit-World" in "Why She Became a Spiritualist," is adverted to in "The Bridge," and has been often elucidated in this series of Letters. According to these teachings, the spirit world of the earth is around the earth, and accompanies it in its journey around the sun. It is the same with the other planets.

For the same reason, and because of the mythological glamour that attaches to the Egyptian lotus, I do not accept a theory of late presented to your readers, that the spirit spheres of the earth are each shaped like a lotus-lily, and extend into space in a northwest direction, the lowest one starting from the north pole of the planet.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON.
Arlington, N. J., June 8, 1900.

India's Appeal

That Ought to Touch a Heart of Stone.

Famine, from lack of rain, is now smiting sixty millions of our fellow-beings. At this moment, death by sheer hunger and thirst threatens one-sixth of that number. Thousands are starving each twenty-four hours. In that stricken land, the heavens are as iron and the earth as brass.

Birds of the air drop lifeless from the burning sky. Hundreds of thousands of cattle have already perished. In the absence of food and water, fiercest animals let go their hatreds, and helpless lie down together to die. The decaying bodies of men and beasts pollute both plains and rivers.

And the woe has not yet reached its worst. Face to face with even such horrors still stand countless little children, and women, and men, whom food will save. Thank God, relief may almost instantly pass, by cable, from this land of plenty to that India of starvation. Accordingly, only gifts of money are solicited.

What, then, shall WE do? What will YOU do? For our answer we are clearly responsible to both God and man. Ought not America to send quickly at least a million dollars? In the famine district are efficient, devoted men and women, not only Americans, but also Europeans, who are already engaged in the actual rescue, but who are pleading for larger supplies. Surely such supplies can be provided, and yet the customary gifts of long-established agencies for the uplifting of the people of India do not at all lessen.

Meanwhile the Government of India is organizing relief on a scale unapproached in the history of the world. Both treasure and life are given without stint in the saving work. On May 14 the number of starving aided officially was 5,795,000. That official daily aid will be steadfastly continued and increased, yet it will be unable to keep pace with the awful need. The death rate is by far the greatest in the native provinces, where the Government has least influence and control. Only the united efforts of all the humane, the coöperating goodwill of all the nations will suffice.

In this emergency the Committee of One Hundred gladly puts itself at your service, the service of the cause.

Messrs. Brown Brothers & Company, the well-known bankers, 59 Wall street, New York, have freely consented to receive and acknowledge all gifts sent to them. Every expressed wish of donors will be faithfully carried out, and the committee, on its own part, will earnestly seek the best, most efficient, most economical agencies for the distribution of undesignated funds.

Together and at once let us move to the rescue. We can feed the starving. There is not a minute to be lost. From two to five cents a day will save a life.

WILLIAM E. DODGE, Chairman.
L. T. CHAMBERLAIN, Chairman Ex. Com.
JOHN CROSBY BROWN, Treasurer.
73 Bible House, New York.

Brief Sketch of the Life of Alex. Buchanan.

He was born in Scotland in 1826. The first labor which he performed was the making of Paisley shawls. This occupation he followed for many years. On New Year's day, 1849, he married a Scotch lassie, Mary Dewar.

"They two had run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But they wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne."

In 1866 Dr. Buchanan emigrated to East Newark. His entire capital consisted of a robust constitution, ambition and inventive mind, a devoted and energetic wife. Here he was first employed in an oil cloth factory. He was the originator of the oil cloth campaign cape, which made the company rich, and they afterward sold out to him. This line of business proved a success for a few years, until the entire plant was destroyed by fire. Dr. Buchanan then moved to Buchanan, two miles south of Peekskill, and the beginning in business there rapidly developed, until, at the present time, the establishment for the manufacture of table covers and carriage tops is considered one of the largest in the United States.

Dr. Buchanan began the investigation of Spiritualism in 1867, and soon became convinced of its valuable truths. He was a constant subscriber to the four leading spiritual papers, a liberal purchaser of its literature, a firm believer in organization, and a friend to all mediums.

For Camp-Meeting Meditation.

BY WILLARD J. HULL.

Get down upon your knees in spirit, oh Spiritualists, and acknowledge your pride, your vainglory and your weakness. Retire within your own house and there acquaint yourselves with the claims of your souls. You ARE souls. Let soul speak in the silence. Then at the soul's mercurial, "Arise!" go to work in earnest, not laying up treasure and wasting your energies in tottering forms of material splendor, but laying up treasures for yourselves, where you alone, each for himself, shall partake of the fruits thereof eternally.

In this way the true prayer is made and answered, for in direct proportion to the soul's behest the answer comes.

Now that your camp-meeting season is upon you, take thought of the profitable profits in the stores of the spirit that are likely to accrue. Are you going to camp meeting to make money? Are you going there to find fault and criticize your neighbor's habit? Are you going there to hamstring mediums and clean out the Augean stables attached to Spiritualism? If all this and much other foolishness beguile you, first be sure that you are clean and sweet within yourselves. And if you are, it is altogether likely you will reap an abundant harvest of sweetness and cleanliness, which is better than money.

This much is sure. The Spiritualists of this country have it in their power to live their Spiritualism during the coming camp season in a manner never heretofore attempted; and that power consists of combined efforts in thought and practice to lift the spirit of the meetings upon the plane of altruistic purpose, the divine doctrine of service. You all believe in it because you cannot be in touch with the higher planes of the spirit-world without a recognition of it. You never have had a single communication dealing with the abstract, emanating from those planes of life, that did not breathe it in every line.

Then what are you afraid of? Know you not that you are the light of the world? What are the signs of your discipleship? Are they not knowledge, breadth of sentiment, tolerance, charity and love? Can you, will you, dare assert yourselves to be Spiritualists and deny these signs? Now what are you doing with them? What do you know? Can you heal the sick, talk in tongues, give messages from the departed, write an essay or make a speech? Have you broadened out by virtue of your contact with the multifarious ideas and the complex character of men you meet? Do you give respectful audience to him who disagrees with you? Have you that charity which perceives the weaknesses of other people and makes allowances for them? Do you love your neighbor as you do yourself? or, to put it milder, do you love yourself last?

