



VOL. 87.

{Banner of Light Publishing Co.,  
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1900.

{ \$2.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free. }

NO. 18.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
MIDNIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

Night opened the gates of her starry sea  
Where a billowy spray blew over me,  
And mountain camps held golden lamps—  
A tender glory had the hawthorn tree.

Pale curtains of light from the midnight moon  
Fell over the branches laid in a swoon;  
Over all who slept and those who wept  
For the lover lost in the heart of June.

A mother-bird singing her soothing song  
To the weary fleeing environs of wrong,  
And I rose in my bed on such manna fed,  
Hope sprang alert for the weak and strong.

Red deer passed on by the sleeping pine,  
Wild antelope grazed by the peaceful kine,  
And diviner light than the law of might  
Swayed the human clan whose kin was mine.

While the troll-wife trilled her trouble calls  
No Banishes troubled the waterfalls,  
But the spirit of good was over the wood  
From the hand unseen upholding the walls.

While the oriole sang by the tinkling stream,  
Sweet summer paused, her soul in a dream;  
And the wind's low prayer stirred the moon-lit air,  
'Till the pool's glad shrine had a morning gleam.

Health climbed the heights, and her step was balm,  
Her brown feet bathed in the midnight calm;  
While the moon's pale bars touched the peaks and  
scars

With the "lost chord" left from Creation's psalm.

## Some Experiences of Ego.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

When we pictured Ego posing as "God Junior" in several manifestations at the same time, it really seemed as if we had justified our claim that "The Size of Man" is far greater than the customary measurements. It is pleasant to think of a giant Ego as our other self. But really, and as a matter of fact, Ego, like his ancestral First Cause, knows nothing and cares nothing for size. He is as much Ego in the speck moneron, which scientists call the beginning of Homo, as he ever can be if playing the part of an archangel; and in both alike he will display powers worthy of his sonship to the Infinite. The proof that Ego possesses this inherent divinity under the humblest conditions and circumstances is the object of the present article.

We are told that "Thoughts are Things." We have seen that they wield creative power; but there are two very distinct classes of thought. One works through reason—comparing, judging and selecting. Wisdom is the perfected product of this faculty, which, so far as we know, finds its organ and outlet in what is called the brain. Ego having stored experiences in the cells of which his brain is composed, proceeds to utilize them as memories. He arranges, classifies, and at last comes to a decision that determines his action. This is reason, and, so far as we know, cannot be exercised until Ego has become possessed of a brain. It is "thought power" as manifested through a material organ.

The other class of thought works in its own channel with even greater precision, and has, apparently, neither use nor need of a brain. We find its clearest illustration in cell life, where living Egos have minds which enable them to do the right thing at the right time, in the right way, although they have no brain, and, therefore, no capacity for reason. What is called instinct, or intuition, is exhibited by these monera in a perfection unknown to reason. This is no mark of inferiority, for, most clearly, the Infinite All in All, being omniscient, omnipotent and all-wise, can have neither need nor use for a brain. So we discover two very distinct classes of thought as possessed by Ego, which fact compels us to once more turn back to him and make a further study of his powers and limitations. It does not follow that he has two minds, one for inside work and the other for every day use outside, since we may discover that he has but one mind, which works according to the conditions in which it finds itself. Sometimes we may discern Ego's mind, when working amid what we call "crude matter," posing as reason, with a brain organ for its own private and particular use. And again, under other conditions, Ego's mind may exhibit a comprehensive brilliancy that knows without either study or reflection.

We have depicted "God Junior" as a flash from the Infinite Intelligence, and therefore personified. But we have not attempted to sketch him for an illustrated magazine. Nature knows nothing and cares nothing for feet, inches and pounds. A mighty civilization might be exhibited on a microscopic slide, with God Junior as its crowned head. And we all know that *Genus Homo* would not be large enough to be even microscopic to an instrument that measured Cosmos. Man mortal is large only in his own estimation, and by comparison with something larger than himself. So God Junior can be but a microscopic speck of the Infinite All in All, and may pose as an Ego with just as much glory in the monad as in the man. I have pointed out that he has a certain vibratory expression, with both fullness and limitation, but whether the "birth flash" puts him in full possession is quite another matter. And, as mortals, we like to group our facts when we explore, although it is equally true we often distort and abuse them when captured. It is much safer and easier to study a laboratory spark than to harness a full-grown flash of lightning.

We recognize Ego as a personification of matter, energy and intelligence. We can conceive of no atom unblended, but discover every atom

to be alive, and manifesting its life as conditions permit. Molecules, whether of gas, crystal or primeval slime, attract and repel, thus exhibiting love, hate, and a power of selection and choice. Ego is there, and posing as a child of the Infinite, but as a child not yet old enough to take full possession of his inheritance, although having by birthright all he can express of the family power. He is God Junior, born into a family where no child is ever spoiled by having too much of his own way. Having thus determined that Ego can know no great and no small, and perceiving that his bigness is necessarily beyond our mental grasp, we will try to comprehend something of his littleness by studying it with a borrowed microscope. That of the learned Haeckel is all ready for our use, and offering its story of Ego in cell life. That is as small a study as we can compass to-day. Our grandchildren will do better, and go much further back into Ego history.

We perceive just a speck of First Cause, but soon recognize it as a wee Second Cause which knows just what it is about every time. It hasn't any feet or limbs, but when it wants to travel it manufactures them, (pseudopodia). They are new every time, so never get worn out. The child is born hungry. It knows just what it wants, and it won't have anything else. It isn't bothered with a stomach. But when it finds something to eat it becomes all stomach, selecting and rejecting as carefully as its descendant the Lord Mayor of London. If there is any danger it shows you that its instinct of self-preservation is already fully developed. Just as soon as it is old enough and large enough it thinks of posterity, and breaking a piece off from its own form it becomes father and mother of a ready-made child. Having already mastered the law of heredity that child becomes a chip of the old block. So our little monad has a mind of its own, with an excellent memory, for Professor Elmer Gates has proved that when it discovers a good feeding place it finds its way back to the same spot. It has not a single organ; not even the vestige of one, but it thinks and acts on exactly the same principle as a scientist hunting for his dinner. It won't do to call its faculty "reason" for that is an attribute of the "brain," of which it has not even a trace. It is Ego, making himself as much at home as circumstances will permit, and doing it just as well as if his name were Haeckel or Darwin. And as a remarkable fact, our monad can start off in life with as calm an assurance of living as long as he has a mind to as if he had studied "mental science" under Helen Wilman herself. But after a time, perhaps, a few millions of years, he exhibits a creative power that is a "lost art" to his descendants of to-day. He makes a little combination with his fellows, and forms a sort of Amcoba Trust Company, whereby a new species makes its appearance. Our scientists would give their ears and whiskers to know just how it is done, but, alas, Ego is silent.

I have no intention of writing a treatise upon "lost arts," or of posing as an expert in natural history. I am simply keeping an eye on Ego, with filial reverence and unbounded respect. And instead of roaming all over creation, I keep as near as I can to the path along which the monad we call "human" has traveled. I do not have to go back a few million years and carefully search the records, for every child brings the history with him, and the scientist with a microscope has the story all ready for me. It is true it may not have occurred to him that he has been writing the biography of Ego, but he has done it all the same, and has done it well.

I believe the first glimpse of the veritable human Ego of to-day is called "monerula," but Ego is not at all particular as to names. He is now a speck, who has started in with the clear determination to become in due time a man, and perhaps a scientist, so he proceeds to gather a large crop of experiences. The one thing that troubles him is that he has no where to put them. He is as destitute of pockets as the average woman. It has become necessary for him to specialize. I believe it takes forty-two men to make a pair of fashionable shoes, and quite likely it may take forty-two millions of Egos to manufacture the unfashionable brain of to-day. But it is done. I suppose a very few Egos first started the idea, and put it into practice, whereupon the lazzaret remarked, with a tinge of justifiable pride, that he was the first vertebrate. Judging from what Elmer Gates tells us, the object of the brain was to furnish Ego with those very necessary pockets in which to keep his experiences. The more experiences, the more pockets were needed. But Speck Ego had from the beginning exhibited a divine possession of all the powers he needed; and we have seen that when he deemed it necessary he was quite able to set his offspring up in housekeeping, with a fair chance of making a living. And all this time he had himself been living and working in and upon the raw material inherited from his father First Cause. And one by one, he had thought created for himself various organs, the realized necessity always producing the active thought, which at once took the contract and completed its task.

Trades Unions were not invented in those days, so Ego had all the time he wanted, and never struck for an eight hours' day. At every point he learned his lesson, if it took a million years, and he never forgot it. Whenever a Trust Company of Egos started a new species, the same old bookkeeping system was followed. There was always a repetition of the old, with one more creation to top it off. That brings us back to the "monerula," composed of Egos knowing all the past but with a new idea in their heads. They must have got heads and toes and every other organ pretty

well developed before "monerula" started Man Ego. And as we look back to this particular incident, it almost seems as if a smile or two from First Cause had stimulated their ambition and expanded their creative designs until they looked upward and exclaimed "Our Father!"

Every human child has a "monerula" as a way station on a journey that reaches from First Cause outward and back again. And every point scored by Ego's creative ability is recorded in Homo's mental organism.

This brief glance at the material side of life has been both interesting and instructive, but the student reader can find it recorded in a thousand text-books of the dying century. We must now turn back and read between the lines if we would listen to the inner voice of Nature.

These are very remarkable powers that Ego has been exhibiting all along his history before he gets a brain. He just knows what to do, and does it. That is what we call "god-like." He never reasons about anything, because he has not any brain until he has evolved one out of his own matter, intelligence and energy. He did not have anything else out of which to make it. And at this point we mark what seems to be the apparent object of his entire history. First Cause is his Creative Ancestor. His appearance as a speck is no disgrace to his royal birth, for First Cause, being Infinite, is just as close to him when he is only a child speck as he could be to the mightiest archangel of poetic fantasy. The trouble is that Ego cannot inherit from First Cause anything of the nature of reason, which implies experience and judgment. The First Cause, if he is the All in All "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," knows everything that has been and will be, consequently he never reasons, never exercises judgment, because such an act would be an expression of limitation.

In a word—and we say it with all reverence—First Cause hasn't any brain and does not need any. But Second Cause, after getting along for untold eons without any brain, discovered that the conditions of his earth life were changing, and he must change, too. At first his instinct had been all sufficient. Now he needed something more. He must exercise judgment or make serious mistakes. His very first attempt to reason, that is to determine the better of two possible acts, would, if Elmer Gates is right, evolve a cell of the coming brain, and thus shape his future. The point for us to mark here is that Ego sacrifices nothing. He continues to exercise every power and faculty which we have seen inhere to monad life, and now adds thereto a process of calm, cool, deliberate judgment which we call "reason," and which uses the brain as its organ. And in earth-life the brain is undoubtedly a step upward to a higher selfhood. But Ego was Ego without a brain, and, so far as we can see, will remain Ego should brain prove unnecessary to him in another life.

Ego as Moneron had all the affections and emotions; he had a mind of his own, with sufficient will-power, and was able to endow his child with the entire catalogue of potencies. These potencies included Creative Power, so when the time came, and conditions demanded, the amoeba, the polyp, and race after race of the industrious little beings, without brains, who dug and builded upon the geological foundations of our planet, evolved one by one into existence. And when the same Creative Power induced brain, it was only another cell added to the old life. The entire history is both recorded and repeated, as the growing child lies hatching in the nest womb of its mother.

But reason was from the first rigidly limited. It must not interfere with the working organs. The heart, the lungs, the liver, the kidneys and all the rest, including the brain itself, were to remain under the old control. Reason might inspect them with a microscope, cut them with a knife, or soak them in drugs; but even then it was only attempting a sort of external control, limited, dangerous, and very often fatal. We don't undervalue the efforts of reason which is using brain as a tallow candle with which to hunt for causes. At every discovery reason is glorified. "It puts in its thumb. It pulls out a plum, and says what a good boy am I." But the student reader will notice that Science, which is crowned Reason, has done nothing, and can do nothing for Ego within the realm of the qualities which he inherited from First Cause. They are perforce left untouched, and Science has recently labeled them "subconscious mind." Science works upon and within Ego's self-created reason, which, like everything created, is several sizes smaller than its creator. Science is itself also a creator, but of yet smaller size. It can make rock, but it uses up another rock in the process. It can manufacture a gas, but it robs the atmosphere. It combines and blends and transforms, and in its own sphere is a wonderful fellow and a useful workman for Ego, but the godly faculties which know by divine inheritance, are outside its capacity. So it happens in the dying struggles of the nineteenth century, we behold *Genus Homo* harking back to the days of his childhood. He is trying to get along without reason, and calls his effort "New Thought."

It really is wonderful to see Subconsciousness doing so many things that Reason has claimed as belonging to his department, but all the same he is making a mess of it. Homo forgets that reason was evolved as a needed improvement to subconsciousness, and that a return to first principles is simply saying that reason was all a mistake, and Homo is better off without it. Homo can't go prowling round in the dark closet of Nature's past without

smashing lots of valuable crockery which has become the pride of the family. In old time if Ego wanted a child he cut himself in two. Subconsciousness has lost that art. He could in those days of yore turn himself inside out. Reason can only cut him up, take out his appendix, and sew it together again. Ego could once make fingers and toes as he needed them. That is another lost art. But Subconsciousness can still make things "hum" when he sets to work scrubbing and dusting among the organs which Ego created one by one, as he needed them. But the very moment he gets outside he discovers that Ego knew what he was about when he invented reason, for Subconsciousness, under the new conditions, becomes the right man in the wrong place. Ego of to-day is a compound of what he inherited from First Cause, and of what he has created for himself. One is just as important as the other. He who writes that "reason is all in all," marks his ignorance and goes round with ink on his brain. But he—and particularly "she" row-a-days—who declares that "mind is all in all" is invoking Ego to destroy his own creations, and go on working with one hand tied behind him. And thereon hangs a tale.

We have now gathered in our exploration three clear and distinct thoughts as the foundation for a true philosophy of manhood. In our "Size of Man," we discovered that Ego, as son of the Infinite, has necessarily powers of expression within his utmost limits, and can have no vibratory gap unresponsive to his manhood. And since his earth limitation actually exists, he must have different personalities manifesting his powers all at the same time, because each is using but portions of the vast scale subject to his sense manifestation. In "God Junior" we discovered that as the child of the Infinite Ego inherited creative power, and is wielding it in many directions, including even the creation of a manhood inferior to his own. And in the present article we discover that by virtue of this creative power he has moulded for himself a brain, and evolved reason, both necessarily unknown to Creative First Cause.

The student reader and I will continue our explorations, but meantime have we not the right to expect that our inspired teachers and writers shall aid in this earnest search for truth. For over half a century our platform has been serving the same hash of Rochester raps, with nothing new but the dish, till the public has so far lost its interest that it can hardly be persuaded to buy a home for the exhausted medium, or a headquarters for the N. S. A.

It is true that coming reforms are sparkling in the sky like fireflies on a summer's night, but each has its own platform and willing workers. The Spiritualist platform is for the demonstration that there is more to man than the pounds and ounces of earth life. The question is, "how much more?" That is the question the student reader and I are trying to answer; and inspired orators will once again find eager audiences if they will not merely proclaim "spirit return," but will tell the world just what it means and how it is done.

San Leandro, Cal.

## Has Rip Van Winkle Awakened?

BY MOSES HULL.

A good friend sends me a copy of the *Boston Ideas*, which contains an attack on "Free Thought and Spiritualism," by one T. Darley Allen. I do not know who this man is, but he appears to be in some way connected with the seventeenth century divines who gave us the Westminster Confession of Faith. He certainly has not reached the nineteenth century thought. This man begins by saying:

"It has been well said that men and women who are too skeptical to accept the Bible as God's Word often exhibit great credulity in various particulars. The truth of the Bible is demonstrated in many ways."

Many things have been "well said," which are not true; but be that as it may, the Bible is not, nor does it claim to be, "God's Word." It is not in one place on all its pages called the word of God. These assumptions have been so common in the past that most people think there is something to them—that the Bible does somehow sustain them.

The terms "word of God," "word of the Lord," "His word," "my word," and other like phrases occur two hundred forty-two times in the Bible. That is certainly often enough to give it at least one opportunity to call itself the word of God, and yet it does not call itself so.

I Sam. iii. 1, says: "And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. And the word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision."

This was when Samuel, a little boy at that time, was awakened by a voice. This voice was the word of the Lord, but Samuel did not know it. Verse 21 of the same chapter says: "And the Lord appeared again in Shiloh: for the Lord revealed himself in Shiloh by the word of the Lord."

Here the Lord appearing and the Lord revealing himself by the word, is all the same. It is a mediumistic manifestation—nothing else. Now if the reader will examine the other nearly three hundred places where similar expressions occur, he will find that they always refer to mediumship.

I will only refer to one more text; this time I will quote from the New Testament. Heb. iv. 12, says:

"For the word of the Lord is quick (living, Greek), and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of joints and

marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Mediumship does the work here mentioned; Bibles do not. Mediumship is quick; *zoe* is the Greek word, *living* is the correct translation. Mediumship does all that is here expressed, even discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart.

This writer thinks that all who deny that the Bible is the word of God are credulous in many particulars; perhaps this may be true. Many of them are so credulous that they believe their own eyes when they see their own spirit-friends. Some of them believe their own ears when they hear their voices, especially when these voices tell them things only known to those who owned those voices and those who heard them. Sometimes when spirits give tests they are so credulous as to recognize them.