Brethren, I confess that, having explored the forest of humanity for nearly twenty-five years of a life of acute activity in search of the panacea for social, industrial and religious ills, the above signs of spiritual life are the best I can find; and I am convinced that the exercise of a majority of them, all of them, if possible, constitutes the true Spiritualist and the true humanitarian. And I say further, that it lies within the compass of your solvent powers to absorb these divine principles and make of yourselves the transformers of the world's thought. I go even farther than that and declare that, unless you do retire within the closets of your house of life and cultivate this absorption, your light as a distinctive body of persons will go out.

Now don't mistake me. I am laying down no law for you, and shall not be mad at you if you say I am lunny in merely pointing out the law to you. I give you in this my experience, and that of many others who, having no fears about Spiritualism or about the signs that distinguish Spiritualists, do entertain some concern about the Spiritualists.

It is for this that I pen this word to you now and ask you to carry it with you to your camp-meetings.—In the Light of Truth.

Our Present Need.

We can perform nothing effective until we realize that the marriage of the two worlds is the most devout consummation in the evolution of the race. The obstacles thrown in the way of this realization make the uplifting and purifying processes at work among us on the part of the immortal side of humanity seem all the more appalling. And when we consider the centuries of patience that have gone with the ceaseless watching on their part for the line of least resistance here, devoutness takes on the form of adoration. With this is born our real strength. Conscious of the immanence of exalted beings in our work, and knowing of a surety that we are right, our position is invulnerable. If only the working forces among the Spiritualists will take hold and aid by concert of action based on prayer and aspiration, we shall become not only the growers but the harvesters of the fruitage of civilization.

Our trouble is our inappreciation of the divine charge in our keeping. We abuse it by wasting our energies on ephemeral topics incident to the phantasmagoria of political and social life. We place too much stress upon passing events. We take too prominent a part in political rubbish that has been passed over and thrown away by the thinkers of the world. Our camp is amongst the Philistines when its true place is in advance of the oncoming host. Where we camp now the rear of the army will bivouac on the morrow.

All this has to be gotten rid of before we can realize and partake of the marriage feast of the two worlds.—Light of Truth.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Ottumwa, Iowa, on June 1, after a lingering illness, PHILIP H. BRIDGSON, aged 46 years. A man of spotless character and unblemished reputation, Mr. Bridgson possessed the unqualified love and respect of every one who knew him, as was testified by the very large concourse of citizens who attended his funeral. As an old friend of the deceased and his family the writer went from St. Louis to conduct the funeral services; the lodge of A. O. U. W. of which Mr. Bridgson was a member also rendered very impressive ceremonies at the grave, and a widow and one child mourn his absence in visible form, but rejoice in the knowledge of his invisible presence. W. F. PAOK.

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

Gaiety is the soul's ripple over depths of despair.—Chopin.

Queer Little Republics.

Some of Those Which Are Quite Unknown to the General Public.

There are a number of small Republics in the world about which so little is known that not one person in a thousand could tell you anything about them, yet each is a little kingdom in itself, with a President and Council to govern State affairs, and its own peculiar trials and troubles to worry the people.

As regards population, the smallest Republic in the world is that of Tavorola, an island about five miles long, with an average width of a little more than half a mile, situated about a dozen miles to the northeast of Sardinia. The total population of the whole Republic does not exceed sixty, but they elect a President every six years, and a Council of six members, all of whom serve the State without pay. The women of this island go to the polls and vote with the men, and ever since it became a Republic, in 1886, all public business has been transacted without turmoil; the elections taking place without any high party feeling or undue excitement.

In 1836 King Charles Albert of Sardinia granted the island of Tavorola to a family of the name of Baroloni, but in less than half a century the inhabitants threw off the yoke of monarchy and took to themselves the right to be governed by themselves. This little war did not alarm the world, and was quite a peaceful one. King Paul I. reigned until 1882, and on his death he requested that none of his kin should succeed to the throne, and as no one claimed the honor, four years later the people decided to draw up a Constitution, and Tavorola has been a very successful little Republic since.

Twelve years ago its independence was recognized by Italy, and it is to be presumed, other powers would have recognized it also if they had known of its existence. The inhabitants live principally by fishing and raising fruits and vegetables. They fear no sudden invasion, for they dispense with any army or navy, and presumably, in case of need, would rely upon their entire population to uphold the freedom of the country.

Very few people have heard of the existence of the Republic of Goust, which is situated on the flat top of a mountain in the Bassee Urynees, South of France. It has but an area of one and a quarter square miles, and a population of one hundred and forty; so that, as regards size, it can fairly claim to be the smallest Republic in the world. It is an older republic than the United States, having been in existence since 1648, and enjoys the distinction of being recognized by both Spain and France.

The President is elected from an Elder college consisting of twelve persons, who are chosen every twelve years by the people. The President is also tax-collector, assessor and judge. If, however, his decisions are displeasing to the people, they appeal to the Bishop of Laruns, in the Spanish parish down the mountain side, and what the Bishop says is law. Goust is certainly a unique place, for it has no church nor clergymen, the people worshipping in churches beyond the limits of their country. Neither have they any burial ground, and when a death occurs among them the body is slid down to a cemetery in the valley below. In this valley, too, all the baptisms and marriages take place.

The Republic of San Marino, in Central Italy, is perhaps the best known of these tiny Republics. Its territory covers about thirty-three square miles, and the population numbers about eighty-five hundred souls. This miniature State was founded in the fourth century by St. Marinus, who, having embraced Christianity, fled here to escape the persecution under Diocletian. The capital, San Marino, is on the crest of a mountain over two thousand feet high, and has a population of twelve hundred. It is one of the most picturesque places in the world, being perched on perpendicular cliffs.

The Republic is governed by a Legislative Senate of sixty members, elected for life. From this body is selected the council of twelve, which, with a legal adviser, decides all questions. Two Captains Regent, elected every six months, represent the State, which has also its Home Secretary, its Minister of Foreign Affairs, its Chancellor of the Exchequer, its army of nine hundred and fifty men, and a regular Budget. San Marino is proud of her antiquity, and has many curious customs. By treaty with Italy, the Republic receives a certain proportion of the Italian Customs revenue, but exacts no Customs on her borders. She also agrees not to grow tobacco, but is allowed to import it duty free.

In order to avoid copyright difficulties there is no printing press in San Marino, and when the mail arrives at Borgo a bell is rung, and those inhabitants who have their dwellings up on the cliffs have to descend to get their letters, for owing to the primitive state of affairs the postman never ascends the rock. Another curious fact is that the commissary or judge and the physician must both be strangers, and are paid out of the public purse.

The small half-French and half-Spanish Republic of Andorra, which lies in an almost inaccessible valley of the Eastern Pyrenees, possesses a Charter of Rights, dating from the thirteenth century. There is but one way of getting to Andorra from France, and that is by the River Bolora. To reach it from Spain you have to be carried down by mules over one of the most dangerous footpaths in Europe. There are six parishes in the Republic, and the whole contains about six thousand people, the territory covering an area of one hundred and forty-eight square miles.

The Republic is governed by a General Council of twenty-four members, each parish sending four; and of this Council the Syndic or President, is chosen for life by the Council. The Syndic, being President of the Republic, receives a salary of \$3 a year, and the members of the Council are paid 30s. The Republic is rather hampered, for while it elects its own officers, collects its own taxes, and looks after its own army of eleven hundred men, it has to pay to France 960 francs a year for the free importation of corn into the country, and is forced to import from France.

Twelve months ago Andorra bought a big gun from Herr Krupp, and planted it almost in the centre of the Republic, right between Spain and France. Europe should tremble, for when that gun is fired either France or Spain will be hit, for the Republic is but seventeen miles across, and the gun carries twenty miles.—*Tid Bits.*

A Letter from Montreal.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As an old subscriber and contributor to your valuable paper, I would like to express through your columns the sign of life in spiritualistic circles here in Montreal.

Mrs. Moisey, 133 St. Alexander street, is doing good work. Her readings are acknowledged to be wonderfully accurate and true. She holds a séance every Monday night in her rooms, and is drawing to her circle literary and scientific people. Her control, "Snow-bell," takes great pains in his readings. He is deeply interested in his medium, who is given to good works. She has adopted three orphan children, and gives of her little all to charity.

J. E. M. WHITNEY.

Spiritism.

The statement that Queen Victoria is a Spiritualist is old enough to be gray haired by this time. No one has ever denied it, and we may, therefore, presume that it is correct.

The Queen was on intimate terms with Tenenbyson, and one pillar that held up their friendship was the poet's belief in rapid transit between the two worlds. It is, moreover, true that Dean Stanley, who also enjoyed the confidence of the Queen, was strongly inclined toward the same belief. These made a kind of coterie, and the subject of Spiritualism has many a time been discussed in Windsor Castle. And why not? The world is big enough for thinkers of all kinds, for all sorts of theologists.

Yes, large enough for vagabonds also. Spiritualism, however, has worked itself out of the region of vagary, and is now generally considered a matter quite worthy of our attention. Whatever laurels it has, it has earned them in spite of ridicule and jeers. Let it therefore enjoy itself.—*Ex.*

A Lady Tells How She Supports Herself and Family.

"I often read of ladies who work hard trying to earn enough to keep body and soul together, and for their benefit I will relate how easily one can get along in the world if they only know how. There is a big firm in Pittsburgh that manufactures flavoring powders. I had tried them myself and knew they were splendid, so sent for samples and tried selling them. I found it so pleasant and easy that I have kept right at it and never make less than \$3 a day and often clear more than \$5. The powders go twice as far as the liquid extracts sold in stores and are much stronger. I sell from one to eight different flavors in each house. They are used for ice cream, custards, cakes, candies, etc., and are so delicate and give such a rich flavor that everywhere I go I gain a permanent customer. Those of your readers who would like to make money can get full particulars by writing to Baird Mfg. Co., 235 Bald Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa., and they will give you a good start. I support myself and family nicely and we have a good many comforts we never had before."

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OLD AND NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Author of "Studies in Theosophy," "Dashed Against the Rock," "Spiritual Therapeutics," and numerous other works on the Psychological Problems of the Ages.

The author says in his Introduction: "The writer lays no claim to having written a complete or exhaustive treatise on Psychology, but simply has undertaken to present in as popular a form as possible, some of the salient features of the contemporary thought. Reports of twenty-four distinct lectures, recently delivered in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and other prominent cities of the United States, have contributed to the basis of this volume. As the author has received numerous inquiries from all parts of the world as to where and how these lectures of Psychology can now be procured, the present volume is the decided and authoritative answer to all these kind and earnest questions. The chief aim throughout the volume has been, to arouse increased interest in the workable possibilities of a theory of human nature, thoroughly optimistic and, at the same time, profoundly ethical. As several chapters are devoted to improved methods of education, the writer confidently expects that many parents, teachers and others who have charge of the young, or who are called upon to exercise supervision over the morally weak and mentally afflicted, will derive some help from the doctrines herewith promulgated."

CONTENTS.
What is Psychology? The True Basis of the Science. Relation of Psychology as presented by Aristotle and Swedenborg, with Reflections thereon. Relation of Psychology to Practical Education. A Study of the Human Will. Imagination: Its Practical Value. Memory: How We Two Memories? Instinct, Reason and Intuition. Psychology and Psychology. Mental and Moral Healing in the Light of Certain New Aspects of Psychology. Music: Its Moral and Therapeutic Value. The Power of Thought: How to Develop and Increase It. Concentration of Thought, and What It Can Accomplish. A Study of Hypnotism. The New Psychology as Applied to Education and Moral Evolution. Telepathy and Transference of Thought, or Mental Telegraphy. Mediumship, its Nature and Uses. Rabbits, how Acquired and how Mastered; with some Comments on Objections and its Remedy. Rebirth and Prophecy. Dreams and Visions. The Scientific Ghost and the Problem of the Human Soul. The Human Aura. Heredity and Environment. Astrology, Palmistry and Periodicity; their Bearing on Psychology. Individuality vs. Eccentricity. Price \$1.00.
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INCORPORATED 1884. Headquarters 409 Pennsylvania Avenue, South East, Washington, D. C. All Spiritualists visiting Washington cordially invited to call. Contributing membership (\$1.00 a year) can be procured individually by sending fee to the Secretary at the above address, and receipt of N. S. A. Report for 17 and 18. A few copies of the Reports of Conventions of '98, '99, '00, '01, '02, '03, '04, '05, '06, '07, '08, '09, '10, '11, '12, '13, '14, '15, '16, '17, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25, '26, '27, '28, '29, '30, '31, '32, '33, '34, '35, '36, '37, '38, '39, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46, '47, '48, '49, '50, '51, '52, '53, '54, '55, '56, '57, '58, '59, '60, '61, '62, '63, '64, '65, '66, '67, '68, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73, '74, '75, '76, '77, '78, '79, '80, '81, '82, '83, '84, '85, '86, '87, '88, '89, '90, '91, '92, '93, '94, '95, '96, '97, '98, '99, '00, '01, '02, '03, '04, '05, '06, '07, '08, '09, '10, '11, '12, '13, '14, '15, '16, '17, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25, '26, '27, '28, '29, '30, '31, '32, '33, '34, '35, '36, '37, '38, '39, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46, '47, '48, '49, '50, '51, '52, '53, '54, '55, '56, '57, '58, '59, '60, '61, '62, '63, '64, '65, '66, '67, '68, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73, '74, '75, '76, '77, '78, '79, '80, '81, '82, '83, '84, '85, '86, '87, '88, 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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1900.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant-Henderson's psychometric test dances, held in her rooms, BANNER OF LIGHT building, Friday afternoon, June 15, and Sunday evening, June 17, were both largely attended. There is a widespread feeling of satisfaction in the Spiritualist community at the reopening of these popular test dances, which is fully shown not only by the increased attendance at each séance but by the many tokens of thanks conveyed to the medium and the general satisfaction expressed with the accuracy of the messages received. The Friday afternoon dances will be held each week during the summer, and the Sunday evening meetings when advertised.