"Once upon a time," a worthy opponent said to me that if his own father were to appear to him, even if he could recognize his every feature, if said father were to speak to him in his own natural and unmistakable voice, so that he could not help but recognize every intonation; if, indeed everything about the phenomena were perfect, he would not believe his senses, but would know that it was the devil; and he would say to it, "get thee behind me Satan."

I said to him then, "Am I to understand that no test could convince you of the presence of your spirit-father—that you would not believe your own senses?" He replied that he surely would not take the evidence of his senses.

I said, "Do you believe that Jesus rose from the dead?" He answered that he most certainly did. The evidence was undeniable; he was seen by all the apostles—that he talked with them forty days of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. I could only reply, "You are one of the men who see more through other people's eyes—eyes long dead, than you do through your own. There are many such people in the world. You will know them by their talk about the 'great credulity to unbelievers.'"

This writer next asks us to compare the history of the Hebrew nation with Biblical predictions concerning that people.

Nothing would please me better. Right here I defy anybody in the world to show me one prediction concerning the distant future of that people which met a fulfillment.

Deuteronomy, twenty-eighth chapter, is always referred to as containing the one great series of predictions, which were exactly fulfilled in that people; but it is well known that those predictions which have been fulfilled were fulfilled before they were written. Verse sixty-four says:

"And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from one end of the earth even unto the other; and there thou shalt serve other Gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even gods of wood and stone."

This prediction never met a fulfillment. No amount of persecution has ever been able to force the Jews into the worshiping of Gods of wood and stone. Even Dr. Adam Clark admitted that. Indeed, the persecutions of the Jews have always been because they would not worship the gods of the nations where they have been scattered. Yahweh was their God, and no inducement could entice them to worship any other.

Other prophecies concerning the Hebrew nation failed of accomplishment. It was predicted that they should be gathered—should return from all nations and all countries. (See Jer. xlii. 8.) These predictions failed; these people are now so scattered that it is not known who they are; only one tribe of them know who they are. This prophecy is repeated in many places in the Bible. (See Jer. xxx. 2, 10, 18.)

Isaiah xiv. 2, not only prophecies of the return of Israel from captivity; but it adds: "And they shall take them captives whose captives they were; and they shall rule over their oppressors." This is only a "drop in the bucket" of unfulfilled predictions. It is safe to say that not one biblical prophecy which related to as much as a score of years in the future ever met an exact fulfillment.

This writer next says: "The evidence of the reality of the Gospel miracles is so strong as to force eminent infidels to admit that no events in ancient history are better attested than the alleged supernatural acts of Christ and his apostles. It is true that the Bible may not be entirely free from slight errors."

The people whom this writer calls "infidels" may have admitted many things. Like the Christians, very few of them knew much about the Bible. Few if any of the so-called miracles ever occurred; those that did occur are explainable without admitting the hypothesis of miracle.

Take the case of Jesus opening the eyes of the blind man, or blind men, as the case may be. It will be found in Matt. ix., 27-30, Mark viii., 22-25, and Luke xlviii., 35-43. Matthew and Mark happen to agree that the healing took place as they were departing from the city. Luke says it occurred as he "was coming to the city of Jericho." On the other hand, Mark and Luke agree that there was only one man who had his eyes opened, Matthew says there were two. John tells of a blind man having his eyes opened, but his story differs from all the others on every point. See John ix., whole chapter.

John, who was an intimate personal friend of Jesus, records very few of the miracles recorded by the other Evangelists. They, however, get even with him by leaving out of their records the wonderful miracles which he relates.

John alone tells of the miracle at the pool of Bethesda. It is indeed strange that there

could be such a popular health resort in such close proximity to Jerusalem—that it could continue so long that one man could live there for thirty-eight years—that an angel could come down and trouble the waters at least as often as once a year during all that time, and nobody ever hear of it but John. I shall never cease to find fault with other writers, including those of the Bible, for holding the facts of this case from their readers; they were surely reprehensible. Some one of that "great multitude of sick folk," one of which, at least, was cured every year by the angel who troubled the waters, should have written the facts; but they all remained as silent as Hades about the matter.

The resurrection of Lazarus was a wonderful miracle—really the greatest in the Bible—yet no other Evangelist thought the story worth recording. Why did not Lazarus tell the world something about it? What a revelation it would have been for the world if he had told it how it seems to be dead and rotten. John xi. 39.

I might, if I had time and space, take up all the New Testament miracles and show that each one of them rests under great suspicion of not being true.

These miracles were not recorded by persons on the spot. Neither Mark nor Luke ever saw Jesus; they both got what they knew from hearing Paul preach; and Paul never saw Jesus except as a departed spirit. Even if these gentlemen had seen Jesus, neither of their gospels was written until after their death. It was not the gospel as written by Matthew, nor as written by Mark nor Luke, but "the gospel according to" these men; that is, the gospel as remembered or imagined by those who heard these men tell what they had learned concerning Jesus.

This gives abundant reason for the writer under review to say: "It is true that the Bible may not be free from errors."

[Concluded next week]

## A Letter from Belmont, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

My work during the past year has so filled my time that I have not been able to send letters as I mean to do. The last Sunday in May concluded our work for the present with the First Spiritual Church of Toronto, Canada. During our labors we have met with an earnest, eager class of thinking people who have grasped the lessons Spiritualism offers in a manner resulting in individual growth and progress seldom found.

At the close of the last evening service a committee stepped forward, and in a few well chosen words presented me with a set of resolutions beautifully illuminated and framed and highly eulogistic of my work and their appreciation of it; and then before I had recovered from my surprise a pair of beautiful umbrellas were handed Mrs. Ewell and myself. The occasion was a memorable one and will ever remain with us as one of the pleasantest experiences of our work.

The following evening a farewell reception was held at our home, at which time our commodious rooms were filled to overflowing. Words of appreciation, encouragement, and an urgent and unanimous call for our return in the fall were to be heard on all sides. Starlight and the Rev. Dr. Austin entertained the friends with words of wisdom, each in his own way, until the early morning hours warned us of the time to say farewell, and, with cordial expressions of love and friendship, our beloved friends and parishioners separated to their several homes.

We leave behind us a well-equipped organization comprised of responsible men and women, who, eager to grow through our truth, will do all in their power to make the church a success in all ways. Mrs. R. W. Barton of Minneapolis, a woman of strong character, and a reliable speaker and medium, will care for the spiritual needs of the people during June. Leaving Toronto the next morning we journeyed to the beautiful town of Belmont, N. Y., to assist our friend and co-worker, Rev. Mrs. Lizzie Brewer, pastor of the home society. We found on our arrival that under the direction of Mrs. Brewer's guide, "Cleota," a tent had been erected for our meetings. A few earnest Spiritualists are here, prominent among whom are Parker Lyles and Geo. Lewis, both liberal hearted men, doing all in their power to assist the home pastor.

The evening found the tent crowded, and many standing outside. The address was listened to with evident interest, and I was just preparing for test work, when a telegram was handed me, telling us that our dear friend, Dr. Sarah L. Hard, had passed away at our home, Rocky Rest Heights, and we must come immediately. The meeting was at once closed, and we left for home. There was a general call for our return, and after doing what we could for the still form, we turned our faces backward to Belmont.

Since our return we have held four enthusiastic meetings, drawing out people who have heretofore been convinced that our work was that of the devil. We also gave one meeting at Wellsville, under the direction of that well known Spiritualist, Homer Elliott, and are to return there the coming Tuesday. We are being entertained in the hospitable home of Geo. H. Lewis and family. I am to speak in Innerville next Sunday afternoon, and here in the evening, and during the week in the surrounding towns.

Mrs. Brewer is an active, energetic worker, never happy unless at work constantly, and now is arranging for a series of evangelistic meetings to be held at Wellsville, June 30, at the public park, and here at Belmont July 1 and 2, in the Schoolhouse Grove. Carrie E. S. Twing and Maggie Waite are to assist in awakening the minds of the people at that time, and I feel sure that our united labors will prove a decided success and give new life to the Cause in both places. Our gratitude runs out to the many friends who have sympathized with us in the passing of Dr. Hard.

"Starlight" joins us in warmest greetings to all our friends. G. C. BECKWITH-EWELL.

## The Gospel of Living.

This is the kind of gospel that conscious beings need know something about. To be able to do and attract just the ingredients necessary to best growth and to repel those which obstruct it, is the summit of Gospel Living.

A conscious being is an immensity anyway. The shell is absolutely needed to deepen, grow and individualize consciousness. Few entities are born complete. Indeed, it is hard to find an entity that is not subject to processes which form a higher entity. It is hard for any entity to be born from the shell before the period when the shell is no longer needed to aid in its deeper and higher formation. To go through the process of death and birth prematurely, is always detrimental to a deeper consciousness and a greater capacity for higher enjoyment. No entity born from the shell prematurely can ever reach as high a state of perfection as if it had been born at full maturity. It will always be a little behind. Felicity can never go beyond capacity. No quantity can be added to a cup that is full. The cup can be enlarged; capacities can be increased.

Teaching books as authority and learning laws, creeds and traditional doctrines, never have, nor never will, give individuals the key to their fullest possibilities. It never has, nor never will, grow men to the full self-regulating stature.

But the teaching and learning is nearing, more and more, to the gospel of living and being. The inner light dawns, and soul whisperings of the completer man and woman, are being heard and observed. Men and women, teachers and preachers everywhere, are beginning to recognize the fact, that the voice of Nature is the voice of the Supreme, and each individual ear is being tuned to catch the sound.

Link individual being and living with the real and divine, and the necessity for bars and stays will soon become obsolete. Tune the ear to hear the divine in every process, and the divine will direct to higher planes. Teach the gospel of individual living and being—The Enterprise.

JUNE.

BY GUYA F. GRANT.

Luxuriant fields that sway and billow  
In the gently moving air,  
Whose green depths created with white and yellow  
Invite the butterfly, bee and swallow  
To linger a moment there  
In the blossoming lap of June so fair.

The air is filled with the scent of clover,  
And the wind in the spirey pines,  
Blent with the song of the feathered rover  
And twinkle of brooklets that bubble over  
With a happiness divine  
'Neath the smile of the summer time.

And the rose and amber changeful twilight  
Meets the day with a good-night kiss,  
Followed by silvery nights of moonlight,  
When the heavens draw near at the hush of midnight,  
And touch the soul with a consciousness  
Of God's great love, and life's blessedness.

In these holy hours of the summer even  
We feel the presence, love and care  
Of dear companions from earth-life riven,  
Now ministering angels sphered in heaven.  
And that they can come some sweet word to bear,  
We offer a heartfelt, grateful prayer.

## Timely Comments.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

I was greatly pleased over an editorial article in THE BANNER some weeks ago which treated of the failure of the bill to abolish the death penalty in Massachusetts. The concept of relying upon the spiritual essences to effect results is a vitious one, whoever may entertain it. To me it seems to be of a piece with the antique notion of an overruling Providence to do our work. One day in 1845, I was talking with an Adventist in Brimfield. My own feelings were strongly in favor of the anti-slavery movement. My hatred of oppression, and what savors of oppression, has always been intense. The Adventist remarked that he likewise had once had hearty sympathy with the party opposing slavery, but he had now left the work to the great Liberator. These things are all of a piece—evading our own work and leaving it to others.

I have a deep veneration for the Supreme Being, and a strong confidence in the good offices of spiritual essences; but in many respects every one must be his own providence, and spirits most readily aid with their work and bestow their energies, where the individual is doing their best in their own behalf. I would be no Jesuit, to place myself as a corpse at another's disposal, but a human being employing my faculties at their best, and open all the while to intuition, prompting, and even whispers from beyond. It is my function to be God's helper, and I am here because God has need of me. When we lay aside personal activity, abdicate responsibility and relegate our work to others, whether to human beings, spiritual essences, or even to God himself, it is high time to die.

THE BANNER this week has mention of a movement in the Legislature of Massachusetts to abolish several superfluous Boards. Happy will it be for the old Bay State, and for other States to which this would be an example, if this should take place. I have often thought of the impeachment in the Declaration of Independence, that a multitude of useless offices had been created in the colonies, and swarms of officers appointed to prey upon the people and devour their substance. This is precisely what the several Legislatures have been doing. If for once a thorough censorship should be exercised, with action accordingly, there would be an army of these political parasites brought to notice, and turned out to grass. A Civil Service Commission is more needed for a reform of this character than even for the purposes contemplated at the present time.

Many years ago I proposed to a newly-elected State officer at Albany to reduce the number of his clerks to the necessary limit. He replied that he would do as his predecessor had done. When one party multiplies officers and expenses, the other does not, when succeeding to power, return to the older economy. Offices are regarded as primarily boons for favorites, and compensation for services.

Abraham Lincoln has overrun even to the exhaustion of his proverbial patience by these political demands. "It really seems," said he, "as if seven-eighths of the people were trying to get their living from the other eighth."

The medical boards are among the superfluous, the utterly useless, and most mischievous, of these political parasites. They came into existence on false pretenses, and totally uncalculated for.

I am disposed to task your patience with a historic survey of this subject. During my adolescence, the statutes of most of the States imposed the penalties of fine and imprisonment upon all who prescribed for the sick without license from a medical society of the Old School. I use the term "statute" deliberately. Law, Blackstone tells us, is a rule of action showing us to do that which is right and to shun that which is wrong. Medical legislation contemplates nothing of the sort. It is but the attempting of the strong to oppress the weak. Jesus Christ himself and the twelve Apostles would come under its ban—all but Judas Iscariot.

Fifty years ago, at the imperative demand of the people, the restrictive statutes were all repealed; Massachusetts was last to do it. Human progress, however, never is straight ahead. It is an advancing and then a retrograding—a spiral upward or a vertical downward. So the barbarisms of 1824 are now renewed. The American Medical Association, not a corporate body, was organized with the avowed purpose to secure this result. (See Beam's "Medical Conflict.") The Old School aimed to dominate the practice of medicine, and does it. The first endeavors were to exclude "irregulars" from all public service, to prevent the establishing of medical colleges except by the approval of the Association, and to procure enactments creating Boards of Medical Examiners with full powers to determine who might and who might not practice medicine.

These attempts have been crowned with success to a marked degree. It has become difficult, if not impossible, to establish a medical college, owing to the impediments which have been laid down the conditions, and both Homoeopaths and Eclectics obey.

There are brave souls that stand out, but truckling is the general rule. Many whom I know, professing to be Eclectics, are ready, when a magnate of the Old School puts them on the shoulder, to bow down and lick the dust. Virtue, in its true sense of manliness, is pretty rare.

The result of college legislation is that in future young men and young women of limited means will find it impossible to graduate in medicine. To practice without graduating exposes to fine and imprisonment, and only the favored children of the rich henceforth may obtain the title of "M. D."

Boards of Medical Examiners have been created in most of the States, and clothed with arbitrary power. First, it was attempted to constitute these solely from medical men of the dominant school, and, in several States, this has been done. In such cases the members of minor schools of practice have been rigorously treated, till sometimes, as in Alabama, the thing burst open from its own infatig.

In Kansas a ludicrous blunder was made. An enactment was wrought through twenty years ago, and found out afterward to confer the sole power to license physicians upon the State Eclectic Medical Association—the very men whom it was intended to exclude and crush. As soon as practicable a case was made up and taken to the Supreme Court, which promptly declared the act not constitutional.

Indeed, this indicates how all this pernicious stuff can be got rid of, when we have the right judges. The medical statutes are known to be in violation of the Constitution of the United States. The pretext for them is simply "police power," and statutes enacted on the basis of police power have no more binding efficacy than

that of sheer brute force. In 1844 Massachusetts sent Samuel Hoar to Charleston to institute a suit to take the right at Charleston to take negro seamen from Northern ships at Charleston, imprison them, and sell them for jail fees. Mr. Hoar was forced by threats of violence to leave the State. Afterward the matter was mentioned in Congress, and the authority for such legislation was demanded. The answer was, "the police power of the State." I had never heard the phrase before, and have always regarded it with suspicion and apprehension.

Finally, as it was up-hill business to work directly against the minor medical schools, the artifice was adopted to secure cooperation from them. The pretext was invented that the conflict was not against educated practitioners, but against uneducated persons, clairvoyants, spiritual healers, etc. Beggary, contemptible and sneaking as such a pretext is, I have heard it gravely put forth. I wondered all the while how a man could utter it and look another in the face.

Since that time most of the medical bills have had special clauses against all such practitioners. It is a fool legislation, and only "blamed fools" not entitled to common respect ever attempt to enforce it. For sensible folk the counsel of Gamaliel suffices: "Refrain from these persons and let them alone; for if this counsel and this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest, haply, ye even be found to fight against God."

Already the stamina of the members of the medical societies have deteriorated. This is the price of subservience. There would be no slavery if individuals would not be slaves. The members of the smaller organizations can see the hopeless future. As the trend is a decade or two will be sufficient to wipe them out. That is just what medical legislation means: to extinguish rival bodies and to create a medical caste from the sons of the rich, who alone can afford a medical education.

I do not, however, suppose this result inevitable. All kinds of colleges and universities are becoming exclusive and expensive, so as to set a wall between classes. A "back fire" should be set in the free States, such as Vermont, Kansas, etc., to avert the threatened evil. Let schools and colleges be established apart from these endowed and privileged institutions, cheaper in their rates and more practical in their instruction.