First Spiritualists' Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Sunday, June 17, song service, prayer; remarks, Messrs. De Bos, Simmons, Frevoy, Morse; messages and readings, Messrs. Newhall and Brooks, Madames Woods and Wilkinson. Afternoon—invocation, poem, Mr. Simmons; messages, Annie Ritzel, Mr. T. Jackson, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Ackerman (blindfolded). Evening—Mrs. Carlton, organist and soloist; remarks, invocation, messages, Mrs. Adams; messages, Madames Dade, Kemp, and the above named talent. Meetings all summer.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington street, Mrs. Nutter, President. Song services before each session. Invocation and prayer, Miss Brehm. Those taking part throughout the day: Madames Nutter, Dade, Wood, Peabody, McKenna, Wheeler, Mayn, Knowles, Tripp, Davis, Messrs. Graham, Jackson, Krasnick, Always good talent. Mrs. Cameron, pianist. Meetings all summer.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont street.—After a few moments' song service, Mr. Hall opened with Scripture reading and prayer. Those assisting: Dr. Blackden, Messrs. Thompson, Smith, Whittemore, Cohen, Ibell, Bowman, Wood, Peters, Madames Brown, Thoms, Mola, Gutierrez. Next Sunday, June 24, we expect Mrs. Mack. Mrs. Gutierrez, Pres't.

Massachusetts.

First Spiritualist Society, Lowell.—June 17 Mrs. Annie Laura Jones of Lowell occupied the platform in her usual interesting manner. Her messages were especially good. Next Sunday, Mrs. Prentiss of Lynn. This is our last meeting in the hall for the season. The first Sunday in July we open our grove meetings at Earncliffe Grove, where we shall run through July and August. J. S. Jackson, Pres.

Fitchburg.—Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridgeport was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society June 17. Large audiences greeted her at both services. Her spirit messages were very convincing. The piano selections by Miss Howe, and vocal solos by Mrs. T. J. Becker, were finely rendered. Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn closes our meetings next Sunday for the summer season. Dr. C. L. Fox, Pres.

New York.

A large and most appreciative audience greeted Mr. Ira Moore Courlis, the medium for the Fraternity of Soul Communion, who held their services in the Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn. Mr. Courlis was at his best and gave an unusual number of messages, and many hearts were made glad and comforted by the expression of his mediumistic powers. The Verdi Quartet sang two numbers, and Miss Ray H. Sullivan and Mr. Jas. R. Corcoran sang a duet with much feeling and expression. The last social will be given under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary on Tuesday evening, June 26, on the lawn of the Bedford Mansion. There will be dancing and a most excellent musical program as well as literary entertainment. We expect to make this the crowning social of the season, both socially and financially; the receipt to go to the Society's funds. Our Annual Picnic will be given the first week in July, time and place to be given later. The BANNER OF LIGHT can be found at the door at each and every meeting, also at Mr. Courlis' classes or séances, which are held every Monday and Wednesday evenings at 8:15, and Friday afternoons at 3 o'clock, at his rooms 404 Quincy St., Brooklyn. W. H. Adams, Sec'y.

Other States.

The Harmonical Society of Los Angeles, Cal., are having most successful meetings at present. Mrs. Anna L. Gillespie is speaker, and her work is making a great interest in the Cause here. A reception was tendered her the 10th inst., the largest one ever given by the society; over two hundred were present, and with music and short program the evening was a delightful one.

A Question.

I would like to ask a question through your paper which I hope you will be able to free my mind on. I have attended a great many séances with well-known trumpet-mediums, and have in some cases noticed a vibration which seemed to exist between the medium and the trumpet. Upon investigation I have found that by speaking into the trumpet myself, I got the very identical result. It requires a keen ear to detect this, and opens an avenue for fraud to be practiced upon an honest investigator. Should such vibration exist with an honest medium, or is such a person a fit medium to promote the welfare of Spiritualism? In truth, yours, "TRUMPET," Toronto, Ont., June 12.

Columbus, Ohio, Camp

will open under favorable conditions. June 30, 4:30 P. M., flag raising, and address by Dr. J. C. Kroesen, of Columbus O.; 7:30 P. M., lawn, social, and band concert, July 1 10 A. M., invocation, Rev. S. King. Addresses of welcome by Mayor Swartz of Columbus, Hon. Justin Piney of Worthington, Rev. Samuel King, M. E. minister of Columbus, in behalf of the Christian people. Camp opening address, Lyman C. Howe of Fredonia, N. Y.; spirit messages, Cora B. Noyes, Columbus O.; 2:30 P. M., dedication ceremony, Lyman C. Howe; spirit messages, Cora B. Noyes. Choir of sixteen voices at every Sunday service. The favorite Columbus City Band in attendance every day during the season. Concert by City Orchestra Band every Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

The June Picnic

of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, held at Lily Dale, N. Y., on the 8th, 9th and 10th, was a fine success in points of attendance and the high spiritual tone of the lectures given.

Friday afternoon the meeting opened with Mr. E. W. Sprague and J. Clegg Wright as speakers, and Moses Hull in the chair. The conference meeting held in Library Hall in the evening was enjoyed by many.

Saturday forenoon Mr. Grimshaw, under control of his co-workers, gave us a very instructive lecture. In the afternoon Moses Hull, in an able manner, instructed us in "Bible Passages Against Spiritualism."

Sunday forenoon, Conference meeting, followed by one of Lyman Howe's most able and instructive inspirations. Mr. A. B. Gaston was chairman of the afternoon. J. Clegg Wright carried his audience into the heights of noble thought and aspiration by one of his most magnificent and masterly lectures. Mr. A. Gaston was chairman. Pandit Laloo, of Bombay, at the close of the lecture, talked to the people on some of the philosophies of India.

A ball was held in the Auditorium on Saturday evening, which was well attended, and a concert on Sunday evening.

In great attempts it is glorious even to fail.—Longinus.

Notes from England.

BY DEAN CLARKE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Trusting that a report of my procedure since leaving dear old Boston may have an efficient interest to your readers to justify its publication, I make effort to select and condense a few of the many thoughts evoked by my observations and experiences. After a very pleasant voyage of seven days, the staunch and beautiful steamer, *New England*, safely landed her large quota of passengers at the famous old city of Liverpool, on Thursday morning, May 3. For the first time in my life I had crossed the broad Atlantic, and beheld the shores of the most renowned kingdom of earth, whence many generations ago came my Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Though old Neptune had been so amiable that I lost but one meal by seasickness, I was glad after days of monotonous deck-tramping to set feet upon terra firma, or the firmer stone docks of Liverpool. After securing accommodations at one of its fine hotels, I at once set forth to explore the many attractions of this far-famed seaport. I spent the remainder of the week very delightfully thus doing, and came to the conclusion that Liverpool is, for business and beauty of construction, all that its contented and happy citizens claim for it. It was my good fortune to witness a May-day parade of hundreds of work horses belonging to the various railroads and to the city, all gaily caparisoned with new harnesses decked with burnished gold and silver, and ornamented with flags and festoons of flowers. It was as grand a pageant as I ever saw in America of any kind, and was at least two miles in length. It is my opinion that those splendid Norman horses will tug their heavy burdens some time, ere crowded off those fine pavements by electric motors.

On Sunday I found my way to Dauby Hall to attend a morning conference and séance held by a few Spiritualists, who braved a hard rainstorm to get tidings from a more sunny clime. In the afternoon I attended the Lyceum held there, and very ably conducted by a young man by the name of Morgan, who was born in New York City, where his English parents resided for twenty years. After its session I was made very happy by the kind hospitality of Mrs. M., the mother of the Conductor, who is now the owner of the hall, and an efficient worker in our Cause.

By her arrangement, I gave a half-hour's address in the evening, which was listened to with marked attention and greeted with great applause at its close. I have found our English cousins very generous in their enthusiasm and approval.

Obtaining a ten days' extension ticket to London, which gave "stop-off" privilege, I next journeyed on over the Great Western railroad to Chester to see its many quaint old buildings, and the old Roman wall, once its protection, and still in good repair, but inclosing only a central nucleus of the modern city. Its cathedral, built in the eleventh century, was an object of curiosity, and I could but admire its beautiful Gothic architecture and finely carved decorations, though its dingy walls and sepulchral dampness did not inspire much devotion, and I must confess that the green turf race-track located on the border of this lovely city, had more attraction to my "unregenerate" mind, than this pile of consecrated stone!

Reluctantly leaving this lovely old city, I obliquely my course to visit the smoke grimed city of Manchester, where I found many scenes of interest in its fine parks, its substantial buildings and its large manufacturing. The Royal Exchange is reputed to be the largest of its kind in the world. Not being a stock broker, I did not enthrall in it, more than in its fine old cathedral, for which I had about an equal affinity. My stay was too hurried to visit its several Spiritual societies, which I learned are fairly prosperous, but have yet to learn that "in union there is strength," and greater spiritual power.

Going back to the main line of the Great Western railroad, I next went to the ancient city of Warwick to see one of the most famous of the old castles of old England. Unfortunately for my antiquarian curiosity it was that day closed to the public by the present owner the exclusive privilege of entertaining some of the "nobility." But my peevish eyes gazed curiously upon its once formidable walls, while they twinkled at the thought how easily they could be leveled to the ground by a few shells from modern artillery! As the ponderous gates opened for a minute to admit a vehicle, I caught a glimpse of the beautifully ornamented grounds within, only to feel deeper the disappointment at my exclusion.

Having a spare hour after taking in the sights of this historic location, I climbed to the upper deck of a "tram" (horse-car) and took a hurried glance at the adjoining city of Leamington, somewhat famous for its mineral springs, which make it a summer resort and mainly sustain its many boarding-houses and hotels. Continuing my journey, I made an all-too-brief visit to the Mecca of the literary world, the birthplace of the immortal "Bard of Avon." I shall neither attempt to describe the quaint and rude old domicile, preserved in its pristine appearance, nor the peculiar emotions that doubtless all worshippers of transcendent genius must share with me when entering this hallowed relic of the past. I dare say a room where the greatest of dramatists was ushered upon his first stage was nearly as crude a place as the reputed "manger" of Nazareth. It reminded me of the remark of Stephen A. Douglas on visiting his nativity, that it might be "a good place to be born in, if you emigrate soon after." It further reminded me that hovel gave birth to many more illustrious men and women than do castles and palaces. Regretting that I had but an hour to view the romantic little city of Stratford-on-Avon, I continued my way through a lovely farm-land country carpeted with grass and wild flowers, to Oxford, the great seat of learning where so many great Englishmen prepared their minds for illustrious labors.

Having but a short time to stay, I "graduated" from several of its colleges ere I had opportunity to learn what "degrees" (of wisdom) were conferred upon me by my flying visit. If I had been "born to fortune" in vicinity, my stay might have been longer and my attainments greater. Going on through lovely rural scenery, it was not long ere I reached one of the main points of my long journey, this world's greatest metropolis, "Old London town of great renown," and without much ado domesticated myself at "the only Spiritualist hotel in London," the Florence House, with the family of Bro. J. J. Morse, whose fame as an orator and profound spiritual philosopher is as wide as the circulation of spiritual literature.