Our veteran friend, Dr. Thomas A. Bland, I notice, has already ventured to beard the wolf. His periodical, the *Union Medical Journal* (875 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago), promises to do brave battle for freedom and the right. He reminds me of Thomas H. Barton, who, "solitary and alone, put the ball in motion." He has already begun a society of physicians from every school, but of one mind in this matter, vital to every human being as well as to every citizen. The better, truer, braver ones must rally. This is the issue of the day, the mediocrities, for the mediocrities, by the mediocrities, to suppress genius, to stifle inspiration and to hold fast every effort for the better. Learned men have never asked legislation to protect their learning, or to prescribe how or how much others should learn.

This communication is already too long; but let me utter a God-speed to Dr. Peabody. He has been a stalwart champion, and I look for his coming treatise on "Vaccination" as certain to be effective and convincing. Our military authorities are enforcing this inoculating of soldiers with the virus of pyemia and septicemia, till these have become more fatal as a result in the Philippine Islands than the bullets of the Tagals. It is high time for a change. The gallows, the lance and the poisoned weapon of the vaccinator are a trinity of malificents.

## Spiritual Influence.

BY "A READER."

The subject of Spiritual influence is one of great importance. Has any one living been able to define it or even explain it to their own satisfaction? We are very sure that it is not of earth, but something above it. We do not comprehend it, yet we are constrained to believe. Our spiritual nature responds to those who try to influence us for our good. They are not dreams, but realities. "Some say," "It is but a chimera of the brain," but our inner sense tells us better.

I have heard voices of people whom I knew were not of this earth, but had lived here in years gone by. When we turn our thoughts toward God we are led by the spirit. Though we cannot see Him, yet we are led by his spirit's power working upon our spirit. It is a very pleasant thing to feel that our loved ones can communicate with us mortals. Some will say, "Why does not every one sense their presence?" It is because they do not listen to their calls.

I read some articles in your paper that interested me very much, as I have seen considerable of spiritual influence upon people. I do not think that it is to be trifled with by any means, for it shows us beyond a doubt that there is a life beyond, and that the purer our life is here the better we shall be in the other world.

It is a great blessing to be able to know and realize the truth of spiritual influence. I am very sure that we are surrounded by spirits, and as our condition is so will the influence be. We can make our own condition receptive to good or bad influences, therefore it behooves us to strive after good and helpful influences to guide us in the right way, and make ourselves useful to our fellow-beings. We are not made to live for ourselves alone, that is not God's teaching. We must live for others as well as ourselves.

I hope the time will come when all will understand and be led to a higher life, enabled to see things clearer. The more we listen to spiritual teaching, the more we wish to understand it. The time will come when the veil will be lifted and we shall see the glorious reality.

## Broader Views More Useful.

BY J. C. MACKDEAN.

The most immediately pressing needs of the great mass of mankind have ever been the care and sustenance of the body, hence little interest is manifested for the soul or spirit. In fact, the great wage are not really sure that there is any such thing as an individual soul, and, as for spirit influence in the affairs of life, such a thing is quite too visionary for serious consideration. But let us look into this question.

In the first place, what has led our greatest minds to apparently disregard the material requirements of life and devote themselves to the investigation of the various phenomena of nature? We might say a selfish ambition, but it is a broader view. Then what is it that leads from one idea to another, between which we cannot see any connection? One might say intellectual effort, but this does not seem to account for the phenomena.

Artists and all inventors of our civilization, all owe their success to impressions from some source (we may call it spiritual). Therefore the greatest need of all time is the grand uplifting, ennobling influence of the higher spheres, so long recognized as the Infinite Spirit, inspiring all, even the successful accumulators of material wealth, to apply their wealth to the benefit of the race.

This is the greatest evidence we have of our advance from the narrow, selfish views of the nations of antiquity, and we might say it is the most striking indication of the supremacy of our republic. What other nation has so boundlessly applied its wealth to the good of the human family? This is evidence of our advanced spiritual evolution.

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## The Strange Story of John Elvedon,

Formerly Groom and Man of All Work to Richard Hemsworth, Esq., of Little Norton.

"I was surprised to see you at the Spiritualists' meeting last evening, John," I remarked, as I filled my pipe and took a seat on the broad bench under the spreading maple tree, where John might be found every fine Sunday afternoon in summer. The maple tree stood in the centre of the garden of which the owner, John Elvedon, a hale and hearty Englishman of about sixty years of age, was justly proud. John was a man of independent means, his late master having bequeathed to him a life annuity of eighty pounds, or about four hundred dollars—which more than sufficed for his simple needs, and which he supplemented to a considerable extent by selling flowers, fruit and vegetables from his garden, and chickens and eggs from his poultry yard. He was a lonely man, who, on the death of his master, came to Canada to be near his sister, who had with her husband, emigrated while he was yet a young man, and her death had left him entirely alone in the world. But, for all that, he was an active, cheerful man, and good company at all times; and it was my frequent custom to walk out to his place on Sunday afternoons and have a smoke and a chat with him. The place itself was prettily situated and attractive, and just far enough from the city to give one a pleasant half hour's walk, and, as I have said before, John himself was very good company.

"I should have thought that that sort of thing was not in your line," I continued.

"What did you think of it?" "Well, sir," he answered (John was always respectful, and in spite of his independent means, never pretended to be other than he was, a retired man servant, and that was one reason why I enjoyed his company.) "Well, sir, I know that there's them as laughs at such like goings on. There are learned and unlearned men who laugh at it, and there are learned and unlearned men who say there's something in it. It seems to me like religion. There's the Pope of Rome and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the leading men among the Presbyterians and the Methodists and such like, all on 'em educated men, I suppose, and yet they can't agree. There's things in this world, sir, that are beyond the understanding of the wisest men; and as for them Spiritualists, I ought to be the last to say a word against them, tho' I have no doubt there are cheats and humbugs among them, just the same as there are cheats and humbugs among those who are loudest in calling themselves good Christian men and women."

John sat reflecting for a minute or two, thoughtfully lifting his pipe, and then added:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, sir, if you've a mind to hear it. I'll tell you some things that happened to me while I was with my old master, that I have never opened my lips about before to a soul; and when I've finished, if you turns round and says, 'John, I don't believe a word of it,' I'll forgive you, 'cos why? The things that happened to me were n't natural; or if they were natural—and my old master used to say they were—they were at any rate most uncommon."

I begged John to proceed, and having lighted a fresh pipe, composed myself to listen to the following strange, almost weird, story:

There was silence for a time, that deep Sabbath silence which may be found only in the country, and which is only rendered more observable by the occasional note of a bird or the buzz of an insect.

John sat thinking deeply; at length he commenced: "There can't be any harm in telling you, I think, and as I said, you can believe it or not, sir, as you please. I was just twenty-two years old when I applied for the place at 'Wickham Lodge,' Little Norton, as groom and man of all work to Mr. Hemsworth. There were four of us applied at the same time, for the advertisement said between eleven and twelve o'clock on the morning of a certain day. We were shown into the library, and stood there twisting our hats in our hands, and looking at one another sheepish-like, but not daring to speak, waiting for Mr. Hemsworth to come in. After about a quarter of an hour he came, and we all straightened ourselves up, and wondered what would happen. You might have heard a pin drop in that room, then. He never seemed to look at the others at all, but he came straight to me. 'I will take you,' he said. Then he turned to the other three, and gave each of them a half-crown, to pay for their time in coming, he told them, and they went away and he and I were left alone. I felt kind of nervous for I was young, you see, and had never lived in a private place before, having been brought up in a racing stable; but I blundered out something about having brought letters as to character and so on.

"I don't want to see them," says he. 'I will tell you a few things about yourself that you think no one but yourself knows, and then I will leave you to judge whether it will ever be worth your while to try to deceive me. Have you a knife about you?'

"I handed him my pocket-knife, which I had carried for years, and he took it in his hand and held it for a minute or two, then he laid it against his forehead. I couldn't make out what he would be at, and felt half inclined to laugh, but there was something about him that stopped that. At last he spoke. 'You are honest,' he said; 'keep so. You have been sorely tempted, and you resisted the temptation. You remember when you were but a lad of sixteen, a man offered to give you ten pounds to let him into the box where the horses were mingled was for just two minutes, and you refused. You felt half inclined to accept, but a vision of your dead mother passed before your mind and you refused. You never said a word about that from that day to this to a soul, did you?' I answered, 'No, for I had never told a soul. 'Again,' he said, 'when you fell into the river at Abington and were nearly drowned, you saw your mother, and she said to you, 'Catch the root on your right,' and you caught the root of a tree and so saved yourself; but you never told anybody how you were saved.' I felt frightened, for what he told me was true, and, as he said, I had never spoken of these things. 'One more thing I will tell you,' he said. 'About a month from now you will meet a girl, and you will love her. She is good and virtuous; but do not let that love sink too deep into your heart, for she is not for you; before the end of the year she will have entered upon another life.' He set me back to my knife, and then ordered me to follow him to the stable and garden where he explained to me what my duties would be. And then he said a strange thing, and gave me a strange look—a look that I can see in my mind now. 'Whenever I want you,' he said, 'come to me at once. Never mind what you may be doing, leave it and come. I shall not call you, but you will know that I require you!'

"And so it was. I lived with him for over thirty years, and he never called me, but I always knew when he wanted me. I soon got into the way of my work, and I liked Mr. Hemsworth from the very first. He was a strange man, but he was a kind and considerate master, and he was always just; and if anything went wrong he seemed to know exactly whom and what to blame for it. He kept two fine saddle horses, and a pony which I used to drive to the nearest town for things that were needed, but he never drove anywhere himself. If he went to a place he rode; in fact, never a day passed that he did not take horseback exercise, as I hold a gentleman should. Sometimes he rode by night. In the middle of the roughest sleep I would feel that he wanted me, and then I would go to the library to find him dressed ready for riding, and he would order me to saddle the black horse, or the gray, as the case might be, and to sit up and await his return. But when he called me up at night he always made it good to me at the end of the week when he paid me my wages. 'You were up on such and such a night,' he would say. 'There is half a crown extra.'

"When I had been with Mr. Hemsworth about three weeks, I met and fell in love with Mary Hoilder, who was housemaid at a farmhouse near by. I was so much in love with that girl, that I forgot the warning my master had given me. She promised to be my wife, and the day was fixed for our marriage; but before that

day came she was in her coffin. Then I remembered what my master had told me.

"Year after year things went on just the same one day as another. I had enough work to keep me busy, and I think, owing to Mary's death, I did not care to see people. I might have gone of an evening, like other servants, to the tap-room of the Greyhound Inn, but I never did. Mr. Hemsworth received very little company, and that was chiefly gentlemen who came from a distance and stayed for a few days. He never visited with any of the neighboring families; but once or twice in the year he went up to London and remained there for about a week. His household, beside myself, consisted of a working housekeeper and a housemaid—and also, like the housekeeper, was a middle-aged woman. He spent most of his time in the library, writing. I have since heard that he wrote books; but he used some other name, so what they were I do not know. His death was very sudden, but he was prepared for it. He told me in his quiet way that he should 'soon be wanted elsewhere,' but that I should find myself provided for. He was a kind enough to say that during the quarter of a century or more that I had served him, I had never given him cause for complaint. About a month after this he died suddenly, and the doctors said his death was due to heart failure. You know the rest, sir. My master left me eighty pounds a year for life, in his will, and I came out here to live. You have heard the story, which I have never before told to a living soul; and it is not likely that I should have told you if you had not asked me what I thought about the Spiritualists' meeting."

I must confess that the story surprised me, but it was told in such a simple, straightforward manner, that even if I doubted the truth of it myself, it was evident that the narrator himself firmly believed it. It set me thinking, and I determined to investigate that which was more cleverer and more highly educated men than myself did not consider it beneath them to interest themselves in, namely, Modern Spiritualism and the phenomena of psychometry, mediumship, telepathy and kindred subjects.

As a professional journalist, I had been accustomed to deal with the realities of life, so-called, and to ridicule, chiefly because others did so, anything pertaining to the supernatural, never dreaming that in this realm also there might be realities of which hitherto I had not been cognizant. In olden times, persons possessing extraordinary psychic powers, and exercising them, were burned for witchcraft; in our days such persons are submitted to the scathing flame of public ridicule, which, as a deterrent, is almost, if not quite, as effective as the actual punishment of death by burning. That this ridicule is the outcome of prejudices and ignorance I am now prepared to admit. But, to finish my story. In my pursuit of knowledge, I regularly attended the spiritualistic meetings and was a close observer of the tests proving spirit-return, which usually followed the exercises of song and prayer and inspirational lecture. John Elvedon nearly always accompanied me, and it was upon the last occasion that he ever went there, that I received through him what I considered to be indisputable proof that communication existed between the material and the spiritual worlds. The test medium came to where we were sitting and addressed my companion: "There is a spirit here for you," he said, "whom once you served in a land far distant. His name is Richard. As a proof of his reality, he bids me remind you that you went to him when he did not call. He further bids me say that you will soon be with him again."

That was all. The medium passed on to another person, and my companion and I left the hall in a subdued and thoughtful frame of mind.

For just an instant it occurred to me that my old friend, for such I had come to consider him, might have cooperated with the medium in order to deceive me, but I thrust the thought from me as unworthy. Three days later I was glad I had done so when I received news of the sudden but peaceful death of John Elvedon.

SPHAM.

## Premature Burial.

"The above is but another instance of the state of coma being mistaken for that of death. Burial alive is far more common than is generally supposed, and the effects custom of interring bodies in the earth serves to perpetuate this kind of murder. Cremation is the only sure remedy for this evil. When will the people awaken to a realization of their danger by the abolition of burials in the earth?"

In the June 9th number of the BANNER OF LIGHT I read an article in which the above appeared. The sentence I find fault with is: "Cremation is the only sure remedy for this evil." You are certainly mistaken, and I doubt very much if any person will thank you for your suggestion of burning our friends alive instead of burying them alive.

That people in a trance oftentimes are mistaken for dead is certain, as I know of cases who in the last moment, just as the coffin was being lowered, were saved. I remember the cases of Cardinal D'onnet and Marquis D'ourches, both of France, who gave the details of their suffering when they listened to their funeral services. Being men of prominence, their cases created somewhat of a sensation. While I am in favor of cremation, when the proper time comes I should certainly protest against the burning of any one before there was a certainty that the spirit had left the body.

Here is the way this matter is handled in Munich, Bavaria: The supposed dead are taken to a public building and kept in comfortable and warm quarters under care of competent persons, and are never handed over to the last ceremony before the sure signs of decomposition have shown.

Yours sincerely,  
IMMANUEL PFEIFFER, M. D.

Boston, Mass., June 18, 1900.

## To a Spiritualist.

As soon as I read your letter to the Editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and the clipping from the *Brockton Daily Enterprise* of May 17, I immediately wrote a letter to Mrs. S. Tunie Kendall, and addressed it to Brockton, Mass., care of Mr. George A. Goldthwaite, hoping that if she has not returned to his house, that he will forward it to her correct address.

I invited her to come to my home, which is on a farm. The quiet life and abundance of fresh air is considered by good authorities to be the best tonic for tired nerves. I am a medium myself and have had experiences that have taught me to love and sympathize with Mrs. Kendall, and I have a home in which I would gladly receive her. I have no money with which to pay her car-fare. If she were here I would cherish her, and nurse her if necessary, as if she were my own sister, which in truth she is, even if we did not have the same material parents. We have in us our Father in heaven, and I am inspired by his great love for us both—my sister Mrs. Kendall and me—to make this offer of mine.

Now will you and others cooperate with me in this work by supplying the necessary care, if our sister needs our financial aid. I feel certain that a quiet, wholesome rest on the farm with kind treatment will restore her to us and to her work. In the language of dear Miss Hudson I am yours for humanity and spirituality.

ELsie HORNBECK.  
Monson, Ind., June 17, 1900.

## The Editor's Protest.

The editor of *The Clarion* was a very patient man. A startling crash from the direction of the composing-room caused him to push his spectacles up on his brow and to cease writing. When he found that the boy had let the first page form fall upon the floor, where it lay in an incoherent mass, he shook his head reproachfully and exclaimed:



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are using our advertising columns, they are at once discontinued.  
We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover  
in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have  
proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

## July 4.

Wednesday, July 4, will be the one hundred  
and twenty-fourth anniversary of the Declara-  
tion of Independence on the part of the Ameri-  
can people. As that day is a legal holiday,  
the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT Publishing  
Co. will be closed on that date in honor of  
this great historical event. Our patrons will  
kindly govern themselves accordingly, as THE  
BANNER will go to press one day earlier than  
usual.

## Foreign Missions.

This subject is once more brought prominent-  
ly before the people of the world, through the  
trouble that has come to foreigners in China.  
The Chinese, who for centuries have been follow-  
ers of the religion of Confucius, learned with  
good reason to distrust the Christian missionar-  
ies that had been sent among them, and de-  
termined to secure a redress of grievances. The  
more fanatical ones among the men resorted to  
violence, and the result has been bloodshed.  
The Chinese have always entertained a secret  
dialike for all foreigners, and the outbreak on  
the part of the over zealous Confucians has  
been directed against all foreigners who were  
permanent or temporary residents of the Flow-  
ery Kingdom. The now widely known "Box-  
ers," feeling that some decisive action must be  
taken to preserve their religion, have evidently  
made all European subjects, as well as Ameri-  
can citizens, feel the weight of their power.