Let me privately whisper to their hundreds of American friends who have seen them among themselves, that Mrs. M. has proved a most kind and genial hostess, and their daughter, Florence, (for whom this private hotel is named), by her affable and obliging ways, has contributed much toward making their house a home of rest and happiness.

For three weeks I have been on the constant go, through this seemingly interminable whirl of brick and stone, to see the concentrated wonders of all this world and some of the next, which this magnificent city enshrouns. To excuse the meager description I must give, I must say I am so completely dazzled by the multitude and magnitude of marvels seen, that language utterly fails me to delineate them!

At best I can make only merest mention of a few. Its renowned House of Parliament, with lofty towers wonderfully wrought in architectural beauty, is truly magnificent and great, with emphasis on both words. Our American State Houses are "not in it," in any comparison, though in dimensions the largest could be so placed with ample room for polemical oratorics outside. St. Paul's Cathedral, another

KIDNEY TROUBLES OF WOMEN

Miss Frederich's Letters Show How She Relied on Mrs. Pinkham and Was Cured.

"DEAR Mrs. PINKHAM:—I have a yellow, muddy complexion, feel tired and have bearing down pains. Menstrues have not appeared for three months; sometimes am troubled with a white discharge. Also have kidney and bladder trouble.

I have been this way for a long time, and feel so miserable I thought I would write to you and see if you could do me any good."—MISS EDNA FREDERICH, Troy, Ohio, Aug. 6, 1899.

"DEAR Mrs. PINKHAM:—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound according to directions, and can say I have not felt so well for years as I do at present. Before taking your medicine a more miserable person you never saw. I could not eat or sleep, and did not care to talk with any one. Now I feel so well I cannot be grateful enough to you for what you have done for me."—MISS EDNA FREDERICH, Troy, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1899.

Backache Cured

"DEAR Mrs. PINKHAM:—I write to thank you for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. It is the only medicine I have found that helped me. I doctored with one of the best physicians in the city of New York, but received no benefit. I had been ailing for about sixteen years, was so weak and nervous that I could hardly walk; had continued pain in my back and was troubled with leucorrhoea. Menstrues were irregular and painful. Words cannot express the benefit I have derived from the use of your medicine. I heartily recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. MARY BARSHINGER, Windsor, Pa.

marvel of architecture, inspired me more to worship the sublime genius of its builders than the anthropomorphic God it was ostensibly built for, and whom it seems capacious and grand enough to hold, when near enough to listen to the stereotyped prayers daily offered to him as "suggestions."

Westminster Abbey, another "house of God" (?) though dingy outside and in with the smoke of centuries, is a splendid specimen of old time architecture, but, being full of "dead men's bones" and sepulchres, it seemed to me more like a stupendous mausoleum than what a "house of God" ought to be. The hallowed remains of many illustrious great men there repose, but I question the success of "seeking the living (God) among the dead," especially after being authoritatively informed that "God dwells not in temples made of wood and stone!" A much more sacred place to me is the great British Museum, and its splendid annex the Natural History Museum, where Nature's wonderful productions from all her kingdoms, and man's marvelous skill in all stages of his evolution are seen in great profusion. I spent busy and happy hours studying their "sacred relics," wishing I had the necessary years to translate into personal knowledge the marvelous facts there aggregated.

I have neither time nor space to more than mention a few of the wonderful and magnificent objects of Nature's and of man's production to be seen in London, which is indeed an omnium gatherum of nearly all the most valuable and curious productions of this great world of ours. London Tower, with its relics of the feudal age, and of knight-errantry, and of "man's inhumanity to man," made me feel glad that I did not live in the barbarous age which reared its dungeon walls. The National Gallery and National Portrait Gallery afforded my wondering eyes "a continual feast" of quaint costumes, delicate tints, and the faces and forms of historic men and women.

A steamer ride on the Thames gave me a fine view of the many splendid bridges which span it, and of the city on both banks, in seeming interminable extension. An omnibus ride through the great tunnel beneath its murky waters, a mile and one fourth in length, showed me a splendid prototype of our boasted subway. Which is the greatest "bore" is hard to say without offending English pride or Yankee conceit. The Zoological Garden, with its great collection of plants and animals, afforded me many objects of interest, and the fun of a ride upon an elephant, in which high position I fully realized the truth of the aphorism: "The man dignifies his position, not the position the man." Outside the city I have visited Kew Botanical Gardens, embracing more loveliness than ancient Eden, and also Hampton Court, with its antique castle and magnificent old English Park. Also the adjoining Bushy Park, with its stately old oaks and full-blossomed chestnuts, beneath which was feeding a beautiful herd of deer, so tame that they ate sweetmeats from my hand. I almost wished myself one of them to live in such Paradiseal environments.

A visit to the famous Crystal Palace and its brilliantly illuminated grounds, where I saw the grandest pyrotechnics I ever witnessed, gave me a day's unalloyed pleasure and profit. A short journey to Windsor Castle brought out artistic pile of stone under my inspection, and afforded me the sweetest opportunity to see Queen Victoria at rest, as she was leaning her castle for a customary ride in the surrounding country. An American lady, among the eager throng on the sidewalks, caught the eyes of her Majesty, by waving the Stars and Stripes with the British colors, as a salute. Which felt the proudest over the incident, I cannot say till the Queen gives me her confidential opinion.

Since then I have seen the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the "Royal Family," as they were leaving the Marlborough House for the Derby races.

I have seen London in gay attire on three holidays: One for the relief of Mafeking, when the joy went wild, one, the Queen's birthday, the other "The Bank Holiday of Whit Monday." I was surprised to see the Stars and Stripes in almost every street, mingled with the national colors, and on several floats among the throngs of people, as the whole town sat a tele with John Bull. It was a significant spectacle! It may take great occasions to arouse the phlegmatic English people, but when awakened they are not slower than their American descendants, but even exceed them in patriotic enthusiasm. Everything here is on a large scale, and London does nothing by halves. But I must leave its material wonders, and say a few words on my spiritual experiences which for various reasons have not been extensive.