Cruel as is their wrath, misdirected as is  
their zeal, fanatical as is their devotion to their  
religion, there is yet something to be said in  
behalf of these Confucians against whom the  
hatred of all so-called Christian nations is now  
directed. They have noted with grave misgiv-  
ings, the rapidly increasing number of the for-  
eigners in their country, and have been filled  
with fear, lest the Chinamen should be deprived  
of their birthright, and their native land be  
ruled by the foreigners of another race with  
whom they have nothing in common. This  
fear was augmented and their suspicions  
strengthened by the actions of the Christian  
missionaries among them. These missionaries  
have generally been extremely fanatical in  
their devotion to Christianity, and have de-  
nounced in bitter terms, a religion that ante-  
dates Christianity by at least five centuries,  
whose ethics in application to daily life, is of  
far greater worth than Christianity, in its pre-  
sent form, has ever been. Nor was the attack  
upon Confucianism their sole cause for com-  
plaint. The lives and characters of the mis-  
sionaries contrasted unfavorably with those of  
the followers of Confucius, while the Chris-  
tian tradespeople, who came to them soon after  
the arrival of the missionaries, gave yet further  
offense.

The missionaries as a class, from testimony  
of men and women of unquestioned veracity,  
were arrogant, dictatorial, and lazy. They had  
numerous servants, who were virtual slaves,  
and they lived in princely style. Many of them  
deliberately invented stories of cruelties in-  
flicted upon them by the natives, and claimed  
that they were often in actual need of food.  
These stories were widely published through-

out the Occident for the sole purpose of rais-  
ing money to sustain them in their positions of  
ease and comparative luxury. The wives of  
several of these pious (?) missionaries have been  
indiscreet enough to boast of their sumptuous  
style of living in foreign lands when they have  
made brief visits to their native shores. Their  
testimony simply corroborates that of the sail-  
ors and travelers who have visited the missions  
from time to time in the past. Some of these  
"good" brethren have even so far forgotten  
their high callings as to descend to lewd and  
lascivious conduct with some of the Christian  
slaves connected with the mission. One  
wronged wife returned to her native shores  
with righteous indignation in her heart against  
a system that permitted, fostered and pro-  
tected such evils as we are describing.

In the wake of the missionaries came the  
tradespeople, as stated above. The missionar-  
ies brought with them the Bible and prac-  
tices upon which the true Orientalist has been  
taught to look with horror. The trades-  
people brought whiskey, opium, and other  
Christian abominations with which to afflict  
the natives of the Far East. The Chinese pro-  
tested against both whiskey and opium, but  
were forced by the arms of Christian Eng-  
land to provide markets for the drug that has  
been the bane of China for these many years.  
No words of ours can depict the moral degra-  
dation to which the victims of opium can de-  
scend. The use of that terrible drug was not  
countenanced by the Celestials until England  
compelled them to accept of its use at the  
mouth of the cannon. The evils of whiskey-  
drinking and its attendant ills are too well  
known to require recital here. All of these  
miseries were due to the coming of the Chris-  
tian missionaries and their friends. Well has  
it been said that wherever Christianity has  
gone it has taken the Bible in one hand, and  
the sword, or the whiskey bottle, or opium pipe  
in the other.

It is not strange that the Orientals viewed  
these evils with alarm nor can it be wondered  
at that they associated them with the advent  
of the foreigners in their midst. A day of  
reckoning had to come for all these ills, and  
when the awakening did come, guilty and in-  
nocent alike were made to suffer the conse-  
quences of the wrong doing of years. The ter-  
rible outbreak that has caused, and will con-  
tinue to cause, a great loss of life in China  
is to be deplored. War is wholesale murder,  
and is the resort of moral cowards,  
who dare not face a court of arbitration.  
The present war owes its origin to causes quite  
remote from the trouble of today. The at-  
tempts to proselyte among the inhabitants of  
the Celestial Kingdom for converts to Chris-  
tianity are the first and chief causes of the  
trouble of the hour. The law of evolution  
works slowly and surely. Intellectual and spiri-  
tual growth must come by natural processes;  
it can never be forced, and any attempt to  
force it always results in a disastrous reaction.  
Morally, intellectually and spiritually we be-  
lieve the natives of other lands must eventu-  
ally work out their own destinies under the  
great and just law of evolution. They might  
have been far in advance of what they are to-  
day, had they never seen a Christian mission-  
ary, or heard of Christianity.

It is probable that the Chinese imbrolio  
means the dismemberment of China, and the  
overthrow of her ancient customs. For many  
thousand years, possibly forty thousand, this  
nation claims to have stood forth in its in-  
dependence. The teachings of Lao Tse, of  
Confucius, and the writings in the Books of the  
Kings contain truths of great value. Chris-  
tians are put to shame by the Confucians in  
the care the latter bestow upon their aged and  
infirm ancestors. Christians have but a sensu-  
ous conception of spirituality when their teach-  
ings are contrasted with those of the revered  
seers of the Chinese through past ages. We  
feel that each nation should work out its own  
destiny in harmony with evolutionary pro-  
cesses. Hot-house growth in morals is seldom  
permanent. The same statement is true with  
respect to intellectual and spiritual culture.  
Call home the missionaries, crush out the opium  
and whiskey traffic, establish trade rela-  
tions upon a just and equitable basis, accord-  
ing to the law of reciprocity, and there will be  
no further trouble in the Orient. The people  
of the Occident, especially the English and  
Americans, have enough to do now, to rectify  
the mistakes they have made in waging unjust  
wars against people who truly loved their lib-  
erty. Let home missions, home duties, home  
evils receive the attention of Americans, and  
they will have no time to engage in conflicts  
over the sea.

## Sacred Things.

Have you ever considered the question as to  
what constitutes "sacred things"? In youth  
we were told that the Bible, Bunyan's Pil-  
grim's Progress, Fox's Book of Martyrs, and  
everything pertaining to the subject of religion  
were "sacred things." Even Sunday was  
endowed with unnatural sanctity, as an excep-  
tionally "sacred" day—so sacred as to effec-  
tually hide the sunshine of happiness from the  
eager eyes of every child filled with a super-  
abundance of life and a desire to express the  
same. Every natural outflow of exuberant  
spirits was dammed up with some prohibition  
of a pious character that naturally led the  
child to positively hate the day or the object  
that was too sacred to give even an atom of  
liberty or a gleam of joy to him and his com-  
panions. Death was also made a sacred topic  
of such fearful import as to cause even mature  
men and women to look upon it with feelings  
of horror. It was pictured as the "King of  
Terrors" to all human beings, and every pos-  
sible means adopted to make it such in fact.

From asceticism, the gloomy concepts of re-  
ligion, the Sabbatarian slavery, and the ter-  
rors of death humanity reacted, and went al-  
most to the extreme of declaring that rever-  
ence, love and tenderness had no place in the  
human soul. Reading for amusement as well  
as for instruction was demanded and provided.  
The Puritan Sabbath had to give way before  
the hosts of freedom, and Sunday became a  
day of rest and recreation for old and young,  
instead of a day of gloom to be dreaded  
by all. Death became an emancipator—the  
friend of the worn and heavy laden, the healer  
of all diseases, the soother of all pain. He it  
was who removed from earth all who had be-  
come innumerable to themselves and bur-  
dens to their friends. His was the Kingdom of  
Oblivion, and he ruled there an absolute mon-  
arch. The sacred things of our early years be-  
came transformed into the commonplace of  
every-day life. Sacredness became a mere  
term for convenient use in speech, but having  
no merit in itself for the children of men.  
Truth was to be sought for its own sake, and  
her revelations were labeled "the results of  
Natural Law." The source of truth, or the

giver of the "Natural Law," was not consid-  
ered as of much importance. The reaction  
from reverence gone mad to absolutely no  
reverence for anything whatever was made  
apparent by the changed concepts of men with  
respect to religion.

Thoughtful souls, however, adopted the  
motto "Prove all things; hold fast to that  
which is good." In obedience to this admoni-  
tion, they soon found that all truth was sacred  
truth, because it was in every respect a revela-  
tion of Infinity—of the Life Force that fills im-  
mensity. The expression of Infinity, in shrub  
and flower, in hill and vale, in purling brook  
and rolling river, in the sounding sea and ceru-  
lean sky, in sombre mountain and smiling  
plain, in the creeping insect and singing bird,  
in the gigantic animal and little monad, all be-  
came sacred to them—these thoughtful stu-  
dents of man and his environments, because  
they were parts of the universe, manifestations  
of a Power

"From out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand."

Sacredness took on a new form, and became  
to them an element in man's nature that re-  
quired cultivation in order that it might rightly  
express itself. Prayers, ceremonials, faulty  
books, either as Bibles or works on religion,  
were seen to be mere veils that bigotry and  
prejudice had thrown around the soul to keep  
out the all revealing light of truth. Under the  
leadership of these illumined souls, all existing  
things became sacred things to the earnest  
student of God's true Bible. He found "ser-  
mons in stones, books in running brooks, and  
good in everything." True Spiritualism teaches  
its followers to so walk with God that their  
"voices shall be as sweet as the murmur of the  
brook or the rustle of the corn."

## Who Can Answer these Questions?

The fate of Theodore Durant has given rise  
to many speculations on the part of those who  
are inclined to occupy their minds with ques-  
tionings as to the why of all existing things.  
Was Durant predestined to an ignominious  
death upon the gallows from the beginning of  
Time? Did an Almighty God single this young  
man out as a scapegoat for the sins of one of  
His most devout preachers? Was Rev. Gib-  
son, the real murderer, an instrument, under  
Divine guidance, to work out a "larger good"  
to the soul of Theodore Durant by causing  
him to be hanged by the neck until his body  
was dead? Was Fate, the conscienceless Gov-  
ernor of the Universe, so hard of heart as to  
yield itself to a desire for a victim for  
vicarious suffering? Why was Rev. Gibson  
given every attention, granted every luxury  
that falls to the lot of a pastor of a popu-  
lar church, and permitted to pass away from  
earth in his own comfortable bed? Was he a  
favorite candidate for heavenly honors, whose  
triumphant entry into the New Jerusalem  
must be preceded by the sacrifice of an inno-  
cent human being?

Why should Gibson, the priestly murderer,  
the destroyer of womanly virtue, the licen-  
tious degenerate, be sustained as a teacher of  
morality and a religious exemplar, while an  
innocent man is forced to spend three years  
in prison and then die upon the gallows? What  
was the difference in the Karmas of these  
men that such fearful injustice must pre-  
vail? Did Durant, in his suffering, atone for  
some crime committed in a past embodiment?  
Did Gibson act merely as he was expected to  
act in a past incarnation, but failed to do so?  
Has the Karma law but been followed in the  
lives and fates of these two men? Did Gib-  
son's God so delight in human sacrifice that  
He must have the blood of an innocent man to  
blend with that of the two girls whom His  
faithful preacher slew? Did Durant's God  
love him so well as to wish him to come speed-  
ily unto Himself in heaven, and had him killed  
upon the scaffold that He might the sooner  
have the pleasure of the young man's society?  
Why is there not some redress at law for the  
friends of Durant, who was the victim of the  
hatred of a great State? Why are the Chris-  
tians of America so ominously silent concern-  
ing this outrage? If a Free-Thinker, a Unitar-  
ian or a Spiritualist had been the murderer,  
instead of a minister of the gospel, would not  
the Christians have loudly bemoaned "the sad  
fate of poor Durant," and bitterly condemned  
the real murderer of the two unfortunate girls?

## Important.

All persons who have made pledges to the  
Mayer fund are earnestly requested to re-  
deem them at an early date. In round num-  
bers, about two thousand dollars are yet neces-  
sary to meet the requirements of Mr. Mayer.  
This sum will be at once forthcoming, if all  
pledges thus far made are speedily redeemed.  
The amount above stated is what is needed  
over and above the pledges to which we refer.  
Every Spiritualist who has not contributed to  
this fund should do so at once. Shall Mr.  
Mayer's generous offer be lost to Spiritualism  
through the failure of the Spiritualists to raise  
the small sum of two thousand dollars? It is  
a mere bagatelle when compared with the  
aggregate wealth of the Spiritualists as a  
body. Let each one do his or her part, and  
the required amount will be in hand within  
ten days. The names of all donors, together  
with the amount contributed by each, will  
soon be published in the columns of the Spir-  
itualist press. Reader, if your name is not  
already on the list, see that it is placed there  
ere it appears in print. Now is the time to act.  
Send your contributions either to Mrs. Mary  
T. Longley, Secretary, 600 Pennsylvania ave-  
nue, S. E., Washington, D. C., or to Harriett  
D. Barrett, President, lock box 3, Needham,  
Mass.

Our venerable friend, Giles B. Stebbins  
of Detroit, Mich., celebrated his eighty-third  
birthday June 24. He has recently recovered  
from a slight illness, and reports himself as  
well again. We extend hearty congratulations  
and wish him many happy returns of the day.  
Mr. Stebbins is one of the ablest writers in the  
ranks of the Spiritualists, and his vigorous  
thought is greatly appreciated by all lovers of  
good literature. His article on "Theism," that  
recently appeared in the columns of THE BAN-  
NER, is one of his finest productions. It has  
been issued in pamphlet form and is now on  
sale at this office. Its great value should  
secure for it a wide reading. Another excellent  
article, commenting upon and commending  
Mrs. H. M. Rathbun's excellent lecture in the  
last issue of THE BANNER, from his facile pen  
will soon be given to the public.

The person who seeks to protect himself  
by means of a half-told truth will not hesitate  
to resort to full-fledged falsehood when it will  
better suit his purpose.

## A Novel Divorce Suit.

The secular press is making much capital out  
of a sensational divorce case in which the  
spirit of the late W. J. Florence figures as co-  
respondent. The parties to the suit are Spiritu-  
alists, and the husband is seeking an absolute  
divorce on the ground that his wife is infat-  
uated with Spirit Florence. She admits her  
regard for this particular spirit, and asserts  
that he is as real to her as he could possibly be  
were he yet in mortal form. If she has been  
meeting the said spirit at certain materializing  
séances, there is little doubt, but that he is de-  
cidedly "realistic" in his characterizations, and  
it is no wonder the husband is seeking for a  
divorce. The usual "affinity" found in the  
average materializing cabinet is composed of  
solid avoirdupois, who has been specially hired  
the occasion.

This suit is the legitimate outcome of the  
"spirit marriage" business in which there has  
been quite a traffic in former years. Both  
parties to the average "spirit-marriage" in  
the séance-room, are of the earth-earthly, and  
furnish good grounds for divorce for the wives  
and husbands wronged by such action. If re-  
turning spirits have nothing better to do than  
to come to earth to tell men and women who  
have hitherto been happily married, that their  
present partners are to be nothing to them in  
the spirit-world, but that they, the communi-  
cating spirits, are to be their conjugal partners  
in the higher life, then these communicants had  
better return to the celestial spheres and re-  
main there until they acquire at least a modicum  
of common sense. The people of earth will  
be better off without them than with them.  
There is too much marital infidelity among the  
children of men to-day to render it necessary for  
the "spirits" to add to it.

Such cases as the one to which we refer sub-  
ject Spiritualism to ridicule, and make its fol-  
lowers objects of contempt to rational human  
beings. If Mr. Florence is to be the husband  
of any woman other than the wife whom he so  
dearly loved while on earth, it would be a  
mercy to her, as his widow, to conceal that  
fact from her until she enters the life of the  
spirit, where she will be better able to under-  
stand the matter than she can be here. But it  
is absurd to suppose that he has ever said any-  
thing of the sort. Mischievous spirits may  
have personated the great actor on some occa-  
sions, and made false statements for the ex-  
press purpose of causing trouble. It is, how-  
ever, far more reasonable to suppose that the  
whole story is the work of conscienceless mor-  
tals who are after the money they can make  
out of the people whom they have misled by  
the ridiculous yarn above referred to. For the  
sake of Spiritualism, the sooner the spirit  
husband or wife business passes into "innocu-  
ous desuetude" the better it will be for our  
Cause, and for the Spiritualists themselves.

## Capt. Thomas P. Beals.

This well known representative of Spiritual-  
ism in the "Pine Tree State" has passed to his  
reward in spirit-life. He was the victim of an  
accident—a run-away horse, and has entered  
upon his inheritance in the world of souls. He  
was a Spiritualist in thought, word and deed,  
and was never so happy as when he was doing  
something for the cause he loved. He was one  
of the most active Spiritualists in the  
city of Portland, Me., where he will be greatly  
missed by his associates. Capt. Beals was a  
soldier in the war for the preservation of the  
nation, and achieved enviable distinction as an  
officer for repeated acts of gallantry upon the  
field of action. He received the title of Major  
by brevet for meritorious service, but has al-  
ways held to the word "Capt.," under which  
he first led his comrades into action. He has  
fought his last battle on earth, and has won  
the greatest of all possible victories—he has  
conquered death and the grave, and gained  
a home in the realms of eternal life. We shall  
miss the physical presence of our old friend,  
but we know that he is with us in spirit ear-  
nestly working for the truth as he perceives it.  
We extend our greetings as he enters the  
emancipated Grand Army in the world super-  
nal, and bid him "All hail" in his progressive  
upward march. He has heard the bugle call to  
action in higher spheres, and will ever be  
found true to his trust in the discharge of every  
duty that devolves upon him. Peace to his  
memory.

## Theodore Roosevelt

is now the candidate of a great political  
party for the office of Vice President of the  
United States. It was Roosevelt who called  
Thomas Paine, the author-hero of the American  
Revolution "a filthy little Atheist." He is now  
asking the friends and admirers of the patriot  
Thomas Paine to elevate him, the detractor  
of that great man, to the second official po-  
sition in the gift of the American people. If a  
man will deliberately falsify in writing of the  
services of one of the greatest of patriots, he  
is certainly capable of falsifying in his work  
as a public officer. If he will allow his reli-  
gious prejudices to bias his utterances concern-  
ing a greater and better man than himself, he  
will not be above resorting to the same base  
method in dealing with his fellow-citizens who  
hold liberal religious views. This man, if  
elected, may possibly become the President of  
the United States. Spiritualists, Liberalists,  
Free-Thinkers, Agnostics, Atheists, do you  
wish to see the detractor of Thomas Paine, the  
religious bigot, the worshiper of war, the ser-  
vitor of mammon elevated to the position of  
ruler of this nation? Every friend of Thomas  
Paine and believer in freedom should register  
a verdict that would relegate this enemy of  
freedom to private life forever. This is not  
politics; it is simple Justice.

Why are the secular dailies and the re-  
ligious journals of our land so ominously silent  
with regard to the deliberate murder of Theo-  
dore Durant by the State of California? Are  
they afraid that their readers will be led to de-  
mand the abolition of capital punishment, if  
they proclaim the fact of Durant's innocence  
abroad in the land? Or are they restrained  
by the influence of the Christian church, one  
of whose priests killed two innocent girls, and  
then, through pious falsifying, charged Durant  
with the crime and caused him to be hanged?  
Do the secular and religious papers in the  
United States dare to tell the truth about the  
church and its preachers?

Mr. Frank W. Eddy, of Worcester,  
Mass., has invented a unique game, which he  
calls "Thirty-Five, or Huntex." Mr. Eddy  
has secured a copyright upon the game, and is  
now placing it upon the market. The game  
has a spiritual relationship that is exceedingly  
interesting, and inasmuch as it is the outcome  
of spirit prompting, it will naturally be un-  
usually attractive to Spiritualists.

## The Ice Question.

The experience of the people of New York  
City in connection with the Ice Trust layeth fresh  
in the minds of our readers. A danger of like  
nature now confronts the people of Boston. The  
Ice Companies have decided that it is unprof-  
itable to sell ice in quantities less than twenty-  
five pounds. This will be a great hardship to  
the poorer classes, to whom a five cent piece of  
ice means much. It is to be hoped that this  
rule may be abrogated in the interest of humani-  
tarian principles. If it is unprofitable to sell  
five cent ice, then we mistake the condition of  
the market. By placing it within the reach of  
the poor, the sales will be greatly increased,  
and the seeming loss will be more than offset  
thereby. We hope that the Ice magnates will  
be compelled to place their commodity upon  
the market at such rates as will enable the peo-  
ple of the crowded city districts to protect  
themselves from the extreme heat of the sum-  
mer, and the disease that may result from the  
filthy atmosphere of poorly ventilated tenements.  
If our legislators would spend more  
time in practical work along lines similar to  
the above, and less to the protection of the in-  
terests of the favored few, the people would be  
much healthier and happier than they are to-  
day. As it is now, the leasing of railroads, the  
Westminster chamber's bill, and other matters  
of like nature, are of more importance to our  
law makers than the health of the people, and  
maintenance of their rights.

## The Sunflower

made Cassadaga Camp the subject for its table  
of contents in its last number. The illustra-  
tions were of a high order of excellence, and  
the manifold attractions of charming Lily Dale  
were set forth in all their beauty. The special  
edition is a credit to Editor Bach and his as-  
sistants, and particularly beneficial to Cassa-  
daga Camp. Editor Bach forgot only one thing  
in that paper—he did not tell his readers why  
it is that coöperation is a tabooed subject at  
Cassadaga.

## "Words that Burn."

A copy of an excellent work bearing the  
above title, by Lida Briggs Browne, the well  
known writer upon spiritualistic subjects, is  
just at hand. It is full of good things, and its  
merit should secure it a wide reading. A more  
complete review of this book will be given in  
a later number of THE BANNER. It is for sale  
at this office. Price \$1.50 per volume.

Our valued friend, Mr. Hebron Libbey,  
who has been quite seriously ill for several  
days past, is now rapidly recovering his wonted  
health and strength. He has been under the  
care of Mr. M. O. Wilcox, the gifted magnetic  
healer, whose work has been so satisfactory to  
so many of the afflicted ones of earth. We con-  
gratulate Bro. Libbey upon his recovery, and  
trust that he may long be spared to do battle  
for the "good Cause."

We received a very pleasant call from  
Dr. George Dutton and wife, of Chicago, last  
week. Dr. Dutton is well known to the Spir-  
itualists of America, and is now the official head  
of a new order, "The Garden of Eden," which  
owes its origin directly to him. Dr. Dutton is  
a thorough humanitarian in his work, hence  
seeks to benefit his fellow-men through the  
mediumship of the new order in question. We  
wish him every success in his good work.

W. J. Colville writes that he is greeted  
by very large audiences at his every appear-  
ance in Australia. During the month of June  
he has labored with great success in Adelaide  
and Sydney. He purposes spending many  
weeks yet in the Antipodes. His many friends  
on the American continent unite in wishing  
him a pleasant visit in the Southwestern  
world, and a safe return to the land of his  
adoption.

When human beings cease to think that  
they only become soul beings at their entrance  
into the higher life, and realize that they are  
souls here and now, life will become much  
brighter and they will be able to harmoniously  
relate themselves to their surroundings. The  
soul is the man—the body is its servant—the  
spirit the medium of communication.

Life is only worth the living to those  
who are guided by the white light of soul illu-  
mination. Such ones perceive things as they  
really are and strive to live from within. By  
so doing they put selfishness and the things of  
the senses under their feet, and utilize their  
splendid energies in the helpful service of  
their fellowmen. They are true Altruists.

The Spiritualist is he who fits every ex-  
perience into his life in such a way as to make  
it a stepping-stone toward the temple of Truth.  
He rises above political, social and religious  
disputes, becomes indifferent to the petty an-  
noyances of gossip and backbiting, resolutely  
puts slander, scandal and quarreling behind  
him, and steps boldly forth into the light of su-  
preme altruism.

That man was a practical joker of no  
ordinary character who willed a certain church  
five hundred dollars under the proviso that the  
authorities of said church publicly retract cer-  
tain statements that had been made against  
him, failing which the money was to be other-  
wise disposed of. He further decreed that not  
one dollar of his money should ever go to any  
religious organization in the world.

## LIBERTY.

Thrice glorious liberty—  
Thou mak'st the nations free—  
To thee we sing.

Where'er thy martyr dies  
'Neath Africa's sunny skies,  
Once more, arise! arise!

Thy succor bring.

Thy twin republics bless;  
Oh! solace their distress,  
Be thou their stay.

Where, o'er the shining sands,  
With outstretched, bloody hands,  
Assassin England stands

Above her prey.

Keep Kruger's hero band;  
Keep all his chosen land  
Along the Vaal.

Walk by the widow's side,  
Be thou the orphan's guide;  
May they in faith abide—  
Oh! keep them all.

Watch thou with Jonber's soul,  
Nor doubt the final goal;  
—Ring loud the knell

Of tyranny and wrong;  
Make farmer Botha strong,  
And sing the joyful song  
In Cronje's cell.

W. A. CROFFUT.

## The Spiritual Review.

The second number of this excellent magazine, edited by our honored co-worker, J. J. Morse of London, Eng., is on our table. It is fine in its mechanical execution, and par excellence in the subject matter that fills its pages. Among its contributors are numbered some of the foremost writers of the age, whose productions are worth many times the price of the magazine. Its editorials are characteristic of the racy pen of J. J. Morse, giving no uncertain sound on whatever subject he treats, while its review department gives an epitome of the best thought culled from the entire field of spiritualistic and occult journalism.

This feature makes the magazine of special value to those who do not have access to all our spiritual publications. It also preserves in book form the best thought of the age along the lines of spiritual advancement. Its monthly index of valuable articles of recent date published in the various spiritual and occult journals is a unique feature, which will be found valuable for purposes of reference. There is ample room for just such a magazine, and we bespeak for it a generous patronage. The exceedingly low price at which it is published places it within the reach of all. We predict a grand success to the new venture, and say from our heart of hearts, "All hail *The Spiritual Review*!"

## ECHOES FROM ENGLAND.

NUMBER SIXTY-THREE.

Specially contributed to the BANNER OF LIGHT by its European Correspondent.

J. J. MORSE.

Once more your correspondent sits him down to have a chat with the readers of THE BANNER, and through its columns with his hosts of friends in the great Republic of the Western World. Recently his letters have somewhat justified the old idea of angels' visits, as they have truly been "few and far between," but as there has not been much to write about, the Editor, and possibly his readers too, will be grateful that they have not been bored with lucubrations.

First of all, Mr. Editor, let me add my congratulations to those that have previously reached you, upon the altered circumstances associated with yourself in relation to the BANNER OF LIGHT, and to say how sincerely I congratulate you thereon. Not that it is to be for a moment thought you will now have greater interest in all that concerns the paper, for that could not be under any circumstances. But rather that you have now a free hand in presenting our people with a paper that has ever maintained the traditions of a spiritualistic journal, and that under your distinguished direction has stood for all that is highest, truest and most worthy in our Facts, Philosophy and personnel. A long course of observation concerning the editing of our papers satisfies me that personal control is an absolute necessity for success. Stock companies more or less hamper an editor, for the financial department is not always in harmony with the editorial plans. Money is not all; there are things that stand for more important ends. Long may you remain to continue your wise direction of the oldest, widest circulated and ever influential journal over which you now exercise undivided control.

How fares the Cause over here? Well, nothing startling is happening at present! In London things proceed much as usual; the public meetings are attended fairly well, and the number of meetings shows a steady inclination to increase. The extension of local activity is a good sign, though it of course reduces the attendance at the older-established work in the center of the city. Since Mr. and Mrs. Wallis returned to London last year, they have done considerable more work on our metropolitan platforms than for many previous years. They each maintain their acceptability as advocates of undoubted ability and power, increasing years, but adding justly-earned renown.

The London Spiritualist Alliance still pursues the even tenor of its way, and the late winter series of fortnightly meetings was as successful as any that preceded them. Probably the most notable one of the course was that one addressed by Rev. H. R. Haws, who delivered a remarkable address upon "Spiritualism and Christianity," to a crowded and appreciative audience. The reverend gentleman made a series of startling points and admissions in our favor, which created quite a sensation among his listeners and in the public prints. The address was fully reported in the *London Light*, and has since then been issued as a separate pamphlet, which I am informed has met with a quite phenomenal sale. Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, the much esteemed President of the Alliance and the able editor of *Light*, fulfills his two functions in an admirable manner, and places the Cause under many obligations for his discretion and tact in dealing with the matters pertaining to our public work. It will be indeed difficult to find a fit successor to him when he retires from work or is translated to the inner life.

Among our recent visitors from the States are Madame Florence Montague, of San Francisco, Dr. Dean Clarke, and Mrs. Ada L. Pratt, of Boston, and Mrs. Manks and daughter, of Philadelphia. Madame Montague has had quite a success as "a psychic," for she advertises as "the California Psychic," and she is certainly a very remarkable psychometrist, while her replies to questions from her audience, both oral and mental, are something to listen to. Dr. Clarke has been quite warmly received by those who have met him, and in the cases where he addressed the friends his remarks have been

excellent in matter and manner. At this writing he is in Paris, and enjoying the Exhibition there. Mrs. Manks has only recently arrived, and so far I have not the pleasure of meeting her. I understand she intends to remain a year. I must not omit to mention that Mr. Colville paid a short visit to London, on his way to the Antipodes. He gave many private lectures advocating his special topics, mostly on "Mental Science," as it is called, and it is pleasing to note that he has freed himself somewhat from the extreme views so often associated with that school of thought. But it is proverbially difficult to say just where he stands at any time. The very best lecture I ever heard him give was in my parlors to the members of the Junior Spiritualists' Club, as on that occasion he not only lectured as a Spiritualist, but under the control of "Mrs. Emma Harding Britten." Correspondents assure me he is being well received at the Antipodes, at which his friends will be pleased, no doubt. Quite lately there has returned to his native land, for a lengthy visit, Mr. George Spriggs, long a resident in Melbourne, where he practiced most successfully as a clairvoyant physician. In former years he was one of the more noted materialization mediums, sitting for the Circle of Light, at Cardiff, in Wales.

The work in the Provinces still proceeds apace, and though here and there clouds arise and difficulties occur, yet on the whole affairs are distinctly progressing. The settled speaker question has not made any really satisfactory advance. At present only two societies have adopted it, and even their continuance of the arrangement is problematical. The two bodies referred to are Bootle, near Liverpool, and Keighley, in Yorkshire, the mother town of British Spiritualism. Mr. George Horatio Bibbings, in the first-named town, has had a very successful career so far, and has fully justified the expectations of the local friends who engaged him. In spite of a very urgent and flattering invitation to renew his engagement for another year, Mr. Bibbings has declined the request, and intends to make a visit to the United States, reaching there either the last week of the present year, or the first week in the next. He is a singularly forcible speaker, clear and logical in statement, an able debater and a powerful orator. His style will be eminently acceptable to Transatlantic audiences, and he should find plenty of work among the brethren across the sea. Societies who may wish to secure the services of a most capable advocate should address him at 51 Hornby Road, Bootle, Liverpool, Eng. I cordially wish him every success. The other of our "settled" speakers is Mr. Walter Howell, who, with his wife, is, as stated, at Keighley. Mr. Howell finds plenty to do, and from the reports reaching me I judge he is performing excellent work to the full satisfaction of the society.

Just a month ago the tenth Annual Convention of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union was held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, a large and successful series of meetings being held. The Lyceum cause makes steady progress in this country, and is doing a large amount of excellent work among the junior element in our ranks. The various reports were satisfactory, and the outlook good. Much of the success of the Union is undoubtedly due to the earnestness with which the secretary, Mr. Alfred Kitson, fills his position. It was my honor to be the President of the Union for the past year, and to preside at the Convention. My successor is Mr. Alfred Smedley, of Belper, an old, earnest and faithful Spiritualist and worker for the Cause. A well deserved compliment was paid him by his election, and he will make a capital President for the ensuing year, without question. In three weeks from now the Annual Convention of the Spiritualists' National Federation will assemble, this year in Bradford. A large assembly of delegates and associates is anticipated, and, though the official Agenda does not offer much in the way of business, there is no knowing what may arise during the proceedings. I will try to send you a brief résumé of the proceedings.

Our journalism now includes two weeklies and three monthlies. The weekly papers are *Light*, issued in London, and the *Two Worlds*, issued at Manchester. The first paper retains all its old-time influence and position as the leading organ of the movement. The second paper is also doing well under the editorship of Mr. William Phillips, who is a somewhat recent addition to our workers, formerly the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at Bridgewater. He succeeded Mr. Wallis and is doing well in his position. He is also an excellent inspirational lecturer, and a genial gentleman, to boot. The monthlies are a little magazine called *Psyche*, published in London, and designed to be of use and value to the metropolis especially; the others are the old-established *Lyceum Banner* and a new venture just launched, called *The Spiritual Review*—these latter being edited by your present correspondent. The *Review* is an entirely new departure in our journalism, and appears most likely to make a name and a place for itself.

A project is on foot for raising funds for the erection of suitable buildings, or the purchase of such, for a Memorial Institute in honor of the life and work of Mrs. Britten, to be called "The Britten Memorial," for which project legal incorporation has been effected, and a considerable sum of money subscribed and promised. How soon it will be before it becomes an accomplished fact, I cannot say; but judging by the rate at which subscriptions are coming in, I fear a few years must elapse. There are some who object to the decision of Manchester as the location of the Memorial, others who think it will cost so much that the amount will never be raised, and some who, like the Irishman, "are agin the government," without any other reason than that they must be on the opposite side in everything! Still, there is no doubt the matter will eventually be accomplished, as indeed it should be. In a later letter I will give you fuller details of this, to my mind, for several important reasons, commendable proposal.

Now, Mr. Editor, this must suffice for this time. As I cannot, just at present, shake hands with you personally, I must needs be content to do so metaphorically. I do so with all heartiness, and wish your readers and yourself all the good things possible for friends to wish each other. I promise an early continuance of my letters, but for now must say au revoir, but not good-bye.

Florence House, Osnaburgh Street,  
Euston Road, London, Eng., June 16, 1900

Life's harmonies can only be provided for us by our own efforts. Until we ourselves become harmonious—until we are divested of all moral and mental incongruities, we can never find that state of spiritual peace of which so much is often said, and so little truly realized in active life.

## The Sturgis Annual Meeting.

It gave us great pleasure last week to attend the annual anniversary meeting, held in Sturgis, Mich., June 10 and 17. Forty-two years ago I delivered the dedicatory address at the opening of this magnificent church edifice. That occasion was one long to be remembered. There were present such distinguished men as Judge Coffinberry, Joel Tiffany, J. J. Morse, J. Finney, Frank E. Wadsworth, Giles B. Stebbins, a most valiant defender of the truth, now residing in Detroit, and other speakers.

Among the many anniversaries that I have attended in this Southern Michigan city, never was I present at a more earnest, enthusiastic and harmonious meeting than the one just held. The church edifice was packed, and Mrs. Sheets was at her best. Her trance addresses under the controlling influence of Ormund, the ancient giver of flowers, were simply magnificent. The singing was very fine, and the conference meetings were enthusiastic. The Baptist preacher of the city being present, I made the occasion one of giving the facts, proofs and doctrines of Spiritualism. The platform was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms. It was an occasion long to be remembered.