From limited observation, and principally information from Bros. Wallis and Morse, who are its chief rostrum exponents, I judge our cause to be in quite as flourishing a condition as in America. Here there is less of the spectacular and sensational platform phenomena (?) and fewer mountebanks "deceiving the very elect," and there seems to be more of a religious tone in public meetings.

Lights, guided by its earnest and capable veteran Editor, Mr. Dawson Rogers, assisted by the versatile talent of Bro. E. W. Wallis, whom American Spiritualists respect and honor, and dignified and fervent movement. Two World's congresses broadcast its large assortment of facts and truths, and does very efficient work. Bro. Morse's new fledge magazine is filling a needed place of influence and power by summarizing the facts, and systematizing the philosophy and ethics, as he is so eminently qualified to do. Sister Wallis, and other able teachers whom I have not had the privilege and pleasure to meet, I learn are all doing efficient service. I have been introduced



LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL & GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE.

Butlers in best families and all first class cooks can tell you that soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads and many other dishes are given an appetizing relish if flavored with Lea & Perrins' sauce.

Beware of imitations.

SIGNATURE ON EVERY BOTTLE. *Lea & Perrins* John Duncanson & Sons, Agents, New York.

at two of Bro. Morse's lectures and received a most cordial greeting. Our English brethren are certainly as warm in heart as they are clear in head. I like them! The most wonderful and in some respects most interesting experience I have had was at "Lillian Villa," the rural home of Brother and Sister T. Everitt. Through the kindness of Bro. Wallis I received an invitation to spend an afternoon with them, and was graciously received and royally entertained. They are both past the allotted "three-score and ten" but are hale and vigorous still. Bro. E. kindly showed me a score of sheets of writing so fine as to require good eyes to read it, which in years ago were written in a few seconds in the air, and handed down "from above" by spirit power mail feet through the wonderful mediumship of Mrs. Everitt, who has long been one of the most noted mediums of Europe.

Interesting as was his relation of their experiences with many of the scientists and nobility who have visited their unpretentious home to hear from a Higher World, I was more greatly edified by the loud raps of many tones and degrees of intensity, and by the oscillations of the heavy extension table while we sat enjoying a sumptuous repast of more material things. Then, and at a sitting later on, many of my old co-workers announced their presence by "the raps," among whom was Epea Sargent, Judge Edmonds, Dr. and Emma Hardinge Britten, Theodore Parker and other spirits "familiar" to the family. While I was controlled to speak "in an unknown tongue," the table seemed alive with spirit-power, and responded by vigorous movements.

Altogether it was one of the most satisfactory séances for physical evidence I have ever witnessed. I hope to visit their "Eden of rest and joy" on my return from Paris, to which I go to-morrow, June 6. If I survive the Bedlam of noises and the Babel of "confused tongues" I expect to find in that city, and if I have sense enough left after talking "Chocotaw" to those whom I shall as little understand, I will try to give the account of experiences to the dear old BANNER, whose familiar and cheery face has twice brightened the shadows of mine.

I send fraternal greetings to my thousands of American friends, some of whom in dear old New England I hope soon to see, for I am "booked" to return the fifth of July on steamer *New England*.

A Letter from Denver, Col.

To the Banner of Light and its Many Readers: A new camp was started last summer, and is to be continued this summer, opening the first Sunday in July.

Sunday, June 3, I went with a party of friends to Boulder Canyon. The ride in wagons from Denver to Marshall was through a fine country. The road up the canon was somewhat rough, but the scenery more than compensated, and when we arrived at the camp-ground it was and is grand! The mountains towering straight up for hundreds of feet, a mountain stream forty to fifty feet wide rushing down between the mountains; now and then a part of the stream is turned from its course into ditches, which go to make the lowlands—the beautiful fields we see coming to the camp.

There is a large plateau with trees and grass, where in a week or ten days a large pavilion is to be built, with rooms above. There are plenty of nice places to put up tents. A bridge is to be built across from the pavilion, where there is a natural terrace and sloping lawn; beautiful green grass covers it for half a mile, to the high rocks. On this lawn a hotel is to be built, and quite near is a fine magnesia spring, which will help to make the hotel and camp a health resort. If one wants health, and grand old nature, and good company, they must go to Boulder Camp Meeting.

Mr. George Taylor and his good wife are two of the leading spirits of this new camp, which is destined to be a great factor in the spread of the truth of Spiritualism. Already one tent is pitched on the camp ground, and is occupied by a gentleman who is having an outing from city life by superintending one of the large waterways that leads off from the rushing river which flows through the canon. He has his beautiful horse for a companion, and will make his home there for the summer. He helped to make our visit to the canon very pleasant, and assisted the ladies of our party to get ready a bountiful lunch, which was soon missing, for we all had our appetites with us. Mr. William Rodd was the young man's name; a lawyer, but for the time rusticating amid the grandest scenery on earth.

After lunch, songs were sung, and at 3 P. M. we embarked in the wagons for Marshall. There we bade good by to some of our party and took train for Denver, where we arrived in good time well pleased with our trip to the mountains, and the new camp-ground. We advised all who want a pleasant outing in the mountains to go to South Boulder Camp; they will not be disappointed. Fraternally yours, MRS. HARRIET V. CHAPIN.

Denver Col., 853 South 15th St.

Mt. Pleasant Camp, Clinton, Iowa,

From July 29th to August 26th. The admission to grounds will be the same as heretofore, and all who can are requested to purchase a weekly or season ticket upon arrival at the grounds so as to lessen the work of the collector. Single admission, ten cents; weekly ticket, fifty cents; season ticket, two dollars.

PROGRAM.

July 29, Flag raising; opening address, Pres. W. F. Peck; lecture, Willard J. Hull; test séance, Dr. J. M. Temple, July 31, W. J. Hull, Aug. 1, W. J. Hull, Dr. J. M. Temple, Aug. 2, W. J. Hull, Aug. 3, Julia Steelman Mitchell, Aug. 4 and 5, Rev. B. F. Austin, Julia S. Mitchell, Aug. 6, L. I. Uday, Aug. 7-8, Rev. B. F. Austin, Julia Steelman Mitchell, Aug. 9 and 10, Julia S. Mitchell, Aug. 11, Dr. J. M. Temple, Aug. 12, Marian Carpenter, Prof. W. F. Peck, Aug. 14-15, Marian Carpenter, Aug. 18, Edgar W. Emerson, Aug. 19, Prof. W. F. Peck, Carrie E. S. Tving, Edgar W. Emerson, Aug. 21, Carrie E. S. Tving, Aug. 22, W. F. Peck, Edgar W. Emerson, Carrie E. S. Tving, Aug. 23-24, Carrie E. S. Tving, Aug. 25, Edgar W. Emerson, Aug. 26, Prof. W. F. Peck, Carrie E. S. Tving, Edgar W. Emerson.