A most excellent letter was read from Bro. R. Spalding, of Chicago, who was for many years a resident of Sturgis and a singer in the choir. His soul is still alive with the glories of Spiritualism and with the living reforms of this present time. Here is a quotation from his letter:

"It is about fifty years since Dr. J. M. Peebles, Giles Stebbins, Warren Chase, and Joel Tiffany first stepped one by one on to the Spiritualist platform in Sturgis. Tiffany was logical, Finney was eloquent, Chase was sarcastic, Stebbins good and true, but Dr. Peebles was theological, loving and pathetic, and how we used to linger after an address for a handshake. I doubt if other speakers could be found who have done so much for the Cause as these workers. Some of them long ago garnered their sheaves, but Dr. Peebles still remains, and we understand, speaks in your Convention. Long may this venerable worker be spared to reap the harvest of his toil. Truly he has journeyed a long and dusty road, and many years ago earned the title of 'Pilgrim.' We propose to add another prefix and call him 'The White Pilgrim.' He has seen the result of his early labors, in honest, sturdy Spiritualism all over the world, so rapid has been its growth. It has woven its tendrils around every church except perhaps the Catholic, and changed the complexion of their creeds. And even the moss-grown old Roman, venerable with age, must crumble before that all-consuming electric fire kindled in the hearts of earth's dwellers. If we are faithful to the sacred trust given us by the spirit-world, for they cannot work alone, we on the earth's plane have our part to perform. We have something more to do than fold our hands and sing 'The Sweet Bye and Bye.' We must work here and now. Long ago Spiritualists gave to the world the message of 'reform,' and the world has been watching for some of the results of their profession, and asks, 'Where are your churches, schools and charitable institutions?' We must confess there is a lack among our ranks in this direction. Spiritualists ought to be doing something to aid in establishing a Spiritual Republic on earth, as it is in the realms beyond. It rests with us to evolve some plan for the amelioration of the tolling masses, and render charity unnecessary by releasing for the people those natural opportunities given to man by Almighty God, by which to procure the necessities and comforts of life," etc.

Battle Creek, Mich. J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

## Railroad Rates to the Mt. Pleasant Camp, Clinton, Iowa.

We are pleased to announce that we have secured from the Western Passenger Association railroad rates of a fare and one-third, on the certificate plan, from all points in Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin and the northern Peninsula of Michigan, which are practically the same as those secured last year.

Do not forget to take a certificate from the Agent when you buy your ticket, and deposit it with the Secretary as soon as you reach the campground.

Tickets may be purchased July 26, 27 and 28, and thereafter on each Tuesday and Friday during the meeting, certificates to be honored if presented not later than Aug. 29.

The Diamond Jo Line of Steamers on the Mississippi has granted a rate of one fare for the round trip.

For programs and general information, address Stella A. Fisk, Sec'y, 18 N. 11th street, Keokuk, Ia.

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## Picnic.

The Boston Spiritualist Lyceum will hold its Fifth Annual Picnic at Norumbega Park, Friday, June 29. Meet at Reservoir Station at 10 A. M. All are invited to be present and enjoy the day with the children. Bring your lunch and be social.

J. B. HATCH, Jr., Cond.,  
A. C. ARMSTRONG, Clerk.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Walter D. S. Hayward will be in Brooklyn, N. Y., at his address, 764 Macon street, July 1 to 8. Can be addressed for the present at 828 Corinthian avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

The address of Dr. Geo. A. Fuller until further notice will be at Osnaburgh, Mass. Ready for lecture engagements in almost any portion of the country for the coming winter.

Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham would be pleased to make engagements for fall and winter as a test medium. For terms and dates address 92 Whitfield street, Dorchester, Mass., till Aug. 1, then Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Frank T. Ripley has closed a two months engagement for the First Spiritualist Society, Fort Wayne, Ind. He goes from there to Grand Rapids, Mich., Camp-Meeting. He has three Sundays in July and all the Sundays of Aug. open. For engagements address him care of 40 Loomis street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock will be at Harwich Camp-Meeting July 26; July 31 and Aug. 2, Osnaburgh, Mass.; 7, Queen City Park; Temple Heights, Me., Aug. 14 and 19; Etna, Sept. 3 to 10. Societies desiring her services for season of 1900-1901. May address her 27 Atlantic Ave., Providence, R. I.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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

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

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

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

June 9.

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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 June 7, 1900, S. E. 62.  
Invocation.

Oh! sweet assurance of life immortal that comes to us at this hour when we with faith and love join hands with those gone on, and with tear-dimmed eyes no longer closed to the light, look out into the beauty of life thus joined. Our hearts beat high with emotion, and we long so ardently to give truth and knowledge to all who are living in darkness. How the sad hearts are quickened; how darkened lives are made bright by the unfolding of truth; how those who are reaching out for comfort and consolation are healed and made whole by the assurance of continued love and hope of those gone on. At this hour may some soul speak so definitely and clearly that a home may be made glad. May those who have been struggling to make themselves understood have their tongues unloosed, their brains made clear, and may a responsive echo be found in some heart which is longing for the word now. Make us all brave and true; may we be strong to suffer, to dare and to do, and whatever may come to us in the days that are to be, may we still stand with steady faith and upright hearts, true to the trust of the knowledge that is bestowed upon us. Amen.

## MESSAGES.

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

## Charles Hapgood.

The first spirit that comes to me is a man about forty-five years old. He has a dark mustache and dark blue eyes, and hair with a little bit of gray mixed in with it. His hair is rather heavy and comes down on his forehead a little. He is quite a tall man, but not very stout. He says: "Please say that my name is Charles Hapgood, and that I come from West Ossipee, N. H." He throws back his head and laughs heartily. I think everywhere he went he carried that wholesome bright way that made everybody so glad to see him. He puts his hand down now with a little firmness and strength and says: "I didn't believe much in this. I was a staunch old Methodist, and I would have believed that it was rank heresy to look into the thing even. But I am forced into it through my transition into the new life, and so I come to make acknowledgement of my mistake and to say that I wish with all my heart I could add some word to encourage you people in your work, and also to get to my own. I would like to get to my wife. Her name is Sarah Hapgood. She does not know any more about this than I did, but she will be just as glad to hear from me as I would to hear from her had she gone on first."

## Louisa Sears.

Then there comes right in front of me a beautiful lady. She is medium height, quite stout, has soft blue eyes and a smooth face. She looks peaceful and calm like one who never fretted over anything. She puts her hand up to her face and rests her head gently upon it. She says: "I feel as though I had really begun to test the joy of heaven when I come back here to day. I have been gone some time and have often dreamed of an hour when I could give my message to those who are left, and now that it has come, the very weakness of my old physical body presses in upon me and I am bewildered a bit, and have to talk slowly to adjust myself. Please say that I am an Ohio woman. I come from Oberlin and my name is Louisa Sears. I want so much to get to George who is my son, and I know if he feels sure it is I, he will be glad indeed to hear from me. I have his baby with me. It is a little boy. It came over about six years ago. He is growing so sturdy and strong that I long to have the father know that it is all well. The father is not much of a religionist, nor yet a man who looks into things that have no especial bearing on his life, and so he gets along in much the same old way, and it will be a surprise to him to know that I am here with his child."

## Theodore Schenck.

A funny, nervous man, from Meadville, Pa., comes here. I do not think he is an American. The name is Theodore Schenck. He is tall and wiry and nervous, like a fish on the land that cannot get where it belongs. His eyes are black like beads. His hair is dark, although he is past the medium life, but right on top he is bald. He laughs and says: "Have we got to have everything about us told, even to our poor old bald heads?" Then he makes a little movement as though he was quite a fighter for his own ideas. Whatever he wanted to do he fought until he accomplished it. He says: "There were quite a number of my kind of people who lived near me, and we used to have some of the hottest discussions that Meadville has ever seen, and right in the midst of one of these I popped out. I always felt a strange desire to keep right on talking to those people, and tell them I was conscious of what went on afterward. It seemed to me there was not an instant of sleep or forgetfulness of things that had been, but I seemed to go on working as fast as I could in the spirit. I found my mother over here the first thing. She took hold of my hand, and said: 'Well, my boy, how glad I am to have you here with me.' I looked so surprised, thinking it must be a dream; but after a while I found I was able to influence people more or less to do things that I wished them to do, and when I found that was possible I began to get at the root of the matter, so that makes me a fairly good Spiritualist now. I have a'typical person that I want to go to unless it is Gertie. She needs me, because she gets in that fly-away, nervous condition where she needs a strong force about her. I am inclined

to think she is like a lot of other young people I know of, who are so easily influenced by the spirit that they do not get steady; and what they need is a force of strong spiritual influences about them to save them and keep them from being overwhelmed."

## Carrie Edwards.

Now here comes a girl about seventeen years old. Her hands are shut tight. She was sick a long time. She has blue eyes, brown hair and thin face; very delicate looking. I should think before she went she had a long, long struggle. It is more like a severe nervous strain than anything else. Finally she seems to give up, as though exhaustion carries her out to the spirit. She says: "Do let me speak as quick as I can, because I am so afraid I will lose my strength, and will not be able to say all I want to. My name is Carrie Edwards, and I come from Bangor, Me. I was not married; I lived with my own people. I tell these things because it seems as though everything has to be done in a sort of evidential way. It is not for this I come; it is because I want to get to my own people so much that it seems as though I could not stay where I am. I felt as though I could not bear it another minute, and must somehow burst through the condition around me and get to my own people. I shall pray unceasingly, if I am able through this channel to reach my own. I have been to the home. I thought I would be able to teach a school and I studied hard, and that is really the first thing that made me break down. I was so anxious to get to teaching before I was eighteen, and everybody around me felt the same anxiety, so you see it was my pride after all that took me out of life. I never so much as passed my examinations. I had to give them up because I was not strong enough to go on. Instead of doing what I wanted to I was a nervous wreck, and left everybody unhappy when I came away. I felt so sorry that I caused my mother so much pain and trouble. I know the first thing she will say is: 'Why, Carrie, you were not to blame,' and yet somehow, even though one is not to blame, one feels sorry for things one has done, and often when I see her walking around the house and crying softly to herself, as she did last week when I was there, I wish I could speak so loudly she could hear me, and that I could say: 'Why, mamma, I love you, and I am happier here with you, even though you do not hear me, than I would be in any Paradise that I have ever read about.'"

## Henry Lang.

Here comes a big, nice-looking, broad-shouldered man. He says: "You can call me fat if you want to, because I know I am, and I have not the least sensitiveness about it." He has big blue eyes and his face has a beard all around it. He has a way of brushing back his hair as though it was a habit. He says: "I have been a long time coming, but I have got here at last. My name is Henry Lang. I want to say that I come from St. John, N. B. I am in hopes to stir up a little interest in that place. I used to speak in meeting, and whenever there was any need of it on any questions of importance that came before our people. I have back there a woman by the name of Annie Lang, who is anxious to get a word, but scared to death because she is afraid some of the neighbors will find it out. I have seen her looking into everything and reading all she can get hold of on this subject, and I just made up my mind that when she was as hungry as that, I would come and speak a word for her, and so here I am. You tell her for me, please, that Lucy is with me and is just as well as can be; that she is doing too much for the old lady who is there with her, and that the sooner she stops the better."

## Celia Robinson.

Here comes a lovely lady, beautiful dark hair and eyes, rather a long face, tall and graceful. I think she used to be very fond of music, because she moves her hands as though she were constantly playing the piano. She says: "Yes, I was a music teacher, and, if I remember correctly, I am the first music teacher who has returned here." Her name is Celia Robinson and she has a nice way about her. She says: "You want to know where I come from, don't you? Well, it is St. Albans, N. Y. I will be well remembered there by many people. It is a strange thing to speak of, but I want to say that I had one of the most beautiful funerals that I ever knew anything about. I say this more to let the people know that I was there myself and know that it was a beautiful day. It seemed that flowers came from everybody, and you can imagine how happy I was to know I was so well remembered. Even now on my grave there are flowers that have been placed there by friends—not my relatives, but by loving friends, because I have been there not twenty-four hours ago, and found them."

## Allie Gerrish.

Here comes one who is altogether different—black hair, eyes all aglow; her whole being is like a throbbing steam engine. Her name is Allie Gerrish. She is forty years old, cared nothing in the world for anything but herself and her clothes. She is the most strictly stylish person I have seen for a long time. She cares for jewels for hair ornaments, and all those things that aid personal adornment and attraction. She tosses back her head and says: "I know it has been a question among my own people just what kind of a life I would lead when I came to the spirit. They were Spiritualists, and knew about this. I find as I return to them, that they have their foibles and their little matters of pride about things that look just as weak to me as mine over my dress. Anything that detracts from the one thing that makes up soul growth is detrimental to the person, and so I have come back to give a lecture to my own people, and to tell them that instead of wondering all the time what I find to do, or wishing that I had cared less for these beautiful things that to me were really beautiful, they had better settle down and see what there is they can do to grow and expand." She comes from Wilmington, Kansas.

## Verification of Spirit Message.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The communication in THE BANNER OF May 19, headed "Daisy," I recognize as one of the controls of my wife, who has often seen her with yellow daisies in her arms, and she has been described to us in that manner by other mediums. We understand what she means by new work. She also tells us that she gave the communication.

Yours for Truth,  
A. A. KIMBALL.

A good laugh is sunshine in a house.—Thackeray.

## Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY EIGHT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

Dr. Peebles has been so kind as to send me his book, "Death Defeated; or, How to Keep Young," for which I am very grateful, as it enables me to reach some friends who could not be reached in any other way.

You may have seen, Mr. Editor, a circular from Mr. J. C. Robinson of Brooklyn, N. Y., entitled "The Immortals in the Flesh," which sounds a little like the first part of Dr. Peebles' title. The aims of the two men are, however, quite different. The goal of "The Immortals" is to remain forever in the flesh, and they claim that we need never die, on the ground that we die when we leave the fleshly body. For my part, I expect never to die, but I expect and most certainly desire to get out of my body of flesh when the proper time comes to make the change. It is a great mistake to fancy that we die when we pass out of this body, or that immortality is possible in the flesh. And if it were possible, it would be desirable only in the view of those who prefer to remain in the first stage of our existence, which is a merely phenomenal one. They have as yet formed no conception of what it may be to exist in a less material and a more ethereal environment, and are like a child who desires to remain forever in the primary school, if there be such a child. Most children, however, long for progress and advancement.

Dr. Peebles, on the other hand, is too good a Spiritualist to think it desirable to remain forever in this body. He means, no doubt, that death comes in general far too soon, on account of our not knowing how to live so that our body can continue its natural functions with ease and without discomfort for a far longer period than obtains at the present day. So doing, one can truly live "all one's appointed time," and, instead of dying prematurely of disease, can exhaust all the possibilities of physical life, and then pass painlessly out of it in a condition that will enable one to enter on the next stage of environment at the greatest possible advantage.

We should never, we think, lose sight of the fact that the possession of a fleshly body is merely a detail of one's existence, that being in this body or out of it is of small consequence, compared to what we really are in attainment or in character. Advancement in these respects will put us by the inevitable sequence of cause and effect into better surroundings or conditions after being enfranchised from the flesh.

Death in the old sense of the word is indeed a thing to be fought against and "defeated," and so the title will go far to attract persons who have not yet come into the full sense of the liberation that Spiritualists attach to the thought of what the world calls death. It seems to me desirable to extend the perusal of this book, for there are millions and millions in our land who think the only way to keep disease and its follower death at bay is to swallow drugs prescribed by a regular physician, or the thousand "cures" that are advertised in the papers. I feel forced to lay the blame of this on some of the physicians, for I personally know families who are constantly calling in practitioners who charge \$1.50 for each visit, write prescriptions that must be filled at great expense by the druggist, and yet teach these fathers and mothers nothing whatever of the simple rules of health by which these ailments might be prevented. Some of these families are already improving in health from simple suggestions that have been made to them "without money and without price," and it seems to us that one can well imitate the spirit of the Nazarene by teaching the prevention of the diseases that he so willingly healed.

There are, however, some persons who prefer to indulge themselves in improper food, and to live without exercise in a close atmosphere, and when they become too ill to stand it, have the doctor in to prescribe drugs to relieve the stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys; and, after they are well depleted and have begun to revive, they return to the very practices that half-killed them before. I know of an old lady who says she would much rather eat exactly what she likes, than avoid what is bad for her. So she and her husband live on fat pork, pies, and sweets, and have dreadful bilious attacks and even tumors, and can scarcely crawl on account of rheumatism, and say they would rather do that way than live on simple diet. One feels like quoting Scripture in regard to such persons, to wit, "The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." It would be quite useless to lend Dr. Peebles' book to these.

I know an intelligent young man who is a hard-working factory hand. He has a wife and two little children. To bring in more money, they take in three men to room and board. Five grown persons and the two children sleep in the three little bed-rooms. The doctor has told this young man that one of his lungs is affected and that he will die of consumption. I do not often become angry, but I am angry with this doctor. What did he tell him that for? Why did he not tell him what kinds of food are most nourishing, bid him eat entire wheat instead of the worn out, ineffectual fine wheat flour, and advise him to have a roota to himself, even if it were the smallest of the three?

We have a large factory in this town, run by capitalists, of course, who discharge a score of men, if it suits them to do so, as if they were a score of sepoys. One of my pleasures is to stand on my piazza a few minutes after the great whistle is blown at twelve (to give the "wage-slaves" a short respite), and see the little ones put on the sidewalk to run and meet papa, and then to see the different men come along, carrying the smallest on their shoulder, and the others close at their side.

But after I heard what the doctor had said to this young man, I looked at him with a heartache. As he held the little girl close in his arms, and spoke so gently yet firmly to the little boy, he was thinking, "Oh my darlings, I love you so much, and I have got to leave you."

Sometimes I would tell him how well he looked, and that I wished everybody was as well. He would assent, but I saw from his look what he was thinking of, poor fellow! "I must die. The doctor says so."

So when I received Dr. Peebles' book, and found that I was practising nearly all that he inculcates, and that it would be a grand book to lend where it was needed, I thought of the young man, who likes to read in the evening after the hens have been fed and housed, and the children are in bed.

I lent him the book, showed him the title, told him that Dr. Peebles is a regular physician,

is over eighty, but can run races with young people, has been three times around the world, knows what he is talking about, and is such a good man. This was a week or two ago. He has since told me that he likes it very much, and that he had no idea there was a book that told about such things.

After I began to write this afternoon, and found out the subject, I went to his house to get the book to look it over a little. His wife said he was all carried away with it, that they all read it, and that when she came in at ten o'clock, he was deep in the book. After bringing it home, I was delighted to find that he had placed some newspaper slips between the very pages that I hoped he would notice particularly—pages 154 and 155. Of course the book will be at his house again before supper.

So I hope and believe that this good young man, so pure-minded and so devoted to his little family, will be able to "defeat death" for many a year to come, that he will live to see his little ones grow up to manhood and womanhood, that he will in time hold his little grandchildren in his arms, and that he will pass gently and quietly to the better home in the beautiful land beyond the shining river like a shock of corn fully ripe.

I will add that my brother, George Dana Boardman, his wife, and their maid, so faithful for more than twenty years, have reached this side of the Atlantic in safety, after a year in Europe and Egypt. The steamer left Genoa May 17, took them on in Naples the 18th, left Gibraltar the 21st, and reached Hoboken, N. J., the 29th. This route is almost wholly on the same latitude, and is fine for those who are going to or from southern Europe. Lillian Whiting went this way, "straight to Naples."

Having been informed that the steamer had been seen from Fire Island, I hastened to Hoboken, and had the extreme pleasure of seeing his dear face as he walked down the gangway, followed by the others. They are now in the country near Philadelphia, tenderly cared for by friends, and will soon go to the seashore. I am happy to state that he has been gaining since returning to America. While we remain on this side of life, it is pleasant to have those we love remain too, provided they can be free from pain and tolerably comfortable.

I will add, for the benefit of those interested, that the condition of the over-worked horses connected with the paving of our principal thoroughfare here, has improved. This is due to the untiring efforts of our two Anti-Cruelty Societies, whose interference we invoked. We say two societies, because, though we belong directly to the Hudson County S. P. C. A., having headquarters in Jersey City, we can also appeal to the State Society in Newark, of which the one in Jersey City is a branch. The field of both is so large that it is impossible for them to watch closely every locality. So they are glad to be informed by those on the ground.

Let us fight cruelly all we can. Though the outlook be discouraging, let us never cease. One more effort may bring the desired result.

"Oh! watch and fight away,  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And angels' help implore."

—Baptist Hymnal (altered).

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

Arlington, N. J., June 14, 1900.

## Questions and Answers.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
W. J. COLVILLE.

Q.—[By J. S. Smith.] Does a blessing carry with it any power for good? on the contrary, does a curse carry any power for harm or evil when issued or spoken by the same party?

Ans.—We confidently affirm that every good word spoken with kindly intent carries a blessing with it, and that its power for good is boundless. Every one is susceptible to the influence of a blessing, but only those can be injured by a curse who are either giving way to unkind or immoral thoughts, or are so undeveloped in the sense of individuality that they are open at all points to whatever may be injected into their surrounding mental atmosphere.

Every one who pronounces a blessing with intent to bless others blesses himself; first, by setting up within himself a rate of vibration which unites him with celestial influences. The intention which prompts an utterance constitutes its essential spirit, therefore a blessing, to be truly effectual, must be vastly more than a mere parrot like repetition of words which might illustrate the form of godliness without the power.

A curse cannot fail to injure the one who utters it, because the vibration set up by a male diction is always destructive as vibrations resulting from benedictions are invariably up-building. According to trained magicians, the power for good or ill is always commensurate with the intensity of will which guides the utterance. People can so arm themselves against curses that no weapons forged against them will prosper; but no sane individual would ever desire to ward off a blessing.

Q.—[By Fraser Tutthill, Melbourne, Australia.] Will you kindly inform us whether Freemasonry had a spiritual origin?

A.—Freemasonry has not only a spiritual origin in the historic sense, but it is at the present day rightly comprehended by those only who have some clear idea of its esoteric or theosophical significance. It is quite possible for the average reader of fair intelligence and high moral purpose to derive many valuable lessons from such authentic works on Freemasonry as are open to the public. The Ritual and Dogma of the Scottish Rite can be seen by the uninitiated and studied with profit by all. But it may well be asked what is the use of engaging in most elaborate and august ceremonial observances for the simple purpose of conveying ethical instruction, which can be just as well conveyed without such paraphernalia.

We have always insisted, whenever this subject has been broached to us, that the thirty-third degree Mason, if something more than an imitative ritualist, must have learned the mysteries of the Cosmos while making the ascent of the Grand Stairway in the Lodge. The Great Pyramid at Gizeh is unquestionably a Masonic structure far older than Solomon's Temple, which all Freemasons claim to be a Masonic edifice capable of recreation in days to come on a far wider scale than in the past.

Albert Ross Parsons in his fascinating book, "New Light from the Great Pyramid," truthfully declares that Roman Catholicism and Freemasonry alike embody those vast esoteric verities of universal science and religion the open publication of which could and would unite all the nations of the earth. But these

two organizations are mutually hostile; especially is the Roman Church opposed to Freemasonry, which it often anathematizes. Neither institution, as at present organized, can survive the advent of an age of universal fraternity; but the symbolism which has been extant for many more ages than most people would credit has ever been a bond of union between all occultists who have comprehended its interior significance.

On a purely external plane Freemasonry may be of little value, but whoever searches deeply into its mysteries will soon drop the farcical aspects belonging to materialistic degeneracy. If all fearless searchers after truth to day, regardless of creed or nationality, would determine to lift the veil of ceremony and read the inner meaning of practices which some follow superstitiously and others contemptuously discard, the secret of how to make life purer, healthier and happier would soon stand revealed, so that he who runs may read.

As every organization for the time being can only reflect the status of the individuals composing it, Freemasonry has had its ups and downs, its periods of brilliant illumination and sombre decadence. We certainly do not join with those hysterical opponents of Freemasonry who attribute to its influence every war and panic which afflicts the earth, but we do unhesitatingly declare that in the sight of all who have delved into the arcane glories of the ancient and venerable Order, it is a pitiable spectacle to see mere banqueting substituted for theosophical attainment.

The possibilities of Freemasonry for good are practically limitless, and though the ultimate state to be desired is nothing short of universal brotherhood and sisterhood, until that consummation has been reached all esoteric fraternities, constituted of honest, faithful members, banded together for mutual enlightenment and moral progress, can fairly be esteemed as among the pioneers of an advancing Golden Age. Rosicrucianism is the soul of Freemasonry, and those who study Hargrave Jennings and other authors on that erudite and most attractive theme, can gain much profitable information.

In ancient days in Oriental climes the predecessors of the modern Masons were Illuminati, and during the dark ages of fiery persecution, when knowledge was under the ban, and priests and monarchs united to bound to death all who sought to enlighten humanity, the seerage enjoined upon all who connected themselves with any occult fraternity was absolutely necessary for self protection. The need of secrecy does not exist to day as in the past, still there are many reasons why select companies of esoteric students should hold their sessions privately by reason of psychic conditions not easily understood.

Q.—[By Conrad J. Fischer, Melbourne, Australia.] Are the five senses, sight, touch, hearing, smell, taste, properties of the soul or of the body?

A.—As there can be no consciousness or sensation in the body after the soul is completely separated from it, it is a fundamental proposition of spiritual science and philosophy that all senses are primarily soul perceptions, then mental concepts, and finally physical experiences.

Every one who has become familiar even in slight degree with literature bearing on Spiritualism and containing records of spiritual messages or communications, must have become convinced that all testimony bears out the statement that in spirit-spheres there is full opportunity for the exercise of all the senses commonly styled "bodily." As we become more highly developed in perceptiveness we shall see, hear, taste, touch and smell to a far greater degree than at present.

It is a matter of common observation that in some one or more directions certain animals discern far more than average men and women, while it often occurs that scientific appliances can be made to register much that unaided human discernment generally overlooks.

The higher vibrations of sound, color, odor, music and texture belong to superior realms of existence to those usually designated physical, therefore as perception becomes increasingly acute new degrees of sense will so assert themselves that it will appear as though we had been endowed with added senses.

Emerson in his essay on "Swedenborg," takes exception to Swedenborg's intense literalism in describing what he saw, heard, smelt and otherwise apprehended during periods of annoying psychic lucidity.

Herbert Spencer has made a difficulty out of the immortalization of the idea of clothing. These difficulties are purely imaginary, and it needs no profound reflection to convince the thinker that as we think out everything we subsequently fashion into material shape there must be an anterior stage of existence for all outward things.

The whole objective universe is one vast materialization, and what we call our five senses are simply five modes of conscious perception, whether related to existence on a grosser or more ethereal plane of manifestation matters not. All senses are ultimately resolvable into one as all colors can be resolved into white. Some forebodings of this universal, all-including sense are suggested in the evidences of psychometry.

## Obituary.

From Boston, Mass., June 14, 1900, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Archer, aged 77 years.

For many years she was an active member of the Ladies' Aid of Boston, and also of Salem Society. She had a large circle of friends, who did all they could for her comfort while here, and who with her share the knowledge that there will be a glad reunion. The husband and children had preceded her. The funeral was held June 16, at the residence of her nephew, Mr. Phippen, 115 High street, Charlestown. Interment at Salem, Mass. Many floral offerings from friends sent forth their fragrance. The services were conducted by the writer. Mr. George Cleveland and Mrs. Ella Stilling furnished music. We know our sister has reached that kingdom called "Home." Mrs. ALICE S. WATERHOUSE.

In the annals of psychic science we find the following curious anecdote by M. Clovis Hugues, the Deputy, says the *Petit Bleu*, of Brussels: In 1871 he was imprisoned with his friend, Gaston Cremieux, at Marseilles. One day when they met in prison the latter said to M. Hugues, "When they shoot me I will prove the immortality of the soul by appearing to you in your cell." Some days later M. Hugues was awakened by a rapping on his table, which was continued for some time. Later he learned that his friend had been shot at that very moment.—*Springfield Monitor*.



# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1900.

## The Census.

The people of this nation during the present month have been the recipients of visits from parties authorized by our Government to properly enumerate them for educational and statistical purposes. This work is nearly completed, and the good women of America who have been dreading the coming of the enumerators because of the fact that they would have to reveal their ages, can now breathe a little more freely. Their fibs on the age question have become too common to attract any attention other than that of pitying contempt on the part of cultured people. No woman is ever disgraced by admitting her true age. The real disgrace comes when she has failed to make proper use of her years, but has frittered them away in a frivolous pursuit of pleasure.

The present census was to be made as nearly absolutely perfect as human genius could make it. Every person was to be enrolled, and no pains was to be spared to secure the names and addresses of every man, woman and child in the country. This was the boast of the officers at Washington, but they signally failed to carry it into execution. In many instances the enumerators were utterly incapable of filling the positions to which they were appointed. Some of them were unable to spell even the commonest names correctly, while the penmanship of others was simply execrable. Others still made no effort to ascertain the names of roomers and boarders in apartment houses and private residences. The natural result of the work of these incompetent persons is an imperfect census. The Porter census of 1890 was bad enough, but the census of 1900 promises to be equally if not even more faulty than was its predecessor.

The contemptible spirit of toadyism to the authority of the Church has also appeared in this census. Instead of demanding that all institutions should open their doors to the officers of the law, instead of requiring that the public should know the real status of affairs in certain sectarian institutions, the Government weakly yielded to the wishes of the Roman Church, and in one city at least appointed three nuns and one priest to take the census of these select institutions into which no outsider is allowed (by the Church) to enter. The nuns and priest can do as they please with their returns; they can pad them, or purge them, as they are commanded by the rulers of the Church. A Catholic respects the authority of the Church before he ever considers the authority of this Government. In the case of the four enumerators to whom we refer, they can be depended upon to make the best possible showing for their Church.

The iniquities practiced in nunneries, monasteries and other select places, will be faithfully concealed by these zealots, and the United States Government says "It is well." If a private citizen's home can be entered by a government officer, and certain information extracted of him, why, in the name of everything that is just, should not Catholic and Protestant institutions receive the same treatment? That the contrary is true is ample proof of the servility of the officers of the law to the Catholic Church. The secrets of the nunneries and monasteries may be of the most harmless character, but it is certainly suspicious, to say the least, to find their managers so anxious to maintain absolute privacy. A church whose edicts are considered of higher authority than the Government by its followers, is a menace to the Republic. The census officials, by appointing these servitors of the Roman oligarchy to positions of trust, have acknowledged the supremacy of Roman rule, and have virtually made the Church of more importance than the Government itself. The recognition of the Roman hierarchy is for a purpose. *Spiritualists, look out for that purpose! It affects your rights as freemen!*

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

On Thursday, June 21, CAPT. THOMAS P. BEALS, aged 67 years. Capt. Beals, while crossing Middle street, at about 11 o'clock A.M., June 21, was struck by a runaway horse and thrown heavily to the pavement, fracturing his skull. Kind hands tenderly raised the prostrate man, and all that medical skill could do was done, but he never regained consciousness and passed to spirit life at 8:30 P.M.

Capt. Beals was one of our best known and most successful business men, liked and respected by all who knew him. He had a brilliant war record, winning his promotion from the ranks to the grade of Brevet-Major. Although a very busy man, Capt. Beals was always found on the side of progress. He was an outspoken Spiritualist of over forty years' standing, and a valued member of the First Spiritual Society—a kindly, generous, genial man—always ready to help the Cause he loved, a friend to all mediums, and proud of the fact that he was a Spiritualist. The Cause in this city has lost a staunch supporter, and one who has done a very great deal for its promotion.

We sadly miss him, and we deplore the shocking manner of his passing out; but we know he will rejoice in the reunion with his many relatives and friends in spirit life, and we know it is well with him. The funeral services were held at his late residence on Cumberland street, and were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Blanchard. The house was filled to overflowing by friends and the workmen in his factory, to pay their last respects to him whom they loved. The casket was draped with the flag that he had fought and bled for, and loved so dearly, and lying there surrounded by a wreath of flowers, he looked like one who had done his duty well, and was at peace with the world. And thus we bid farewell to the mortal remains of our dear friend and brother, knowing that his spirit will be with us in all our endeavors for the upbuilding of humanity. He leaves a widow and one son to mourn him as a loving husband and father.

H. C. BARRY, Treas. of First Spiritualist Soc'y.  
Portland, Me., June 24, 1900.

## A Card.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir: Will you kindly publish the following:

From the bottom of my heart I thank the BANNER OF LIGHT and the Spiritualists and friends who have been so kind to me; and will every one who reads this send out a thought for my recovery. Gratefully yours,

FREDERICK ROY-JENSEN.  
185 48th street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Local Briefs.

### BOSTON.

Marble Hall, 514 Tremont street, June 17.—Although it was a holiday, the attendance was fair. This was the opening day in our new hall, and it did seem quite natural to again stand before a Boston audience. Mrs. Peak did the most of the work. Mrs. Manning was present in the afternoon. Music by Mr. Peak. Morning circle at 11 o'clock, Sunday, June 24, was well attended, as were the afternoon and evening meetings. Song service by Mr. Peak, invocation by Mrs. E. J. Peak, Conductress. Mediums present, Mesdames B. Robertson, Ratzell, E. J. Peak, Miss Annie Ratzell gave messages. Next Sunday there will be no circle in the morning. Meetings will be held at 2:30 and 7:30 as usual. F. W. Peak.

Charlestown.—Owing to the recent severe sickness of Mrs. Gilliland, and her slow recovery from same, there will be no more meetings at Home Rostrum, 21 Soled Street, this season.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington street, Mrs. Nutter, President.—June 24 morning session; invocation and prayer, Mrs. Brehm; song service. Those taking part: Mesdames Nutter, Wood, Woodbury, Knowles, Healey, Wheeler, Cunningham, Brehm, Piper (recitation). Mr. Graham made interesting remarks. Mrs. Fisher, Miss Tripp, Mr. Barrill, Miss Lucy Barnicoat were present in the evening. Mrs. Cameron furnished music. Meetings all summer.

The meetings at V. S. U. Home at Waverly continue to be interesting to large audiences. The delightful weather and the pleasant ride out to Waverly, with a spiritual meeting as a diversion, attract many to that beautiful spot. Sunday, June 17, the collection was \$6.56, and a gentleman handed me a dollar later, making the amount for that day \$7.56. Sunday, June 24, the collection was \$3.71. At both meetings many helped to make them a success. Mediums and speakers are cordially invited to take part in these meetings. Let every Spiritualist take an interest in the Home, that the doors may be opened in the near future. There will be a Veterans' basket picnic at the Home Wednesday, July 4. All are welcome to spend the day there, away from the noise of the city. Mrs. J. S. Soper, Clerk V. S. U.

Appleton Hall, Appleton St., Annie J. Banks Conductress.—Meeting Sunday, June 24, was very interesting. Mr. Baxter spoke on "The Progress of Spiritualism," and in the course of his remarks cited the policy of Mrs. Banks in establishing meetings without a fixed charge as being in the line of progress. Many messages were given by the mediums assisting, all of which were recognized. Voluntary contributions only.