MUSIC.

The high order of vocal music presented last season will be continued as Prof. Paul Zumbach and his talented Quartet have been re-engaged. The instrumental music will be furnished by Prof. Adolph Wiess with an orchestra of twenty pieces. There will be open air concerts on Sundays by the full band.

THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM

Will be organized on Tuesday, July 31, at 9 A. M. Recognizing the value of the Lyceum to the minds of the young as well as the old, we hope to have some most excellent Lyceum workers with us, who with the assistance of other willing helpers will make this part of our meeting a grand success.

MEMORANDA.

"Mt. Pleasant Camp" will be open to campers from June 15 to Sept. 15. For all information regarding the renting of tents address, "John Nelson, Supt. Mt. Pleasant Camp, Clinton, Iowa." If those owning

tents will kindly write to Mr. Nelson he will be pleased to have their tents put up and all ready for them when they arrive on the grounds. All mail for campers should be addressed "Mt. Pleasant Camp, Clinton, Iowa."

Lake Sunapee Camp-Meeting

will be held at Blodgett's Landing, N. H., for four weeks, commencing Sunday, July 29, and closing Sunday, Aug. 26.

PROGRAM.

Lecturers and mediums—July 29, 31, Aug. 1, 2, 3, 4, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding; Aug. 5, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, Mrs. E. I. Webster; Aug. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, Miss Lizzie Harlow, Mrs. E. I. Webster; Aug. 12, Miss Lizzie Harlow, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. E. I. Webster; Aug. 14, 15, 17, 18, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. E. I. Webster; Aug. 19, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. E. I. Webster; Aug. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. S. G. Cunningham. Test mediums will be on the grounds during the entire camp meeting.

MUSIC

will be under the charge of Mrs. Elsie R. Parkes of Brattleboro, Vt., and Mr. D. Emerson of Lebanon, N. H. Also Mr. M. A. Mowry of North Wilbraham, Mass. A full orchestra will furnish music for the semi-weekly dances. The postoffice is a permanent institution, located in the Forest House, on the grounds. Address all mail matter simply "Blodgett's Landing, N. H." Mrs. ANNIE L. JONES, 629 Wilder Street, Lowell, Mass.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

B. F. Austin has the following dates in August open for engagements: Aug. 13 and 14, in the vicinity of Ouset, Mass.; 16 and 17, in vicinity of N. Attle, Conn.; 22 to 24, in vicinity of Athens, Me., or en route between Niantic Camp and Athens, Me. All O'Harra Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

Mary L. French is engaged to lecture for the West Groton Association, and will lecture or give tests in the vicinity.

Moses Hull's camp engagements have been so changed that he has time to attend one more camp meeting after Aug. 25. If any want the time after that until the close of the camp season, they should address him immediately at Lily Dale, N. Y.

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1900.

The reader will find subjoined a partial list of the localities and time of sessions where the convocations are to be held.

As THE BANNER is always ready and willing to give all the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting proceedings free of cost to those interested in these pleasant gatherings, we hope the MANAGERS will bear in mind the importance of freely circulating it among the visitors as fully as possible, and that the PLATFORM SPEAKERS will not fail to call attention to it as occasion may offer—thus cooperating in efforts to increase its circulation, thereby strengthening the hands of its publishers for the arduous work which the Cause demands of all its public advocates.

Cassadaga Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, N. Y.—Opens July 18 to Aug. 26.
Ouset Bay, Mass.—July 15 to Aug. 26.
Lake Pleasant, Mass.—July 29 to Aug. 26.
Illno's State Camp Meeting, Deep Lake—July 10 to Sept. 1.
Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swamps, O.—June 3 to Sept. 30.
Island Park, Winfield, Kan.—July 7 to July 18.
New Era, Ore.—June 23 to July 16.
Island Lake, Mich.—July 15 to Aug. 30.
Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia.—July 29 to Aug. 26.
Vicksburg, Mich.—Aug. 3 to 26.
Ashley, O.—July 29 to Aug. 19.
Banksboro Lake, Mich.—Opens June 3, closes June 18.
Maple Dell, O.—June 22 to Sept. 7.
Columbus, O.—July 1 to Aug. 7.
Fonshewagie, Mich.—June 15 to July 9.
Delphos, Kan.—Aug. 10 to 26.
Lake Brady, Ohio.—July 1 to Sept. 1.
Grand Lodge, Mich.—July 29 to Aug. 26.
Briggs Park, Grand Rapids, Mich.—July 1 to Aug. 19.
Verona Park, Verona, Me.—Aug. 3 to 27.
Niantic, Conn.—June 25 to Sept. 8.
Liberty Spiritual Camp, of Liberty Park, Port Jefferson, Long Island, N. Y.—July 1 to Sept. 2.
Cape Cod Camp-Meeting—July 15 to 29.

AN HOUR WITH THE ANGELS;

Or, a Dream of the Spirit-Life.

BY ALDEN BRIGHAM.

This charming brochure, as its title indicates, narrates a vision of scenes in the spirit-life, witnessed by the author in a dream, and is well worth every one's perusal.

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PER-SON-AL-I-TY.

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GRAPHIC delineation of characteristics, etc., for 60 cts. G. Send at least one line of writing and a line of figures with your signature. Address "READER," care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. If Sept. 8.

ADDENDUM to a Review in 1887 of the Say

Advert Commissioners' Report, or, What I Saw at Cassadaga Lake, 1888. By A. B. RICHMOND. 50 cts. This book abounds with cutting sarcasms and witty sentences, called forth by the gross inconsistencies of the opponents of truth and the unfortunate predicaments in which the Seer-Commissioners of their own free will, for the sake of catering to a popular prejudice, have placed themselves by their famous "Preliminary Report."