First Spiritualist Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor.—Service at 11; prayer, Mr. Arnold; remarks, Mesdames Fred De Boe, Leavitt, Newhall, Kelsey, Badger; messages, Mesdames Woods, Ratzell, String, Johnson; Mr. Brook, Dr. Blackford, after readings. Mrs. Ackerman's message, Mesdames Woods and Wilkinson. Evening song service led by Mrs. Emma Armstrong, who sang several solos; prayer, Mr. De Boe; poem, Dr. Wildes; messages given through the mediumship of Mrs. Julia Davis, Mr. Brooks, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham. Wednesday afternoon Mr. Lefavour gave many interesting messages, all recognized. Meetings all summer.

Odd Ladies' 446 Tremont St.—Sunday, June 24, circle and afternoon services opened with scripture reading and prayer by Mr. Hall, after singing. Those assisting, Mesdames Hall, Cohen, Boman, Smith, Gilman; Mesdames Hair (Lynn), Mosia (Providence), Brown, Gutierrez and others. Evening.—After song service, Mr. John, scripture reading; Mr. Hersey, prayer, Mrs. Mack utilized the remainder of the evening to the benefit of all. Come and join us in our good work. Mrs. Gutierrez President.

### Massachusetts.

Harwichport. On the evening of June 10 the "Sunflower Society" closed its meetings, which have been held weekly since last October. Under the guidance of Mrs. F. M. Bearse the society has had a series of successful meetings which have been conducive of much good to those who have met with us. The mediums have been diligent in their work, which has ever been well done and a credit to the Cause of Spiritualism. Among the workers may be mentioned Freeman A. Phillips, Hitty G. Handren, Lora F. Small, Fannie M. Bearse, Minerva A. Bearse, Clayton P. Bearse, Henry K. Bearse.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society.—Sunday, June 24, song service; invocation, Mr. Quint; Scripture reading and remarks, President Barber. Mrs. Wiley sang with expression "I Loved You Better Than You Knew"; Mrs. Sadie L. Hand delivered an interesting address and gave many messages from spirit loved ones. Mrs. Barber, the wife of our President, passed sweetly to the Summerland Wednesday, June 13. Mrs. R. Morton, Sec'y.

Fitchburg.—Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn spoke for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday, July 24, to large and appreciative audiences. The two addresses were presented in her usual able manner, followed by a large number of spirit messages readily recognized. This closes our hall meetings for the summer season, opening again the first Sunday in October. Dr. C. L. Fox, Pres.

### New York.

Brooklyn.—The Advance Conference held its Saturday evening meeting, 231 inst. The meeting opened with an original poem entitled "Room for Us All," by Miss Riordan; Dr. Wyman delivered an address on "Practical Spiritualism in the Development of Humanity." Mr. Evans gave spirit communication from loved ones present; Miss Riordan, psychometric readings. Next Saturday evening, mediums' night; seats free; all welcome. George A. Deloree.

An unusual audience greeted Mr. Ira Moore Courlie Sunday evening, June 24, at Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford avenue and Madison street, Brooklyn. The services were given under the auspices of the Fraternity of Soul Communism. Mr. Courlie's work and the musical program given by the Verdi Quartet were specially interesting. The quartet sang two numbers with a soprano solo by Miss Ray H. Stillman. Great preparations are being made for the annual Lawn Fete to be given under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary at Bedford mansion, Bedford ave. and Willowbury street. W. H. Adams, Sec'y.

### Other States.

G. W. Kates and wife are meeting with much success in missionary work of the State Association of Minnesota. They held successful grove-meetings in Bedfordwood, June 9 and 10. Had good meetings in Brainerd, 13th and Aitkin, 14th and 15th. In the latter place they had the Episcopal church overcrowded. At Bemidji, June 17th to 24th they are holding grove-meetings on the Lake front to large audiences. Will go to Herndon 25th and 27th, Grand Forks, N. D., June 28 to July 2, and then dedicate a Spiritual Temple at Wheaton, Minn., July 4 to 9. They will not lose a day until the last of July, and during August will be daily occupied at camp-meetings in Ohio and Michigan.

Providence, R. I.—We were favored with the services of Dr. Schlesinger for the past three Sundays. The audiences were the largest of the season, and all regretted the call which obliged him to go to New Bedford Sunday, June 24. Dr. Schlesinger is certainly one of the finest of mediums. Next Sunday we hold a mediums' meeting, assisted by Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock. Election of officers took place Sunday, June 24: President, Peter Barr; Vice-President, Mrs. Susan M. King; Secretary, David F. Buffinton; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary A. Goff. David F. Buffinton, Sec'y.

Progressive spirits in the higher life never seek to add to man's material wealth in their communications with him. They only endeavor to add to his wealth of soul through the revelation of spiritual truth, by inspiring him to find his way to the storehouse of wisdom.

# Women Think

## About This

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Lydia E. Pinkham  
Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

## Is Vaccination a Delusion?

Last year a book by Alfred Russel Wallace, the famous English scientist, created much interest on its publication. It is called "The Wonderful Century, its Successes and its Failures."

It is a book of four hundred pages, and one hundred of these are used to show that vaccination is one of the failures of the nineteenth century.

There is much discussion amongst the public and much diversity of opinion amongst medical men as to the efficacy of vaccination, and the statistics and conclusions of Mr. Wallace are under the circumstances very valuable.

One of his interesting points is, that during the small-pox epidemic of 1872, the city of Leicester had less than one third the cases of smallpox and less than one-fourth the deaths in proportion to population than Birmingham. The interest of this is in the fact that Leicester rejected vaccination and that in Birmingham the Vaccination Act was enforced.

Mr. Wallace believes that if the whole population of a country lived under thoroughly healthy conditions as regards pure air, pure water, and wholesome food, such a disease as smallpox could never obtain a footing.

The enforcement of principles and of laws that conserve these conditions would therefore be a safer preventive of smallpox than vaccination.

In conclusion Mr. Wallace says: "I venture to think that I have here presented the best of these statistical facts as to satisfy my readers of the certain and absolute uselessness of vaccination as a preventive of smallpox; while these same facts render it in the highest degree probable that it has actually increased susceptibility to the disease. . . . The practice of vaccination is utterly opposed to the whole teaching of sanitary science, and is one of those terrible blunders which, in their far-reaching evil consequences are worse than the greatest crimes."

This is emphatic language. But sanitary science has abolished the plague and leprosy from Western civilization, and it, not vaccination, is gradually abolishing smallpox. Sanitary science teaches us to keep our system in such a healthy condition that we easily throw off all disease germs.—West End.

## Spiritualists at Etna.

The First Maine State Spiritualists' Camp-meeting Association held its annual June meeting at Buwell's Grove, Etna, Saturday and Sunday, June 16 and 17. The business meeting of the officers took place Saturday afternoon and was followed by a social meeting in the evening.

At the business meeting it was decided to hold the annual camp meeting from Friday, Aug. 31, to Sept. 9, inclusive; to accept the list of speakers presented by the Secretary, viz: F. A. Wiggin, J. S. Scarlett, H. D. Barrett, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Nettie H. Harding and Mrs. Ella F. Hewes; to engage a choir for the camp meeting; to have eight social dances at the hall on the grounds; and that Lucie's Orchestra be engaged to furnish music for the same; that the annual children's concert shall each be in the afternoon; that the Newburg Cornet Band and Orchestra be secured to furnish music for the annual concert, and that all other business matters be left in the hands of the directors and trustees.

The social meeting Saturday evening was well attended and a good breeze manifested. Mrs. Amelia G. Stevens, of Saco, held the close attention of the audience for nearly four five minutes, followed by Charles A. Brown, of Orrington, and the choir sang several appropriate selections.

Sunday morning dawned clear and bright, and it seemed as if the annual camp-meeting had begun. By 10:30 o'clock the time of the forenoon meeting, the attendance had increased to hundreds, and the large hall would not accommodate all who came to listen to the able and eloquent discourse of Charles A. Brown.

The subject chosen by the speaker was: "Is Spiritualism a Religion?" Mr. Brown handled his subject in a very logical and interesting manner, and also gave an excellent report of the meetings of the National Spiritual Association at Chicago last October, which he attended. In the afternoon, Mrs. Mary Packard Smith of Carmel and her sister, Mrs. Ella F. Hewes of North Carmel spoke under spirit control, and each held the close attention of the large audience present. Mrs. Hewes gave many messages, nearly all of which were recognized by people present. Mr. Brown also spoke for a few minutes.

Meetings will be held at the same place every two weeks during the summer, and local talent will be secured as speakers, and every effort will be made to make these meetings a success. Mr. Brown will be there again in four weeks.—Bangor Weekly.

## Camp Progress.

Sunday was a lovely day, and the heat was tempered by a cool breeze throughout the day. An unusually large audience attended the morning services. Rev. James Smith of Cliftondale, Mr. Graham of Boston, Mr. Baker of Lynn, and Mr. Banks of Salem took part. At 2 P. M. the quartet sang "The Good Times Yes To Be," followed by an invocation by spirit control, and each held the close attention of the large audience present. Mrs. Hewes gave many messages, nearly all of which were recognized by people present. Mr. Brown also spoke for a few minutes.

Mrs. Abby N. Burnham spoke on "The Trend of Modern Thought." After a song by Mr. Le Grand, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen gave an address on "Humanitarianism." At the four o'clock meeting Mrs. Bertha Merrill rendered an organ solo, and by request the quartet sang "Come Where the Lilies Bloom." Mrs. H. A. Baker of Danvers made remarks. After a selection by Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. Webster of Lynn gave a number of messages, which were all recognized. The quartet sang "No Night There," and the services closed with a benediction by Mrs. A. N. Burnham. The interest in these meetings is increasing rapidly.

Mrs. H. O. Merrill.

## Verona Park Camp-Meeting.

The annual camp-meeting of the Penobscot Spiritual Temple Association will be held at Verona Park, Aug. 3 to 27.

The lectures this season will be of a high order of merit, as will be seen by a glance at the list of speakers: Harrison D. Barrett, President of the N. S. A., and editor of BANNER OF LIGHT; Mrs. T. U. Reynolds of Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Malden, Mass.; Mrs. C. A. Brown of Orrington, Me.; W. C. Whitney of Springfield, Mass.; F. W. Smith of Rockland, Me., and several others whose names will be announced from the platform.

### PROGRAM.

Aug. 5 Chas. A. Brown, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; 7, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; 9, F. W. Smith, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; 10, 12, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; 16, Mrs. A. J. Pettengill; 17, Chas. A. Brown; 19, Mrs. A. J. Pettengill; 21, W. C. Whitney; 23, F. W. Smith, W. C. Whitney; 25, N. S. A. day. Harrison D. Barrett and others will speak in the afternoon on "Organization"; 26, Harrison D. Barrett, W. C. Whitney.

### ACCOMMODATIONS.

The Park Hotel will be managed this year by Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Smith of Bangor, who will also keep a full supply of groceries, fruit and confectionery at the store on the grounds. They will make every effort to please all who favor them with their patronage. The prices will be moderate. Transients, \$1.00 to \$1.25 per day; \$5.00 to \$6.00 per week. Parties wishing to do so can bring food and obtain lodging at the hotel or in cottages.

Admission to the Park on Sundays 10 cents. All other days free.

Officers—President, Albert F. Smith, Bangor, Me.; Vice President, Dr. A. Kimball, Malden, Mass.; Clerk, Mrs. Nellie A. Smith, Bangor, Maine.

## Cassadaga Camp-Meeting.

Platform test mediums, Miss Margaret Gaule and others.

July 13, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing; 14, J. Clegg Wright; 15, Carrie Twing, Moses Hull; 17, 18, Moses Hull; 19, J. Clegg Wright; 20, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing; 21, C. W. Stewart; 22, Lyman C. Howe, J. Clegg Wright; 24, C. W. Stewart, Dr. J. M. Peabbles; 26, C. W. Stewart; 27, Lyman C. Howe, Dr. J. M. Peabbles; 28, C. W. Stewart; 29, Rev. Morgan Wood, Mrs. Clara Watson; 31, Rev. Morgan Wood; August 1, Grand Army Day; 2, Hon. A. B. Richmond; 3, Rev. Dr. Austin; 4, Cora L. V. Richmond; 5, Cora L. V. Richmond, Dr. Austin; 7, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 8, Pauline Johnson, Iroquois Indian Poetess; 9, 10, W. M. Lookwood; 11, Pauline Johnson; 12, W. M. Lookwood, Anna L. Shaw; 14, Rev. Anna L. Shaw; 15, Woman's Day, Anna Shaw; 16, Hon. Dr. Montague, M. P.; 17, Thomas Grimshaw; 18, Hon. Dr. Montague; 19, J. C. F. Grumbine; 22, Francis Edgar Mason; 23, J. C. F. Grumbine; 24, Hon. A. B. Richmond, F. E. Mason; 25, Lyman C. Howe; 26, J. C. F. Grumbine, F. E. Mason.

GEORGE H. BROOKS, Chairman.

## Queen City Park—Season of 1900.

July 29, Mesdames A. W. Crossett, Hand, H. P. Russeque; 31, Lucius Colburn, Mrs. Hand; Aug. 1, Mrs. Sadie Hand; 2, Mrs. H. P. Russeque; 3, Alonzo Hubbard, Mrs. Hand; 4, Mrs. H. P. Russeque; 5, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. H. P. Russeque; 6, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock; 8, Mrs. Mary E. Lease; 9, Mrs. H. P. Russeque; 10, Mrs. Mary E. Lease; 11, J. Clegg Wright; 12, J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Mary E. Lease; 14, Mrs. H. P. Russeque; 15, 16, J. Clegg Wright; 17, 19, Mrs. H. P. Russeque; 22, 24, 25, 26, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes; 28, Mrs. Hattie C. Webber; 29, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; 30, Mrs. Hattie C. Webber; 31, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds. Application for rooms and board to be made to Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hatch, Queen City Park Hotel, after June 1.

Electric railroad cars will be run every twenty minutes to the Park from Burlington, and it is expected that the Hinesburgh electric road will be completed this season, thus giving greater facilities for reaching the Park.

## Cape Cod Camp Meeting.

The Thirty-Fourth Annual Camp Meeting will be held at Ocean Grove, Harwichport, commencing July 15, and closing July 29, 1900.

The following lecturers and mediums have been engaged: July 15, 18, Miss Lizzie Harlow; 19, Rev. S. L. Beal; 20, Prof. W. F. Peck; 21, Mr. H. D. Barrett; 22, Mrs. May S. Pepper; 23, H. D. Barrett; 24, Mrs. May S. Pepper; 25, Mrs. Jennie Hagan Brown; 26, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock; 27, Mrs. Jennie Hagan Brown; 28, Mr. E. W. Emerson; 29, Mrs. Jennie Hagan Brown, Mr. E. W. Emerson.

Rev. S. L. Beal will take charge of the meetings.

Accommodations for board and lodging can be had at the grove. Mr. Herbert M. Hulse will have charge of the victualing tent. Board, per week, \$5.00; transient, \$1.00 per day; breakfast, 30 cents; dinner, 50 cents; supper, 25 cents; lodging, 50 cents, 35 cents, 25 cents per night.

Cottages to let. For particulars apply to Mr. David L. Small, Harwichport, Mass.

## Queen City Park.

The hotel at this lovely summer resting place is now open. The Park is looking very fine and the cottages are filling up. Circulars, with full particulars of hotel and excursion rates, can be obtained by addressing post to Dr. E. A. Smith, Brandon, Vt., or Mr. I. W. Hatch, Queen City Park Hotel, Burlington, Vermont.

### Notice.

The Board of Directors of Liberty Temple has in the last meeting decided to keep the Liberty Camp grounds at Liberty Park, Port Jefferson, Long Island, N. Y., open from July 20th to Sept. 21, instead of July 1, as previously advertised. Good speakers and excellent musical talent are engaged to make our second season a grand success. Fraternally yours, Dr. HENRY VON GOMEZ.  
1645 Broadway, New York.

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Mar. 10. 221c

## 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 its 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 15 to Aug. 26.

Onset Bay, Mass.—July 15 to Aug. 26.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—July 29 to Aug. 30.

Illinois State Camp Meeting, Deep Lake—July 10 to Sept. 1.

Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscot.—June 3 to Sept. 30.

Inland Park, Winfield, Kan.—July 7 to July 15.

New Era, Ore.—June 23 to July 15.

Idaho Lake, Mich.—July 15 to Aug. 30.

Mr. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia.—July 29 to Aug. 26.

Vicksburg, Mich.—Aug. 3 to 25.

Ashley, O.—July 29 to Aug. 19.

Bunkoan Lake, Mich.—Opens June 3, closes June 12.

Maple Dell, O.—June 22 to Sept.

Columbus, O.—July 1 to Aug. 27.

Pon-she-wa-ing, Mich.—June 15 to July 9.

Delphos, Kan.—Aug. 10 to 25.

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. 16.

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.

## RELIGION OF MAN AND ETHICS OF SCIENCE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The Past has been the Age of the Gods and the Religion of Faith; the present is the Age of Man and the Religion of Joy. Not servile trust in the Gods, but knowledge of the laws of the world, belief in the divinity of man and his eternal progress toward perfection, is the foundation of the Religion of Man and the system of Ethics as treated in this work. The following are the titles of the chapters:

PART FIRST—Religion and Science.

Introduction; Religion; Pessimism; Polytheism; Monotheism; Phallic Worship;